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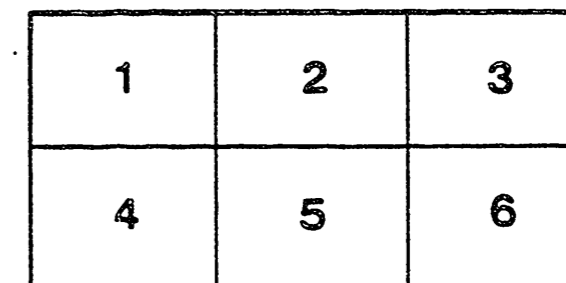
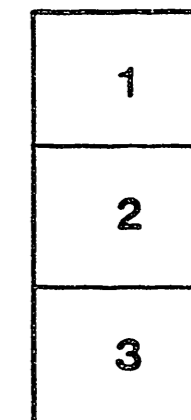
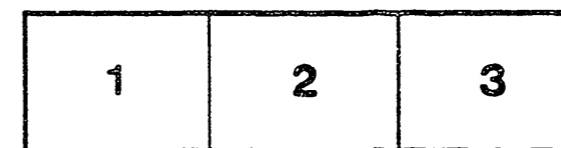
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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1, 1893.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a.m. ; on the third Sunday in the month at
8 a.m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. E. Sydney-Smith. Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods. Mr. S. R. Hesson. Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson,
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec-Treas., Mr. H. Patterson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson

Sexton,

Mr. H. J. Emms, Caledonia Street.

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Mr. Thos. Plummer, manager Bank of Montreal. Subscription Price—5-cents
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Parochial Organizations.

WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, _____; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Miss Irviné. No. of members, 31. Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, _____; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding-Secretary, Miss Dent. Members of the local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of members, 27.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Wm. Maynard; Treasurer, M. H. Westbrook; Secretary, R. Neild; Hospitality Committee, M. H. Westbrook and J. Squares. No. of members, 18. Time of meeting, every Monday at 8 p. m.

DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss B. Hesson; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss S. Watson. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencor and Fuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m.

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 27. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting every Thursday at 7 30 p. m.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

Sept. 3, William Emerton Rollinston, Harry Alexander Rollinston, Cyril Herbert Rollinston, Ray Winnifred Rollinston, Grange St.

Sept. 14, James Herbert Wall, Grange St.

Sept. 17, Albert Joseph Casson, Ontario St.; William George Warner, Princess St.; Thomas James Evans, Amos Morgans Evans, Henry Evans, Mornington St.

Sept. 24, Clarence Elliott Young, Merchants' Bank.

MARRIAGES.

Davis-Patterson: On Sept. 12th, Robert Brocklesly Davis, of Hamilton, to Mary Maud Patterson, city.

Schmidt-Hildebrandt: On Sept. 27th, Edwin Arthur Schmidt, of Rodney, to Clara Elizabeth Hildebrandt, city.

BURIALS.

Sept. 18, William Hinscliffe, Nilo St., age 9 years.

Sept. 19, James Herbert Wall, Grange street, age 5 months.

Sept. 19, Ellen Allen, Coburg st., age 51 years.

Sunday School.

The new books have at last been issued, and form a very valuable addition to the library about \$25 more remain for the purchase of books. This sum will immediately be utilized, and the books placed on the catalogue. Many old books have been re-bound, and generally the library presents just now a very prosperous appearance.

We would remind parents of the importance of the Piano Fund Collection on the first Sunday in the month. The piano, rented or purchased, is a necessity for the Sunday School. But unfortunately the collections have not been quite sufficient during the last six months to meet either contingency. We therefore earnestly appeal to parents not to forget this monthly collection.

The General Synod.

At last we have one Synod to represent the Church of England in Canada. The meeting in Toronto was in every respect worthy of the occasion, characterized by great ability, Christian moderation, and high statesmanship. The scheme, as given in the last number of this Magazine, was adopted without much alteration, as its permanent constitution. Two solemn Declarations, however, were prefixed to it, the first guaranteeing the preservation to diocesan synods all the rights now vested in them, the other defining the position of the Canadian church as an integral part of the Church of England, bound by her Articles and Prayer Book. Henceforth all Metropolitan will be styled Archbishops of their Sees, and the President of the General Synod is styled The Primate of all Canada. Bishop Machray, of Rupert's Land, is our first Primate.



JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

Author of "A Good Position," "Nellie's Firstfruits," "Miss Priss," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE LOVE OF GOD."



WHILE Ruth and Stella, engaged in affectionate and confidential chat, were climbing the hill towards the Old Hall, Timmy Brodie, washed and shining as regards head and hands, and with as much superfluous soot as possible shaken from his clothes, was seated in dignified state in the Vicar's study. In spite of the comfortable chair in which the Vicar had placed him, it could scarcely be said that Timmy felt at his ease. The unwonted surroundings took from him much of the effrontery with which Nature, and his mode of

life, had liberally endowed him. A little tray stood on the corner of the writing table, bearing a teapot and two cups, and at the moment Mr. Denman was adding to Timmy's confusion by pouring out a cup of tea for him. "Sugar, Brodie?" he demanded, holding the sugar-tongs in his hand; "or perhaps you prefer to help yourself?" "No, sir, thank you, sir; I'd rayther not; whatever you please to give me, sir;" and Timmy backed away from the proffered sugar bowl in alarm.

"Then I'll treat you as I do myself, two pieces to the cup, and I hope you will like it."

The refreshing cup having been emptied and replenished, Timmy waxed bolder. "I'd like to know your opinion on things in general, sir," said Timmy anxiously. "You see, this is how 'tis: if folks is to run in double harness, 'tis all the same as 'osses. They must pull together; and if I don't 'zactly know how you're going to pull, and which way you're going to pull, why, I'm a bit in the dark, don't you see?"

"I'm afraid if you want to know my opinion of things in general, Brodie, we shall have to sit here for a longer time than either you or I have to spare; but I quite agree with you in your simile about the horses. 'Can two walk together except they be agreed?' asked the old prophet; and the question is as pertinent now as it was all those years ago. You came forward last night and offered me your assistance, and now I am glad to find that you wish to know the opinions of the man whom you have offered to help. But there is one thing that I must say about this running double. When horses are in harness, they are, as a rule, being driven; they have to trust to the guidance of the coachman. Now, who is to be our coachman, Brodie? There must be the guiding will, and hand, and we must obey it. Who is to be the coachman?"

Brodie pondered. "Well, sir, I can't 'zactly answer that question; 'tis a bit of a poser. P'raps we shall each drive ourselves; we've each got our own idees, I take it, to guide us by."

"That won't do, Brodie; our own ideas may not run on the same lines,

and we may bring our coach to destruction between us. We must have a better guide than that."

"Well then, sir, what d'ye say to Public Opinion?"

"Public Opinion is a many-headed monster, Brodie. Our movements, I fear, will be very unstable if we are swayed by it."

