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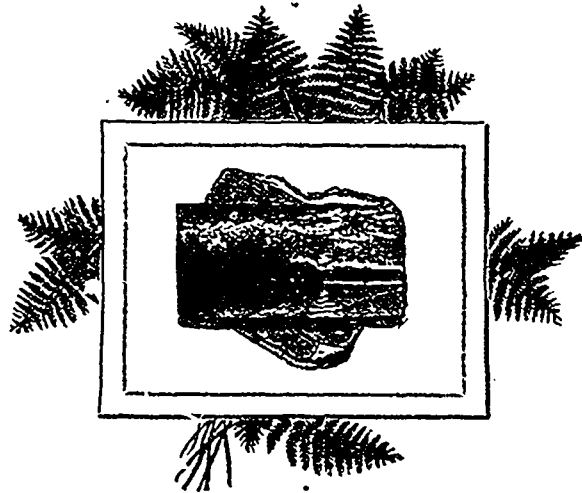
VOL. VI.

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# The Deanery Magazine.



Diocese of Fredericton.



AUGUST, 1889.

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## **TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**

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We are sorry to state that owing to the serious illness of our beloved and respected Editor, the Rev. CANON MEDLEY, we have been forced this month to send to each Subscriber "The Banner of Faith" alone, without the usual outside pages of Articles and Parish Items. We ask our Subscribers to excuse this deficiency, and feel sure that, under the circumstances, they will.

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THE  
**Banner of Faith.**

VOL. VIII.]

AUGUST 1889.

[No. 8.

‘Oliver.’

CHAPTER VI.

‘BETTER HAVE LET ME ALONE!’

**T**HE next three weeks made a great change in Oliver’s life; but whether for the better or for the worse, on the whole, he hardly knew.

In the first place, one of the firms to which Mr. Wilnot had written about his young friend—Carlton & Marshall, printers and publishers—did at last contrive to stretch a point and to find Oliver a situation, with regular employment and fair average pay.

In the second place, and in consequence of this, the young fellow ventured to take a larger and better room, in the same house in which he had before been lodging, and did at last prevail upon his father to come over and share it with him. Oliver would have changed his neighbourhood altogether if he could have had his own way, but to this Martin Haythorn would not consent.

And, thirdly, Agar Wilson left the little room in which Oliver had seen him first, and brought himself and all his odds and ends of broken furniture to occupy the little attic that Oliver had just left vacant. This last was an unmixed advantage, and, though Agar never hinted as much, Oliver

could not help thinking that it was a feeling of friendship for himself, and a desire to help him, which had prompted the change. And, indeed, he began to see that he needed all the help he was likely to get. He began to see why his father had warned him that he was ‘not good to have to do with,’ that his son had better go his own way and leave him alone.

Martin Haythorn was one of those men who have no natural tendency to drink—no natural liking for it even—who yet deliberately turn to it to drug conscience and to drown thought. A very little had a great effect upon him, and he knew it; and if he had had a mind at rest he would have avoided drink as carefully as his best friend could have wished.

But plainly his mind was *not* at rest; and, though he had left Joe Hutchins’s lodging, it seemed that the sailor had still some hold on him, which he hated and yet could not shake off. And always when he was drunk, and sometimes when he was sober, he was subject to fits of passion, in which he was more like a wild beast than a man; it was not safe then to interfere with him, and yet it hardly seemed possible to leave him alone.

At first when these attacks came on, provoked by anything or nothing as the case might be, Oliver was too much

dismayed to be angry or wish to interfere. Dimly he recollected that scenes like this had been the terror of his babyhood; but Martin Haythorn's temper had grown with his years, as such things will, and it was bad enough now to frighten anyone.

It did not alarm Oliver, however, after the first. It began to rouse in him *something akin to itself*; and the consciousness that it was so distressed him more than all.

There were plenty of fathers and sons in that part of the world who lived together and yet were nothing to one another; who quarrelled and even came to blows now and then; who hated each other, and yet went on living together, because such hatred seemed to them neither shocking nor strange.

But Oliver had been very differently brought up. He was one of those to whom much has been given and of whom much will be required, and in a certain way he knew it. It was terrible to him to feel the blind rage rising up in his heart again—passion that he had hardly felt since he was a child, and had thought he should never again have to battle with. Sometimes, under the sting of his father's bitter words and violent unreasoning injustice, he felt that he, too, did not care *what* he said or did. But afterwards, realising how nearly he had lost all control over himself, he would wonder with a shudder how this would end, and whether it might not have been, after all, an evil day for both of them when his father and he had met.

It was during one of these moods of bitter despondency that he knocked one night at the door of Agar Wilson's attic, and, entering, found his friend at work as usual. Oliver had long since discovered Agar's trade, but what it brought him in was not so easy to find out, and perhaps he hardly knew himself. He seemed to have some small property of his own, enough to live upon in a very frugal fashion, and he took no pay excepting from those who could afford to give it.

For the rest, he was a kind of 'furniture doctor,' through whom many a poor, bare attic was made far less desolate than it

would otherwise have been. His long, thin fingers had a wonderful faculty for dealing with rickety chairs and broken stools, and setting disordered sewing-machines or mangles to rights.

'Sit you down, lad,' he said, as Oliver entered. 'Sit you down, and catch hold of that leg while I tie it. How are things going with *you*?'

'Badly,' said Oliver, as he cleared himself a place to sit down in, and steadied the leg of a little table while Agar strapped up a bad compound fracture. 'It wouldn't take much to make me think I was doing more harm than good here.'

'If that's how you feel, I wonder you don't go away.'

'I can't. I made a vow, and I'll keep it. I said I'd never go back without him. And I promised, when he agreed to come and live with me, that I'd never leave him.'

He spoke in the old headstrong way that had made the Rector's daughter call him 'untamed' in the old days at Staneslow. But his face was very sad, and his friend looked at him keenly and anxiously.

'Do you care about him,' he asked presently; 'or is it only that you'll keep your word to yourself?'

'I don't know. Sometimes I think that I hate him. But then—other times—'

Oliver did not finish the sentence, but dropped his chin into his hand and sat looking straight before him gloomily enough. And Agar too was silent, and seemed to be pondering.

'It's the tie of blood; you can't break it,' he said at last with a sigh. 'I've often thought of that. If I was to meet either of *mine*, I wonder—?'

It was his turn now to leave his speech unfinished, and Oliver, looking up with sudden curiosity, found no encouragement in his face to ask any questions.

'You can't break it, and you oughtn't to try,' went on Agar Wilson, after a moment. 'There's some that can take the safest and easiest road for themselves, and their own souls, and seemingly be none the worse for it; but you're not one of them. You are meant to take life hard, and to have a sore

fight for it, and you mustn't back out for very shame.'

'If only I'm not *worse* than beaten,' sighed Oliver.

'You know to Whom to go,' answered his friend, in firmer, more certain tones. 'You can speak to Him both for your father and yourself, and He'll not let you fall.'

Oliver made no answer. He knew all that—he believed it most sincerely—and yet he could not have told anyone how the God he had believed in seemed to have grown far away in these days. How much that he had learned so easily in the happy old days at Staneslow seemed unreal and without meaning now.

'He's always with that Hutchins now,' he said at last. 'He can't bear the sight of him, I do believe, and yet at times Hutchins has only to say, "Come!" and my father 'll leave anything and go. What they're at together I can't say, but I know it's no good.'

'There's something between them that we don't know about. And after all, the time you've been with your father is but short compared with all the years he was left to himself. You must just have patience.'

Oliver lifted his head almost angrily, ready to rebel, in his restless misery, at the very mention of the word patience. But something in the other's face rebuked him, and he sat silent; and after a moment he got up, said good-night, and went away, taking his perplexities with him.

For three days after that Agar Wilson saw next to nothing of his fellow-lodgers. He was out a good deal, looking after another friend of his, whose sin and sorrow called for pity and help, and had not time to look for Oliver, though he thought of him often. He *heard* something of them, however, one night. The sailor, Hutchins, was there; and there seemed to be a quarrel going on, to judge by the loud angry voices that sounded distinctly through the floor. *The dispute came to an end at last, and Hutchins went away; but Agar thought it best not to thrust himself forward, especi-*

ally as Martin Haythorn had never seemed favourably disposed towards him. In the morning, as he went out, Oliver passed him on the staircase. He seemed to be in too much haste for anything but a very hurried 'Good morning,' but his friend fancied that he looked as if things were going badly with him.

That evening Agar Wilson sat at his work with an anxious heart, listening for sounds from below, and muttering now and then in his own fashion a hurried word of prayer for those two stormy troubled souls.

