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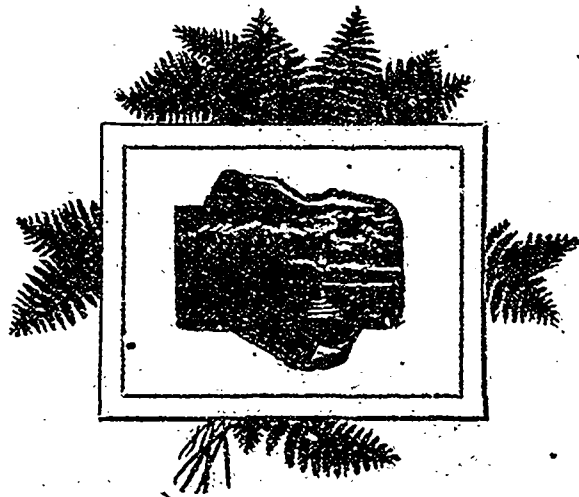
VOL. VI.

NO. 4.

The Deanery Magazine.



Diocese of Fredericton.



APRIL, 1889.



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Our Magazine.

THE Editor of the "Stanley Parish Magazine" is a little hard on "Our Magazine" in his February number. He says: "'The Chronicle,' a Diocesan organ, was pushed to the wall by the existence of the 'Kingston Deanery' organ, and now, like a two-edged sword, this same organ seems to aim at the life of Parish Magazines, against the existence of which it spoke about a year ago." Really, we are at a loss to know how "K. D. M." pushed the "Chronicle" to the wall. We had no intention of trying such a heavy undertaking. The "Chronicle" died a natural death as it was said, died for want of funds and subscribers, without any help towards that end by the "K. D. M." Gladly would we have joined in making it a Diocesan organ, but it was beyond our power at the time of its inception, and before our little help could be given it was dead. Surely this was not our fault?

But the Editor tells us that *in name* the "K. D. M." is a thing of the past, and yet the "Deanery Magazine" is a two-edged sword aiming at the life of Parish Magazines. All that we have ever said we are willing to repeat, viz.: that we consider it a thing impossible to keep a lot of small Parish Magazines going in the Diocese, and that it would be far better to adopt one of them as a Diocesan Periodical and give up the rest. We are conscious also of having made the proposal to give up *ourselves* in favour of such a Diocesan Magazine. What more could be done?

The criticism of our friend on our new name is not too bad, but he must pardon us if we say it is not *new*. What could the Editor of "K. D. M." do? He had not the sanction of authority to call the "K. D. M." "The Fredericton Diocesan Magazine," but he had the approval of all the Rural Deans save two. Why not then "The Deanery Magazine?" It has never been said that a "Parish Magazine" is out of place by way of a name, and we quite agree that the name "FREDERICTON DIOCESAN MAGAZINE" is preferable to either name, but we have not quite impudence enough to assume the title and take the risks. When the time comes, and we hope it may soon come, we shall feel quite

at liberty to take the advice of our Stanley contemporary and "*change our name once more.*"

We were much gratified a short time since to hear that the St. Andrews and Woodstock Deaneries had formally adopted "The Deanery Magazine," and that it had been favourably considered by the Clergy of the Deanery of St. John. All we want now is an increase of about 400 subscribers and we shall feel pretty comfortable. The Fred-erickton Deanery has not declined to adopt "*Our Magazine,*" but requires more time for reflection.

Several subscribers have returned their copies for March marked "*refused*" after having kept those of January and February without any remittance or acknowledgment. It has been repeatedly stated that any person retaining the January number will be held responsible for the whole year's subscription, 50 cents, and we think we are fully entitled to that amount. We are ready, however, to meet our friends half way, and now say that we will accept 25 cents as a small fine for those who may wish to "*discontinue*" in less than four months of the year. It must appear unfair that people should make use of our time and give us the expense of printing and sending their copies without any return except a "*refusal.*"

Correspondents have now been appointed for five of the Deaneries. We shall hope to hear from them regularly, and not later than the 25th day of each month.

Tertullian.

A. D. 160—A. D. 240.

I.

IT is remarkable that the earliest writers of Christianity wrote in Greek. It is of no consequence where they lived or to whom they wrote, Greek was the language employed. It was the language at once of culture and commerce; and while no learned man would regard his education as complete without a knowledge of Greek, no commercial man could afford to be ignorant of it. It was the one universal language of the Roman Empire. S. Clement of Rome wrote in Greek: S. Ignatius writing to the Romans employs the same language. The various Bishops of Italy at that early date, who have left writings, are found to have written in Greek.

The first writer whose works in Latin have come down to us is the African writer, Tertullian.

Though we know little if anything of him except what he himself tells us, yet his vehement and fervid character is seen throughout his writings. He wrote so much and so freely that we can learn

very much indeed, not only about the doctrine and worship of the Church, but also about the heathen world around, and the difficulties which encountered the Christians at home and abroad.

He was born of heathen parents about A. D. 160, and though he dared the heathen authorities in many ways; ridiculed their idolatrous worship; threatened the magistrates with God's anger; mocked their powerlessness to stop the growth of the Church; and proclaimed the injustice of persecuting faultless and useful members of the State, he seems to have escaped persecution himself and to have died an old man about A. D. 240.

His father was a proconsular centurion, a position which perhaps would answer somewhat to our aid-de-camp to the Governor General. He was recognized as talented while yet a lad, and received a very good education. He was most likely intended for official life in connection with the government, to which his father's position would be likely to introduce him; and if he were not actually a lawyer, practising in the courts, yet his style of writing and continual employment of law terms and phrases, show that he was very familiar with the practice of Roman law. He was a married man, without children.

One of the causes of his conversion to Christianity was the same as that which attracted the attention of Justin Martyr, the constancy and firm demeanour of Christians under the severest persecution. Next he heard demoniacs, or persons possessed by demons, confessing that the new belief was the true one. This led him to enquire into the question, and he was converted about A. D. 192; and soon afterwards, married man as he was, he was admitted to the priesthood.

Then came a greater trial, one which has tried the faith of many good men in ancient and modern times. The Jews have a tradition that Abraham in his hospitality once entertained a fire-worshipper; and when he saw him worshipping the Sun at dawn, he drew his sword in his indignation and would have killed the idolator in his act of idolatrous worship. But God's voice called to Abraham (as the tradition runs): "Stay thine hand. I have borne with that man for sixty years, and cannot you bear with him a few hours?" A similar error continually reappears, and has been constantly condemned by the Christian Church. "A bruised reed shall He not break; and smoking flax shall He not quench." Tertullian in his eager desire to make men and especially Christians perfect joined in his later life a party, which became a sect, whose endeavours it was to enforce rigorously a sterner asceticism than that required by the Church. The

parables of the tares and the wheat, and of the net which gathered of every kind, were recognized by the Church as foretelling in some sort the presence of lax and even bad members within the Church. This Tertullian could not brook, and he joined the sect of the Montanists and thus forfeited the title of Saint, which he would otherwise have borne; though his error has ever been looked upon with a lenient and sorrowing eye.

His writings are grand in their vigorous and impassioned utterances. His scorn of the heathen idols and worship is uttered with the highest irony. His ridicule of their folly and immorality is scathing: and all help us to realize the heathen surrounding with which Christians were annoyed and offended.

Persecution burst on the Church in Africa with great violence when it began. The Christians there towards the end of the second century were to be numbered by thousands, aye millions. He says in his apology: "We are but of yesterday, and we have filled every place among you, cities, islands, castles, towns, court houses, camps, tribes, wards, palace, Senate, forum; we leave you the Temples only. For what war are we not fit (though we are not anxious for it), though unequal in forces, for we are willing to be put to death, if it were not more lawful with us to be slain than to slay. Why, unarmed and not rebellious, but only at variance with you, we could fight against you by the ill-will of secession and nothing more. For if we should in such a body of men break away from you to some remote corner of the world, the loss of so many excellent citizens would shame your government, aye, and bring punishment upon it. Why, you would be frightened at your loneliness, at the silence of the streets, and the numbness about you as if the world were dead." This is doubtless the exaggeration of rhetoric; but still it shows that their numbers must have been recognized as very great. Against them the heathen, put to shame by their quietude and virtuous behaviour, rose, and endeavoured to stir themselves and others to attack the Christians by uttering false accusations of ridiculous and abominable practices. First, they were accused of not worshipping the heathen gods. Tertullian says: This is quite true. Yet what do you worship? What respect do you pay to your gods? If you are short of ready money you take one to the pawnshop. If another is broken you melt him down into a saucepan or a ladle. Why, you put your national gods into a sale catalogue and sell them off by auction. Don't be surprised, therefore, if we think nothing of them.

Then they accused them of worshipping a figure with an ass's head. Here we have a sadly interest-

ing picture to present to our readers. Tertullian tells us they paraded through the streets ridiculous and blasphemous pictures of what they called the GOD of the Christians. One such was paraded at Rome. Now, on November 11, 1857, there was discovered in the ruins of the Palatine Palace at Rome a scribbled picture on the wall which must be referred to the commencement of the third century, and will illustrate this allusion of Tertullian.



WALL SCRIBBLE AT ROME cir. A. D. 200.

A figure in a tunic is making the customary gesture of adoration; the man has just kissed his hand in act of worship. This is referred to by the Patriarch Job, who professes his freedom from idolatry. He says, speaking of the worship of sun and moon: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or *my mouth hath kissed my hand*: this were iniquity to be punished by the judge."* The inscription is in Greek and means "Alexamenos is worshipping his God." Tertullian traces the error to a historian who said that the Jews worshipped an ass's head because in the wilderness wild asses had led them to water springs. But the same writer acknowledged that when the victorious Romans burst into the Holy of Holies there was nothing at all there.

Then they were accused of worshipping the Cross, because they revered the Cross as the "sign of the Son of Man." The early Christians constantly used the sign of the Cross to remind themselves of their Lord, but they never could worship any one or anything but God. Many persons nowadays are stirred up to bring a similar accusation against Christians who reverence the Cross, as, the homilies say, "the wood whereby righteousness cometh." When we are baptized

*Job xxxi., 26, 27.

the Cross is marked on our brow to seal us as soldiers of the crucified one. But "the offence of the Cross has not even yet ceased."

Such were the means used to stir up the popular mind against the Christians. Then also came the moral side. The uprightness and purity of the Christian morals seemed to blame the terrible foulness of the heathen lives, and the result was that foreshown by the wise man. "Let us lie in wait for the righteous; because he is not for our turn, but is clean contrary to our doings: he upbraideth us with our offending the law: he was made to reprove our thoughts."

Thus day by day the Christians were offended and pained in word and deed, by ridiculous and untrue accusations, and by horrible and unholy customs; and the pagans around them continually broke out into persecution from public hatred or private spite, but this only encouraged the spread of the Truth.

"We will never fail," is his cry of triumph, "Strike us down we will rise the more. We recompense to no man evil for evil; but we warn you, Fight not against GOD."

Divine Worship.

IV.

THE WORSHIP OF THE OLD DISPENSATION.

In our last paper we saw that the worship of fallen man must be *sacrificial*; which as I showed you means that it must be offered up in the name of Jesus and depends for acceptableness on the sacrifice of Jesus, and that in man's worship, the sacrifice of Jesus must even be pleaded and is the highest offering we can offer to God.

But now let us enquire, how did men worship God *through Jesus* before Jesus came into the world. And how did men in those days offer to God the sacrifice of Jesus, before it was effected?

We can find the answers to these questions in the Old Testament.

The first account given us of worship being offered to God by fallen man is in the case of Cain and Abel. These two brothers met together in some appointed place, to worship God; and their chief act of worship consisted in their offering to God what is called a *sacrifice*; Cain, being a farmer, offering of the fruit of the ground, but Abel, being a shepherd, offering of the firstlings of his flock. From the fact that this mode of worship is written about as if it were nothing unusual or strange, and is not stated to have been a new departure, and that

all the subsequent worship of the Old Dispensation partook of the same character, we may be almost certain, that Adam and Eve worshipped in the same way and that from them their sons had learned that this was the correct way in which to worship God; and we may believe that since man could hardly have found this out for himself, God had, in the first instance, instructed them in the matter. Perhaps Genesis iii. 21 tells us when, We read there that "unto Adam and his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." Now, as man seems to have been at first forbidden to eat animal flesh, the question arises: What became of the animals, whose skins were used for clothing? The animals may have been slain for sacrifice and their flesh consumed as an offering to God. So suggests Bp. Wordsworth.

Whether this were so or not, this much is certain, that from the very first, animals were slain as an act of worship to God, generally at some place set apart for that purpose, the blood being poured out on the ground and the flesh (or a portion of it) consumed by fire.

The fact that Cain and Abel offered their sacrifices in the same place (which we infer from the Mosaic account) seems to show that this was some sacred spot, on which an altar had been reared and consecrated for that purpose; and as Cain did not slay Abel then but afterwards when they were alone in the field, it seems probable that Adam was present when they offered, and in all probability acted as the Priest. In those days the head of the family was the priest of the family, Abraham, Noah, Job for example acting in this capacity: therefore we can hardly doubt that Adam, who was the head of the whole human race, held the same office.

Let us sum up now, what we have gathered either directly or by inference from this account of the first recorded act of human worship.

There seems to have been a sacred place, consecrated for worship, even in that early time. The worship consisted chiefly in offering to God what are called sacrifices. In all probability Adam acted as Priest. And this worship, in Abel's case, was acceptable to God. "The Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering," we read.

But why had God not respect to Cain and his? We do not know fully; but Cain we know did not offer in the right spirit, for St. Paul says "*By faith, Abel offered to God a better sacrifice than Cain.*" There seems to be some ground for the opinion, which some have held, that the difference between what they offered, explains why Abel's offering was accepted and Cain's rejected. As we shall see, *animal* sacrifices were regarded as indispensable;

and Abel's was of this kind, whilst Cain (disobediently, it may be) offered but of the fruit of the ground.

Of one thing we are sure, however, the worship accepted by God at that early period consisted chiefly in offering to Him animal sacrifices; the animals not being those worthless to man, but valuable to him; the slaying and offering being conducted in a religious way; prayers and praises probably being offered at the same time by the worshipper, in connection with his sacrifice.