"Then I gives it up, sir! I leaves it to you to give the name to the coachman."

"What was it induced you to promise to stand by me and act with me?" asked Mr. Denman. "Wasn't it the fact that you thought I had the welfare of the poor and needy at heart? And you had their welfare at heart, too. To whom, then, should we look for guidance but to the One to whom we owe every good and pure feeling in our hearts?"

Timmy shuffled uneasily in his chair. He had said, "in church and out of church," and now it seemed as if church was being brought down to him in the study. It had been a favourite phrase for him to use, that "Pa'sons was cowards; they preached at the poor man when in the pulpit, where nobody could answer them, but they would be afraid to say the same thing to a man face to face." And yet here was this parson quietly sitting down and giving him the chance of replying to his utterances.

"But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" said Mr. Denman. "I think that is the coachman we need, Brodie; *the love of God* must be our guide, or we shall do little good."

"Well, sir, I said I'd leave it to you to name the coachman, and so you shall," answered Tim; "but there'll be a mistake somewhere, if you reckons upon me havin' much o' this world's goods."

"We may have goods in other forms beside gold and silver, Brodie. It seems to me that you have them

in the form of a strong mind, a ready tongue, a good judgment, and in the power of being able to make men listen to you. With the love of God to guide you, these are valuable gifts indeed!"

A glow of intense gratification spread, not only over Timmy's countenance, but over his whole body. Praise like this from Mr. Denman was praise indeed; the sweep's heart warmed and softened; he felt that this was a man whom he could indeed stand by, for he knew how to appreciate him. There was a suspicious huskiness in his voice as he answered,

"You're very good, sir, to say so, and I'll bide by you, as I said. I leaves it to you, sir, to give the word, and I'll answer to it; you may trust me that far."

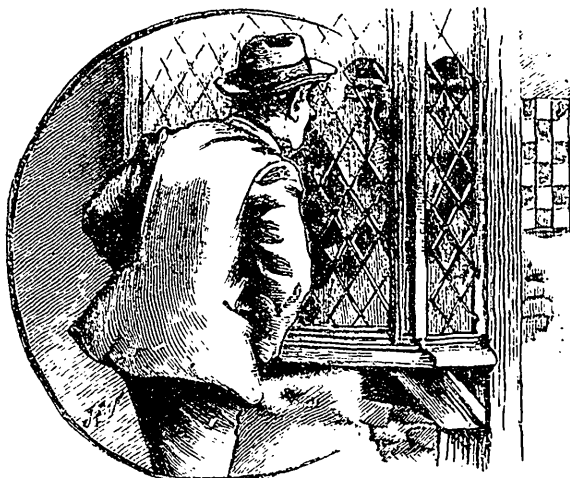
It was strong evidence of how much the personality of Mr. Denman had been impressed upon Timmy. The man was conceited and doggedly obstinate. As a rule, he bowed to no man's opinion; he was "a law unto himself," and a law which heretofore nobody had been able to gainsay; and yet the few gentle words which the Vicar had spoken had melted him at once, and he honestly meant what he said in stating that he would be entirely guided by Mr. Denman.

The two had a long talk that evening. If the Vicar was not able to express the whole of his opinion on "things in general," he was at least able to let Timmy see what manner of man he was. To an observer, the appearance of the two men would have presented a striking contrast—Mr. Denman, refined and gentle, possessing all the better qualities, endowed by birth and education; Brodie, small, active, alert, and, as his face told, obstinate to a fault; yet as he sat listening eagerly to his companion's words, little by little the brute element seemed to melt away, and leave a better and a manlier man in its place.

Timmy walked home in a very meditative frame of mind that night.

He pondered much as he wended his way towards his lodgings; he felt that there was some strong guiding power which influenced Mr. Denman, but under whose spell he had not himself fallen. He paused outside the window of the little inn at which he always took up his abode when in Bruntdale, and listened for a moment to the noise and laughter going on inside; he could distinguish the various voices of his own special cronies, and instead of desiring to join them, and to take his place as leader in the joviality, Timmy felt a shrinking from them which surprised even himself. He walked off somewhat moodily, filling his pipe as he went, and paced round the village green.

"Bother it all!" he exclaimed at length, "pa'son's right, I believe; 'tis the love of God, and that's what he's got, and that's what I wants. There was poor old Mother Brooks; why, she was as poor as poor. I've know'd her lie on that bed of her'n for days wi'out a scrap o' fire, and precious little to eat, and yet she was always bright; and I says to her one day, 'What makes you so bright and peart, mother? You haven't got nothin' as I knows on to look so glad about.' 'Yes, I have, Tim,' she says; 'I've got the love o' God to make me bright, and keep me warm;' and that's what makes pa'son look so glad. I sees it right enough. He does good to others 'cos the love of God puts it into his heart. I used to get up and talk big to 'em 'cos I liked to spout. 'Tain't the right way, Tim Brodie," he continued, "'tain't the right way; I sees it now, and somehow or other I means to alter it: if I'm going to be pa'son's man, I'm going to be like him, too. Let's see how I can fit things in. I must be off to-morrer



"HE PAUSED OUTSIDE THE WINDOW."

and finish up Naresdown way, and then I must go to Skirley. I promised to sweep the chimneys at Lawyer Dale's afore the week was out; but Saturday night I'll come back, and just see what pa'son's got to say for hisself on Sunday."

Timmy carried out his plan, and soon the villagers of Bruntdale learned to look for a washed and clean Timmy Brodie to drive into the village on Saturday, and for a still cleaner Timmy to appear at church on Sunday. At first he came in his sweep's clothes, but by degrees his sooty garments vanished, and were replaced by others of a semi-nautical cut, of which, in the depth of his heart, Timmy felt exceedingly proud. Indeed, he had gone to the extent in extravagance to purchase a clothes brush, and every Monday morning the suit was subjected to a severe examination and brushing before it was again tied up in the red cotton handkerchief, which served as his travelling bag. But no thought of clothes or personal appearance interfered with Timmy's attention to the service; and his reverent demeanour was a model to the congregation. His responses were so sonorous, and his singing so hearty, that he began to be looked upon as only second to the organist in matters musical, and the circle round him

were inspired, by his example, to sing their best. The change was not only in the outward man. Timmy had set himself a model. He wished to be "like pa'son"; but as he listened to Mr. Denman's teaching a conviction stole upon him that there was even a higher model than the Vicar whom he must follow and copy; there was no sudden upheaval or conversion in his heart, but, little by little, old things, old friends, old amusements, lost their charm, and instead of them a love of goodness, kindness, and charity, had taken their place. Timmy knew now what it was to own the guiding power of the love of God.

