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Calendar for September.

Sept. 2.—14th S. after Trinity.

M. 2 Kings ix. 1 Cor. xii. 1-28.

E. 2 Kings x. 1-32, or xiii. S. Mark vi. 1-14.

" 9.—15th S. after Trinity.

M. 2 Kings xviii. 2 Cor. i. 1-23.

E. 2 Kings xix. or xxiii., 1-31. S. Mark ix. 30.

" 12.—Meeting of Provincial Synod.

" 16.—16th S. after Trinity.

M. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 2 Cor. viii.

E. Neh. i. and ii. to 9, or viii. S. Mark xiii. 14.

Ember Week.

" 21.—S. Matthew Apostle. Ath. Creed. Prop. Coll. Ep. Gosp.

" 23.—17th S. after Trinity.

M. Jerem. v. Gal. ii.

E. Jerem. xxii or xxxv. S. Luke i. 26-57.

Special Collection for Div. Students' Fund.

" 29.—S. Michael and All Angels. Prop. Coll. Ep. Gosp.

" 30.—18th S. after Trinity.

M. Jerem. xxxvi. Ephes. i.

E. Ezek. ii. or xiii., 1-17. S. Luke iv. 16.

LIST OF CLERGYMEN VISITING PROTESTANT HOSPITAL AND GAOL FOR AUGUST.

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| Rev. Canon Johnston..... | August 6th. |
| Rev. Canon Bedford-Jones..... | " 13th. |
| Rev. G. Jemmett..... | " 20th. |
| Rev. F. R. Smith..... | " 27th. |

ORDINATION.

A general Ordination was held by the Lord Bishop of Ontario, on Sunday, July 8th, in the Church of S. Alban. Ordinations have been held on previous occasions at Christ Church and S. John's.

During the preceding week the candidates were under examination, and there were daily celebrations of Holy Communion at S. Alban's, as well as the usual morning and evening prayer. The examination was concluded by noon on Friday the 6th, all the candidates having passed satisfactorily. After the early Celebration and morning prayer on Saturday, the forenoon was spent in a friendly conference with the Rector of S. Alban's, and in earnest special prayer for the divine blessing. On Sunday morning, prayer having been said at 8 30 a.m., the Ordination Service began at 11 o'clock. After a processional hymn, Canon Belford-Jones, Chaplain, preached the sermon, taking as his text, 2 Cor. v. 20, "*We are ambassadors for Christ.*" The candidates were presented by the Rev. Canon Bleasdel, M.A., Senior Chaplain. The Gospel was read by Mr. Herbert B. Patton. In the laying on of hands His Lordship was assisted by Revs. Canon Bleasdel, Doctor Boswell, Canon Bedford-Jones, Examining Chaplains, and Wm. Fleming, Rector of March. The gentlemen admitted to Holy Orders were as follows:—*Priests*—Messrs. Archibald Elliott, Missionary at Camden, and Montague Gower Poole, Missionary at Eganville. *Deacons*—Messrs. Herbert B. Patton, David C. Pattee, and Henry T. Leslie. All, except Mr. Poole, are Graduates of Trinity College, Toronto.

CONFIRMATION.

A Confirmation was held for S. Alban's Parish, on Sunday July 15th, by the Bishop of the Diocese. There were 24 confirmed; 12 males and 12 females, and all received the Holy Communion. The Bishop delivered a very able and practical address, of which the chief points were:—1. The danger of supposing that without a right frame of mind, and persistent effort on the part of the candidates, this apostolic rite would have any permanent result. 2. That in order to maintain the good impressions, and continue the spiritual blessings of this day, the Church's means of grace should be habitually attended, chiefly the Holy Communion; and 3. The duty of parents and guardians to send their children to the classes preparatory to Confirmation, in which the Church has the opportunity, perhaps the last for a lifetime, of conveying most useful and needed instruction to her young members. The names of the confirmed were as follows:—

Males—Alfred Henry Moore.
 Henry Blanch Wilson.
 Charles Robert Stuart.
 Harry F. Stuart.
 Lawrence Fennings Taylor.
 Walter Tomlinson.
 William Painter.
 Samuel Painter.
 Thomas Starmer.
 William Starmer.
 William Bott.
 Frank Borradaile.

Females—Annie Painter.
 Emma Torrance.
 Beatrice Torrance.
 Madeline Torrance.
 Jane Dixon F. Bliss.
 Florence Edith Bucke.
 Mary Charles.
 Emma Charles.
 Mary Mason.
 Frances C. C. Pearce.
 Caroline Wilson.
 Edith Borradaile.

Diocese of Ontario.

LORD BISHOP—RIGHT REV. J. TRAVERS LEWIS, LL.D., D.D.,
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Christ Church.

Ven. Archdeacon LAUDER, Rector.

SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.
Holidays, 10.30 A.M.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR AUGUST.

Holy Communion, 5th, 11 A.M. ; 19th, 8.30 A.M.
Holy Baptism, 12th, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.
“ other Sundays, at 3.45 p.m.

Sunday School, every Sunday, at 2.30 p.m.

MARRIAGES.

June 21.—Philip Nairn Thompson to Elizabeth Hunton.
July 5.—William Hall to Winnifred Ade.
July 9.—Nathan Murphy to Mary Eveiline McLennan.
“ John Kennedy to Mary Davis.

BAPTISMS.

July 7.—Level Kent, son of Level Kent and Sarah Ann Clisby.
8.—Mary Theresa, daughter of John and Sarah E. Doolin.
8.—William George, son of Samuel Jeremiah and Eliz. King.
8.—Henry Edward, son of Ephraim Edward and Matilda
Parsons.
12.—George, son of William and Sarah Walby.
15.—Constance Sarah, daughter of William Hugh and Emily
Harriet Falls.
29.—Gertrude Mary, daughter of Henry J. and Eliz. Mary
Garrett.

During the

INTERMENTS DURING JULY.

Edward Sherwood, Registrar of the County of Carleton, aged 54.
George Walby aged 3 months.
William Henry Falls aged 34.
Mary Ann Featherstonehaugh aged 35.
Charles Revington McGarity aged 4 months 6 days.

The interior of Christ's Church has been improved of late by the addition of a very handsome scroll running the chancel arch bearing the appropriate text "Hear thou in Heaven thy dwelling place"; "and when thou hearest, O Lord, forgive." This handsome present was given by R. J. Wicksteed, Esq., and is only another testimony to his well-known generosity.

S. Alban the Martyr.

Rev. Canon BEDFORD-JONES, M.A., LL.D., Rector.

SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.
Week Days, 9.30 A.M. and 5.30 P.M.
Holy Days, 11 A.M. and 5.30 P.M.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR AUGUST.

Holy Communion, at 8 A.M. and 11 A.M.
Holy Baptism, 5th and 9th, at 7 p.m.

Sunday School, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

MARRIAGES.

June 19.—Chas. Ed. Reiffenstein to Agnes Mary Gates.
21.—Thos. Lowry to Julia Connell.
July 11.—William Millions to Annie Radley.

BAPTISMS.

June 18.—Jessie, daughter of William and Jessie Sinclair.
24.—Herbert Richard, son of Henry G. and Anne Cawdron.
July 5.—Anne Etta, dau. of Thomas H. and Sarah James.
21.—Frederick Lynn Corbier Lloyd, son of William Henry and Katherine Cooper.
31.—William Henry, son of William and Catharine Hamilton

INTERMENTS IN JULY.

Wm. A. B. Allan (age next birthday), two years.
Herbert Richard Cawdron, one year.

S. John the Evangelist.

Rev. HENRY POLLARD, Rector.
Rev. F. R. SMITH, *Locum Tenens.*

BAPTISMS.

- June 10.—George William Courtney, son of John and Gertrude Osborne.
“ 17.—William Alfred, son of Mary and John Smith.
“ 24.—Mary Elizabeth, daughter of William and Jane Norris.
“ 24.—George Arthur, son of Frederick and Amelia Fooks.
“ 30.—Harriet Mabel, daughter of Edward and Mary Eccles.
July 15.—Annie Eva, daughter of John and Margaret Wiltshire.
“ 19.—Daniel, son of Michael and Mary Whelan.
“ 31.—Minnie Eliza, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Fuller.
August 5.—Mabel Hackett, daughter of Sarah and William Simms.
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MARRIAGE.