And as it was in the days of Adam, so was it in the days of Noah, for Noah, we are told, as soon as he was come out of the Ark, builded an altar unto the Lord and offered on it many burnt offerings, as an act of highest worship; which was pleasing to God, for we read "the Lord smelled a sweet savour."

And so also was it in the days of Abraham; for Abraham was continually building altars in the land promised to him and his descendants (as, for example, at Shechem, Bethel and Hebron), and to say that he built an altar is to imply that he offered sacrifices thereon.

Then when we come down to the time of Moses, it is plain that the offering of animal sacrifices made up the chief part of the Divine worship, which was commanded by the law. And it was so ordered by God, for from Him, not from man, came the whole complex system of Jewish sacrificial worship, and we must bear in mind that this worship did not differ at all in its principles, from the preceding worship of the Patriarchal Period: it was the same sacrificial worship, only more developed, enlarged and systematized. The family had grown to be a nation, which necessitated this growth and development of their public worship; what was sufficient for the Patriarchal families not being so for the great Jewish nation.

And this system of worship instituted by Moses, under the direction of God, continued with little change down to the time of the coming of Christ, except when idolatry encroached on it, or when it ceased for a time during the captivities.

Throughout the Old Dispensation then, by which is meant the entire period from the Fall down to the founding of the Christian Church, the most important and striking feature in Divine worship was the offering of animal sacrifices. Other offerings were made to God and were called sacrifices, such as offerings of meal, of wine, of oil and the like; but these were only secondary and were offered only in connection with the offerings of animals.

And it is interesting to note, even the heathen, when they worshipped their false gods, worshipped

in a sacrificial way. The children of Israel, following probably what they had seen in Egypt, sacrificed to the golden calf in the wilderness; we read of the Philistines offering a great sacrifice unto Dagon, their god, because of the capture of Samson; at Carmel two bullocks were offered to Baal by his prophets; and the heathen wives of Solomon, we are told, sacrificed unto their gods in the high places built for them (sad to say) by Solomon.

And as the Canaanites and Egyptians did in those earlier days; so did the Greeks and Romans and other nations who succeeded them in time. Over the whole world sacrificial worship was the rule, whether amongst those who worshipped the true God or amongst those who worshipped gods that were false: the heathen doing so because of the traditions from the past, that had descended from the days when their ancestors too had served the true God.

Now what did this mode of worship mean? How could God prefer it and accept it? Why did He command it? There must have been the strongest reasons for it, or else the all-wise God would never have directed man so to worship Him. What were those reasons?

The chief one was (well-known to all instructed Christians) that this was the way which God had appointed by which man could constantly plead (in advance, as it were) the all-availing sacrifice of Jesus, yet to be offered up.

The moment man fell, that moment the Messiah was promised; and on His work and coming God based all His dealings towards man. Did God show mercy before Christ offered His sacrifice? He did so because to Him it was as if the sacrifice were already offered up. The Lamb was slain from the foundation of the world (Rev. xiii. 8), because the redeeming death of Jesus was decreed and determined from the foundation of the world; and for God to determine is to perform. The sweet odours of Christ's sacrifice filled the world from the first. It was as a glorious light, illumining the past as well as the future. It was the central event in the world's history, to which all eyes looked wistfully forward from Adam's time to John the Baptist's: and to which all since the event who have received the Gospel look joyously back. We must fix this fact well in our minds, in order clearly to understand the worship of fallen man, whether during the Old or the New Dispensation; for on the sacrifice of Christ this worship has been from the first and is to-day based; and what has not this for a foundation is valueless and unacceptable.

It matters not whether all who worshipped in the olden time understood this. Some may have done

so. Our Lord said that Abraham rejoiced to see His day, and "saw it, and was glad," and many other righteous and inspired men may have done so. But, in all probability, although all God's people believed in the coming of Messiah, yet few understood what His work was to be, or the exact reason why they were directed to slay innocent animals as an act of worship.

There must have been a feeling amongst the reasonable that it was "not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." In the 50th Psalm God asks, "Will I eat the flesh of bulls or drink the blood of goats?" And in the 51st Psalm the writer says, "For Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: Thou delightest not in burnt offering." But did this imply that in the writer's opinion the Temple sacrifices were useless and to be safely dispensed with? By no means; for those who wrote these words were the foremost in carrying out the law as to sacrificial worship, and at even so late a period as the time of Malachi, the nation was reprov'd not for offering animal sacrifices, but for offering diseased and worthless animals instead of valuable ones. How can we reconcile, then, the words quoted above, and the acts of those who studied to be religious? In this way;

These sacrifices, although they were felt to be incapable in themselves of blotting out sin and pleasing God, were yet commanded by God; and therefore he who neglected them was directly disobedient to God. And moreover, the eye of faith saw that there must be in them deep meanings, or else God would never have ordered them. That they could not be the source of full forgiveness all knew, for there were many sins (such as adultery) for which the law provided no sacrifice, nor gave pardon. Yet that they were not worthless or valueless the righteous felt; for by obeying God the faithful soul was sure of God's blessing; and God could use these insignificant means as the channel through which He might pour His spiritual gifts.

Hence the offering of sacrifices tested the faith and the obedience of those of the Old Dispensation; and also demanded of them some self-sacrifice and self-denial. For it was no insignificant gift that they were required to offer, but animals useful for food, and possessing a market value.

But when they obeyed God and worshipped Him in the way He (not they) had appointed, they did more than they knew (which is ever the case with those who obey God when His commands are hard to understand). For what did they do? Nothing less than plead continually, over and over again, in the highest and strongest way (because the way of

God's own appointing) the *sacrifice of Jesus Christ*, not yet accomplished, but in God's eyes as if it were accomplished; the blessings from which were (as I have just said) for them as well as for us; and which alone was the source to them as well as to us of pardon, grace, and peace.

It was mostly hidden from their eyes. The dying animals; the red blood streaming forth; the consuming flesh; the rising smoke, may have at times suggested what was some day going to take place; but in ignorance for the most part they offered, or in dimly shining light. Yet when they offered in faith, believing that the offering was pleasing to God (which it was inasmuch as it prefigured and pleaded the acceptable death of the Son), and when they studied to be righteous and true in their daily lives, the blessings (or some of them) which flowed from the Cross became theirs, and their worship ascended to Heaven permeated and made sweet with the incense of Christ's merits.

Is it not all now plain to us? Can we not see why God commanded sacrificial worship from the first and why this was more pleasing to Him than simple offerings of the lips? Can we not understand why God blessed Abel and Abraham and Noah and Job and David and Solomon, and others too numerous to mention, when they offered their sacrifices to Him? These holy men of old were all accepted through Christ Jesus, just as we can be; and benefited from His offering just as we can do.

One more thought before we conclude this paper. We call these animal offerings "*sacrifices*." We at the same time call the offering of Jesus a "*sacrifice*." Did these animal sacrifices then possess *some* virtue in themselves so that although the sacrifice of Jesus was the greatest sacrifice yet these can be called lesser sacrifices? No; the sacrifice of Jesus was not only the greatest sacrifice, but as well the *only* sacrifice that has ever been offered up and received by God. There is no other sacrifice; there has been no other; there can be no other than that "one sacrifice" offered once for all by our Lord, never to be repeated, never requiring to be repeated. Hence the offerings of the Old Dispensation can only be called sacrifices because of their connection with Christ's sacrifice. They are not sacrifices in themselves, but are called sacrifices because they plead and show forth and grasp and convey the merits of the Infinite Sacrifice offered by the Son of God.

In our next paper we shall dwell more particularly on the worship of the Jewish Church, and consider what some of the principal rites and ceremonies were intended to prefigure.

Deanery of Kingston.

CAMBRIDGE.—There is not much to send by way of news from this Parish. We have our new lamps in S. James' Church, and at evensong the building looks very bright and cheery.

The new Prayer Desk has at last arrived after having remained at Norton Station for about a month. We all like it very much. Mr. Cummings came down from Fredericton lately and finished the Chancel Arch, which now looks very well.

Still no work at old S. Luke's, Young's Cove. Poor sleepy folks, they seem to be afraid of doing a little more than their neighbours.

We expect the Bishop for Confirmation in June. The Parson is holding Confirmation Classes, and is also making his Lenten Addresses bear upon this important subject.

Our new Stained Glass Memorial Window for the Stone Church has been ordered from Spence & Co., Montreal, by Miss Scovil, and we hope to get it in time for the day of Consecration, which will probably be in June.

The people at Coal Creek want to build a Church, and an acre of land has been secured as a site near the corner of the road. If the Short Line Railway is built, as there is good reason to believe it will, there will be a junction at Coal Creek, very near the site of the Church. The Grand Lake Coal Company have large works at this place, and there is every prospect of a stirring business this year.

KINGSTON.—We were anxiously hoping that the Choral Union Service would be held here this year. Our dear old Parish Church will be a hundred years old this June, and we want to celebrate the event by a grand Service of Song. It appears, however, that the Chapter of the Deanery has selected Sussex as being preferable, and our hopes must subside. Perhaps some of the members of the Choral Union will come to the rescue and give us a repetition of the service on our Centennial Day. They will be most heartily welcomed if they come. Special Services are being held during Lent throughout the Parish.

JOHNSTON.—Lenten Services are being held in three parts of the Parish, Cody's, English Settlement and Goshen. The course of addresses is on "The Kingdom of Heaven."

The lumber for the Church at Canaan Rapids is sawn, and if the ice continues strong in the noble Washademoak it will, ere this report is printed, have been hauled by numerous willing

workers and piled up near the Church site for seasoning. We still lack the funds to complete the building. Will not some of our friends who have not already contributed kindly help us in our efforts to provide a place of worship for a *very poor district?*

Goshen is fortunate in having an organist again. Miss Johnston, who teaches the day school there, has consented to act in that capacity; and she fills the position admirably. We owe her additional thanks for her efforts to improve the singing by holding weekly practices and taking great pains with all who attend them. The fruits of her labours are becoming manifest.

Kneeling benches and a neat little case for the S. S. books have been placed in S. Paul's Church, being paid for out of the funds raised by the Goshen Busy Bees. This worthy little society is not disbanded, but it has not been able for some time, for various reasons, to hold its "swarmings."

There was held a "frolic," a few days since, to obtain poles to renew the old tumble-down fence that surrounds the Rectory grounds. In spite of the bad state of the roads many poles were cut and hauled; and now we hope to have a beautiful *snake-fence* which will bid defiance to the covetous cows.

On Sunday, February 24th, at 7 a. m., the thermometer at Mr. John Ingledew's, Canaan Rapids, registered 60 degrees below zero, the coldest ever known there!

GAGETOWNS.—Our Parson is doing a great work in this Parish. Special Lenten Services have been held, and many have been stirred up to take a part in Church work who have hitherto done very little. Practices of the Choral Union music are held regularly, and much interest has been awakened on the subject of Church music.

GREENWICH.—Interest in the Deanery Choral Union is being revived here. We have six members already, three of whom are *new*. This looks as if all the copies of the music would be sold this year. Special Lenten Services have been held in the Parish, and in spite of bad weather and worse roads the attendance has been very fair. The Church in its restored condition looks very neat, and the alterations are appreciated by all. The Metropolitan, who did not admire the Chancel Chair when he was last here, has very kindly given us another made in Fredericton. It has been put in its proper place and looks very handsome and substantial. Our heartiest thanks have been tendered to His Lordship for this gift.

PETITCODIAC. — During Lent we have been more than usually busy. Although the season has been such an unusual one and the roads very muddy the congregations have been better than common, and we have every reason to feel much encouraged in the work. Mr. Symington still keeps up his classes and Services at Wilson and McGlauchlin's Mill, and is gathering quite a large congregation there. The second son of our Parson is reported as doing very well at the Collegiate School, Windsor, and will soon be ready to enter King's College as a student of Divinity. Poor old Sussex Portage, which used to be such a compact little Settlement, has very nearly collapsed, and we have found it necessary to give up the Services there. At Pollet River Platform and at Salisbury things are encouraging. Havelock is about the same as usual. There is not much hope of Church growth there, for the Church families are few and far between each other.

SPRINGFIELD. — We have nothing of importance to relate this month. Week-night Services have been held at each of the Churches during Lent, and have been well attended, considering the wretched state of the roads.

The Choir at the Belleisle Creek Church are learning the "Story of the Cross," which is to be sung on Good Friday, if all be well.

STUDHOLM. — On Friday, February 22nd, the Anniversary Meeting of our Sewing Society was held at Mr. Charles H. Foshay's house. There was a large attendance, and the enthusiasm was so great that a second Sewing Society was formed, which now goes by the name of the "River Circle." The distances in this Parish are too great to enable our zealous women to meet at any one place, and it is expected that this move will do much good and secure the assistance of many more hands in the work of the Church.

One of our young and promising Vestrymen has taken to himself a handsome bride. Both are regular in their attendance at Church, and we shall expect to hear from "George" at Easter.

The Parson has had Special Lenten Services, which have been fairly attended, although such muddy wet roads have rarely been travelled, and some of the nights have been very dark.

Our good old Sexton seems to have dropped out. What is the matter George? You had better go and have a talk with the Parson. Dollars and cents don't make a Churchman!!

We are glad to welcome home Mrs. W. Tyng Peters, one of our charming brides, and we

believe her husband will soon follow her from the wilderness of Belledune. The bride thinks Apohaqui not such a bad place after all.

Our Sunday School has been having a good sleep of late. It is now time to wake up, for Easter is coming. Our worthy Superintendent is very zealous in the work, but he lives too far from the Church and has another School in tow. Can we not get some one else to fill his place at the Church of the Ascension, and leave him free for the work at "Sharp's?"