But though he had loosed himself from his old ways, he had not lost that gift which made him a power among men of his own class. Although now his theme would be very different, and he had ceased to rail at governments and powers, he was still able to command an attentive audience. His manner was short and incisive, and he had a humorous way of putting things which compelled consideration. Though at first his old comrades shirked his company, and dreaded to hear him speak, yet by degrees they would gather round him again, and

many a word of warning and advice from his lips bore seed in after days.

When chimney-sweeping was slack, Timmy would lend a hand at the quay-side, or in the harvest field; and he had often found an excellent chance of pointing a moral, even while cracking a sly joke and raising a laugh. Among the other good things which his change of life had brought to him, was the friendship which had sprung up between him and the wheelwright's family.

The Sunday tea at Mrs. Harker's cottage passed into a regular institution, and no temptation would have drawn Brodie away from that pleasant meal. The friendship had its earliest foundation in the common admiration they both felt for the Vicar, and soon other points of mutual interest were discovered.

"Declare if you two don't talk like a book," John Harker would say admiringly, as he listened to an exchange of opinions between the two. "Pon my word now, 'tis a pleasure to listen to you; pa'son hisself couldn't 'spound better than you can, Timmy, and as to my old 'ooman, why, she allays was real smart to 'splain what ain't quite clear."

CHAPTER VIII.

STELLA'S RELATIONS.



STELLA was right in her conjecture that her father would soon be leaving home again. The great autumn race meeting at Doncaster was coming on, and Mr. Atherfield had heavy stakes on the St. Leger. Without any thought for his daughter or his household, he absented himself from home for a fortnight. Ruth was only too glad to avail herself of Abraham's offer to look after the house, on the Sunday after his departure, to take Stella with her to church. At first the young girl felt only curiosity, and stared around her

at the unwonted sight; but by degrees the solemnity of the service began to influence her. She tried to follow the prayers in Ruth's book, but it was not until Mr. Denman mounted the pulpit that she really settled down quietly,

and gave her full attention. That she did not understand one half of the sermon was true, but she was perfectly absorbed in trying to do so; the intentness of her gaze even attracted the notice of the preacher, who became conscious of the magnetic power of the big dark eyes so earnestly fixed upon his face.

"I like your church, I shall come again, Ruth," she remarked, as they turned their steps homeward; "but I don't understand it all, you must teach me; and, Ruth, you must get me a Prayer-Book; I see that everybody has one; Abraham must get me one at Skirley. He must drive over this week, and you must tell him where to go."

That evening, as they sat together by the fire, for the chill of autumn was creeping over the land, Stella said suddenly, "Read to me, Ruth; there are a lot of things I should like to know; read to me, and perhaps I shall find them out." Ruth complied willingly enough. She had frequently urged Stella to read, and amuse herself with books, but had found her very averse to doing so.

"She didn't care for books," she would declare; "she never meant to be a book-worm any more than father was. He always said that one was enough in a family, and mother read enough for all of them put together." She had managed to conceal from Ruth the fact that she could barely read at all. The latter had been reading aloud for some time, when, looking up, she noticed that tears were standing in the child's eyes, and slowly rolling down her cheeks, and it was some time before she could comfort her, but Stella resolutely refused to tell the reason for this unusual outburst of feeling.

The following day, in response to Stella's request, Abraham drove into Skirley, and brought back the Prayer-Book. For the first half-hour she was as pleased with it as a child with a new toy, but ere long she came to Ruth, and said sadly,—

"Ruth, do you know, I cannot read it?"

"Not read it, Miss Stella! Do you mean you cannot read at all?"

"Scarcely at all; that was what made me cry last night, when I heard you reading so nicely. I felt as though my heart would burst, when I knew that I could not do it; and now I have my beautiful Prayer-Book, and I cannot read it."

"But you can learn, Miss Stella. I will teach you, if you will let me, till Mr. Atherfield returns, and perhaps he will make some arrangements for you."

"Dear Ruth!" cried Stella, impulsively throwing her arms round Ruth's neck, "nobody is so good to me as you. I never knew till you came how ignorant I was."

Stella could scarcely bear to wait until the work of the day was over, and Ruth at leisure to commence her new duties of teacher; the child's soul had awakened, the first spark of womanhood was appearing, and it showed her that the life she had led up to the present was debased and grovelling. She had vague and indistinct cravings and longings for something higher and better, and the only way in which she could at present see any outlet for her aspirations was by learning to read.

Ruth was horrified to find that she must take Stella's "scarcely at all" in quite a literal manner, for beyond words of three or four letters, she could read nothing; but Stella threw herself into her new occupation with such ardour, and worked so hard, that before her father returned she had made considerable progress. Naturally endowed with excellent abilities, and now inspired with a burning desire to acquire knowledge and to be as other girls, she sat for hours together at her books. Ruth bustled to and fro in the kitchen, passing now and then at the little table by the window to make some explanation or answer a question; Stella would grow flushed and heated as she struggled with the

difficulties of spelling and pronunciation, or dabbled both fingers and copybook with ink in her endeavour to shape her letters properly. It was with difficulty that Ruth could persuade her to leave her studies and take exercise; and so great was the change from the free, open life which she had hitherto led, that it began to tell upon her, the bright colour in her face paled, and the bright eyes became heavy.

A letter announcing her father's intended return, with an order for Abraham to meet him at Skirley, broke the spell, and all that day she wandered restlessly about the house, unable to settle to her books, and speculating uneasily as to what "Dad" would say to her new studies.

"Perhaps he won't like it, Ruth," she would say. "I don't think he cares for learned people; but then, I'm not learned yet. You do think I am getting on though, don't you, Ruth, dear?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Stella; I think it is quite wonderful what you have done in the last two weeks. I believe you will turn out very clever if you will only keep to your books, and have somebody who understands teaching to help you."

"Nobody could help me like you do; but oh! I do so wonder what Dad will say. Will he be pleased, or will he be angry? Do you know, Ruth, I am half afraid to tell him."

Ruth pondered a minute, and then said, "I think you ought to tell him yourself, Miss Stella, or I would offer to do it for you, only your father will like to hear it from yourself first. I will speak afterwards if there is need."

Mr. Atherfield missed the boisterous welcome which Stella had always accorded to him, but he was conscious as she clung to him, that there was more of depth in the quieter greeting which she gave him.

"Why, what has my girl been doing to make her look so pale?" he exclaimed, as she lifted her head from

his shoulder, and gazed wistfully into his face, trying to read his mood, and to guess whether it was a happy moment to make her confession.

"I daresay you will say I have been very silly, Dad," she answered, as she rubbed her cheek against his arm. "Ruth has scolded me ever so many times; but I was so busy I could not go out; I have been learning to read. You won't mind, will you? I want so badly to be like other girls, and to know what they know."

Mr. Atherfield lifted her head and looked curiously and intently into her face; then he laid it back again on his shoulder with a heavy sigh.

"You're not angry, are you, father?"

