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# Kingston Deanery Magazine.

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### Our Magazine.

**OWING** to the large amount of matter on hand, the usual columns of advertisements were omitted from the February number. If our Subscription List were only large enough, and our Subscribers punctual enough in their payments, this might be done altogether. We are not particularly fond of taking up space by advertisements, but this is necessary, just now, as a source of income. We would much rather the room were taken up with more profitable reading, but for the present this cannot be.

This month we give another Paper on "Mis-Readings of Scripture." In these Papers is a large amount of most useful information on many passages of Scripture, and both Clergy and people will derive benefit from a careful study of them.

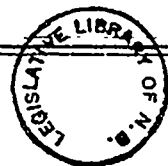
An Introduction to a Series of Articles on "Infant Baptism" appears this month. Infant Baptism is a subject which the Church must ever keep in the foreground. If our children were all baptized, and Sponsors, Parents and Clergy did their duty, we should not so often have to mourn over the loss of those who ought to be a source of comfort and strength instead of sorrow and weakness. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The Editors hope to be able to find room in the next month's issue for a "Children's Corner," in which, from time to time, questions will appear on Scripture and Church History, and other subjects, for the best answers to which Prizes will be given.

### Mis-Readings of Scripture.

#### III.

**T**HE ancient custom of writing words without much (if any) division between them, and without any punctuation, must have been a help to good reading. None then would have dared to have read in public without reading over the passage beforehand. But English requires some little help, as there are too few inflections of words; and stops and paragraphs have helped to make reading an easy matter. At the same time stops wrongly placed confuse the meaning so much that in legal documents, as a rule, stops are avoided as much as possible. To a public reader of Scripture we must say over and over again, read the lesson over beforehand, if possible to your wife, and let her tell you what meaning she attaches to your reading. The man who read "they found Mary and Joseph and the Babe, lying in a manger," would have benefitted by a previous criticism that a manger was scant



room for three: and the repartee, "that was the miracle of it," would have been ruled out of place. Some instances of erroneous punctuation will be noticed before we pass on to consider some passages where lack of punctuation (perhaps necessary) has proved fatal to some even careful readers.

The parable of the seed growing secretly, which is peculiar to the Gospel of S. Mark, (S. Mark iv. 26) will afford an instance of what is probably a case of wrong punctuation. The parable is that the seed is committed to the ground, and when that is done the sower does no more, he leaves it alone. The business of the sower and the world at large goes on the same as ever, and the seed grows without any further effort on the man's part. If the parable be read as punctuated the meaning is much obscured—"As if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should grow up he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself." This implies an anxious care on the part of the man to find out how the seed grows; he is represented as constantly breaking his sleep, that he may go and see how the growth is advancing. Now a slight alteration in the punctuation alters this and must commend itself at once to all. "As if he . . . should sleep and rise, night and day"; that is sleep by night, and rise by day, as is his usual custom, taking no further care for the growth of the seed; the reason of his confidence being given, "for the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself," automatically without man's interference.

In another passage a strange controversy has arisen about the position of a comma, upon which we will not enter more than to say that there can be but little real doubt that the true punctuation of the passage in question is as follows: "This man having offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down." The "one sacrifice for sins for ever" is that sacrifice the efficiency and application of which lasts on to the end, till all need of atonement shall have passed away. Some copies have the comma after "sins," making it "for ever sat down." The passage occurs in the Epistle for Good Friday in the Prayer Book. In modern Cambridge editions of the Prayer Book it is properly printed; in those with the Oxford imprint the error has not been corrected, and it is advisable to alter it with a pen and ink lest readers should be led astray.

It is hoped that before these papers come to an end a list of passages (if it be thought well and useful) may be given in the order of books of the Bible of mistakes to be avoided, so that now only two more instances of erroneous punctuation will be given as speci-

mens. In II Kings viii. 13 the comma after *what* is clearly a mistake and destroys the point of question and answer. Instead of "But what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" read the passage thus, "But what is thy servant, a dog, that he should do this great thing?" that is, "what am I, servant as I am, that I should do this?" Then Elisha answers in effect, "Dog though you are, the Lord destines you to be king."

Next, in Acts xxii. 6, the comma should be struck out after *noon* and placed after *Damascus*: "Was come nigh unto Damascus, about noon suddenly there shone from Heaven a great light:" though it was *noon* the glory of an Eastern Sun was paled before the brilliancy of the heavenly light.

