

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/<br>Couverture de couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/<br>Pages de couleur   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/<br>Couverture endommagée  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/<br>Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/<br>Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/<br>Transparence   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/> Continuous pagination/<br>Pagination continue   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/<br>La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure  | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes index(es)/<br>Comprend un (des) index  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/<br>Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées. | Title on header taken from:/<br>Le titre de l'en-tête provient:  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:/<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  | <input type="checkbox"/> Title page of issue/<br>Page de titre de la livraison                                     |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Caption of issue/<br>Titre de départ de la livraison                                      |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Masthead/<br>Générique (périodiques) de la livraison                                      |
|   | Includes: "The Banner of faith." Pagination is as follows: [1]-4, [2], [97]-120 [2], 5-8 p.                        |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

March 1855

V 3, 100 5

KINGSTON

DEARBY

MAGAZINE.



## HIGGINS & McLEAN, CUSTOM TAILORS.

Gentlemen's and Youth's Clothing cut  
and made up in the latest and  
most fashionable styles.

American Fashions Received Monthly.  
A FIT GUARANTEED.

MAIN STREET, SUSSEX, N. B.

## CRAWFORD, WHITE & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR

Patterson & Brothers' New Canadian  
Reaper and Mower,

SPRING TOOTH CULTIVATORS AND HARROWS,  
Steel Plows, Rakes, &c.

Also, Agents for Organs and Sewing Machines.

REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINES ON HAND.

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE, SUSSEX, N. B.

GOOD LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.

## E. HALLETT, UNDERTAKER,

Coffins, Caskets, and Funeral Furnishings

Always on hand or made to order at short notice.

All Orders by TELEGRAPH or otherwise  
promptly attended to.

KING STREET, SUSSEX, N. B.

## ISAAC DEBOO,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery, Smallwares, &c.

All kinds of Sewing, Machine Needles always in Stock.

Sole Agent for

Thorley's Improved Horse and Cattle Food.

SUSSEX, N. B.

## H. A. WHITE,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Clothing, Gents' Furnishings,  
Boots and Shoes, Crockery  
and Glass-Ware.

Silver Plated Ware.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

And Fancy Goods in Endless Variety.

SUSSEX, N. B.

## C. H. FAIRWEATHER,

DISPENSING

Druggist and Apothecary,

SUSSEX, N. B.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.

## KINGSTON DEANERY DEPOSITORY.

### HELPS TO BIBLE STUDY.

- "When was the Pentateuch Written?" 40c.
- "The Story of Creation," Ackland, 40c.
- "Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament,"  
Rawlinson, 40c.
- "Moral Teachings of the New Testament," 40c.
- "Harmony of the Gospels," 40c.

### THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- THE HOLY COMMUNION, by Bishop How, at 35c., 40c., 42c., 67c.
- THE HOLY COMMUNION, by Ridley, at 13c.
- STEPS TO THE ALTAR, 12c., 35c., 40c.
- THE NARROW WAY, 13c., 25c.
- PAROCHIAL PAPERS, Bishop of Lichfield, The Comfortable Words, 3c. each. The Holy Communion, 3c. each.
- EAT OR NOT EAT, a Tract on Holy Communion, 50c. per 100.

BIBLES WITH APOCRYPHA, PRAYER BOOKS, AND CHURCH SERVICES at various prices.

HYMNS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, From 3c. to 81.

BIBLE PICTURES. An assortment of Oleographs, 21 by 17 inches, used in the Public Schools of Austria for giving Object Lessons. 35c. each.

BIBLE PICTURES. Oleographs, 36 by 47 in., illustrating the principal events in the life of our Lord, 75c.

Any Church Literature not on hand will be ordered at once. All orders to be sent to

H. A. WHITE, Esq., Sussex, N. B.

## WM. HOWES,

Iron Founder & Manufacturer of Tinware,

SUSSEX, N. B.

A good assortment of Stoves, Plows, and other Castings, and all kinds of Tinware, always on hand.

THE BANNER CREAMER,

Patented by Wm. Howes 19th September, 1884, with AND WITHOUT TAP, is the cheapest, best, and most easily cleaned Creamer now made. ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

# Kingston Deanery Magazine.

DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

Vol. III.

MAY, 1886.

No. 5.

## Kingston Deanery Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

TERMS: { Banner of Faith, 50 cents a year.  
Cover alone, - - 25 " "  
Payable in Advance.

### CLERGY OF THE DEANERY.

Name.	Address.
REV. CANON MEDLEY, Dean Rural,	SUSSEX.
CANON WALKER,	HAMPTON.
JAMES NEALES,	GAGETOWN.
S. J. HANFORD,	UPHAM.
E. A. WARNEFORD,	NORTON, via HAMPTON.
D. W. PICKETT,	OAK POINT, GREENWICH.
D. I. WETMORE,	CLIFTON.
H. S. WAINWRIGHT,	KINGSTON.
C. WILLIS,	PETITCODIAC.
J. H. TALBOT,	SPRINGFIELD.
O. S. NEWNHAM,	HAMPTON.
W. HANCOCK,	ROTHESAY.
C. H. HATHEWAY,	LOWER JEMSEG, CAMBRIDGE.
C. P. HANINGTON,	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT, JOHNSTON.
J. R. deW. COWIE,	WATERFORD.
B. ROGERS TAYLER,	PETITCODIAC.

Correspondents outside of the Province should add "New Brunswick," and correspondents outside of the Dominion should add to this "Canada."

SUSSEX, N. B., MAY, 1886.

Correspondence should be sent to REV. CANON MEDLEY, Subscriptions to REV. J. R. deW. COWIE, SUSSEX, N. B.

#### EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

REV. CANON MEDLEY. REV. J. R. deW. COWIE.  
REV. O. S. NEWNHAM.

### Our Magazine.

THE Editors hope that their effort to improve the appearance of the K. D. M. by enclosing it in a good cover will be appreciated, and that an increase in the number of subscribers will be an immediate result. The addition of the cover gives more room for articles, etc., in the Magazine proper; but it must be remembered that this means also an increase of expense.

We would remind our readers that the names of new subscribers can be sent in at any time, and the subscription, viz., 50 cents, may

be paid to the Rector of the Parish, or sent direct to the Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie, Waterford, Kings Co.

We find that the "Parochial Items" are read with much interest. We are glad to know this, for it is a good sign when any Parish takes interest in the Church's work outside its own limits. The "congregational" spirit, or even the "parochial" spirit, is a very narrow one, and should be avoided at all times. "We are members one of another," and as such, should enter into the joys or sorrows of our brethren in the other Parishes of the Deanery or Diocese. Communications from the Parishes of the Deanery (and outside also) are always welcome.

We are sorry that the "History of the Parish of Hampton" is crowded out this month.

We are sorry to find that some statements of ours in the January number hurt the feelings of the Rural Dean of Woodstock, and we beg to assure him we had no intention of "lecturing" the Rural Dean, or any one else in particular. The statements made were general in their character, and we are well pleased to notice that they have been the means of drawing from our brother a good record of work, which, together with our fellow Churchmen in the Diocese, we rejoice over as much as the Dean must himself.

The K. D. M. did not say that the lines of Civil and Ecclesiastical were not "conterminous;" but we cannot admit that the arrangement of Ecclesiastical Parishes is changed at the will of the Legislature, nor do we think that our brother would assert that the words Civil and Ecclesiastical are synonymous.

At some future day, no doubt, the question of "Missions" will be discussed in the Synod, and we have no desire to take it up in K. D. M. In the meantime, we hope the Rural Dean of Woodstock may see our Magazine more frequently, and learn to give us credit for trying to do good instead of harm.

## His Readings of Scripture.

## V.

Pronouns must still occupy our attention, though enough has been said at present upon the emphatic nominative. The other variety of pronouns will now be spoken of, though we cannot so easily gather them into groups.

The first chapter of Genesis will give more than one example of ordinary misplaced emphasis. "The beast of the earth after *his* kind, and cattle after *their* kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after *his* kind." (Gen. i. 25.) Many readers emphasize the *his* and *their*, which they would not do if they thought a minute. For the possessive pronoun here should be passed over as lightly as possible, whatever emphasis or accent there is given being reserved for *kind*. In verse 27 the words *him* and *them* require no such stress as is often given them; indeed they require no emphasis at all.

The possessive pronoun is sometimes mangled in public reading in a sad way. The last verse of the eighteenth chapter of S. Matthew is a case in point, being hardly ever read with proper emphasis or punctuation. The wording is no doubt rather peculiar, and somewhat difficult, and this may account for the general break-up of ordinary readers when they come upon the passage unawares. It is a great advantage, however, that the meaning is always transparent, even through the most reprehensible reading; yet it would make nonsense if there were an attempt to explain it as commonly read. The most common reading of the passage may be represented thus: "If ye from your heart, forgive not every one, *his* brother *THEIR* trespasses." What can "*his* brother *their* trespasses" mean read in a clause by itself in this way? While, no doubt, the passage is difficult to read properly, there is a way of meeting the difficulty if a little care be used. The words "every one his brother" must be read as in a parenthesis, and when this is done all will go smoothly. "If ye from your hearts forgive not (every one his brother) *their* trespasses."

In reading parentheses it is well to lower the voice, and also to drop into another key, while the parenthesis lasts. This enables the hearer to recognize that it is a parenthesis, and he will listen with greater intelligence,

and therefore with greater attention. St. Paul, however, in his eagerness and rapidity of thought, sometimes becomes involved in a parenthesis of considerable length, which makes his epistles very hard at times to be read properly, and all the more worthy to be read with the utmost care.

To return to our pronouns: A great source of perplexity to the unwary, and indeed sometimes also to the careful reader, is the identical spelling of the pronoun *that* and the conjunction *that*. Over and over again does the reader (wary or unwary) puzzle his hearers by his own misapprehension of a passage he has undertaken to read. Sometimes the pronoun is made to appear as the conjunction, and *vice versa*, until the hearer is obliged to be content with a general perception of what is intended to be conveyed. Here again we would appeal to all to whom is committed the glorious privilege and the grave responsibility of reading God's Word, God's Word, in public to bend all their best energies to the work. And what a difference there is in the congregation when there is intelligent and devout reading, and when the reader growls out something as if it were in a character with which he was not familiar, in a language with which he was unacquainted. How often does a reader do his work as if he had never seen the passage before, and was trying to make out the meaning as he went along. Let such an one read the following (Rom. xiii. 11, the epistle for Advent Sunday): "And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake." Let each reader ask himself what is the meaning of the first *that*. Is it merely a kind of anticipation of the second *that*, or is it a different word with a different meaning altogether? The probability is that four out of five of our readers are much perplexed as they read to tell what meaning should be given to the passage. The first *that* is a pronoun and should be emphasized, and no emphasis whatever should be placed on the next ensuing *that*, which is a conjunction.

This ambiguity is very prolific in mistakes, as our readers can always mark for themselves. Here is another difficult passage, which is indeed very hard to analyze or parse with exactitude. In the Epistle of St. James (St. James iv. 15) a verse begins, "For that ye ought to say." What does this mean? Does *for that*

give the same meaning as *because*? or is the word *that* a pronoun, and do the words *for that* yield the same meaning as *instead of that*? The chances are that scholars looking at the original Greek will differ as to the meaning intended to be conveyed by the translators. It is a very curious thing that the two words occur in this passage in all the following revised translations: Tyndale, 1534; Cranmer, 1539; Geneva, 1557; Rheimes, 1582; Douay, 1609; Authorized, 1611. Wiclif, in 1380, had "Therefor that ye saye," which is a little more difficult. There can be no doubt about the meaning of the original; it is to be taken with the verse next but one preceding. "Go to, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go, . . . *instead of saying*, If the Lord will." This is the translation of Gilbert Wakefield, in 1791. The revisers have not altered the text, where indeed a little alteration was called for, but have put "instead of your saying" into the margin. It is very puzzling indeed to say whether the authorized version means "for that (a conjunction meaning *because*) ye ought to say," or "For that (that is, *instead of that saying*) ye ought to say." Nor does it help to look at the version of Beza, which seems to have biassed our translation, though perhaps not in this point, for his Latin is as ambiguous as our English: On the whole we incline to the opinion that the meaning intended is that the two words *for that* are to be regarded as a conjunction and to be taken as equivalent to *because*.

Another similar passage is in the mysterious saying of Hebrews v. 7: "Was heard in that he feared." Some readers have been known to pronounce these words as meaning "in the matter about which he feared," as if *that* was a pronoun. But there is no question here that it only means "because he feared." The word *that* should therefore be pronounced as lightly as possible.

It is difficult to tell beforehand what mistake may be made in reading, but the ambiguity of the word *that* often forms a snare when it might least be expected. Thus in the cry of the shipmaster some have been led into error, as we can testify: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be *that* God will think upon us that we perish not." (Jonah i. 6). We heard a reader wrongly emphasize the word *that*, and

stoutly maintained that he was right, because "each man cried unto his god," hoping that one or other of them might help; so Jonah might succeed in calling on his God, because *that* God might be the one to help. We need not enter further upon the question than to say that no such idea is to be found in the Hebrew, and the meaning is only conjunctive — "If so be that." No emphasis, therefore, should be laid on the word *that* in this passage.

One more instance of this deceptive ambiguity must be referred to, since it is hardly ever read properly, and there can be no doubt as to its meaning. It occurs in the Epistle to the Ephesians (Eph. iv. 9): "Now that he ascended, what is it that he also descended first." Probably not one per cent. of readers have so emphasized the first *that* as to lead their hearers to see that St. Paul is arguing from an expression in the text that he had just cited. It would have been an immense advantage if an English word could have been introduced, as elsewhere, to make the sense plainer. It should be, "Now this phrase, *ascended*, what does it mean but that he first *descended*." The revisers have "Now this, He ascended," which is a halting step in the right direction. This use of a Greek expression is almost confined to St. Luke and St. Paul in the New Testament. Once indeed it occurs in St. Matthew and in a doubtful instance in St. Mark, though it may perhaps be the right reading. But St. Luke has the turn of speech *ten times* and St. Paul *seven times*. This is one of those little coincidences of idiom that mark the intimacy of those two great saints. When two men become great friends each readily and rapidly picks up some little peculiarity of expression which his friend is in the habit of using constantly.

In the matter of pronouns there is a difficulty in use in distinguishing between the nearer and the more remote antecedent, especially when it is the personal pronoun that is employed. Even in the demonstrative pronouns the distinction between *this* and *that*, *these* and *those*, often seems pedantic and archaic. It is important to remember that sometimes a pronoun is referring to a remote antecedent. It is important to remember it because sometimes an infidel will confuse and perplex a believer with some superficial and

claptrap remark which may puzzle a reader at first sight. For example: "Thou through Thy Commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies, for *they* are ever with me." (Ps. cxix. 98). Here the word *they* refers to the more remote antecedent "Commandments," and not to the word "enemies."

In St. Luke's account of the Transfiguration, there is an instance of this which is very apposite, because the meaning is not at once apparent. "They feared when they entered into the cloud." (St. Luke ix. 34.) Here the word *they* refers to different sets of persons each time it is used, and there should be some difference of emphasis to mark this. It is not at all unusual to find this entirely overlooked. In one of Mr. Isaac Williams' beautiful sermons the text is moralized upon as if the apostles entered into the cloud and suffered from fear as the cloud passed over them. Now we do not wish to say that such moralizing is unjustifiable. We must acknowledge that it is not to be found in the text of the original. It is almost to be wished that some little variation could have been introduced into the English. The revisers have made no alteration. It means that the three apostles feared when the three glorious ones entered into the cloud. "They (the apostles) feared when those, or the others, or the former, entered into the cloud." But at present we have only to deal with the Authorized Version as it stands, and we recommend reading with some slight emphasis on the words in italics: "And they *feared* when *they* entered into the cloud."

A similar difficulty is to be found in the 2nd Epistle to St. Timothy (II. Timothy ii. 26). The sentence, "Who are taken captive by him at his will," is hardly ever so read that the hearers appreciate any difference between the persons referred to by *him* and *his*. There is a distinction marked in the Greek, and we should do all in our power to make such distinction recognized by our hearers when we read. It is no doubt difficult to achieve this, as we may not travel beyond the Authorized Version. But first let us try to understand the meaning of the passage, which is a difficult one to interpret. We do not propose to write a long dissertation, but after saying that while many disagree as to the person referred to by *him* ("taken captive by *him*"), there is agreement that "at his will" really means at God's will. With all humility we will give a slight paraphrase of the passage as we believe the meaning to be. We must begin from verse 24: "The servant of the Lord (the minister of God, that is, as was Timothy) must not strive . . . in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves; if peradventure God will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, hav-

ing been taken captive (for life) by the Lord's servant at God's will." This we believe to be the true meaning, and it is with great satisfaction that we see it so interpreted in the Revised Version. St. Paul, in the words "taken captive alive, or for life," refers, as it would seem, to the promise of the Lord to Simon Peter, as recorded by St. Luke (the friend and almost amanuensis of St. Paul in his Gospel), "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt *catch* men." The word is the same in Greek. In reading the passage all we can do is to attract attention to the change of antecedent by emphasizing the word *His*, "Who are taken captive at *His* will."