"No, I'm not angry, only I don't think you will be any happier in being like other girls, or in knowing what they know, my dear; but I suppose these things must be. You're not a child now; and as you grow to be a woman you'll forget your Dad, and you are all he has got to love."

"Never, never, father! I shall love you to the end!" cried the child, flinging her arms about his neck, and kissing him passionately. "I've got nobody else to love but you—you and Ruth. She loves me too, but mother doesn't care. I shall love you always."

"Yes, child, love Ruth too; she is a good girl," said Mr. Atherfield.

"And Ruth says I must love mother; she won't allow me to say anything against her," continued Stella.

"Ruth is a good girl, different to others we have had here before, isn't she?"

"Oh, quite different! I feel as though I'd got a sister in Ruth," answered Stella with enthusiasm.

"Yes, she is a good girl. Do what Ruth tells you, only don't let any one drive your father out of your heart; never forget, Stella, you are all I've got to love."

A little later, when Ruth entered the room with the lamp, Mr. Atherfield spoke to her—

"So you have been turning governess, Ruth?"

"I have done what I could for Miss Stella, sir. She was anxious to learn, but she ought to have somebody else to teach her—a lady who understands more than I do."

"Nobody would teach me like you do, Ruth!" exclaimed Stella.

"There are a great many things that young ladies learn that I know nothing about, Miss Stella. You ought to have a governess, or else go to school."

twice a week for lessons? I have tried to think it all out. I—I—don't want to be impertinent, but when you and Mrs. Atherfield are away, I feel Miss Stella is in my charge, and I think a good deal about her; I want her to get some education."

"I'm not sure that you don't look after her better than either her father or mother," said Mr. Atherfield; "you shall make inquiries at Skirley for some one to give her lessons."

"And there is another thing, sir," said Ruth nervously; "I have gone



"MR. ATHERFIELD RESUMED HIS ANGRY MARCH."

"Oh! I couldn't go to school, and leave the dear old place, and Dad and you, Ruth. Why," reproachfully, "do you want to get rid of me in this unkind way?"

"Indeed I do not," answered Ruth, suddenly aware that if Stella left the Old Hall the brightness of her life would be gone; "all I want is for you to be taught properly."

"Stella doesn't want to go to school, and I'll have no governess here, so you'll have to be teacher still, Ruth."

"But, sir," said Ruth anxiously, "couldn't you send her into Skirley

to church at Brunddale while you have been away, and Miss Stella has gone too. She wishes to go again, but I felt I must speak to you; I could not take her without your knowledge."

Mr. Atherfield sprang to his feet, and paced the room with an expression on his face which made Ruth tremble.

"Let her choose," he cried at length, "between the church and me. If that parson gets hold of her, and puts ideas into her head, I'll never forgive him, or her either."

"Father, Mr. Denman wouldn't do

it; only last Sunday he preached on the duty of loving."

"If your love only comes from a sense of duty I want none of it; you must give me something better than duty-love,—that is too cold for me."

"Father!" cried Stella earnestly, "you know I love you better than anything else; if you say I must not go to church, I——"

"You wouldn't have Miss Stella grow up like a heathen, sir," interposed Ruth in a quiet, grave tone.

Mr. Atherfield resumed his angry march up and down the room, and at length, by a tremendous effort, he commanded his temper, and answered calmly,—

"You're a bold girl, Ruth, to stand to your guns in this way; 'tis not every one has the courage to face me, but you're right, girl, have your own way, take her to church. I don't believe she'll forsake her old father for anybody else. And see for some one to teach her. I've come home flush of money now. You shall have plenty to-morrow; you can be trusted; you shall keep it, so as to have something to fall back upon when I am hard up."

As soon as Abraham was at liberty to drive them into Skirley, Ruth and Stella went down to the little port to make inquiries for a governess, from whom Stella could receive lessons; but they were unable to find one who could take her. Then Ruth thought of Miss Cousins, a kind old lady, the daughter of a former Vicar of Skirley, and a close friend of Mrs. Merton's. By her they were advised to apply at a school which had recently been established, and where, according to Miss Cousins, all sorts of outlandish subjects were taught.

"We never wanted to know how many bones we had in our bodies when I was young," said the old lady, "and I have got along very well without any such knowledge; but I daresay it is needed now, all the women seem to be turning into blue-stockings."

It was very evident to Ruth that Mrs. Wright, on whom they next called, was surprised that a servant should have been sent to make arrangements with her. She inquired for Mrs. Atherfield, and on hearing that she was absent from home, said she would write to Mr. Atherfield.

"Father doesn't like to be worried about these things," interposed Stella; "Ruth looks after me. He said Ruth was to arrange; whatever Ruth thinks is right he will agree to."

But Mrs. Wright waved her on one side, saying she preferred to deal with principals; she would write to Mr. Atherfield when she had considered the matter.

"Ruth," said Stella, "shall I ever grow to be like that? If Mrs. Wright is a lady, I don't want to be one. Now that dear old Miss Cousins is nice, even if she doesn't know the number of bones in her body."

Both the girls waited impatiently for the promised letter from Mrs. Wright. Mr. Atherfield gave it to Ruth, telling her to settle the matter as she thought best; but an unexpected opposition was thrown in the way by Abraham, who declared that he could neither promise to drive into Skirley on set days, nor could he spare the hours which must be given by Stella to her lessons.

"I'd have to waste two whole days a week, and I can't do it!" he declared; "the master would never wish it."

Finding that Mr. Atherfield agreed with Abraham in the matter, Ruth thought of walking down to Bruntdale to make inquiries there, and, hearing of her destination, Mr. Atherfield sent a message by her to the wheelwright. "Tell Harker I have written to Kempstone to-day and sent him his money; so he may make himself easy, he will get his bond back in a day or two."

"There now, wife; what did I tell 'ee?" exclaimed John Harker when he received the message. "Didn't I say as Mr. Atherfield was a gentle-

PAGES

MISSING

side, the sun could be seen from a greater height, while hidden lower down.

Somewhat later, of course, the sun would have sunk so far as not to have been visible from the topmost peak of the mountain. For, as we all know, or ought to know, he has to journey the whole way round the world. After leaving England, he crosses the Atlantic to shine upon America; then he pours his beams on the Pacific, and travels over Asia; and so he gradually works his way round, till he once more rises in the English east and sets in the English west. Only, all this is, to some extent, a figure of speech, a mere popular phrase; because the sun does not really journey at all in the sense above mentioned. He does not travel round the world. So far as our Earth is concerned, he remains persistently in one place. It is *we* who move, not the sun, for that particular purpose—the making of Night and Day. The Earth whirls continually round and round, like a vast spinning-top; and, as she does so, each part of her surface in turn is presented to the sun, to be lighted and warmed by his rays.

Once in every twenty-four hours the earth revolves; and so, for most countries on earth, once in every twenty-four hours there is Day and there is Night. Far north and far south the days and nights grow rapidly longer; till at the two Poles we find a day of six months, and a night of six months, alternating. But other causes operate here.