We will now furnish some instances of texts where the general omission of any punctuation has caused a false meaning to be attached to the passage. Sometimes indeed the absence of stops is almost necessitated by the grammatical construction of the sentence, and in such cases a little previous care is necessary to prevent mistakes being incurred. For example, the unprepared reader will probably be perplexed by the commencement of the twenty fourth chapter of the Book of Job: "Why, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they that know Him not see His days?" Now at first there is some doubt as to whether the negation *not* belongs to *know*, or *see*. Is the meaning "Why do they, that know not God, see His days?" or "Why do not they, that know Him, see His days?" Directly the two are placed thus in contrast it is seen that the latter is the true meaning. If therefore the reader had (as we must insist on) done what he should, viz., read the lesson over beforehand, there would have been no hesitancy. Perhaps the passage might be punctuated with pen and ink as follows, and then there would be no mistake, if the reader were unprepared: "Why, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty, do they, that know Him, not see His days?"

The next instance is one which perhaps will affect the clergy very much more than the laity. It is one which has this peculiarity that the printers of the Prayer Book have introduced a stop in the passage which has made almost every clergyman every Sunday make a mistake in reading. In reading the Second Commandment a pause should be made after the word *generation*; the words "unto the third and fourth generation" should be read as in a parenthesis. The comma placed after *children* in the Prayer Book has confused matters a great deal, and it seems to be due to a misprint in the Great Prayer Book of 1636 in which all the alter-

ations of 1661 were marked, from which the sealed books were all printed. If there be a comma printed after *children* there should be another after *generation*. Let us try to persuade our clergy to read thus: "Visit the sins of the fathers upon the children (unto the third and fourth generation) of them that hate Me." How rarely amongst our Bishops, priests, deacons or lay readers do we hear this division of the words! Still when attention has been drawn to it there can be no doubt about the true manner of reading.

Next attention must be drawn to a passage which has suffered very much from careless readers. We have heard men really thoughtful and learned turn by a wrong pause a statement of S. John into what is a shocking profanity, as if it were the wildest Calvinism: and we have been assured that our experience is not unique. It occurs in the Epistle for the First Sunday after Easter, and to prevent mistakes it would be well to mark with commas the true sequence of words. Great pain has been given by reading thus (1 S. John v. 10) "He that believeth not, God hath made him a liar"—which is shocking to any pious mind. A little care beforehand, a short glance at the Greek, would show at once that the true way to read the text is "He, that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar;" that is, if we do not believe what God says, it is as much as if we professed that the God of truth could be a liar. It is earnestly to be hoped that none of our readers will ever make this terrible mistake of reading.

These examples may for the present be sufficient to show that readers had better not trust to the punctuation to help them, but had better read the lesson over beforehand. Other examples will occur under other divisions of the papers. But before we pass on a word perhaps may be said by way of hint upon articulation and pronunciation.

The first great rule is, pronounce every consonant sharply and clearly, and do not introduce consonants which are not printed. We have heard "This was made a statue for Israel and a law of the God of Jacob" (Psalm lxxxi. 4). Here a *t* was left out in *statute*, and by law of equipoise perchance an *r* was inserted before *of*. We have heard also a preacher of no mean powers, a Cathedral dignitary, spoil a striking anecdote in his sermon by saying "He stood like a statute:" emphatic but impossible. "Victoria our Queen" is not unusual; "draw rout, we saw rit with our eyes; Aquila and Priscilla" offend our ears not seldom. Similarly this is specially to be observed in composite words. Careless readers and speakers often say, offenders, offences, enable, oblation, and the like; where it should be offenders,

enable, oblation, and so forth. There is one word so sacred and blessed to us that it should be most carefully pronounced: but it is necessary to mention that to redeem would mean to think over again (if it means anything), whereas red-eeem means to buy back. Then how painful it is to hear the name of the Heavenly city called Jerroozalum: who would believe that Jerroozalum meant "Vision of peace?" There is one word to which attention may be drawn as the spelling remains the same in the Bible though it has varied in other English writings to suit the pronunciation: it is the word "hough." The combination of letters "ough" is very difficult to pronounce properly. How charming is it to hear a real Irishman pronounce "Lough," or "slough;" the Scotch "Loch" is not nearly so interesting, but is nearer the pronunciation of the word "hough." In Joshua xi. 6 (see also II. Sam. vii. 4) the reader should pronounce as if it were printed, "Thou shalt *hock* their horses," that is, hamstring them. Similarly the word "hale" (in S. Luke xi. 58 and Acts viii. 3) is generally spelt *haul* now, and should so be pronounced. The broader pronunciation of the letter *a* reminds us of the word "staves," the plural of "staff." This should be distinguished from the plural of *stave*; for though staff and stave were originally one and the same word, yet difference of pronunciation has here followed difference of meaning, and a similar distinction should be made in the plural. Just as *stave* and *cave* are pronounced alike, so are their plurals, *staves* and *caves*. So again, *calf* and *staff* are pronounced nearly alike, as are their plurals, *calves* and *staves*. (See I Sam. xvii. 43, S. Matthew x. 10, xxvi. 47, etc.)