A few verses further on there is another instance of the same ambiguity (II Timothy iii. 9): "*They* shall proceed no further; for *their* folly shall be manifest as theirs also was." Here again the same English pronoun has to do duty for two different antecedents. The Greek marks that the last *theirs* refers back to Jannes and Jambres. This word alone, therefore, should be emphasized in order to show this: "Their folly shall be manifest unto all men as *theirs* also was."

But we must proceed no further at present.

## Children's Corner.



### PRIZE QUESTIONS.

Answers to be addressed to Box 4, Hampton Village, N. B. For full directions see April number K. D. M.

#### SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

- (1) Is the Garden of Eden referred to in any other part of the Bible besides Gen. ii. ? If so, where?
- (2) What seems to have been the purpose of the "Tree of Life" in the Garden of Eden?
- (3) Give references to the "Tree of Life" in other parts of the Bible.

#### CHURCH HISTORY.

- (1) What account can you give of the doings of our Lord during the great 40 days between the Resurrection and Ascension?
- (2) How many orders of ministers can you find in the New Testament? Name them, giving references.
- (3) How many apostles can you find mentioned in the New Testament? Give their names.

NOTE.—In giving references, book, chapter, and verse is sufficient.

## SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SCALE OF CHARGES.

Three lines and under . . . . . Ten Shillings.  
Every additional line . . . . . Two Shillings.

Prepayment must be made in all cases. Postage stamps can only be received at the rate of three pence to the shilling. If a receipt is required for a sum under twenty shillings a stamped envelope must be enclosed.

Cheques and Post-Office Orders to be made payable to FRANCY STONE, to whom all communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed.

### Education.

**BLOXHAM, Banbury.**—**ST. MARY'S LODGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL** for LITTLE BOYS from Seven to Ten Years of Age, in connection with All Saints' School. Terms (inclusive) 4*l.* per annum. A thorough grounding given in elementary subjects. For full particulars, apply to Rev. P. R. EAKTON.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

**INSTITUTION** for BOYS of the Upper Classes only in any misfortune or distress. Two guineas on admission, and five guineas per quarter for education, maintenance, and clothing.—Apply to the CHAPLAIN, St. Michael's, Woodside, Croydon.

**SCHORNE COLLEGE**, near WINSLOW.—A Church School for one Hundred sons of Clergymen, Army and Navy men, and the like. Masters, mostly University men of Cambridge, Oxford, and Dublin. Thirty guineas per annum. Entrance fee, Five guineas.—S. B. JAMES, D.D., Warden.

### Miscellaneous.

**LACE PRINTS**, for Lent and Easter, Great Variety, 3*d.* each. Packets sent on approval. Profits for Missions and Poor Relief.—Address, Miss MACDONALD, Prestbury, Cheltenham.

**PAINTING COMPETITION.**—Water Colours. Six prizes offered. Tickets 2*s.* For particulars, send stamped addressed envelope to FRANCES, Moreton-on-Lugg, Hereford.

**INTEMPERANCE.**—Ladies suffering from the effects of INTEMPERANCE, or from the excessive use of Drugs, are provided for with security and every necessary comfort at St. Raphael's, Woodside, Croydon.—Apply to the SECRETARY.

**FORTY VARIETIES** of Flower Seeds, 3*s.* 2*d.*; Hundred Sunflower Seeds, 6*d.*; White Campanula, Scabious, Myosotis, Campion, Blue Corn-flower, Rocket, Polyanthus, Tall Feverfew, Ribbon-grass, Blue Iris, Red Daisy, Sweet-williams, 30 plants, 1*s.* 6*d.* free.—Miss Cozens, Wittenham, Abingdon.

**SEVERAL FREEHOLD GROUND-RENTS** belonging to a Clergyman, and no encumbrance upon them, for SALE, to pay 4½ per cent. Price, with free conveyance direct from vendor if desired, 143*l.* each.—Apply Mr. NEWSHAM, 4 Rickotts Street, West Brompton.

**KNITTING COMPETITION, JUNE.** 1*st.*—Six prizes. First, 3*l.* Ticket, 2*s.* Specimen required: Socks for child of three.—For particulars, send stamped envelope, A.B.D., Henfield Vicarage, Sussex.

**KNITTING COMPETITION IN JULY.** A Pair of Gentleman's Knickerbocker Stockings, Alton yarn; Prizes 30*s.* and 20*s.*—Apply, with stamped envelope for further particulars, to 'ADA,' Campsall Grange, Doncaster.

**THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET**, is in sore need of Funds both to continue its Work and Complete its Buildings. It was the first to Undertake the Care of Sick Children, and is entirely Supported by the Contributions of the Charitable. The Secretary, ADRIAN HOPE, Esq., will be pleased to give all information. Donations and Subscriptions may be sent to him.

**CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION, SURPLICE BRANCH.**—Hand-made Surplices for Clergy and Choirs. Profits for 'Our Work Abroad.' Price Lists and all particulars on application to Miss WISEMAN, Coddendam, Needham Market.

**WILL** any kind Friend send weekly Newspapers, illustrated or otherwise, for a year if possible, to start a Reading Room about to be opened in a poor parish on the borders of Dartmoor? Old Periodicals, &c., gladly accepted.—Address, Rev. H. P. RUSSELL, Marytavy, Tavistock.

## DONATIONS

FROM

### FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION

DURING THE PAST MONTH.

*Orphanage of Mercy.*—Mrs. Gough 13*s.* T. Kenny 6*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Parham 3*s.* 6*d.* Pollie and Clara 10*s.* J. E. A. 5*s.* S. A. S. 10*s.* Gladys 3*s.* 6*d.* A. G. 3*s.* 10*d.* New Barnet Reader 1*s.* S. 20*s.* E. M. 3*s.* William Dunn 6*s.* Miss E. Simmons 2*s.* 6*d.* Miss Renwick 9*s.* 6*d.* Gwendoline Holo 12*s.* Miss Mascall (sub.) 2*s.* 6*d.* Friends and pupils of Miss Marsh 5*s.* Kytto and Pollie 1*s.* Lizzie and Gertrude Gibbon 5*s.* 1*d.* Mrs. B. Spence 6*s.* Emily Earl 4*s.* A. G. H. 4*s.* Fullwood 4*s.* Percy and George Husband 20*s.* Miss Skeel 12*s.* 6*d.* Lillie Northey 10*s.* 1*d.* S. Philip's Sunday School, Georgetown, 12*s.* 6*d.* Brighton 3*s.* 9*d.* Mrs. Faunce 5*s.* Mrs. S. A. H. 6*s.* 1*d.* Mrs. Baker 3*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. J. Wilkinson 12*s.* Miss E. Halsted collected from Barley Thorpe 6*s.* 6*d.* M. A. R. and Friends 9*s.* Little Dewchurch 10*s.* Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Prentice 1*s.* Bessie Robards 12*s.* Mrs. Thos. Sharpe 6*s.* H. R. O. 3*s.* 6*d.* Weymouth 5*s.* Mrs. Edwin and Mrs. H. Ellis

(sub.) 3*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Townsend's Little Girl 4*s.* Mrs. Pender 5*s.* Mrs. Walton 7*s.* 7*d.* Vixen 4*s.* Readers 7*s.* 6*d.* L. N. 2*s.* 6*d.* Gertie and Ivor Coulton 2*s.* A Servant 1*s.* 6*d.* Lenten Offering 5*s.* Little Friends 2*s.* C. B. 3*s.* Miss Florence Leggo 11*s.* 1*d.* Mary Wootton 6*s.* 6*d.* Thankoffering 6*s.* Mrs. Arnold 10*s.* Miss Christie 1*s.* 6*d.* Readers at Harley 2*s.* Mrs. Anderson 1*s.* Rochford School Children 3*s.*  
*Convalescent Home.*—A. J. 5*s.* Mrs. Humphreys 10*s.* Ernest and Lizzie 12*s.* Well-wisher 4*s.* Trelawny 5*s.* 3*d.* Edward Jones 11*s.* 14*s.* Mrs. Edis 2*s.* 6*d.* Mary Butler 10*s.* Mrs. Winter 16*s.* 6*d.* S. 20*s.* Gladys (Mary Ward) 3*s.* 6*d.* Tom Masters (Sailors' Ward) 1*s.* J. E. A. 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Hawcock 6*s.* 2*d.* Thankoffering, L. 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. Russell 2*s.* 6*d.* Mrs. C. Taylor 10*s.* A Midland Friend 2*l.* 10*s.* Mrs. T. Taylor 10*s.* Anon 1*s.* 6*d.* M. F. R. 2*s.* 6*d.* W. Gates 10*s.* Mrs. Edgar 10*s.* Mary Hill 10*s.* 1*d.* Mrs. Grimwood 5*s.* Ethel Mousell 10*s.*

DONATIONS—continued.

K. V. O. R. 1s. Miss Kidgell 10s. Frances Holland 12s. Audrey, Nool, Raymond, and Winifred 6s. Anon 10s. L. C. 10s. L. P. 10s. 6d. Mabel Jackson 10s. Edward Cecil Russell 8s. 6d. Arthur Ewers 12s. Miss Amos 12s. Per Mrs. Gardner-Watormur (Servants' Cot) 6s. Thirkelby Vicarage 2s. 6d. S. Patrick 8s. E. M. H. (Charlie's Cot) 6s.

*Breakfasts and Dinners.*—R. T. S. 10s. F. H. S. 10s. Anon 1s. Miss Arding 6s. A. S. G. 2s. 6d. Miss Susan Parry 10s. S. 20s. Peterborough 2s. 11d. M. D. 1s. Grace 6s. A Mother 7s. Mrs. Thompson 6s. Weston-super-Mare 3s. Servants at Rufford Abbey 10s. J. E. A. 2s. 6d. S. 20s. Mrs. Page 2s. 6d. Miss M. Price 10s. Miss A. Burgess 10s. Ubique 3s. Anon 1s. M. Dickenson 5s. Evelyn and Freddy Hawker 3s. 6d. H. L. Stephenson, Esq., 10s. Mr. George M. Elkington 20s. Fifteen Ullingswick School Children 2s. Mrs. Sowell and Mrs. Tissonne (sub.) 7s. 6d. Miss Fanny Woodward 20s. Master Male 2s. Mrs. Bewley's Little Girl 10s. Miss E. Rudd 6s. Hughley and Church Preen 5s. Kidderminster 3s. Friends 10s. A. D. J. 2s. Annie 1s. Nurse 2s. 6d. Mrs. Johnson 20s. Mrs. Sissors 2s. 6d. The Schoolroom, Aldington Rectory, 10s. H. E. F. 6s. Miss Griffith 3s. M. S. J. 6s. Mrs. Blako 7s. 6d. Mrs. Neubegin 10s. Beatrice Morrell 10s. A Servant 2s. E. F. Q. 1s. 6d. E. A. C. 2s. 6d. G. E. M. 3s. 6d. Collected at Messrs. Gow, Wilson, & Stanton 10s. Mrs. Pitcher and Friends 10s. Penitent 5l. Anon 1s. 6d. Anna Dunlop 10s. 6d. Mrs. Lewis 1s. 6d. Blanche 1s. Miss Carter 10s. E. B. 5s. D. M. 2s. Helen P. 10s. Operatic Failure 20s. David Lewis 10s. E. G. Hadon 10s. A Widow 1s. 6d. Lily Augier 1s. 6d. Mrs. ETTY's Children 2s. 6d. The Misses Watson 10s. Mrs. J. Wragg 10s. Mrs. MacDougall and Children 10s. Mrs. Fredk. Barber 10s. I. zio Shakespeare 2s. Beatrice 2s. Mrs. Goddard 6s. Miss Bourne 6s. Two Servants 2s. 6d. Three Little Sisters 1s. E. Gray 5s. George Masters 10s. School Children, Harley, 2s. Readers at Humbleton 10s. Shelford Magna 10s. Two Happy Babies 10s. Notgrove Children 10s. Schoolboy 1s. Nellie Sinclair 9s.

*Docks and East London Food Mission.*—Grace 2s. 6d.

Miss Renwick 10s. 6d. E. S. T. 1s. J. F. 5s. J. M. H. 15s. Mrs. J. 5s. W. B. 1s. Daisy 5s. M. E. H. 2s. 6d. Anon 1s. 6d. H. E. F. 6s. Miss Hoigham 10s. Miss Fanny Woodward 20s. Mrs. Matthew and Mrs. Tudor Johnson 20s. Mrs. Harding 2s. Mrs. Large 10s. Mrs. D. H. Barry 2s. 6d. Mrs. Callan's Sunday Class (Don.) 5s. Friends per Mrs. Pitts 6s. Josephine 2s. 6d. A Friend 5s. E. Hankey 10s. J. Robinson 1l. 11s. Miss Greaves 10s. Mrs. Spencer 20s. Mrs. Anderson 1l. 10s. F. M. A. (Truck) 20s. B. H. 3s. Servants at Harboro' Rectory 3s.

*Gordon Schools.*—Miss M. Powell's Sunday Class 5s. 7d. Miss E. G. Bamber 6s. Miss Coe 1s. 6d.

*Winter Relief.*—Miss Wordsworth 7s. 6d. Mrs. Blomfield 20s. Miss E. Rudd 6s. Mrs. Ellen 2s. Servants at Halton House 1l. 10s. Mrs. Birch 2s. 6d. Mrs. Wilmot 20s. Mrs. Green 5s. Anon 1s. 6d. M. S. 2s. 6d. Offertory per Rev. H. A. Grantham 1l. 1s. 6d. Memo at the World's End 2l. Miss Coe 10s.

*Boys' Orphanage.*—Preston next Wingham Choir Boys 4s. Laura A. Batty 6s. 7d. Hec and Le 3s. 6d. Mrs. Shipham 4s. Eliza Fore 1l. 1s. 10d. Mrs. Booker 10s. Readers 7s. 6d. Mrs. Poirson's Little Boys 12s. Mrs. G. Harcourt 5s. Frank Souler 10s. Miss Mary Winter 5s.

*Foreign Missions.*—The Priory 20s. S. 20s. Manchester 2s. 6d. Miss Cumming 6s. L. M. S. 5s. Two Sisters 4s. A Midland Friend 20s. Miss Lightfoot 20s. Mrs. Walker 10s.

*Home Missions.*—Mrs. Le Motte 6l. Daisy 5s. Miss E. Rudd 10s. Oxford 5s. Penitent 6l. Anon 2s. 6d.

*General Fund.*—Mrs. G. M. Elwes 7s. Mrs. Harrington 7s. Anon 1s. Mrs. Brown 2s. H. E. 5s. Mrs. Millard 6s. Mrs. Dicker 6s. Llanfairfeckan Friend 10s. Smethwick 10s. Miss Ransome 2s. 6d. Mary M. Tudley 1s. 6d. Barbara J. Bassett 5s. 2d. Mrs. St. John Matthew 5s. Mary Ferguson 6s. Martha Lloyd 10s. Ottery S. Mary 2s. 6d. Mrs. Hyde 5s. E. H. Bourne, Esq., 10s. Mrs. Lance 3s. Miss Williams 1s. A. Barnes 2s. 2d. L. Beet 1s. 6d. Ada Taylor 1s. E. Turner 1s. M. Taylor 1s. Mrs. Blake 2s.

*Small Sums.*—10d., 4d., 6d., 10d., 10d.

*Gifts of Clothing, Books, Toys, Jewellery, &c.*

Mrs. ETTY's Children. Miss Sheppard. Mr. William Wright. Mrs. Dunn. Mrs. Rainsdore. S. S. S. Mr. Ewen. A. D. 'Skellingthorpe.' Miss Lamb. Miss Sarah Phillips. Mrs. Armstrong. Blanche and Jessie. Miss Hallam and Friends. Mrs. J. Simpson. Miss Hodges. Miss Bankes. Miss E. Willis. Mrs. Allcroft.

M. E. C. Carrie H. Work Party, Stratford Grove. Mrs. Randolph. Mrs. Ellis. Received from Richmond. Miss Byars. Ellen Wiltshire. A. M. O. Lottie R. Bo's Mother. Miss Faris. Marie and Mary, Walsham-le-Willows. Miss Hodges. Mrs. Soverton.

N.B.—For the convenience of localisers of the BANNER OF FAITH abroad, we are obliged to have the magazine in print at a very early date. A communication must reach us about two months before the acknowledgment can appear.