- June 7.—Nathaniel Clarke Wallace to Belinda Gilmour.
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DEATHS.

- June 6.—Mary Ann Bray, aged 5 years.
“ 26.—George Arthur Fooks, aged 9 days.
July 8.—Mary Elizabeth Norris, aged 6 weeks.
“ 9.—Theophilus John St. George, aged 16 years.
“ 18.—William Henry Brown, aged 10 months.
August 3.—Minnie Eliza Fuller, aged 3 weeks.
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S. Bartholomew, New Edinburgh.

Rev. G. N. HIGGINSON, M.A., Rector.
Rev. H. B. PATTON, *Locum Tenens.*

SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M., 7 P.M.
Week days, Wednesday, 7.30 P.M.
Celebration of the Sacrament for August, 19th, 11 a.m.

Sunday School, 3 A.M., every Sunday.

The Rev. G. N. Higginson, will be absent from Ottawa, at Tadousac, until the 1st of September. In his absence his duties will be performed by Rev. H. B. Patton.

Guild Meetings.—Women's Guild meets every Wednesday, 2 P.M., at the Rectory.—President, Hon. Mrs. Littleton; Directresses, Mrs. Webber and Miss Wilson; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Meyer.

PARISH OF NEPEAN.

REV. GEORGE JEMMETT, M.A., Curate.

S. Pauls, Rochesterville.

S. John's, Merrivale.

All Saints, Richmond Road.

S. James' Church, Hull, P.O.

Rev. Canon JOHNSTON, Incumbent.

SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR AUGUST.

Holy Communion, Sunday, 5th, 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism, any Sunday or week day.

Sunday School, 9.30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Archieville.

Rev. T. D. PHILLIPS, Curate.

SERVICES.—Sundays, 7 P.M.

Sunday School, every Sunday, 7.30 P.M.



'It was a white, dead-looking, creature indeed that they discovered.'

TWICE BURIED.



TWICE BURIED.

A FACT OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.



SHORT time ago I had occasion to search the parish register for an important certificate in a small village in Dorsetshire. The parish clerk helped me to the best of his ability with the aid of his horn-rimmed spectacles. My friend, like most of his profession, talked a good deal. The register chest was in the Vicarage study, and the Vicar away from home. Presently we came to an entry which I stopped to read through, though it was wide of the mark as regarded my search. It was signed and attested by the Vicar of that time—say fifty years ago—by the churchwarden, and by Jabez Pinney, parish clerk.

'My father's name, sir,' said the clerk, noting the interest with which I read; 'he was Jabez Pinney then, I am Jabez Pinney now.'

'And can you remember the circumstance yourself, by chance, though it happened, as I see, long ago?'

'No, sir. I remember the burying of Asenath Fryer very well, and father telling of us afterwards what the parson had written; and I have heard him tell the story upon times when we have had snow upon the ground, for in these parts 'tis but seldom—once or twice in a lifetime may be—that the snow has been seen to lie any time on the ground. However, I count it did then, and I know what's written is quite true.'

* * * * *

Asenath Fryer was a busy, active farmer's wife, about thirty years of age. She had a young family, a girl of ten, two boys of nine and seven, and a baby six months old. Besides the farm of three hundred acres which Fryer rented, he had a water-mill of his own on the stream which runs down from the hill beyond. Thrifty and hard-working himself, they were a well-to-do family, living a little apart from their neighbours in the hamlet, and about a mile and a half from church.

Asenath and her two little boys went to church on a certain Sunday in January to morning service, her husband and little daughter Susan in the afternoon. The weather was unusually cold, and snow had fallen on and off during most of the day.

They all went early to bed that night, for Monday was Ryme market-day, and as the good wife had butter to make and eggs to collect, as well as the children's dinner to put ready, it behoved her to be astir in good time.

In those days the farmer's wife kept the market and trudged thither with her heavy basket on her arm, starting soon after dawn on the short winter day. Asenath had her children dressed, her basket packed, cream skinned and poultry fed, and all ready for the substantial breakfast of bacon and hot toast before half-past six.

'I'm loth to let you go, Asie,' said the farmer, coming in from the fold-yard. 'It's beginning to snow again, and the wind is in the north.'

Asenath was a woman of few words at all times, and made no reply to her husband till they were all seated at the table and the children's first course of bread and milk well under way.

'I'm not afraid of the cold, nor of losing my road, my man,' was her answer, at last; 'the butter and eggs must go to-day, and I want yarn for the boys' socks, and a sight of things besides.'

The farmer thought Asenath had never been quite up to her usual strength since the last little one came, and was anxious about her having to face the threatening storm. Asenath knew his anxiety, but gave no sign of yielding. She finished her hearty, hasty breakfast, gave special charge to trusty little Susan about baby and about dinner, and began to wrap her plaid tightly and snugly to defy the weather, when her husband looked up and said, 'I'd a deal sooner go for you.'

The children's eyes twinkled with a hope that mother might agree; she only smiled a loving smile, and the farmer picked up the basket and went with her to the outer gate.

'There's no chickens then, and no geese, the basket is light enough by good luck to-day,' he said, giving it up to her as they reached the open road. 'Well, get back by daylight, Asie, and mind and get a lift home if possible.'

So the good couple parted. Asenath trudged off briskly, with her back to the east, where the dawn was making its silver rift in the dull sky, with her face westward towards the town of Ryne, some three miles and a half across the down, and with the north wind and the drifting snow whistling more fiercely round her than had seemed possible whilst she kept amid the shelter of the well-timbered hamlet.

We must leave Asenath Fryer doing battle with the storm, and return to take another look at the farm at dusk. Susan had rocked the baby to sleep, washed the dinner-things, and played with her two brothers to keep them quiet; but at last she began to long for her mother, knowing that when baby woke this time nothing but mother would pacify her. Fryer came in from the mill, found that his wife was not yet home, and set off to meet her. Alas! poor baby woke and wept, and refused all the food Susan's kind little heart prompted her to offer. Dark night came on. Fryer came back troubled and silent, and nursed the little one while Susan got supper for herself and the boys; then he told her to put her brothers to bed and go herself, and try to keep baby warm in bed with her.

'Where's mammy?' she asked timidly.

'I'm going out to fetch her as soon as you are all in bed,' Fryer answered. 'I don't know what to make of mother stopping away so long.'

'She flew away on the white snow-feathers, daddy,' said the younger boy.

'Farmer Hake has got home, and so has Mrs. Loveridge, and none of them has seen mother to-day at all;' and Fryer pressed the baby to his heart, to hide a suspicion that was beginning to take possession of him. Tidy little Susan righted up the fire, put the filled kettle on its hook above, undressed her brothers and herself, and then

knelt with them at her father's knee to say 'Our Father' and their other simple prayer. When they were in their beds upstairs Fryer left them, and they cried and sang themselves and baby to sleep, as they lay all alone in the lonely house. The young year's moon went down about seven o'clock, and the wind that had been driving hard and chill from the north went down, and left a stillness that made the white unusual look of things quite ghostlike to the peasants of the village. A little band of willing searchers was soon organized, taking different tracks over the down, calling at every lone cottage in case Asenath had taken shelter there, and peering on the way with their dim horn-lanterns into the old quarry. It was all in vain; the drifts were deep, and one or two serious mischances to the seekers made it advisable to wait till daylight ere they went further.

'They sought her that night, and they sought her next day;
They sought her in vain, and a week passed away.'

The words of the old song might be well applied in this case.