The School at Mount Middleton is doing well under the Superintendence of Joseph Hornbrook, Esq., who is always on hand. The Services at the Church are also well attended, and it is hoped at a day not far off the whole of the work on the building will be completed. We shall then look forward to the day of Consecration. The Bishop Coadjutor has presented us with two very handsome lamps of polished brass for this Church, which have been placed in proper position and look very chaste, and the light from them is brilliant. We cannot have too much light in this dark world. His Lordship has also given us a full set of Altar Linen, a Dossal for the back of the Altar, two rich mats, a handsome alms dish and several alms bags. Mrs. Medley, of Fredericton, has presented us with a very pretty set of Altar Linen, and has now in hand a handsome white Frontal which will arrive in time for Easter. For these useful and generous gifts we return our heartfelt thanks. Three applications have been already made for the plans of Mount Middleton Church. We still require about \$200 to complete the building fund, and shall be grateful for the smallest contributions.

SUSSEX. — We go on as usual here. The Lenten Services have been better attended than usual. The Parson has been giving a series of addresses on the "Lives of Some of the Patriarchs as Examples to Christians." The Sunday School has been very well attended during the winter months. We require two female teachers and one male teacher. Who are going to volunteer? We have also room for three male voices in the Choir. Just now we are busy with the new Choral Union music. The membership from Sussex has reached twenty. We should like to see it about twice that number. Another concert is talked of in aid of the Sunday School—a very good move. We want maps and more books badly. In the future we should be the better of a Sunday School Room. Miss F. A. Wetmore returned thanks for her recovery from sickness on Sunday, March 24th.

WATERFORD AND S. MARK.—At a meeting of the Church Wardens and Vestrymen, held on the 9th day of March, a resolution was passed to the effect that a start should be made, as soon as the season would permit, to build a Rectory at Waterford which would cost about \$1,200.00. It is to be hoped that everyone throughout both Parishes will contribute liberally towards this object.

The Church people at Jeffries Corner are always awake to the Church's calls. They are now making preparations to finish their little Church and hope to have it ready for consecration early in the summer. Our needs are many for the proper furnishing of this House of Prayer. Will not some kind brother or sister supply one of the following articles: Altar, Reredos, Vases and Altar Cross, Lectern, Prayer Desk, Altar Cloths, Antependiums, Dossal and Wings, Font, Bible and Service Books. The articles to be made of wood can be furnished by Messrs. Ross & McPherson of Sussex, and information as to cost of the above will gladly be supplied by the Missionary in charge. Mrs. Medley, of Fredericton, has kindly offered to provide the Altar Linen.

The new Dossal and Wings at the Mission Room, the gift of two or three earnest, faithful, and self-denying women, are a great improvement to the appearance of the Sanctuary. A great effort must be made this summer to pay off a good portion of the debt on this building. Let everyone interested make preparation for a "grand pic-nic" to be held at Sussex Corner in the early summer. The Parson says that he intends to arouse the sleepy ones, and to make a great spurt this summer.

The Missionary in charge of these Parishes begs to contradict the rumour that he intends to leave the Mission.

Deanery of Chatham.

CHATHAM.—The Parson has addressed a Lenten Pastoral to his Parishioners, urging them to the faithful observance of the Sacred Season during which the Church calls us to self-examination, penitence and prayer. A list of Lenten Services is printed with the pastoral, showing that, in addition to the usual Sunday and daily services in S. Mary's and S. Paul's, there are Thursday evening services in the Parish Church, and addresses after Evensong on Wednesdays and Fridays in S. Mary's. We are glad to notice more attending the Daily Prayers, as it is a healthy sign of increasing appreciation of the great privilege. We

are looking forward to see the joys of Easter intensified by the good use of Lent.

We were delighted with an unexpected but only too brief visit from the Rev. J. R. DeWolfe Cowie, Rector of Waterford, on March 13th. We much enjoyed his companionship and his excellent address at Evensong in S. Mary's.

S. Mary's Women's Guild is working away, and produces all kinds of handiwork with marvellous dexterity. New members are being enrolled and great things looked for in the future. Miss Minnie Blair has been elected Secretary-Treasurer in place of Miss Winslow, resigned, and whose loss we greatly deplore. Steps are about to be taken to organize a band of workers among the ladies of S. Paul's congregation, with a view to aid in the further restoration of the Parish Church. No doubt good results will follow the undertaking. Meanwhile will the *men* see that a new roof is put on before the ladies get ready to beautify the interior? We are sorry to record the death of one of our oldest parishioners, Mrs. Brehant, who after much suffering passed away on March 10th, at the advanced age of 85 years. "Lord, remember her when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!"

We miss from the services at S. Paul's and the Sunday School our worthy Parishioner, J. P. Burchill, Esq., M. P. P., who is absent in Fredericton attending to his Legislative duties. We shall be glad to welcome him back before Easter. Mrs. Burchill, who has been absent in St. John and Fredericton, has also been greatly missed from the Choir and Services at S. Paul's.

BAY DU VIN.—We have nothing of special interest to send to "*The Deanery Magazine*" this month. Our Parson is working away as usual and earnestly urging upon us the duties of the Lenten Season. Work will soon be resumed on the new Church at "the village." Meanwhile "Teazer" is gathering in the contributions from far and near with his usual zeal and success. *Vive le "Teazer!"*

BATHURST.—The fine winter has enabled the Priest of this Parish to do much work in the country, to the great strengthening of the faithful, especially in the Missions of Tetagouche and New Bandon. Confirmation Classes also are held in both places. As soon as the Spring opens, work will be resumed upon the two Churches.

In Bathurst it is hoped to begin a School House and Choir Room soon, and the Miramichi Road Churchmen have promised the sills and plates for it. Just now the Clergy House is used for a Vestry and it is not very satisfactory. Three

new men have entered the Choir this winter, and the procession is quite long. Frequent Services are held during Lent, Matins and Evensong daily when the Rector is at home, and a Celebration on Tuesdays at 8 o'clock, followed by Intercessory Prayer. On Sundays after Matins, a penitential Litany is sung at the Faldstool, and after Evensong the Miserere. The Sunday School is looking up very much under Mr. Robert Ellis's strict and painstaking superintendence. S. Agnes' Guild is very busy, and a Sewing Guild was last week inaugurated at New Bandon with great enthusiasm.

DERBY AND BLACKVILLE.—We are glad to say that there is now a prospect of the vacancy in this Mission being filled up.

NEWCASTLE AND NELSON.—The Rector has issued a Lenten Pastoral with list of Services for the season of Lent. Special sermons are being preached on Friday evenings on "The History of the Communion Office," and on Sunday evenings on selected subjects. So far these Services have been well attended.

An enthusiastic meeting was held in Nelson on the evening of the 19th March after Evensong and Sermon, to consider matters in connection with the new Church.

RICHIBUCTO.—Alas! the Rectory of old Richibucto is vacant again! Our Parson has gone to Houlton, Maine, U. S., and we are "as sheep having no shepherd." We only hope that some clergyman may soon be found to carry on the good work which Mr. Gwilym had but well begun.

The last Sunday Service at which our Parson officiated here was rendered particularly solemn and impressive by the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism, at which a man who had been a Baptist was baptized, having been led to embrace the Faith of the Church by the intelligent study of Bishop Doane's Manual of Christian Doctrine lately introduced into S. Mary's Sunday School. The circumstance of a man of intelligence thus voluntarily and publicly embracing the Faith made a deep impression upon the congregation which filled the Church. We are glad that the Parson experienced this farewell encouragement, and we only wish that this and other encouragements had been sufficient and timely enough to prevent his departure to another field.

RESTIGOUCHE.—The Rector has just returned from a three days' missionary tour through Flatlands, Dawsonville, Uxalquitch and Mann's Mountain. There were hearty Services everywhere, and the monthly visits of "the Parson" to this district

are much appreciated. During Lent four week-day Services are held in this Mission. We hope to see our pretty Church in Dalhousie nicely painted early in the Spring.

WELDFORD.—Our Parson has been absent in Toronto during the past two weeks, but will return within a few days. We shall all be glad to welcome him back from the "Queen City" of the west to the romantic hills and vales of Bass River and the happy homes of Weldford!

LUDLOW AND BLISSFIELD.—We are glad to say that "*The Deanery Magazine*" is not unknown in this Mission, but is a welcome visitor among our Church people, who are taking an ever-increasing interest in Church matters. Miss Jacob and her co-workers are looking after the young people in Sunday School, and our Lay Readers render valuable aid to Mr. Montgomery, who continues to minister to our spiritual wants with his accustomed energy.

Deanery of Shediac.

In making a contribution of Church news to "*The Deanery Magazine*" for the month of April, I shall say but little about particular Parishes, as I have to refer to matters of *general* moment to the Deanery. On Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12th and 13th, a meeting of the Chapter was held in the Parish of Sackville. The meeting concurred on the 12th with one of the Sunday School Teachers' Union, which was held in the forenoon, and which, in the unavoidable absence of the Rev. J. R. Campbell, was presided over by the Rector of the Parish. The meeting, at which there were twenty Teachers present, besides the Clergy—all the Parishes in the Deanery excepting Albert being represented—was opened by the use for the first time of the newly prepared form of service, which was found to be Liturgically smooth. Much useful business was transacted by the meeting. The Rev. J. H. Talbot, Rector of Moncton, read a paper on "Sunday School Literature," which was duly discussed. The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year: President, Rev. J. R. Campbell; Inspector, Rev. C. F. Wiggins; Secretary, Miss Stevens. The Church women of Sackville entertained the members of the Union most hospitably.

When the business of the Teachers' Union was closed, the Clergy met in Chapter. In the absence of the Rural Dean on the first day, the Rev. D. Bliss, Rector of Westmorland, presided, and welcomed to the Deanery the Rev. Charles E.

Mackenzie, the successor at Shediac of the Rev. F. W. Vroom. Evensong was said at S. Paul's, and after an early Celebration on Wednesday morning, the action of the Rural Deans, at Fredericton in January last, with reference to "*The Deanery Magazine*," was discussed. It was on motion resolved, "That the Chapter adopt '*The Deanery Magazine*;' that the Rural Dean be correspondent, and that the several members of the Chapter pledge themselves to promote its circulation in their several Parishes." Besides this important decision, there was a considerable body of general business transacted, and the Chapter closed, to meet again in June in the Parish of Westmorland.

On the afternoon of the same day, the Rural Dean and the Rector of Moncton proceeded to the Parish of Shediac, and in the evening they assisted at the induction of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Rev. Mr. Talbot addressing the Parishioners on the office of the Priesthood in its relation to the people, and Rural Dean Campbell on the relative duties of the people to the Priest.

On behalf of the Deanery of Shediac, and in view of our new relations, I desire to express the wish for much prosperity to "*The Deanery Magazine*," and the hope that there lies before it a long career of great usefulness to the Church.

Deanery of St. Andrews.

A meeting of the Chapter was held in the Parish of St. Stephen on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12th and 13th. The Clergy of the Deanery were all present with the exception of Mr. Covert, of Grand Manan, who was unable to attend. On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held in the school room of Christ Church, which was addressed by the Clergy present and also by Mr. C. H. Smith and Mr. C. N. Vroom. The subject of the addresses was "The Needs of the Diocese," and more especially the claims of the D. C. Society.

The Holy Communion was celebrated in Christ Church on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, the Dean being celebrant and the Rev. O. S. Newnham, Rector of the Parish, Deacon. The Chapter met at the Rectory for business at 10 a. m. The Dean brought forward for discussion several subjects which had been considered at the late meeting of the Rural Deans of the Diocese. Some time was spent on these matters. Action was taken upon the motion referring to "The Supply of Candidates for Holy Orders," and also upon the motion referring to "*The Deanery Magazine*." A com-

mittee, consisting of Rev. O. S. Newnham and Rev. J. W. Millidge, was appointed to consider the subject of a Sunday School Teachers' Union, and the other matters referred to in a communication from the Standing Committee on Sunday Schools.

The Rev. O. S. Newnham and Mr. W. F. Vroom were appointed as a committee to make arrangements for holding a Service in connection with the Choral Union of the Deanery of St. Andrews. It is expected that this Service will be held in Christ Church, St. Stephen, some time in August.

On Wednesday evening Evensong was said in Christ Church at 7.30. The Clergy were all present in Surplices. The prayers were said by Rev. Canon Ketchum, of St. Andrews, and Rev. W. W. Campbell, Rector of Trinity Church, St. Stephen. The first Lesson was read by Rev. F. Pember, of Campobello, and the second by Rev. J. W. Millidge, of St. David. The Dean preached the Sermon, which was upon "The Temptation of our Lord."

CAMPOBELLO. — Reports from this Parish show that a good work is being done. Special Lenten Services are being held, and the attendance at the Service is good.

GRAND MANAN. — We have no report from this Parish. During the winter Grand Manan is much isolated, and the mails very irregular.

ST. ANDREWS. — Daily Prayer is said in this Parish during Lent, on the week-days the Services being held in the School House. The attendance is good.

ST. DAVID. — Although this Parish is so extensive, and the population scattered, still the good Missionary is doing his best to give special Lenten Services. Service is held on Wednesdays at St. David; Thursday at Upper Tower Hill, and on Friday at the Church of the Ascension. The new Church at "The Bethel," in the Parish of S. Patrick, is now being painted.

ST. GEORGE. — The congregations at the Services in S. George and Pennfield are reported as increasing. On Sunday, March 10th, at S. George, both morning and evening, the Church was crowded. At the Friday evening Special Lenten Service the attendance is also good.

ST. STEPHEN. — *Christ Church*. — Daily Service is held in this Parish during Lent, the average attendance being about 22. A Confirmation Class is held on Sunday afternoons. The weekly Bible Class is well attended. This is held on Wednesday evenings at 7.30 o'clock. The Rector is preaching a special course of Lenten Sermons on

Sunday mornings and evenings. A lecture was given in behalf of the Sunday School Funds on Thursday evening, March 7th, the subject being "The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians."

ST. STEPHEN. — *Trinity*. — Special Lenten Services are being held in this Parish. The Rector has a Class for young men on Wednesday evenings.

On Monday evening, March 3d, the Young Men's Society gave an entertainment, which consisted of a lecture by the Rev. Mr. McCully, Congregational Minister of Calais. The subject was "Rome." The lecture was illustrated by sciopticon views.

Diocesan News.