\* \* \* Gifts sent to the promoters of charitable objects in England not connected with our work will be acknowledged by letter, but not in print.



THE  
**Banner of Faith.**

MAY 1886.

**Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.**

CHAPTER V.

**H**AROLD WESTALL won golden opinions at Abermawr during the sad days that followed Jonas's death, he had been touched by Jonas Halliwell's clinging fondness, and his generous confidence in the goodness of those he loved almost made the young man resolve to deserve that appreciation, ay, though the trusting heart beat no longer in this world.

So he exerted himself and tried to spare Hope as much as he could during the 'death week,' as Old Mari called it. He put himself between the sorrowing girl, and the half-curious, half-pitiful, outer world, and was what is called 'a great comfort' in the house of mourning. He managed the shop, too, and was early and late at work. Very carefully he pioneered poor bewildered, stupefied Hope up the mountain path on the burial day, following in that most mournful of processions led by the dead.

The churchyard was in that state of confusion which alterations and building material create, but Harold had seen that the Halliwell corner was clear of workmen's tools, the green turf only marked by Jonas's newly-dug grave, alongside that of his wife and baby Charity.

Faith could not come to the funeral, a tiny baby, her second, keeping her prisoner

to the house; but her husband was there, and reported young Westall as having 'come out' well at the sad time. Faith had once seen the young man, and with a quick intuition, peculiar to some natures, had felt a certain discomfort creep into her heart as she looked at him. His beautiful grey eyes had fallen before her quiet glance. She made him uncomfortable too.

Yet she could say nothing; he was good to her father, saved Hope much labour unsuited to her, was well spoken of in the village—why should she doubt him?

A few words of caution which she spoke to Hope were received lightly—of course Harold was a stranger, but he pretended to nothing, so they could not be taken in, and he was but a boy, and an orphan! Faith had gone home unsatisfied; but what more could she do?

'I suppose I shall have to clear out now,' Harold mused to himself, the afternoon of the funeral, as, the shop being closed, he took a solitary walk and smoke on the stony beach. 'Well, one can't live all one's life in Abermawr with a couple of women. And yet I shouldn't be so comfortable anywhere else! They can't get rid of me yet, though, and I don't believe Hope wants to get rid of me. Any dog the old man liked she'd wish to keep about her, putting aside the fact that I believe she has a soft corner in her heart for me myself. Well, we shall see. I

daresay I shall fall on my legs somehow. If I cared about settling in a pokey town I could have one of the Miss Gwynne's in Conway any day, I know; but no, thank you, I'm not a marrying man,' and Harold looked at himself in his new black suit, and said to himself that he was too good-looking a fellow to be thrown away in a hurry. And after all, perhaps he would stay at the English shop, for business must be kept up whatever happened.

It just darted through his mind, how would things be if—if he married Hope,—but he said to himself that Hope wasn't quite his sort of girl. She was too old-fashioned and too religious. Yes, he said that to himself. He had kept it up while the poor old fellow lived, but he didn't think he could go on bothering with hymns every night, and such like.

No, when Harold did indulge in a day-dream concerning a possible Mrs. Westall, she had not Hope's dark eyes, colourless complexion, and commanding figure. She was curly-haired, fair and laughing, a sort of girl whose pink cheeks he would match with fluttering ribbons, and take on his arm to shows and 'outs,' enjoying the idea of being envied by other young men who had not arrived at such a pitch of married dignity. Hope wouldn't do for that sort of thing. She wasn't bad-looking at all; indeed Harold called to mind one Sunday evening when he had positively thought her pretty. She had gone up the hill a few steps, bareheaded, to breathe the air before returning to her father's sick room, and the wind had caught her dark hair and ruffled it slightly, making her look less prim and sedate than usual. Harold had admired her then, and begged her to take a walk with him, but she would not go, her face was pale and troubled, she could not leave Jonas.

If she had gone, Harold did not know but what he might have made—what he called—a fool of himself and said something to her. Well, perhaps it was best that she had refused his invitation and prevented him binding himself to anything. He was young yet to give up his liberty, he said.

But Harold thought differently on this point by-and-by.

A few days later he was a good deal roused by a thing he heard commonly spoken of in the village. The English shop did not belong equally to the two sisters, Faith and Hope, as he had imagined would be the case at old Halliwell's death. No, Faith had only a third of the concern. Hope it was who was the heiress.

'And she's not badly dowered either,' said one who knew. 'She was old Miriam Pryor's favourite niece.'

Harold meditated on this in silence. Faith came over with her children to spend a week with her sister as soon as she was able to travel. She had still the old discomfort lurking in her heart when she looked at Harold; but what mother's heart will not melt when her darlings nestle gladly in the arms held out to them. Harold was an honest child-lover, as we have said, and Faith's pretty little Olive soon refused to be debarred the shop where Harold was. She beat on the separating door with chubby fists, and distorted her little face into a thousand shapes, while she sobbed for 'Lalla,' as she called her devoted admirer. It was no use saying her nay, so she was accommodated with a nest on the counter while Harold served and weighed and counted. When he rode into Conway the fair-haired baby always sat before him on the saddle for the first half mile, Hope or Mari walking by the side of the pony to convey the little maid home. Olive always obeyed Hope's 'Come now, Livy,' at once; but to Harold's intense delight she invariably engaged in battle with Mari before allowing herself to be dismounted, the deaf old woman coming wounded out of the conflict once, and carrying a scratched face for some days.

Livy was put into the corner for that, and knew she deserved it.

It was still harder now for the prudent young matron to warn Hope against the youthful assistant, since her own little girl took the other side; but, much to her amazement, she tried to make Hope understand her feelings when Harold had ridden in to Conway one afternoon.

'What am I to do?' cried the poor girl at the close. 'It would not be fair to turn Harold out, and he was so good to poor father. Besides, who could do the buying

Yes, that was true. Faith acknowledged it. 'Well, we must leave things alone for the present,' she said; 'but Hope, dear, do try to keep young Westall in his place—he



part of the business? If I went to Conway Mari is too deaf to leave in charge of the shop. James looked at the books the other day, and he was surprised to find how good business had been since Harold came.'

is not your brother, you know, and you are mistress now. He has such easy ways.'

'I don't think he can help them. It is his nature,' answered Hope. 'That is why little Livy takes to him so.'

And then there was a shriek of delight from a tiny thing perched up at the window, and a rejoiced shout of 'Lalla! Lalla!' She had caught sight of Harold. That made Faith smile, and put an end to the conversation. A few days after, she went back to Carnarvon with her babies.

Of course, Hope thought a great deal of what Faith had said, and felt a little awkwardness creep into her manner at times when Harold was present.

'Is she coming the heiress over me,' thought Harold, then, 'to put me on my mettle?'

Again, at other times she faltered and blushed when he spoke to her or called her by her name, and Harold, who was not dull, took count of that. She looked soft and pretty when she blushed too. She would be pretty if she wore nice colours, not that dull black or everlasting grey homespun. Once she was straightening wool, and put a heavy skein of crimson round her neck to keep it distinct from the rest. 'Hope, you ought to wear a crimson handkerchief; that wool makes you look quite pretty,' said Harold.

Hope would have laughed and told him not to talk nonsense in the old time, but now she only blushed more deeply, and shut the crimson skein in a drawer. She had caught one glimpse of his adoring face.

Harold divined that Faith Morris was 'against him,' as he expressed it; he had taken a kind of dislike to her from the first, calling her in his heart priggish, methodistic, and so forth. It would be a fine idea to pay her out for trying to oust him from his comfortable quarters.

Someone had told him that Hope was now worth something like a thousand pounds; and, true or no, he knew that as master of the English shop he would be occupying a very comfortable position. 'I think she'd have me for the old man's sake,' meditated Harold. 'Shall I try?'

But he was chary about that matter. All the blue eyes and pink cheeks, and curly girlish heads he had ever seen or dreamed of seemed to rise in a vision before him, and warn him not to commit himself—not

to tie himself to a girl who, kind and nice as she was, wasn't *his sort*.

And then there was the risk of her refusing him, for she had been rather stand-off of late, and very particular about Mari bringing her work into the room in the evening—a custom begun in Jonas's illness—when he occupied the room above, and knocked with his stick on the floor when he wanted anyone. Mari's deaf ears could catch the vibration of that sound when she was immediately underneath it. So Hope always bade her sit there instead of in the kitchen, thus leaving her mistress free to attend to the shop if needed.

Harold never much cared for Mari, and didn't like the idea of her expressionless doll's eyes being fixed on him as he talked to Hope. 'Suppose I said a word to draw Hope on, and that dried old seaweed looked up, I know it would put me out,' he said to himself pettishly.

But Hope heeded none of his hints to banish Mari.

'Let her be,' she said. 'She is very harmless, and I like to fancy sometimes that we may hear the stick once more.'

How long this state of affairs would have lasted it is impossible to say, but an event occurred which hastened the crisis.

Harold caught cold during a week of intense heat, slight inflammation of the lungs came on, and the doctor ordered him to be well nursed and taken care of, or—A long list of evils to be apprehended followed.

A great deal of care and petting now did fall to his share. All poor Hope's tenderest feelings were called out by this resumption of invalid work. She could not but remember how Harold had tended her father. 'I ought to be good to him,' she said to herself. And she was good to him. The doctor said he would be delicate all next winter. She was talking to him of the necessity for care in the cold weather, when the invalid answered feebly that she needn't worry about the winter, probably Faith—Mrs. Morris—would have turned him out long before then.

'Why?' demanded Hope, sharply. Did

Harold, then, know of her fancies and fears? She waited impatiently, almost angrily, for a reply.

But Harold was not going to engage in a wrangle.

'Oh, I'm so good-for-nothing,' he said; 'didn't the doctor declare I shouldn't be fit for hard work for a long time? Of course Mrs. Merris would be right to advise you to get rid of me.'

'How foolishly you talk,' said Hope, recovering herself. 'You know we are not people to do that; and besides, the shop is not hard work; the doctor said you would be behind the counter again next week. And if it was not so,' she added, with youthful warmth, 'that would be no reason for turning you out of doors. For father's sake'—her voice trembled—'you will always be welcome here.'

'Always, Hope?' questioned Harold, lifting those irresistible eyes; larger and deeper than ever now they looked, in contrast with his pale face.

What followed need not be told in detail. Suffice it to say that Abermawr very soon knew that Hope Halliwell and Harold Westall were engaged to be married.

Old Jonas had settled the matter long before his death, and desired it might take place soon. Such was the report that got about. Hope never could quite fathom by whom it was spread, nor how much truth there was in it. Jonas had never expressed such a desire to her, but it was quite possible he might have done so to others. And as the idea pleased her, she allowed

herself to be persuaded into the belief that she was fulfilling her father's wish in contemplating a marriage with Harold.

She began to realise that she loved him dearly—deeply. If only he had been a little more—well—religious! But, then, he was a man, and young; perhaps when he grew older he would be steadier, go to church regularly, and so forth. Men's ways are different to women's.

So Hope deliberately pushed all fears away, and felt comforted and satisfied for the time. The warm, living, active love for which her sore heart had yearned since her father's death was now lavished generously on Harold.

And Harold, feeling languidly comfortable in Jonas's armchair, said to himself that it was all for the best. A man can't have everything, and it was a better match than he had any right to expect. Hope had an air with her quite different to those Dutch-doll Welsh girls.

Of course it was dull at times in this bit of a coast village; but then, as master, he should be able to get away now and then, perhaps visit Liverpool or even London. Oh, it wasn't a bad turn affairs had taken at all! So meditating, the dark lashes fell on the smooth cheek, and the invalid sank into a delightful slumber, from which he woke to find both Mari and Hope in attendance with a tray of invalid delicacies, and on Hope's part a delighted congratulation on his good nap. 'It is all right,' thought Harold, once more.

(To be continued.)

## Heroes of the Christian Faith.

V.—S. ATHANASIUS.

**I**N the north-west of Asia Minor, where it approaches nearest to Europe, lay the little town of Nicæa. It was so small that its quiet monotony was undisturbed from year's end to year's end. And there was little in

its history to interest the outside world. But in the year of which I write (325 A.D.), there was no small stir and commotion. Nicæa was to be the scene of a great gathering which would cause its name to live on into after times.

A Council was to be held—a council of the whole Church throughout the world. And it was to be graced with the presence of the Emperor Constantine. From all parts Bishops had been summoned to attend. So Rome and Africa, Asia, France, the wilds of Germany, and (it has been said) even Britain contributed representatives to the assembly. From north, south, east, and west, a stream of men flocked in, whose furrowed brows and wan faces bespoke them to be men of thought and devotion.

Never was such a sight seen in Nicæa before. Dusty and travel-stained, some on foot, some on mules and horses, in the garb of their own nationalities, with or without attendants, they came to the Council. Some were old and infirm, and bore ill the fatigues of their long journey. Others were young and vigorous, and fired with enthusiasm.

Amongst the company were two from Egypt—Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, and Athanasius, his attendant Archdeacon. The latter was a young man, not thirty years old. But his great ability and saintliness of character had already marked him out among his contemporaries.

My reader has already asked what was the purpose of this Council? Why was it summoned? What matter of sufficient importance could there be to bring men long distances, when travelling was so slow and tedious—so perilous and expensive?

The answer is that the fourth century witnessed the rise of a heresy which bid fair to extinguish the doctrine of Christ. It was a century in which false teaching was threatening to over-master the true.

‘When withering blasts of error swept the sky,  
And Love’s last flower seemed fain to droop  
and die.’

The Arian heresy—so called after its founder, Arius, a priest of Alexandria—had risen and spread with alarming rapidity. Arius taught that our blessed Lord was of an inferior nature to God the Father. He did not exist, he said, from everlasting. There was a time when He was created. In fact, Arius came to regard Christ as only one, though the highest, of God’s creatures.

Such teaching, we can see, was quite un-

scriptural. He should have remembered how our Lord said, ‘I and the Father are (essentially) One’; and how S. John states that ‘He was in the beginning with God’—nay, ‘that He was God,’ and that ‘all things were made by Him.’ He should not have forgotten how S. Paul says that ‘in Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,’ ‘that He is God blessed for ever,’ and that being so He ‘thought it not robbery to be equal with God.’ He might have thought of the words of the once-doubting, now believing Thomas: ‘My Lord and my God.’

But further, he should have seen—what was plain enough to the Bishops at Nicæa—how such wrong teaching went far to undermine the very foundations of the Christian Faith. If Jesus were not God, He could not be a Saviour. The shedding of His blood could make no atonement. ‘For none by any means can redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.’ The preaching of the Cross must have been in vain, and the world have perished in its sins.

Had the teaching of Arius triumphed, his gospel might have blazed up in momentary popularity, but it would have sunk down in a few years and have become extinct, leaving no Christianity behind.

It was to consider and pass judgment upon this Arian heresy that the Council met at Nicæa. The discussion was grave and reverent, as became the occasion. The doctrines of Arius were examined, and witnesses heard in his defence. All was done as in the presence of the Holy Spirit.

At length Athanasius rose and addressed the assembled Bishops. We can but imagine the scene—how intently all eyes were fixed upon him as he spoke—how he pointed out the errors of the Arian party in no sparing way. With what burning words he pleaded for the honour of his Lord!

The day was won, and the Truth prevailed. Arius was condemned, and his teaching declared to be false. And the result of the meeting was the *Nicene Creed*.

Clearly and distinctly was the Godhead of our Lord affirmed to be the true doctrine of the Church. That He was God of (i.e.,

out of) God. That He was of one substance or essence with the Father. That He was, as the Athanasian Creed afterwards stated, 'equal to the Father as touching His God-head.'

Truly the joy-bells of heaven must have rung, and the angels have sung a new hymn of Praise as they beheld the Christian world saved from dishonouring its Lord and Saviour.

The Council of Nicæa is usually reckoned

as the First General or Universal Council. The English Church recognises four undisputed General Councils, to whose decisions she gives in her allegiance. They are those of Nicæa, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. As stamped with their sanction and authority, she receives and holds her three Creeds. They have been put forth not by any branch, but by the Church Universal, as containing the true doctrines of Holy Scripture.

(To be continued.)

## Forms and Ceremonies.

**B**UT what is the good of forms and ceremonies, Granny, dear, if the heart worships God? Won't a prayer go up as straight to Him from a barn, or a bare hillside, as from the finest cathedral or the best ordered church?'

It was an eager young sailor lad who spoke; he had been a thoughtless young fellow for sixteen of his seventeen years, but in the last few months he had begun to think of the life to come very seriously, and heartily to wish to live as a Christian should. He was hot and hasty in his desires and actions still; as hot and hasty in his search for good as he had been before in the indulgence of sinful pleasures.