If you have a lamp on a table in a dark room, and a large ball in your hand, you may see for yourself how the spinning of our earth brings about Night and Day. Hold the ball a little way from the lamp, and notice that one half of it is in full brightness, while the other half is in shade. Then turn the ball gently round and round, and each part of its surface in succession passes from shadow into light, from light again into shadow. With a globe the size of our

earth, and at so great a distance from its "lamp," the shadow becomes pitch darkness.

People sometimes ask, How can the world be always moving, and yet we do not feel it? The reason why we are not conscious of this motion is that it is perfectly even perfectly steady, perfectly noiseless. We are so accustomed to the rattle and shaking of vehicles made by man, that we can hardly understand any other kind of journeying. But in the swift calm whirl of Earth, no creak or rattle is ever heard, no jar is ever experienced. Moreover, things that are on the earth—people, houses, trees, hills, water, and air—all move steadily with the moving surface of our globe. We have, therefore, no outside objects by which to judge of our own motion, except the heavenly bodies. Naturally for a long while all motions were ascribed to them, instead of only some to them and some to our own earth. Notably it was so with this spinning motion.

Earth is not the only spinning body in space. The great Sun whirls upon his axis continually—as an orange might be made to whirl upon a slender knitting-needle stuck through its centre. The Sun's movements, like those of the earth, are entirely steadfast and uniform; and a single whirl occupies over twenty-six days. The little moon whirls likewise, but far more slowly; since, small as she is, she takes four weeks to accomplish a single complete "spin." All the planets revolve after the same fashion, each one upon its axis; some more fast and some more slowly. The huge body of Jupiter whirls round once in less than eleven hours; while Venus, which is about the same size as Earth, has also about the same length of day and night. Eleven hours divided in half give a very short day for work, and a very short night for rest. But if Jupiter has any inhabitants, which seems most unlikely in that planet's present heated and stormy condition, they are doubtless adapted to their surroundings.

(To be continued.)

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*



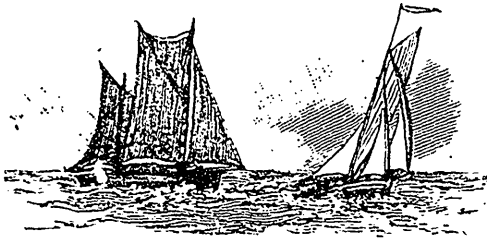
Split Peas Pudding.—1 pint split peas (average cost, 2½d.), 1 oz. butter (1d.), ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper (½d.). Total, 4d.

Soak the peas for twelve hours in cold water. Four hours and a half before the pudding is required tie the peas loosely in a cloth, put in a saucepan covered with cold water, and boil for three hours. Then pass through a coarse sieve or colander into a basin, stir in the butter, pepper and salt, flour the cloth, tie the pulp firmly in it, and boil for an hour. This pudding is usually served with boiled pork. The peas are extremely nourishing, but are deficient in fat, and for that reason are generally eaten with fat meat, to form the proper proportion of force and heat-producing food. Instead of the butter, an egg well beaten is often used, and sometimes both, if economy is no object.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER, *Author of "Fables for You," etc.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



"HOW slowly you do get on, to be sure!" said a trim little yacht, scudding before the breeze, to a heavily laden fishing boat returning to anchor in the bay. "I have been watching you for ever so long, and I'm sure I've done double the distance in the time."

"Very likely," said the fishing boat; "but you seem to forget that whilst you have everything in your

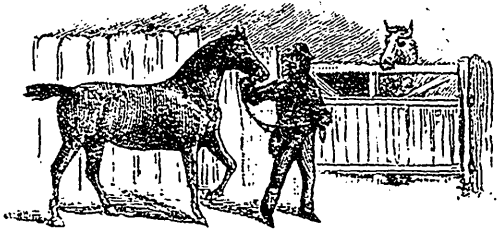
favour, I, with a heavy load on board, have to struggle against wind and tide."

A COMMON ERROR

"I'M so nervous, I don't know what to do," said a young horse, as he was being led on to the show-ground.

"There's no need, my dear," said an old mare, who was fastened to a gate-post outside: "take it quietly."

"It's all very fine to talk," said the young horse, "nobody's thinking of you; but the moment I get inside they'll all be making remarks about me."



"Don't disturb yourself, my boy," said the old mare. "I made the same mistake when I was your age, but I soon found out I had disquieted myself unnecessarily, for instead of thinking of me, they were all thinking of themselves."

GARDEN WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT out lettuce sown in August in sheltered positions. Cauliflowers in frames should have plenty of air in fine weather, but they should be protected from cold and wet weather. Thin winter spinach and loosen the earth round the roots with the hoe, keeping the beds also free from weeds. Earth up celery, keeping the hearts clear of earth. August sown cabbage will now be ready for transplanting into the beds where they are to remain. They may be planted in rows one foot apart, so that a portion of them may be used in April or May, and thus leave plenty of space between those left to grow. Before planting out the ground should be well dug and dressed with rotted manure. Dig up potatoes, also carrots and parsnips. These require to be kept dry and protected from frost.

Fruit Garden.

Gather winter pears and apples. In doing so care should be taken that they do not knock against one another, as if bruised they will not keep very long. They should be gathered in dry weather. Store them in a dry place where the frost cannot penetrate. Towards the middle of the month prune and transplant all kinds of fruit trees. Cut out all the old stems of raspberries which have borne fruit, and leave from four to five of the strongest of the new shoots in a clump for next year. Cut off the tops about eight or nine inches, and tie each clump to a stake.

Flower Garden.

Bulbs of all kinds should now be planted in dry weather after the beds have been properly dug and prepared. Divide perennials, and plant out biennials in the places where they are to remain. Dig borders, and clear away all refuse.

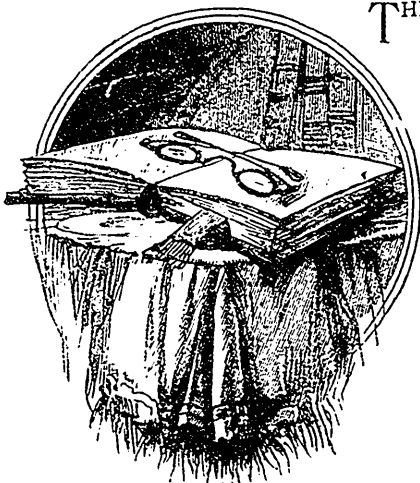


JOHN BRIGHT.—John Bright's favourite authors were Milton, Whittier, Longfellow, and Byron, and he loved to read their works aloud evening after evening to his children. He explored the bypaths of literature for undiscovered poets. His memory was stored with poems, which he would repeat as he drove along in his quiet journeys with his sisters or children through Scotland or Italy. "There is nothing," he used to say, "which gives so much pleasure as poetry, except little children."