Father and son were alone together, and Martin Haythorn's voice was the only one he heard; but there was a good deal of noise going on—continuous angry talking and pushing about of chairs and tables. Agar wondered how Oliver's patience was holding out.

Presently there were a few words in yet louder tones, then a sound of something falling; and next, the door below was burst open, closed again with a bang, and heavy feet went quickly yet unevenly down the stairs.

'That was his father,' thought the anxious watcher above; and he listened more attentively than ever for a moment, and somehow did not like the dead silence that followed the uproar.

'It won't do to interfere betwixt them. If there was anything I could do Oliver would come and tell me,' he said to himself at last, and turned again to his work.

But, though he heard nothing more, his anxiety seemed to increase, and when a quarter of an hour had passed he got up suddenly and went downstairs, pausing an instant before the Haythorns' closed door, and then going on to the ground-floor.

'Did you see who that was that went out just now?' he asked of the woman who rented the little room nearest the street door.

'It was the first-floor-back's father,' she answered promptly. 'He was in drink, I believe, and in a fine rage as well. He looked as if he'd not go far before he'd get himself locked up.'

Agar said nothing, but went hurriedly

upstairs and tapped at the door of the 'first-floor-back.'

There was no answer; he opened the door, or rather tried to open it, for something was lying against it within, and it would hardly yield sufficiently to allow him to slip through.

It was Oliver, who was lying there on the floor, with deadly white face and closed eyes; a handkerchief dripping with blood hastily twisted round his arm, and a little pool of blood on the floor beside him.

Many men would have roused the house at once, but Agar Wilson had been through too many stormy scenes not to take matters coolly. He carefully shut the door behind him, lifted the young fellow from the floor, almost as if he had been a child, and laid him on the bed; then undid the handkerchief, disclosing an ugly cut on the arm, just above the wrist, from which the blood was still dropping freely. With a good deal of exertion he managed to tie the handkerchief higher up, and tight enough to stop the bleeding, or nearly so; then, after some searching, contrived to find a jug of water. By the time his collar was unfastened, and his thick, dark hair drenched with water, Oliver began slowly and painfully to come to himself; and Agar tore his own handkerchief into strips and proceeded to bandage up the cut in a business-like manner, leaving him to recover at his leisure.

After a moment Oliver looked round, vaguely and anxiously, and his lips moved.

'The knife!' he whispered impatiently. 'I was trying to pick it up. Don't let anyone see it.'

'All right. I'll see to it in a minute,' said Agar. Then, as Oliver moved restlessly, he added, 'There, lie still. I'll get it;' and, looking round, saw on the floor, near the door, a big pocket-knife, such as sailors carry, with the largest blade open and snapped off at the point.

The attempt to lift his head had nearly made Oliver faint again, and his friend was obliged to have recourse once more to the water-jug, after hurriedly snatching up the knife and putting it into his pocket.

'You'd better have let me alone,' the patient muttered presently, in anything but grateful tones.

'I think you would have bled to death if I had,' answered Agar, not in the least surprised or put out.

'I know. I felt as if I was dying, and I wish I had! It would have been much better.'

He spoke petulantly enough, and yet in despairing earnest, turning his face a little away from the light. But Agar only went on imperturbably with his bandaging.

'Aye, these young ones,' he said, half aloud. 'They always think it so easy to die and have done with it all. But there's a deal to be done before you come to that, my lad.'

Oliver said no more, and Agar was quite content to have him lie still and silent. He had strapped up the wound by this time neatly and safely enough, and next turned his attention to the room, which was in woeful disorder. His capable sailor-hands put things to rights in a very few minutes, so that it was, at any rate, possible to move about more easily; and, hurrying up to his own room, he brought down a blanket to lay over his patient, who seemed to be falling asleep, or at least was too tired to move or speak.

But in ten minutes or so Oliver looked up and spoke in a tone more like himself.

'You're very good,' Oliver said; 'but perhaps you'd better not stay. If he comes back he might be angry if he found you here.'

'Then he must be,' said Agar quietly. 'I'm not going to leave you to face him by yourself. How did this happen just now?'

'He'd been drinking—and he was mad, as usual,' said Oliver wearily, shutting his eyes. 'Not with *me* specially, but with Hutchins, till I tried to stop him going out to look for the chap with a knife. Then he turned on me; but I don't think he meant it. Thank God! I wasn't angry—I didn't strike him! But I wish this had been the end of it. It might have been.'

'Please God, there'll be a better end some day. But do you try and sleep a bit now, and I'll look after both him and you.'

'I can't. I keep seeing him when I shut my eyes. And I'm thinking what he may be doing now; but I can't go out to see, I suppose.'

'I suppose *not*. You'll just lie still and take what I bring you; and what's to happen next is taken out of *your* hands. You did all you could.'

'That's just what one's never sure of,' sighed Oliver. 'And when it comes to being able to do nothing——'

'It often comes to that,' said Agar quietly. 'That's just what makes the hardest part of life. But one must just have patience.'

There was a tone in his voice as if he were speaking to himself as well as to

Oliver. And the young man turned his head and looked at him with bright, restless eyes that were full of questions, and seemed far enough from sleep. Perhaps Agar Wilson felt the pressure of that unspoken inquiry, for after a moment he went on—

'I must have patience too; that's what I'm thinking. I daresay you've wondered sometimes, lad, what I've been through, and why I have no belongings, like other men?'

'Sometimes,' answered Oliver. 'But I wouldn't have asked.'

'No. But once in a lifetime a man has a mind to speak out. I'm going now to get you something, and when you've taken it, I'll tell you what patience has got to help *me* through with, for it may keep you from thinking of your own troubles, poor lad, and of your father.'

(To be continued.)

## The Presbyterians.

**T**HERE are few questions which need to be more carefully considered by Christian people at the present time than that of the nature of the authority which resides in the Church, and of the origin and character of her ministry. Every society must have its officers to administer its laws, to be the instruments of the society in carrying out the objects for which it was formed, and through whom the identity and corporate life of the society is continued.

The Church of Christ, as an outward, visible organisation, has her officers and rulers—the Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; and what is most important for all to know is whence they derive their authority, and in whose name they speak. 'By what authority doest Thou these things, and who gave Thee this authority?' were questions put to Jesus Christ, nor did He refuse to

answer them and to give proofs of His mission.

There are two possible theories of the origin of the Christian ministry; of these one makes the ministry of the Church derive its authority from below, and regards the minister as the delegate of the congregation, appointed to represent the rest, and to perform sacred duties which might be as well performed by any Christian. The other view traces the ministerial authority back to our Lord Jesus Christ, and regards the ministers as His ambassadors and the stewards of His mysteries. According to this latter view their mission takes its rise from those words of our Lord—'As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you,' and has flowed down the ages in one appointed channel ever since.

There is an element of truth in the first view, in so far as the faithful laity are permitted to take part in the selection and



approval of those who are to be ordained to any holy function, but it is absolutely reserved to the highest order of the ministry, the Bishops, to admit them into the sacred order by the appointed rite.

The sovereign may nominate to a bishopric, or the rate-payers of a parish, as in a recent instance, may elect their incumbent, but in neither case is the ministerial character conferred by those who nominate or elect, but only by the laying on of hands by the Bishops of the Church. It has always and everywhere been held that the government of the Church and the continuance of the ministry of the Church by ordination were committed to the chief of the three orders, the Bishops. And as we trace back the stream of Church life, flowing by the power of the Holy Ghost through her ministry from her Divine Head, we cannot but feel the significance of the fact, that with scarcely any exception those who have separated from the Church have lost or abandoned the highest order of the ministry, even when in name retaining the others.

One body, the Presbyterians, make this the distinctive ground of their separation from the Church, their leading principle being the assertion 'that by Divine appointment the discipline of the Church lies with the body of Presbyters, not with the Bishops.' They maintain that the call or invitation of a Christian congregation constitutes a Christian minister, and that all ministers of the Word are on a level with respect to office and authority.

The founder of Presbyterianism in Scotland was John Knox, one of the most violent and headstrong among the leaders of the reforming party in that country. Solicited by the people of S. Andrew's to become their pastor, Knox at first refused, declaring that he would not run where God had not called him, that he would not without a lawful vocation intrude as a teacher in the Church. His objections were, however, overruled; he was brought to believe that the will of the Church, thus expressed, imposed an obligation which no man could lightly disregard. Knox accepted the deci-

sion and became their pastor, and thus laid the foundation of the Presbyterian schism. The inflammatory discourses of the fanatical reformer soon aroused the passions of all classes of the citizens. They rushed to the beautiful cathedral of S. Andrew's, tore it down, and left it the naked ruin which it now stands—a monument of the deplorable effect of religious fanaticism and intolerance.