Granny was listening patiently now to one of his hasty conclusions, very decidedly poured into her ear. The Spirit was the only necessary thing to be thought of, the form of religion was a matter of no importance.

Young Jack was not particular about going to church, or having a fixed hour for prayer, and indeed he was a little apt to despise people as 'formalists' who thought much of these things. Did he secretly think dear old Granny a bit of a formalist? Perhaps so.

At any rate, he asked her that question about the cathedral and the hillside with a little air of having floored her completely.

Granny sat up in her chair, her still bright blue eyes twinkled. 'What is it, Jack, my boy—the question of the necessity

of forms and ceremonies? Ah, Kezia settled that for me completely—let me see, last Michaelmas four years.'

'Kezia?' Jack staid.

Now, Kezia was Granny's good, rough, rather stupid country maid.

'Yes, Kezia. It isn't always the wise ones of the earth who teach us the best lessons. But let me tell you how it was. I haven't a very large appetite, you know, Jack—'

No, that was true enough; just a merry-thought of a chicken, or a poached egg did for Granny's dinner, everyone knew.

Well, when Kezia first came to me, she used to lay the cloth on my little dinner-table with great care, and really arranged the glass and little matters very neatly, but it took her some time—she is slow, you know. So one day I said to her: 'Never mind bringing in so many little extras, Kezia—the jug of water and the loaf, for instance—just a bit of bread on a plate, and a tumbler with my dinner (one dish), will do for me.' Kezia stood and thought a moment, and then said, 'Yes, mistress,' and next day there was my one dish, and a bit of bread, and a glass of water put ready for me much more quickly. Quite an improvement, I thought, for I really had all I wanted—my dinner—with half the trouble.

Next day I said, 'Kezia, only lay the cloth on half the table; that will do for my little meal.'

Kezia paused again, and again said 'Yes, mistress,' and at dinner-time I thought my bit of mince was just as good eaten off the diminished cloth.

The following day Kezia brought in an egg on a tray. 'Tis hardly worth while messing the cloth taking it out of the press for that bit o' food,' she declared.

And I quite agreed with her; besides, the tray was sooner carried off, and Kezia could get to her sewing earlier.

Well, next day I was sitting at my rough wooden table in the window, where I dress my flowers and do my odd jobs, and Kezia saw me and brought me my dinner dish, and laid it down on that. 'I ain't brought a tray,' she said; 'the hot plate won't spoil this table, and it's less trouble.'

And so it was, and my dinner tasted quite as good as usual.

But the following morning dinner was late, very late, extraordinarily late; yet Kezia was neither ill nor idle. I heard her bustling about in the kitchen finely. 'Give her five minutes more,' I said to myself, 'it always hurries her so to ring the bell—for I never ring, you know, Jack, unless I feel my old attack's threatening me—and that frightens the good girl. So I waited till the clock on the mantelpiece struck two, and dinner was an hour late. This would never do. Tingle, tingle! went my bell. As I thought, Kezia burst in, pale and breathless. 'You ain't never took bad, mistress?' she said.

'My dinner, Kezia,' I answered, feebly, for I was quite faint for want of food.

'La! now, well, I never!' Poor Kezia wrung her hands in despair. 'Missis, if I haven't been and gone and clean forgot you

—never so much as thought of your dinner. What with no table to set, and no cloth to lay, and never even the tray to fill, why the whole thing has slipped my memory altogether, and never a bit of dinner have I cooked for you to-day, though it's in the larder ready, and I'll go—'

But the rest of Kezia's speech was lost in her flight to the kitchen. Now, Jack, boy, do you see why I stick to forms and ceremonies, and have my table set as if for a princess every day, though there is no one but old Granny to see the bright silver and the transparent water-jug, and the pretty pepper-box you brought me from China? The dinner is the chief thing, as we all know; but you see it is apt to be forgotten by poor dull minds if we do not keep up a certain form regarding it.

Jack laughed. 'A capital story, Granny, and well told; and 'pon my word I think there's something in it. At all events, we'll go through the ceremony of my giving you an arm to afternoon church. Will that content you?'

As I said before, Jack was a thoroughly well-meaning earnest-hearted lad, and I do believe Granny's argument was not lost on him.

Forms and ceremonies are good for something he found out, and though he immediately took up with some other hasty idea, which he would probably give up, too, by-and-by, we are sure that God never leaves the hearty seeker after truth always in the mists and quagmire, but in His own good time sets his feet on firm ground.

On such ground—the ground of a Holy, Christ-given, Apostolic faith—may Sailor Jack find himself anchored in the end!



## Our Fellow Creatures.

### IV.

**T**HE possession of something very much akin to intellect by animals is denied by nobody. Call it what you will—instinct, sagacity, or anything else—it is very difficult to distinguish it from downright reasoning power. The possession of heart, affections, or love by the lower creation cannot be denied either. Not only a natural fondness of their own offspring seems to be inherent in some creatures, but a deeper feeling founded upon something very like reason, and not confined to the relations between owners and their animals (like a master and his dog for instance), but something akin to friendship amongst equals. A remarkable instance of this occurred after the terrible explosion in the Mardy Colliery in the Rhondda Valley at 3 P.M. on December 23, 1885, in which eighty persons were killed. It is thus described by one in the locality: Of the sixty-three horses down in one pit at the time of the explosion, fifteen were killed; the others escaped comparatively uninjured. There were twenty horses in the other pit, in which, although the explosion was felt there, no one was injured.

Mr. Thomas Evans, the farrier of the colliery, related to me that there are employed in this pit five Welsh mountain ponies, selected for particular work, owing to their height. Two of these, named Jack and Jerry respectively, are noted for their fondness for each other, and are lodged in the same stall. The Sunday after the explosion, tidings came up that Jack had been found attached to a tram in a rubbish stall. Mr. Evans proceeded to the spot indicated, with three firemen, and found poor Jerry and not *Jack*. Leaving a party with the pony, he proceeded a distance of 500 yards, and there found Jack also attached to a tram, the hauliers having left both as they were found, and succeeded in making their escape.

The poor pony was unfastened and led back to where Jerry was.

The moment the two came within hailing distance they set up the most tremendous mutual greetings. When they came near enough they literally kissed each other over and over again. They then caressed each other many times with manifestations of the warmest affection. They began to eat the food placed before them, but left off suddenly, and proceeded to caress each other as vigorously as before, notwithstanding that they had been without food and drink since Wednesday afternoon. The four men watched the animals with the deepest interest and sympathy.

As I am now writing, looking out on the snow, I see two devoted companions helping each other by friendship and sociability to brave the inclemency of the weather. A very small old pony called Alice, now past work from that tiresome ailment which afflicts human beings as well as quadrupeds—want of breath, maimed herself by trying to leap some thin wire-fencing, which cut her legs in the most frightful manner. The wounds having healed, she leads a calm and untroubled existence in the green fields, and her devoted companion is a lively and extremely intelligent donkey called Jenny. Jenny is in great request as a luggage carrier, and is utilised in a small rough cart which often goes to the station with luggage. She is slightly capricious; sometimes she will consent to be driven down quietly without remark or hostile movement; another time she will, by a sudden jerk, land the unfortunate driver on his back, and scatter the luggage about the field or the road. But though her disposition when dealing with human beings is capricious and uncertain—sometimes so steady that she might almost be trusted to go there and back without any supervision; at others so skittish that all who depend upon her come to grief—in one thing she

is constant as old Time. Her friendship for the pony, Alice, is quite beautiful, and Alice warmly returns her affections.

The sad times of Alice's life are when cruel man's necessities deprive her of the company of Jenny. She refuses to eat until her dear companion returns, and I have often thought that Jenny's irregularities may partly be traced to her disgust at the interruption of their sweet intercourse. If a 'temple to friendship' should ever be built in the unclassical grounds of the present writer's abode, it will certainly be in memory of the friendship of Alice and Jane, the devoted pony and donkey.

There is another phase of animal life which has not yet been explored. I mean their reverence and dutiful attachment; and this is by no means confined to the higher kind of animals, such as dogs and horses. If Louise Michel is to be believed (a writer who, whatever her faults may be, is worthy of admiration for her great love of God's creatures), rats possess this quality in a very remarkable degree. She was released from the prison of St. Lazare, where she had been sent for seditious conduct, in January, 1856. During her imprisonment she taught her three cats to live happily with the shoals of rats which came to her to be fed. The mother rats, when they had weaned their young, used to bring them to her to be fed, and lay them at her feet, as if imploring her protection. But the most extraordinary part of the story is the reverence and dutiful affection alluded to above, and which is almost too wonderful to be

believed. She observed a number of aged, toothless rats. These were helped to eat by the young rats, who chewed the crusts which were thrown to them, thus making them soft for the old ones. Woe to any greedy young rat who took his food before the old ones; he was immediately pounced upon and punished by the others.

But we may descend still lower in the scale of creation, if we wish to find genuine affection. Sir John Lubbock relates a touching story of a wasp which he succeeded in taming and attaching to himself. He brought it from Italy, and carried it on his finger during the railway journey. He was anxious to see whether it would live during the whole of the winter, but, after months of tender care, it died in February. Sir John fancied he could perceive a tender look of farewell as the wasp closed its eyes, and we are not prepared to say that this is impossible, for they who spend much time with animals have a quickness of perception which seems almost miraculous to those who cannot give so much time and intelligence to the investigation of their habits.

At any rate, we may rest assured that animal life has a vast field for every one who will take the trouble to explore and observe, and if each one of us would, at once, set down a memorandum of anything curious which may happen within our ken, others much cleverer than ourselves may make good use of it; but to do this we must treat every creature so kindly that it will not be afraid of us.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

### Anecdote of Martin Luther.

**A**RATHER apt anecdote is told of Martin Luther. One not personally known to Luther introduced himself as a teacher of the pure faith.

'Well,' said Luther, 'let me see your credentials; by what bishop have you been authorised and sent forth?'

'By no bishop,' was the response. 'I am appointed and sent by God.'

'That may be better,' said Luther; 'then you can give me the evidence with which God always furnishes His extraordinary messengers. Work a miracle. God sends to us His teachers in only these two ways; ordinarily teachers are sent by God's bishops, others prove their authority by the exhibition of miraculous powers.'

## 'Who hath resisted His Will?'

**B**ESIDE the quay, in the harbour of a North-American seaport town, a ship was lying just ready for her start. She was going on a coasting voyage down to the Southern States; her cargo was all on board, and the hour fixed for her departure was already passed.

Yet still the captain lingered, not over desiring to be gone. He was short of hands, having lost two of his best men during the last voyage, and, as he had made his wants known, there was always a chance that at the last moment some sailor anxious for employment might find his way to the *Mary Alice*.

The regular crew had all come on board the night before, most of them more or less drunk, and now lounged about, surly and discontented, knowing that there was no chance of being allowed to go on shore again, and longing therefore to be off. The only person on board, in fact, who was not discontented was the youngest of all the crew, a round-cheeked, merry-looking lad, who sat swinging his heels and whistling softly to himself in the sunshine. He had taken no drink the night before, and he was in no hurry to go anywhere, and as long as nobody beat him or drove him about, he was quite satisfied.

Presently the captain, who was looking out across the crowded quay, gave a little chuckle, and rubbed his hands. A man was hurrying down towards them, and, as he reached the water side, he waved his hand and shouted, '*Mary Alice* ahoy!'

The ship was wharfed to a little distance from the landing-place, lest any of her crew should be tempted to land without leave, but her smallest boat was moored alongside, and in a moment or two the new comer was brought on board.

He was a dark, broad-shouldered man, with black hair and beard, very roughly dressed, but looking somehow as if his clothes

did not belong to him. His voice was rough, too, and yet it gave the same idea of not belonging to him, as though he had learned to speak roughly for a purpose.

He wished to work his passage as far as New Orleans; and when the captain asked if he were used to the sea, he laughed, took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and showed a pair of great brown arms, all tattooed after the fashion of sailors. The captain laughed too, and engaged him without more ado, and very soon after the *Mary Alice* stole softly out of the harbour, spread her great grey wings, and sped away to the southward.

The new comer called himself Thomson, though somehow no one really believed that that was his name. But none dared press him with questions on the subject, even if they had cared to know more. He was rather a surly fellow, a capital seaman, and not shy either of work or danger. And he had evidently been a well-educated man—perhaps a gentleman, though now he was not more choice in his manners and language than the rest of the crew.

Before the *Mary Alice* had been a week at sea she met with some very rough weather, so rough that both ship and crew were in some peril. And then the captain first had a hint that his new hand, Thomson, was not quite like other men. The storm was at its wildest, and the captain himself at the helm, when Thomson made his way up to him, holding on by anything that would serve to steady him against the fierce blasts of the wind.

'This is a bad look-out, captain,' he said; 'do you reckon you've got a Jonah on board?'

The captain was not much given to reading his Bible, but he seemed to remember something of the story of Jonah, and he gave a grunt, and made no answer.

'If you have,' went on Thomson, 'I reckon

it's *me*. I doubt if you'll ever get safe into port with me on board.'

He spoke very coolly, but there was an odd glitter in his eyes, as the captain turned half round to stare at him.

'It's *me*, if it's anybody,' he said again, looking out on the wild, boiling waters. 'I won't undertake to put myself overboard—perhaps that's too much to ask of any man. But if you and the rest think well to do it, I'll not lift a finger to hinder you. No one could say fairer than that.'

He turned almost before he had done speaking, and crept away as he had come. The captain stared after him for a minute, and wondered if he were crazy, but never thought of acting upon the man's wild words. If the *Mary Alice* had had a black cat, or a pig, or a human corpse on board, the captain might seriously have thought of making a clearance of them. But he had never heard of a common sailor causing a storm, and, besides, Thomson was one of his most useful hands.

The storm passed over, and a spell of fine weather set in, that made the hearts of the crew rejoice.

They were a little shy of Thomson, perhaps; all except the lad, who was commonly known as Bill.

Bill had found out that the stranger not only did not beat and bully him, but would not let the others do so either. So his cheerful face grew more cheerful than ever, and he followed Thomson about like a dog, while the man took about as much notice of him as men do of a stray cur.

One day, as Bill sat in a lonely corner, with head bent down and eyes very busy, Thomson came suddenly behind him and looked over his shoulder. The lad had a book on his knees—a New Testament, and he started guiltily, and tried to cover it with his hands.

'You needn't be afraid, young one,' said Thomson, coolly, 'I didn't know you were one of *that sort*. You may read a bit to me, if you like. I like it, though they say I don't believe a word of it all.'

'*Don't you?*' asked Bill, while the man sat down beside him on a coil of rope, and stretched his strong limbs lazily.

'I don't know!' he answered, with half a sigh. But I like it, if it's only for the sake of auld lang syne. So go on, youngster, and take care those others don't hear you.'

After that, Bill often read aloud to his strange companion. He read very badly, and he had a notion that the other would do it much better; yet Thomson would never be persuaded to touch the book himself. But he used to listen, and as the days went on he grew quieter and sadder, less like a rough, jovial sailor and more like a man living under the weight of a heavy burden.

Just as they came into warmer regions, a long calm held them idle for a weary while, rocking aimlessly to and fro on a blue, glassy sea.

And here Thomson fell ill of fever, and for a time was hardly expected to live. There was no doctor on board, but the captain had some kindness and a little experience, and the boy Bill constituted himself nurse. It did not seem much to do for his only friend among the crew, and he kept valiantly to his post; perhaps saving the man's life by his watchful care.

It seemed strange to the lad to sit there in the dark cabin, listening to the wild talk of the sick man—talk of old days and places far away. One thought seemed to come to him, over and over again, whenever he half remembered where he was. '*Take me up and cast me out, so shall the sea be calm unto you.*' Over and over he would repeat it, and then again: '*Whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live.*'

He didn't seem to expect to get better, but after a while he took a turn, and began slowly to mend. From that time he grew very silent, partly, perhaps, from weakness, and would lie all day in his hammock hardly speaking a word. But he seemed to cling to the boy Bill, his faithful nurse, and he had quite let drop his rough and surly manner, and took all that was done for him with a gentle courtesy and gratitude that half-puzzled and astonished the poor lad, who was not used to civility.

At last, one day Bill had just been released for a time from his duties on deck,

and came joyfully into the cabin to see if he could do anything for his patient. Thomson was half sitting up in his hammock, his face paler even than it had been before, his

'A snake?' said the boy, stopping short in wonder.

'Ay, and one of the worst kind,' he answered, sinking back on his pillow. 'I saw



'I LAY AND LOOKED AT IT, AND IT LOOKED AT ME, AND CAME CREEPING UP TOWARDS MY FACE.'

eyes wild and staring, bent upon a dark corner of the cabin.