"COMFORTABLE WORDS."

BY LAURA L. PRATT, Author of "Plucked from the Burning," etc.

"Come ye yourselves apart."—ST. MARK vi. 31.



THE Apostles had been very busy. They had been preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and healing the sick. Our verse tells us that "they had no leisure so much as to eat."

So anxious were the people to come and be healed that the Apostles had not time even to eat their meals.

In these days it is no uncommon thing for a busy doctor to be hardly able to find time to eat; and no wonder that when sick people could go to the Apostles and come away *cured*, that "many were coming and going."

The Apostles could not go on without the help of their Master, so "they gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told *Him all things*, both what they had done and what they had taught."

Then what did the Lord Jesus do? He took them apart.

Does He not act with us in the same way now? We may not recognise that it is His doing, but, nevertheless, it is. Perhaps the father or mother of a family, one who has

toiled early and late for the benefit of the children, and who has had no time for God's service, is laid on a bed of sickness; it is the Voice of Jesus, saying, "Come ye yourself apart." Just at first you may not be able to hear that it is the Voice of Love. Very likely you will say—

"Oh, why has this trouble come to me?" The father will think, "Who will earn the children's bread?"

The mother will think, "Who will look after the household affairs?"

But just tell Jesus "all things." As you lie on your sick-bed just speak to Him as you would to a beloved and trusted earthly friend, and remember that He will hear you.

Now, what did the Lord take His Apostles apart for? It was to "rest awhile."

Let your sickness be a time of rest. Yes, it may be that, even if it is a time of bodily suffering. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." If you could put all your affairs into the hands of some earthly friend, whom you knew was both able and willing to look after house, and children, and work, would you not gladly do it? Then trust all to your Heavenly Father, and leave the issues in His Hands. He is far more powerful than the greatest of human beings. "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Depend upon it that there is a "needs be" in your affliction. Do not miss the lesson that God would have you learn.

Where did the Lord Jesus take His Apostles? "Into a *desert place*." But He was with them; He did not *send* them there; He went with them. So He will be with you all through this time of sickness—able to support you in pain and weakness, able to make you patient in suffering, able to take care of all dear to you, "able to save," able to raise you up to health again, or to take you to dwell for ever with Him, "which is far better."

But all these promises are only for those who are His blood-bought children. The Apostles had accepted Him as their Saviour; each one knew what it was to have personally come to Him, and so must you. You must know Him as your *own* Saviour. He will enable you to come to Him, and He will receive you. Then do not delay; go to Him at once; never mind how feeble you are. He has said, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out."

Then all His promises are yours, all His comforts, all His love; and in sickness or in health, in joy or in sorrow, you will be able to say,—

"Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all, is well.

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well."

THE young men are the backbone of the country. If they go right the country will go right; if they go wrong the country will go wrong; and if they are neglected a day of reckoning will surely come.—EARL CAIRNS.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., *Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorset.*

27. PIE.

Heyt nis how lelt su veol nac die ;
 Thiw file lal retho sosnaips fyl,
 Lal thores rae tub nativy ;
 Ni veenha moibtian tonnac welld,
 Ron ravecia ni het vlauts fo lehl ;
 Raythel sheet sosnaips fo teh thear,
 Heyt rispeh wheer eyth haev thire thrib,
 Tub vole si indestrucbilet.

28. SQUARE WORDS.

- I. (1) A bird that appears at elections.
- (2) What children should do.
- (3) A Shakespearian king.
- (4) A stringed instrument.
- II. (1) An aquatic animal.
- (2) A girl's name (shortened).
- (3) A tiny bit.
- (4) Juvenile mutton.

29. CONUNDRUMS.

- (1) What word becomes longer by removing a letter ?
- (2) " " " shorter by adding two letters ?

30. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No greater names than these does Science know ;
 One lives, the other died twelve years-ago.

- (1) 'Tis sometimes eaten, sometimes learnt by heart.
- (2) 'Tis always bitter, always sour and tart.
- (3) A "Master" thus a Jew could understand.
- (4) An animal that lives on sea and land.
- (5) A number these two letters signify.
- (6) A time that never comes when night is nigh.

"PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS."

A TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,
Vicar of Upper Tooting, and Rural Dean of Streatham; Author of "Drifted Home," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"YOURS OR MINE?"



THE morning after the match Prior went up quite early to the sick-room, taking with him the half-sovereign.

As he approached the bed Glyde caught sight of it in his hand, and exclaimed—

"Hullo! have you found the ten bob?"

"Yes, I have found a half-sov., if that's what you mean," said Prior very quietly.

"Well, is it yours or mine that has turned up?"

"Exactly what I wish to know."

"Where did you find it?"

"Now, come; it's no good your shamming any more. The half-sov. dropped out of your pocket when I was taking your football togs off for you!"

"Then it *is* mine," said Tubbs; "that's exactly what I wanted to know, too."

"Yours! yours! You are not going to

lie about it like a little street cad, I hope?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Look here, Glyde. Sunday afternoon you have only three shillings, and you tell me you can't get any more for the testimonial. Monday morning you are alone in our study; my half-sov. disappears. Monday evening you put your name down for ten bob on the list. Tuesday afternoon the very sum rolls out of your pocket on to the floor. Seems to me that you are not only a thief, but a very clumsy one too. You've laid the scent pretty thick!"

Poor Tubbs went crimson, and then as white as the sheet he was lying on.

He saw it all in a moment. He knew that certain disgrace awaited him, whichever turn the matter took.

His first thought was to say he did steal the ten shillings, and throw himself on Prior's mercy.

No; he could not brand himself as a thief, even if only in the eyes of one boy. Besides, he had never yet told a deliberate lie. This reason, too, prevented him from saying his father had, after all, sent him half a sovereign, though the temptation was strong upon him. He dared not own to the bet, for he knew Prior and the head master well enough to feel sure that then both he and Mortimer would be expelled.

Long as it takes to put these thoughts into words, yet they flashed through Tubbs' brain in an instant of time; and he made up his mind to try and bluster through it.

"How dare you call me a thief, you abominable cur? You know you wouldn't do it if I weren't on my back! I'd thrash the life out of you!"

"Don't be an ass. I shall be delighted to hear any explanation you can give!"

"I sha'n't explain, you cad!"

Prior had a habit of growing provokingly cool and deliberate whenever any one else lost his temper. He now replied quite calmly—

"Permit me to say that I think your judgment is wrong."

"Think what you like, owl, mule, booby, *saint!*"

This last word in a tone of supreme contempt.

By this time Tubbs was really angry. He began by trying to be, but his own knowledge of his perfect innocence soon fired up his passion in earnest.

"Glyde, tell me where the half-sov. came from; and I will kneel down here and apologise for calling you a thief!"

"Find out for yourself, cad!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind; but I give you this choice. Tell me before



"HE LEANT UP AGAINST A TREE."

