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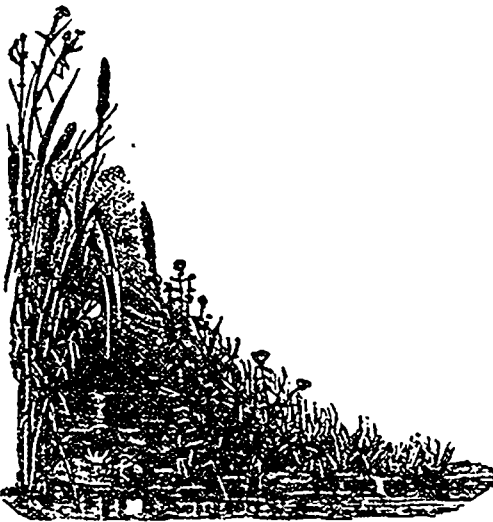
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Vol. III.

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EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery.)

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

Our Magazine.

WE felt much annoyed at the late appearance of the K. D. M. last month, and assure our readers that the cause of delay was not with the Editors. The printer has promised to do better in the future. One thing we have discovered through the delay, which gives us much encouragement. We find that our Magazine is widely appreciated, and that our subscribers are taking a lively interest in its welfare; for the enquiries which have been made show that each issue is anxiously looked for.

We desire to make the K. D. M. not only interesting, but of as much use as possible to Church people, in the way of giving information upon the doctrines and practices of the Church. We would therefore call special attention to the "Lessons on the Creed" on the last pages of the *Banner of Faith*, and would suggest that parents might make them a basis of instruction for lessons to their children week by week, or they might be used with much advantage in the Sunday School. We also ask attention to the questions which appear this month in the "Children's Corner."

His Readings of Scripture.

IV.

IN the English language the pronouns are often difficult to manage, and have to be treated with much consideration in reading or writing. If any one doubt this, let him try to write a letter of twenty lines in the third person. "He wishes him to send his horse to him soon" is vague. More intelligible, but less correct, is the language of the irate washerwoman: "Mrs. Jessop presents her compliments to Mr. Simmonds, and, sir, I think you have behaved shameful." Then, with respect to reading, if any one doubt it, let him go and listen to a well-known clergyman, who is well learned, but unduly exalts unemphatic pronouns at the expense of longer and more important words, which he snubs undeservedly. The result is that his reading is not smooth and pleasant to understand, but it is rather jerky, and like driving over a Corduroy road without sods having been put over the logs. The worst of it is that a false emphasis on a pronoun often turns a sentence into grotesque nonsense. The well-known and time-honored mistake which is handed down with delight from school-boy to school-fellow must here be spoken of, because all our readers will be expecting it, and it will be well to get it over. The request of the old prophet at Bethel to his sons, and their fulfilment of it (1 Kings xiii. 27), is

said to have been so mangled by an inattentive reader as to produce a startling result: "Saddle ME, the ass. And they saddled HIM." Here the false accent introduces a folly, which must be carefully avoided.

Luther said that much of the theology of the Scriptures lay in the pronouns. There is a great deal of truth in this, and as there is truth in it, we must be as careful as possible to give due emphasis where it is required, and as carefully avoid undue emphasis where it is undesirable. To give an example: How seldom is there much importance attached to the reading of the verse in St. John's gospel (xii. 41), "These things spake Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him." And yet in this verse is contained a wonderful proof that St. John is witnessing to our Lord's divinity; and it should be read in such a manner as would draw the attention of the hearers to the verse and emphasize its testimony to our Lord's pre-existence and divinity. "These things spake Esaias when he saw HIS glory, and spake of HIM." St. John here tells us that the glory manifested to Isaiah in his great vision (Isaiah vi.) was the glory of that same Jesus who had been doing so many miracles before the eyes of the Jews. He therefore existed seven hundred years before. But if we turn to the vision of Isaiah we find that the person whose glory is manifested to the prophet is no less a person than One to whom the incommunicable Name of God is applied; therefore the Person whose glory was seen by Isaiah was Himself very and eternal God. Hence the text in St. John is of the utmost importance, and has been used effectively by Bishop Pearson in his great work upon the Creed. It would seem well to draw attention to it as much as possible in reading by a slight but prominent emphasis upon the two words *His* and *Him*.

An important point to be remarked about pronouns is that where the nominative of the pronoun is expressed in the original it is invariably emphatic, and the corresponding pronoun in English should be emphasized. Here of course is a difficulty to those to whom the original is a sealed book: perhaps later on we may be able to give a fuller list of such passages in the New Testament, but now a few will be given by way of samples.

One of the most important occurs first in

order in the Gospel of St. Matthew. When the angel instructed St. Joseph what to call the Holy Child (St. Matthew i. 21), he said, "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins." Here the nominative, "HE shall save," is as emphatic as it is possible to be; it is emphatic in the original from its position, and from the fact of its being expressed. It would have been better if it could have been translated "HE Himself" (and no other), but in reading it would be almost impossible to put too much stress on the HE: it was the first revelation of the immediate nearness of the Saviour. The revisors knew this and have striven to represent it; but they fail as so often in their English, and here rather unaccountably in their scholarship. They have rendered it "For it is he that shall save." This proposed correction takes for granted that there would be a Saviour, which the original Greek does not; it is therefore an error of scholarship. In St. Luke xxiv. 21 we have the Greek for the English "it is he that shall," which contains four words, to the one simple pronoun in this passage of St. Matthew. We have also the same Greek phrase in St. Matthew xi. 14, so that it cannot be said St. Matthew did not fully know the Greek usage when he wished to employ it. It is simply, HE Himself and no other shall save HIS people. Hitherto there had doubtless been saviours, who had saved the people from their enemies. Such were called saviours (Nehemiah ix. 27, II Kings xiii. 5); but these were simply instruments in a higher hand — God saved Israel by others. But now all this is changed. GOD Himself is to save his people from their worst of enemies, their sins. Remark, too, this is implied in the glorious name Jesus. This means Saviour, but it means more. The original bearer of the name was the lieutenant of Moses, and was sent with other spies to search out the land. He then bore the name Oshea, which means Saviour. But the young man was proud of his master Moses, and it may be that his position elated him; at all events as he went to spy out the land Moses changed his name that he might have a continual reminder that his own strength or wisdom was powerless to save, but that it was GOD who saved by his means, and he called him Jehoshua, that is, "JEHOVAH shall save."

This name was afterwards contracted to Joshua, and when, two hundred years before Christ, the Hebrew was translated into Greek, the Hebrew form was softened into the Greek Jesus. The name therefore means "Jehovah Saviour," and the angel points out how appropriate the name was to the Holy Child, "For He Himself shall save His people *from their sins*." We must be pardoned for this long explanation of this glorious text; the desire was to attract attention to it that it may be read properly.

Another important passage occurs in one of St. Paul's Epistles (I Cor. vii. 40). It is important because it has been generally misunderstood: and its misinterpretation has given rise to some discomfort. We once heard the sad remark from a layman, "It is a pity that St. Paul said 'I *think* I have the Spirit,' as few would be certain, if he were doubtful himself." Now if this passage had not been read with a false emphasis on the verb *think*, this layman probably would not have been led into this mistake. The truth is the whole chapter abounds with proof of St. Paul's inspiration; and though we must not trespass on the work of a commentator, yet a few words are necessary to point this out, so as to show the meaning and force of the saying, "I think that I have the Spirit of God."

We must remember then that this Epistle was written before any one of the four Gospels was committed to writing; and the Apostle in answering the questions propounded to him by the Corinthians distinguished between commands that had been left behind by our Lord Himself, and the answers which he gives under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. On the whole question of marriage the Lord had spoken. His discourses were not as yet committed to writing, it is true, still they were treasured up in the memory of the Apostles. On such points then St. Paul can say that the one who gives the answer is "not I, but the Lord," whose word settles the question beyond all controversy. There is no distinction here then between a revelation from God and a private opinion of the Apostle: the distinction is between the discourse or command given on earth by our Lord Himself, and the authoritative utterance of the Apostle under inspiration.

Next we must remember that there were at Corinth many teachers, who had sprung up like toadstools directly the Apostles had left, who were striving to maximize their own importance and minimize that of the Apostle. St. Paul, therefore, at the end of his answer on the question of marriage and virginity, asserts his own claim to inspiration. He too is reputed as inspired; it is no specialty of the opposing teachers. The first nominative pronoun is emphatic, doubly emphatic; first because of its expression, and secondly because it has the word "also" so joined to it that nothing short of some revisors' dynamite could have caused a disruption. "And *I* think also that I have the Spirit of God." There should be no stress on the verb *think*. Indeed some have thought that it should be translated, "And *I* also *am* reputed." In the second chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, the same Greek verb in the participial form is translated (Gal. ii. 2, 6) once "were of reputation," and twice "seemed to be somewhat." The revisors have "were of repute" or "reputed" each time, and it is thought by many that such should be the translation in this place. But we must pass on.

The next example need not detain us long. In the Second Epistle to the Corinthians (II Cor. xii. 11) the Apostle's meaning must be brought out by emphasizing the pronouns: "I have become a fool in glorying; *ye* have compelled me; for *I* ought to have been commended of *you*."

How emphatic is the antithetical "but *I* say unto you" in the Sermon on the Mount (St. Matth. v. 22, 28, 32, etc.), marking the higher and more spiritual teaching of the Gospel.

The astonishment of the Commander at Jerusalem is also marked by the emphasis on the pronoun: "Art *thou* a Roman?" where generally the emphasis is wrongly placed on *Roman*. We know from contemporary criticism that St. Paul's personal appearance was not such as at first to command respect or admiration. "His bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible," said the opposing false teachers (II Cor. x. 10). The account in the curious story of St. Paul and Thecla is to the same effect: "A man small in size, bald-headed, bandy-legged, healthy, with eye-brows meeting, rather long-nosed, full of grace."

This must have been written less than a century after the death of the Apostle. St. Chrysostom also mentions (in the fourth century) that St. Paul was "a three cubit man," meaning small in stature. The officer in command, therefore, asked in surprise, judging, from a soldier's point of view, of a man by his muscles, "Tell me, art *thou* a Roman?"

On the other hand the question the same officer had asked a little previously is often mis-read by a false emphasis on the pronoun: "Canst thou speak *Greek?*" There is no emphasis on *thou*. The Commander implies that unless the prisoner can speak Greek (the *lingua franca* at Jerusalem) with ease and freedom, it was useless for him to attempt to speak to an angry mob. But St. Paul knew an easier way to gain silence, and he spoke in Aramaic.

Infant Baptism.

In the Introduction to these papers on "Infant Baptism" we said that it is the custom of the Church of England to baptize infants, and that she exhorts parents to bring their children to the Sacrament of Baptism.

We now go a step further, and make a statement which may seem to be a truism. That is, a statement of a truth which is so evident that no one can deny it, but still we desire to mention it because it will help us in our enquiries. The statement is this: "That which is must have had a beginning." And this is true of all rites and ceremonies in the Church; every one must have had a beginning, either at the time of the institution of the Christian Church or at some time in her subsequent history. Thus, take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, or the three-fold ministry in the Church, or the rite of Confirmation, or the keeping of the 25th day of December as the birthday of Jesus. These exist in the Church, and of course there must have been a time when they had their commencement. So with regard to the practise of Infant Baptism; seeing that it is *now* a custom of the Church, it must have had a beginning. We ask then, When was that beginning? Is it a practice which has existed from the earliest days of the Christian Church? or has it been introduced since the time of the Apostles? In other words, is it a Divine institution, or an invention of man?

What we intend to show, then, in the first place, is this: That Infant Baptism was the practice of the Church in the days of the Apostles, and has continued to be the practice of the

Church ever since. Or perhaps it will be better to put it in this way: Infant Baptism is the practice of the Church *now*, and has been the practice of the Church in each century back to the time of the Apostles. In other words, there never has been a time in the history of the Church when Infant Baptism was not the almost universal custom.

That it has been the custom of the Church of England as long as the present Prayer Book has been in use is evident, for in that Prayer Book we have a Service provided for "The Public Baptism of Infants;" and there is also the statement in the Articles, "That the baptism of young children is in any wise to be retained in the Church as most agreeable with the institution of Christ." Now the last revision of the Prayer Book took place in the year 1662: that is to say, the Prayer Book has been in use in its present form since that date; so that this takes us back 200 years. But the Prayer Book of 1662 was but the revision of a former book, viz., the Prayer Book of 1552, which also in turn was a revision of the Prayer Book of 1549; and in each of these books there was a service for the Baptism of Infants. This takes us back over 300 years, during which time Infant Baptism has been, without doubt, the practice of the Church of England.

It is worthy of notice that the service for "Baptism of such as are of Riper Years" was not in the earlier books mentioned, but was added in 1662, owing, as it is said in the preface to the Prayer Book, "to the growth of the Anabaptists, and also for the baptism of converts to Christianity in the colonies which were now being added to the Empire"—the implication of course being that up to this time all were baptized in infancy.