Again, *goodman* is a word the use of which has quite gone out, and so the pronunciation has been lost. It is generally read as if it was two words, "the good man of the house." In ancient days the master of a house was called *goodman*, as the mistress was called *goodwife*: and just as in *goodwife* the accent was so strong on the first syllable that it became shortened into *Goody* (e. g., *Goody Twoshoes*), so in *goodman* the accent is strong on the first syllable just as it is in *woodman*. (See Prov. vii. 19, S. Matthew xx. 11, xxiv. 43, S. Mark xiv. 14, S. Luke xii. 39, xxii. 11.) The word, *goodman*, in this sense is not unusual in Shakespeare.

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The February number of "The Chronicle" has appeared and is well up to the mark in the way of items of news. We hope to be pardoned for the suggestion that more space should be given to the work of Sunday Schools, that being, as we understand it, the main purpose for which the Periodical was set on foot.

## Our Deanery.

## KINGSTON II.

In some countries a century is reckoned as a short period of time. In a country like our own — yet in its infancy — it is regarded as a very extended period. How many changes take place in a hundred years! How vast and astounding have been the changes during the last century! Dear reader, to write a history of the parish of Kingston, we must go back a little over a hundred years, to a time when no Bishop in communion with the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic existed outside of the British Isles, — when the faithful, scattered here and there over the civilized world, were inadequately shepherded by a few zealous pastors, receiving their commission to feed the flock from the Bishop of London, whose vast and unwieldy diocese extended “from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth.” — to a time, six months and four days before the first bishop of the American Church was consecrated, at Aberdeen, by the Primus and two other bishops of the Scottish Church.

On the 10th of May, 1784, a body of settlers, who had been driven from their homes and occupations in the newly formed and independent states of North America (because they desired to remain faithful to their king and country), having chosen the rough and hilly peninsula lying between the St. John and the Kennebecasis rivers as their dwelling place, met together for the purpose of forming a Church, or, at least, of putting themselves in the way of enjoying the blessings and privileges of that Church which they loved, and in which they were born.

But why, when they had the choice of fairer portions of this fair province, did they hit upon a spot which, however beautiful, no persons who intended to live by agriculture would ever have dreamed of selecting? Let tradition solve the riddle. We are told that when the Loyalists were about settling in various parts of the province, those, with whom we are now concerned, paddled, or sailed, up the River St. John, past the rent chasms of Indiantown and the bold ranges of hills that line either side of the Reach. Up, up they travelled, till they came to the low-lying meadows beyond the Jemseg. Charmed with the quiet, pastoral beauty of the scene, they determined to seek no further. They discharged their precious cargo and proceeded forthwith to make that spot their home. All went as happily as a marriage bell for some time. But the mighty river, whose periodical overflows we are more or less acquainted with, suddenly began to rise in a wonderful and unheard of manner. Our adventurers, new to the country, were alarmed. Nothing would induce them to remain in a spot where they were in danger of being swamped in their beds. Then, or shortly after, they gathered all together and travelled down the course they had taken, their one thought being to get as high above the river as possible. The hills, which in their voyage up they may have admired, had now a double attraction for them.

This little legend, while it does not explain why the hills about Kingston are so many and so steep, makes it clear why they became settled by so hardy and industrious a people.