'Take care, Bill!' he said, before the lad had had time to speak, 'there's a snake gone in there!'

it plain enough,' he went on, half to himself, as Bill cautiously moved a box or two, and peered into the dark corner. 'I could have killed it, but I wouldn't; it wasn't sent for that.'

Bill could see no snake, and in his own mind he half believed that his friend must have been dreaming, or was 'off his head' again. But Thomson spoke again after a minute, quietly, and very like one in his sober senses. 'It must have been brought aboard somehow when we stopped at Pensacola yesterday. Let it alone, Bill, it's a rattler, and you couldn't tackle him by yourself. Come here to me; I've something to tell you, I think.'

Bill drew near the hammock and sat down, awed by the other's tone, and proud that such a man should have something to tell him.

But Thomson lay silent for a moment, frowning, while his lips worked restlessly, as if he were trying to find words. At last he broke into a strange little laugh, more sad than any tears.

'I am a fool!' he said. 'Why should I care what you think of me? You're no kith nor kin of mine.'

'You've been better to me than anyone!' blurted out the boy, with a lump in his throat.

'You're a good lad, Bill,' said Thomson, quietly. 'But you've seen a little of the world, and you know what bad men can be. Will you believe me when I tell you that I've been as bad as the worst you ever saw?'

'No, I won't,' cried Bill defiantly; 'it isn't true.'

'Ah, but it is. And it is worse for me than for the rest, for I knew better. All those good words that you spell out so carefully from your book yonder were drilled into me from the time that I could run alone. The curse for me is the curse of those who know how to do good and do it not,—nay, but do evil instead!'

He was silent for a minute, but the boy made no answer. This was a trouble too great for him to meddle with, and he had wisdom to hold his tongue.

'I shan't tell you all the evil that I have done,' went on the other, wearily. Perhaps there were excuses for some of it, but they were not such as you would understand. I am trying all the time to forget them, in the hope that God may remember. But I did

one thing, not so long since, that no one could excuse—a thing that will sink me as deep as hell, unless I repent and make amends—'

'There was a man that trusted me, and I ruined him. I sold him, body and soul, and I have the price here, in this belt round my waist—notes and gold—burning into my heart night and day. I got the money, and got safe away, and left him to bear the disgrace. They say he killed himself. If that is so, then I am a murderer, as well as all the rest. But I did hear something just at the last that seemed to contradict that. I had no time to wait. I heard the police were on the look-out for me, and someone told me of the *Mary Alice*. I put on a sailor's rig—and not for the first time, either—and came out of hiding at the last minute and came on board here.'

He stopped, and the boy Bill sat silent, staring at him with big eyes full of interest and wonder.

'Do you think you know it all now?' asked the man, looking at him with a strange, sad smile. 'Nay, but you don't; not half of it, and I'm not going to tell you. I wonder—if you knew it all—whether you would think there was a chance for me?'

'God knows all about it, I suppose,' said Bill, doubtfully, looking wistfully at his friend.

'Ay, I know He does!' answered Thomson, half raising himself, while a deep light came into his sunken eyes. 'I used to think, long ago, that I didn't know whether there was a God or not; but I know now! Never one hour's peace has He let me have since the thing was done. What's that it says in the psalm: '*Thy hand is heavy upon me, day and night*—?'

'They're all about David—the Psalms—aren't they?' said Bill, honestly trying to puzzle out an answer to this dark, sad riddle of a misspent life that was being unfolded to him. 'And he came all right in the end, didn't he?'

'But who can tell whether I'm meant to come all right in the end?' answered the other, tossing himself to the other side of his hammock, with a weary sigh. 'Doesn't

it look as if there were a curse upon me?—first the storm, then the fever, and then—this morning——' He stopped short, as if some new thought had just come to him.

'What was it this morning?' asked Bill, rather glad to come back to plain matters of fact.

'I'll tell you,' he said, dropping his voice a little. 'I was lying still here, thinking over it all, wondering how it was I'd come safe out of both storm and fever, and whether God had done with me yet, or if there was something more coming. And I half turned myself round and looked, and there was the snake just creeping out of the folds of my coat, creeping up towards my hand. I could have flung it out of the hammock with one jerk,—I was just going to do it,—but something held me still. Something seemed to say to me, "He has found me out at last." And I thought to myself that I had fled from before His face and fought against His will, so far, but that I would do so no more. And I thought, "I will not lift a finger either way. If it lets me alone I shall hope that there is one more chance for me; and, if not, let it strike and let me die." So I lay and looked at it, and it looked at me, and came creeping up and up towards my face. I wanted to shut my eyes, that at least I might not see my death coming near in such a shape; but I would not let myself do it. Then, at last, it turned slowly away, and glided off at the side of the hammock there, and was gone!'

'Then it came out all right!' cried Bill, who had been listening with open eyes. 'You said if it went away you'd believe there was a chance for you still, and it did!'

'Ah! but I'm not so sure of it since,' sighed his friend. Telling you about it has brought it all back—all I've done, and it seems not possible that I should ever come to good. Doesn't that very book that you are hugging there say that some of us are created vessels of wrath, ordained beforehand for destruction, and in the same place it says, '*Who hath resisted His will?*'

'Whereabouts is it that it says that?' asked Bill, looking grave and turning over the leaves of his beloved book.

'The ninth chapter of Romans, I believe,' answered Thomson, and lay looking at the boards above his head with a sad and dreamy look.

Bill turned over the leaves for a minute or two, then found the place, and pored over it for some time.

Before he had made it out to his mind a trampling was heard on deck, and a voice calling 'Bill,' at which he started up in a hurry.

'I can't make it out,' he said; 'it's very hard to understand. But there's things in that same chapter that seem to me to go clean against what you were saying just now. I wish you'd read it yourself.'

He thrust the book into the man's hand, and ran. It was some time before he could get down again, and when he did so he found Thomson quietly asleep, with the Testament still held fast in his hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later this strange pair of friends were taking leave of one another on the deck of the *Mary Alice*.

'Good bye!' said the man to the boy. 'You will see me again some day, perhaps, but with a different dress and a different name, and, please God, with a different character.'

'And what are you going to do now?'

'Look out for the man I robbed, and give him back his own, and give myself to him, body and soul, till I have set him up in the world again.'

'But supposing you can't find him?'

'Then I shall help every other man I see in trouble, till God takes pity on me, and gives me a chance to undo the wrong I did. Lad! here's a smart new Bible for you, if you'll give me your little old one in exchange. And you'll find a bit of that snake's skin put in at one place, to remind you, whenever you see it, of me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

After his friend had gone, Bill looked out for the snake's skin. And this was the text that was marked on that page: '*In the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not My people, there shall they be called the children of the living God.*' HELEN SHIPTON.

## Holy Communion.

**H**E comes to-day! In white attire  
 Array thyself with care,  
 The 'upper chamber' of thy heart,  
 With heedful haste prepare.

Be every angry temper hushed,  
 Abased each thought of pride,  
 That He who comes to visit thee,  
 May there in peace abide.

See that the language of thy lips,  
 Of golden truth be wrought,  
 And be the silver thread of love,  
 Entwined with every thought.

Thine be the sigh of contrite heart  
 For sins which grieve thy Lord,  
 And thine the song of tuneful praise  
 For His forgiving Word.

Fear not! for thine unworthiness  
 The King will turn aside;  
 In hearts which sing for pardoned sin  
 He loveth to abide.

So wait, that He may enter in  
 The temple of thy soul;  
 His precious Blood shall wash thee clean,  
 His Body make thee whole.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

### 'What can I give to God?'

**D**OES not that question often come  
 into our hearts, especially if times  
 are bad with us and there are  
 many little mouths to feed: 'How  
 can I spare even one penny to give to God?'

Balak, a rich king, asked the prophet  
 Balaam if God would be pleased with thou-  
 sands of rams or ten thousands of rivers of  
 oil; and the answer he got was this, 'What  
 doth the Lord require of thee but to do  
 justly, and to love mercy, and to walk  
 humbly with thy God?' which means that  
 what the present God loves most of all is

*ourselves*—our work, our rest, our joys, our  
 sorrows; in all of them to act uprightly, to  
 be gentle and kind, and to think little of  
 ourselves. And this, the gift God longs for,  
 can be given by the very poorest inmate of a  
 workhouse as well as the richest man on  
 earth. He says to every one of us, 'My son,  
 give Me thine heart.'

If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at His word,  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

### The Death-bed of a King.

**G**USTAVUS VASA, King of Swe-  
 den, was heard on his death-bed  
 to lament that he had busied  
 himself too much with this

world, and when an attendant chanced to  
 ask him if he needed anything, he an-  
 swered, 'The kingdom of heaven, which  
 thou canst not give me.'

## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### BAD TIMES IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

**N**OTHING to do, no money, no food! That is a cry we know too well nowadays. It makes those comfortably off put their hands in their pockets, determined to help the struggling poor. All England has this winter been contributing to a fund for the unemployed workers of the land.

While we recognise that our first duty is to our own poor, we cannot stop our ears to a pitiful cry which has just reached us from Newfoundland. Mr. Warren, of Upper Island Cove, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, writes us word that he and his fishermen are in as bad case as our unemployed poor—always in a state of semi-starvation. They never were worse off than they are at present. Owing to the bad markets for codfish last year, the fishermen only received small wages, too little to keep them and their families till the next season. And we have read enough about Newfoundland to know that if the codfish fail the people starve, for they have no other means of livelihood beyond their fisheries.

What is to be done here, where there is no Lord Mayor's fund to go to? Mr. Warren has written to the Government out there, begging for work for his poor, and he has helped them to the best of his own power, but that is not much, for he is in very low water himself. Three years ago, one winter's night, his house was burnt down, and he lost money, clothes, books, and other valuable property. Saddest loss of all, however, in flying from the fire his little child took a chill and died.

The house had to be rebuilt, and a debt of 40l. still remains on it, which the poor priest of a poorer flock has never been able to discharge. He is in bad health, too, and these troubles weigh him down. Will not some kind-hearted people help him to bear this burden? Nay, better still, could we not take it altogether off his shoulders? If we could do something for Mr. Warren, we know the poor fishermen would get their share, for he writes more of their privations than his own, and when he is not able to go out and visit them, his wife does what she can for the sick and suffering. 'I do

believe the Warrens hardly reserve enough for themselves to keep life in them,' says a friend, writing to England. How can they help giving away their last crust, though, when they meet with such sad cases as these?

A poor man with a wife and eight children, the youngest a fortnight old. Nothing to do, no work, no food—not even dry bread—and bleak winter outside. 'How do you manage here, my friend?' is asked. The man looks down. 'The children must live,' he says; 'I have to beg.' Those that can spare a trifle, poor as they are, must give to such a needy group.

Another man came to Mr. Warren: 'Do give us a bite of something, sir; we're all starving.' 'Have you had nothing at all to eat to-day, my poor fellow?' 'Well, sir, I tell you the truth. I was up before daybreak after work, and we just got out the last bit of bread and divided it, and then I went off seven miles in the strength of that, and cut a load of wood and carried it home on my back; but there was nothing to eat when I got in, and found the wife and children as hungry as myself, and colder, too.'

Just think how hard it must be for a clergyman to hear tales of this sort in every house he visits, and then to feel that he has no resources, no money in his own house, only an anxious wife and children, who also have often to go without the common necessaries of life.

I think there must be many people who would like to send a trifle to Upper Island Cove, either to feed the poor fisher-folk or to help Mr. Warren to pay off the debt which troubles him. We will gladly collect any sums, or they may be sent direct to him. His address is—

Rev. C. Warren,  
Upper Island Cove,  
Conception Bay,  
Newfoundland.

Ours is—

Miss H. Wetherell, Sec. C.E.A.  
27 Kilburn Park Road,  
London, N.W.

Remember these Newfoundland folk are of our own race; we peopled the island not so

very long ago. One cannot help feeling an extra interest in English-speaking, English-feeling people, however far away they may be.

### II.—A LONDON NURSE—MORE ABOUT HER.

Do you remember a paper thus headed in the April number of *THE BANNER*? Were you interested in it? Would you like to hear more of the brave London nurse,—her struggles and her sympathies with her poor people? I think they are worth telling. I think the hearing of them is likely to do good. So let us take up the story where we left it, and go straight on with the tale of her quiet doings.

As I have said before, Mrs. Crowie seemed to have the faculty of winning the affections of all her patients, and perhaps one reason for this was, that she grudged neither time, trouble, nor money, when she possessed it, to do them service.

She was always hunting up hospital letters, or procuring for them the promise of three weeks or a month at some seaside Convalescent Home, as their health seemed to require it. And when the poor invalid still looked distressed, and nurse found it was the want of decent clothes which was the trouble, rather than the patient should miss the day, she would run home and bring a parcel of her own clothing.

This loan would touch the hearts of her poor friends as much or more than any gift.

She often lent her mattress to a sick person and lay herself on the straw palliase of her bed, hard and cold as it would be to a person accustomed to better things.

The pleased look and the 'I do lie easy now' of a dying person was enough reward for her. Very often her bed at home would not bear investigation, it was so poorly furnished—a mattress or pillow gone here, blankets there!

Well, never mind, she had a warm heart still.

One day when I called on her she was just off with some food from her own table, for a poor woman and her idiot son, living in a place called Frying-pan Alley, near the Underground Railway.

'Come with me and see them,' she said. And I went; but I began to repent on the staircase. Should I ever get safely up? Every step bent with my weight, and the

whole rickety concern seemed as if it might fall at any moment. When we did reach the room it had the appearance of a shed, and the smell and the noise coming up from the room below were indescribable.

'Ah, yes, it is very bad!' said my friend, coolly; 'but, you see, it is let to six costermongers and their donkeys; and this is a bad day; they are all at home.'

A bad day indeed! But what of the poor creatures we had come to visit?

Both the woman and the lad—lad! He was a grown man, poor idiot, over forty years old—were crouched by a tiny bit of fire, the woman rocking herself to and fro and crying with agony; she was suffering from cancer in the arm.

Lotion and dressing for the wound, Mrs. Crowie had with her; but a strip of flannel was wanted for a bandage.

'I know what to do,' said the ready nurse, after a moment's thought. 'My petticoat is so wide, I can spare a strip out of it.' Off it went in a moment, and the strip was torn off. 'There! when I get home I can sew it up, and it will never be missed.'

The only furniture in the room was a bench, and two round baskets which served as cupboards or seats. A heap of straw in the corner was the bed of the pair.

'Why don't they go into the workhouse?' I asked as we came away. 'Surely they would be better off there.'

'Yes; but they would be parted then; and, as the old woman says, that would be worse than dying in their own place. I must try and get something done for them; the little outside relief they get is not enough now.'

And, by-and-by, even this wretched pair were comforted by the exertions of their good friend.

'How do you manage to help so many poor people?' I once asked her, 'you who have so little of your own to give?'

'Oh, I find no difficulty,' she said. 'First, I do what I can, and then I ask the wealthy to help. Only the other day a poor man out of work came to me to beg me to do something for his sick mother and crippled brother, as they were actually starving. I really had nothing for him, for just then I had poor widowed Mrs. Smith and her little child living with me till they could get employment. She has a capital place in a laundry now, by the way. Well, I couldn't send the poor fellow away empty, so I sat down and wrote a note

to a lady who had once told me I might look to her to help my poor when I was in distress. The man came back in an hour with quite a different face, to show me an order for meat and groceries, and to thank me, as if I was an angel from heaven sent to relieve him. The lady, he said, would come and look to his mother, so now his mind was entirely relieved.

Then another time I got helped in another way. I was put sorely to it by a poor woman coming and begging me to find her some employment, her husband having died suddenly, leaving her with six children. She was a very decent, clever woman, but I couldn't think of anything at the moment, and there were the children starving. While I was puzzling, a letter was brought to me from a lady just setting up a coffee palace, and wanting a respectable woman to help her. I sent this poor widow to try and get the place. She has been there four years now, and gives the greatest satisfaction. Oh, if one looks about, one can always find people willing to help!

One more anecdote of Mrs. Crowie's poor friends I must relate.

One day when I was sitting with her in her house a message came: 'Would Nurse go to Mrs. someone in such a street?' a new name and a district a long way off. 'It is a nice afternoon, walk with me,' begged Mrs. Crowie, and I did so.

We found a poor woman near her confinement, her husband only dead a month. 'And now I've no one to look after me,' said the poor thing, with tears in her eyes; 'and I can't go to a hospital, or what would become of those three?' pointing to a group of little ones. 'The eldest ain't five.'

It was a hard case. Of course Mrs. Crowie took the charge of it at once, and was very proud of the poor little fatherless baby when it came. After a while she said good-bye to her patient, only calling in occasionally as a friend.

One day, when visiting her in this way, she found the young widow crying bitterly, and when she begged to know the cause, she pointed to the sewing machine, by which she got her living.