The Metropolitan has so far recovered from his recent illness that he was able to hold an Ordination in Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, on the Second Sunday in Lent, when Rev. Horace Dibblee, Deacon, of Mangerville, was advanced to the Holy Order of the Priesthood. His Lordship also preached on the same day, which he has been unable to do for more than two months. All his people will rejoice to hear this good news.

Rev. A. J. Reid, Curate of S. Paul's, Portland, has been sick, but is again able to be out. Having obtained three months' leave of absence he intends going to England and will leave about May 1st.

We were sorry to see in one of the St. John daily newspapers that the Parsonage at Prince William, York County, had been burned, and that the Rector, Rev. Arthur Lowndes, had lost nearly all his furniture. Mr. Lowndes had recently resigned the Rectorship of Prince William, and is about to take up literary work in or near New York. He has been of late writing for the "American Church Review."

Rumour whispers that several other Clergymen are about to leave Diocese, but it is to be hoped the rumour is without foundation. The fever is often contagious.

This is the eleventh year of the Kingston Deanery Choral Union, the membership of which increases every year. The Union has done much in the past to improve the Choirs of the Deanery.

The new Church at Temperance Vale, York County, is nearing completion, and the zealous Missionary and Church people are in hopes that it will be Consecrated at the end of April or the beginning of May. A correspondent says: "We are doing all we can in this little corner of the Diocese to build up the Church, and there are already many encouraging signs of success." In the month of February four adults were baptized, and several others are being prepared for that Holy Sacrament.

Although extra-Diocesan, the following extract kindly sent by a friend will no doubt be interesting to Church folk: "From a statement of the receipts of Hospital Sunday, in London, it appears that out of a total of thirty-seven thousand two hundred and thirty-five pounds (£37,235), the Church of England contributed £29,669. Next come the Congregationalists with £1,592; the Methodists with £1,066; the Baptists with £990; the Jews with £901; the Presbyterians with £894, and the Roman Catholics with £528. S. Jude's Church, South Kensington, heads the list of single congregations by the handsome contribution of £1,164 at a single service. When it is borne in mind that the hospitals in England are open to persons of every kind of religion, it will be seen that the Church of England verifies her claim to be the Church of the people in spite of all that is said against her."

Vacant Missions are again increasing: Albert, Aberdeen, Derby, Prince William, Richibucto, and parts north of Woodstock are all on the list.

The Holy Week.

The Sunday next before Easter is very generally called *Palm Sunday*, because that was the very day when our Blessed Lord, entering into Jerusalem for His final great Sacrifice, was met by the people with branches of palms with which they strewed the ground over which he rode as a sign of welcome. *Palm Sunday* is the opening day of a very remarkable week of days which from the earliest days of Christianity has been accounted especially solemn, and has in consequence received three different names, *The Great Week*; *The Holy Week*; or *Passion Week*. The last name ought properly to be given to the week previous, the fifth Sunday in Lent being called *Passion Sunday*, and the week upon which we enter Passion Sunday being *Passion Week*.

But why should *The Holy Week* be accounted especially solemn? Because if we attend the daily Services and use our Prayer Books and listen attentively to the Lessons read in Church we can trace out our dear Lord's sayings and doings during the closing days of his eventful life *almost from hour to hour*. When our friends draw near the end of their earthly life do we not all hang upon their last sayings and doings with very solemn thoughts and feelings? Surely then it must be a proper and devout act for us to dwell upon the closing scenes of the Life of our best and truest *Friend!*

Yes, we can if we like during "*The Holy Week*" say to ourselves or our fellow Christians, "at this hour, on this very day, the Saviour said or did this or that." "Now He is riding into the Holy City; now He is being brought before Pilate; this was the hour when He was scourged; at this hour He was crowned with thorns; now He is carrying His Cross to Calvary; at this time He was Crucified."

At these special times on each special day of *The Holy Week* we can thus learn to suffer and to die with Christ our Saviour and our King, and in our suffering learn more of His Divine Love.



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‘Oliver.’

CHAPTER II.

TWO men soon took their leave after that, and during the few minutes they stayed Oliver said not one word. Nor did the tall dark-bearded stranger.

Only the sailor and John Haythorn talked on about trifling matters somewhat constrainedly: the farmer feeling himself unable to make these strange guests welcome, yet loth to tell them to be gone; and the sailor evidently waiting for some signal from his companion.

It came at last. The big man rose and shook himself, took his eyes from Oliver's downcast face, and looked round the homely ‘house-place’ with a long, long look.

Suddenly he stretched out a long arm and took down a faded daguerreotype that hung above the mantel-shelf—a portrait of a young woman with a baby on her knee.

‘Come!’ he said, ‘I’ll take this with me anyhow;’ then, meeting the farmer’s look of surprise, he broke into a discordant laugh. ‘Will you sell it me? I’m meaning to ask! It’s a worthless old thing enough, but it takes my fancy. I’ve not been in such a countrified spot this fourteen years; and I want something for a keepsake. I can pay for my fancy, I suppose.’

‘Nay!’ said John Haythorn. ‘That’s Oliver’s, and he’ll not sell it. That’s his mother, and him on her knee, when he was a little chap. He’ll not part with *that*.’

Half involuntarily Oliver had put out a hand to take back the picture: and the stranger looked keenly at it and him for a moment, then laid it down, and walked towards the door.

‘Come along, Jack,’ he said, and never even turned his head for any further leave-taking; and the sailor rose up hurriedly and wished them all good-night and followed him.

‘It’s a queer thing, them coming like that,’ said the farmer, watching them across the yard and down the road. ‘A very queer thing, for I believe it is just fourteen years this very day since *he* went away. I’ve had it in my mind many a time, Oliver, to ask if you’d any recollection of your father?’

He paused, but the young fellow did not speak or move.

‘I suppose it’s not to be looked for that you should have. And what’s stranger is that I’ve none, either. What with being away all the while I was growing up, and not coming back till after he’d been—sent away—I’ve never seen him since I was younger than you. I spoke my mind plain enough, though; I don’t see what’s to be

gained by his coming back here. He's best away, if it was only for your sake.'

'I—suppose so,' answered Oliver at last, half sullenly. 'It's no use talking about it. Let's do what there is to be done and get off to bed!'

Oliver had certainly good excuse for being tired, for he had done a hard day's work in his vehement energetic fashion, before the labours and excitements of the school-feast began. But when he found himself alone at last, in his little chamber in the high-pitched roof, he seemed in no hurry either for bed or sleep. He sat with his elbows on his table, and the little books of devotion, all of which Mr. Wilnot had either given or recommended, spread out before him, doggedly trying to read the appointed portions. However tired he might be, he had never allowed himself to miss the reading since the day he was confirmed—that day when a new ideal of life had been presented to him, and he had seized upon and embraced it with a vivid interest—an almost fierce delight.

The little books were an odd selection for a lad of his age and bringing up, but they had been a help to him in leading a more consistent life than many would have expected of him, and none the less perhaps because they set up a standard of saintliness that would seem to be utterly out of his reach.

It was from no fault in them that their precepts could not reach his brain that night. Between his eyes and the printed page there floated another pair of eyes: dark, like his own, but with lines and wrinkles of care around them; eyes that seemed to change their expression as they looked into his.

Tender, malignant, wistful, threatening; but always reproachful, as if they said, 'What! you too? Have you no more heart than the rest?'

Recollections, so vague that they were like fragments of dreams, hovered through his mind. He was sitting on someone's knee, his own hands clasped in two great strong ones, and those eyes laughing kindly into his. He was riding on someone's shoulders,

steadying himself with one hand grasping a mass of dark tangled curls, like his own. Someone was calling him, in a voice that came back to him now, after being for years forgotten—'Daddy's boy.'

And gradually all the visions took shape, and drew into one: the figure of the dark silent stranger, standing there below upon the hearthstone, with hungry eyes fixed upon that picture in his hand.

Was it his own hearthstone, untouched by his wandering feet for fourteen weary years? Was it the portrait of his own dead wife, and the son whom he had fondled as a baby and since seen no more?

Oliver started, and pushed the books from him, so carelessly that some of them fell on the floor and the candlestick tottered. To have paced the room would have been a relief, but one does not do that sort of thing when one inhabits a low-ceiled attic, with only boards to separate it from the room below. Life in a little house teaches everyone a kind of self-control; and Oliver kept his restlessness within bounds, though he gave up all pretence of reading, and only stared blankly through the smoke of the candle at the whitewashed wall.

'It can't be!' he was saying to himself. 'Everyone said that he would never come back. The disgrace was pretty well forgotten and done with; he would never think of coming back to rake it all up now. They only said that they knew him. But, if it was not my father, *who* was it?'

He gathered up the books hastily and put them on one side, without having read a word; took up his Bible, and fluttered over the leaves impatiently.

'If it was my father!' his thoughts went on. 'Suppose it was—none of us knew him! Perhaps—it was a good thing—that none of us knew him. He will go away, and say no more, and no one need ever know that he was here, to set them talking of all *that* again. How soon will he go away, and where will he sleep to-night? My uncle thinks so too—no good could come of his coming back here, where we are known. But he is out yonder somewhere, homeless and maybe penniless; and

this is his own place, where he has the best right to be !'

The leaves of the Bible were fluttering still under the impatient fingers that could not take time to find the right place, and one word caught Oliver's eye.

'If I be a father, where is mine honour?' So ran the verse when he looked at the page; and he shut the book, as if in despair, and laid it with the others.

'I did not *know* him—I only guessed,' he said to himself, almost aloud. 'If he was sorry, if he wanted to come back, he should have spoken for himself. Ever since I was old enough to understand we have been trying to live down his disgrace—and we have done it. Could he look for us to be glad, all at once, to see him back?'

The candle was flickering in the socket, and he put it out and knelt hastily down and said his prayers—forcing his mind to follow the words, even while other thoughts could not be altogether banished—and so hurried into bed.

Youth, good health, and hard work had made it a matter of course with Oliver to fall asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow; and so he did now, in spite of the doubt and dismay that lay like a weight on his mind.

But something woke him before two hours were over; a feeling that came to him in his dreams, and stung him awake in an instant. Sometimes sleep brings confusion and uncertainty; but now, he never knew how or why, Oliver's doubts had all vanished.

'My father has been here, and he is gone!' he was saying to himself when he awoke. 'He came back to his home and we have driven him away! I turned against him—his own son!'

It had never been very dark all night, the little window under the eaves was a 'glimmering square'; and Oliver sat up and stared dreamily at it. His father's face seemed to float before him in the twilight, recognised now and unmistakable.

'I knew him from the first!' he thought, with a pang of consternation. 'If I had been willing to make him welcome I should

never have doubted who it was, not for one moment. But I denied him to his face, and he is gone!'

In eager, impatient natures shame and sorrow for sin are often lost in the desire to undo the wrong and think no more of it. After the first moment's dismay Oliver did not give himself time to think *why* he had shrunk so from the thought of his father's return—whether pride and selfish fear of shame had not had the first word in the matter.

He was thinking that it was not yet too late: that the two men could not have left the neighbourhood that night, since the last train would have started before they could have reached the town.

In his thoughts he had already searched for them and found them, and had asked that man with the strangely familiar eyes whether he was indeed his father.

What was to follow if he should say 'yes!' Oliver could not even fancy. But he knew that until the question was asked and answered he should never know a moment's peace.

And as soon as the twilight in the little window broadened into day he rose up and dressed himself, resolved to steal noiselessly down the stairs without rousing the sleeping household, and so out to begin his search.

Ten days afterwards, Oliver was sitting in the little room that was called in the Rectory house 'Mr. Wilmot's study.' Mr. Wilmot was standing before the fireplace, with his shoulders against the mantelshelf, speaking very earnestly; while Oliver sat before him with down-bent head, and an expression on his face that had been seen there only once or twice before in his whole lifetime.

'It is most unfortunate,' the curate was saying. 'But I don't see why you should blame yourself so much. No one could have expected that *you* should recognise your father, considering your age when he went away. And, as for this idea of going to look for him, it is folly!' He may be traced in time, by people who know how to

set about it; but for you to attempt it would be worse than no use.'

'He meant to come back to his own,' answered Oliver slowly, as if he spoke with difficulty. 'He meant to come back and lead a different life, and we drove him away. I helped to drive him! And nothing will ever satisfy me but to look for him and bring him back.'

'That is natural enough,' said Mr. Wilmot very patiently, considering that he had said nearly the same thing half-a-dozen times already. 'It would be all right if there was the least chance of your being able to do it. But there isn't. And how could you live, even, while you were looking for him?'

'There is some money laid by that rightly belongs to my father, though it's always been reckoned mine—the rent of the farm. My uncle has laid it by in the bank ever since I was old enough to work and be no expense to him.'

'But surely you cannot take that without your uncle's leave? And he is not in favour of this mad scheme?'

'I shall make him glad to let me go, before I have done,' said Oliver, almost sullenly. 'I'm no good here to myself or anyone else now.'

Mr. Wilmot was about to make a sharp reply, but he looked at the young fellow's down-bent face and checked himself, and thought of his cousin's words—*utterly untamed*. Oliver did not look, just now, as if he would endure being remonstrated with, much less scolded; and nothing could be done by making him angry. So, after a moment, he said gently enough:

'Well! I suppose no one can keep you here against your will, though it might be a good thing for you if they could. But if you persist in going against the advice of all your friends here, you know, at any rate, how to get better guidance than theirs. I hope you will go to church once more before you really decide about this, Oliver?'

'I mean to!' he answered, but not at all in the frank, yet shy tone in which he had generally spoken to Mr. Wilmot of his

religious duties and feelings. And then he took his leave and went his way, much with the look of one who knew that he was wrong and did not intend to own it.

Oliver hardly knew himself how much his desire to go away and search for his father was due to the fact that all the village was talking about them both.

There had been talk enough long ago about Martin Haythorn, of Boskyfield. From his boyhood his wild freaks had kept the village in disapproving wonder, and even his marriage and the birth of his child did not seem to steady him. But when these doings of his culminated in an assault—meant, some said, for robbery, and nearly ending in murder—and landed him for two years in the county gaol, people found the matter almost too serious for talking of, except in guarded whispers.