A confession of faith drawn up by Knox, assisted by five ministers, on the basis of a rigid Calvinism, which asserts that one portion of mankind is predestined and elected by God to salvation, while another portion is doomed to everlasting perdition, was laid before the Parliament of Edinburgh, and accepted as the standard of faith in Scotland. To Knox and his five companions was also committed the task of framing a scheme of Church government which has since become the established religion of Scotland.

Presbyterianism has never taken much hold in England, although under the Long Parliament (1645–1654) it was for a short time the established religion. Unlike the Independents, by whom they were soon supplanted, the Presbyterians hold the theory of the Divine authority of the ministry, and that the various congregations of Christians were not so many distinct churches, but parts of the one Universal Church; and in so doing have departed less than other Nonconformists from the faith and practice of the Church; but they have abandoned the unbroken tradition from the earliest times of the threefold ministry, there being no example of a single church without a bishop for fifteen centuries after Christ.

There is a part of our Prayer-book with which it would be well if all Church people were more familiar, and that is, 'The form and manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.' If this were read and compared with the New Testament many mistakes would be corrected, both as to the nature of the ministry of the Church and of the solemn duties to which her ministers are called. In the preface to this form we read as fol-

lows: 'It is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been three orders of ministers in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. Which offices were evermore had in such reverend estimation that no man might presume to execute any of them, except he were first called, tried, examined, and known to have such qualities as are requisite for the same; and also by Public Prayer, with imposition of hands, were approved and admitted thereunto by lawful authority.'

Now what is this lawful authority, and whence is it derived? None can doubt that in the first instance it was bestowed by the Lord upon His Apostles, who in addition to the fulness of power of ministering the Word and Sacraments, and the privilege of founding the Church of Christ, had also the power of transmitting and handing on to others the sacred ministry. It was not long before they found it necessary to create the order of Deacons, with the special duty, at first, of caring for the poor and dealing with the funds of the Church, though also authorised, as we see in the case of Philip, to preach and baptize; then, as the Church spread and new congregations were formed, the Apostles appointed a second ministerial order—that of the Priesthood, and devolved upon it all the powers which they themselves possessed, except that of continuing and transmitting its ministry; to this second order the names both of *Presbyter (elder)* and of *Bishop (overscer)* were often applied, but before long the latter title was reserved for those who, as the Apostles fell asleep in death, took the oversight, not only of one congregation, but perhaps of many, and who succeeded to their special office and privilege of handing on to others the ministerial character.

Our materials for the history of the end of the first century and of the beginning of the second are very scanty, and we may well understand that the distinct lines of Church government and organisation, as we have them now, were at first less

clearly marked; but there are one or two facts which clearly indicate the establishment of the episcopate even in Apostolic times. Timothy and Titus, though not yet distinctly called bishops, received authority from S. Paul for the ordination of presbyters and to deal with charges brought against presbyters. The position of S. James at Jerusalem seems to have been that of a bishop, exercising his jurisdiction within certain definite limits; and within the lifetime of those who had learned from the Apostles it had come to be recognised that no church could be complete without the three orders of the ministry. Bishops alone could ordain, and by whatever steps this came about, if we believe the promise of guidance given by Christ to His Church, we must believe that it was the work of the Holy Ghost. That the Bishops are the successors of the Apostles is a fact of history, and in this Apostolic succession we have the assurance of the unbroken identity of the Church, and the rallying point for her unity.

A great English teacher and divine has recently pointed out that 'of public institutions in modern Europe the episcopate is the most venerable. It is older than any secular throne; it is by some centuries older than the Papacy. It had reached its prime while the Empire was still standing. It could shed its blood with Cyprian; it could illuminate the world by the consecrated genius of an Irenæus, of an Augustine, of Chrysostom, and Basil. The episcopate, as it traverses the centuries, is like a weather-beaten barque, on whose hull clusters many a shell and weed, and tells of the seas of feudal and political life behind it; but as these incrustations fall away we discover that the essential feature of a spiritual fatherhood, which was always there, remains intact. The title "Father in God" has never disappeared from the language, whether of the Church, or of the law, or of general literature, and its reality, even in the worst times, has never been without a witness.'

It is in their character of 'Fathers in

God' that we shall be best able to understand and appreciate the office and work of the Bishops; themselves first receiving their ministerial power by successive delegation from the Apostles, they transmit the power to others, as an earthly father hands on to his children the gift of physical life. As the father of his diocese, the bishop is the one responsible teacher in it, the clergy being regarded as his assistants and subject to his oversight and correction in what they teach. It is his first duty to be the guardian of 'the faith once given to the saints,' to see that it is taught in its fulness and in its purity. As 'Fathers' the Bishops are the natural rulers of the

diocese, which is their family, their right to rule being derived not from those over whom they are 'set in the Lord,' but from the character and position which they have inherited from the Apostles of Christ.

It is as our 'Fathers in Christ,' who by His appointment have been the means used to convey to us the highest gifts, that they claim our respect and loyal submission; it is as such that the Apostle exhorts us to 'obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief.'

H. W. O.

## Home, Sweet Home.

### CHAPTER IV.

**A**LICE had gone out one morning to make a few purchases. It was cold and frosty, and the streets were very slippery. Two little girls were walking hand in hand in front of her, evidently on their way to the Infant School. The elder, who looked about six years old, was holding the little one, some two years younger, carefully by the hand, when her foot slipped on a frozen puddle and she fell, pulling her little sister down with her. A light cart dashing quickly along would have been upon them in a moment if Alice had not dragged the little creatures, without an instant's delay, from the dangerous spot. The younger child cried bitterly in mingled fright and pain, while the elder seemed more concerned about her sister's condition than about the accident to herself, though her hands were scratched and bleeding.

'Susie is so timid,' she explained. 'Mother says we must never frighten her, never.'

Alice took Susie in her arms and tried to comfort her, but the little thing continued to sob so violently that Alice, feeling really frightened, proposed to

the elder sister that she should carry her home. To Alice's surprise it turned out that the children's home was in the very house in which she lived herself.

'Our mother is Mrs. Butler, and I am Ada,' said the bigger girl.

Then Alice remembered what Mrs. Jones had said about Mrs. Butler and her stand-off ways, and what Mrs. Jones called her 'nonsense' in being always cooking and the like, and noticed, what she had been too much preoccupied to observe before, how neat the children were, and how healthy they looked, even although they were for the moment rather pale with fright. The thought of Mrs. Jones's remarks made Alice wonder whether Mrs. Butler would regard her entrance as an intrusion; yet she could not leave little Susie until she had put her safely into her mother's arms.

Rather timidly, therefore, she tapped at the door which Ada said was theirs. 'Come in,' cried a pleasant voice, and when Alice entered she saw a tidy, motherly woman busy stirring something in a saucepan over the fire. At the sound of Susie's cries, which had not ceased for a moment since her fall, the woman turned round, and perceiving her little one in a stranger's arms hastened forward to take her, after

first lifting the pot on to the hob by the side of the fire. Alice told of the accident, and said that she did not think Susie was much hurt, but that she seemed dreadfully frightened.

'Susie is such a nervous child, the least thing upsets her; she is particularly afraid of horses, she can't bear to come nigh them. Don't cry, my pet, mother has got you.'

The very touch of those loving arms seemed to comfort the little creature. Mrs. Butler sat down and soothed her child with tender words and kisses till the sobs ceased and the tear-stained face was lifted up again. Alice stood looking on much interested, until Mrs. Butler turned to her and said, 'I am sure I beg your pardon for not thanking you or asking you to sit down. I could think of nothing but Susie at first. Please take a chair, miss, and let me say how much obliged I am for your kindness.'

Alice sat down as desired, but said she wanted no thanks, and was very glad she happened to be near, or the cart might have gone over the children.

'They haven't far to go to school,' Mrs. Butler said; 'but they are very little to go about London streets, and if it weren't for the care of *them above* they would not often get there safe I'm thinking.'

'*Them above*?' questioned Alice.

'Aye. The angels as keeps them "lest they hurt their foot against a stone." Has it never struck you to think how very seldom any harm comes to the children of poor people considering how much they are left alone? No nurses to look after them, and their mothers at work or a-gossiping, may be. I don't believe that rich folk's children, with all their nurses and governesses, are a bit safer than ours are. I always say God's angels take care of mine.'