But to continue: The first written record be-

fore us is under the above date, May 10th, 1784. The settlers met and organized the parish, electing two Wardens — David Pickett, grandfather of the present Rector of Greenwich, and Joseph Lyon — and twelve Vestrymen, whose descendants are to be found in several parishes of this Deanery. At the same time, they made application to Government for a grant of land for glebe, and also made exertions to obtain the services of a clergyman. These men did something more than make and pass resolutions. They were men intensely in earnest, and, until suitable provision could be made for their spiritual welfare, were not content to remain supinely indifferent till a Church could be built and a parson should be sent to them; so they selected one of their number, Mr. Frederic Dibblee, to read Prayers, and Mr. Joseph Scribner's house became, until the Church was built, their sanctuary. The cellar of this house can yet be seen on the old road over the hill, between the post office and Pickett's Lane. It was in this house that the Rev. James Scovil, S. P. G. missionary, from Waterbury, Connecticut, officiated for the first time on July 5th, 1787. A business meeting was held immediately after service, at which a petition was signed requesting the Government to grant to Mr. Scovil a certain lot of land; and, “as an encouragement to the said Rev. Mr. Scovil,” it was voted “that he should have the lot of land, as his own property, which is now called Parsonage land” Messrs. Silas Raymond, Elias Scribner, and John London, at the same meeting, “gave each of them severally one acre of land off the corners of their respective lots to the said Church, free and clear of all encumbrances, for ever and ever, as a privilege to build a Church House thereon” It was also voted to build a Church on the land thus given. By the end of that year, £134 13s were subscribed by seventy-two persons. Encouraged by this liberal response, the Vestry, on Feb. 4, 1789, determined to build a Church, 50 x 30. Having made this pious resolve, they did not let the grass grow beneath their feet; for, on the 27th of June of that year, the frame was raised “in due order without any misfortune happening.” On Nov. 5th the outside was finished, and the Rev. Mr. Scovil, who had previous to this date been appointed Rector, “dedicated” the building “to the service and worship of Almighty God, in the name of Trinity Church.”

To encourage the people in their pious endeavour to secure for themselves and their children the privileges and blessings of the Gospel, the Government made them a liberal grant of £400 currency. This grant was made in 1790, and in September of that year fifty dollars were voted by the Vestry to be given to the Church at Oak Point (Greenwich). At the same time a similar amount seems to have been voted for a Church near James Hoyt's, on the River Kennebecasis. The situation was probably near the spot where the Chapel of Ease, Lower Norton, now stands.

A month later, one-third of the original grant, amounting to £33:6:8, was paid over to Rev. James Scovil, in lieu of building a Rectory, “the Church taking a mortgage of his house and homestead for their security.” About this time, also, the Church was finished inside, and the pews were sold or hired out from year to year to the highest bidders.

(To be continued.)



THE  
**Banner of Faith.**

MARCH 1886.

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

CHAPTER III.

**A**BERMAWR possessed the reputation of a very mild climate. Some popular physician had called it the Welsh Madeira, and prophesied that it would become a fashionable resort for invalids at no distant day. But, for all that, Jonas suffered one winter from a very severe attack of his enemy, bronchitis, and did not seem able to pick up his strength after it. He went to Faith's little farm for change of air, but came back rather worse than better. Hope's heart sank when she saw him arrive. Could that feeble, shrunk old man sitting by the carrier really be her brave, bright old father? Spring days failed to revive poor Jonas, and to Hope's alarm his usual good spirits entirely deserted him, and he would sit silent and moping before the fire for hours.

Several times he told her he had made a mistake in leaving London. He was not ill, he said, but he missed the stir of the streets. A look at the old court, a turn down Cheapside, was all he needed.

Hope tried to interest him in the shop, as he was too weak to ride into the town; but his depression increased when he found that he could not reach down from the shelves the bales and canisters that Hope's young arms made nothing of.

He was good for nothing here in Abermawr, he declared; completely run down. He had been a fool to throw up a good post and take work he was utterly unsuited for.

Hope recognised in all this the complainings of a man little used to illness; it would pass away with returning health, but meantime her father's altered looks and dejected tones cut her to the quick.

He tried on the Sunday after his return from Carnarvon to manage the climb to church, but after the first mile had to turn back utterly exhausted. Hope suggested the pony for another Sunday, but Jonas answered fretfully that he was not a young girl to be helped over an ordinary walk in that fashion, and if he could not go on his own feet he should stay at home.

It was the same with all occupations. They were beyond Jonas's strength, and each discovery of such inability was a fresh blow to the depressed man. As to Hope, it became a nightly habit with the poor girl to hide her head under the bedclothes and sob out her grief at this state of things. In the morning she rose up as bright and hopeful as ever, it seemed, and ready to meet all Jonas's bemoanings with bright anticipations of recovery.