We have shown then in this paper that it is beyond all doubt that Infant Baptism has been the practice of the Church of England for the past 300 years.

In our next we propose to go back a step further, and to show, from the older books of services, what was the custom of the Church before the Reformation.

Notices.

The Quarterly Meeting of the S. S. T. U., Section II., will be held at Hampton on Wednesday, April 28th.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery will take place at Norton on Wednesday and Thursday, the 5th and 6th of May next. The first meeting of the Chapter will be opened at 10 a. m. on Wednesday, 5th.



THE
Banner of Faith.

APRIL 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not very long before Harold Westall occupied a recognised position as assistant in the English shop.

'And quite time, too, they got some one to help,' said the Abermavr people, 'for Mr. Halliwell looks ill, and Hope can't do everything.'

Custom flowed in to the little shop now. Harold seemed to fascinate people, so Hope told her father, laughing over the announcement. Such a boy as he was, too! Hope could not fancy him her own age yet. She petted him as she would have done a young brother; kept breakfast hot for him if he happened to oversleep the fixed hour, mended his clothes, took tedious jobs, such as weighing out beforehand half and quarter pounds of tea for customers, into her own hands, and constantly made errands for him into Conway. The town was cheerful for young people. No wonder Harold did not care to continue his journey—was satisfied quietly and without much formality to take up Jonas Halliwell's work.

He was a clever young fellow, and in these early days it was not very evident that he was somewhat inclined to self-indulgence, contriving easily and without apparent design to leave the dull part of shop-keeping to Hope or Mari. What did

appear to the outside world was that the young man at the English shop was pleasant to talk to and to deal with. The youths looked up to him as a model of fashion and intelligence, and the girls, the plain ones as well as the fair, always left his company better pleased with themselves. He had smooth words for all.

Hope laughed at him openly for his 'compliments,' as she called them. 'Where did he learn them?' she asked him.

'It's the best way,' said Harold, his long legs dangling from the counter. 'Don't you think so?' He raised his grey eyes, shaded by dark lashes, to meet Hope's clear gaze. Those eyes always won people over to his opinion. They had a certain influence over Hope, too.

'But you sent poor ugly little Nesta away really thinking herself a beauty,' she protested.

'Well, just see if she won't patronise our shop now, instead of taking her goods of that meddling pedlar who has begun to come round,' replied Harold. 'Oh, I know what I am about, I tell you. Hope, have you seen Ruth Evans lately? I made her buy a blue silk ribbon because I said it suited her fair skin. Fair, indeed! She looks like a yellow rigger now. I can't pass her in the street without laughing.'

'Oh, Harold, how mischievous of you,'

said Hope. 'Don't do those things, they really are not right. Poor Ruth!'

'Poor me!' returned Harold, shrugging his shoulders. 'I've got a hard mistress. Scolded to-day for selling goods, and yesterday for not taking pains to dispose of them.' He looked up comically at Hope.

'You deserved both your scoldings,' said the mistress. 'It was sheer laziness of you, letting old Hannah go away without her yarn yesterday. You knew there was a large unsorted bundle in the attic, and you could easily have fetched it for her, or called Mari.'

'It spoils my voice to have to shout to Mari,' was the answer, 'and then I couldn't sing to you in the evenings, Hope. What should you say to that?'

'Always ready with an excuse,' smiled Hope.

From which conversation it will be seen that the two young shop-keepers at Abermawr were on excellent terms with each other, Hope taking the upper hand, and regarding Harold always as a boy to be cared for, petted, and sometimes reprov- ed.

There was a sort of idea kept up still of Harold moving on some day, going out into the great world, and, in view of this, Hope made him some new shirts, and knitted stockings for him at odd moments. Choos- ing the colours he fancied most, she knitted a good deal of pleasure into those socks, forcing him to take an interest in their progress, to decide on stitches and ribbings —he might just as well have them exactly as he liked, she declared openly. And Harold enjoyed the notice and attention; he was quite accustomed to receive atten- tion of all sorts from any one and every one. Some people do come in for this sort of thing quite apart from their own de- servings.

Even poor Jonas's worn face would relax into a smile when the two wrangled over a shade of wool by candle light, and Harold aptly quoted the old fable of the chameleon. The lad could recite and sing very cleverly, beguiling some of the sick man's weary hours by his voice. Hope would have done much more than sew for him in return for

this service alone, for her heart was still wrung with anguish at times when she watched her father, suffering continually, poor man, both in mind and body.

Harold was very good to Jonas; he had caressing ways with all helpless things, children and the sick, and, as we know, he liked to please people at all costs. So he picked up scraps of news to interest Jonas, not always sticking to the exact truth if the story wanted embellishing; he helped him to the best bits at meals—naturally, Harold himself taking the next best, for Hope didn't care for such things; and if the poor man chanced to speak irritably to him in a fit of pain, why Harold never noticed it. Oh, how Hope blessed him in her heart for his forbearance and gentleness! He had a kind heart, she would say to herself. And on Sunday evenings, when the young fellow, at Jonas's request, sang some of the sick man's favourite hymns, the rich voice sound- ing like an angels', Hope thought she might be pardoned for putting him on a pedestal and thinking him very good, as well as beautiful and fascinating.

Sometimes, however, a little word or look of his would jar on her quite suddenly, and then she felt as a child does who gathers a smiling rose and is pricked by a hidden thorn, as when one night, after singing 'Abide with me' most sweetly to Jonas, Hope found the boy at bedtime outside the house sauntering up and down in a chilly mist.

'What are you doing? Come in; you will take cold,' she cried, in her character of sister-mother.

'Oh, let me be a bit; I want a freshener after all that hymn-singing!' was the reply.

Hope felt a pang then. The hymn had seemed to carry her into a very holy of holies, and to Harold it was just 'all that hymn-singing!' And she had quite thought he had felt the charm of the lovely words.

Well, he was but a boy—a young man. They do not feel like women. So she ex- cused him to herself.

Jonas could not do without the lad now. The sick cling to their surroundings more firmly than the able-bodied, who can seek

afraid for fresh interest. He talked continually to Harold of the exciting scenes of his past life, of the memorable war with Russia, and of his wound, from which it was hard to say whether he had derived most pain or pleasure—the latter probably, all things being fairly weighed. He sighed for the City streets, too—Harold sympathised

days were numbered, and that a journey would too surely shake the sand the quicker out of the failing receptacle. But still Harold answered the old man, 'Yes, these country doctors are wretched sticks.'

'Dr. Morris never seems to understand my complaint,' the poor man moaned; 'and the Chester doctor who was here just before



with him; of course, a man would feel lost in this Welsh village.

'I did it for the girls,' Jonas explained. 'Now, if I was only up in my old quarters I should be well directly. The London doctors would soon give me something to brisk up my strength.'

He really thought so, poor man! But Harold knew, and Hope knew now, that his

you came was just such another—they had neither of them anything new to suggest. I wonder if I should get quite strong in the old streets. It's almost worth trying. I must ask Hope.'

And so day by day the painful struggle went on in poor Jonas's mind, to Hope's great distress. She spoke of it to Harold.

'Of course he couldn't be moved; it would kill him outright,' said the lad.

'But you encouraged him this evening, and said you would speak to Dr. Morris,' said Hope. 'Why did you do that?'

'Oh, it cheers him up. One must keep him from bemoaning himself at any cost.'

Harold whistled, and yawned, and stretched himself. He was tired of his long bout in the sick room.

'I shall take a turn outside,' he said. 'Come too, Hope.'

'Oh no, I can't, I can't!' she cried sharply. And yet something made her go to the little garden gate and look sorrowfully after the careless young fellow.

He might go out into the sunshine, but her heart was all but broken, she felt—Jonas craving so sorely in his pain and weakness a good she could not procure for him. There was no time, no opportunity for shedding the tears that burnt her eyes; she must take her sewing into the sick chamber, and keep a placid countenance.

'Can I bear this?' she asked herself that night, as she knelt, but said no prayers, for her heart seemed bound in iron. And she answered herself that she could not, she had been tried to the extreme limit of what she had been able to bear.

Should she accuse God of cruelty, and give all up? She thought at one moment she must, then a flood of tears cased her, and with hands clasped she cried, 'My God, have pity on me! Comfort the soul of Thy servant.' She was thinking of her father in that last petition.

Then she hurriedly crept downstairs to the old sofa in the little room adjoining her father's, where she slept now, since he had become more helpless.

He was asleep, and she fell asleep too, to wake frightened at the length of her sleep.

But Jonas was lying peacefully smiling, only just awake, too. He didn't know when he had passed such a good night. Hope must thank God for him.

The poor fellow, though he knew it not, had crept like a little child very close to the great Father in his weakness—aye, in his

murmurings—moaning to Him for pity in pain, thanking Him for all relief.

Hope read the morning prayer less mechanically than usual, and then dressed and set about her day's work.

A visitor came in, one of the largest proprietors in Abermawr. There was talk of restoring the old church, walling in the churchyard. The work was to be begun immediately, and, while the church was shut up, Mr. Allison was going to take the duty, and give a Sunday service down here in Abermawr in the large room at Ty Mawr. Ty Mawr was a farmhouse, not a stone's throw from the shop.

Hope and her father were both interested. 'You can go to church then, my girl,' said the old man.

'I don't think I shall want to go,' said Hope, thinking of two things—her father, and the curate's plain words to herself on his last visit.

'I can sit with Mr. Halliwell while you are in church,' declared Harold.

'Yes, Harold looks after me famously,' Jonas affirmed. It was a good day with him; he spoke brightly on all topics.

Jonas kept to his intention of sending Hope to the service, and, to please him, she went.

Mr. Allison saw her, and sent her word he should visit her father that afternoon. She was not sure if she was glad or sorry to hear of his intention.

Jonas was glad; he liked the young curate.

Hope meant to be vexed with Mr. Allison, if she found that he tired or excited the sick man, but she was quite unprepared for the rapt peaceful look on her father's face that evening, and the quiet tones in which he said—'Sit down, my girl, sit down, Harold; I've news for you, I shall soon be well, I'm going to the city up above. Mr. Allison says so. I wonder I didn't see it before. I shan't fret after old London now. The golden streets will content me.'

Yes, Mr. Allison had listened patiently to the sick man's tales of his sufferings and longings, and then simply, gently, led him to this conclusion.

Jonas's frank nature, and eager aspirations leapt at the tidings to a sudden height of joy. They fell again at times when he remembered his past shortcomings, his forgetfulness of God in his days of health and strength, but was not God's mercy as wide as that stretch from east to west, across the moving water field which his sick room window commanded? Would it not be worst sin of all to mistrust that mercy?

He spoke more openly to Harold than to Hope on these subjects, often mingling with his speech a few words of earnest counsel to the lad.

'Serve God now, my boy, it is best and happiest,' he often said. 'My greatest grief lying here is that I did not give Him of my health and strength—very little at least,' he murmured. Jonas was very sincere; he would not even condemn himself beyond what he felt to be true.

And again, one day, 'Don't leave all to the last, Harold. When you come to die, like me, you won't be able to kneel to God as a judge, but you can put out your hand to Him as a friend.'

Always childlike and simple-hearted,

Jonas, if he feared, would not doubt, and in those last days a blessed peace possessed his spirit. He did not see that Hope's calm looks and measured words covered a rebellious heart, nor realise that Harold's easily bent knees and sweet singing were the mere outcome of a good-natured desire to gratify a sick man's wishes at any price. He would lie for hours now, not sleeping but musing it seemed, dwelling principally on the joys of that heavenly city he might so soon be permitted to behold.

There was a celebration of Holy Communion for him one day in his quiet room. Mari and Hope alone knelt by the bed, but Harold held up the sick man, and another figure stood, with covered face, in the doorway, the kind, little preacher from Conway. He had come over to say good-bye to his old acquaintance, and asked leave to remain during the service, which Mr. Allison gladly granted.

There were no local adieus to grieve poor Jonas's tender heart at the end. He died a day or two later in his sleep, Hope, who sat by, unaware when the gentle breathing sank into silence.

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

IV.—S. CYPRIAN.

AMONG the heroes of the early Church it is impossible to pass over the name of Thascius Cyprian. His life is so full of noble incidents and so closely bound up with the fortunes of the Church of his day as to afford us much profitable instruction.

Born at Carthage about the year 200, he passed forty-five years of his life as a heathen. He was distinguished for his learning and eloquence, and, as a teacher, exercised no small influence over the public mind. If we may believe his self-accusations in after life, his early years were deeply stained with the sins of the heathen world.

At forty-five, however, Christ crossed his path, and he was converted to the Christian Faith. It was no half-hearted conversion. He became a changed man. Like S. Paul, he faced round about and started afresh.

This is how he himself afterwards described this crisis in his career: 'Light from on high was shed abroad in a heart freed from guilt, when I breathed the Spirit of God and was changed by the second birth into a new man. That lay open which before had been close to me; that was light where I had seen nothing but darkness; that became easy which before was

impossible; that which was beyond reason became both reasonable and natural.'