Saturday where you got the half-sov., or else I lay the matter before the Doctor. Meanwhile, I shall say nothing to any one. You can chatter about it as much as you like. I shall lock up the half-sov. in my desk."

"Thief yourself, and sneak, too!" almost roared Tubbs, as he seized the tumbler at his bedside and threw it at Prior's head.

He missed his aim; so Prior quietly stooped down, picked up the broken pieces of glass, put them on the fire, said "Good-morning, Glyde," and went out.

Tubbs soon cooled down when he was left alone, and began to realise more fully still how serious his position was.

In any case, he must be disgraced, expelled, and probably have his prospects injured for life.

Over and over again the temptation came to him to say he had stolen the ten shillings; but a small voice seemed to whisper, "Tubbs, two wrongs don't make a right." The more he thought, the more clearly he saw that the only way out of it was to confess to the having made the bet. But then—oh, the shame of the thing! When did he make it? Sunday night, with the Doctor's words ringing in his ears, with Prior's advice fresh in his mind! With whom? With the head of the school; the very boy who ought to have been the strictest guardian of the morals of the school. Why did he make it? Because he was

too proud to do less than others. What hope was there that he and Mortimer would not both be publicly expelled? Yes, one ray of hope—the other half-sovereign might turn up; then he could make Prior apologise, and drop the matter entirely.

While Tubbs was lying utterly wretched and ashamed of himself the school doctor came in, and, after examining the leg, told him he need not go into school, but might move about a little with a stick, if he felt inclined. The moment he was dressed he went into the study, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner again; even poking a piece of wire down a mouse hole in the vain hope of hearing something tinkle, and being able to prove to Prior that he was not a thief.

All in vain. Poor Tubbs! the half-sovereign is a mile away; put by as carefully as the one you had yesterday.

During the course of the morning, and while all the other boys were at work, he walked down to the match ground, and as he looked at it could not help thinking how happy he was the day before when playing for his colours; how utterly wretched now, feeling indeed as if he should never care to play a game again as long as he lived.

There was nobody near, so he leant up against a tree and burst out crying. He sobbed on so long that he never noticed a man coming towards him. It was one of the school servants, who was just recovering from a long illness. He was in trouble too, poor fellow. His wife's illness, his own, and the misconduct of a son, had completely scattered his savings; his false pride would not allow him to ask for the help which the masters would readily have given if they had known anything about his needs. So he suffered in silence, and the family were nearly starving. Tubbs was not aware of his presence till he heard him say—

"Well, Mr. Glyde, I didn't think you would take on like that over a bad leg."

Tubbs started round, uncertain at first

whether to be civil or sharp to Pritchett. But his trouble was too strong for him, and he was one of those warm natures to whom sympathy is very necessary; so he said—

"I'm not blubbing about the leg—that's nearly well already; but I'm in awful trouble."

"How's that?"

"I'm accused of being a thief."

"Never mind, sir, if you know you are innocent."

"I am, indeed I am; but, don't you see, I can't prove it."

"I can't understand that a bit."

"Well, it's this way. Prior has lost half a sovereign; it was bagged out of our study, you know; and then last night. Prior found half a sovereign in my breeches pocket when I was knocked down, and he thinks it's his."

"Surely there are more half-sovereigns than one in the world."

"Yes; it's beastly insulting of Prior to charge me."

"But can't you show him how you got the half-sovereign?"

"That's the difficulty. I'm bound to another fellow not to tell. And you know school-boys are precious particular about that sort of thing."

Notice carefully that this was all true, and yet what a false impression it gave, because it was only half the truth.

"I'm afraid I can't help you then, for I can't even understand why you should be suspected."

"No; it's a jolly shame!" and with that Tubbs burst out crying again, as he felt what a hopeless tangle he was in, and how his shuffling attempt to ease his mind had only made him feel his sin more deeply.

While he was crying Pritchett walked quietly away, thinking over something apparently not very pleasant, judging by the look of his face, and by the words "Young rascal, young rascal!" which he muttered to himself several times.

(To be continued.)

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY THE REV. JOHN S. DEAN, B.A., *Senior Curate of St. James', Shirley, Southampton.*

BEHOLD a scene of pure delight
In yonder eastern sky!
The harvest moon is rising up
With fleecy clouds on high.
'Mid pendent lamps of lesser light
She grandly threads her way,
And makes her slow nocturnal trip
O'er ocean, sea and bay.
Asserting right to rule the night,
She climbs the vaulted sky,
And floods with silver light the earth
While clouds are passing by.

In solemn silence thus she shines
Upon the harvest fields,
Whose golden grain, now silver tipped,
Their waving surface yields.
As she her sacred orb uplifts
For one and all below,
And sheds her bright diffusive rays,
Wherever man doth go;
May we an upward course pursue,
As through this world we move,
And round us shed a sacred light
To guide and to reprove!



DOT'S DUMPLING.

By EVELYN STUART HARDY.

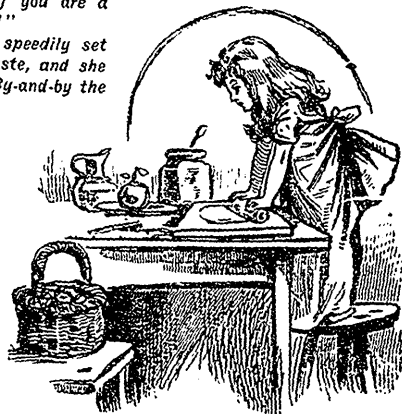
"SEE, Mammie, what lots of apples I've firded^d under the trees! Sall we make puddins wif dem?"

"Yes, dearie," said Mammie; "and you shall make a big round dumpling for poor little Jacky Brown your very own self!"

"Hooray!" cried Dot. "How velly nice dat will be. 'Cos he telled me he was velly, velly tired of other puddins. I sall take it to him my own self, sha'n't I, Mammie dear?"

"Yes; if you are a good girl!"

So Dot speedily set to work. She had to stand on a stool to roll the paste, and she picked out the rosiest, roundest apple of the lot. By-and-by the dumpling was made, and Dot's mother popped it into the oven, and Dot trotted off to the nursery for her bonnet and red cloak, because, although Jacky Brown



only lived a few doors off, Dot said it would never do to go out in her garden hat, in case she should meet any one who might say, "Oh, what an untidy girl you are!"

When the dumpling was baked it was packed in Dot's basket, and she ran off with it, and Roger, her little dog, went with her for company.

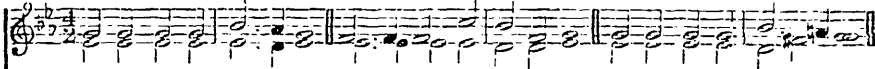
Jacky was so pleased, and he enjoyed the dumpling so much, and told Dot he should soon get well again. And Roger—yes, Roger sat up and begged for a bit, and seemed delighted when Jacky tossed him a mouthful. Of course little girls cannot be expected to make apple dumplings for sick boys every day, but most little girls might easily do a kind act to somebody every day!