But that constant yearning for the city streets grieved her most. How could they move now, and go back to London? With-

out the old house the old occupation would be worse than useless.

One day, in her pain, she let a word of distress fall in the hearing of the young curate, who happened to have run over to Abermawr for 'the inside of a week,' and he, quite gently but unmistakably, told Hope that he believed this illness of her father's to be the beginning of the end.

She never answered him, but her face assumed a rigid look, and she kept out of his way during the rest of his stay. She would not believe such an assertion. The idea was ridiculous. It was only natural for her father to feel weak after his long and obstinate attack. More nourishment was what he wanted, cheerful society; but when Hope brought an acquaintance into the front parlour, in the fond expectation of her father rousing up for a talk, he only met remarks with monosyllables, till the visitor left with a shake of the head for Hope, and a conviction that Mr. Halliwell was in a bad way.

'I am obliged to leave him so much alone, what with attending to the business and the house,' Hope reasoned to herself; 'no wonder he has got into this silent way. Now if we were to get an assistant in the shop it would be better. Indeed, we need one, if only to ride into Conway. The carrier makes such mistakes with the orders.'

She brouched the idea to Jonas. For the first time in his life, he used almost angry words to his daughter in reply. Did she want to make out that he was good for nothing, then? Want to fill his place before he was ready to be turned out of it? Poor Hope, she tried to put the matter in a happier, more common-sense light, but it was of no avail, and at the ring of the shop bell she took her sore heart heavily away with her.

It was even worse pain when she returned, to see the mark of tears on poor Jonas's worn face, and to hear him in broken tones ask her pardon for his harshness. What had come to him to speak so he didn't know. The poor fellow could not yet believe that a mortal malady clouded his eyes and weakened his arm and darkened his life just

now. A messenger sent from God, but he recognised it not.

No more was said about the assistant. Hope rose earlier instead, and did many things while she hoped her father was sleeping.

Still she could not help those frequent summons to the counter; she must go then. If Mari had been at liberty, she was of little use to customers, as the deafness to which she was always subject had lately greatly increased upon her. Hope wondered how it would be by-and-by—in the winter—if her father did not grow stronger.

And the winter came early this year—bright, cold, snowy. Jonas picked up a little at first, strange to say, and was amused and interested in listening to Hope's tales of customers' adventures, as they struggled over the mountain for buying and selling purposes.

More than once Jonas himself had insisted on a belated farmer's wife occupying what he was pleased to call the Preacher's Chamber upstairs; and Hope never grudged the extra labour entailed by a visitor; she was too glad to see a little of her father's old spirit returning, as she hoped; oh, he would get better now!

And then one Sunday just before Christmas came a crowning excitement. Such folk as could, had battled through deep snow to the chapel for the usual service, when a little round-eyed boy burst into the Halliwells' house.