You see, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw plainly the realities of God. And his new belief he forthwith put into energetic action. He was a man of rank and position, and he owned a villa and extensive gardens in the suburbs of the city of Carthage. He sold them, and, like Barnabas, devoted the money to the relief of the distressed poor. A few more S. Cyprians in the present day—a few more self-surrenders from those high in position and power to the service of Christ and His poor—would do more to solve some of our present difficulties than all other efforts put together. Less profession and more action is what is needed. Lives and substance devoted to the service of the Master.

The zeal that Cyprian displayed as a Christian woke up the Church of Carthage. And in the course of a few years the bishopric falling vacant, he was almost unanimously chosen to occupy it. This privilege of selecting a bishop appears from the earlier times to have rested with the main body of the faithful, sometimes acting through their representatives, sometimes, as in this case, by election. S. Paul, in the interest of those particular Churches, sent Timothy to Ephesus and Titus to Crete; S. James was chosen by those at Jerusalem to preside over the Church there; while Matthias was elected by 120 disciples to fill the place of the traitor Judas. At a later period, when whole nations submitted themselves to the Christian yoke and joined the Church, it seemed natural enough that with their leaders and rulers should lie the right of selection. Thus, as the Emperor presided at Christian councils, so he chose presbyters for the episcopate.

In England, we may note, it is still customary for the sovereign through her Prime Minister to nominate to this high office, though this nomination must first be submitted to the Cathedral Body for their approval, as representing the diocese.

And this principle is quite intelligible. The object all along has been one and the same—to obtain in the quietest way possible

and the most reverential, the voice of the whole Christian Church in the appointment of her chief pastors. From time to time a little rearrangement is necessary, as when Church and nation, once identical, have ceased to be so.

It is clear, however, that a distinction must be made between the mere nomination, and the ordination or consecration of a bishop. The appointment of a clergyman by the Crown or anybody else, does not raise him to this office. It is the solemn laying on of the hands with prayer, as we have witnessed in S. Paul's Cathedral and elsewhere. It is those who are themselves successors to, and representatives of the Apostles who alone can bequeath the grace and the authority that belong to their Order. 'As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' We can never give to others what we have not received ourselves. Cyprian was duly elected and consecrated Bishop of Carthage.

And the first light in which he appears before us is that of a Church Reformer—a staunch advocate of Church discipline. He had not been bishop two years before the persecution of Decius (A.D. 250) broke over the Church with great violence. At Carthage it wrought sad havoc in the flock. Some fled into safe retreats until the tyranny was over. Among them Cyprian; though he still, from a distance, guided his people—sending them help and warning, counsel and comfort. Doubtless he thought he could be of more real service in acting thus than in remaining to face the storm. Others there were whose ties kept them to their homes. Some renounced the faith, sacrificed to the gods, and were freed from further persecution. Others availed themselves of the offer that was made, that for a sum of money they should receive certificates of having sacrificed to the gods when they had not done so. A few—and a few only—of those who professed Christ accepted no compromise, but resolutely prepared to endure all for their Lord. Of the sufferings of these, many narratives have come down to us. Protracted torture left its lasting marks upon some, and others died.

By-and-by the storm passed over, and the sky cleared, and Cyprian returned to his flock. The first question that arose was as to the treatment of those who had lapsed or fallen away. A small party demanded that they should at once be re-admitted to the communion of the Church, and that no kind of punishment should be inflicted upon them.

Now we must bear in mind that in the early Church a discipline was upheld and administered which would seem strange to us in this nineteenth century. A Christian known to have been guilty of a great sin was 'put to open penance' by the Church. He had publicly to show signs of genuine repentance before he could be received back into the company of the Faithful. It would seem that a confession in the face of the whole congregation was sometimes made by the guilty party, and then for a season he was permitted only to enter the church door, without participation in the highest acts of devotion. This discipline, as we might suppose, had a most wholesome effect. It kept the standard of Christian living high. It inspired men with a deep sense of the guilt of sin. It caused them to value Christian privileges. It made the Christian calling a great reality. And it must be remembered that the Church still regards discipline as necessary to holiness, and teaches us to say each Ash Wednesday that its restoration is 'much to be wished.'

It is quite apparent that the discipline of the Church of Carthage was in danger of being trampled on. And this S. Cyprian perceived. Those who had suffered began to claim a right to answer for those who had fallen. The merits of the one case were to make up for the faults of the other. Martyr tickets were distributed, exempting the lapsed from punishment. It was indeed a system of indulgences not unlike those of the infamous Tetzl in the days of Luther. This gross corruption Cyprian sternly and unflinchingly opposed. He would recognise no such testimonials. A man must repent of his own sins, and not until he had done so, could he be admitted to the communion of the Church. He would not be hard upon the weaker brethren. He would exercise a

boundless Christian charity, and readily receive those whose repentance was proved to be sincere.

This was reasonable enough, but it offended the opposing party. They formed a schism, altered their attitude, and condemned the action of Cyprian in re-admitting the lapsed; and, professing a zeal for the greater purity of the Church, they placed a man named Novatian over them as Bishop. They became known as Novatianists, and for three hundred years divided and weakened the African Church; after which they died out.

Alas! it would have been well had they been the first and last schismatics—well for the spread of Gospel truth, and well for the peace of the Christian Church. We pray in the Litany to be delivered from heresy and schism. The two are distinct. A heretic is one who separates himself from the faith of the Catholic Church to follow some doctrine of his own. A schismatic is one who rebels against her order and government, to set up some new form for himself. Both weaken Christian effort, because they divide it; and both set aside the dying wish of the Lord 'that they may be one.'

Heresy showed itself early in the Christian Church. S. Paul mentions Alexander, Hymenæus, and Philetus, as having erred concerning the faith. And Simon of Samaria caused serious trouble to S. Peter. S. John, in writing to the seven Churches of the Revelation, speaks of the Nicolaitanes as already a formidable body; and the great gnostic heresy had arisen before his death.

Yet out of evil God brings good. S. Paul does not hesitate to say, 'There must be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest.' When heresies are rife, the faith is defined, and creeds are framed, and the truth is vindicated. And have they not been the means at times of preserving some aspect of truth which the Church had well-nigh forgotten? The Gnosticism of the early days was a grafting of Christianity upon heathen philosophy. Was God in this way preserving all that was good in heathenism that it might be brought out and perfected in Christianity?

A further test of S. Cyprian's faith was ere long afforded. The plague visited Carthage with great severity. We know something of this disease from the accounts that survive of its ravages in London—how it swept away whole families and households. None could approach those who were stricken without imminent risk to their own lives. All the air became infected, and business was entirely suspended. Those who could, fled, and the dead were buried by the cart-load in vast pits dug for the purpose.

At Carthage the heathen regarded the plague as a punishment for their leniency to the Christians, and they wandered about in gangs, killing those that came in their way. It was then that the Christians rose to the full beauty of their faith. Instead of thinking of flight, Cyprian called together his whole flock, reminding them of the Lord's injunction to do good to heathen and publicans, and to love their enemies. Those who had money were to bestow it freely. Those who had not were to give the labour of their hands. 'The majority of our brethren,' wrote Pontius, Cyprian's deacon, in describing it afterwards, 'took care of everyone but *themselves*; by nursing the sick and watching over them in Christ, they caught the disorder which they healed in others, and breathed their last with joy; some bare in their arms and bosoms the

bodies of dead saints; and having closed the eyes of the dying, and bathed their corpses, and performed the last obsequies, received the same treatment at the hands of their brethren. But,' he adds, 'the very reverse of this was done by the heathen; those who were sickening they drove from them; they fled from their dearest friends; they threw them expiring into the streets, and turned from their unburied corpses with looks of loathing.'

What wonder that a Gospel which showed such power in adversity should go on gathering to itself from other religions, and force its way in the world!

It was not long after this that Cyprian himself was called to his martyr's crown. A brief pause, and the storm returned. He was beheaded in his own city in the presence of many of his flock, some of whom climbed up into the trees surrounding the place of execution, that they might see the last of their beloved Bishop. He has left a noble record behind him. He had striven for unity. He had striven also to maintain Church discipline, while not forgetful of Christian charity. His one idea was to follow in the steps of his Master, and do His work; and though his own particular branch of the Church has perished, his name is still the honoured possession of the faithful throughout the world. J. H. M.

Across the Seas.

BLUEBERRIES.

I WONDER if there are blueberries in England? I wonder if blueberry pie darkens the lips of every village child from July till October? I should like to feel quite sure that we had *something* here which you have not in England. Then I should triumph. You are so impressed with the idea that you have all the good and nice things in the world, that one finds quite a glee in discovering *something* of which we enjoy the monopoly.

But, don't mistake me now. I love the old land—my own in one sense—since my own ancestors fought for the 'good king,' in days when Cavalier and Roundhead struggled for the mastery. I call it 'home' still. But yet this other land is 'home' too, and since among the band of United Empire loyalists—. But there, I am wandering too far afield; let me come back to the blueberries. If I were to go to England and not see *black mouths* in summer, I should miss a familiar landmark.

The old country is too old for blueberries. There are too many feet treading her waste lands. Nay, has she any waste lands? The blueberry loves retirement. It shrinks from the rude gaze of those whose livelihood is to shred its clustered heads, and bring it from its wind-blown wilds and freedom to the market.

It was of the blueberry Gray wrote when he said

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

I hear a wise reader exclaim, 'Oh! do blueberries blush!' Yes, indeed, they do! Sometimes with the pearly bloom one sees on a piece of chalcedony which one has chipped out of its home in the trap cliff. Sometimes with the ruddy crimson of the wild grape, when—the frost having bitten off the leaves—some great tree is seen garlanded to its top with fat little bunches for the 'tipples' of the blackbirds and robins. Sometimes with the dusky purple one admires in the velvet of a prize pansy. And as for 'sweetness,' I positively declare that once driving along a distant road through tracks of 'berry barrens,' I had every moment whiffs of wholesome, fruity fragrance from 'miles and miles' of 'blueberries.' In that case the 'sweetness' was *not* 'wasted.'

Let me tell you something of the home of the blueberry. The coast of Nova Scotia is almost entirely girded by walls of granite rock. In some parts, for many miles inland, there are or have been heavy forests of spruce and pine, as well as other trees. Through these the forest fires have raged, and over these blackened wastes the blueberry Lushes spread and bear their beautiful and useful fruit.

Sheep-laurel, sweet-fern, wintergreen, golden rod, aster, and all kinds of mosses are there, and the blueberry never fails to put in its soft harmonising blue to counter-balance so much yellow in that dry and bleached herbage.

There the moose sometimes lags, and bears come for dessert, after a porcupine dinner. There all day long the only echoes are the 'rat tat' of the woodpeckers that

through the trunks of that flame-blighted forest, the scream of the jay, or the distant warble of the Nova Scotia nightingale (which I may as well say, for the information of my readers, is the *frog*) from some occasional rain-hole or swamp.

There is something curious about the blueberry plant. For thousands of years every sort of tree, plant, and shrub may be found on a tract of land, but there are no blueberries. But let fire spread over that land, and lo! next year the place is covered with blueberry plants so thick one could not put a foot down without trampling them.

On low bushes with narrow sage-green leaves these berries grow, sometimes in open ground, with the bunches like well-filled grape clusters.

Berry-pickers are amateurs and professionals. The latter have many types. Here is one, this stately negress with a twenty-quart basket on her head. Ordinarily she is a shambling uninteresting object enough, but now that weight on her head makes her step squarely, and tightens the muscles of her neck and shoulders till she is quite graceful. She will tell you how many quarts she sold last year, and how many little dresses and socks and shoes she bought with 'blueberries for dem children.'

Or there is another type in that group of fisher people, rough of skin and loud of voice, the men with great brawny hands that seem to hold awkwardly the tin pails for picking, the women swinging along with a running fire of jest, and a general air of having a good time. Here are John and Abby with Alonzo their son. John six feet three inches in his socks, and robed in a suit of bright blue overalls; and 'Abby' in stature some four feet—'breadth according'—with her calico gown gathered on a band somewhere in the region of her shoulders.

These people, besides making the fruit an article of daily diet, dry them in large quantities for the winter, or float them in casks of water, in which they keep admirably.

The amateurs are 'city folk,' like ourselves, who go for a day's pleasuring into the wilds. We had a dear old lady friend

with us, and she wanted to pick blueberries once again in a real *bonâ fide* pail, from a *bonâ fide* barren. A fisherman led us for two miles under a broiling sun, to the very heart of the 'plains.' 'We came, we saw, and we conquered.' Fresh and dainty we went in. Footsore, sunburnt, with hair in knots, aching backs, and eyes bitten with mosquitoes and black flies—it was thus we came out. But, oh, what sights we saw! The hill sides, blue as with flowered heather, all fruit, to be gathered by eager fingers into pails, buckets, baskets!