You can guess how ready was the aid and sympathy of all Fryer's neighbours. One blesses the memory of the kind soul who took motherly charge of Asenath's baby that very night, and of the three brave fellows who kept on the search with him without once relaxing. Asenath had not been seen by anyone from the time she left her husband at his gate in the dawn on Monday. A hard frost had followed the deep snow, and the drifts made travelling dangerous, in some places impossible. But the search went on against all difficulties, and the week went round to Saturday night. The mill-wheel had stopped its busy whirr; Susan had cleaned up the cottage and cooked something for Sunday's dinner; the good woman who had taken the dairy in hand had skimmed the cream, fed the pigs, and now brought in the hot fresh loaves from the oven, cautioning Susan to put out the stale bread to be eaten up first. Then Fryer came in looking sadder than ever, almost knocked up with his daily work and nightly wanderings. The crisp white earth was softening, the wind had changed; it was likely that a speedy thaw would set in, and the worst would be known; the temporary grave of his children's mother, his good wife Asie, would be revealed at last.

Sunday morning came, and Fryer returned from his nightly search with no new results. It was a sweet bright day, smiling under a clear wintry sky and showing little breaks here and there in the thick white covering over the land. After a silent breakfast with his little ones, dressed for the first time in their tidy mourning, he was setting out on his search again, when he bethought him of the day.

'Reach your hat and coat and your brothers', Susie, my maid, and we will go to church. I count the parson will pray for us.'

'Don't lock the door, father,' pleaded little Georgie. 'Maybe mother will come in while we are at church.'

The sad little party started, leaving the door on the latch as Georgie had suggested. Susan in new black frock, and father and the boys with crape bands and weepers, like people going to church the Sunday after a funeral, but without the comfort of a visit and an offering of fresh flowers or evergreens at the new-made grave.

Many pitied the poor Fryers; one or two sneered, and hinted that it was an easy way of getting out of some family bother, putting down

Twice Buried.

Asenath's disappearance to the snow, indeed! But this was never allowed to reach the ears of honest Farmer Fryer.

They called in to see baby on their way, and to ask to have her home for the afternoon to let Mrs. Vicars get to church. The parson did remember the family in great sorrow when he came to the Litany; and touched, too, in his sermon on the melancholy event that had occupied the thoughts of all the parish during the week. He told his people how right it was to mourn with them that mourn, and said we were all so much the more ready, as a rule, to rejoice with the rejoicing, than to sympathise with the sorrowing. And he ended his funeral sermon with a few words of praise to Asenath's memory.

Sadder, more full of the reality of his loss, of the reasonableness of giving up his lingering hopes that he indulged in all the week, Fryer hurried his little ones home. Mounting the hill they saw how fast the snow had gone since early morning; they noted the doctor from Ryme riding across country to the hamlet; they saw Farmer Miller's gig being led down their own lane by a lad. Mr. Miller had not been at church: he, who never missed except the Sunday he spent in Dorchester at fair time once a-year!

'We'll call for baby as we go by, father,' said thoughtful little Susan, drawing no conclusions in her young mind from what she saw in the distance.

For all answer Fryer loosed her hand, and with something like a groan pushed through the hedge, and flew rather than ran across the fallow the shortest way to the Mill-farm. When he reached the house three women had possession, and would have kept him downstairs by main force, but he hurried on upstairs, breathing hard like some hunted animal. The doctor met him on the top step and took him with little ceremony into the children's sleeping-room.

'Tell me, sir! tell me!' he gasped hoarsely and breathlessly. 'It is the thaw! the thaw! Let me see my poor wife; she was my good Asie but a week ago?' And the tears pent up for many days came all unrestrained.

'Be comforted, my good sir,' said the doctor, with a smile that would have been a laugh, save for respect to a man's tears. 'It might have been worse.' And with his pocket-knife he cut the knot that tied the crape on Fryer's hat.

The gentle Asenath was a living wonder for many a day to all around. Her own account of herself was simply given.

The cold grew intense after she left the shelter of the hamlet, the storm grew fiercer, till, fancying it would soon spend itself, she crept into the hedge-side behind the hollowed bole of an old oak-tree, sheltering herself as she thought for a few minutes. Then came sleepiness, finally unconsciousness. Asenath was snug enough as far as being entirely covered up was concerned. The drift completely closed in above her, and then froze on the outside. She remembered waking twice and reaching eggs from the basket on her lap, sucking them, and falling off to sleep again. At her last waking the early Sunday bells were pealing merrily, a stream of cold water was running down her back, and she, with her waning strength gathered to a last effort by despair, began to fight about her prison, and raised stifled cries for help. She could hear passing travellers on the road; then the early

peal stopped, and Asenath felt as if its silence were her death-knell. In two hours the bells chimed out for morning service; she could hear them more plainly, could hear the voices now of passers-by. She fought, she screamed; she felt her prison walls rock a little, but not give way. Wheels began to approach slowly, for it was on an ascent of a hill. Another desperate effort—a long, loud moan—a battle with the ice-bound tomb. Then the wheels stopped. Asenath recognised the voices of Farmer Miller and his wife, heard them commenting in puzzled tones upon the noise she was making. The farmer got out of his gig, and thrust the butt-end of his whip into the high drift again and again. But Asenath's powers held out no longer. When his perseverance had enlarged the opening,—had made out a bit of a woman's gown, then the side of the large market-basket, then, with his wife to aid, had torn down the snow, it was a white, dead-looking creature indeed, that they discovered; rigid, emaciated, cramped from the position of all those days, but still warm, and with a heart whose beatings were quite perceptible.

Rescued just in time from a living tomb, the farmer and his wife took her carefully to her home (the door of which had been left unlocked), summoned one or two neighbours, sent for the doctor, and the rest we know.

A week in bed—with all the care that Fryer and Susie could use—and Asenath was able to be driven to church in Farmer Miller's gig the next Sunday, to return thanks for her merciful and wonderful escape from death to life.

There is no moral in the story; nothing more to say; except to apologise to the Vicar of the parish whose register gave me the materials for building up the sketch.

Asenath Fryer lived many years after that seven-days' burial. Her real funeral took place on her eightieth birthday.

IN NOMINE TUO!

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|---|---|
| P AIN came to her, my love, who was so young— To her so fair, so rare, so nobly made; Cruel, her youth he stole, and o'er her flung A shadow drear and sere like leaves that fade. | He came to her who was so gay and bright, And tears came welling o'er her stricken cheek; Laid heavy hands upon her spirit light, And left her laughing voice all faint and weak. |
| Pain came to her, my love, who was so fair, And scorched the flower-bloom from out her face; He spoilt the splendour of her shining hair, And robbed her dear eyes of their tender grace | And then he fain would touch her soul, but lo! Her soul arose, and with no earthly might Flung back the conqueror, and trampled low, The victored victor sought his kindred night. |
| Then grew a radiancy into her face, A halo glinted o'er her silver hair, Each gentle movement wore a patient grace, And oh! my love, she is so fair, so fair! | T. W. O. |

SEDGLEY MILL.

HARRY JOSCELYNE.

BUT Mabel did not die. Her strong, patient nature, and the wondrous elasticity of youth, wrestled with the fell disease, and, through a higher blessing, conquered it. It was wonderful to see what sympathy this illness called forth in the house. I used to be waylaid as I left the sick-room by the various servants, from the scullery-maid upwards, begging for news, and Mr. Joscelyne himself anxiously expected a daily bulletin from me.

As for Letty, during those first days she had been inconsolable at being denied admittance to her cousin, but then Easter had come, and in the Easter vacation her brother Harry.

What a pleasant stir and excitement did the coming of 'Master Harry,' as everybody called him, always make in the house! He seemed to bring with him a breath of fresh air into the close, stagnant atmosphere of our formal life. Even Lady Caroline's words and smiles appeared to me more sincere, for I believe that if she had one true, real affection in her heart, it was for her son.

There was nothing remarkable about Harry Joscelyne. I do not think he was clever, for I never heard of his having distinguished himself at school or college. He was simply an honest, good sort of fellow, with a pleasant smile and a kind word for everybody.

'Do tell me what this new Australian cousin of ours is like, Miss Elliott,' he said to me one day. 'I get such different accounts. In Letty's eyes she is a perfect phoenix; Anastasia shrugs her shoulders, and says, "Poor thing! She is really not so bad as might be expected."' Here he imitated his sister's tone and manner to perfection. 'As for my mother, it is easy to see that Miss Mabel is no favourite with her; but then, you know, my mother's tastes are not always mine,' he added with a smile.