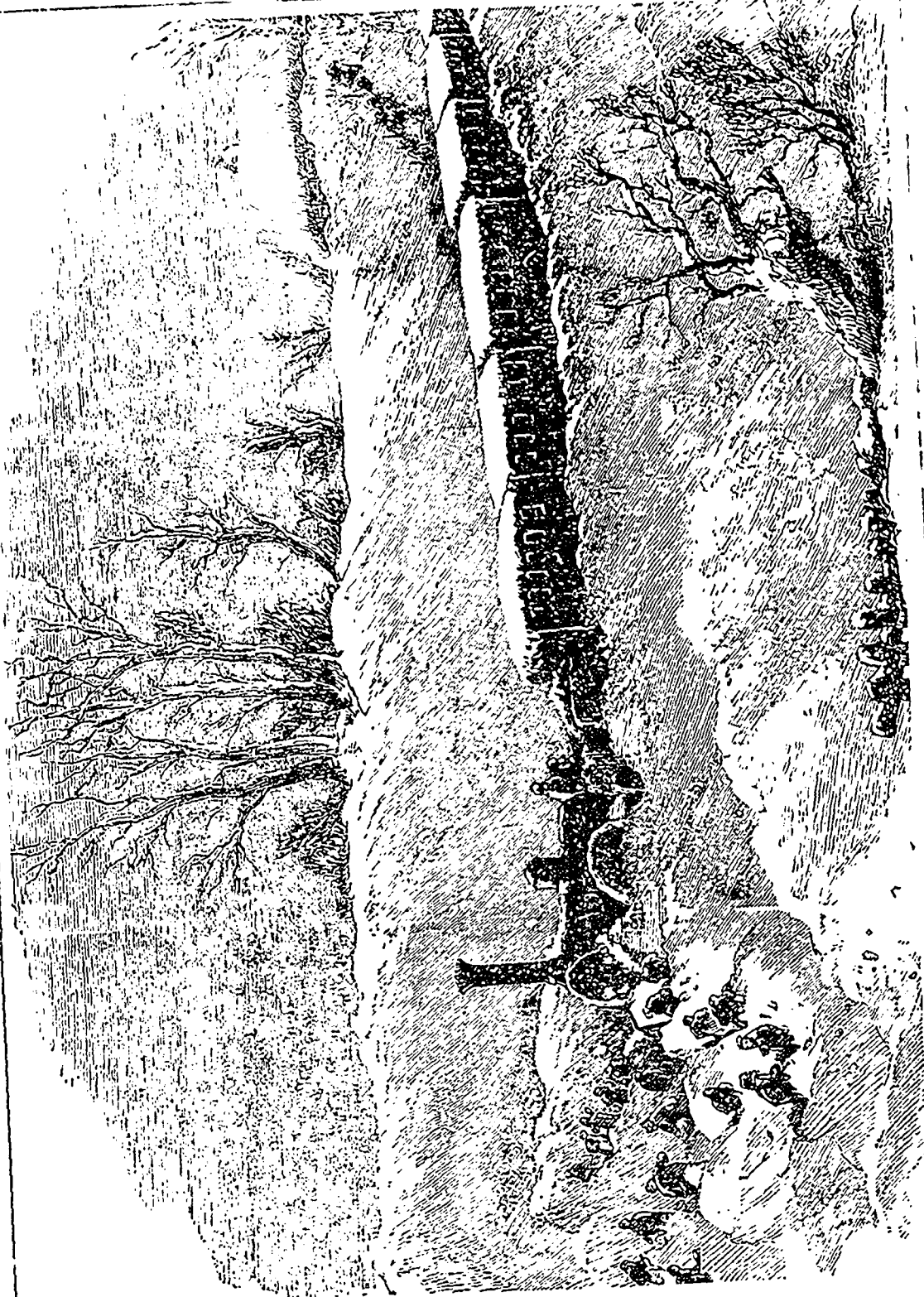
'Deed and the train can't get along!' he cried excitedly—'the mail train, mistress! and all the people at the praying!'

'What?' cried Hope, uncomprehending.

But Jonas's quick intelligence grasped it all.

'A block,' he said. 'The mail train snowed up. I said last night with that wind the snow would drift in the valleys. Is it down in the deep cutting, David? Get me my coat, Hope, and my big over-boots. It is close by.'

Hope was paralysed. What! Jonas go out in the snow! He who had not stirred from the fire for weeks! She wanted to remonstrate, but he looked so brisk and bright she dared not remind him of his





weakness; it would be cruel. And yet—oh, what was she to do?

‘There’s ladies,’ declared the little lad; ‘and some is cryin’.’

‘Come, Hope, quick! get your bonnet,’ cried her father; ‘and bid Mari mak up the fires. Poor things! poor things! It’s lucky the snow would not let us get to church.’

He had forgotten his pains and weakness entirely. Hope saw she must help him to carry out his desires, even if he broke down on the way. But the excitement carried both across a couple of fields, where the path was well trodden, and so to the scene of action, or rather inaction. A snowed-up mail train! hopelessly stuck in a drift! It would take hours to extricate. Black figures were dotting the pure snow landscape. The officials of the train were all hurried and agitated, the passengers (but few on this wintry Sunday) curious rather than alarmed.

Only one lady, who had incautiously left her carriage on the first announcement of ‘stuck-fast,’ was hopelessly wet through. Hope saw a chance here for getting her father home again, for he was beginning to look blue and chilled, though still full of spirit.

‘Shall we ask her to our house?’ she whispered. ‘The guard says it will take hours to get the train out. We could dry her and give her some dinner.’

Of course Jonas was more than ready to back the invitation.

‘But my little girl!’ said the lady. ‘How can I get her across the snow? She is snug and warm in the carriage now.’

She looked irresolutely in at the closed carriage, then at her own wet garments.