Ada looked up at Alice and said, 'Is this lady our angel, mother?'

'God sent her to keep you from being hurt, dear,' her mother answered. 'She did the angel's work to-day.'

Alice looked at the mother and her little ones. They were nothing out of the common in themselves, except that they all looked cleaner and more tidy than was

usual in that neighbourhood, but there seemed a gentleness in their manner to each other, a clinging fondness between the children and their mother that she had not often seen. It would almost appear as if something of the angels, as to whose presence they seemed so assured, had touched them, and made them seem different from other people. She did not wonder that the society of the remarkably unangelic Mrs. Jones was not acceptable to Mrs. Butler, but she thought how pleasant it would be if this newly-discovered neighbour would sometimes call in and see her, or let her pay a visit now and then to the little children.

As if answering her thoughts Mrs. Butler asked, 'Do you live far from here?'

Alice explained that she was a wife of but short standing, and had rooms in the same house, adding one or two particulars about her former life and her husband's work. It would almost seem as if the attraction Alice felt for Mrs. Butler was a mutual feeling, for she at once said kindly that she hoped they should see more of each other, adding, 'And mind, if you get into any difficulty about your housekeeping or anything else, as one so inexperienced may likely do, that you come to me, and I'll help you all I can. I have to bring up a large family on small weekly wages, and have had to find out how to make every penny do its own work, and more than its work too, sometimes.'

Alice thanked her neighbour warmly, and ventured to inquire what it was that Mrs. Butler was cooking so early in the morning, 'For,' she said, 'I find hereabouts that people never seem to think of cooking anything till they are ready to eat it.'

'Nor then either,' Mrs. Butler said, with a shake of her head. 'Many goes to the cookshop and buys a few slices of cold meat if they've got the money, or a lump of heavy pudding. They pay very dear for such food, and what good can it do them compared to what a nice warm dish, eaten hot off the fire, would do? Besides, the gravy and the dripping are lost, or at least they don't have them.'

'That is just what Mrs. Bent, master's old housekeeper, used to say,' Alice cried eagerly. 'Whatever you have to eat, be it much or little, cook it nicely and make the best of it. Tom does enjoy a little bit of hot supper when he comes back in the evening, and I have always managed to get him something.'

'Quite right. A wife can't spend her time and strength better than by keeping a comfortable home for her husband. I can't let mine always have *meat* now there are so many mouths to fill; but something hot and nourishing he always finds; and you know there are many foods hardly less strengthening than meat, though ever so much cheaper. A good bowl of oatmeal porridge, for instance, is a capital supper for working people on a cold evening. The Scotch, who are much stronger than the English, almost live on oatmeal, and have it for breakfast, dinner, and supper. I give him a bit of butter, or a drop of milk with it if I can; the children like treacle in their porridge. Children are always fond of something sweet, and if they get it at home they don't want to be always running to the sweet shop.'

'There are a wonderful lot of that kind of shops about here,' Alice remarked.

'You are right there. Publics and sweet shops; publics for the parents, and sweet-stuff for the children. It keeps the stomach always a-craving. When they are little they must be always sucking sugar, and when they are big always running for a dram. One bad habit leads to another, and health and pocket suffer alike. I do believe some mothers give their children pennies to buy sweets just that they may want no dinner, and so there shan't be the trouble of cooking one.'

'Oh, but that is cruel,' said Alice. 'How can the little things grow up strong and healthy if they get no proper food?'

'Grow up strong and healthy! Small chance of that, I fear. Many don't grow up at all, and others are stunted and delicate, and suffer with weak hearts, and rickets, and sores, and all manner of evils.'

'They say London air is bad for growing children,' Alice remarked.

'London air ain't particularly good for 'aem, but I've seen fine healthy young persons grow up in it when they had mothers who had the sense to feed them with something they *could* grow upon. My eldest girl is fourteen, and she has got a good place as kitchen-maid, and is as strong and healthy a girl as you'd wish to see. I hope she'll stop where she is for some years yet. They are mighty pleased with her, for they could never get a girl strong enough for the work before. Poor feeble slips of things who would break down and have to go home ill, mostly before their month was out, though they were all older than Bessie by some years.'

'I am sure you are right, by the look of your children,' Alice said admiringly. 'But *air*—you can't get that good for them, I am afraid.'

'Well, of course they must do with the air that is to be had here; but I take care that they have as much of it as possible. For one thing, I have the windows to open *at top*, so that the bad air may always go out, not be shut up in the rooms night and day.'

'You mean the air you have all breathed?'

'Yes, and the air I have cooked in, and washed in, and dried my clothes in. I want to get rid of all that, and let fresh unused air come in, which it will always do if the bad is let to escape. But the window must open *at top*, because the bad air always mounts up to the ceiling, and also because one does not feel the draught as one does if it opens only *at bottom*.'

'How do you know the bad air goes to the ceiling?'

'I have always been told it did, and one day I got a step-ladder, when the windows were shut and a lot of us in the room, and went to the top of it. If you had smelt what the air up there was like you wouldn't want to be told twice that you must keep the upper part of the room ventilated somehow.'

'Well,' said Alice, 'I am not sure if our

windows do open at top, but I'll look and see, and if they don't I'll get Tom to make them do so directly. Thank you for telling me, Mrs. Butler.'

'Ah! You're one of those that has the sense to take a telling, I see. But,' with a sigh, 'you may talk till you're hoarse to most of 'em, and they pay no attention, or, may be, laugh in your face.'

'Do they, indeed? There is one of the neighbours, Mrs. Jones, has been in twice to see me cook, and seemed interested.'

'Mrs. Jones! Why, she is just one of the most careless about here. I should never have thought of trying to improve *her*.'

'I don't know that I thought of it either. But she came to see me, and, though I felt put out at first, it seemed like as if I ought not to refuse to show her anything I knew. It may do good, though it don't seem likely.'

'Well,' Mrs. Butler said, 'no doubt you are right. One ought to help one's neighbours, if they will let one, but it seems as if I *could not* stand that Mrs. Jones coming about my place. The very *look* of her seems to make it untidy.'

'Yes,' Alice said with a sigh, 'it does indeed. Perhaps she may not visit me again. We talked of nothing but cooking both times she came, or at least I talked and explained, and she rather jeered at it and told me I was spoiling my husband.'

'Don't listen to her or to any that talk like that. Do your work, whatever it be, in the best possible way, and God will bless you and it. And the work of a wife and mother in one very important respect is to spare no pains to feed her husband and children as well as she possibly can out of what lies to her hand, so that their health and strength may be kept up, and they may have *sound minds in sound bodies*, as the old saying puts it. Now I was making this bean soup when you came in. You know about that, I daresay?'

'Yes, I have made it very often. Our master at the Vicarage was particularly partial to it, and so was Miss Celia, his sister. When she was ill once she got very tired of beef-tea, which the doctor ordered

her every day at eleven o'clock, and a lady came to stay who had taken lessons at South Kensington—that is where the School of Cookery is, you know, that sends out instructors and teachers, both ladies and cooks. That lady taught me how to make this soup, which she said was quite as nourishing as beef-tea, and Miss Celia was so pleased to have it instead.'

'I did not know very sick people could take it,' said Mrs. Butler. 'What a good thing it is, for bean soup is a great deal cheaper than beef-tea, even if one puts a little milk in it.'

'The lady said it had the *same* good in it as meat. I don't know exactly what she meant by the *same*, but I suppose it made you feel like you would if you had drunk beef-tea and not miss the meat.'

'Beef-tea itself is what few people know how to make properly,' Mrs. Butler remarked.

'No, indeed,' agreed Alice. 'The doctor who attended Miss Celia said he was terribly put out sometimes when he ordered beef-tea to find his patients had had little better than water given to them. "Better give 'em water right out," he said, "I should know there was no pretence then at any rate."'

'Did he mean poor people who had not enough meat to put in it?'

'Poor and rich both,' he said. 'The grand cooks didn't take the trouble any more than the poor did.'

'And they have none of them got any sense. Don't we call *tea* something that stands to draw, whatever it is made of, and should we not let the meat draw likewise, if meat it is, of which the tea is to be made?'

'Yes, that is it. I used to cut the beef up quite small at night, sprinkle it with salt, and put it in a jar of cold water. The next morning the juice of the meat was all drawn out into the water, which was deep red, while the meat looked white. There are some bad illnesses, typhoid fever and the like, I have heard, in which the patient drinks this right off as it is; but generally you stand the jar, covered down,

in a saucepan of boiling water, and let the water in the saucepan boil for two or three hours, when the beef-tea will taste very nice indeed.'