'Perhaps I had better reserve my opinion, as it would only add to the confusion of evidence,' I replied. 'You will be able to judge for yourself in a few days' time, for Mabel is now so much better that the doctor has given her leave to come downstairs.'

'Pretty name, Mabel; she ought to be nice,' was his remark as he turned away.

I did not tell him that for several days past our invalid had been allowed to change her room, and had been carried to the sofa in the old nursery for a few hours in the afternoon. What was my surprise, therefore, the very next day, when I went upstairs, after playing over some songs with Anastasia, to hear sounds of merry talk and laughter. I entered the room and found Letty and her brother comfortably established by the side of Mabel's sofa, which was covered with the most extraordinary collection of curiosities. There was a tray of birds' eggs, another of all sorts of moths and butterflies, various queer things which I did not make out, and a few stuffed birds. Mabel herself was leaning forward with a bright, eager look on her face, such as I had never seen there before. I felt quite vexed at disturbing such a happy party, and should have quietly retired had not Harry looked up and seen me.

'Oh, Miss Elliott!' he exclaimed; 'what a regular dragon you must be to keep this poor girl shut up all this time! Why, the dullness of it must be enough to make anybody ill!'

'And do you know,' joined in Letty, 'that Mabel knows all about the Australian creatures, and such lots of things! It must be great fun out there, for she says she can ride a horse without a saddle.'

'With all other lady-like accomplishments,' I said, laughing, for I could not help thinking of Anastasia's refined horror if she should ever hear of such a thing.

'But please, Letty, don't tell it like that,' pleaded her cousin, earnestly. 'I only said that I had done so once, when I was a child, and there was no one else to be sent.'

'Never mind, Mabel dear,' said Letty; 'you shall ride my pony as much as you like, and any way you like, if you will only be quick and get well.'

'How is anybody to get well, I wonder,' asked Harry, indignantly. 'when they are kept shut up in-doors like this? But I have thought of a plan, and we will see how it can be managed.'

So saying, he nodded with an air of supreme wisdom, and I was left in doubt what mischief he contemplated.

After this the old nursery was a daily meeting-place for the cousins, and Mabel rapidly grew better. Meantime Harry had managed to waylay Dr. Roberts as he was leaving one day, and to make him own—so he declared in triumph—that fresh air was the panacea for all ills. It was but a step farther to make him recommend a little gentle carriage exercise for his patient; and the next thing I heard was, that Mabel was to be well wrapped up and taken out in the pony-carriage—by the doctor's order. Harry was to drive, because he was always so careful, Letty said; and she half smothered her cousin in furs, promising they would take great care of her and bring her home directly she was tired.

It was a sunny April day, I remember, when the woods were beginning to show the first signs of spring, and all nature was waking from the long sleep of winter. Mabel came back with bright eyes and a glow of health upon her cheeks; there was no doubt that she was all the better for a little change.

So it came to pass that the pony-carriage often came to the door, and the cousins had many more drives together, which they seemed to enjoy so much that I wondered Lady Caroline did not interfere. However, it seemed that no one ever found fault with Harry; he was a privileged person, who might do what he liked. Besides, every one knew that his Easter vacation was almost at an end, and then he would be going back to college for months.

How soon those happy days were gone, and what a melancholy time it was when Harry had to wish good-bye! Letty always cried when he went away, so that was nothing new; but Mabel's eyes looked suspiciously red on the morning when he left—at least so I fancied.

The poor girls were destined to pay a heavy penalty for their brief holiday. On the following day Lady Caroline came into the school-room in the middle of lessons. This was an unusual event, and always seemed to foretell trouble of some kind.

‘There has been so much time wasted lately, Miss Elliott,’ she began, in a cold, sarcastic voice, ‘that I am sure you must feel the necessity of making up for it by the utmost diligence and attention.’

I bowed in silent assent and waited for more.

‘As for this young lady,’ she added, waving her hand towards Mabel,



Lady Caroline entering the School-room.

‘I fear that her education must have been so terribly neglected that your task with her will be almost hopeless. Still, something might be done, and I would recommend her to devote the next few years entirely to her studies.’

Mabel’s cheeks were covered with burning blushes, and I felt that it was not right to let this taunt pass in silence.

'Your niece tells me, madam, that she was for some time at an excellent school in Melbourne, and I certainly think she has been admirably taught. She has quite a talent for languages.'

'Besides, Mabel is nearly grown up,' cried Letty. 'Do you know, mother, that she will be eighteen next September?'

'So much the worse for her,' was the cold rejoinder; 'and I beg that you will not interfere with matters which do not concern you. Your forwardness is most unbecoming, and I am sure that Miss Elliott will agree with me that strong measures are needed. In future you will take all your meals in the school-room. I shall not expect to see you in the drawing-room in the evenings, and you will take quiet walks with Miss Elliott instead of the wild tomboy scampering about to which you have been accustomed lately.'

'But, mother,' exclaimed Letty, in despair, 'may I not have my pony at all? He must be exercised!'

'It will be quite unnecessary for you to do so,' was the reply. 'Anastasia is expecting her friend Miss Hill to stay with her, and I hope she will pay us a long visit. The pony will be wanted for her!'

With this last Parthian shot Lady Caroline turned away and calmly left the school-room.

It was as much as we could do to pacify poor Letty, who was wild with indignation. I must confess that I shared her feelings, for I knew that the punishment was, in truth, intended for Mabel, though the blame was outwardly spoken to her cousin.

'To think of that horrid Julia Hill being allowed to ride my pony!' cried the girl. 'It is bad enough to have her here at all, for she is always flattering mother and Anastasia as though they were perfect wonders, and I believe she laughs at them behind their backs, as she does at all the other grand friends she stays with.'

'Never mind, Letty dear,' said Mabel, 'we shall be very happy together; and we will have such nice walks, and find all the birds' nests and the wild flowers.'

Letty soon recovered her good temper, and promised to set to work at her lessons in earnest.

Time passed on, and in our quiet uneventful life there was but little to relate. The more I saw of Mabel, the more I learnt to admire and love her, and certainly, under her influence and example, my wild little pupil improved greatly. Meantime Harry's letters seemed to be a constant source of interest, for though, of course, they belonged by right to Letty, we were all allowed to share in them. One thing rather troubled me. There were such constant inquiries about Mabel, such frequent messages for her, that I used sometimes to doubt whether it was well to permit so much intimacy. Still, what could I do? It would have been a breach of confidence on my part to mention my doubts to anyone, and I had often heard of cousinly friendships, though, not having had any cousins of my own, I could not exactly tell what that ought to amount to. I dared not speak to Mabel herself, for fear of making her self-conscious, and possibly rousing those very feelings which I wished to avoid.

(To be continued.)

THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.

VII.

KINGFISHER.
NIGHTJAR.

SWALLOW.
MARTIN.

SWIFT.



HERE are tastes which deserve the stick,' says the Spanish proverb, and none deserve it more richly than that of shooting down any beautiful or strange bird that may happen to make its appearance, for the sake of stuffing it as a household ornament. As regards non-eatable birds, we may truly say that one in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand; but to appreciate the charms of bird-beauty is a mark of civilisation and refinement of taste which we English have certainly not yet altogether attained. It frequently happens that, impelled by causes we are not able to trace, a couple of some foreign species—Hoopoes for example—pay us a visit, with the object, no doubt, of rearing a family. They choose for the purpose one of the many parks which adorn our island, and soon set to work upon their nest.