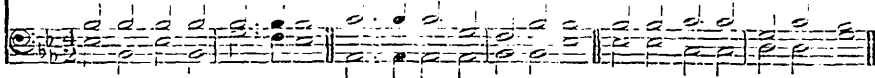
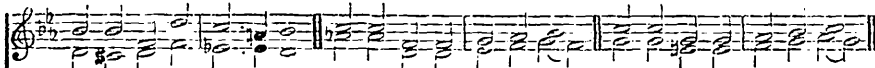
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

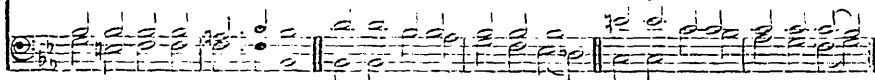
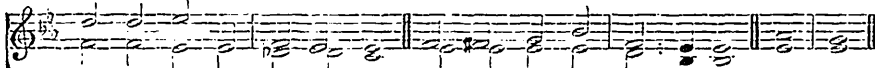
Music by the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A.
(Har of Horning.)



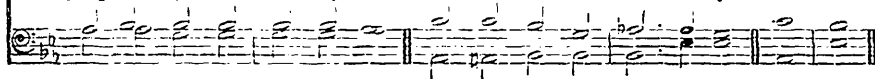
1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bos - om fly, While the gath'ring wa - ters roll,
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none: Hangs my hel - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah 'leave me not a - lone—
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - ry sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound

While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Savicour, hide. Till the storm of life is past;
Still support and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed. All my help from Thee I bring;
Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the Fountain art— Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide— O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

The Badge of a Christian.



IN Uganda it is easy to tell whether any man you meet is a Christian or seeking to become one, for if so he wears a skin bag hanging in front of him over one shoulder. It contains his books. They are much too precious to leave at home, where the white ants and other insects might destroy them, or the rain get in and damage them, or thieves steal them. The only safe place for them is the person of their owner, and as the Baganda have no pockets, a rain-proof bag is the only resource. At first it is very thin, for there is only a reading-sheet

inside it. When the owner has advanced a little his bag gets better filled, for it contains a Gospel, or a portion of the Prayer-Book. The carriage of parcels from the coast, six or seven hundred

miles, on men's heads, is expensive, so that books are dear. Only a few rich chiefs, who can read Swahili as well as their own language, have more than two or three books. A chief does not carry his own books, but has a man to carry them about for him, so that his library is always at hand!

"Used to not feeling well."

Said a lady missionary of the Universities' Mission at Mbwani, "You here have got to be used to not feeling well. None of us do." What a volume that simple saying tells us of the languor produced by the great heat, of the constant attacks of fever, not to speak of other complaints, which are cheerfully borne by those who carry the Gospel to these dark places of the earth!

"His food was locusts and—"

We often talk of the Bible being translated into foreign languages, but how seldom have we any conception of the difficulties it involves! In Mea, one of the Melanesian languages, it was found impossible to translate St. John the Baptist's "locusts and wild honey," for those islands have no honey since they have no bees. The translators searched for the nearest equivalent they could use, and so the passage reads that St. John the Baptist's food was "locusts and the oil of blow-flies."

General Parish News.

Mrs Brotherhood and family will be leaving for their home in the neighborhood of New York on Oct. 11th. We are very sorry to part with them, and hope sincerely that they will return soon.

Mr. Hoskins, of Ingersoll, has come to work at the N. A. M. B. Company. Mr. Hoskins is a brother of St. Andrew, was a member of the choir in the church at Ingersoll, and also a Sunday School worker. We give him a hearty welcome to St. James'.

His Honor Judge Woods, Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Macfarlane have returned from their trip to the old land, all apparently much benefited in health.

Mr. Moon has moved from Guelph St., and the Rector would be obliged if he were notified of his present place of residence.

Mrs. Smith, Guelph St., has been very poorly, but is now convalescent.

Mrs. Moffat (sr.), of Ellice, and Mrs. Bloxam (sr.), Milton St., have both been very ill, but are now, it is hoped, out of danger. Mrs. Orr, of Dorchester, and Mrs. Leech, of Blenheim, daughters of Mrs. Moffat, are at present with their mother.

Mr. Joseph Salkeld and Mr. Samson King have gone on a visit to relations in Manitoba and the North-West.

Mr. Bax and family have moved from Well St. to Waterloo St.

Dr. Harrison, of Long Island, and Mrs. Harrison are visiting with the doctor's mother, Mrs. Harrison, of Mornington St.

The many friends of Mr. Plummer, manager of the Bank of Montreal and Business Manager of this magazine, will be glad to learn that he has recovered from his very sudden and serious illness.

Mr. James Gordon has moved from Hibernia st. to Douglas st., and Dr. D. M. Fraser will move into the house vacated by Mr. Gordon at an early date.

Mr. Wilson late of the Wilson House, has moved to Rebecca st.

Miss M. Buckingham is rapidly recovering from her attack of Typhoid Fever, so also is Mrs. Tobin, of Ontario st.

Mrs. Legge, sr., Douglas st., has been at the hospital for some time, and it is expected that the course of treatment she is now undergoing will result in almost permanent recovery.

W. A. M. A.—Two bales of clothing were sent up to Rev. Mr. Hartland of Griswold, Manitoba, one from the ladies of St. James' at No. 4 school house, Embro road, weighing over 200 lbs., the other from the ladies of St. James' in town weighing a trifle more. All the articles were good in quality, more than one half of them being entirely new, while none that were not considered directly useful were sent at all. The lowest estimate of the bales placed their value at \$80 each. Now that the annual bales have been forwarded, it is to be hoped that the ladies of the W. A. M. A. will not forget the cause of Lion's Head.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services on Sunday Sept 24th, were very well attended and hearty. The music was admirable and much appreciated. We were glad to see so many of our friends from the country at both services, especially in the morning. The decorations were very artistically arranged and reflected great credit upon the taste of the ladies who lent their services for the occasion.

On the Friday following Thanksgiving Sunday the decorations were removed from the church to the school house and in the evening a good impromptu program provided for an audience that, although appreciative, was far too small. Miss Agnes Watson and Miss Beatrice MacFarlane gave piano numbers from Grieg and Chopin, and Miss Hilda Brotherhood two songs, which elicited hearty encores. Mr. Young, Mr. Neild and Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Moore, with violin solo, accompanied by Miss Tina Watson, furnished the remainder of the program. Mr. Hesson contributed not a little to the evening's pleasure by his happy manner as chairman, a position which he filled in the unavoidable absence of the Rector. A special tribute is due to Miss Macfarlane for her artistic playing, and to the two young ladies who were chiefly instrumental in getting up the concert, and whom, we regret, we are about to lose.



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