'It's to go to-day,' she sobbed; 'the man says he can't wait any longer. It's on the hire system you see, and I owe still two pounds on it; and, do what I will, I can't pay off the debt and get bread for the children. And I'd paid off such a lot already.' The poor thing was in despair. What was to be done? We

had not either of us two pounds to give away, and if the money was not forthcoming before five o'clock, the machine must go. We tried to dispose of a few things to make up the money but it wasn't enough. The man came at five and we begged him for one week more, and seeing the poor widow Smith had friends, he reluctantly consented.

Then I said to Mrs. Crowie, 'You shall have my watch at home.' But she shook her head. 'Wait a bit,' she said, 'I've just thought of someone who can, and will help.'

Then she told me that a long time ago she wrote to the Baroness Burdett-Countts about a poor woman who wanted a mangle badly, and her ladyship was very kind in sending money for it, perhaps she would do something in this case. So a letter, giving an account of Mrs. Smith's trouble, was written. A few days later Mrs. Smith and the baby came, and asked for Mrs. Crowie.

In a moment she saw it was good news: 'Yes, ma'am,' said the poor woman, 'it's all right. A gentleman called on me this morning, and asked who had written a letter about me, and I told him about your kindness, but my heart was so full I couldn't say the half, and then he wanted to see the machine and the baby. And says he, "I see, it is all true." And then he gave me these *three* sovereigns, and said a lady had sent them in answer to your letter, to pay off the debt on the machine. I was so taken a-back I hard'y thanked him; I just stood looking at the money, and he was gone in a minute. So I thought I'd best run straight to you. I hope there's no mistake; it was only two sovereigns as was wanted for the machine, and here are three. I wouldn't change one till I saw you, though the little ones want boots badly.'

Mrs. Crowie assured the poor woman she might undoubtedly keep the third sovereign. She burst into tears.

'Thank you, ma'am. - *have* thanked you for this piece of good fortune, and for sending me—you—for a friend. I knelt down in the kitchen, then and there, before all the little ones.'

That poor woman never looked back afterwards. Striving and toiling she managed, with the help of the machine, to keep herself and the four children in tolerable comfort without parish relief. Those three sovereigns came just in the hour of need. If the rich were all as considerate as this great lady, how much misery might the poor be spared!

A stitch in time saves nine. A little help at the outset, you see, saved a whole family.

Now we have run through some little details of that hand and heart service which was given to the poor by one loving, earnest worker, and we come to another matter arising from it.

In her ministrations to the London poor, Mrs. Crowie was frequently perplexed by meeting with cases of sickness which good food, fresh air, and nursing might benefit, if not cure, but these remedies could only be obtained by gaining the sufferer entrance into a Convalescent Home, and then, when the letter or ticket was procured it too often happened that there was a disqualification which rendered all previous arrangements void. The patient was too old, or too young, or too helpless, or the malady was one not received at the particular institution in question; so hope was quenched, and the poor invalid returned disappointed to the poor home just left. What could then be done? Little or nothing.

So many cases of this sort came to Mrs. Crowie's knowledge, that at last it seemed pointed out that she should give up her district nursing and undertake a most necessary work, that of establishing a *Home between the Homes*. Such a home she has set on foot; it is intended for patients disqualified for the ordinary Convalescent Homes, for incurables and the paralysed, and for others who could not be admitted into a hospital. Rooms are also set apart for poor gentlewomen, and others recovering from serious illness, whose means will only admit of their paying a small sum to those undertaking their care.

This Home has actually been open for the last two years. Already some 250 patients of both sexes have benefited by it. Many have been cared for and nursed, entirely free. The house stands in a healthy village, three miles from Eastbourne, in the midst of the South Downs, a spot in every way suited to the purpose. At present infectious cases are the only ones refused; it is contemplated to open a second house for such. Then it will, it is hoped, actually become a fact, that no sick and needy person will be turned from the doors.

The founder of this much-needed Home has, however, little of this world's goods on which to depend for the sustenance of her helpless flock, and she appeals to all who sympathise with the sick poor, to assist her by donations towards the expenses of the house. Besides strengthening food, she requires couches, easy chairs, air pillows, and almost every other

appliance for the relief of the sick and helpless within the Home. Farther information may be obtained, and all contributions sent to

Rev. E. W. FOLEY,  
Jevington Rectory,  
Polegate, Sussex.

## THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

Our Jottings were cut short last month by the press of other matter, and we are left with an accumulation of interesting entries from which we find it difficult to select.

Our best plan, we think, will be to take each as it comes, without attempting a selection, until want of space bids us stop.

We have some pleasant acknowledgments to make. One to 'A Carpenter' who sends 5s. 'for the Boys' Orphanage as a thank-offering for the blessings of full work and good health.' Another to 'A Bachelor,' 2s. thank-offering for a safe passage from Ireland. 'A Bachelor' says: 'Children are my delight. God bless them! I love them all, even the little ragged dirty ones.'

H. A. G. calls herself 'A cross, sour, selfish old maid,' but we beg leave to question this, for she sends us 10s. for our orphan boys, and says that she, too, loves little children.

Our next letter is from a soldier in the Soudan. He says:—'Sitting in my tent to-day reading a copy of the BANNER OF FAITH, sent me from dear old England, my eye caught the words 'Work for God at Home and A'road,' and my heart went up to ask for a blessing on the few shillings I am able to spare for the Orphanage. I miss my own three little pets left in England, and I wonder what would become of them if they lost their father and mother. You know how full of dangers a soldier's life is. As here, for instance, under the piercing rays of a tropical sun, contending against fierce fanatics; sleeping night after night by our horses' heads, nothing to shelter us from the bitter cold—a contrast of night and day known only in the East—our lives are very uncertain. For the sake of bringing a blessing on our own, whom we might leave destitute, we ought to try to do something for the orphans others have left. Fifteen shillings is all I can spare, but if you will send me a card for collecting 30s., I am sure I can get it amongst the men of our troop.'

We beg our friend's pardon for printing so much of what was not meant to be made public, but we felt sure it would interest our readers.

'Please accept this trifle (2s.) for the laundry for your orphans. I am a poor widow left to struggle with six. May God's blessing attend it.'

Then comes 5s. with only these words: 'A poor woman's mite towards Sunday breakfasts, or any pressing charity and need.'

'A very old and very poor widow wishes me to send you a piece of Buckinghamshire lace, which she has made herself, and 3d., her offering to your work.'

'I enclose 5s.,' says the next note, 'for the Convalescent Home. It is from a family of orphans who are keeping a home together by hard struggle.'

Again a widow's mite. 'It is very little,' she says, but she wished to give something to the Orphanage in memory of her own dear little girl and boy, now at rest.

2s. 9d. comes next from the captain and crew of the *Ower Lightship, Selsey*; and then 10d., the monthly subscription of two servants.

A lady writes:—'There was an appeal for your Convalescent Home in the BANNER OF FAITH last summer, and a poor woman in my district has been collecting and saving for it ever since. She brought me the money yesterday (3l. 4s.); a large sum, indeed, for a poor woman to collect.'

We are greatly touched and cheered by all these tokens of sympathy and charity in our poor friends, and are convinced that a work promoted in this way must be blessed and prospered.

'I send 10s.' writes a friend, 'saved by travelling third class instead of second.'

'I send you 2s.,' writes another, 'because I have received an unexpected addition to my purse.'

'Here is 1s. 3d. earned by a little girl by knitting.'

'Lola sends her birthday present of 10s. for starving little ones.'

Then we find a sad little note. 'Enclosed is 5s., collected by darling Edith for the Orphanage just before her death. She took a great interest in your work, and helped at a little sale for it only a few days before her sudden death.'

A kind helper sends us a nicely-made alms bag, with the remark that 'perhaps it will be of use for some poor church.' Indeed it will! We shall pack it up in one of our boxes of

presents, and send it to some poor foreign mission, or colonial church, and it will be gratefully received.

Linden sends a diamond ring to be sold for the benefit of the unemployed starving poor. 'I have no money,' she says. But then the ring is as good as money; we can easily dispose of it for a handsome price, and it will help many a poor family in their fight with cold and hunger.

'I am sending you,' writes a new correspondent, 'a parcel of little shirts made by children of six years old, and patchwork cushions filled with shredded paper, made by little boys.' Very nicely made, too, and very acceptable amongst our poor.

The Vicar J. Bowness, Windermere, sends us 2l. 10s., the proceeds of the children's annual concert. Many thanks to these musical children; we shall hope to hear of them again next year.

A clergyman's widow has sent a very nice silver pocket communion service for one of our missionary friends in Nova Scotia. It gives us the greatest pleasure to receive and forward these valuable and longed-for gifts.

We have a most grateful letter from Moncton, New Brunswick, for presents sent to that Mission. There is here a fine field for work amongst a new and rapidly increasing population, consisting chiefly of railway men and their families, for Moncton is the centre of the Inter-Colonial and Dominion Government Railway. 'There is much poverty, misery, and wickedness,' writes the Rev. A. Hoadley, 'and it would be one of the most blessed works I know of if some lady of means could be found who would come out and enter with us on this field of labour.'

We must make room for one more letter from over the seas before closing our April Jottings. Douglas and Lottie, of Cluny, Tasmania, are very fond of chocolate, it seems, but they have taken to another Sunday treat for a change. They have set up two money-boxes, into which they drop a small coin every Sunday for poor children's dinners. The day for counting up the coins was a delightful one. Baby Dorothy, of two years, suddenly grasped the idea and announced that she must send something for little 'chilluns,' so 1s. 2d. was given to her to make the money an even sum of 30s. This she solemnly placed with the rest, remarking as she did so that 'chilluns can't eat shilluns.'

Some one objects, 'How could such babies know anything about what they were doing?'

Not much, perhaps. And what they were doing is probably far beyond our knowledge. It was, maybe, something which will take root and bear fruit many years hence.

Has any reader of the BANNER OF FAITH a spare book or two suitable for a lending library? If so, they will be very gratefully received by the Rev. Hugh A. Tudor, The Clergy House, Medicine Hat, N. W. T., Canada, or by the Rev. F. A. Smith, The Parsonage, New Liverpool, Quebec, Canada. They can be sent by book-post, open at both ends, for the same low postage as in England.

The Rev. G. E. Yeo, S. Peter's Rectory, S. Kitts, begs to acknowledge the parcel of pictures and the kind letter sent to him by the very kind friend who signed herself 'A Well-Wisher;' but having found that the parcel belonged to a brother priest instead, he has forwarded it to its right owner, who, he feels assured, will be as thankful as he was when he thought that it really was his.

Contributions for the Orphanage of Mercy and Convalescent Home will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell, Secretary Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application.

Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

### NEW FIELD FOR EMIGRATION.

*The Editor of the BANNER OF FAITH.*

DEAR SIR,—In your January magazine you had an article headed as above. Some relatives of mine who went out to New Zealand last year give glowing accounts of that part of New Zealand in which they have settled. This is Kati Kati, in Auckland. The climate leaves nothing to be desired. The vegetation is very luxuriant, most of the trees are ever-green—peach and other fruit trees growing almost wild, and producing large crops with very little attention. Strawberries can be gathered almost all the year round. Grazing appears to answer very well. Cows can be purchased at an average price of 4l. 10s. each; horses range from 2l. 10s. for Maori cattle, up to 12l. for good strong cart horses. Sheep from 6s. to 8s. each. Interest of money on good mortgages 7l. 10s. to 8l. per cent. per annum; but they report that they have no resident clergyman, service being performed only about once a month. The bishop, however, has promised if they can get any one with some private means to come out from Great Britain, that he will nominate him. It is a pretty church, I understand, at Kati Kati, near Tauravya, with a house and ground, and the income 120l. per annum. I shall be very glad to hear from any clergyman willing to go out—Care of Messrs. Saunders & Co., 68 Coleman Street, London, E.C., and to give any further information in my power. I am, &c.,

JOHN S. ANDERSON.



## The Apostles' Creed.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of MOULSOE.

### Second Sunday after Easter (MAY 9).

From Thence He shall come to Judge the quick and the dead'—*The Judgment*.—Revelation xx. 11-15, 2 Cor. v. 10.

#### A. Facts about The General Judgment.

- I. Time { 1. only known to God.—S. Matt. xxiv. 36.  
2. sudden.—S. Mark xiii. 35, 36.  
3. unexpected.—S. Matt. xxiv. 38, 39, 44.

- III. The Judge { *a.* God.—Rev. xx. 12.  
= Jesus { *b.* Man.—S. John v. 22, 23.  
who is { *c.* just.—Gen. xviii. 25.  
          { *d.* merciful.—2 S. Pet. iii. 9.

II. Place—Mount of Olives?—Zechariah xiv. 4.

- IV. The Judged  
= all mankind—*i.e.* 1. those quick.—1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.  
2. those dead.—Rev. xx. 12, 13.

- V. The Accusers. { *a.* Books.—Rev. xx. 12.  
                      { *b.* Satan.—Zech. iii. 1.  
                      { *c.* Conscience.—Romans ii. 15, 16.

VI. The Sentence—'eternal, that is, 'everlasting.'—S. Matt. xxv. 46.

#### B. 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

- First—by *Repentance*—for the past.—Ezekiel xxxiii. 14-16.  
Secondly—by *Carefulness*—in the present.—1 Cor. xi. 31.  
Thirdly—by *Watching*—to the future.—2 S. Pet. iii. 11, 12, 14.

- C. 1. Whence, whither, when will our Lord come again?—From Heaven, to earth, at the last day.  
2. How will He come?—In the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.  
3. Why will He come?—To judge the living and the dead.  
4. What will He judge?—Our sins in thought, word, and deed.  
5. Why is our Saviour made our Judge?—Because as Man He was in all points tempted like as we are.  
6. What then is the character of our Judge?—Just and Merciful.  
7. How should we prepare for our Judgment?

### Third Sunday after Easter (MAY 16).

'I believe in THE HOLY GHOST'—*God THE HOLY GHOST*.—Acts ii. 1-22; Ephesians iv. 30.

#### A. THE HOLY SPIRIT:—

##### I. His Personality. Who He is—

1. not the Same Person as THE FATHER or THE SON.—S. John xiv. 26.
2. proceeding from THE FATHER and THE SON.—S. John xx. 22; Gal. iv. 6.
3. One God with THE FATHER and THE SON.—Acts v. 3, 4.

##### II. His Office—What He does—

- 1st. in the world—*Creator*.—Gen. i. 3; Psalm. xxxiii. 6.
- 2nd. in the Church—*Guide*.—S. John-xvi. 13.
- 3rd. in the Soul—*Sanctifier*.—Gal. v. 22, 23.

#### B. Our duty to THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- First—Recognise Him.—Acts xix. 2.  
Second—Receive Him.—Acts viii. 17.

- Third—Honour Him.—S. Matt. xii. 31, 32.  
Fourth—Follow Him.—Romans viii. 14.

- C. 1. Who is THE HOLY GHOST?—The Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.  
2. Why is He called 'Holy'?—Because His Office is to make holy.  
3. Why is He called 'Ghost'?—Because His Nature is That of a Spirit.  
4. How is He connected with THE FATHER and THE SON?—He is One with Them in Nature, and proceeds from Them in Person.  
5. Which is the Greater of the Three?—They are All Equal.  
6. How does THE HOLY GHOST come to us now?—By Baptism and the other Means of Grace in His Church.  
7. What has THE HOLY GHOST done for you, and what should you do for Him?

### Fourth Sunday after Easter (MAY 23).

'The Holy Catholic Church'—*The Church*.—Ephesians ii. 13-22; S. Matthew xvi. 18.

- A. Features of the Church. (Stated for us in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds.)
- I. 'One'—Eph. iv. 4. Yet the Church is torn by schism—S. Jude 19.
  - II. 'Holy'—Eph. v. 27. Yet the Church is defiled by sin.—Rev. iii. 17.
  - III. 'Catholic'—S. Mark. xvi. 15. Yet the Church has been slothful.—S. Matt. xiii. 25.
  - IV. 'Apostolic'—Acts ii. 42. Yet the Church has been corrupted by false teachers—Acts xx. 29-30.
- B. Our duty to our Mother Church is to restore the beauty of these four features.
- I. We must be united within the one true Fold.—Acts ii. 47.
  - II. We must be holy members of the Holy Body.—Eph. iv. 1.
  - III. We must be missionaries of the Catholic Church wherever we go.—S. Matt. xxviii. 20.
  - IV. We must accept the Apostolic Ministry.—Eph. ii. 20.
- C.
1. What is The Church?—The Body of Christ.
  2. When did we enter this Church?—At our Baptism.
  3. How must we abide in the Church?—By a true faith and a right life.
  4. Where can you find the Church on earth?—Wherever there is the pure Word of God and proper Sacraments.
  5. What does the word 'Catholic' mean?—Universal, or all over the world.
  6. Is this the same as Roman Catholic?—No, the Roman Catholics are only a part of the Church on earth.
  7. Is the Church anywhere else than on earth?—Yes, in Paradise already and hereafter in Heaven.