Thirty-five quarts we carried home with us that afternoon. They are now drying in the attic on old newspapers. And, dear reader, it is *such* a comfort to know they are there, and that we have not to gather them all over again to-morrow. Well, I have done blueberries justice, you will say. No, gentle reader, not yet. When the maid brings in in uplifted hands a dish where a

creamy white mass lies in an eddy of purple juice; and when a sigh of satisfaction rises from anxious breasts, and a pleased murmur of 'Blueberry grunt' is heard, then and then alone in more senses than one can mortal man do full justice to 'blueberries.'

G. J. D. P.

Note by the Editor.—We are nearly sure we have blueberries in England, but we call them *bilberries* or *whinberries*, or *cowberries*. They grow on low shrubs on our waste lands—for we have still waste lands, we assure our friend—and they send our little ones home with purple mouths and stained pinafores, but hardly weighted with such juicy loads as we read of here. Still, though we know nothing of the delicacy called 'Blueberry grunt' in the old country, we could invite our cousins in Nova Scotia to a happy day bilberry picking, or even to a splendid smoking bilberry pudding at dinner-time.

'Their Eyes were Golden that they should not know Him.'

By THE REV. JOHN MAY, M.A.

WE talk together as we go
 All sadly down the path of life;
 Broken with pain, and bent with woe,
 Or wearied with the daily strife:
 O come, Thou crucified! draw near:
 Walk with us till the night is here.

When cares oppress, and doubts arise,
 Come near and join us as we go;
 O take the dimness from our eyes,
 That we may see Thy face and know!
 Say in our ears the word of peace;
 And bid the doubt and anguish cease.

Lo! as the widow weeps her loss,
 When Thou art gone our spirits fail;
 Our sins have nailed Thee to the cross,
 And sadly we pass down the vale;
 O Jesu, come from out the tomb
 Where they have laid Thee,—Saviour, come!

Be with us, Lord!—Forgive the sin;
 Come, talk with us: our hearts are sad!
 Thy words shall make them burn within!
 Thy loving voice shall make them glad.
 Walk by our side, and with us stay;
 The night is near; far spent the day.

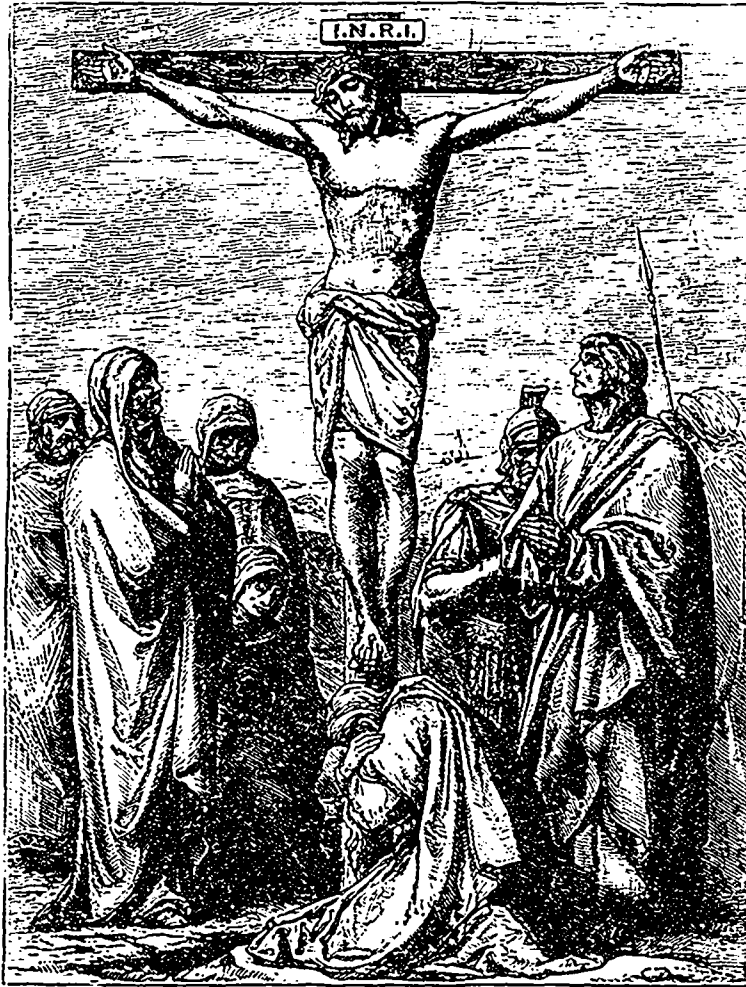
These sins have hid Thee from our sight;
 Yet, Lord, we fain would do Thy will.
 We hate the evil, love the right;
 But, oh! somehow, we stumble still!
 Draw near, and let us hold Thy hand;
 Without Thee, Lord, we cannot stand.

Thou prayedst, once, that all of Thine
 Might from the evil thing be kept;
 But we have lost the grace divine;
 For sin assailed us as we slept.
 O come! Our oil is all but spent;
 We love Thee, Lord, and we repent.

Come, Saviour, come! and with us sup;
 The night is drawing on apace;
 Come, break the bread, and pour the cup,
 That we may see and know Thy face!
 Come! drink with us the sacred wine
 And feed us with the bread divine.

And when, before the final gate
 We stand, and shrink with mortal fear;
 Then as we halt disconsolate,
 Wilt Thou not, as of old, draw near?
 'Bide with us through that awful Night,
 And lead us safely to the Light?

Good Friday.



FROM PAIN TO PAIN, FROM WOE TO WOE,
WITH LOVING HEARTS AND FOOTSTEPS SLOW,
TO CALVARY WITH CHRIST WE GO.
SEE HOW HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD
IN STREAMS OF MERCY POURS!
WAS EVER GRIEF LIKE HIS?
WAS EVER SIN LIKE OURS?

'Mercy rejoiceth against Justice.'

IT was a summer Sunday afternoon, many years ago, and the yellow sunshine lay all along the village street. By twos and threes the village folk were straggling home from church, not by any means in too much hurry for a little friendly talk with each other as they went.

But old Mr. and Mrs. Welby, as they went on arm in arm, seemed to be too busy talking to have time for more than a nod or a smile to their acquaintance. They were the most well-to-do folks in the village, and the most regular in attendance at church; and Sunday afternoon would not have seemed like itself without their sober old-fashioned figures passing along the village street, always side by side, while their rosy little servant maid followed at a short distance.

Mr. Welby was a gentle-looking old man generally, but on this particular Sunday afternoon he looked grave and almost annoyed, and his wife's soft placid face looked a little grieved, as if for sympathy.

And yet it was only the sermon that they were talking about, as they paced on together.

'No!' he was saying. 'I don't agree with it. I'm old-fashioned I suppose, and I hold with what I was brought up to. "*A jealous God,*" it used to say when I learnt the Catechism, "*and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation.*" It's not scriptural, this new notion about everyone being God's child—bad folks and all. There's covenanted mercies for some, and there's others that are vessels of wrath. And it stands to reason that those that are properly brought up must stand the best chance.'

'But,' said his wife's gentle voice, 'it seems very hard on those that *haven't* been properly brought up, and never had a fair chance, poor things!'

'Of course it is,' answered her husband, promptly. 'But it can't be helped. The sins of the fathers—that's what it is. Just

look and see if it isn't so really. There's that fellow Wood—James Wood—a regular bad lot he's been, and cheated me and ever so many more. And look at his children. No mother, and running about the place as ragged and miserable as any beggar's children, and all through their father's bad conduct.'

Mrs. Welby sighed. She had vexed her motherly heart on the miserable condition of the little Woods many a time, thinking of her own dead babies and how tenderly *they* would have been cared for if they had but lived.

'Poor little things,' she said. 'It's a pity they can't be better done to.'

'Nay!' said her husband, stoutly. 'I'm sorry for them, but it would not be fair if every scamp's children were to be as well off as those that belong to respectable folks. It's contrary to Scripture.'

The words were still on his lips when a woman came up the road to meet them, rather hastily, with a grave important face.

'Oh! Mr. Welby, have you heard the news?' she asked, stopping before them, and speaking in a low, almost awe-struck voice. 'Nay! I've not heard it long myself, but they've just sent up to fetch me to come and lay him out. Jim Wood's dead.'

'Nay! you don't say so,' cried the old man, looking shocked as well as astonished. 'Why! we were just talking about him. When did that happen?'

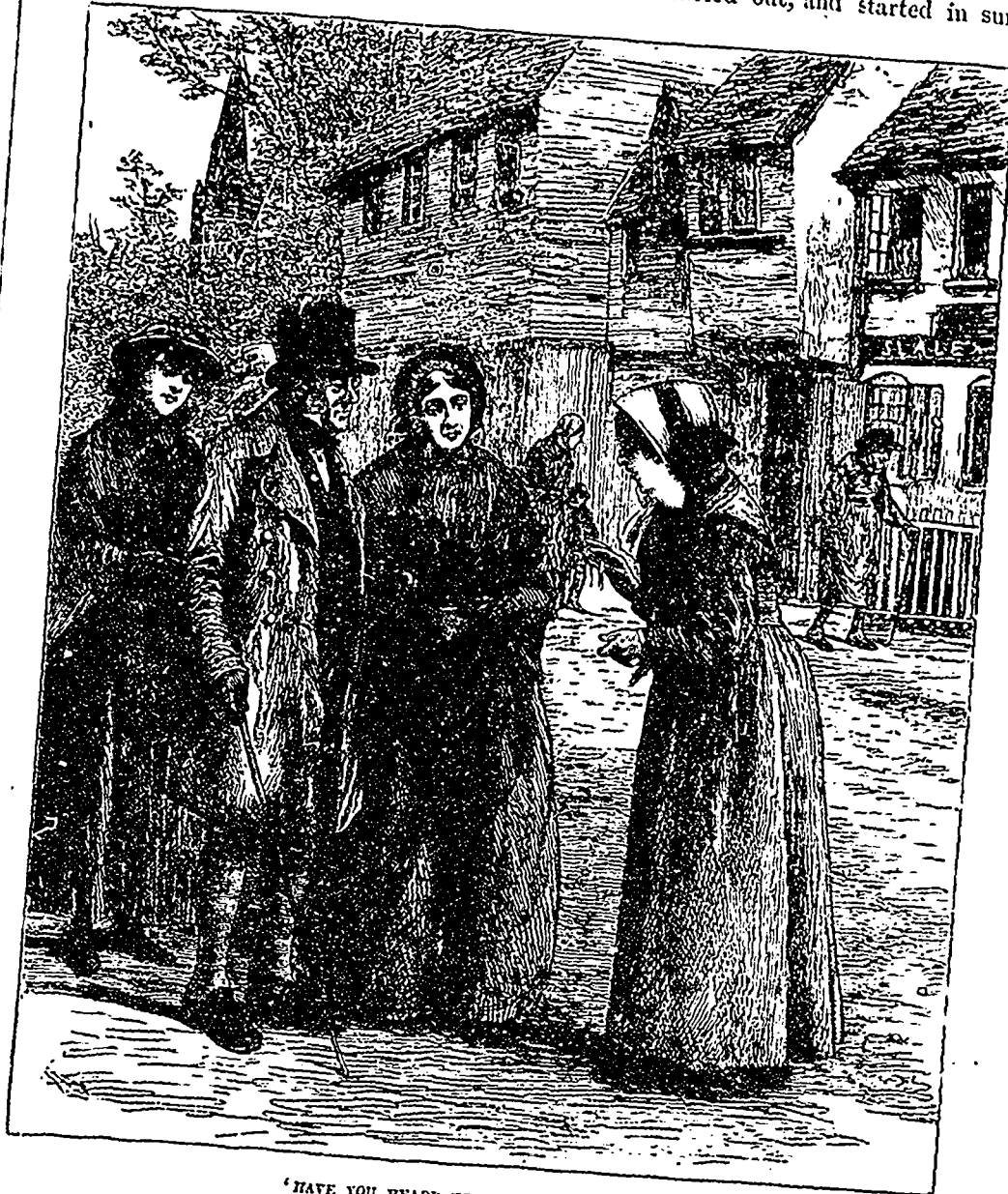
'Only this forenoon. It were very sudden, but he'd been ailing a good while, and the doctor told him he might go any time. He'd got about to the far end of everything, I doubt.'

She nodded, and bustled on, and the old couple went on up to their cosy little house almost without speaking a word.

They were silent, too, over their cup of tea in the pleasant little Sunday parlour. Mrs. Welby was thinking of those two poor

little children, a boy and a girl, left without a friend in the world as far as she knew. But she did not like to speak of them lest it should seem to reproach her husband for what he had said of them just before.

It was nearly dark when he came home again, and then he did not come straight in, but stood at the door, calling to his wife in rather a shame-faced tone. She hurried out, and started in surprise



'HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?' SHE ASKED.

After tea Mr. Welby took his hat and stick and went out again, but for once he did not tell his wife where he was going, or ask her to take another turn with him.

to see two wretched-looking little children creeping behind him.

'It's the little Woods,' said Mr. Welby, looking rather ashamed of himself. 'I

couldn't help speaking to them, and they've followed me up here. Could you—could you put them up, wife, just for to-night? I don't like sending them down home again, and *him* lying there.'