‘I’ll carry her up for you,’ said a pleasant voice, and a passenger—a tall, good-looking young fellow—stepped forwards, to the relief of all. He easily carried a two-year-old little maiden in his strong arms, and very shortly the whole party were gathered round blazing fires in the parlour and kitchen at ‘the English shop.’

Hope was very anxious now about her father. The excitement over, he felt chill and shivery. She was thankful to the young

stranger for helping her upstairs with him—covering him with blankets as he sat in his arm-chair, and keeping him company while the girl ran here and there and everywhere, providing dry garments for the lady, and hanging the wet petticoats before the fire.

It was a busy Sunday certainly. Even stolid Mari was excited. About dusk a message came from the guard of the train to say it would be freed in half an hour, a party of workmen from Conway having been hard at work for some hours cutting a way through the drift. Mrs. Seymour and her little girl were to proceed on their journey, but Jonas told Hope he had persuaded the young man to remain all night. Always hospitable, Hope was delighted. Anything to beguile her father of his melancholy.

The lad seemed a pleasant, easy young fellow. Why he cared to remain in this Welsh wayside village Hope never troubled to guess. Probably young Westall himself scarcely knew, either. He was apt to act on impulse, and the impulse took him to secure a good bed for the night, instead of covering in the chilly quarters of a third-class carriage.

His host was agreeable, a wonderfully superior man to find in this out-of-the-way place, and Hope was a pleasant-looking girl enough. He had his property with him—a small travelling bag, so he watched the train off comfortably from the shop window, and was glad when its red eyes disappeared in the gloom. He had fallen on his feet, he said to himself.

Next morning he only found Hope at the breakfast table; naturally enough, Jonas had caught cold. Hope was preparing to carry up his breakfast when Harold Westall took the tray from her. ‘I’ll do that,’ he said in his easy way. Hope’s first instinct was to say ‘No,’ but then she remembered that Jonas had taken a fancy to their guest, and seemed interested in him. Perhaps he would be vexed if he left without seeing him again, so she gave the tray into the young man’s hands.

Breakfast over, Harold lounged into the shop and watched Hope supplying customers; now and then he lifted down a bale for

her, or weighed sugar or soap if her hands were otherwise employed. 'He doesn't mean to leave by the morning train,' thought Hope; 'well, I am glad for father's sake.' After dinner he went and sat with Jonas, who was still upstairs, and wonderfully cheerful considering the fear of bronchitis which hung over him. By-and-by he sent for Hope. 'I think we might ask that lad to stop on a bit,' he said; 'it would be only kind. He was going to lodge in Liverpool and look out for work, and it is such weather for trudging about.'

'So it is,' said Hope. 'You tell him, father, or shall I?'

'Say I think he had better stop,' said Jonas.

And so, quite simply, Hope did address her guest, who seemed in no way loth to accept the invitation.

'It is starving weather for travelling,' he volunteered; 'one wants a home at such a season.'

And then he told Hope that he was an orphan, and had been in a situation in Dublin which did not suit him, so he had come to England to look for another. He had neither kith nor kin, he added.

Hope was pleased to see him draw his chair up to the fire, and enjoy the simple dainties she had provided for supper. He was quite young—a mere boy he looked.

'He says he is twenty,' Jonas told her at bedtime.

Hope laughed quite merrily. 'I have been treating him like sixteen,' she said; 'why, he is as old as I am.'

'Make him of use till he goes,' said Jonas. 'He has promised to go into Conway tomorrow for me, by train of course, the pony isn't roughed. I like the lad.'

The last words were music to Hope's ears. Poor Jonas! it was long since he had said he liked anything.

That alarm of bronchitis passed off. Jonas came downstairs again, and sat by the parlour fire as usual; but he did not gain strength, though Harold declared he looked 'better' each day.

'It cheers him,' he told Hope. 'I can't bear people to mope if I can help it.'

Hope thought the speech kind, and was too grateful to the lad for bringing a little life and interest to her father to weigh it very deeply.

(To be continued.)

## Heroes of the Christian Faith.

### III.—JUSTIN MARTYR.

**Y**OU have, doubtless, heard of the Catacombs at Rome. Few places in the world are more interesting. They are vast subterranean passages and chambers, running in part beneath the city itself. So vast, indeed, is their extent, that some who have set out to explore them have never returned. It is said that these passages honeycomb the earth for a distance of twenty miles, though not more than six miles have been actually traversed. Originally they may have been quarries from which the Romans fetched their sand for building purposes. They soon came, however, to be used as burial-places for the dead and hiding-places for the living. And the people who are buried in immense numbers

there, and who once made these damp and dismal abodes their home, were Christians. We know little about them save what we can gather from the half-obliterated emblems and inscriptions on the walls and on the tombstones.