'Yes, or you may put the jar in the oven, if it is not very hot, and let it finish there. The great thing is not to let the meat boil, or else the outside turns hard, and you will get no goodness out of it. It is like boiling a hard egg; the longer you boil it the harder it gets, you know.'

'I expect that is how the cooks fail. They have a great hot fire, and put beef and water on together. The saucepan boils up quick, and there is an end of any hope of good beef-tea, even if pounds and pounds of meat are used. But I must be going, Mrs. Butler. I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance, and to find that I have a neighbour who has the same ideas as I have about cooking and such things. It is very hard to stand alone

and feel all your neighbours against you, like.'

Mrs. Butler smiled. 'I don't think we ought to mind that for our own sakes, only for theirs. If you were walking in bright daylight and saw your way plainly you would not want to go back into the darkness and stumble about, not knowing what way to go, just that you might have the company of the poor creatures who were lost there.'

'No. I should call to them to come up where I was, and perhaps hold out my hand to pull them up.'

'Quite right. We can have company only on the terms of drawing our neighbours up, not on those of going down to them. That would be bad for them as well as for us.'

So Alice and Mrs. Butler parted, with a feeling that each had found a friend—which is a very pleasant feeling indeed.

(To be continued.)

## True Noblemen.

**W**E all remember the story of Sir Philip Sidney, wounded on the field of Zutphen, and refusing to quench his burning thirst till he had offered the draught to a poor wounded soldier.

Another example of that ruling trait in a noble character—consideration of others—was the conduct of Sir Ralph Abercrombie when mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir.

When he was being carried in a litter on board the *Foudroyant*, to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head,

and this gave considerable relief. He asked what it was.

'Only a soldier's blanket,' was the reply.

'Whose blanket is it?' said he, half lifting himself up.

'Only one of the men's.'

'I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is.'

'It is Duncan Roy's of the 42nd, sir.'

'Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night.'

Even to ease his dying agony the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

## God is Good.

**D**YING, little baby dying,  
Born the other day!  
'Oh, my God!' the mother pleaded,  
'Let the darling stay!  
Leave her yet a little while;  
Let me see my baby smile!'

And our God, so kind and tender,  
Heard the mother's prayer,  
Healed the baby for a season;  
It grew wise and fair,  
Smiled up in its mother's face  
With a sweet and wondrous grace.

Still that mother clasped it to her  
 With a trembling heart ;  
 Harder yet from this frail darling  
 Is it now to part !  
 ' Father, take her not above  
 Ere she speaks one word of love.'

Now the prayer rose, ' Do not take her  
 Till she knows *Thee*, Lord ;  
 Let me tell her Heavenly stories,  
 Make her love *Thy* Word :  
 Teach her how to trust in *Thee*,  
 As now, Lord, she trusts in me !'



It was springtime when the mother  
 Prayed that piteous prayer ;  
 Summer loosed the baby prattle,  
 Life was now too fair.  
 Tones that thrilled her through and through,  
 Murmured, ' Mother, I love you !'

Oh, our God hath patience truly,  
 For He waited on,  
 Till the babe-lips prayed ' Our Father,'  
 And ' Thy Will be done.'  
 Then He sent an angel down,  
 Called His child from Cross to Crown.





## Miserable Sinners.

**W**HILE there is life there is hope.'

People say this of our natural lives, but it is just as true of our spiritual lives.

I have known men who have been bad in their youth, bad in their middle age, bad almost up to old age, suddenly wake up to a sense of their sins, feeling great alarm and sorrow for the past.

But there they stop.

Talk to them of mending their lives and they shake their heads. It is too late.

Are they going on in their sins then? Oh no, they don't mean to do that, but at their time of life it is impossible to begin afresh. They can only be very sorry to the end of their days, and hope God will forgive them at last.

Now, all that sorrow and hope of forgiveness is right as far as it goes, but it stops short too soon. It wants something more.

At the battle of Marengo, Napoleon arrived on the field in the afternoon. The battle was going against him. He looked at the western sun; 'There is just time to recover the day,' he said. And then he put out all his force to cheer and push on his men with such good effect that he turned defeat into victory.

This is what I want those whom Satan has overpowered in former days to do—not to sit in the dust and say, 'I am a miserable sinner,' but to resolve to turn the tables against him and to win the day for God.

While there is life there is hope. Remember that. It is never too late to mend. No man is too old to turn his back on the broad road and push his way into the narrow road.

It is just idleness, sloth, that makes him hold back. It sounds humble to confess, 'I am a miserable sinner,' and there stop.

But it is a sign of much greater humility to take the old sins one by one, look them in the face, and resolve to forsake them.

Thus, I have been a drunkard, I will drink no more. I have made friends with evil-doers, I will give up this and that bad companion. I have not been to the House of God since I was a child, I will brave the mockery of my acquaintances and go there next Sunday.

No man is too old with God's help to turn from sin and begin a life of righteousness. Suppose he is sixty, seventy, eighty; still there is time, for he lives, and life is given him to serve God.

The sun is setting, but it is not night; there is time if he begins the fight immediately.

Perhaps some man or woman reads these words and thinks, 'Why that is just me. I have led a dreadful God-forgetting life all my days, and it makes me very miserable to remember it. But I'm surely too old to make a change now. Perhaps God will be merciful to me and not expect much of me.'

My friend, do not deceive yourself. God expects a great deal from you—yes, even though you may be threescore years and ten, old and feeble. Not all at once, but moment by moment, as He grants them to you, He asks you to fight with your weak old hands against each sin of your past life. And do not say too often that you are a miserable sinner. He knows that, and He knows the sins too.

Think instead of the ugly sins themselves, one by one; hate them and forsake them. And then trust God and be cheerful.

He still gives you life, and while there is life He means you to hope.

Hope for what though? For a place in heaven by and by for a man who cannot forsake his sins? Oh, no!

There is no place there for such 'miserable sinners.' Albeit Christ died for them, they must repent and forsake their sins, or He will not own them.

There is work to be done even by the

old—the forsaking of sin. And then as a free and happy gift God will give such striving repentant ones eternal life and rest in the Happy Land beyond the grave.



### Jesus in the Carpenter's Shop.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

**OUR** Blessed Lord in His youth worked with His foster-father, the carpenter, it is said. Fathers, do you keep your boys to honest work by your side as much as may be? Or do you, by neglect or unkindness, or through discomfort at home, drive them

out, young and foolish, into the dangers of the world? The Holy One was 'subject to His parents' truly, but the Bible also tells us that those parents loved and guarded their child. Take care that your children do not stray from home out of any want of love or care on your part.



## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE DIOCESE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Continued from page 162.)

**T**HE travelling in winter is done by means of a wooden sleigh or cometique, and a team of those much belied Labrador dogs. These are supposed to be of such a ferocious disposition as to cause a man to go among them with his life in his hands, as it were. Experience teaches, however, that with very few exceptions they are more gentle than, and quite as affectionate and docile as, any Newfoundland dogs. Living without ever seeing domestic animals, and accustomed to make a feast upon any wild animals they come across and can master, one is not surprised to find that hens, goats, pigs, or cows are hardly safe when within their reach. It is true that now and then a woman or a child falls a prey, but such cases are rare; and, upon inquiry, it is generally found to have been caused by provocation, or possibly through the dogs mistaking the seal-clad figure of a woman or child for some wild animal. Seldom or never has a man been attacked.

Each team has a leader—a dog which goes in front of the rest when harnessed to the cometique, and guides the others in accord with the 'ouk' or 'arrah' of the driver. A long seal-skin line, with harness, attaches them to their 'cart,' and with this and two men thereon a team of six or seven dogs, with fairly good roads, has very little difficulty in accomplishing a forty-mile journey in a day; even ninety miles have been covered with a light cometique, good ice, and one driver. Their power of endurance is something wonderful. They will go for days without food, seemingly quite contented; and even when at work very little satisfies them.

From what has been said about the disposition and migratory habits of the people, it can be imagined that the missionary's work is of a very peculiar nature. Till lately there was neither church nor parsonage in the mission, a fisherman's hut answering for both purposes. Now, a fairly comfortable parsonage has been erected, and the upper storey is being converted into a chapel. With such a scattered population as there is in the mission, a church would

be of very little use. During some two months in the year a congregation of from twenty to forty can be gathered together at Cartwright and Rigoulette, and a like number at Spotted Islands. At the southern extremity of the mission some five or six families attend, but in most places and at most times we have to minister to isolated families.