'To be sure I can,' answered Mrs. Welby, promptly. 'Come in, my dears.' She gathered the two frightened little creatures into her motherly arms and drew them into the house; and her husband saw no more of her, or of the rosy-cheeked maid either, until the poor little things had been fed and comforted, and were forgetting the troubles of the long strange day in sleep.

The two old people said very little about the children that night, but Mrs. Welby bent over them before she went to rest with a tender recollection of her own three, safe in their 'churchyard bed.'

And she was pleased to see, the next morning, how much interest her husband took in them and their little ways. He had always been fond of children.

Presently Mr. Welby, still looking rather abashed, asked his wife if she would mind keeping the children till after the funeral.

'They're left quite destitute by what I can make out,' he said, 'and it seems hard to pack them off to the workhouse, and their father not buried yet.'

'Very well, my dear,' answered Mrs. Welby, placidly. But to herself she said, 'I know you better than you know yourself, my old man. And if you find the heart to pack these children off to the workhouse *after* their father's buried, I shall be very much surprised!'

And, indeed, Mr. Welby proceeded to give orders for 'a bit of decent black,' for the two children, in a way that did not look

much as if he intended them to go away immediately.

Nothing more was said between the two old folks for the present; and the days passed on and still nothing was said about sending the children away. It began to be understood that they were there 'for good,' and they grew rosy and merry, and seemed to be in a fair way to forget that they had ever had a less happy home.

But Mrs. Welby did not forget, and one night after she had carried them off to bed, fresh from a romp with the indulgent old man, she came back resolved to speak out what was in her mind.

'George!' she said, 'how about visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children? That's not what you're doing now. No one would think that James Wood had cheated you to see you with James Wood's children.'

Once more Mr. Welby looked rather ashamed.

'I can't help it,' he said. 'I can't do different, somehow.'

'But if it isn't scriptural, George?' she went on smiling to herself.

'I can't help it,' he said again. 'But the feeling I have in my heart towards those children—I can't believe but what God put it there. And there's texts in the Bible that agree with it well enough. It's a puzzle to know how to explain it all.'


'I can't explain it,' said his wife gently. 'But it seems to me that folks are often better than their own notions if they'll do what their heart tells them is right. And if that's so it's not much to be wondered at that God should be better than our poor notions of Him.'

HELEN SHIRTON.



Our Fellow Creatures.

III.—MARCHIONESS THE CHESNUT MARE.

HE was a beautiful creature, and I shall never forget my first impression of her as she stood pawing the ground and tossing her refined head and glorious mane. Her eyes too: how full of intelligence, how full of deep meaning, how full of impatience and excitement! She had an earnest mind and a noble heart, though at times she was a little too quick in her temper for most people.

It is astonishing how slow some people are to appreciate genius! They think men and horses can always do things with measured pace, and carry a yard measure and an hour-glass in their pockets to tabulate every movement. They make no allowance for a little dash, fun, or excitement. Anything out of the way chafes them exceedingly. I think they must always have been at the top of their class, and never got into a scrape in their lives. I do not like such people, and I know Marchioness did not; she always tossed her head violently when she saw them, and had it not been for her sober companion in harness she would have been delighted to 'upset the coach' when they were inside it, on purpose to spite them. But they seldom did get inside it, for Marchioness's owner had as great a dislike to stupid people as Marchioness herself had.

Marchioness was one of a team of four in a famous drag. I often think that she must have pulled the drag and the other three horses along with it, for she had that bad practice, much to be avoided, of doing everybody's work as well as her own. This is a bad practice and one I never follow, because not only is it exhausting to one's own strength, but is extremely bad for other people. It makes them very selfish and exacting.

The fact is Marchioness was too hot for the team. It must have been a sight to see

her galloping down the hill—say such hills as the old road down into Beer, or the hill down into Tyncmouth, or any of those old-world roads like the side of a house, for I am certain she would never have taken things quietly whilst she had the chance of dragging three others—I was going to say human beings—along with her. Horses are nearly human, are they not? Dogs are, I sometimes think, *quite*.

She was quieter with one companion than with three. It is not nearly so exciting to drag one creature along as it is to pull three. So Marchioness came to be one of a quiet house on the hills of Gyent to be one of a quiet pair. 'What do you take me for?' she said, with her bright eyes and snorting nostrils, the first morning I went to stroke her silky neck. And as she stood there in all her beauty accepting my admiration, she reminded me of the description in Job of the war-horse, do you remember it? 'Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth out to meet the armed men.' Now this is just what Marchioness would have delighted in, and I often used to fancy how she would have dashed against the enemy's iron ranks in a charge, shaken herself, neighed, foamed at the mouth, and gone at it again with renewed vigour.

'What do you take me for? I wonder,' she seemed to say to me. 'Do you think I look as if I were going to make one of a quiet pair? Not if I know it; at least, let the other one be what he may, I am not going to be quiet.' And she kept her word. To be one of a quiet pair in a family carriage was by no means consonant with the nature of Marchioness. A quiet pair! Where is such a thing to be found? A quiet pair means a well-matched pair. Did any-

body ever find a quiet well-matched pair in friendship or in matrimony? A pair the same size, the same colour, with the same paces going a steady jog-trot together, clank, clank over the hard road, like the feet of one instead of the feet of two? No, no. Seldom do we find anything of the sort. The tall marries the short, the fiery temper takes to the quiet disposition, the quick impatient mind has to put up with the slow calculating temperament, one is lazy and the other does all the work.

It is said that when the mother of the fiery general, Sir David Baird, heard that her son had been taken prisoner and that the prisoners were tied two and two, the old lady, after musing for a moment, said: 'Lord pity the chiel that's tied to our Davie!' I have always thought the old lady was wrong. It is much harder for a fury to be tied to a slug, than for a slug to be tied to a fury. Curiously enough, to be tied to a slug was always the fate of Marchioness. No horse could ever be got to go perfectly with her. Perhaps this was fortunate, as two of the same sort might have flown to the world's end together, dragging after them the respectable family carriage and its passengers. How often have I seen her splendid dark chesnut head tossing with pride and impatience, her light-coloured mane thrown back like a wave of the sea, and her hoofs striking sparks from the stony road, as furious at her heavy brown companion's slowness, she did his work and her own too, with a contemptuous jaunty air that made light of all difficulties.

But nobody, whether man or beast, can go on exhausting himself for ever; and after a few years of willing work and intense excitement the strength of Marchioness began to fail. Rheumatism set in; she trotted along as merrily as ever, but we never knew when she might fall, and after two or three narrow escapes it was decided that she must do no more carriage work. She was turned into the field, and for the future a life of leisure and retirement was to be hers, with a tiny old pony as an attendant. I should like to say a great deal about this pony, but must keep to the subject in hand.

A strong affection sprang up between the dapper little Alice and the majestic Marchioness; but do what we would the latter was unhappy. She was pining for work, for occupation; she was tired of the monotonous green grass, and saw no beauty in the muddy pond.

She grew ragged-looking and unkempt, and seemed neglected and miserable. And yet she was not neglected. She was supplied with the best of food, taken into the stable at nights when it was cold, and, in short, treated with all the respect her rank, beauty, and character deserved. When she saw the carriage go out she would come neighing up the drive as much as to say, 'Who has taken my place? My occupation's gone.'

What was to be done? It was decided that as Marchioness was evidently unhappy with nothing to do, she must be put to light farm-work. So she was given over to the bailiff, a kind man, fully aware of her consequence and worth. What a degradation! Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Like most people, I am not so young as I used to be, and yet I should be very sorry to be considered past work. I should die of dulness. I should feel bored from morning to night if I were not allowed to do anything. I cannot take part in the severer studies that delighted my prime, but I can still do a little light literary work. I cannot walk the many miles I used, but I can still make a good tramp on a fine day. I am not fit for a day's hunting, but I can still enjoy a drive to cover.

I saw an old man the other day; he was a poor old fellow creeping by the roadside; he could hardly get along, yet he carried a load of faggots on his head. My companion was indignant: 'What a shame that an old man should carry such a load!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it makes the old man happy to think that he can still be of some little use in the world. He will be quite proud to go into his cottage with his load, and rejoice his old wife's heart with his superior strength.' I am sure Marchioness thought exactly the same. It is a pleasure to go into the field and see her plough. She does it so well and

so thoroughly, arching her neck and lifting her feet so proudly. She is treated very gently, and as she is somewhat dainty and aristocratic in her tastes, as becomes her high lineage, she is given more dainty and delicate food than the carthorses. She has taken part in the autumn ploughing this year, and I am sure that her bright looks show that she has learnt to consider a plough more useful than a carriage.

Her fiery youthful spirit has tamed down into an old age of wisdom, and she shows forth a great lesson to us all, namely, that if we cannot do one sort of work we must try another, for we can never be happy in idleness. The palm-tree, the noblest tree of all, bears fruit to the end, and old age is no

excuse for indolence. Only one thing makes me unhappy. Marchioness's teeth are failing, and I fear oats and chaff will soon be pain and grief to her. I do not know of any dentist who makes artificial teeth for horses. I wish I did. Some people hint something about a quick and painless death for Marchioness; but would they like it themselves, I wonder? One thing I am sure of, Marchioness shall live as long as she will, and as long as she can, and she shall do as much or as little work as she pleases, and not one stitch more. She shall have her oats ground, and if any one knows of a good cookery-book for toothless horses, perhaps they will be so kind as to tell me of it.

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

Uncle Johnson.

D WUNDER if any readers of THE BANNER have ever heard of an old black man, who died in Canada some few years since, aged one hundred and twenty years? His name was Johnson. *Uncle Johnson*, the neighbours called him, after the fashion of the country. He was a wonderful old fellow, with a good memory to the last, and plenty of stories to tell of the things he had heard and seen in his young days. He said he was a grown man when the States of America proclaimed themselves independent of the mother-country, and he recollected throwing fireballs to celebrate the Declaration of Independence.

And he remembered General Washington too. 'I bait de General's horse in our yard, while he take his dinner with massa.'

Of course Johnson was a slave in those days, but when he came to be a hundred years old he was given his liberty as a birthday present, and 'massa' sent him to Canada, the nearest 'free' country.

But the most wonderful and real thing about old Johnson was his religion. Negroes are generally fond of singing hymns and

attending emotional meetings, but this old fellow seemed to live in his belief, to live and rejoice in it all the many days of his long life.

No living soul knew Johnson without this support, but he himself says that he was a big lad before ever his thoughts were turned towards heaven and God, and then one of his simple ideas was shame that the cattle should kneel before they lay down to rest, and he go to bed prayerless.

Shame and a sense of sin made the young slave very unhappy at this time; indeed, he fell into a state of utter despair. He thought that God was very far off, frowning and angry, and he was a poor fellow, sinful and wretched. What could he do!

A strange negro passing by now let a streak of light into the sad heart, telling him of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

That night young Johnson spent in the woods, far away from human kind, crying through all the dark hours, 'Oh Lamb of God, have mercy on this poor man!'

And God, who moves in a mysterious way, came at the cry, and sent His Spirit to

comfort the earnest negro boy and teach him heavenly truths.

After that, whatever happened, it was always sunshine with Johnson; and his one idea was to make his brother-slaves as happy as himself.

In Canada he and his wife lived in a little cabin near some great houses, and one of the neighbours narrowly observed the old man, attracted by his extreme old age and great energy of spirit.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the following curious anecdotes:

'He seemed very happy one day, and I asked him what he had been doing. "Meditatin', massa," he said, "about my Lord Jesus bein' a carpenter, and so He knows all about the mansions in heaven, and He can make one for me." And then he cried aloud to his Lord, in the most earnest tones, to keep one for him.

'Once I heard him praying and singing at midnight while a thunderstorm was going on, and when I asked him about it next day, he answered, "Massa, I couldn't lie still like a great animal when de Lord was shaking the earth, so I just wakes my wife and says, 'Ellen, rouse up. Here's a message from Home coming.'"

'One morning, hearing his voice raised in some long prayer—as it seemed—I looked in at the door of the hut. He was seated at the table, his hands clasped, his untasted breakfast before him. "Massa," he explained, "I began to say grace, but seems as if I never could get done, de Lord He is so good."

'Though poor, and dependent upon the exertions of his wife—many years younger than himself—he was never the least anxious or cast down. The Lord always helped them, he declared, they never wanted for anything.

'His voice was so strong that when he prayed aloud (as is often the habit of the aged) he was heard to a great distance, and while some complained of old Johnson's zeal disturbing their rest at night, more than one wrong-doer has since confessed that he has felt protected in the darkness by the old fellow's prayers.

'Johnson always rose early; on Sunday mornings specially early. When asked why he did so, he answered, "De Lord get up early dat day. De earlier I get up de more I sees of Jesus."

For the last seventy years this old man had abstained entirely from food on Fridays. Few in those days observed fast-days at all, even in the smallest degree, so this custom often created some surprise, and when asked 'if he did not feel very weak at night,' he replied, 'Yes, but I must have de body keep he place. Dese are de days I spread de big tings before de Lord and pray.' So his fasting and prayer went on. 'I feed de soul to-day,' he would say.