Wretched is their fate! Their unusual plumage soon attracts the notice of the keeper, who, gun in hand, dodges them from tree to tree, until the fatal shot is at last fired and the beautiful creatures lie dead upon the turf, victims to their ill-judged confidence in British hospitality. They are then carried in triumph to the Hall, where the keeper gets a tip for his pains, instead of the stick he deserves; and a paragraph is forthwith inserted in the county paper:—'*Rara Avis!* On the 1st of April, Mr. Blockhead, keeper to John Wiseacre, Esq., shot a pair, male and female, of that rare bird, the Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*), which had been observed frequenting Ruthless Park for some days. They have been duly forwarded to Mr. Saltum, hairdresser of Mummy Lane, for preservation. This is the second instance of these curious birds having been captured of late in this part of the country.' The ornithological barber forthwith flays them, anoints the skins with arsenical soap, gives them a fancy pair of glass eyes, sets them up in some impossible attitude, sticks a few Brazilian beetles upon the sprays, and then sends them back to Ruthless Hall, where they are promoted to some vacant niche, and are noticed by the visitors and inmates for at least a week. By-and-by the case gets cracked, and it is discovered that the poor faded things are infested with insects; whereupon they are banished to some lumber-attic, where the mice complete what the moths began, until a mass of unrecognisable feathers is all that remains of two lovely birds, who with their descendants might have frequented the park season after season for years, forming one of its most interesting and picturesque ornaments.

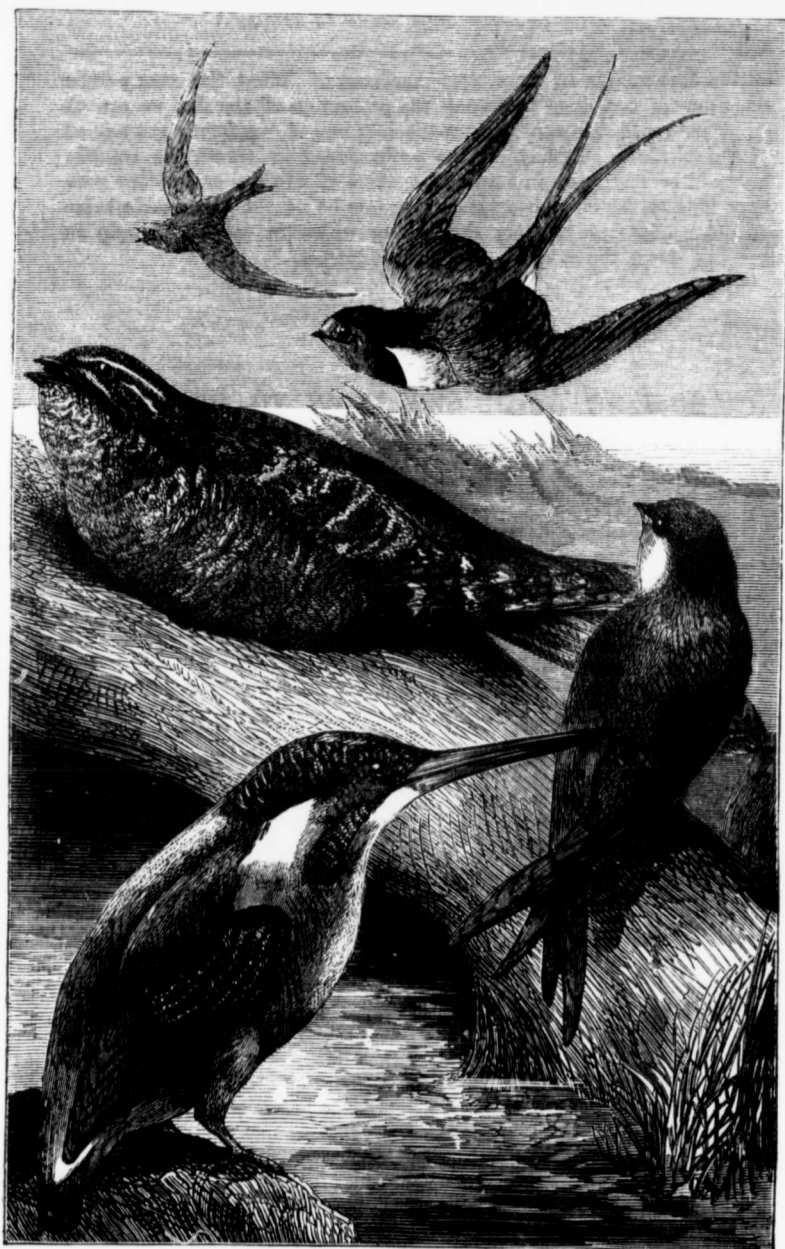
Such, or something very like it, is the reception which awaits any conspicuous and uncommon bird who comes over here on a voyage of discovery: the squire comforting himself with the thought that if he does not get the prize somebody else will; while the keeper, whose ornithological attainments are confined to the charmingly simple arrangement of birds into the two broad classes of game and vermin, knowing that as the stranger does not belong to the former it must to the latter, arrives at the same practical conclusion as his master by a different route.

No bird has to pay more severely for the gift of personal beauty than the Kingfisher. None is so eagerly sought for by the bird-stuffers, who know the value of the showy prize. Alas for the result ! Instead of our woodland streams being plentifully adorned with the charm of this flying gem, we must search for him rather in back-parlours of country inns and lodging-houses, where we shall find that the 'naturalist,' as the bird-stuffer calls himself, has exerted the utmost resources of his art in showing the male bird pitching head-long into a bit of looking-glass, put to represent water, while his mate stands with a minnow in her mouth, whereby we are led to conclude that she has just emerged from the same.

Before coming to the Swallows, we must notice a bird which is much of their way of thinking in the matter of food, though in other respects more like an owl : this is the Nightjar, Fern-owl, or Goat-sucker, one of the last of our summer guests to arrive and the first to depart. It lives principally on moths, and, in fact, is very much like an overgrown moth itself as it glides round some favourite oak in the dusk. It owes the first of its names to its singular note, which is more like the hum or jar of a great spinning-wheel than anything else, and the last to an old calumny founded on circumstantial evidence, which has proved fatal to so many an innocent. It has been observed, so it is said, too near the flanks of goats and cows ; whereupon men immediately jumped to the conclusion that it was helping itself to milk, a species of nutriment about as much to its taste as plum-pudding would be to a falcon or roast beef to a robin. Better observers, however, soon discovered that it was only there to free the animals from the insects which were tormenting them, and that in reality it was doing them a kindness instead of robbing the dairy. But the opprobrious name clung to it, as is generally the case with slandered innocence, although the accusation has been long withdrawn, and its judges have proclaimed that no stain whatever rests upon its character.

The Goatsucker's greatest personal peculiarity is its enormous gape: its mouth being literally slit from ear to ear, disclosing, when extended, a vast sepulchre for the entombment of moths and beetles ; while it is distinguished, even above the lapwing, for the cleverness with which it shams a broken wing when surprised by a footstep too near its nest—if nest it may be called that nest is none—as it lays its two grey eggs upon the bare ground.

The five or six members of the Swallow family have little to fear from either the cage, the case, or the keeper, those three dire enemies of bird-life. We don't eat them as they do in Spain : we can't keep them alive ; they are not showy enough for the bird-stuffers ; and nobody has yet been wild enough to charge them with crime : so these pretty visitors have little to fear during their summer sojourn, and they seem the very embodiment of freedom, industry, and happiness, as they add the charm of their flight to the beauty of our English landscape, now almost brushing the rain off the grass of the meadow, now in circling flights aloft at a dizzy height, now—as in the case of the Swift—dashing with shrieks of delight round the old church tower ; now, as with the Swallow, skimming the tranquil surface of the river, and even touching it with their breasts, as if to wash away the stain which according to the old fable still clings to the plumage



KINGFISHER.

MARTIN.

NIGHTJAR.

SWIFT.

SWALLOW.

WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.

of the descendants of their cruel ancestress. What the pretty little Sand-martin has done to forfeit the protection of the Act we are at an utter loss to discover, as he is the only one of the family not named in the schedule. Perhaps, if the protection were worth the trouble, he could be smuggled in under the name of Martin or Swallow; we hope it is so, for long observation has taught us the inestimable value of the whole family, every member of which is wanted to help in keeping down the myriads of summer insects.

'HOW TO HELP' AND 'HOW TO HINDER.'

BY E. SYMES THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.P.

FOR working men, a reading-room, where good coffee, tea, and cocoa can be obtained, and where the novice can gain the counsel and moral support of experienced Abstainers, is a necessary part of the machinery required for carrying on successful Temperance work in any parish or neighbourhood.