And when, after the two years were over, Martin Haythorn came back no more, and seemed to have disappeared altogether from the neighbourhood that had known him, the interest in him gradually wore itself out. John Haythorn was quite respectable, and Oliver grew up to be respectable and something more, and few cared to vex them by raking up Martin's misdoings. Few remembered them nowadays, and no one guessed how Oliver had brooded over the little he had heard and the less that he remembered, and how fiercely he clung to the good name that had hardly yet been won back.

Now, everyone knew that Martin Haythorn had been home and had gone away again; that no one in the village had known him at the time, though plenty had been found to confess to an inkling afterwards; and that he and his companion had left the town in the morning before Oliver traced them to the little public-house in Netherton where they had slept that night.

Some spoke of it openly before Oliver and his uncle, and many more grew silent suddenly when they drew near, and looked at them askance, with what was in reality only shyness, but which looked like contempt.

And Oliver chafed at it all, and would

have longed to be gone even without that burden of an uneasy conscience that weighed on him night and day, and the reason of which he had told to no one.

He went to church, however, as he had promised Mr. Wilmot, and told it there. There are some faults that we can hardly confess to God till we have owned them to our fellows; but this was not one of them. To no man but his father would Oliver confess that he had known him from the first and had hardened his heart against him. But he owned it to God—on his knees, in that special corner of the chancel where he had made so many good resolutions and sometimes felt so happy—and entreated, earnestly enough, to be forgiven and helped to find his father again.

He did not ask, however, that his father might be brought back again at once to Boskyfield, or that he himself might be shown whether his duty was to go or stay. Perhaps we are all more ready to ask God to help us to go our own way than to lead us in His; and in spite of his deep religious feeling Oliver had not *begun*, as yet, to give up his own will.

He heard all that the Rector, and Mr. Wilmot, and his uncle and aunt had to say on the matter; but he took his own

way at last, leaving them vexed and angry, and yet ready to forgive him, because he was plainly so unhappy, and they were so fond of him.

Oliver knew that his father and the other man had gone to London, for he had found out at the station that they had taken tickets for Kentish Town. Beyond that he had no clue, and he never told anyone how little idea he had of what course to pursue when he should have reached London himself.

John Haythorn advanced him some of the money that had always been called his, and promised to let him have more when he should reasonably require it—reserving to himself, in his own mind, the right to stop the supplies and order the lad back as soon as Oliver had time to convince himself that his search was useless.

Of his weeping aunt and his dismayed little cousins, his old home, and all his boyish haunts, Oliver took leave like one in a dream, who knows that he ought to be sorry, but cannot feel it. Right or wrong, wise or foolish, he *must* go—now. He could no more go back to the happy, narrow life of old than Adam and Eve could stay in Paradise; and the wide world lay all before him as it did before them.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Huckerby.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks passed away, and the sunshine of spring found its way even into Peckitt's Row; but it came too late to revive the sick man.

As the doctor had prophesied, he never left his room again. Once or twice he had got Mrs. Huckerby to prop him up in bed, and to bring him his carving tools and the unfinished primrose leaf, but latterly he had lain very silent and quiescent. Day

by day he was getting thinner and weaker, and the cough must have shaken his gaunt frame terribly. He rarely spoke, however, of his suffering, and gave no sign of knowing that he was fast going down into the valley—that, indeed, its shadow was already cast upon him.

As for Mrs. Huckerby, she found the fight a hard one. Sometimes she was all but beaten. From morning till night there was not a moment's pause in the weary round of toil. Now it was a customer to be served, then it was the bit of cooking

for the family, then the wash-tub, or the kitchen must be 'redd up,' the baby must be washed and dressed, or Fergus's stick signalled some want, or, worse, an approaching attack of breathlessness, and whilst she was busy with him she would hear some one thumping impatiently on the counter below, or the baby screaming at the top of her voice.

She never took off her clothes during the last fortnight after he grew worse, but at night just laid her aching frame down by the children for a troubled snatch of sleep, that was sure to be broken by the tap of the stick above. Frequently she was called up several times during the night, which was the worst time with the invalid.

The neighbours, it is true, offered help, with that kindness the poor are always ready to show to each other; but Fergus had such a dislike to the presence of a stranger, that Mrs. Huckerby was fain to refuse, when she could at all manage by herself.

But a night came when she saw that there was a change in the aspect of the sick man—the approach of the last change. Then she asked a neighbour to sit in the kitchen downstairs whilst she remained by the bedside, ready for what might come.

Fergus was quite still. The cough was gone, and his breathing was less hurried. As usual, he had been silent all day, but he was perfectly conscious. She sat where she could see the wan face lit up by the pensive eyes; and as she watched in the midnight hush, she began to wish he knew he was going to die. She had never thought of it before—the grind of work had wrought out all thought from her mind—but in some way the solemn stillness, only broken hourly by the toll of the church clock, recalled to her that the dying man had a soul.

'If he dies there, wi'out a parson to make a prayer to him, and wi' that bad feeling as he's got about his wife, I wonder what will become o' him. It's like as if I should have his blood on my hands. I'll just ask him if he'll have the parson if so be as he lasts till morning.'

So the next time she moistened the poor dried lips she said, 'Fergus, if you've no objections, I'll get Peggy to bring the vicar to see thee.'

He turned his eyes upon her, considering; then in a breathless whisper, 'No; I'm a Presbyterian. I—I don't know anything about vicars.'

'But you ought to have some one to say a prayer, you know; it 'ud do you good like, and put the bad thoughts out o' your mind as you oughtn't to have when——'

'When I'm dying, you mean,' he added gently.

She shook her head and sighed.

After a pause he said, 'Is it bad thoughts about my wife, you are meaning?'

'It's terrible to bear malice now,' she replied. 'I wish you'd make up your mind to look over what's gone.'

'I've been thinking over it all whilst I've been lying here'—he stopped to pant. 'She was a bad woman, and I thought all women were bad. I hated her, and I hated every man and every woman; but you've shown me, missis, as there's some good left in the world, and—I never thought to forgive her, but because of what you've done, I am going to say I forgive her, because you're a good woman and you've asked me.'

These words were full of the pathos of a broken life and a broken heart touched to a new belief—a belief in goodness.

'Bless your heart, that's right,' cried Mrs. Huckerby cheerfully; 'and you'll let me send for some one to say a prayer, too?'

'I've never said a prayer—since she left me. I wouldn't ask to be forgiven as I forgive—it would have been a lie; but I'll say it now.'

He put his wasted hands together and closed his eyes, and, in the Gaelic tongue, he repeated the words of the Lord's Prayer.

Before he had finished he fell into the sleep of utter weakness, and the night passed slowly away.

Another day and another night and he was gone, and Mrs. Huckerby's task was over. Poor woman! she cried a good deal,

and, if she had had time, would probably have broken down and been ill from sheer overwork. But there was something still left to be done, and the neighbours lent her and Peggy some 'bits o' black,' and the two followed the pauper coffin to the churchyard, where Mother Earth received her unfortunate child into her bosom, to his long rest.



The day after the funeral Mrs. Huckerby went up to the upstairs rooms to set them in order, for, if possible, she must find another lodger.

She was busy scrubbing the floor when she heard the doctor's voice below, and then his foot on the familiar stair.

'Ah! poor chap,' he observed, glancing at the bed, now empty and smooth, 'he's gone, and a good deliverance, too, for all concerned.'

'I'll never have a lodger as'll pay more regular or be less trouble,' sighed Mrs. Huckerby, getting up from her knees and wiping her hands on her apron.

'Here's a paper—I forgot to give it to you the other day—that he got me to write out, and which he signed, leaving all he had to you, Mrs. Huckerby. I suppose he'd nothing to leave, but I let him have his fancy about making a sort of will; he'd a notion of being grateful, I suppose. I was to give it to you after his death, and there it is, all



legal and correct; and the tools, or odds and ends he has left, are yours.'

'To think o' that, now!' exclaimed Mrs. Huckerby, a tear trickling down her cheek—a thin cheek it was. 'Poor Fergus! I'm sure he was welcome. There's some carvings he did in the closet here, sir, as he set a good deal o' store by. Maybe you'd like to take a look at them.'

'No, no; never mind; I've no time to stay now. Bless me! that's handsome!' for Mrs. Huckerby had opened the closet-door, and now presented one of the choicest bits of work.

'Do you mean to say he did this himself?' he asked, examining the bracket with interest.

'As true as you're there, sir. All the shelves in the closet is full, but he never showed 'em to any one. He'd a fancy for such things; and the time that man spent over them! It's a pity but they'd been of some vally, so as we could ha' sold them, and kept him from being buried by the parish, poor dear creature.'

'Hum—yes. Well, I should like to show this little thing to a friend of mine in London who understands such matters. Will you trust me with it?'

'Oh! in course, sir; it's no manner o' good to me.'

'I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to say that,' remarked the doctor; 'take my advice, and keep that closet locked till you see me again, Mrs. Huckerby.'

The doctor carried off the bracket, and nothing more was seen of him in Peckitt's Row for some weeks. Then one morning he appeared with a gentleman who was unknown to Mrs. Huckerby.

The doctor said they had come to look at the carvings in the closet; and, as she was engaged with customers, she requested them to go upstairs.

When she was at liberty she followed, and found that every piece of carving, large and small, had been brought out into the room, and the stranger was handling each in turn, and the doctor was writing in a note-book as he dictated.

They took no notice of Mrs. Huckerby,

but went on to complete the list, or whatever it might be; and then the gentleman, taking the paper from the doctor, added up some accounts therein. He turned round on the little woman, and, fixing his glasses upon his high nose, he said, 'Now then, my good woman, I am willing to enter into an arrangement with you to take this whole collection of carvings, and to give you a fair equivalent. Are you prepared to entertain a proposal?'

Mrs. Huckerby was very hazy as to what an 'equivalent' meant; so she twisted her apron-string, and remarked vaguely, 'I suppose you like 'em, sir?' as a safe thing to say.

'Like them? Certainly I like them, or I should not make you the offer I am prepared to make. I will give you,' and he cast his eye down the note-book—'I will give you the sum of 75*l.* for the whole collection, and if you can find any more of the same work, you shall have equitable payment for that also.'

'Oh my! 75*l.*!' was Mrs. Huckerby's rejoinder in a very faint voice.

'Here is the list,' continued the stranger; 'perhaps you would like to go over the items, to see if we have placed a sufficient value on them. Would you like to retain it, to consult your lawyer?'

Mrs. Huckerby quite disconcerted her visitors, and herself too, by suddenly beginning to cry.

'The poor thing has had a hard time of it lately, nursing and so on,' explained the doctor to the gentleman. 'Never mind, Mrs. Huckerby; you see, your troubles are over now, and luck has found you out. You were a wiser woman than you knew, when you kept Fergus from the work-house.'

'I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir,' said she, trembling and laughing and crying together, 'but it came so sudden it give me an upset. I didn't know as the things were worth ten shillings—and 75*l.*!'

The stranger, who, with his *pince-nez* well elevated, had been inspecting Mrs. Huckerby as curiously as if she, too, had

been a piece of carving, now coughed and returned to more important matters.

'Well, my good woman,' he said, 'if you are agreeable, as I may presume you are, to-morrow I will send a man to pack these carvings, and I will transmit to you a cheque for the amount, and I shall require a receipt from you, if you please.'

A happy family was the Huckerby family that evening.

After tea—and no one was stinted on this great occasion—Peggy sat down before a pink gilt-edged sheet of note-paper, and a letter was composed to send to the absent father in Manitoba to acquaint him with the happy fortune which had befallen his belongings, and to beg him to return by the next steamer, as it would now be possible to buy a small business, in his own line of work.

When this epistle was finished, which was not done but at the expense of much spreading out of elbows, knitting of the brow, and putting out the tip of a small red tongue, on the part of the scribe, it was put aside till morning for the passage-money to be enclosed with it, and the party sat round a fire of unparalleled size and warmth, to talk over the future and its happy prospects. The children's tongues went very fast; the mother was more silent; but when the little ones, tired out with wonder and surmise and happiness, were going to bed, she put her thoughts into words.

'The first thing I'll do 'ull be to go to the stonemason's and order a stone—a real handsome one—to be put over poor Fergus's grave. Eh,' she added with a sigh, 'if we had but known this afore he was gone, that he might have had the beef-tea; and then, when he come to be buried, that it might ha' been done proper! But there, he did die at peace wi' all men, which was a real good thing; and mind, bairns, when you say, "Now I lay me down to sleep," as you say "Thank You" to Him as is above. He knew all about it, as I tell'd Him at the time, and He's taken care of us.'

MARY BELL.

The Baptists.

SO far we have traced the story of two secessions from the Church of England, both on the question of organisation—the Romanists maintaining the need of one visible head, the Pope, with a supremacy over the Churches of all nations alike, the Independents championing the right of each separate congregation to be in itself a republic.

Thus we have the two opposite principles advocated: absolute monarchy on the one hand; freedom from all authority and control on the other.

The Church of England believes she more truly represents the Apostolic Church by maintaining belief in the one Body with its members in due subordination and close connection under the one invisible Head—Christ.

With the 17th century we meet with two more secessions, though on different grounds from the last. The Baptists and the Quakers separated from the Church, not on the question of Church government, but of the external means of grace. And again, we observe that there is a departure in opposite directions—the Baptists attaching increased importance to an outward ritual, the Quakers dispensing with it altogether. Let us consider now the Baptists.

The Baptists first formed themselves into a separate community in England in 1633. They had previously existed in Holland under the name of Anabaptists, or 'those who baptized over again.' The Continental Anabaptists were guilty of wild excesses. Wherever they carried their doctrines they caused revolts and disturbances, and in consequence they often received harsh treatment from the governments of the countries in which they dwelt.

It would be wrong, however, to associate English Baptists too closely with the turbulent factions on the Continent. They were always more quiet and orderly, and,

we may trust, more Christian. The reasons which caused them to leave the Church may roughly be said to be three. And as these reasons still keep them apart from us, we may pause to consider them separately.