The services of the Church are, of necessity, more like family prayers than anything of a public nature. The missionary calls on a family, and, having catechised the children, heard them read and spell a little, holds what may be called a public service, and then, after family prayers, at which the same congregation is present, retires for the night. The next day another family is visited, or it may be two; and so on, day after day. In addition to the unsatisfactory nature of the work itself, there are difficulties to be met with whose name is legion. A few only, I may mention. A small hut, with, perhaps, a smoky stove, dim light, dirty floor and surroundings, are by no means things that add solemnity to a service; much less so does a squalling child, or the rush of a dog or two on the birch-bark roof. At times the parent's attention is occupied in quieting a feverish infant, when the words of solemn exhortation or of prayer must fall on dull ears. Then again the rustling on the rooftops warns the proprietor that the dogs are there, and that there is danger of one of them putting his paw through. He at once seizes a junk of wood, and sallies forth to warn off the offender, and then, with a 'get out of that,' thud comes the junk against the frail roof, off scamper the dogs, and the man returns and quietly takes his seat as before.

Then, again, a fight may take place before the door between the parson's team and that of the proprietor of the establishment in which he has taken up his quarters. In the summer this is varied by the head of the house asking, in the middle of the service: 'Would there be any harm, sir, in our hauling up the boat a bit, as the tide is rising and she'll float off?' and then the best part of the congregation accompany him to haul up the boat before the service is resumed. Interruptions of various kinds take place, till the poor parson is sometimes in despair of ever getting a hearing.

It may be asked: 'Would it not be possible

to remain a day or two at each house, instead of paying such flying visits? To such a query, no must be the answer, for several reasons. In the first place, two hungry men, and six or seven dogs

provisions for the journey, that is altogether out of the question, as, after visiting a hungry family or two, the supply would be sure to run short. Apart from this, however, it would be



require to be fed as well as housed, and, as a rule, the people have little enough food for themselves, to say nothing about feeding others for three or four days. As for one's carrying

impossible to remain for two or three days at each house, and get through the mission at all.

For eight months in the year the missionary is shut off from communication with the out-

side world. One mail reaches him, as a rule, during the winter, *viâ* Quebec, but it brings no news later than Christmas, and then for the next he must await the arrival of the Newfoundlanders early in the summer. For nearly two months in the autumn, and the same length of time in the spring, he is kept a prisoner at his headquarters, whilst the ice is either forming or breaking up on the Bays. These four months are generally the most trying ones in the year. An almost overwhelming sense of his complete isolation from the rest of the world comes over him at times. When at work the time slips rapidly away; but the working time brings its trials too, for then begins the cry from the needy for food, and one almost dreads to enter a house, knowing that in many cases the first thing asked for will be *flour* for the half-starved creatures living there!

The missionary's work often takes him among the hungry and the naked, whom it is not in his power to relieve; and while he is talking to them of the future life, he cannot fail to think that they are wondering whether there is anything in the parson's *cometique-box* to keep them alive, or a chance of his giving them a little flour to help them along till summer comes. The possibility of this impressed itself so forcibly upon my mind, that I said last winter, before starting on our missionary journey, 'Put in a bag of oatmeal, to make porridge for any who may be hungry.'

There are dangers to be encountered from snowstorms and bad ice. The latter is the *more-to-be-dreaded danger* of the two! The traveller goes prepared for the former, and, should he be caught, would not hesitate to pitch his camp in the first clump of trees he came to, and there spend the night. When travelling he always provides himself with a seal-skin bag in which to *sleep*, and in this he would find it by no means uncomfortable to have to spend a night in the woods. This sleeping bag is, in fact, his bed at all times, and when he retires for the night he merely places it on the floor and crawls into it. There, after a hard day's work in the bracing air, he sleeps as soundly, and perhaps contentedly, as his more favoured brethren do on their downy pillows; unless, as may be the case, his slumbers are disturbed by a cat falling on to his head from the beams of the house, or a hungry dog gnawing the foot of his sleeping-bag!

The only means of conveyance from place to place in the winter season is by *cometique* and

dogs, but when the snow is deep, one has to put on the snow-shoes and walk. *Cometique* travelling is pleasant when the ice is smooth, or the snow has a hard crust, over which the 'coach' will glide, provided the weather be not too cold. It has its dangers, however, as well as its pleasures; with smooth ice and a hill to descend, it requires all the skill of the driver to steer the *cometique*, and the strength of both driver and passenger to keep it back and prevent its running over and probably killing some of the dogs. These, however, are loosed in dangerous places, and allowed to go down by themselves. Now and then the *cometique* gets beyond control, and away it goes at railway speed, over hummocks and stumps, till one larger than the rest brings it to a standstill, and then away go the occupants head over heels, thinking themselves well off if they land in a favouring snow-bank without broken limbs. A good shake, to clear oneself of snow, and a 'No-bones-broken this time, boy,' from the parson, to reassure the driver, who, having secured the dogs, 'stands by in fear and trembling; and then the *cometique* is made fast to the dogs again and the journey is resumed. Now and then, when descending a steep hill with snow-drifts thereon, the *cometique* shoots into one, and under it goes; then the driver is hopelessly and helplessly buried for a time beneath *cometique* and snow.

The people are all most kind and hospitable, especially to the visitor, and never fail to lay their best before him. At times their best is nothing, and then, with the family, the staple article at a meal for all is the porridge, which the parson, by means of his supply-box, is able to provide for the company. This is not always well made, and on one occasion, when I congratulated our hostess on her seeming knowledge of cookery, a smile crossed my man's face. It was accounted for by-and-by when the porridge was produced in the shape of smoky water, with specks of oatmeal here and there; not till then did I discover that my cup of meal, which was intended only to make porridge for two, had been poured into a gallon or more of water.

On another occasion, after some six hours' heavy walking on snow-shoes, we called on a family, dined off porridge, and then went on to a second house to put up for the night, but to meet with no better entertainment. There we supped and breakfasted on porridge and our last bit of 'pork cake,' the mainstay of all travellers. The owner of this dwelling, a poor widow, could boast of possessing two half-

starved cats and two puppies in a like condition. No sooner had I settled down, and produced a candle to see by, than I was apprised of their state by the woman's warning me against putting the candle out of my hand, 'If you do, the cat will eat it,' she said. Later on the puppies did manage to get at, and eat the side out of, one of my man's seal-skin boots. Between the dogs and the cats we spent a rather uneasy night, and were glad to be off by moonlight next morning. Such incidents hardly cause one a second thought, except in so far as they bring the poverty of the people under one's notice. They add a little novelty to the monotonous round of mission work, and, when all is over, afford something to laugh about.

From what has been said, it will be imagined that missionary life on the bleak coasts of Labrador is subject to peculiarly severe hardships, and that the worker can only be cheered by the bright hope of winning souls to Jesus.

Rev. T. P. QUINTIN.

### THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

#### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.



**N** eloquent speaker lately appealed for 'a widening view of the Church's work and a widening sympathy with the present-day needs of men.'

The aim which lies before the Church of God is to be of service to the world—to be in the world, like her great Head, 'as one that serveth.'

—And this is what we try to keep steadily before our readers.

The harvest of the world is plenteous and waiting to be reaped. Christ's kingdom is extending in all directions. One thousand six hundred years ago it was a mere handful, less than 2 per cent. of the world's population; now it counts disciples in every land, and counts them by millions. A hundred years ago they could be reckoned at 28 per cent., and now at 48 per cent.

God has been very good to us His people. We are greatly in debt to Him for the place He has given us in His kingdom, and when we see those yet outside it, either far off or near home, stretching forth their hands, groping after Truth and Right and God, we are bound to aid and direct and raise them as well as we can. Here in England, just at this time, Christian zeal has a great work before it. Most of the children of our land have been adopted by God as His own children at the font of Holy Baptism, and He desires that they should know Him and love Him in order that they may possess Him eternally; but this desire will not be realised as regards our English children without the intervention and help of the elder members of Christ's Church. You who read this are called on to do your utmost for these growing lives. You know that there are on foot now two movements with reference to the education of our poorer children.

One movement favours the planting everywhere of Board schools, and their support out of the rates; the other movement favours the maintenance of our Voluntary schools, and the placing them on a more even footing with the Board schools, so that they may compete with equal advantages, and not as now, at great disadvantage with the Board schools.

The drawback is that Board schools have practically unlimited control over the rate-payers' pockets, while Voluntary schools are supported almost entirely by money given in subscriptions; and yet Government requires the same standard of excellence in inspection in the case of both.