The death of his wife two years before his own departure was a great sorrow to the old man, but his faith never failed him. She had gone to occupy one of those heavenly mansions he saw so plainly, and he would be called soon, too. 'Hold on a little longer, Johnson,' were words, he used to say, he heard something speak within him.

'Dat chariot will come again,' he affirmed confidently; and it did come, but so silently, in the dead of night, that no one heard the wheels but the old black servant. He was ready, however—watching and waiting, we doubt not.

How he will enjoy the harping and the new songs of heaven we cannot but reverently think, remembering how dearly he loved our poor earth's melodies.



Work for God at Home and Abroad.

A LONDON NURSE.

A VERY usual result of affliction rightly borne is the acquirement of a wider sympathy with the woes of others, followed by an earnest desire to mitigate them. Such at least was the experience of a friend of mine, Mrs. Crowie, who would not allow herself to be crushed by the previous trials of her early life, but rose from beneath them, eager to lift the like weight from the shoulders of her weaker brothers and sisters.

As a district nurse, in a poor part of London, she began her work. There is nothing so interesting as simple truth, so I shall try to tell you something of what she saw and did while acting as a servant of the poor.

A very poor old Irish couple in a narrow back court in London were her first care. The woman was bedridden. Both she and the man were helpless and dirty in the extreme.

'Let me make your bed for you,' begged Mrs. C., of the poor woman, nothing daunted by the state of affairs. With difficulty the old lady was lifted on to the floor, while Nurse set to work on what had once been a flock mattress, but was now a shapeless couch of horrors, full of holes—the holes plugged up with dirty rags

'Aye,' said the old soul, 'it's got worse and worse of late; you see I've laid upon it so long.'

'How long?' was the quiet question.

'Nigh on three year.'

'And has no one made your bed for you in all that time?'

'No one, lady; who should? The ould man he's good for nothing, and we never were ones to ask the neighbours. So we just did as well as we could. But we've two blankets!' This last observation had a tone of honest pride in it.

Ah, those blankets! Nurse thought she was tolerably acquainted with dirt in all forms, but these brown woollen rags beat her. Nothing could be done with them; they had to be carried into the yard and burnt. Then room, walls, windows, bedstead, chair and table, were thoroughly cleaned; not without much difficulty and some opposition on the part of

both old people; but the Irish are easy-tempered and grateful, and they gave way at last, seeing that Nurse was very much in earnest, and promised to replace everything destroyed by her orders.

In a few weeks' time there was an 'At Home' in the Murphys' attic, Mrs. Crowie and a friend or two looking in. What a change! the low room fresh and clean, the window open, and the old woman sitting up in bed in a clean cap, cracking jokes with her husband propped in the one chair. 'Come in, my dears, all on ye, and welcome; it's a pallis we're living in now, and all along of her. A grain of help is worth a heap of pity! It's a few more ladies such as she as are wanted in the world.'

Then, when everything had been thoroughly admired, the voluble Irishwoman started again. 'Sure the blessing of Heaven will rest on you, lady,' she cried, to Mrs. Crowie; 'for you've clothed me, and fed me, and cared for me, body and soul, and I've only got to lie here and sing for joy, till the Lord calls me to Paradise.'

In eighteen months' time the room was empty indeed; the gay-hearted old woman and her husband silent; or rather, perhaps—as she had trusted—singing in Paradise.

I was walking in the street one day with Mrs. Crowie, or 'Nurse,' as she liked to be called (and, indeed, it is an honourable title), when we noticed a man with a barrow selling wood, and chopping it as he went along. A short cry and Nurse suddenly ran up to him; then I saw that he had just severely cut his own hand. It was the work of a few seconds to seat the poor fellow on a doorstep and bandage the wound with her handkerchief; after that he was taken home by Nurse and properly attended to.

The next day a poor woman came to the door and thus addressed Mrs. Crowie: 'I saw you take the man in here yesterday and bind up his hand as well as they do at the hospital, and now I've come to ask you to look at a poor soul at our place as has had a bad leg and foot this long time.'

This was an invitation that could not be disregarded. Mrs. Crowie started at once,

finding the sufferer to be a woman, with a young child by her side, in bed. Her foot and leg were in a terrible state, and sadly neglected to boot. Much attention was given to this case, and with frequent washing and bandaging, the wounds began to improve. It was Nurse's way to make friends of her patients, all of them coming in time to love her and trust in her. This poor creature was no exception. A man, a sweep, whom the baby boy called 'daddy,' used to come in and out, seemingly behaving kindly to the poor woman. He would thank Nurse at times for her care. One day, with a few hard tears standing in her eyes, the sick woman called Nurse to her side, 'He ain't my husband,' she said; 'we've never been to church. Now, then, you can go. I felt I must tell you, but I know you'll have nothing more to do with me.'

But this was not Mrs. Crowie's way. Sin, as well as sorrow, she was prepared to meet and conquer. What she said to the conscience-stricken woman she never told, but the result was that the poor thing dried her tears, and set to work to wash and tidy her clothes as well as she could. When she could walk, there was to be a wedding, and Mrs. Crowie was to be bridesmaid! Nurse paid the fees at the parish church, and the wedding took place, both man and wife coming after the ceremony to thank and bless their friend.

This case still remained on Mrs. Crowie's list, for the poor woman was soon again laid by, with a new attack of pain in the diseased limb. She received every care and attention, but her constitution could not bear the strain, and after a few months' suffering she died—quite happy and resigned. God would pardon her sins, and 'Nurse' had promised to care for her child. The little lad was indeed, by Mrs. Crowie's efforts, immediately placed in a Home for infant orphans at Forest Hill.

Nurse's next charge was a consumptive woman, dying in utter poverty, who yet refused to let anyone come near her. Even her neighbours were distressed that the poor soul should die like a dog, but sick Mary gasped out so fierce a refusal to 'let any meddlers come nigh her,' that they were frightened to interfere.

Nurse was never frightened, however. She looked out some clean sheets and soap, a little tea and sugar, and a roll, and started for the house. Something in her face won her way. Mary was not fierce to her. She silently let the new visitor make a bit of fire, and boil

some water, and after the refreshing cup of tea, allowed herself to be washed, and the clean sheets put on her bed.

Bed! Have I called by such a name the lair of this poor creature? It was just a bag of shavings on some boards, which were supported on a few bricks. Here the dying creature stretched her sore limbs, day and night. Such utter neglect in her surroundings, and such a helpless sufferer, even Nurse had scarcely seen before. When she was made comparatively comfortable, Mrs. Crowie said a word to her of God's loving care, and the fact that she had been directed to Mary by Him.

'If that's Bible words you're saying,' gasped the wretched woman, 'you can spare your trouble, for I don't believe the Scripture.'

The poor thing was too ill to reason with. Silent prayer was the only resource, and—hoping some good might accrue from it—Mrs. Crowie spread over the poor woman a pretty quilt worked in squares, a text of Scripture appearing on every square. If only one might prove a word in season to the poor frozen heart! Then she put some food on the stool by her bed and left her, saying cheerfully that she should come again next day.

At ten next morning Mrs. Crowie found herself in Mary's street. A woman met her and asked her, 'Are you the lady, ma'am, as took the Bible quilt to Mary Holt, yonder?' Oh, how Mrs. Crowie's heart beat with expectant joy! Surely this woman was going to say that some holy word had pierced the hard heart of the sufferer, and that she was now, at the eleventh hour, longing to believe and repent.

Alas! however, the tidings were sadly different. 'Ah, well then, ma'am, if I were you I'd keep away from her place, for she's made up her mind to insult you. As soon as ever you show your face inside her door, she's going to throw all the things at your head as you brought her yesterday. And as for the quilt, she says she'd two minds to have torn that up, for she don't care to be made a poppet-show of, says she. And she's turned all the nice reading inside. I only tell you, ma'am, as you may be prepared, for I knows her well, and she's that violent when her temper's up.'

Nothing could be more discouraging, yet Nurse's face remained quite calm; and thanking the bearer of ill tidings, she went straight on to the house, entering Mary's room with a quiet 'Good morning, Mary; have you had a good night?'

'What's that to you?' answered Mary.

'I am afraid you have not slept,' said Nurse, still very gently, 'or you would not be so uncomfortable and feverish.'

'It's this thing as has done it,' said Mary, pushing off the quilt. 'I'll thank you to take it right away.'

'Why, Mary, the quilt? I thought it would have been a pleasure to you, but I see you've turned it. Is it to keep the best side clean?'

'No, it isn't, and it ain't a pleasure at all. It's a trouble, that's what it is, and it shan't be on my bed. I'll have my old dress over me first.'

The poor thing was working herself again into a rage. Nurse tried to quiet her by removing the quilt and folding it up.

There was still nothing to be done but to pray silently for this unhappy sufferer.

For many days Mrs. Crowie came and went in that poor house. Mary accepted the food she brought for the body, but would still have nothing to do with any food for the soul.

Yet she grew daily weaker and worse; she was dying, and she knew it, for her feeble voice now asked for one or another of her neighbours, to whom she desired to say a parting word.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Crowie was early at her post arranging the pillows, and trying to ease the pain of the poor woman, when, to her astonishment, Mary said, suddenly, 'Where's that quilt with the reading? I want it.'

It was brought at once.

'Spread it over me,' gasped Mary.

Nurse did so. 'Shall I read a text, Mary?' she said, seeing the dim eyes were wandering over the squares.

'No, no. I want the one as troubled me the other day. Aye, here it is. *The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?* Ah, that's the one as troubles me.'

'Yes, but here is one that won't trouble you,' said Mrs. Crowie; and she read, '*Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*'

'Sinners,' repeated Mary. 'That's me. I've been a sinner all my life. I've been on the stage, and the tight rope, and in all sorts of loose places. I've committed every sin. God can't forgive me now at the last moment. How can I expect it? Oh, do pray for me, ma'am.'

And Nurse did pray very earnestly for this

poor creature, to whom repentance had come so late.

'I do repent from my heart,' Mary cried, over and over again. 'Oh, how different I would live if the time could come again. Lord, have mercy upon me!'

We think the Saviour of sinners did come to meet this poor prodigal that very evening, bringing her in at that late hour to the gates of home, and washing away her stains, for Mary sank away in her sleep that night, her last conscious words having been, 'Lord, have mercy!'

A sick nurse among the poor has, indeed, wonderful power for good among her patients. Such an end as that of poor Mary would be sure to give Mrs. Crowie strength and hope to press on with her work, however fatiguing and endless it might seem to be at the time.

Perhaps by-and-by, those who have gone so far with her on her way will like to hear more of the experiences of a London nurse. If so, we recommend them to keep an eye on the pages of *THE BANNER*.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL

APRIL is late in the day, you will say, to be writing of Christmas presents. So it is, but we have a letter by us giving the details of the filling of a Christmas box, which has been crowded out till now, and is so interesting that we are sure no one will mind being carried back to Christmas to hear about it.

The letter begins with that cheerful statement we are so fond of seeing—'There is a box ready to start to you.' Then having taken out five shillings from different friends, old and young, we proceed to read out the contents of the box. 'You will find a little boy's suit—outer garments, shirt, and braces made by a matron; the stocking by a young man; the cap and comforter by an old lady of eight; and the mittens by a little boy of seven.'

'There are scrap-books, done by little girls of a Sunday class; there are warm children's petticoats and bodies, little girls' stuff dresses, men's shirts, children's socks, babies' boots, boys' caps, gaiters for children and old women, children's gaiters, comforters, and cuffs; also an emigrant's vest, which any but a knowing emigrant might be puzzled to get into. There are holland and fancy pinafores, washing frocks, under clothing for different sizes and

ages, children's hats, a woman's bonnet and jacket, and a baby's cloak. Also a length of fringo suitable for church use.

'All these things are the products of our village working party, the members of which, thirteen in number, have come bravely once a fortnight, in all weathers, through the darkness and dirt of country lanes and fields, to work for two hours. Our house is very small, and we were at first puzzled how to arrange accommodation. At last we hit on the plan of introducing two trestles and a long piece of plank, two feet wide, by the window, so that lamps, work, and implements had room enough.

'I must tell you that all our members have also worked at home on their own materials.'

This is the substance of our good, energetic friend's letter. The scene of the working party is Southwick, and it was to be removed after Christmas. What other parish, having satisfied home claims, will follow Southwick's example?

Some of our courageous young collectors have done wonders for us in the face of great difficulties. Collecting money is not always pleasant work, we know. Now and then we hear of a faint heart giving in and another stepping into the breach. As, for instance, the other day when an elder school-girl, who could not face rebuff, was returning her card, a younger one asked leave to try, and took it with her on shopping errands with very good results. It is easy to offer a gift out of a full purse, but to beg from reluctant donors is another affair. It is often to suffer for the sake of those we are benefiting.

A little choir-boy of nine sends us 1s., the first money earned by his singing. It is for a little boy's Sunday breakfasts.