1. The first was the question of the purity of the Church and her members.

The Baptists were the Puritans proper. Pained, nay shocked, they were, to see the careless, worldly, and often profligate lives of professing Christians. Such a high and noble Faith and such a poor practice! Such abundance of lip-service and so little from the heart! And have not we, too, felt a like impatience when we have looked round upon the Christian world in our best moments? Do not we sympathise with this feeling? Is it not sad that so many of the followers of the Crucified refuse to take up the Cross—are Christians only in name? The world, the flesh, and the devil have been solemnly renounced in Baptism, and yet care is taken to live on good terms with all the three. The young life is given to Christ in Confirmation, and yet holiness does not follow. And intemperate and abusive language sometimes come from lips that partake of the Heavenly Food. Then there is some regular Churchman, or, sadder still, some Churchwoman, given to drink. Another gets into debt. A third is dishonest in trade. A fourth is foul and profane. And then there falls upon our ears the derisive laughter of a sceptical world, and concentrated scorn is heaped upon our inconsistencies.

Sick at heart, we turn from such spectacles and sigh for a purer Church and a more consistent Christianity. We long to hide ourselves amid a truer band of disciples. So was it with the early Baptists. They said to one another, 'This mingled body of good and evil persons cannot be the true flock of Christ. Let us draw together those who are faithful and true.

Let us carefully exclude the black sheep.' So they withdrew themselves from the general body of Christians, and started an organisation of their own. They set up a select and exclusive Church.

But alas! how impossible is it, even with the strictest discipline and the sternest rules, to keep out evil altogether. Into the smallest sect and the most rigid it will creep. There is a Judas among the twelve, and Satan in the guise of the hypocrite meets us everywhere. You may lock your doors and draw your bolts, but you only fasten him in.

The Baptists have discovered this, like many other people, and the constant splits in their body bear witness to it. Thus there are General Baptists, and Particular Baptists, Baptists' New Connexion, Strict Baptists, Scotch Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, and so forth—each striving to frame that impossible thing—a pure and select Church upon earth. It is, in truth, an old dream.

So early as the second century the Montanists strove for it, but without success. Tertullian, their leader, is loud and bitter in his denunciation of the Church for admitting back into communion those who had fallen into sin. Then came the schism of the Novatians—the Puritans of the third century; and then the Donatists, the ancestors of the modern Baptists. Their doctrine was emphatically condemned at the Council of Arles, A.D. 314, and they subsequently fell to pieces. But the vision of an earthly Church, 'without spot or wrinkle or any such thing,' has continued from that day to this to charm some zealous souls, and to enlist their sympathies.

And here the question suggests itself: 'Are the Baptists, after all, seeking for the right sort of thing? Have they not made a grave mistake in the idea they have formed of the Church of Christ? Have they not altogether misunderstood its purpose and mission?' The Church was not intended to be a select club in which the best Christians were to enjoy one another's company in undisturbed intercourse—a

select and exclusive circle of Heaven's favourites.' Its aim is not merely to supply these chosen ones with spiritual delights and to keep them well guarded from the wicked world around. That were a poor and miserable conception of the Church's work.

The purpose of Christ through His Church is far wider and nobler. It is to be a great school into which sinners are to be brought and gradually educated into ripe Christians. It is like a vast field in which the tares are mingled with the wheat until the final harvest. It is the flinging of a net with a daring hand freely out into the wide waters of the world, and the enclosing of good and bad fishes together is the result. Certainly this implies risk and peril and chance of defeat. People who visit among the sick may catch the infection themselves. And those who go into scenes of moral pollution to rescue the victims are not free from danger. But in view of the nobility of the work, who stops to count the cost? The Church, like her Master, extends a welcome to publicans and sinners, even though her character in the sight of the world suffer thereby. She, too, comes amongst men, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

2. The second peculiar doctrine of the Baptists arises out of the first. And it is this that gives them their name. They baptize only adults. Not all adults, but those whose personal faith and character seem to justify their admittance among the members of the community. They object to infant baptism. Nay, they follow an heretical practice of early Christian times by baptizing over again children who have already been admitted into Christ's flock by this rite.

The Church, on the other hand, teaches that none may be excluded from the blessings of this Sacrament whom Christ has not excluded. She remembers that there are no Scriptural words to be found denying children admittance into His kingdom. She recollects how He rebuked the disciples when they would have kept them from Him with the words, 'Suffer

the little children to come unto Me and for 'id them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.'

Infants were admitted into the Jewish Church by circumcision, and she feels sure that, had our Lord intended that they should be excluded from the Christian Church, He would have said so. Then, too, did not S. Paul baptize whole households? And are we to suppose that they contained no children? In truth we have the testimony of all the Christian centuries in favour of infant baptism. Every generation from the first has practised it, as in accordance with the mind of Jesus Christ.

3. Thirdly, the Baptists attach great importance to the outward and visible sign in baptism. This is apparent in their places of worship. In most dissenting chapels it is the pulpit that occupies the place of honour. Preaching is the chief, almost the only, ordinance. In church we know it is the altar, and the sacred feast celebrated there, to which the Christian's thoughts are chiefly directed.

The font indeed occupies a place of dignity, and is regarded with reverence, but it is near the door, to signify that baptism means admittance into the House of the Lord—that the washing with the holy waters is the first step in the Christian's life. But when we come to the Baptist Chapel the font stands in the most conspicuous part, as figuring forth the one great ordinance of the Baptist community. It is felt on entering that that which is symbolised here is regarded as the chief, perhaps the only, crisis in a man's spiritual life. And so the members of this denomination are very scrupulous about the ritual to be observed on the occasion. They condemn the practice which prevails in the Western Church of pouring water upon a part of the body. A baptism to be real and effective they insist must be by immersion. And for this among other reasons they say they hold aloof from the Church.

Now our answer to such a plea must be, in the first place, that the Prayer Book in no wise forbids the immersion of people.

Its direction, in fact, is to the opposite effect—that ordinarily, where no reason exists to the contrary, the child shall be immersed. There is nothing to prevent parents so wishing it from having their child passed into the Baptismal waters. And certainly we must admit that this illustrates best the language of S. Paul on the subject.

But supposing there is the danger, as there is with infants in our northern climate, of injury to the health. Then the Church, following the spirit of her Master's teaching, which inclined to mercy rather than sacrifice, allows the water to be poured upon the brow.

It is a question, indeed, whether among the Apostles it was customary to baptize by immersion. There are several instances in which we should almost gather that the Sacrament was administered in the other way. At any rate, is it not superstitious to say that the virtue of Baptism lies in the quantity of water more or less that is used? The Church takes the common-sense and liberal view of the matter. The power of the Sacrament comes not from the water, nor the words, nor the clergyman, but from God, who has commanded its use.

There are two thoughts which we may profitably take away from our Baptist friends.

First, their very existence as a separate body is a reproach to the Church of Christ. We ought all of us to be much holier, much more consistent Christians than we are. The evils of which they complain should not be found in our midst. A Churchman and a Communicant should be known for his greater devotion, his entire honesty, his unworldliness, his charity.

It is very shocking that the crimes of the world should appear among the children of the Church. The world has a right to expect something better from us. Still more, Christ expects something better from us. To whom much has been given, from them shall much be required. He that knows his Lord's Will and does it not, shall

be beaten with many stripes. Our best way, therefore, to reconcile the Baptists is to show them a Church, the members of which are all earnestly striving to be Christ-like.

And the second thought is that we do not make enough of Baptism. The Baptists have done good service in reminding us of its importance. It brought to us the first gift of the Holy Spirit. It made us members of the Body of Christ, children of God, with the promise of a glorious inheritance hereafter. And yet this magnificent birth-right we sell again and again for a mess of pottage. Let us try, like the

early Christians, never to forget the responsibilities it has laid upon us. We have been signed with the Cross. We are sworn soldiers of Christ. Then—

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Streng in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son ;
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle and fight and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

J. H. M.

A Blessing on Hospitality.

IHAD been reading the Epistle for the First Sunday after Trinity (1 S. John iv. 7) with a friend who had lived in India. We spoke of that wonderful and beautiful name for Our Blessed Lord which is peculiar to the writings of S. John—'The Saviour of the World.' And then she told me of an incident in her life in India which had made a deep impression upon her, though it was very simple. One evening, while sitting in the verandah of her house, she saw wearily approaching her an old man, who looked as if he had walked a long way. She bade him rest in the verandah, and saw that a comfortable and substantial dinner was brought out to him. When he was rested and refreshed he came up to where she sat, and bowing respectfully said, 'The Saviour of the World bless you, madam !' He told no tale of want or sorrow, asked for no further aid, but silently turned and went his way. She never saw or heard of him again; but his venerable appearance and the simple dignity of his words and manner were never forgotten by her. Probably he belonged to that ancient and persecuted Christian Church believed to have been founded by S. Thomas the Apostle, and which, though poor and struggling, still survives to bear witness to

Christ.¹ Many of these poor 'S. Thomas's Christians,' as they are called, wander up and down the country in search of employment. This aged, travel-worn pilgrim was probably one of them.

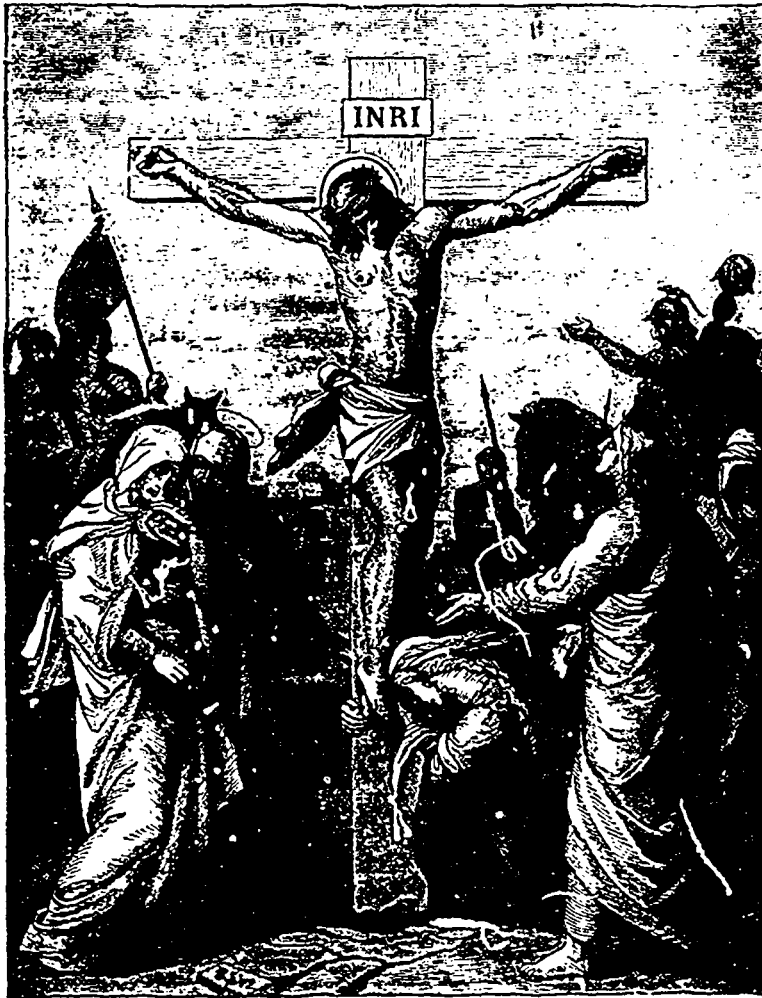
The memory of that blessing seemed still very sweet to my friend. She turned to the quaint old Dutch Bible, and showed me a picture that she loved. It was of Abraham entreating his angel-guests to 'comfort their hearts with a morsel of bread.'

We are apt, I think, to forget how much and how often that ancient and beautiful virtue of hospitality is commended in Holy Scripture. Even if it be not given to us to 'entertain angels unawares,' can we be unmindful of the blessing uttered by Our Divine Lord on the 'cup of cold water' given in His name?

And this is an act of hospitality which it is in the power of the very poorest to offer.

F. S. HOLLINGS.

¹ Strong evidence can be brought forward for believing that S. Thomas actually preached in India. The most remarkable piece of evidence is that of Abdias, a writer who lived at the end of the first century, and who states that 'he recollects having seen a book in which the voyage of S. Thomas to India and the things which he did were described,' and he mentions Gondaphorus as having been king of India at the time. And his evidence is strikingly confirmed by the recent discovery of some medals of a prince named Gondaphorus, one of the Indo-Scythian kings who reigned shortly after Kanerkes in the valley of the Indus.



Good Friday.

'Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'

BLESSED Jesu, while I kneel,
Where Thy pains my pardon seal,
All Thy love to me reveal,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Let me think how for my sake
Thee this woe did overtake,
'Till my stony heart shall break,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Let me think it was for me
'Thou in dark Gethsemane
Prayed in sweat of agony,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

How, forsaken and betrayed,
Thou the penalty hast paid
Of my wanderings when I strayed,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Lord, the selfish life I mourn
Cost Thee scourging, shame, and scorn,
Pierced Thy brow with crown of thorn,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

All the sins I weep to-day,
Shaped the Cross their debt to pay,
Drew Thee 'neath it on Thy way,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Nailed Thee there in cruel night,
Reared it up on Calvary's height,
Shed the blood that washed them white,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

From that Cross I hear Thee call—
Can I gaze who did it all?
Saviour! at Thy feet I fall,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Close I cling, and low I lie,
More I need to satisfy,
In Thy dying I must die!
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

Die to sin, to rise up free,
Die to self, Thine own to be,
Die that Thou may'st live in me,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

So may I Thy joy fulfil,
Bring Thee good in greatest ill,
Dying, living, work Thy will,
Jesu, Blessed Jesu!

MARY BLANCHE HAYWARD.

Mid the Loveliness of Spring-tide.

EASTER CAROL.

'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.'

Words by S. CHILDS CLARKE, M.A.,
Thorverton Vicarage, Devon.

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,
Brentwood, Essex.