If a man's resolution is enfeebled by a long course of natural excess, successful reclamation is a slow process; it needs to be reinforced by a firmer resolution brought to bear from without—such as, for example, the persistent effort of some true friend, who, in the Master's name and by His grace, will take hold of the victim to drink, and worrying him if necessary—at all events, watching him incessantly, and being always at hand—will never let him go until the good habit is thoroughly established. Months, most likely—years, perhaps—will be required ere this blessed end is reached.

Men or women may wage this holy war against the powers of evil. Ladies, either working alone or banded for mutual support and organization into committees, may do good work by seeking out individuals enslaved by drink, and being an outside conscience to them, a prop, an ever-vigilant keeper, firm yet tender, alert, practical, unflinching, undaunted, and full of resource.

Thus alone, in the case of confirmed inebriates, can we hope to see the work accomplished.

And now let us say a word to those who hinder. Alas that in this so often a man's foes should be they of his own household! Even suppose that, thoroughly seeing the dangers of drink and the advantages of abstinence, a working man's wife keeps golden silence, or makes silver speech, how often does she endanger her husband's temperance as well as his temper by an untidy house, or by bad cooking! If his food is like a cinder or a bit of carpet, the soup oily, the stew cold, and the potatoes stones, what wonder that he finds a stimulant necessary to benumb the nerves and allay discomfort.

But this is a hindrance which care and diligence will soon remove. Let us teach our working girls and women how to cook.

The other honest hindrance, as we may call it, is more wide-spread and difficult to reach, while it is the conviction of every ignorant person in the country that brandy is a panacea and specific for every acute,

and port wine (or porter) a panacea and specific for every chronic ill to which flesh is heir. How are we to hinder them from taking and from giving, as 'something to do you good,' the very worst thing they could give to their friend who is trying to abstain?

And while no good wish can be wished, and no grand occasion celebrated, without drinking, it is often difficult for a man to keep at once his courtesy and his constancy; and he might wish to imitate the old man mentioned by Busbequis, Ambassador to the Sublime Porte in 1554, who thus writes:—

'I saw an old man at Constantinople, who, after he had taken a cup of wine in his hand to drink, used first to make a hideous noise. I asked his friends why he did so. They answered me, that by this outcry he did, as it were, warn his soul to retire into some secret corner of his body, or else wholly to emigrate and pass out of it, that she might not be guilty of that sin which he was about to commit, nor be defiled with the wine that he was to guzzle down.'

Lastly, a word to those to hinder in pure thoughtlessness, or with evil intent. How many men, who tell us they 'never took a drop too much in their lives,' are really suffering from habitually imbibing more than the body can bear without deterioration! Many such, if the truth is brought to them face to face, will allow that they are not the men they were or ought to be, because of the daily, needless supply of spirit which has impoverished purse and powers at the same time. Realising this, thank God, there is backbone enough in some of our fellow-countrymen to take their stand with facts and experience to support them, and try total abstinence. But why do not all do this? Is not the greatest hindrance next to a man's own self-indulgent habits the ridicule of those 'good fellows' (?) who are doing the devil's work without meaning it, and who so often succeed in breaking through the resolution of their whilom boon companion, now striving to free himself from the cursed drink which has paralysed his will, and wasted his substance?

Let such hinderers ask themselves, 'Am I a willing instrument for the destruction of the body and soul of my friend?' No doubt it is pleasanter to have companions even in vice rather than to be without them; and it is most unpleasant and most exasperating, doubtless, to have a man we have always quietly looked down upon suddenly begin to act independently of us, and prove himself capable of doing what he conceives to be the 'right thing.' Yet, before we deter him from so acting by our railery and ridicule, ought we not fairly to answer this question? 'Am I, knowing what I know, to drag a friend down to what he feels to be destruction, just for the sake of having a companion?' Surely the time has come for everyone to see that 'drinking,' as it is called, is a growing, an overmastering evil; and to anyone who has not pluck enough or will enough to renounce it for himself, we would still say, in God's name, do not allow yourself to deter others from the manly and righteous course which they are laboriously striving to follow.

We have now considered 'How to do without it,' 'How to help,' 'How to hinder;' it only remains to add to our other homely hints, one addressed specially to the boasted common sense of our working men. If the practice of abstinence promotes health and life, if it can

be adopted without injury and without much discomfort, and if it effects a saving in the expenses of living, does not common sense encourage its adoption? We would not advocate the hoarding of every penny thus saved, but would rather suggest that the money gained by this form of self-denial should be partly expended in other luxuries, and in making the home more home-like. Beyond this, it may be found easy to set aside something.

Let us assume that a man spends 2*d.* a-day in beer and 4*d.* in spirits—*i. e.* 3*s.* a-week, not allowing anything for Sunday, or anything special for Saturday night. With this sum a man aged thirty may insure his life for 100*l.* (1*s.* 1*d.* per week, Post-office Insurance), and purchase a deferred annuity on attaining the age of sixty of 28*l.* 8*s.* per annum, or 2*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* a-month. Or, by laying up the 3*s.* a-week, and placing it under the care of one of the building societies, he might in a few years buy the freehold of a house, and thus for the rest of his days live rent free, and own a valuable property to leave to those who come after him.

Individual determination and self-denial will do all this, and there are virtues the attainment of which is surely worth an effort. If we bring up our children in the practice of self-denial and abstinence, we save them from the difficulty, not insurmountable as we have shown, but still real, of breaking an established habit.

'We are not worst at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy,
Aye, and religion too, shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong current.'

Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

HOW THE CHURCH WAS PLANTED IN BRITAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

VII.

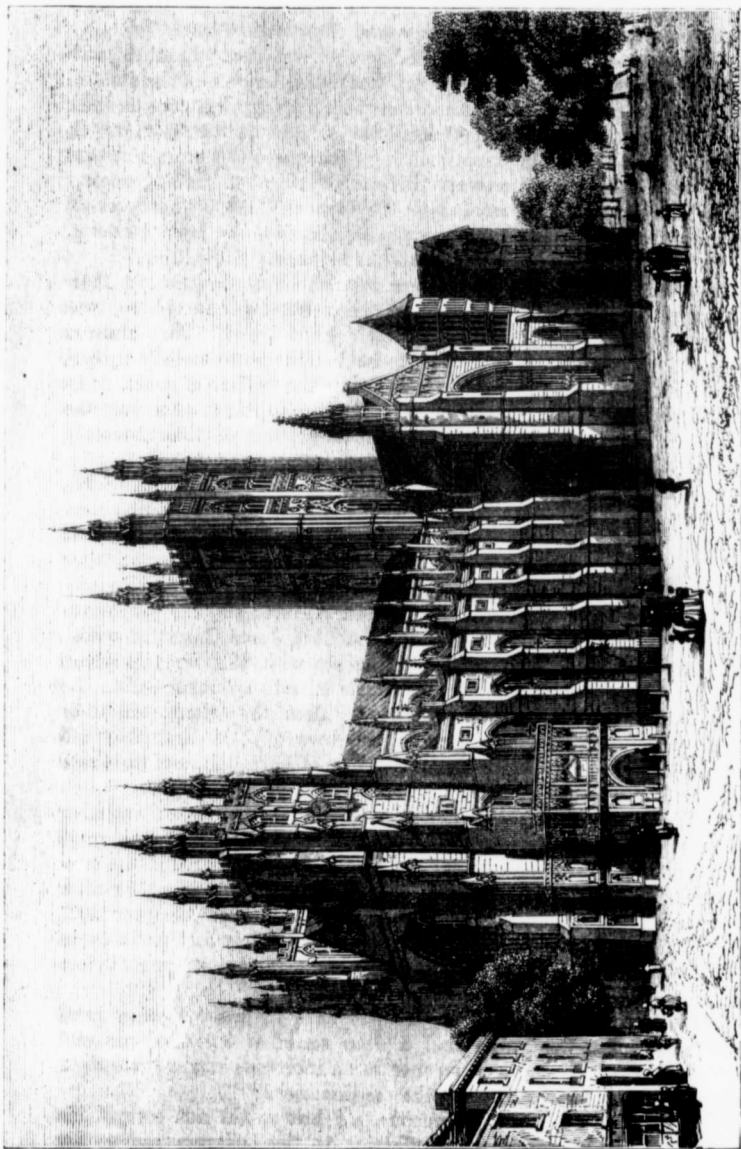


UNDER the shadow of an oak-tree, surrounded by his courtiers and soldiers, King Ethelbert sat to receive his guests, a few days after their landing. 'He had taken precaution,' says Bede, 'that they should not come to him in any house, lest, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and so get the better of him. But they came furnished with divine, not with magic virtue, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and singing the Litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come.'