Our next entry is a cheque for 2l. 2s. 3d. from the Vicar of Little Langford; and this is the history of it:

'On Christmas Day evening, as there was no service here, we went out with our Sunday school scholars carol-singing for the benefit of the Orphanage. The people know of your work, and you may judge how liberally they gave to it when I tell you that most of them are only agricultural labourers. The children of Grovely parish, a little group of houses in the middle of a large wood, also went out carol-singing, and earned 3s. 6d. When these heard what the Langford children had done, they also sent their money for your Home.'

The girls of the Karleston working party have given an entertainment in a coach-house, by which they have earned 10s. This is sent

to us by the friend who organised it. The money is for the Gordon Memorial Schools.

'My little ones,' writes their mother, 'Gertrude, Pattie, and Albert, made a museum in the nursery, and when their collection was completed charged 1d. entrance, so they send you 2s. 6d. entrance money for Sunday breakfasts.'

Then follows 6s. 6d. for 'Penny Dinners,' saved in pence during the year. These Penny Dinners have a marked effect on the health of the children who come and eat them, and who would otherwise have nothing; or next to nothing between breakfast and tea. It is astonishing how little pale thin cheeks 'plump out,' and eyes brighten, during the Penny Dinner season. 'Sultan' sends us 1l. 2s. 6d. for the Convalescent Home, calling it 'the combined effects of begging and sugar.'

We are so glad to have 'Thank-offerings' to record almost every month. Thus, this month we have 3s. from two laundry-maids who feel thankful for a good situation; 4s. from a 'Thankful Heart'; 10s. for 'late mercies vouchsafed'; 2s. from C. H., 'A thanksgiving for having been successful in my work'; and 10s. from a Grateful Mother. This grateful mother has lost two lovely boys. She is grateful for the knowledge that they are safe in Paradise. And our work amongst children touches her heart, so she makes this offering.

We have a very kind letter from a settler in the Backwoods, Ontario, Canada. He sends us a photograph of their nice little church. 'We had a parsonage to match,' he says, 'but it was destroyed by a bush fire five years ago. We are trying to build another, but it is hard work to raise money out here. The 100l. we have raised wants another 100l. putting to it before we can use it, and we can have no clergyman until we can give him a house. Although this country is not rich in money it is rich in health. It is just the place for any one wanting to lead a healthy, hardy life.'

We have 10s., a New Year's Gift from Ixopo, Natal, partly collected and partly sugar-money, saved by eating unsweetened porridge. The gift comes from the children of the missionary the Rev. R. Brittan. He has pressing wants of his own, too. He says, 'The church and burial ground are open to the cattle, we cannot meet the expense of fencing in; and a chancel carpet is a great need. Will any readers of THE BANNER help me either with money or by sending articles for a sale of work? I can sell anything pretty or useful well.'

The Apostles' Creed.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

Passion Sunday (APRIL 11).

— and buried — *The Burial*.—S. John xix. 38-42; Colossians ii. 12.

- A. Our Saviour was buried—according to—
 I. Type—Jonah.—S. Matthew xii. 40.
 II. Prophecy.—{ Psalm xvi. 10. (Prayer Book Version.)
 { Isaiah liii. 9.
 III. History.
 1. Romans did not bury at all, but—
 (a) in case of friends—burnt the body.
 (b) in case of criminals—left it to decay on the cross.
 2. Jews always buried, so—
 (a) the Disciples
 (b) the chief priests } combined to secure the Burial of Christ
 3. Features of Jewish burial—
 a. body washed.
 b. anointed.
 c. wrapped in linen with spices.
 d. other spices burnt in the cave. |
 e. sepulchres in caves—not in the earth.
 f. niches to receive each body.
 g. outer and inner chambers.
 h. mouth of cave closed with stone.
- B. The interest for Christians of the Lord's Burial.
 First. Remember that we are buried with Him in Baptism (Romans vi. 4).
 Second. Reverence the bodies, graves, property of the dead (Acts v. 6, viii. 2, ix. 37, 39).
 Third. Respect their good wishes (1 Kings v. 5).
 Fourth. Have no fear of the grave (Hosea xiii. 14).
- C. 1. What was That Body which the disciples laid in the grave?—It was the Body of God?
 2. Was God then united to that Dead Body?—Yes, the Godhead never can leave either Body or Soul of Jesus.
 3. Did That Body decay in the grave?—No. The Holy One of God saw no corruption.
 4. Why was He then buried?—To prove his real Death and Resurrection.
 5. What Blessing has the Burial of Christ left in the earth?—It has sanctified the Grave for Christians.
 6. Mention other earthly things that have been sanctified by the touch of that Sacred Body.—Water; bread and wine; wood and iron.
 7. How should Christian people behave in a churchyard or cemetery?

Palm Sunday (APRIL 18).

'He descended into Hell'—*The Descent*.—1 S. Peter iii. 18-22; Psalm xvi. 11 (Prayer Book).

- A. 'Hell' here does not mean—
 The Place of Eternal Torment (S. Matthew x. 28), but
 The Place of temporary Rest (S. Luke xxiii. 43).
 Facts told us in Scripture about this Place:—
 1. Rest for the good.—Rev. xiv. 13. ['No rest for the wicked.'—Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.]
 2. Patience—till their happiness is made perfect.—Rev. vi. 10, 11.
 3. Growth in holiness.—Psalm xvii. 16.
 4. Consciousness of good and evil.—S. Luke xvi. 25.
- B. Practical thoughts about the dead.
 First. We must work out our own salvation now, as we shall have no time after death.—Ecclesiastes xii. 1, &c., S. John ix. 4.
 Second. We need not fear the dead.—Hebrews xii. 22, 23.
 Third. We ought not to disquiet them.—1 Samuel xxviii. 15.
 Fourth. We should not forget them.—2 Samuel xii. 23.
 Fifth. We may help them by our prayers.—2 Timothy i. 18.
 Sixth. And they surely are helping us.—Hebrews xii. 1.
 Seventh. Yet we must trust in One Only Saviour to be with us in and after death.—Psalm xxiii. 4.
- C. 1. Where was our Blessed Lord from three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon till Easter morning?—His Body was in the Tomb; His Soul in Hell.
 2. What does 'Hell' mean in the Creed?—The Place of Departed Spirits.
 3. What did Jesus do in this Place?—He preached to the Spirits in prison (or *safe keeping*).
 4. Does this mean those condemned for ever?—No; the Soul of the Saviour could not go to them.
 5. Where did He promise to receive the soul of the Penitent Thief?—In Paradise.
 6. What does Revelation say about the Faithful Departed?—'Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord. Even so, said the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.'
 7. What may we do for the Dead?

Easter Day (APRIL 25).

'The Third Day He Rose again from the Dead.'—*The Resurrection.*—S. Matthew xxviii. 1-11; 1 Cor. xv. 20.

A. The Nature of the Resurrection:—

I. A Truth.

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| 1st. In Prophecy | { Psalm ii. 1, 2, 6, 7; xvi. 11.
Isaiah lv. 3.
S. Matthew xii. 39, 40; xvi. 21; xvii. 9; xx. 19. |
| 2nd. In Type | { Isaac restored to life after his sacrifice.
Joseph raised up from the dungeon. |
| 3rd. In Witness | { Acts i. 3, 22; ii. 32. |
- [N.B.—Eleven separate appearances to separate witnesses are recorded.]

II. A Fact.

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| a. Time | { 1. 'Third Day' from Good Friday.
2. 'First Day of the week.'
3. 'Early, while it was yet dark.' |
| b. Place | { 1. Sealed sepulchre.
2. Stone rolled away <i>after</i> He had risen.
3. Linen clothes and napkin found separate. |
| c. Agents | { 1. GOD THE FATHER.—Acts ii. 24; 1 Corinthians xv. 15.
2. GOD THE SON.—S. John ii. 19; x. 18.
3. GOD THE HOLY GHOST.—Romans viii. 11. |

III. A Power—at work:—

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Long before the Incarnation.—1 Kings xvii. 22;
2 Kings iv. 34, 35; xiii. 21. | 4. In the miracles of the early Church.—
Acts ix. 40; xx. 12. |
| 2. In the Days of His Flesh.—S. Luke vii. 22. | 5. At the General Resurrection.—1 Cor-
inthians xv. 22. |
| 3. Immediately after His Resurrection.—S. Matt. xxvii. 53. | |

B. Graces of Eastertide—gathered from the Collect and Epistle:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| First. Good desires and good effect (Collect). | Third. Hidden Life (verse 3). |
| Second. Heavenly mindedness (Epistle, verses 1, 2). | Fourth. Mortification of the flesh (verse 5). |

- C. 1. Why is Easter Day the Queen of Festivals? Because on that Day Christ rose from the dead.
2. Who was it rose again? It was THE SON OF GOD in the same Body and Soul with Which He lived and died.
3. What will become of your body when you die? It will go to the dust from which it was made.
4. What will become of it when we rise again? It will be made up again into a spiritual body.
5. Why is it to be a spiritual body? Because it is not to die again, or live upon this earth, but to exist for ever in Heaven or hell.
6. Why should we keep our bodies from sin? Because they are the same bodies that will belong to us for ever after the Resurrection.
7. What are your temptations to sin during these Easter holidays?

Low Sunday (MAY 2).

'He Ascended into Heaven, and Sitteth on the Right Hand of
GOD THE FATHER Almighty.' } The Ascension and Session.
S. Luke xxiv. 50-53; Psalm cx. 1.

A. Consider the words of this article:—

- 'He'—in His Human Body and Soul, for as GOD He is ever there.—S. John iii. 13.
'Ascended'—by the Will of His FATHER.—S. John xvii. 1.
'into Heaven'—not any lower heaven.—2 Corinthians xii. 2.
but the highest Heaven.—Hebrews iv. 14; vii. 26.
'and Sitteth'—in the attitude of *calm Majesty*.—Revelations iii. 21. [He once appeared 'standing' in the attitude of *active Intercession*.—Acts vii. 55.]
'on [or 'at'] the Right Hand'—the Place of highest power, honour, pleasure for evermore.
'of GOD THE FATHER Almighty'—The Omnipotence of THE FATHER specified here, since He is the Source of all Power and Might.

B. Two great Lessons from our Exalted Lord:—

- First—from His Ascension—*Heavenly mindedness.*—S. John xvii. 11.
Second—from His Session—*Patience.*—Hebrews x. 13.

C. 1. Describe the Ascension of our Blessed Lord.

2. Why has Christ Ascended into Heaven? To enter into His Glory as King.
3. What is He doing there?—He is acting as our High Priest.
4. How is He doing this?
1st. He has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.
2nd. He will prepare a Place for us.
3rd. He is ever making Intercession for us.
4th. He is always ready to offer our own prayers.
5th. He continually lifts His Hands to bless.
5. Whom will our Saviour take to Heaven?—Those who believe in Him and follow Him.
6. Why should we long to go to Heaven?—Because it is the Home of our Father.
7. How should we be preparing ourselves for it?

* * * The complete SCRIPTURE 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 ½d., and can be had of the Publishers.

Diocesan News.

An association has been lately organized at Fredericton called "The Women's Aid Association for the Diocese of Fredericton." It is hoped this Society will become the parent of branch associations in various parts of the Diocese, and act as a great motive power for the work of the Church.

The Rev. T. E. and Mrs. Dowling sailed for England on Saturday, 13th inst. We trust the sea voyage and rest may restore the health of the Rector of St. Stephen, whose diligent work will be sadly missed by his parishioners.

Rev. A. J. Reid, Curate of Moncton, was admitted to the Holy Order of the Priesthood by the Metropolitan of Canada on Sunday, March 21st.

The Parish of Bathurst has recovered itself and is now in a position to look for the services of a Rector. The parishioners deserve great credit for the strenuous efforts they have made of late.

Special Lenten services are being held in nearly all the Parishes of the Diocese, with the promise of good results.

We are thankful to learn that Confirmations will be held in very many missions in 1886 where a like privilege was extended last year.

Fairville Items.

On March 4 an entertainment was given in the Church Hall, consisting of music, dialogues, etc., by members of the Choir, assisted by the Fife and Drum Band, which played selections during the evening. Having been in existence such a short time, the Band deserves the highest praise for its very creditable performance. The concert was a thorough success from beginning to end. The hall was densely packed. Nearly 100 ticket holders were obliged to go away without obtaining admission. The parts were well sustained, and from the repeated applause which greeted the performers, it was evident the audience were well pleased. On the 9th the concert was repeated by request, those who were disappointed in hearing the first having the privilege of using their tickets for the second one. A nice sum was realized towards the Building Fund. Our charge was only 15 cents, yet we cleared over

\$40. It is hoped shortly to enlarge the hall and to raise the platform, and after Easter to give a series of entertainments for the purpose of raising the \$2,000 required to finish our Church.