### Rogation Sunday (MAY 30).

'The Communion of Saints'—*The Saints*.—Rev. vii. 9-17; S. Matt. v. 1-10

- A. Saints on earth have Communion.
- I. Persons with whom we may have Communion:—
    1. God.—1 S. John i. 3.
    2. Angels.—Heb. i. 14.
    3. The faithful departed.—Heb. xii. 23.
    4. Christians on earth.—Rom. xii. 5.
  - II. Means by which we may have Communion:—
    - a. Faith.—Eph. iv. 5.
    - b. Good works.—Gal. vi. 10.
    - c. Love.—1 S. John iii. 14.
    - d. Prayer.—Heb. x. 25.
    - e. Sacraments:
      - { Baptism.—Rom. vi. 4.
      - { Holy Communion.—1 Cor. x. 17.
- B. We must preserve our Communion with all Saints.
- First. We must love them.—Col. i. 4.
  - Second. We must succour them.—S. Matt. xxv. 40.
  - Third. We must imitate them.—Heb. xiii. 7.
  - Fourth. We must remember them.—Heb. xii. 1.
  - Fifth. We must pray for them.—2 Tim. i. 3, 18.
- C.
1. What is meant by The Communion of Saints?—That all holy persons, alive or dead, are joined together.
  2. How are they joined together?—In one Body, which is the Church.
  3. Who is it that holds the Church together?—Christ, Who is the Head of the Body.
  4. Who is it that creates the Saints?—THE HOLY GHOST, The Sanctifier.
  5. How may I leave the Communion of Saints?—By sin, which makes me unholy.
  6. Where are the Saints now?—On earth and in Paradise.
  7. Where will they all be hereafter?—In heaven for ever.

\* \* \* The complete *SCHEME* of these Instructions on the Apostles' Creed, arranged for the Sundays from Advent to Trinity, is now printed. It is in the *Leaflet* form, price *1d.*, and can be had of the Publishers.

## MEDITATIONS ON GENESIS.

By E. H. MITCHELL,

Author of 'GRAINS OF WHEAT.'

Crown 8vo. Bound in cloth, 2s.

CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION,

6 PATERNOSTER ROW.

"These meditations are a very Golconda of holy and beautiful thoughts. Serviceable not only for use as meditations, but also for sermons and addresses, we venture to predict for this work a career of usefulness. We hope that Miss Mitchell will at some future day give us a further instalment of meditations on Old Testament types, incidents, and characters."—*Church Review*, March 12.

"'Meditations on Genesis,' by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell (Church Extension Association, 6 Paternoster Row, London), is a thoroughly useful book. Meditation is to many people one of the most difficult of their religious duties; especially meditation on the more familiar truths of God's Word. If this book is used carefully for a few weeks, we can promise that half the labour of making a meditation will disappear. One example of the method of treatment may be given:—*Subject*, 'The hatred of Esau.' *Picture*, Esau watching Jacob. *Prayer* for grace to resist envy and jealousy. *Consideration*, Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father had blessed him. *Application*, 'Is there any hatred in my heart; if so, what am I doing to check it?' *Affection*, 'O LORD JESUS, Fountain of love, let me have no part with Thine enemies.' *Resolution* to act and speak kindly. *Thought*, whose hatred his brother is a murderer. The above is much abbreviated, but will give our readers a fair idea of the general plan. There are a hundred such meditations in the book."—*Scottish Guardian*, March 12.

## MEDITATIONS ON EXODUS.

By the same Author,

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED.

## 'Echoes.'

CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION,

6 PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price One Halfpenny Weekly. Sixteen Pages.

'A Church weekly illustrated newspaper or magazine, we hardly know which to call it, for it partakes of the characteristics of both; nicely printed, with one good woodcut and all the letter-press, which consists of stories, comments on occurrences of the day, and such like, well chosen and interesting. We are glad to see that "Thoughts for Sunday" and the Church seasons are not forgotten, and, altogether, "Echoes" seems to us to realize in many ways what a serial for Church folk of the poorer class should be. We wish it a good circulation and much success.'—*Literary Churchman*, February 26.

'Anyone who is in search of a very cheap Magazine will find "Echoes" just what he wants. It is published weekly at the cost of one halfpenny. It contains stories, Church Extension news, notes of events, all printed in good clear type, in a handsome quarto form.'—*Guardian*, March 3.

A NEW SERIAL STORY, ENTITLED

BY NORTHERN SEAS,

By MARY BELL,

Was commenced on February 20, and will be continued throughout the year.

'The writer knows well the places and people she describes, and writes well about them.'

## J. THEOBALD & Co.'s PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OFFER  
EVER MADE,

and thoroughly genuine. The most wonderful value ever given for money, and produced only by the utter stagnation in every branch of Industry, inducing the various manufacturers to combine with us in giving such value as has never before been offered.

READ CAREFULLY

This advertisement, as you have never before had the opportunity of obtaining so thorough and genuine a bargain. OUR PRIZE PACKETS OF STATIONERY contain a handsome Leatherette Combination Writing Case, made of Imitation Crocodile Leather, and fitted with compartments for writing paper, envelopes, stamps, &c.; also twenty-four sheets of superior writing-paper; twenty-four cream-tinted envelopes, a handsome penholder and pencil, with rackwork adjustment; ink-eraser, blotting-paper, elastic securer the perplexing 64 and 65 puzzle, a new puzzle, perplexing everyone, and sold separately at 6d. each at shops; and, by special arrangement with a large publishing house, a 4s. copyright song. Our Packets of stationery contain all the above, and will be sent, post free, for 2s. 3d. It will at once be seen that this is most extraordinary value for money, and yet we guarantee all these for 2s. 3d. Then, in addition to this, we give gratis in every Packet a prize—Watches, Rings, Brooches, Pipes, Gold Pencil-cases, &c., as below. This we give away.

THIS IS NO LOTTERY.

Every person gets a prize gratis. Every person stands an equal chance of getting a Silver Watch, a Gold Ring, or other valuable prize. 500 Packets are got ready at a time, a prize is put in each Packet. Then the Packets are all fastened and tied up and mixed about till nobody can possibly tell what prize is in any Packet. The Packets are then piled up in rows, and as the orders arrive are got off strictly in rotation, so everyone stands a chance of

getting 10 times the value of their money while everybody gets more than full value. This offer may never appear again, and you should therefore send at once.

All Packets are sent, free, by parcels post at the following prices;—One for 2s. 3d., two for 4s. 3d., three 6s.  
The Coupon must be cut out and sent to us with all orders, otherwise we will not guarantee to supply as above.

'BANNER OF FAITH' COUPON.  
This Coupon entitles the holder to Prize  
Packets of Stationery at above prices.  
Signed,  
J. THEOBALD AND COMPANY.

We guarantee to put in every 500 Packets, 4 Real Watches, 4 Real Gold Rings, 12 Real Gold Pencil-cases, 30 Good Briar Pipes, Silver-mounted and otherwise, 6 Silver Brooches, 6 Silver Lockets, 5 Silver Bracelets, 12 Silver Scarf Pins, 6 Sets of Magic Lanterns and Slides, complete, 20 Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, 20 Ladies' Ditto, 50 Pipes (as advertised by us at 1s.), 12 pairs Scissors, 12 Pocket Knives, and the rest in Packs of Playing Cards, Conjuring Tricks, Photographs, &c.

Special Notice.—This advertisement is copyright, and any person infringing the same will be prosecuted.

LONDON RIOTS,  
VERY SPECIAL.

At great expense we have had prepared 6,000 beautiful Photographs, mounted on glass and enclosed in Ivorine, representing the London Riots. Showing the excited mob marching through the streets of London waving the Red Flag. For this occasion only, one of these will be given to every purchaser of our Prize Packets.

## J. THEOBALD & CO.

(ESTABLISHED IN KENSINGTON OVER 50 YEARS),

6 & 7 Bath Place, Kensington High Street, Kensington, London, W.

No Lady in Great Britain ought to buy Dress Materials or Silks for Spring or Summer without seeing Samples from

# THE MIDLAND DRAPERY STORES

59 & 60, HIGH STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

KENNETH WILSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND SHIPPERS.

KENNETH WILSON & Co. have the pleasure to inform their many patrons that their **SPRING AND SUMMER STOCKS** are now replete with extensive quantities of the newest goods in Dress Materials, Mourning Materials, Silks, Satins, Mervs, and other new goods. They venture to say that their charming varieties of new goods will astonish and delight every one. The prices will be such that they will suit the pockets of rich and poor, and the shades are simply superb. They also wish to intimate that most of the goods are exclusively their own, and cannot be procured from any other establishment. All Patterns will be sent Free by Post. Write for patterns of the Stores' New Dress Fabrics, which include all the most beautiful productions of England, Scotland, France, and Germany, and range in prices from 4d. to 3s. 11d. per yard. Write for patterns of the Stores' New French Cashmeres, lovely colourings, the high-art shades are simply perfection. Write for patterns of Black and coloured Silks, Satins, Mervs, Duchesses, &c. A magnificent range to select from; the prices will compare favourably with any other house in the kingdom. Write for patterns of the Stores' Lovely Patterns for Spring, including all the newest novelties from 2d. to 2s. per yard. You have only to see these goods, the orders are bound to follow. Write for patterns of the Stores' New Lawn Tennis Materials. Write for patterns of the Stores' New Summer Mourning Materials, including a lovely lot of loop and tufted cloths. Write for patterns of the Stores' Celebrated Black English and French Cashmeres. These goods cannot be equalled under 10 per cent. more anywhere. Write for pattern cases of the Stores' Celebrated White Calicoes, Huckabacks, Glass Towellings, Sheetings, and any other household goods you may require. Write for patterns of Velvetens. Write for patterns of New Silk and Plush Trimmings for summer. Write for patterns of Princess Gowns, Lace, &c. Gentlemen are particularly requested to write for patterns of the Stores' Beautiful Summer Suits, Trousers, Black Diagonal and other Coatings. You will save 45 per cent. by buying all your goods through this source. Ladies are particularly requested to write for patterns of the New Summer Cloths for Mantles and Jackets, including Tufted, Bouclé, and French Ottoman Cloths, lovely Brocaded Silks, and all Friczo goods, and a lovely lot of Mantle and Jacket Silks. You are particularly requested to send 3 stamps for the Stores' Illustrated Drapery Guide, which contains a summary of every department and 100 Illustrations. Special Parcels for Spring and Summer wear. Send for a sample parcel and compare the quality with goods from any other establishment, even those from establishments of peculiar distinction. This is the only firm which has carried the Great Parcel system to a successful issue. All goods amounting to 20s. and upwards, Carriage Paid to any part of England and Scotland, and to Cork, Dublin, or Belfast, for Ireland. Goods for abroad packed securely and delivered free to any Port in the British Isles. P.O.O.'s and Cheques payable to KENNETH WILSON & Co., Birmingham. Cash or Notes can be sent in Registered Letters.

### THREE SPECIAL PARCELS.—When writing, please mention the BANNER OF FAITH.

**No. 1.**—Stores' Special Merveilleux Silk Parcel contains—13 yards very choice quality All-ilk Black Merveilleux, wear guaranteed. Ladies' choice quality Edelweiss Lace Plastron. 1 Real Leather Companion Needle-case, containing 200 gold-eyed needles, including darning, crewel, chenille, rug, and sewing. 1 pair 4-button Tan Promenade Kid Gloves, heavy stitchings, any size. 1 beautiful Striped Underskirt. 3l. 5s. the whole lot, carriage paid. The silk in this parcel can be had also in any shade a lady may require.

**No. 2.**—The Stores' Special Dress Parcel contains—8 yards fine quality Cashmere, all shades and black, 40 inches wide; 2½ yards Rich Striped Silk to match for trimmings; 3 dozen beautiful quality buttons to match dress; 1 pair fine quality French Kid Gloves, 4-buttons, black, dark shades, and tans, all sizes; 1 very choice

Ladies' Italian Silk Neck Square. 1l. 1s. 9d. the whole lot, carriage paid. Take particular notice of the goods in this parcel.

**No. 3.**—The Stores' Special Linen Parcel contains—1 beautiful quality real Irish Linen Double Damask Table Cloth, 2 yards square, lovely floral design; 1 choice quality real Barnsley Linen Breakfast-cloth, Queen's Household design; 6 very choice quality White Double Damask Irish Linen Table Napkins to match white cloth; 6 yards fine quality Checked Linen Glass Cloth; 6 Round White Irish Linen Doyle's, fringed; 1 beautiful quality Double Damask Irish Linen Sideboard Cloth, fringed; 6 choice quality pure White Irish Linen Huckaback Towels, worth 1s. 2d. each. 1l. 5s. 6d. the whole lot, carriage paid.

## X THE ANTHEMIC X HOP PILLOW, A WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Acknowledged by the highest medical authority to be unique in its action, certain in its effect, and one of the greatest boons known to modern times. Noxious sleeping draughts with their ill effects, in fact, sedatives of every kind, can now be dispensed with;

### THE HOP PILLOW supplying their place by giving sound and NATURAL SLEEP,

stimulating the brain, invigorating and strengthening the nervous system, and bringing back that vital power which was thought to have been irretrievably lost. Sent free on receipt of P.O.O., or stamps for 7s. 6d., or 10s. 6d.

Address: B. F. WESTON,  
THE LONDON & COUNTY MEDICAL DRUG Co.,  
X 4, BURY COURT, ST. MARY AXE, LONDON. X

### Nourishing Receipts for Invalids.

Revised and greatly Enlarged Edition.

This collection of selected and original Receipts has been carefully tried, and it is believed that it will be found useful and acceptable. Price 3d., or post free 3½d.

A. MITCHELL, 6, Paternoster Row, E.C.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

## THE QUIVER, AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING. MONTHLY 6d.

'Best of all the Magazines devoted to Sunday reading.'—*Saturday Review*.

'THE QUIVER is widely known as one of the very best of Magazines.'—*Record*.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, and all Booksellers.

NOTICE.—A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE, giving particulars of nearly One Thousand Volumes published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, ranging in price from

THREEPENCE TO TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS,  
will be sent on request post free to any address.

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London.

Recently published, price 2d.

## THREE LITTLE LIVES.

An Illustrated Tale for the Young.

London: A. MITCHELL, 6 Paternoster Row, E.C.

## TRUE GOLD.

A Story of the Australian Diggings.

By H. A. FORDE.

In Cloth Gilt, and Illustrated, price 1s. 6d.

A. MITCHELL, 6, Paternoster Row, E.C.

### Infant Baptism.

Before the Reformation of the Church of England the Services of the Church were not to be found, as now, in one volume, but were in different books. Moreover, the same Services were not in use all over England, but there were various "Uses" in the different Dioceses. In other words, there was no "uniformity" as regarded the Services, but each Bishop had the ordering of the Services for his own Diocese.

In the Preface to the Prayer Book, "Concerning the Service of the Church," we find these various "Uses" referred to in the following words: "And whereas heretofore there hath been great diversity in saying and singing in Churches within this Realm—some following Salisbury Use, some Hereford Use, and some the Use of Bangor; some of York, some of Lincoln,—now from henceforth all the whole Realm shall have but one Use." Now amongst these various "Uses" of the Church before the Reformation, that of Salisbury seems to have been the most general; that is to say, the Service books in use in the Diocese of Salisbury were used in a great part of the Kingdom. We will therefore refer to this "Use" and ask, Was there any provision in these Services for the Baptizing of Infants? Was Infant Baptism a practice of the Church of England before the Reformation?

We have already said that the Services of the Church were not to be found in one book, but in many. Thus the Service for the celebration of the Holy Communion was found in the "Missal." The Services for the different hours were in the "Breviary." The "Pontifical" contained those offices which could only be administered by the Bishop, such as the Ordination and Confirmation offices. Another of these Service books was the "Manual." This contained the occasional offices, and it is with this that we have more especially to do now; for in it, among others, was the Baptismal Service. We ask then, Was the Baptism of Infants recognized by this Service book? The very fact that a Baptismal Service appears there would seem to prove that it was. But to set any doubts at rest, let the Service speak for itself. At the beginning of that Service the question was asked of the sponsors, whether the *child* had been already baptized. Again, in the Service is an address to the sponsors, in English, as follows: "God-fathers and Godmothers of this *child*, we charge you that ye charge the father and mother to keep it from fire and water and other perils, to the age of vii. years; and that ye learn, or see it be learned, the Lord's Prayer, Ave Maria and Credo, after the law of all holy Church, and in all goodly haste to be confirmed of my Lord of the Diocese."