Now we venture to assert that no Christian man or woman ought to assent to schools being built and aided by the rates where the principles of Christianity are not taught, and where the knowledge of God and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is not given its due and proper place. Dean Goulburn rightly says that 'education apart from religion, or apart from the authority of the Church as a teaching society, is condemned by Christ's commission to His Church.'

It is the avowed policy of the advocates of secular education to work for the planting of Board schools in every district throughout the country, and for getting into their hands the management of the schools, and also the school-buildings belonging to the Church and the denominations.

Australia affords an opportunity of proving

the effects of the loss of a sound education--that is, of a secular education based on religion.

Our English school books cannot be used there lest any taint of Christian doctrine should influence the minds of the children.

A school text-book on morals was lately compiled; it contained a suggestion that the lessons might perhaps be enforced and illustrated by suitable references to the Bible; but the Department thought this dangerous, and it was not allowed.

A poem, by Longfellow, on the Wreck of the *Hesperus*, was docked of the verse which tells how the maiden thought of 'Christ who stilled the wave on the Lake of Galilee.'

'The dogmatic bias was too obvious,' said those who are even thinking of again revising their school books, lest there might be anything in them 'likely to offend the religious prejudices of their Chinese fellow-citizens.'

Again we are told, that in reply to a question 'Why should we obey our parents?' a child replied with a reference to the fifth commandment, and the inspector could give no marks; the child, it appears, ought to have said only, 'Because they feed, clothe, and educate me.'

One more instance is given of the anti-Christian character of secular education. In an up-country school, in the absence of the clergyman, the teacher read a sermon to the people who had assembled for their act of worship, for which offence he was fined five pounds.

In the colony of Victoria the consequences of un-Christian education have been terribly disastrous, and of such a nature as to cause intense alarm for the future. A reform of the Education Act is called for by all serious men, though it is feared that party jealousies and religious prejudices may prevent it.

Let every English Christian see to it, that through no indifference, neglect, or fault of theirs such a state of things should ever come to pass in England.

We find no such missionaries to careless and ignorant parents as the religiously-taught children in our day schools. These children now number about 5,000, and we reckon on their being, with God's blessing, a great power for good in their homes. The simple repeating of morning or evening prayers, or saying graces in their parents' hearing, has helped numbers of fathers and mothers to look heavenward. But, besides these things, the children carry home many a fragment of

spiritual food which shows to starving souls where full supplies may be had.

Broadstairs, too, can quote such results, after the religious instructions of only a few weeks.

Broadstairs has room enough and to spare just now if any one is inclined to send us poor little convalescents, and to pay for their maintenance. The Home and its inmates cannot come together without the intervention of a third party. We on our side are ready with our welcome, and the children are ready to come. Who will be the medium, and undertake the expenses neither we ourselves nor the little would-be patients can afford? Read these extracts from our Broadstairs' journal, and think the matter over, kind friends.

#### BROADSTAIRS JOURNAL.

'It was best for his mother not to come with him, but she'll fetch him when his time is up; and, please God, she hopes to find him better.' So said the father of one of our convalescents, as he laid the helpless little figure upon a tiny sofa on the cripples' balcony. 'You see, my boy has got a plaster-jacket on; a fall hurt his spine, and he's had a bad abscess. He used to cry out with the pain, but he hasn't any to speak of now, only he's so weak. He ought to get strong here, I'm sure, for I've never seen a more beautiful place for children.' As the weeks passed on we watched this little patient with delight, so wonderfully did his health improve. Bertie was the most patient of children; he did not talk much, but his large brown eyes would wander round the play-room and take in all that was going on. At last the sorrowful day came when we must part with him. The little man was not helpless now, for the plaster-jacket had been removed, and he is fast recovering the use of his limbs. His mother came to fetch him, and we saw her start as the door of the ward was opened, exhibiting Bertie sitting up, with the happiest of little faces, threading some shells--treasures from the shore--for his brothers and sisters at home.

'I'm crying for joy,' explained the poor woman, as she turned away from the child to hide her fast-falling tears. 'I'm crying for joy. I've never seen him sit up for months and months; and, oh! the pleasure has been too much for me.'

Georgie was a tiny creature from a London hospital; he was three and a half years old,

but only weighed 17 lbs. Yet in spite of his colourless little face and wasted limbs Georgie, on his first introduction, looked at us almost as if he meant to say, 'Oh! but I *shall* get well if you'll only keep me long enough in this sunshine. How *can* you expect a baby to grow who never sees the blue sky, and has passed his life in the third-floor-back of a narrow street?'

There was much to be done for Georgie. We had to teach him first how to smile, and then how to talk, and all this had to be done in three weeks, without mentioning the clothing of his poor little bones with flesh. We set to work in good earnest, time being short, and almost doubted whether much could be done for him in three weeks. Our Heavenly Father, who cares for little children, was not unmindful of this lamb of His fold. We need not have been anxious about Georgie. Miles away from Broadstairs an aged friend was working for us, and longing to restore some sick child to health.

'I have had a drawing-room sale, and most successful it has been,' she wrote; 'every garment has been sold, and I am now able to ask you to choose a little patient who would benefit by a longer stay in your beautiful Home.' With what thankful hearts we read that letter! Of course Georgie remained after that, and daily grew fatter, and at last could almost express what he wished to say on the day of his arrival. 'Didn't I tell you so? I *meant* to get well; and, of course, now I am better I *can* smile, and I am beginning to talk, too.'

'Mother says I'm a *first-rate* cook;' the little speaker drew herself up and stood upon her toes. It was necessary to make herself look as important as possible, as she was only twelve, and small for her age. 'Yes, that is what mother says. "Your stews be always beautiful," she says; and then off she'd go to the hospital, where poor father were lying dangerously ill with dropsy, and she'd leave me to mind the children and cook the dinner. Mother had leave to stay with father all night, and if he were better in the afternoon she'd come home to dinner—to *my* dinner, what I'd cooked, you know. Where did I learn to cook? Why, of course, at your own schools at Kilburn. I've been to your schools, Sister, ever since I was three years old, and that's a *long, long* time ago. There's twenty-four girls in the cooking-class—twelve cook and twelve look on. I can make puddings

and meat pies, and ever such a lot of nice things; that's why mother says I'm a *first-rate* cook; and now I'm stronger I mean to go back home and work ever so hard. Mother won't be able to spare me much longer, 'cos there's no one to look after baby. Mother goes to work; father aint well enough yet to earn any money, you see, nor we don't know when he *will* be well enough.'

'I like the cot I'm sleeping in.'

'Which one is it, dear?'

"In memory of a dear old nurse," said the feeble little voice, quaintly.

Maggie was in mourning for her parents; both had recently died of consumption, and she inherited the disease. 'Night is the worst time,' she said to us in her funny little old-fashioned way. 'I drops off to sleep *sometimes*, but the cough wakes me up.'

There is a comic side even to life amongst little convalescents.

'My father,' said Tommy, 'has two bankers; he earns a lot of money—he does!'

'Indeed,' we said, looking at the ragged, under-fed little figure before us, and thinking of certain firms in Lombard Street.

'Yes, *two* bankers,' he repeated, with emphasis.

'Can you tell me their names?'

Tommy looked very solemn for a moment.

'Well, I knows they are two *burial* bankers, and that's all. 'Father pays twopence a week to one for 'imself, and twopence a week to 't'other for mother.'

Tommy then proceeded to remark:

'All my parents are Christians.'

'Why, how many have you?' we asked.

'Oh! I don't know 'zactly *that*, but they are *all* Christians.'

'And your father, Tommy, is he a good man? Does he ever go to church?'

'*Man!*' (with much excitement), 'he ain't a *man* at all, mum; he's a gentleman.'

The Orphanage of Mercy and S. Mary's Convalescent Home are not local institutions. They receive destitute orphans and sick children from all parts of the country.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s. and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell and Miss Frances Ashdown, Secretaries of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.



# NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By Rev. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

## CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

Regarded in their *Literal, Spiritual, and Moral* Features, and

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

NOTE.—A *Picture* is suggested for each Sunday, which may be found ready-made, or may be drawn for the occasion on a blackboard or on paper.

- A. The *Literal* facts of the history will be found in the *Passage*.
- B. The *Spiritual* truth, which is worked out by the *Text*, will be enforced by Questions and Answers that should be learnt by heart.
- C. The *Moral* lessons will be summed up in the concluding exhortations.

### Eighth Sunday after Trinity. (August 11.)

NOAH—*The Preserver of Life.*

Passage—Genesis vii. 11 to end. Text—S. Luke xvii. 26, 27. Hymns—285, 597.