The king received them kindly, desiring them to be seated; and then Augustine, by means of the interpreters whom he had brought with him, delivered the message of the Gospel: 'how the merciful

How the Church was planted in Britain.

Jesus, by His own passion, redeemed this guilty world, and opened to believing men an entrance into the kingdom of Heaven.'



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The Saxon king listened with great attention, and when he had ended answered wisely and nobly. He answered that the things spoken were new to him and to his people, and that he was not

prepared to forsake that which he, in common with the English nation, had held so long; 'but,' he said, 'you have come from far, you are strangers;' and adding that he perceived that they came with good intentions, promised them fair play and hospitality, with full permission to gain as many as they could to their religion. He then gave them leave to proceed to the city of Canterbury, and make their abode there. Augustine and his companions, therefore, gladly went on their way, entering the city in a procession as solemn as that with which they had approached the king, bearing with them the cross and the picture of the Redeemer crowned with His crown of thorns, singing also as they went these words:—'We beseech Thee, O Lord, in all Thy mercy, that Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Hallelujah.'

As soon as the missionaries were established in Canterbury, their preaching, which from the first had been eagerly listened to, was greatly helped and commended by their good lives. They showed themselves to be frequent in prayer, to be indifferent to worldly things, to be self-denying, and earnest in promoting the welfare of souls. 'In short,' writes Bede, 'several believed and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine.'

The doctrine they preached, free from the deadly errors with which, alas! it would in these days be mixed on the lips of a Roman preacher, consisted of the pure and simple truths of Christianity. They preached God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; they preached the love of God in the redemption of the world; the divinity and the manhood of our Lord; His wonderful birth and the prophecies which had foretold it; they preached 'the Lord Jesus Christ, at whose birth a new star appeared; who trod the sea with His feet; at whose death the sun hid its shining; at whose burial and resurrection the earth first trembled and then reposed.' Then they would tell their hearers that it was by the working of the love of God that they had come from far, to set before them the way of salvation, and to share with them everlasting life.*

Patiently and earnestly the Christians toiled at their work, watching and longing, we may well suppose, for the up-springing of the good seed they had sown, until their labours met a glad reward in the conversion of the noble-hearted king. This was in less than a year after the arrival of the mission, and on the 2nd of June, in the year 597, being Whitsun Day, Ethelbert was baptized, possibly and probably in the little church of St. Martin, which he had some twenty years before bestowed upon his Christian queen.

The example of the royal convert was sure to produce some good effect upon his people, who had a deep sense of his goodness and wisdom; and this effect was soon seen in an increased anxiety amongst them to listen to the teaching of the missionaries.

The king, as Bede tells us, encouraged but would not compel his people. 'He only showed more affection to the believers and to his fellow-citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For,' observes the old

* Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops*.

How the Church was planted in Britain.

historian, 'he had learned from his instructors and leaders to salvation that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion.' A few months more, however—the ancient oak under which Augustine first told his message had but once again been touched with the frosts of winter—and a great prize had been won. The same year which, at Whitsuntide, saw the baptism of the king, on Christmas Day saw the baptism of ten thousand of his people in the Swale, which divides the Isle of Thanet from the mainland of Kent.

The king, who acted royally in whatever he did, now bestowed the fullest benefits upon his Christian teachers. He gave up to them his palace in Canterbury, and close by, where an old British church had once stood, he founded what is now our grand Cathedral. Outside the walls of the city he also formed a Christian burial-ground, and he there endowed a monastery, in whose place and upon whose ruins we have now our Missionary College of St. Augustine, from whence, most fittingly, the Church of England, carrying on the good work which was begun there, speeds on, in our own times, the message of the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Augustine had now been consecrated Bishop of the English, and Gregory, hearing from him 'that he had a great harvest and but few labourers,' sent to him several others, from amongst whom he soon chose two, whom he consecrated as Bishops of Rochester and of London. These and others who, from time to time, were consecrated, being of course, subject to himself, as the head of the English Church, Augustine received the style of Archbishop, with the addition of the name of the city (Canterbury), in which he had fixed his chief abode.

Gregory, to whom Augustine frequently, and in any difficulty, turned for support and advice, showed the deepest interest in the Church which he had been the means of planting, and in addition to more helpers, he sent over many useful presents towards the outward decencies of worship, and also many books. Those books which he had already sent over with Augustine are spoken of in the ancient catalogue of them, which we still possess, as 'the foundation, or beginning, of the library of the whole English Church.'

The Church was now restored to a firm footing in England, and was quickly making its way, though that ancient branch of it, the British, of which we have already spoken, had not come forth from its seclusion to hold out the hand of fellowship. It was not, however, all smooth work for the Archbishop, who had many perplexities to encounter, and who, though a good and zealous man, seems to have been wanting in the strength of mind and patience which his most trying position required. Of this the sad consequences will shortly appear.

One of his early perplexities, which he refers to Gregory, is a very natural one, namely; that while in different countries, as in Italy and in France, the faith was the same, yet in many of their customs the Churches of those countries differed. He may very likely have found some inconvenience, for one thing, in the queen following the customs of the Gallican (or French) Church, while he brought with him the customs of the Roman. A more serious difficulty yet awaited him, in the wider and more important differences which would be found to exist

between those two Churches again and the British. Gregory replies to his perplexity with the excellent advice that he should make careful choice of whatever is best in any Church, and 'teach the Church of the English, which as yet is new in the faith, whatsoever you can gather from the several Churches. For things are not,' he observes, 'to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things. Choose, therefore, from every Church, those things that are pious, religious, and upright; and when you have, as it were, made them up into one body, let the minds of the English be accustomed thereto.'

Another question which the Archbishop put to the same adviser received a reply tending to less peaceable results than the former. He asked how to deal with the British Bishops, and the reply, seeming to ignore the well-proved learning and piety, and, moreover, the independence of the British Church, committed her Bishops to his care, 'that the unlearned may be taught, the weak strengthened by persuasion, and the perverse corrected by authority.'

This reply, unfortunately, tallied too well with a weak point in the character of the good Archbishop, which circumstances soon brought out, and of which the consequence was an angry and bitter controversy, which for many years kept before the newly Christianised country the unprofitable spectacle of two Churches, which ought to have united as one, holding aloof from each other in enmity.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

1. NEVER neglect your Prayers, morning or evening.
2. Read every day, and think over, at least a few verses of the Bible. Before you begin, ask God to bless what you are going to read.
3. Every morning remember that you have been made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; and renew your promise to live as a faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ.
4. Remember that God's eye is upon you all the day; therefore avoid every sinful action, all loose talk, and all impure thoughts.
5. Eat, drink, and sleep moderately; avoid all display in dress.
6. Keep from all places and company in which you are likely to be tempted. When tempted, instantly pray to God for help; then resist manfully, and remember that a sin conquered is a step gained.
7. Always be strictly honest and truthful; diligent and punctual in your daily duties, 'not with eye-service.'
8. Come to church every Sunday (twice if possible), and at other times as you have opportunity. Take care not to be late; kneel at prayer; and join with heart and voice in the service.
9. Come regularly to Holy Communion (never without earnest prayer and self-examination), bearing in mind your Lord's command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' To neglect it is disobedience and ingratitude to Him and loss and danger to your own soul.

10. Do your best to help others by
Your Example,
Your Influence,
Your Prayers.
11. Try to do some special work for God in His Church (if you seek it, the way will be pointed out); and every day to do at least one good thing for Christ's sake.
12. Read these Rules at least once in the week; see where you fail, and ask God to help you to keep them, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Short Sermon.