Again (showing how necessary the baptism of children was considered in those days), this same Service enjoined that each parish priest should often, on the Sunday, set forth to his parishioners the form of baptizing, in order that, if need be, they might know how to baptize infants. The form which they were to use was this: "I cristene thee N. in the name of the Fader, and of the Sone, and of the Holy Gost, Amen;" sprinkling water on the child, or dipping it in the water thrice, or once at least.

These quotations are enough to prove that "Infant Baptism" was the practice of the Church during the use of this Service book. We ask now, When was this "Sarum," or Salisbury "Use," compiled? Concerning this there is little doubt, for history tells us. It seems that after the Norman conquest (1066) the best bishoprics in England were given to Norman Churchmen. These Normans brought with them into England a new style of chanting, which they endeavoured to force upon the Church of England in place of the ancient Gregorian chanting, which had been in use in England from the sixth century. The forcible attempt made by Thurstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, to introduce this innovation among the monks was resisted, and a scene of violence and bloodshed ensued. This outrage seems to have drawn the attention of Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, to the different services in use in the different Churches. When his new Cathedral was opened he undertook a revision of all the Service books in use. He collected together a number of Clergy learned and skilled in chanting, and carefully remodelled the existing offices; and so came about what has since been known as the "Use of Sarum," which was in general use in many Dioceses in England before the Reformation. This took place in the year 1085, that is, soon after the Norman conquest. This carries us back 800 years, or 500 years before the Reformation; and during these 800 years "Infant Baptism" was the undoubted practice of the Church.

But this "Service for the Baptizing of Infants" in the "Sarum Manual" was not a new Service; for it was, in turn, founded upon existing services, just as our present Baptismal Service was partly founded upon the Sarum.

We shall proceed, in our next issue, to show that "Infant Baptism" was the practice of the Church before the Norman conquest.

Sidesmen have been duly appointed at Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, who will, amongst other duties, look after the comfort of worshippers at the mother Church. This is an excellent move in the right direction.

The "Chronicle" printed a very valuable table of Sunday School statistics in the March number, which no doubt will be added to.

### Diocesan News.

The Metropolitan paid a visit to Saint John last month and confirmed a large class of candidates at St. John's Church. He also preached at the Church of St. John Baptist.

The Bishop Coadjutor has been looking after the interests of Carleton County again, and has also given a very interesting and instructive lecture before the Women's Aid Association, which was fully appreciated.

Rev. A. Hoadley and his family left for England from Halifax by the first steamer in May. We earnestly hope the sea voyage and rest may lead to a restoration of Mr. Hoadley.

Rev. T. E. Dowling and wife arrived safely at Liverpool after a tedious and stormy voyage. We are thankful to hear that our brother is fast recruiting his strength.

There seems a probability that Rev. Geo. J. D. Peters, now Vicar of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, will be appointed to the Rectory of Bathurst. No less than seven applications were made for the Parish.

It is at present unknown who will take the Parish of Moncton. This is one of the rising towns in the Diocese, and needs the work of a man who is head and shoulders above most of his brethren.

We are glad to learn that a Rector has been secured for Restigouche—Mr. Brown, from the Diocese of Quebec. We bid him God speed in his important work. The zeal of the Church people at Dalhousie has kept open the Sunday School during the vacancy.

Rev. E. J. P. B. Williams has removed from Grand Lake and been appointed Missionary in charge of Richmond, being as yet only in Deacon's orders.

Saint Mary's Church, Chatham, was adorned at Easter by a very handsome Altar, made of ash and walnut, by Messrs. Ross & McPherson, of Sussex, to whose advertisement in K. D. M. we call attention.

The Provincial elections, as might be expected, interfered much with the usual interest of Easter meetings, but a good many Parishes took advantage of the wise provision of the recent Church Act and held business meetings on Easter Eve.

### FAIRVILLE ITEMS.

The Pastor has, we are glad to learn, now removed to more convenient quarters near the Church, and we trust he will be happy and comfortable in his new house. Judging from the kindness which has been shown towards him the last few weeks by various members of his flock, it will not be their fault if he is not comfortable. His rooms show many signs of

their handiwork and forethought, especially of the ladies. In the study, dining room and bedrooms many willing hands have been at work, and the pocket books freely opened, and loving hearts, too; and the result is that many gifts have found their way into the clergy house. The sincere, heartfelt thanks and gratitude of the Pastor is offered to all those kind friends who have so nobly and generously contributed to his comfort. It is especially valued and deeply appreciated by him, being "a stranger in a strange land"

But not only has the Pastor's comfort been thought of. His horse also has received kind attention from the male portion of our flock. . . very warm and snug barn and stable has been built by Messrs. Lodge, Shanks and Golding, and as soon as he left the woods Mr. Knorr, who has always been willing to do what he could, set to in real earnest and helped to build the barn. To him also we owe our thanks for the cedar posts which have been hauled by Mr. Wolfe for the fence, which we hope to erect this spring. We must not forget to thank Mr. Read, who, as soon as his labours in the woods were over, kindly hauled lumber, etc. to the Church, and to many kind friends and willing workers we owe many sincere thanks.

Contributions received towards the Church, per Capt. Hamlyn: A. Cushing, Esq., \$5; F. Stetson, Esq., \$5.

His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor intends (D.V.) holding a Confirmation in this Parish on Sunday evening, May 16th.

Our worthy friend, Capt. Hamlyn, who so kindly helped us with the Xmas decorations, has again come forward and given a handsome walnut font cover, with the words, neatly painted in old English letters, on the base, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." At Easter we had our Church enriched by other Easter offerings, but of these we will speak in our next issue.

The young ladies of the choir have formed themselves into a sewing circle and hope to have a stall at the fancy sale which we intend (D.V.) holding in the School Hall at the end of May. Full particulars will appear in due course. On Thursday evening, April 8th, we had the privilege of listening to a very eloquent and instructive address given by Rev. O. S. Newnham, on the words, "What mean ye by this service?" and on Thursday evening, April 15th, the Rev. G. O. Troop gave an interesting and forcible address on "The Convictions of the Spirit." There was a baptism on the evening of the 15th, when three children received the Sacrament of Baptism, viz., Charles Tilley Titcombe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raynes, of Greenhead; Helen May, daughter of Robert and Fanny Carrier; and the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

## Parochial Items.

**CAMBRIDGE:**—The faithful of St. James' Church, Lower Jemseg, have hauled about 150 loads of stone for the new Church. We expect to have several woodboat loads of granite from the quarry, and with freestone trimmings we hope to have a place of worship at once neat, comfortable and catholic.

**HAMPTON:**—Rev. A. Hoadley, Rector of Moncton, who was formerly Curate in this Parish, has been visiting Rev. Canon Walker. He preached in St. Paul's Church on the 5th Sunday in Lent. Mr. Hoadley has many warm friends in the Parish of Hampton, who are truly sorry to hear of his ill health and early departure from the Diocese.

A desirable site has been purchased at Hampton Village for the erection of a Sunday School Mission Room. The sills are already on the spot, and it is hoped that building operations will soon be commenced. The Ladies' Sewing Society is moving in the matter, and hopes to bring the work to a successful termination. The Rector and Mr. William Otty are the Building Committee.

On Thursday, April 15th, the Rector administered the Sacrament of Holy Baptism to seven adults in St. Paul's Church. His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor spent Palm Sunday in this Parish, and administered the Sacramental rite of Confirmation to twenty-three persons, of whom 15 were males and 8 females. The Church was very crowded, notwithstanding the bad state of the roads. The service was a very solemn and impressive one, and the Bishop's words to the candidates most earnest and faithful. We feel sure that much good will result from this visit of the Bishop Coadjutor.

**GREENWICH:**—The Rector of this Parish, who has returned from his three months' trip, has requested the insertion of the following letter in lieu of an item of parochial interest, to which request we accede with pleasure:

THE ORPHANAGE OF MERCY,  
Randolph Gardens, Kilburn.

DEAR MR. PICKETT,

I must not delay any longer acknowledging your kind letter with its further token of kindness from the three little girls. How sweet of them to collect such a large sum as 25s. for the Convalescent Home! I have no doubt it gave them a great deal of pleasure, but not more than it has given us to receive it. I wonder whether they will ever see the Home. I hope so; and now, in return, we must do something for the little new Church that is being built, and we will send, when navigation is open, some articles of Church work for its adornment.

\* \* \* We are greatly interested in foreign missions, as you will have seen by "Our Work" and the "Banner of Faith," and we like to do what we can for missionaries. Praying that God will bless His Word through your ministry, and thanking the three dear children for their kind offering,

I remain yours very truly in Christ

CAROLINE HAIG,  
Sec. Foreign Missions.

Dec. 27, 1885.

**PETITCODIAC:**—A new venture, by way of mission work, is shortly to be made at Salisbury Station. We have rented a room, which the Metropolitan has consented to license for Divine worship, and after necessary repairs, such as plastering, have been completed, we shall place in the building, Altar, Font, Reading Desk, Lectern and fifty chairs, all of which have been made at very reasonable cost by Messrs. Ross & McPherson, of Sussex. We hope with a hearty service and cheerful singing to make the Mission Room attractive.

A few weeks ago we lost by death two of our Parishioners, who were buried at the same hour at the Portage—Miss Bella Davidson and Mr. George Arnold.

Our Choir at Petitcodiac is fast gaining in strength, and our Organist is improving in her playing every week.

**KINGSTON:**—The Sunday School at Clifton will shortly be re-opened after the winter recess, which, we regret to say, is unavoidable at present. We shall adopt either "Bethlehem to Olivet" or "The Manual of Christian Doctrine" as our course of instruction. The present prospect gives promise of a good attendance of scholars. During the past winter the comfort of our new Church has been much appreciated by our Church members.

**STUDHOLM:**—The inclemency of the weather and the bad state of the roads has rather reduced the average of attendance at Church during Lent, but the Church has been kept open every Sunday and every Friday, when the Parson has tried to stir us up to greater efforts in the spiritual life. Our worthy Sexton is always on hand and fills his high office well. One of the Church Wardens, who has been away at Quebec all the winter, has just returned. Our Church wants two coats of paint very much, and it is hoped some plan will soon be devised for the accomplishment of this very necessary work. Some shingling will have to be done before the painting is begun. Arouse yourselves, good people, and work!!

**SUSSEX:**—In spite of many hindrances, the Lenten Services have been very well attended. The general election could not fail to

disturb the minds of some during Holy Week, a time when we need all the quiet we can get; but we must bow to the wills of the great, and still do our duty. Our Sunday School seems to have received new life. The attendance is steadily increasing, and the interest shown in the work is greater. Several of the scholars intend to compete for the prizes offered by K. D. M. and are very eager and industrious. The Ladies' Sewing Society is doing remarkably well, and the weekly attendance is good.

**WATERFORD:**—At no time during the past three years has there been so much illness in this Parish as during the months of March and April of this year. Since March 25th four of the flock have departed in penitence and faith to join the Church Expectant in Paradise. God grant them rest and peace in the region of light. Services were held daily during Holy Week.

On Good Friday a "Three-Hour Service" was held in the Parish Church, beginning at one o'clock, p.m. The "Events of the Passion" were set forth by the reading of selected passages of Scripture and by means of pictures, while the consideration of each event was impressed upon the minds and hearts of the congregation by appropriate hymns and prayers.

The observance of Easter, the Day of Days, began with a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7 o'clock. There were 35 communicants at this celebration, though others received the Blessed Sacrament during the Octave. There was a goodly number present at Evensong, at 7 o'clock. Both these Services were very bright and hearty, and our souls have been greatly refreshed, in this celebration of the Resurrection of our Lord, by the heartiness of the singing and responding, while the beautiful flowers upon the Altar spoke to us of the resurrection and the life to come.

Two chandeliers, of four lamps each, came to add to the pleasure at Evensong, and their brightness was fully appreciated. One of these, the one nearest the Altar, was an Easter offering from our faithful organist, Miss Lidie McAfee, to whose love for her spiritual mother, the Church, we, as a congregation, are indebted for very much. The other chandelier was the gift of Mrs. E. M. Richardson and Miss Smith. The two banners on the East wall are a token, though by no means the only one, of Mrs. McAfee's love and care for the Sanctuary.

On Tuesday evening in Easter week, the Hall was well filled with men, women and children to take part in a Service of Song, the subjects of which were "The Suffering, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Blessed Lord." The children did their work

well, and though they deserve much praise themselves, yet their success was in a great measure due to Miss Smith's patient and careful training of them. The silver collection at this service amounted to \$6.71. After the service the children and the older ones, as Jackanapes would say, "spent their money like men" at the refreshment tables provided by some of the faithful women. The total amount realized was \$19.29.

**ST. MARK'S (SUSSEX):**—Services were held in the Mission Room at 9 o'clock a.m. daily during Holy Week and the Lectons at these services were on the "Growth of the Christian Soul."

On Easter Day, Matins was said at 10.30 and the service was a bright and hearty one. II—'s Te Deum was sung for the first time, and it, as also the carols, went very briskly and smoothly. The celebration of the Holy Eucharist followed immediately after Matins, and 24 partook of the Most Holy Mystery of our Faith. The progress which our young choristers have made in the past year is most encouraging, and though this improvement is in a great measure due to their regular attendance at practice, yet they will be among the first to acknowledge that we are all greatly indebted to Miss Ada Macleod's faithful and steadfast use, in the Church's service, of the talent which God has entrusted to her. The beautiful and fragrant flowers upon the Altar were a sermon without words, and it needed but the holy touch of a child-like faith to transform the Altar adorned with flowers into the Tomb in the Garden, from which the blessed Lord, in His Resurrection Body, was issuing forth in glorious majesty to give life to those who were waiting for Him.

On Friday evening, April 16th, an informal meeting of the parishioners was held at the house of David Webster, Esq., when the Churchwomen formed themselves into a working party under the name of St. Mark's Guild. The only object of the Guild at present is to furnish funds for carrying on and extending the work of the Church in this Parish. It is most gratifying and encouraging to have so many proofs of the steadfast growth of the Church in the Parishes of Waterford and St. Mark, and by their forwardness in good works our people show their fidelity to the Church's teaching, that "Faith without works is dead," and that "By works a man is justified." We earnestly offer up on their behalf the prayer of Nehemiah: "*Remember them, O my God, concerning this, and wipe not out their good deeds that they have done for the House of my God, and for the officers thereof.*"

SUSSEX FURNITURE FACTORY.

**ROSS & McPHERSON,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**FURNITURE.**

Church Furniture a Specialty.

**SUSSEX, N. B.**

J. ROSS.

A. McPHERSON.

**COWIE & EDWARDS,**  
GENERAL  
**Insurance Brokers.**

88 Prince William Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**YOU WANT**

A preparation for Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, Sunburn, or Tan, and for Gentlemen to use after Shaving, one that everybody likes, and after once using it are never without it, then buy

**PHILODERMA**

Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

H. W. McCARTY, Wholesale Agent,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

**JOHN K. TAYLOR,**  
**Merchant Tailor,**  
UNION STREET, CARLETON,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Finest West of England and Scotch Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Special Prices to Clergymen.

RULES FOR SELF MEASUREMENT SENT BY MAIL.

**"Saint John Globe"**  
STEAM  
**Job Printing Department.**

✠  
**CHURCH PRINTING**  
A SPECIALTY.

✠  
Address all orders to

ELLIS, ROBERTSON & CO.

"Globe" Building, Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

**The Ladies' Sewing Society**

OF

**TRINITY CHURCH, SUSSEX.**

President:

MRS. CHAS. S. MEDLEY.

Secretary:

MISS BEER.

Orders solicited for Knitting, Shirt-Making, and all sorts of Underclothing.

Children's Coats and Dresses are also undertaken when desired, and a Good Fit guaranteed.

Gentlemen are provided with a Substantial Tea at 6 p. m. each day of meeting at the small cost of Ten Cents.

The Society meets Every Wednesday from 2 p. m. till 9 p. m.

Fee for Membership, 50 cents per annum.

All orders should be sent to the Secretary.

**PUTTNER'S**

**EMULSION.**

Is highly prized for its healing properties in all Lung Troubles, Wasting Diseases, and Nervous Affections, Physicians prescribe it and attend to the many cases affected by its use.

# TO ADVERTISERS.

## Rates Payable for Advertising.

SPACE 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ X 3 inches.....	\$5 00 PER YEAR.
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ X 3 " .....	9 00 "
5 $\frac{1}{4}$ X 3 " .....	13 50 "
7 X 3 " ..	18 00 "
One Column, .....	22 00 "
Or: Page.....	40 00 "

The Advertisements may be changed every three months without extra charge.

For further information, apply to

REV. J. R. DEW. COWIE,  
Waterford, N. B.