During the past month the top part of the Church has been greatly improved. The Pastor has been greatly pleased and cheered by the zeal and energy lately displayed by various members of his congregation. The Choir has his special thanks. Messrs. Lodge, Herrington, Engals, McGuire, Golden, Shanks, Gregg, and our faithful sexton, Wm. Miller, have freely and willingly given their time and labour towards helping to finish their Church. During the past month they have sheathed the upper part of the Church, cleared up the grounds, and intend soon starting to build a stable and barn for their Pastor's horse, etc. Would that many others would copy and follow their examples.

On March 11th we had the pleasure of Canon Medley's presence amongst us, he having preached the first of our Lenten sermons. He is to be followed by Rev. J. M. Davenport, and during April we hope to receive visits from the Revs. O. S. Newnham, W. Greer, and G. O. Troop.

Parochial Items.

JOHNSTON :—The Church Extension Association of Kilburn, London, has kindly sent for St. Paul's Church, in this Parish, a beautiful Altar covering, Frontal and Super-Frontal, together with a complete set of Altar Linen. The Altar, which was quite bare before, is now appropriately and handsomely adorned, thanks to these kind ladies.

Lent Lectures are being held both in S. Paul's and St. John's Churches, and promise to be well attended.

A "Busy Bee Society," composed of the S. S. girls, meets fortnightly at Goshen. The Queen Bees are Miss Hanington and Miss Cody. The hive is the School House. Their stings are in the form of needles. The honey they diligently make is not to eat, but mostly to wear, and will be sold at some coming Bazaar for Church purposes.

St. Paul's Church has now an organist, Mr. W. Hanbury, of London, England, having kindly consented to act in that capacity during his stay in the Parish.

HAMPTON:—On Tuesday, March 9th, a concert was given in the Hall at Smithtown, in aid of the Building Fund of the proposed Mission School Room. About \$10 was the amount realized. The sills and a good deal of the timber for the frame is on the ground. The good people of Smithtown deserve much praise, for they have not spent much breath in *talk*, but have gone to *work* with a will.

The Rector has just concluded a course of five sermons on Infant Baptism at Hampton Village.

STUDENHAM:—It is a good sign when people cry out for "more light," even if it be the light of a few more lamps in Church. We are shortly to have another chandelier in the Church of the Ascension by order of the Church Wardens.

During Lent our Friday evening services are again given us by our Rector, when a series of practical addresses are delivered. Our Guild is also being resuscitated, and we hope a move will be made for our Guild Hall, which is very much needed.

One of our most promising young men, Mr. Samuel Sharp, has been taken to his rest, the last of a large family of children who have all gone home before their widowed mother, who is left to mourn and wait her call. We are sure the prayers of the faithful will be offered to God for her in this trial. The last act of this young soldier of Christ was to remember the Church of God in his will.

SUSSEX:—On Tuesday, March 2nd, a very successful meeting of S. S. T. U., Section III., took place in this Parish. In spite of the long-continued snowstorm, which blocked the roads in many places, there was an attendance of 22 Teachers. Holy Communion was celebrated at Trinity Church at 10 a.m. At 11 a.m. the Teachers assembled at Nelson Arnold's, Esq., where, after the opening office of prayer and praise, the work of the meeting was entered upon. Two very useful papers were read, one by Miss Bessie Hazen on the "History of the Holy Bible," and the other by Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie on the "Chronology of the Holy Bible." The illustrative Lesson was given by Rev. J. H. Talbot, the subject being the Second Vow of Holy Baptism. We feel that the interest in these gatherings is increasing every quarter, and we are sure they reflect upon the work of our Sunday Schools.

The ladies of the Sewing Circle here are making efforts with regard to the building of a Sunday School House, which would no doubt be of great service in many ways besides that of holding the scholars on Sunday. We need a work-room badly, and we hope

it will not be long before we have it. The ladies have the promise of a piece of ground for a site, and have enough money in the Savings Banks to purchase most of the lumber, etc.

The zeal of the young men is being aroused. During the last month our Choir has been increased by an addition of three of them.

The Sunday School teachers are busily at work preparing for the examination for Bishop Kingdon's prizes.

Our Deanery.

NO. II.—KINGSTON.

(Concluded.)

On Easter Monday, 1808, it was proposed that a steeple be erected and necessary repairs of the Church completed, on condition *that the Church be declared free.*

On July 13th, 1809, "the steeple was raised without any accident happening to any one, and in perfect harmony and good order." It was during this month that the good Bishop "Charles Nova Scotia" visited this Parish and confirmed 157 persons. His Lordship, in a remarkable letter written at Fredericton a short time after (which letter was published in a very early number of the *Church Press*, New York), after congratulating the Church on its thriving and vigorous growth, expresses no little concern and fear for its future prosperity, because all the sittings were free. A free Church in His Lordship's eyes was an anomaly, for he states: "I never knew an instance before this in Europe or America where the pews were thus held in common, and where men, perhaps of the worst characters, might come and set themselves down by the most religious and respectable characters in the Parish. This must ultimately tend to produce disorder and confusion in the Church of God." He characterizes it as "a departure from the usage of the Church of England," and continues with this Jeremiad: "If this mode be continued when the country becomes populous, in some places it would be ruinous to the Church."

Such a weighty letter, coming from such high authority, must have had its effect; and so we find that on Ascension Day the following year the matter was brought up and the question taken as to whether Trinity Church should

continue to be free, when 7 voted for the continuance of free sittings and 33 against it. From that time to the present Trinity Church has never been what many have earnestly wished—*free and unappropriated*.

In 1811 the Chancel was added to the Church.

In 1813 the receipt of a bell, weighing 139 lbs., generously presented by some gentlemen of St. John, is acknowledged.

In 1822 the end gallery and a new pulpit were erected; and on Christmas Day of that year the Rev. Elias Scovil preached for the first time in the latter "to a numerous congregation," and "the choristers entered the gallery," the service altogether "being solemn and impressive."

On July 21st, 1826, the Right Reverend and Honorable John, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, visited Kingston and confirmed 182 persons; and on Sunday, 5th of September, 1830, at another visitation, 91 persons were confirmed.

The gallery on the North side of the Church was built in 1840.

On the 27th August, 1845, the Right Rev. John, First Bishop of Fredericton, made his first visit to Kingston and confirmed 63 persons.

In 1852 permission was given to place an organ in the gallery.

In 1857 extensive repairs were made to the Church, and its appearance both externally and internally greatly improved, making it as at the present date, with its fair proportioned and tapering spire, a remarkably beautiful edifice for its remarkable antiquity, "A memorial," (to quote from Mr. G. H. Lee's useful Historical Sketch Book) "of early times and early energies." Within the last eight years sundry improvements, adornments and alterations have been made to this venerable building, which, with due care and barring all accidents, gives promise of living to a healthy, vigorous and useful old age.

Now a few words about the Chapels which, since the erection of the Parish Church, it was deemed advisable to build for the convenience of parishioners living at a distance.

St. Paul's Chapel at White Head was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia in the afternoon of September 16th, 1841; also the burial ground attached, and 26 persons were confirmed at the same time. In the

morning of that day the Bishop confirmed 93 persons at Trinity Church. Within the last eight years a new roof with steeper pitch has been added to this Church and extensive internal improvements made. The sittings are all free.

St. James' Chapel at the Reach was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton on the 30th October, 1845, before which act his Lordship required a stipulation that the pews should be free. Three years ago a fine reed organ was procured for this Chapel, and sundry necessary repairs are being made at the present time. A very useful shed for the accommodation of horses was built last autumn.

All Saints' Chapel at Clifton, with burying ground attached, was consecrated by His Lordship the Metropolitan on Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, 1885; and whether viewed externally or internally it is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The total cost of this Church up to date is about \$2,100.

Thus it may be seen in the Parish of Kingston there are four Church edifices, one for each of the four Rectors, who have presided over the Parish for the space of nearly one hundred years. Trinity was built under the incumbency of the first Rector, Rev. James Scovil, whose rectorship extended from 1788 to 19th Dec., 1808. St. Paul's, though consecrated a few months after the death of the second Rector, Rev. Elias Scovil, was in course of erection during his rectorship, which embraced a period of 38 years, as assistant to his father and as Rector from 1808 to February 10, 1841.

St. James' was built when the third Rector, Rev. Wm. Elias Scovil, had assumed the Rectory on the death of his father. He, Rev. Wm. Elias Scovil, while master of the Grammar School, acted as Lay Reader from July, 1830, to May, 1834, on the 25th of which month he was ordained Deacon at Annapolis, N. S., by the Bishop of Nova Scotia. On the 2nd August, 1835, he was admitted to the order of Priests, in Trinity Church, his father and the Revs. H. N. Arnold and John Black uniting with the Bishop in the imposition of hands. His pastorate extended over 35 years. In the month of June, 1876, he entered into rest.

On the 23rd July, 1876, the present Rector officiated for the first time in the Parish and entered into residence on Sept. 3rd of that year.

Many other items of interest relating to the Parish remain to be briefly recorded. The field of labour of the earlier Rectors embraced

not only Kingston, but also Greenwich, Springfield, and a portion of Norton Parish.

Not only is Kingston remarkable for the long pastorate of its rectors, the three Scovils, who officiated for 90 years, but also for the lengthy tenure of office of the Church Wardens.

David Pickett, Esq., served 27 years, from 1783 to 1811.

David Pickett, secundus, served 27 years, from 1837 to 1854.

Sam'l Hoyt served 40 yrs., from 1814 to 1854.

We mention this to show how conservative the good people of Kingston were, how adverse to change, and how fully they appreciated the virtues and business capacity of such faithful and good sons of the Church. For be it known that the duties of the Church Corporation were more extended in those days than now, principally as regards secular affairs, and chiefly in the farming of the public ferries. In 1823 these ferries, one at Hampton, another at Perry's Point, and the third at Gondola Point, were made over to the Kingston and Hampton Church Corporations, under the Great Seal of the Province, for the benefit of the Church in either Parish. These gifts, like that of a white elephant in India, entailed no little trouble and expense to the Corporation. The only profitable ferry was the one at Hampton, but at meetings of the Vestries of both Parishes in 1836 "all claims to any emolument from the said ferry" were relinquished, in order to facilitate the building of a free bridge in that locality. Finally, in 1854, it was deemed advisable to petition the Government to revoke their "grant," and since that time the Corporation have ceased troubling themselves about the matter.

In 1853 a Church School House was built and opened, the funds available for such a purpose being derived from interest of monies raised by the sales of timber, etc., on a certain lot of land granted by Government and known as Trinity Church School Lot. The School was kept open till the present School Law came in force.

But it is time to draw this article to a close. No mention has been made of the County Grammar School, nor yet of the County Court House, which tended to give no little importance to the hamlet of Kingston—the "County Town" of Kings. Since the removal of both "institutions" to a more accessible portion of the County, Kingston has ceased to hold the prominent position it occupied in the good old days that are past. The Church, however, still thrives, a lasting memorial of the faithfulness, wisdom and skill with which its foundations were deeply laid by the worthy pastors who now rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. And though through death, emigration, and falling away from their first love, and other causes, her numbers have been sadly lessened; yet there is every reason

for believing that many children are yet with-in her who shall hereafter arise and call her blessed.

Register.

BAPTISMS

JOHNSTON,	Feb 19	— Lewis Comben Lawson, Infant.
HAMPTON,	Mar 7	— Percy Edward Oggey, Infant
SPRINGFIELD,	Feb. 27	— Ella Myrtle O'Neil, Infant.
	Mar 11	— Harry Hutton Scovil, Infant
	" 19	— William Leveret Earl Stanley, Infant
	" 19	— Checkley Somers Stanley, Infant

BURIALS.

JOHNSTON,	Feb 5	— Anne Wiles, aged 84 years.
	" 27	— Ida Pearson, aged 17 years.
STUDHELM,	Mar 16	— Samuel Sharp, aged 22 years.
SPRINGFIELD,	Feb 26	— Ella Myrtle Huggard, aged 10 months
	Mar. 3	— Emma Grace Golding, aged 19 years.
	" 21	— Ida May Driscoll, aged 13 months.

Children's Corner.



It is proposed to introduce in the "Children's Corner" subjects of interest to the children of the Church. We commence this month with a series of questions on Scripture and Church-History. Two prizes (a first and second) are offered for the best answers to the questions which shall appear during the year. The prizes will be awarded in January, 1887. Six questions will appear each month. The answers must be addressed to Box 4, Hampton Village, N. B. Each competitor must send with the first answers name and address, with a certificate from the Clergyman of the Parish or Sunday School Teacher. Answers must be sent in not later than the end of each month. The name of the competitor making the highest number of marks in the month will be published in the following issue of the Magazine.

QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

1. *How long ago is it since the event recorded in Gen. i. 1 took place?*
2. *Give an account of the days of the Creation.*
3. *What is the meaning of the word "Heaven" as it occurs in Gen., chap. i.?*

CHURCH HISTORY.

1. *What is meant by the Bible phrase "Kingdom of Heaven"?*
2. *Where do we find the first reference to the "Kingdom of Heaven" in the Bible?*
3. *How many parables did our Lord speak concerning the "Kingdom of Heaven"?*

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