Picture: Noah sending forth the Dove—and Jesus sending down His Holy Spirit—over the troubled waters. (See Genesis i. 2.)

#### A. The first of the three Arks of the Old Testament.

- I. Material—gopher or cypress wood.
- II. Size—length, 450 feet.  
breadth, 75 „  
height, 45 „
- III. Arrangement—
  1. 'Rooms,' or compartments.
  2. 'Stories'—perhaps
 

{	Upper, for birds.
	Middle, for mankind.
	Lower, for beasts.
  3. 'Window,' or set of windows.
  4. 'Door'—only one aperture.
  5. 'Living things'—7 of every clean beast and fowl for sacrifice—i.e. oxen, sheep, goats, doves and pigeons; 2 of every unclean beast and fowl.

#### B. The Parable of the Ark.

- I. What does this Ark represent?—The Ark is like the Church, in which we are 'being saved.' (Acts ii. 47, Revised Version.)
- II. How are we admitted into the Church?—We are 'saved' by being brought through the Waters of Baptism. (1 S. Peter iii. 20, 21.)
- III. Who is the Builder and Captain of the Church Ship?—Jesus is the true Noah in whom we find rest. (S. Matt. xi. 28.)
- IV. Will there ever be another Flood?—Yes, God will bring upon the world a flood of fire. (2 S. Peter iii. 10.)
- V. What is the doom of those who will not come into and remain in the Ark?—Disobedient Christians will be shut out at last. (S. Matt. xxv. 11.)
- VI. What will become of those who have never been called into our Ark?—God has not told us the lot of unbaptised babes, ignorant sinners, and the heathen. (S. Luke xii. 47, 48.)

#### C. I too must be a *Preserver of Life.*

- First—My own life. (S. Mark viii. 36.) ∴ avoid those sins which kill the soul.  
 Second—The bodily life of my brother. (Gen. iv. 9.) ∴ help him in sickness or accident.  
 Third—The life of his soul. (S. Matt. x. 28.) ∴ don't kill your friend by bad advice or bad example.

## Ninth Sunday after Trinity. (AUGUST 18.)

ABRAHAM—*The Father of the Faithful.*

Passage—Genesis xii. 1-10. Text—S. Matt. xix. 29. Hymns—227, 589.

Picture: Abraham, with his back to his dead father, and a broken idol, is crossing the Jordan.

A. 'Our father Abraham.'

I. His name—Ab-ram = 'Father' (abba) 'of exaltation' (ram).  
 Ab-raham = 'Father of a multitude' (raham).

II. His country—1. Ur—his birthplace.  
 2. Haran—his resting-place, till his father's death.  
 3. Canaan—his promised home.

B. Faith.

1. What is the first great virtue?—Faith is *the first* of the three Theological virtues. (2 S. Peter i. 5.)
2. Is Faith *the greatest* virtue?—No; the greatest of all graces is Charity or Love. (1 Cor. xiii. 13.)
3. What is Faith?—Faith is holding on to the revelation or the promise of God. (Romans iii. 4.)
4. Must we have Faith?—Yes. Without Faith it is impossible to please God. (Romans v. 1.)
5. How did Abraham show his Faith?—Abraham gave up his home, and afterwards his son. (S. Mark. x. 29.)
6. Did he lose by his sacrifice?—Abraham gained the Holy Land, and became the Father of many nations. (S. Mark x. 30.)

C. Examples of Faith in leaving home.

First—*Christ*, leaving not only His Heavenly Home and His FATHER, but also His own people, the Jews, to become 'The Everlasting Father' (i.e. 'Father of Eternity'). (Isaiah ix. 6, Revised Version.)  
 ∴ adore Him.

Second—*All Christians* forsaking earthly homes and relations (S. Matt. xix. 29) for the Heavenly Canaan.—  
 'Have you read 'The Pilgrim's Progress?'  
 ∴ follow with them.

Third—*Missionaries*, making a new earthly home in a strange land. (Acts xxviii. 30.)  
 ∴ bid them God-speed, with your sympathy, money, prayers.

## Tenth Sunday after Trinity. (AUGUST 25.)

ABRAHAM—*The Friend of God.*

Passage—Genesis xviii. Text—S. John xiii. 23. Hymns—169, 529.

Picture: The Hand of the Lord brandishing the lightning over the beautiful city of Sodom in the valley, while Abraham prays on the mountain.

A. The noble title of Abraham. (2 Chron. xx. 7; Isaiah xli. 8; S. James ii. 23.)

Make a list of other men who were intimate with God:—  
 Enoch and Noah 'walked with God.' (Genesis v. and vi.)  
 Melchizedek was 'made like unto the Son of God.' (See Heb. vii.)  
 Moses heard God 'speak.' (Ex. xxxiii. 11; Numbers xii. 7, 8.)  
 David was 'after God's own heart.' (Acts xiii. 22.)  
 Elijah 'stood before the Lord.' (1 Kings xix.)  
 Daniel was 'greatly beloved.' (Daniel ix. 23.)  
 S. John 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' (S. John xix. 26.)  
 &c.                      &c.                      &c.

B. True Friendship.

1. What other title had Abraham besides that of 'Father of the Faithful'?—Abraham was called 'The Friend of God.' (Job xxii. 21.)
2. What does OUR LORD say about God's friends? 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' (S. Luke i. 28.)
3. What does S. John say?—'He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen.' (Gen. iv. 4, 5.)
4. What, then, are the virtues for friends of God?—Purity and Charity are chiefly necessary for those who would see the LORD. (Heb. xii. 14.)
5. For what else are these virtues needed?—True Friendship among men depends on purity and charity. (Psalm lv. 15.)
6. Cannot we be true friends with bad people?—We cannot hold sweet counsel with those whose lives are impure. (Proverbs xxiii. 29, 30.)
7. What else destroys true friendship? Want of charity is the ruin of friendship. (Proverbs xviii. 24.)

C. The Intercession of Abraham sets forth the principle of Mediation between God and Man.

N.B.—All Mediation and Priesthood are exercised by Christ. (1 Tim. ii. 5.)

First—He Himself is *High Priest*. (Heb. iv. 15.) ∴ trust Him.

Second—His Ministers are *Ministerial Priests*. (1 Cor. iv. 1.) ∴ respect them.

Third—His People are *Lay Priests*. (Rev. i. 6.) ∴ walk worthy of your vocation.

## Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. (SEPTEMBER 1.)

ISHMAEL.—*The Wild Man.*

Passage—Genesis xvi. 11, 12, and xxi. 9-21. Text—S. Luke i. 80. Hymns—91, 572.

Picture: Three stages in the life of Ishmael. 1st. An intruding babe. 2nd. A rude boy. 3rd. A wild man.

A. The Child of the Desert.

I. His after history. 1. Reconciled to his brother at his father's grave. (Gen. xxv. 9. Compare xxxv. 29.)  
2. Died in peace. (Gen. xxv. 17.)

II. His descendants a continual annoyance to the Israelites (Gen. xxxvii. 28, &c.), like the other four bad sets of cousins—Moabites, Ammonites, Midianites, Amalekites.

III. Other men of the wilderness.

1. Another Ishmael. (Jeremiah xl, xli.)
2. Elijah. (2 Kings i. 8.)
3. S. John Baptist. (S. Matt. iii. 4.)

B. Spiritual contrast between Ishmael and Isaac.

1st. Of whom is Ishmael a type?

- (a) The child of the Jewish Church in bondage under the Law. (Gal. iv. 22.)
- (b) The rebellious outcast, when in misery, cared for by God. (Gen. xxi. 17, 18; Ps. xxxvii. 10.)
- (c) The persecuting son of the flesh. (Gal. iv. 29.)

2nd. Of whom is Isaac a type?

- (a) Christ—despised, envied, persecuted by the Jews His Brethren. (S. John i. 11.)
- (b) Christians—mocked and abused (1) by their brethren in the Jewish Church. (Acts ii. 13; viii. 1.)  
(2) by their brethren in the world. (1 S. John iii. 13.)

C. Lessons to be learnt from all the characters even in this evil history.

First—From Abraham—to keep your household in order. (1 Timothy iii. 4.)

Second—From Sarah—to care for a child trusted to you by God. (Exodus ii. 9.)

Third—From Hagar—to submit to hardships in your home. (S. Matt. x. 35.)

Fourth—From Isaac—to expect rudeness and cruelty. (2 Tim. iii. 12.)

Fifth—From Ishmael—to cry to God when in need. (S. John xix. 28.)

Sixth—From the Angel—to be kind to naughty children. (S. Matt. xviii. 14.)