BANDS OF MEN.

BY MELVILLE HORNE SCOTT, B.A., PREBENDARY OF LICHFIELD,
AND INCUMBENT OF ST. ANDREW, LITCHURCH, DERBY.

1 Sam. x. 26.—*'And there went with him a band of men, whose heart God had touched.'*



FROM this seemingly small but, to my mind, very interesting circumstance, I would derive some thoughts which may be useful at the present time. And my main task shall be to ask you to observe how, in such bands of men as are here brought before us, the Church's strength has ever lain, even in 'bands of men' whose hearts God has touched by His Spirit and saving influence.

1. Observe that band of men who gathered round John the Baptist, and the little knot of those who were one in heart with them, whether influenced by the ministry of John the Baptist or not. The Simeons, I mean, and the Annas, the Philips, the Andrews, the Nathanaels, who were looking for redemption in Jerusalem, and who gathered round Christ's standard the moment He appeared, forming that little portion of well-prepared soil in which the plant of Christ's kingdom at once took deep and lasting root. Oh, what does not Christ's Church owe to that little band!

2. Observe that band of men, selected for the most part from those just spoken of, whom the Saviour Jesus gathered round Himself as His twelve disciples. What an instance have we here of the value of such bands of men as we are speaking of! When Christ would found His earthly kingdom He founded it on the basis of twelve plain, simple, but sincere men. These were the twelve foundation-stones of the kingdom of Christ, and the founders of His Church.

*'He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes;
But after death out of His grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat.'*

And from this band of twelve the whole Church of Christ, we may say, proceeded.

3. Observe another band of heart-touched men and women, from which it may also be truly said that the Church of Christ proceeded; the blessed band, I mean, who assembled together in the ever-memor-

able upper room. 'These all continued in prayer and supplication,' we read in Acts, i. 14; and then in Acts, ii. 1, we read, 'And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.' And what followed we know well. Upon them it was that the Spirit descended; upon them it was that the floodgates of Heaven first opened; and in their midst it was that the Church of Christ was actually born, and came first to glorious life.

4. Observe those bands of Christian men filled with the life and fire of Pentecost, who went forth on every side from Jerusalem after 'the persecution which arose about Stephen.' 'They went everywhere,' we are told, 'preaching the Word.' And incalculably important was the work of those heart-touched men in the spread of Christ's kingdom in the world. The work could not have been done, humanly speaking, without them.

5. Observe that band of living, and loving, and praying men, of whom we read in Acts, xi., the 'men of Cyprus and Cyrene,' who came to Antioch and spake to the Greeks there. For what was the high honour put by God upon them? They became the founders at Antioch of the first truly Gentile Church! No Apostles at first were there: they were just a band of plain heart-touched people, and yet 'the hand of the Lord was with them, and a great number believed and turned to the Lord.' And this Church, established by this heart-touched band, became the Missionary centre for the Gentile world. Antioch became to the world what Jerusalem had become to Judea and the Jews. And,

6. Observe one band of men assembled together soon after at this same Antioch. Barnabas, Simeon or Niger, Lucius, Manaen, Saul, were some of their leading names. They are worshipping God together, and fasting; and on a sudden the Holy Ghost speaks: 'Separate me Barnabas and Saul, for the work whereunto I have called them.' And thus, from that band of fasting and praying men there went forth the very first formal and appointed Mission to the Gentile world. What do we not owe, therefore, to bands of heart-touched men? And then,

7. The various Missions which were sent forth from Antioch into the heathen world were not composed of solitary men, nor yet of two men only together; but they were nearly always bands of men. The Mission companies grew as they went on. Fellow-workers gathered round the great leaders as they went, and thus formed Mission bands. The companion-warriors cheering on the leaders, and the leaders training their companion-warriors to become leaders in like work when they should have been called away.

And you will see, if you observe,

8. That St. Paul in his very lowest conditions seems ever to have had with him a band of like-minded men. At the end of his Epistles not only does he salute members of the churches to which he writes, but he sends salutations from those around him. And in that which was probably his last Epistle, when he had just said, 'Only Luke is with me,' he adds a few verses later, 'Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.' And what may not the Church owe to the encouraging conference, and prayers, and friendships of these faithful bands of heart-touched, loving men! While St. Paul upheld them, how would they also uphold St. Paul, and strengthen his faith to the end!

And as it was in the beginning, so has it been in later days. Bands of men, whose heart God had touched, have been of priceless importance.

From such bands all those religious Societies have arisen which are the most marked feature perhaps of the modern Church of Christ, and which are covering the world with a network of Mission effort. Such bands devised these imperfect but most blessed associations, and such bands of heart-touched men carry them on still.

From such bands, too, all the great religious movements of modern days have arisen also. The Reformation itself, the great Revivals since, the great movement which clustered round the great Wesley name, and those great movements which have been linked with such names as Simeon, Romaine, Cecil, and Newton, on the one hand, and with such names as Keble and his fellows on the other.

And from such bands of living and devoted men must doubtless spring those yet vaster movements (we may hope) by which the Heathen, Mahometan, and Jewish systems are to be finally broken up and melted down; by which the whole earth is to be covered with Christianity; and by which the Church of Christ shall be herself (if I may so say) re-converted, and brought into that glorious livingness, lovingness, and simplicity of truth, by which she shall be enabled for the vast work which God and man are demanding at her hands. And oh! may God's Spirit raise up and weld together such bands of men as the exigencies of the mighty Present and of the mystic Future do so terribly require.

I might go on to almost any length enforcing the lessons with which this pregnant line of thought and meditation so abounds; but I would leave it in its suggestiveness, to be followed up by others. First, may the number of the truly heart-touched ones be everywhere multiplying, and God's touching of men's hearts become more decisive and more strong. And then may those thus touched not hold aloof from each other, but let them unite in twos, in threes, and yet larger bands; let them unite for conference, for encouragement, and, above all, for prayer, for such prayer as will endure no nay and no delay. Let there be such bands of heart-touched men as this in every congregation, in every deanery, in every diocese, in every college, and in every neighbourhood. And oh, what results will follow! All that the Church needs will come, and all that the world needs too. Strength will come instead of weakness, love instead of distance, unity instead of suspicion and bitterness, clear counsels instead of bewilderment, joy instead of anxiety, thankfulness instead of discontent, oneness in the delighted and satisfied enjoyment of what is essential, instead of the persistent following of things which (though perhaps in themselves indifferent) tend far more to the injury of the Church than they do to the salvation of any human soul.



Good Sayings for every Day in the Year.

JULY.

1. Praise as often as you pray.
2. A worldly life of splendour is but like a corpse laid out in state.
3. I will clasp to my heart the loss of that loved one whose life can be mine no more.
4. We should not put out charity to interest.
5. The slave of Mammon makes no servant of God.
6. The extraordinary cannot equal the ordinary.
7. Our words should be choice rather than chosen.
8. Thank God when you think of God.
9. The fewer beginnings, the better ending.
10. 'Woman' is a noun as well as 'man.'
11. Women were not meant for adjectives to men.
12. Those who are not quite satisfied are the benefactors of the world.
13. Compounded dishes bring compounded diseases.
14. Take heed lest your maladies be as many as your meats.
15. Superstition profanes true worship.
16. Many live as though the dead could clasp the cross on their graves.
17. So reprove as God shall approve.
18. Suffocated by luxury, we breathe in sighs.
19. Love thyself as becomes one whom God loves.
20. How many a person considers himself a personage!
21. Much dancing does not set our feet forwarder in the Narrow Way.
22. That is no true religion which embraces all religions.
23. What folly to exchange the Faith for the Fashion!
24. Rest content to be misunderstood; even Holy Scripture is subject to the commentators.
25. Fusion of faiths produces confusion.
26. Some, walking in the Narrow Way, cloud their sight by the dust they raise.
27. Earth has no hope to equal the forlorn.
28. When thy thoughts wander in prayer go not after them.
29. To lose the Lord's Day would be to lose the Lord of the Day.
30. Love that can change was never true.
31. It takes all sorts to make a world.