Joyfully.

mf

TREBLES only.

mf

1. 'Mid the love - li - ness of Spring - tide, 'Mid the in - cense of the flow'rs, 'Mid new
2. O that morn of fade-less splen - dour! O that dawn of end - less day! Sun of
3. With a glad and ho - ly rap - ture, In those dis - tant days of old, Did thy

strains of fea - ther'd song - sters, O'er this ne - ther world of ours: 'Mid the sights and sounds of
Right - cons - ness, then ris - ing, Thou didst chase death's shades a - way. Ev - er with un - earth - ly
faith - ful ones a - dor - ing, Their dear Lord once more be - hold: So we, too, with hearts e -

beau - ty, From earth's gloom all new - ly born, With its tale of joy and glad-ness Breaks the
bright - ness Thou dost shed Thy daz-zling rays, Still to gild a - new the dawn-ing Of this
la - ted Can be now nor sad nor lorn, As we sing of Je - sus ri - sen On this

CHORUS.

glo - rious Eas - ter morn ! Breaks the glo - rious Eas - ter morn ! Breaks the glo - rious Eas - ter
day - the Day of days. Of this day - the Day of days. Of this day - the Day of
glo - rious Eas - ter morn ! On this glo - rious Eas - ter morn ! On this glo - rious Eas - ter

cres

morn ! With its tale of joy and glad-ness Breaks the glo - rious Eas - ter - morn !
days. Still to gild a - new the dawn-ing Of this day - the Day of days.
morn ! As we sing of Je - sus ris - en On this glo - rious Eas - ter - morn !

About Easter Eggs.

WE are often attracted towards Easter-tide by the rows of gaily decorated Easter eggs which are displayed in the shop windows, and which vary in size and colour according to the different purposes to which they are now adapted. The original Easter egg was dyed a deep red colour, and had but one object; that, namely, of calling to mind and symbolising the great truth of the Easter festival. It may, perhaps, be worth while to say a few words on the meaning and history of Easter eggs, at a time when many persons are likely to buy them as a little offering to their friends and relations on Easter Day.

The egg was early looked upon as a sacred emblem, and as having a mystic significance. It was considered by the Egyptians and Grecians, as well as by the people of Gaul and Scythia, to be a type of the universe; and in Georgia and Persia it was used in very ancient times at a feast held in commemoration of the Creation and the Deluge, which was called the Feast of Waters, and lasted for six days. At this Feast, friends gave each other presents of eggs. The Egyptians also saw in the egg a picture of the renewed creation after the Deluge, whilst the Jews still look upon it as a type of the departure of their tribes from the Land of Egypt, and place it upon

the table with the Paschal Lamb, at the great Feast of the Passover.

To us Christians the egg has a deeper significance, containing as it does a type or parable of the Resurrection from the dead; and this is the reason why, at the end of the great fast of forty days, the decoration and presentation of Easter eggs is so common a practice. It prevails largely in the north of England, where eggs are painted and gilded, and rolled along the grass. Of late years it has crept down to the south, where eggs of pink or white sugar, or of more enduring substances, are apt to take the place of the real egg. In Northumberland and Cumberland and the adjoining counties we hear of 'Pace Eggs,' a corruption of the old term 'Pasche,' i.e., Paschal or Easter eggs.

We are told that 'in Mesopotamia, on

Easter Day and for forty days after, children buy all the eggs they can procure, and stain them with a blood-red colour in memory of the Blood of Christ which was shed at that time at His Crucifixion.' In Italy and in Germany, as well as in Russia, eggs are taken to church to be blessed at Easter time, and the following prayer was used for that purpose: 'Bless, O Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs, that it may become wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants who eat it in thankfulness to Thee on account of Thy glorious Resurrection.' The symbolism of the Easter egg is clearly explained by a writer of 1783 in these words: 'It is a beautiful emblem of the rising out of the grave; for just as the chicken, entombed as it were in the egg, in due time bursts its chains and is brought to life, so it is with man at the Morning of the Resurrection.'

Animals Putting a Man to Shame.

FARMER DONALD was not an habitual drunkard, but there were occasions when he was the worse for drink. No one, as a rule, could be a better and kinder husband and father, but every one knew what to expect on market-days. The market town was a long way off—five miles by road, and then the ferry to cross, and then again a good piece of road. No doubt by the time Farmer Donald reached the market town he was thirsty; men so often are thirsty! Then after every bargain there was of necessity more drinking, and by the time night came he was so little master of himself the wonder was that he ever reached home safely at all.

His two faithful companions and guardians were his horse and dog. Often the farmer was so overcome with drink that he could not sit steadily on his saddle, and would reel from side to side in imminent danger of falling off. The good old horse knew his master's infirmity, and when he felt the heavy form of the farmer over-

balancing on one side he would cleverly jerk him over to the other. So the homeward journey was accomplished by a clever series of jerks on the part of faithful old Dobbin.

One night Farmer Donald was more intoxicated than usual, and when on reaching the ferry the horse was taken across first, he threw himself down full length on the grass by the water-side and was soon in a dead sleep. The boat was waiting for him, and the boatman tried to rouse him, but the dog watching by judged that his master was unfit to proceed further, and barked furiously at the boatman by way of expressing his views. The noise woke the sleeper, and he said to the dog, 'He maun tak' me, Billy.' The dog offered no further resistance, and quietly accompanied his master. Arrived at the other side, Farmer Donald was hoisted on to the horse, and both horse and dog started off with their almost unconscious charge. Notwithstanding the cleverest tricks of the good old horse to keep Farmer Donald safely seated,



he fell off into a ditch about three miles away from home. Off galloped both horse and dog to the farm; and Billy soon by

his whines and entreaties persuaded Mrs. Donald and her daughter to return with him and Dobbin to their fallen master. Both

wife and daughter had a very shrewd guess as to what had happened, and dragged the unfortunate farmer, all bespattered with mud, out of the ditch, where he was snoring, and made him somehow walk home.

Dobbin and Billy walked beside them, and Mrs. Donald, with more warmth than usual, reprimanded her offending husband, 'Why, Donald, I should be ashamed. The brute beasts have more sense than you!'

Again and again did these words recur to the farmer's mind. Yes, the brute beasts had shown more sense than he; and what would have become of him times without number had he not been under their guardianship? What made him so much lower than poor old Dobbin and faithful Billy? It was drink. Farmer

Donald could not blink the fact; and he learnt a lesson from his own horse and dog that he could never forget.

Market-day came round again, and Donald went to the neighbouring town, but he returned home sober. His wife wisely forbore to make any remark, but his daughter could not resist rallying him about the change.

'Ah, my lass,' he said, 'it was time for me to be a different man when even my own brute beasts showed more sense and intelligence than their master.'

From that day to this Donald has kept sober; and often as he pats his trusty horse and dog he thinks of that night, long ago, when they taught him a lesson he could never forget.

A. M. D.

The Essence of Gambling and Betting is Injury Done to Others.

IF gambling and betting are not actual peculations they most assuredly suggest and induce them. I have made inquiries and read reports from governors and chaplains of prisons, some of which I have personally visited—the last at Chatham, one of the largest in the kingdom—and these officers are unanimous in their declarations that an infinite number of prisoners, convicted for the first time of false entries, forgeries, and actual theft, have attributed their guilt to the results of gambling and betting. The Rev. C. Goldney, chaplain of her Majesty's prison, made this statement at the meeting of the Lichfield Diocesan Conference held in November last:—'We are able to fill one of those spacious corridors in Stafford

prison with young men of the clerk and accountant class, their ages mostly varying from sixteen to twenty-three, and they receiving salaries of from 40*l.* to 70*l.* per annum. In what I say I do but act as their spokesman, summing up the evidence with which they have supplied me, and so fulfilling a promise made to one of them but yesterday. It is betting and gambling of which they are the victims, rather than of drink and immorality, though these latter may be described as accessories both before and after the fact.' So true is it that 'he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent,' and that 'he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.'

DEAN OF ROCHESTER.



Work for God at Home and Abroad.

JEWISH BAPTISMS.

AN interesting service was held at S. Paul's, Haggerston, London, E., on S. Paul's Day, commencing at 5 P.M. Although this was an inconvenient hour for many, the congregation was by no means small, and throughout there was observable a feeling of solemn joy. The form of service was that of the Hebrew Guild of Intercession; the Warden of the Guild, the Rev. M. Rosenthal, officiating. The Vicar of S. Paul's, the Rev. S. J. Stone, and the clergy of the church were present. The service commenced with collects and prayers, and the hymn, 'Hark the sound of holy voices.' Then a procession was formed, during which ten candidates grouped themselves round the baptismal font. The oldest is forty-five years of age, the youngest nineteen, and all orthodox Rabbinical Jews, with the exception of one, who is a Karaite. They belong to various classes and callings, and have made considerable sacrifices for conscience sake. Indeed, they have lost their all. It was remarked that their faces were radiant, and the answers to the solemn questions of the Church's Baptismal Service were given by each in a manner which showed that heart and soul were alive to that moment's mighty issue for eternity. They appeared like men who were joyously putting on the whole armour of God. The Warden of the Guild then returned to the altar, and offered earnest prayers for the newly-initiated Hebrew Christian brethren. The hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' having been sung, the Warden closed this most interesting service by pronouncing the Aaronic Benediction.

In the middle of the church a large number of Jews had congregated to witness these baptisms. Their dark, scowling countenances and angry looks formed a striking contrast to the peaceful, beaming expression resting on the faces of those newly admitted into Christ's fold. These men had intended assailing Mr. Rosenthal as he quitted S. Paul's Church, but a body of police on the spot were ready to protect him from any violence. May the God of Jacob hear our prayers for them, and may His Blessed Spirit touch their hearts and lead them also to the Baptismal font, as He has led

so many others, to confess the Saviour who died for them, and to become members of His Body, while He fills them with that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

We must not fail to remind those interested in this great work that Mr. Rosenthal requires means to carry it on. Indeed, there is urgent need at this present moment. Anyone wishing to communicate with him may address, The Rev. Michael Rosenthal, 82 Navarino Road, Dalston, London, E. E. H. T.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL

'WORK for God'—that is the head which our monthly journal comes.

It is a positive fact that each Christian on earth has been given a real and separate work to perform for God.

We may wisely and profitably reflect on our own insignificance as individuals in this great world of which we each form so small an atom. A philosopher of old once said that if a man wanted to realise what was the real need of him he should dip his finger in a bucket of water, and, withdrawing it, look for the hole. But, however small a place we may fill, if we are doing our work faithfully and earnestly we can no more be taken from it and our absence not be felt, than a soldier can fall in the ranks and his cause not be the weaker by one gun and one brave spirit. For is it not written in the Book that we are 'labourers together with God?' Each, therefore, has some real and definite work to accomplish. No one can relieve us of our individual obligations, nor discharge our special duties; we cannot leave them undone without sin and its inevitable retribution, for we shall be judged as certainly for what we leave undone as for what we do.

'I have no money and no time to give,' you say. But does not the history of thousands prove that heart and will are generally our only requisites for the accomplishment of most enterprises, and that it is mutual burden-bearing, such as all can join in, which is to help the world out of its miseries and meannesses; to comfort, relieve, and restore the needy and erring?

Take the question of no time. What if you

have only an hour a week which you could give? In that hour you could visit a sick neighbour, or put yourself in the way of someone to whom you might say a word in season, or whose burden you could help to lift in some way. Then at the end of the year you would have left fifty-two testimonies for God in that circle where God has placed you, and by the means of which He will judge you. In the light of that judgment ask yourself could you not redeem one hour for such purposes?

And apply the same test to your means. However small they may be, could you not redeem something from the service of self for the service of love for the work of God?

The experience of our Association proves what valuable help in large undertakings those who may be said to have 'no time and no money' can give.

Here are a few letters very much to the point.

1. The first encloses a shilling, with these words: 'Kindly accept this very small offering as a token of goodwill for the orphan children under your care. It is from a young man who has to work long hours for his livelihood. If the poor can give little or no money they can pray that your work may prosper, as I shall do.'

2. 'I am ill, and have had a little money sent me to-day to get a few grapes, or any thing else I should like, as it is my birthday. I have added something to it and made ten shillings of it, and I should like to think that my birthday present had gone to relieve a family where some poor little children would be glad to sit down to a nice tea. Please manage this for me and I shall be so grateful.'

3. 'Arthur, Fritz, and Dorothea, all under five years of age, send 10s. for Sunday breakfasts for poor children. They have saved it in halfpence through a whole year, earning it by dressing in a quarter of an hour in the morning instead of idling about.' We recommend this plan for adoption in families, both for their benefit and ours.

It is rather late to be acknowledging Christmas gifts now that we are almost midway between two Christmases, but the reminiscence of the large plum-pudding from Copt Hewick is so pleasant that we must give the letter which announced it:

'We have in preparation a very large plum-pudding, a gift from the Sunday-school children, and other friends, to be distributed on New Year's Day in portions to poor children who had no Christmas pudding. The children are

all coming here to have a peep at the pudding, which our old nurse and cook are boiling. Most of the money was earned in carol singing at Christmas; but even the infants join in the gift, some bringing bright new halfpence, their greatest treasures.'

No wonder they are touched, and moved to help out of their own small means those whose poverty is deeper and whose misery is greater than any they have seen.

We have had much sympathy and generous assistance in our Orphanage work from the time we began it many years ago in a small temporary Home, until now, when we are extending our 'Orphanage of Mercy' for the second time, and building the Queen Victoria Orphanage. Some of the poor who help us in remote parts of England say the idea of their own children ever being in want of a home makes them determined to do what they can to provide homes for orphans. 'Who knows,' a poor woman wrote one day, 'but that my own children may not be glad of such a shelter;' and 'thankful should I be,' said another, 'if I were taken, to think that my little ones might get in here.'

We wish some of our child-loving friends could have seen the infant orphans—undergoing their last school examination. They talk of the 'Spectre' (*i.e.* inspector) very glibly, and are well aware that his visit is a great event, and that they must do their best to answer his questions. Our 'Babies' quite distinguished themselves when the Diocesan Inspector came. They first sang what they call our own hymn. It begins:

In Thy presence, Holy Father,
We Thy little children kneel,
With a faith that cannot falter
To Thy goodness we appeal.

For we have no earthly father
On the earth so waste and wide,
And we have no tender mother
For our weakness to provide.

The words sound very touching sung by baby lips; it is impossible to hear them without a deep thankfulness for so many little lives saved from suffering and sin, or from a joyless, loveless bringing-up.

The C.E.A. considers it a great privilege to help foreign missions in any way, and that there is much missionary ardour amongst the readers of the BANNER OF FAITH their generous co-operation often testifies.

The appeal for the Church Building Fund at Fort Macleod produced a liberal response,

as the letter of thanks which we subjoin from the mission priest shows.

Fort Macleod, Alberta, N.W.P., Canz da.

'Please allow me space to express my deep gratitude for the very hearty response to my appeal for funds, published in the BANNER OF FAITH some months ago.

'I had sent to me, direct, 9*l.* from friends in England and elsewhere, who had seen my appeal, and then I had your letter containing a cheque for 55*l.*, contributed by kind Christian people through the BANNER OF FAITH.

'I was sitting one day, meditating on the urgent needs of the parish, thinking how easily the work could be forwarded were more funds available, when I heard the rumbling and clatter of the "Concord coach," as it came rushing into the town, drawn by four galloping horses (we are thirty miles from a railroad, and our mail is brought in that distance by coach).

'I went down to the town shortly afterwards to secure my letters and papers. The very first letter I opened was that from you, containing the cheque for 55*l.* Imagine my joy and gratitude. I feel that I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to the kind friends who have sent this very substantial evidence of their sympathy in our efforts to restore the "House of God" in this parish, in the far-away West. May God bless them all is the earnest prayer of

'A grateful Priest,
'RONALD HILTON.'

We have a letter before us from Bay de Verde, Newfoundland, telling of four years' unsuccessful fisheries, terrible poverty amongst the people, and a half-finished church.

'All is covered in and shingled, and service has been held in it during the summer months; but as the old windows have only been placed in it *pro tem.*, it cannot be used during the winter. The people will give their labour if only we can get the windows, and then we can so far complete the building as to use it in all weathers. We hope to have a sale of clothing for the Church Building Fund; the most saleable articles amongst our people are second-hand clothes of all kinds, for men, women, and children. You would be surprised to see how eagerly these things are bought. The poor folk have had enough to do the last three years to get "bite and sup," so that they are nearly destitute of clothing now, and anything suitable you can send us in the way of cast-off clothes will benefit both our people and our church-

building. Meanwhile, pray God to send us fair and successful voyages in May.'

HEILDEBERG, CAPE COLONY.—The Missionary, after many expressions of thanks for the altar cloths, &c., which he had received from our embroidery room, goes on to tell us of the many anxieties in his parish. 'I am very much exercised in mind to know really *what* to do about the numbers of naked children scattered throughout the parish, whose parents are too poor or too thrifless to provide clothes. The very kind gifts we occasionally receive seem really to touch only the surface of the matter. In a few months time the little creatures will again be in rags. The only remedy that I can think of would be to start a Home; but where is the money to come from? It takes quite 7*l.* a year to keep *one* child, with all the assistance we can get. Then where is a Matron (without salary) to be found? Questions easily asked, but not easily answered, yet one feels one ought to do something to save a number of human beings from growing up a curse to themselves and to the district. The parish is the size of Devonshire, and only one priest, and no money to pay the stipend of another.'

We received at Christmas also five boxes and a parcel, all from one small village in Yorkshire. The wonder is, that one small village can hold so many large hearts, for no less than seventy persons contributed their work to these Christmas boxes.

Everybody helped, we are told—girls from seventeen years of age down to tiny five-year-olds who had only just learnt to use their knitting needles; nor were the boys idle—they sent no fewer than forty-four capital woollen comforters of their own making, and even the village tailor found time and material to make a useful corduroy suit and a girl's jacket. There were 400 articles of clothing in the boxes, besides thirty dolls, thirty picture books, sweets, biscuits, &c.; and this is the seventh year these kind Yorkshire friends have worked for our poor.

* * *

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

Cards for collecting shillings up to 3*0s.* and pence up to 10*s.* will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

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

NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

The Christian Covenant treated during ADVENT.

"	"	<i>Faith</i>	"	"	CHRISTMAS and EPIPHANY.
"	"	<i>Duty</i>	"	"	LENT.
"	"	<i>Grace</i>	"	from	PALM SUNDAY to TRINITY.

NOTE.—Each Instruction will be arranged under three heads :—

- A. *Expository*—explaining the words of that part of the Catechism which is assigned to each Sunday.
- B. *Harmonistic*—showing how the Services appointed for that particular Sunday (the Collect, the Epistle, and Gospel, the Proper Psalms, the Lessons, &c.) illustrate that part of the Catechism.
- C. *Practical*—drawing, from what has been thus explained and illustrated, moral and spiritual lessons for the Christian's life.

NOTE.—We would suggest that, in delivering these Instructions, the Passage from the Old Testament should be studied *last*, since it forms an illustration, not a foundation, for the whole lesson. It will therefore follow more suitably, after the Gospel facts or doctrines have been fixed on the mind, as prophetic or typical of the truth that has been already accepted. The Text should be repeated first of all, as giving the key-note of the entire subject.

Palms Sunday. (APRIL 14.)

The Atonement—The Purchasing of Grace.

Text—Deut. xxi. 8, 9. Passage—Numb. xxi. 4-10.

- A. 'My good child, know this—that thou art not able to do these things of thyself, nor to walk in the Commandments of God, and to serve Him, without His special Grace.'
 - I. 'Good'—not what we *are* (S. Matt. xix. 17); but what we *ought* to be (Eccl. vii. 29); and what we *may* be (Col. i. 28).
 - II. 'Grace' = power (1) derived from the Divinity of JESUS (2 Cor. v. 19).
(2) communicated to His Humanity (Col. ii. 9).
(3) extended through His Body (Eph. i. 22, 23).
(4) exercised by His Members (1 Cor. xv. 10).
 - III. 'Special,' i.e. suitable for each soul (2 Cor. xii. 9).
- B. 1st. *The Collect*—prays for the graces of 'humility' and 'patience,' which flow from the Grace of the Passion.
The Epistle—declares the reward of these graces of humility and patience.
The Gospel—states 'the price of Blood,' i.e. the grace of the Atonement, extending not only to the living (Barabbas) but also to the dead ('Saints that slept').
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*—
Morning—Exodus ix. The Captivity of Egypt typifies man's need of the Atonement.
Afternoon—Exodus x. Pharaoh's hardness—that of those who reject the Atonement.
Evening—Exodus xi. The boldness of Moses foreshadows the confidence of our REDEMPTOR.
- 3rd. *The Second Lessons*—
Morning—S. Matt. xxvi. The Dignity of the SAVIOUR.
Afternoon—S. Luke xix. The Royalty of the SAVIOUR.
Evening—S. Luke xx. The Truthfulness of the SAVIOUR.
- C. The Atonement means *the Death of God for man*—or Good Friday. How should I spend this day?
First—Not in Indifference—for He *thought* of me (Gal. ii. 20).
Second—Not in Business—for He *worked* for me (S. John xix. 30).
Third—Not in Pleasure—for He *suffered* for me (Phil. iii. 10).
Fourth—Not in Sin—for He *put away* sin for me (Heb. ix. 26-29).

Easter Day. (APRIL 21.)

The Resurrection—the acquiring of Grace.

Text—2 Kings xiii. 21. Passage—Joshua v. 1-13.

A. 'I desire my Lord God,' &c., &c.

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| I. 1st. Petition— | 'Hallowed be Thy Name' | = 'that we may worship Him as we ought to do.' |
| 2nd. " | 'Thy Kingdom come' | = 'that we may serve Him as we ought to do.' |
| 3rd. " | 'Thy Will be done' | = 'that we may obey Him as we ought to do.' |
| 4th. " | 'Give us this day our daily bread' | = 'that He will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies.' |
| 5th. " | 'Forgive us our trespasses' | = 'that He will be merciful unto us, and forgive us our sins.' |
| 6th. " | 'Lead us not into temptation' | = 'that it will please Him to save and defend us in all dangers, ghostly and bodily.' |
| 7th. " | 'Deliver us from evil' | = 'that He will keep us from all sin and wickedness, and from our ghostly enemy, and from everlasting death.' |

- II. Explain (1) 'ghostly' (Saxon) = spiritual (Norman).
 (2) 'sin and wickedness' = evil in its cause and in its effect.
 (3) 'everlasting' (Saxon) = eternal (Norman).

B. 1st. The Collect—'Special grace preventing us' by the Atonement.

'Continual help' to 'good effect' by the Resurrection.

The Epistle—Our SAVIOUR, having acquired grace for us, sitteth at the Right Hand of God to dispense it.

The Gospel—The Grace of Faith in the Resurrection must be acquired.

2nd. First Lessons—

Morning—Exodus xii. 13. The Easter deliverance of the Church by the Blood of Good Friday.

Afternoon—Exodus xii. 42. The night of His Resurrection.

Evening—Exodus xiv. 15. 'Go forward' into our new Risen Life.

Second Lessons—

Morning—Rev. i. 5, 18. The Revelation of the glory of the Risen Lord.

Afternoon—S. John xx. 11. The Consolation of the Penitent at Easter.

Evening—Rev. v. 6, 9, 12. The Song of the Redeemed to the LAMB once slain.

The Easter Anthem—A song composed from S. Paul's Epistles, and full of doctrine, not sentiment.

The Proper Psalms—

Morning ii. 7. A great prophecy of the Resurrection. See Acts xiii. 33.

lvii. Shows us JESUS (1-5) a captive in Death, (6-12) delivered in Resurrection.

cxi. 'The Works of the Law' in His Resurrection.

Evening—cxiii., cxiv., cxviii. Parts of the Great Hallel sung at the Passover (S. Matt. xxvi. 30).

The Proper Preface states the Glory of the Paschal LAMB.

C. CHRIST has risen—Christians must rise—

First.—Both bodies and souls from sin (Rom. vi. 2).

Second.—Bodies—to activity (Acts iii. 6).

Third.—Souls—to devotion (Psalm cxix. 62).

Low Sunday. (APRIL 28.)

The Ministry of Sacraments.

Text—Exodus xxviii. 29. Passage—1 Kings xiii.

A. How many Sacraments hath CHRIST ordained in His Church?

- I. 'Sacrament' = 1st. A military oath (among the heathen).
 2nd. A mystery or sacred truth (1 Tim. iii. 16).
 3rd. A sign, means and pledge of Grace (in the Catechism).

II. 'Ordained by CHRIST Himself.' S. Matt. xxviii. 19; 1 Cor. xi. 23.

III. 'Two only' are 'generally (i.e. universally) necessary to salvation.'

N.B.—Other Rites, such as Confirmation, Ordination, are of the nature of Sacraments, but are not necessary always—as the Birth (S. John iii. 5), and the Life (S. John vi. 53) of Christians.

IV. An Ordained Ministry necessary for the ordering of the Sacraments of the Church (1 Cor. iv. 1).

B. 1st.—The Collect.—Baptism is a death unto sin and a new life unto righteousness (through CHRIST who was given 'to die for our sins and rise again for our justification'). While the 'putting away the leaven' carries our thoughts back to the Passover, the great type of our Easter Eucharist.

The Epistle.—CHRIST came 'by water and blood'—which are perpetuated in the Church by the two Sacraments.

The Gospel.—Here the Ministers of the Sacraments receive their great Commission.

- 2nd. *The First Lessons*—
 Morning—Numbers xvi. 35. The punishment of intruders into the Priesthood.
 Afternoon—Numbers xvi. 47. The atoning power of the Priesthood.
 Evening—Numbers xvii. 8. The fruitfulness of the Priesthood.
- 3rd. *The Second Lessons*—
 Morning—1 Cor. xv. 8. S. Paul ordained as a Preacher of the Resurrection.
 Afternoon—S. John xx. 21. S. Thomas convinced of the Resurrection—that he also might bear witness (see Acts i. 22).
- C. The Duties of Christian People.
 First.—Study the nature of the Ministry and Sacraments in the Bible and in Church history (1 S. Peter i. 10, 11, 12).
 Second.—Accept Means of Grace at the hands even of evil Ministers as sent by God (2 Cor. iv. 7).
 Third.—Pray that your own spiritual guides may not be cast away (2 Thess. iii. 1, 2).

Second Sunday after Easter. (MAY 5.)

The Nature of Sacraments.

Text—Exodus iv. 30, 31. Passage—Genesis xxviii. 10 to the end.

- A. What meanest thou by this word Sacrament?
 How many parts are there in a Sacrament?
 What is the outward visible sign or form in Baptism?
 Why was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ordained?
 What is the outward part or sign of the Lord's Supper?
- I. A Sacrament is—
 1. 'A sign ordained by CHRIST HIMSELF'—'of grace given unto us' (Judges vi. 36-40).
 2. 'A means whereby we receive the same grace' (Deut. xxxiv. 9).
 3. 'A pledge to assure us' that we have received that grace (Numbers xvii. 8).
- II. The Incarnation is the great Sacrament (or 'Mystery' 1 Timothy iii. 16), for there can be no union between God and man except through HIS WHO IS BORN.
- III. The Sacramental chain is as follows:—
 God is in CHRIST—CHRIST is in HIS Sacraments—HIS Sacraments are in us. ∴ God is in us.
- B. 1st. *The Collect*.—We partake of the Sacrifice of CHRIST through HIS Sacraments. We follow the Example of CHRIST with HIS Sacraments.
The Epistle—states the grace of Baptism—'We being dead to sins, live unto righteousness.'
The Gospel—tells of the Death of the GOOD SHEPHERD, which is shown forth in Holy Communion.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*.—
 Morning—Numbers xx. 8. 'The Rod of the Lord'
 Evening—Numbers xxi. 9. 'The Serpent of Brass' } Sacramental types.
 Evening—Numbers xxi. 14-16. 'The Wars of the Lord'
- C. Your interest in the Sacraments.
 First.—Believe in the reality of Sacramental Grace—which you can neither see nor understand.—
 (Hebrews xi. 1; Rom. xi. 33, &c.)
 Second.—Ask for explanations of Sacramental Truth from any one wiser than yourself (Acts viii. 31).
 Third.—Hand on your Sacramental Knowledge to others still ignorant (S. Luke i. 3, 4).