It is indeed difficult for us to realise the hardships endured by these early Christians. We live and worship in the broad daylight. We have our stately churches and our sunny homes. We fearlessly proclaim ourselves the followers of the Crucified, and no man thinks the worse of us: nay, they rather respect us for it. Imagine, then, the condition of those who gladly sought refuge among the caves of the earth and the graves of the dead, to escape the pitiless storm of

the world's persecution. In the Catacombs the worship of the Church was carried on when it was not permitted elsewhere. There the faithful could celebrate the Holy Communion, and baptise and instruct their children free from interruption. There, too, they could lay their dead to rest with Christian burial. The Catacombs furnished the disciples of Christ at once with a home, a church, and a grave.

Upon the walls are remains of many interesting frescoes—pictures representing Bible stories or the deeds of early saints and martyrs. There too, many of the Christian emblems which adorn the walls of our own churches are to be seen—all the patient, loving work of those who dwelt in the Catacombs. Many a weary hour must have been occupied in the painting of these. Here is a ✠, expressing the Christian's joy in Christ. There an  $\Lambda$  and  $\Omega$ , speaking of Him as the First and the Last. Here, again, the symbol of a fish, in itself a little creed, its Greek name containing the initial letters of 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour.' Or there is the I.H.S., signifying 'Jesus the Saviour of Men.' Or the Dove is sketched over the tomb of one who lived a holy life, showing that the Spirit of God was ever with him. And then again there is the Cross to be frequently seen, and the circle, the emblem of eternity.

And we must remember there was a reason why the early Church should so largely use emblematic devices. They dared not put their faith into written language. Their enemies were ever on the watch to turn into ridicule, or worse, the deepest mysteries and the most sacred truths. It was necessary that they should inscribe them in terms that would convey no meaning to the outside world, but would bring comfort and hope to the heart of the believer. In our own churches the sacred monograms and emblems are intended to remind us that we are one with those who worshipped in the Catacombs—the same Society now emerged into the full light of day.

And the inscriptions on the tombs are not less interesting than the Christian devices. They are sadly touching, yet always hope-

ful. There are no useless lamentations, no rebellious murmurings. We feel as we walk through this long cemetery that we are amid the dust of those who, when living, had mastered the prayer 'Thy will be done.' How pathetic are these epitaphs! 'Diogenes the digger buried in peace on September 24th.' 'Gemella sleeps here in peace.' 'Aselus sleeps in Christ.' 'In Christ, Alexander is not dead but sleeps beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. While on his knees in worship to the true God he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which among sacred rites and prayers we are not safe, even in caverns.' Sad times, indeed, yet how glorious! We cannot but think that Diogenes and Aselus and Gemella now look back and smile at earthly sufferings which led them so direct to heaven. It was a blessed thing, too, surely, for Alexander that he was led away from his prayers to die for his Lord! What exhortations to constancy, what prayers and hot tears, what songs of triumph must there have been as they went forth to their martyrdom!

Another epitaph records that 'Launus, Christ's martyr, rests here. He suffered under Diocletian.' Diocletian is reckoned as the last of the persecuting emperors. In his reign the Church had acquired a distinct position in the world. Churches were built in stately forms. The sacred vessels for Holy Communion were of silver and gold. Converts were flocking in in large numbers, and even the wife of the emperor was said to be a Christian. Yet Launus dies for his divine Master, and is numbered amongst those who suffered in earlier and less prosperous times. 'Primitius,' we are told in another inscription, 'is in peace after many torments. He was a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years. His wife raised this to her dearest husband.' 'Here lies Gordianus,' says another record, 'deputy of Gaul, executed for the Faith. All his family are with him. They rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this.' This Gordianus, we are told elsewhere, was a Roman nobleman converted to Christianity. He was martyred with his wife, and his body was exposed in front of a heathen temple. It was, however, rescued

by one of his servants and buried in the Catacombs.

All these, and many more, lie sleeping in these dark subterranean galleries, awaiting their call to a glorious resurrection.

No Christian that died at Rome, however, in the earliest times was more celebrated than Justin, surnamed the Martyr. He was not only a martyr, but a philosopher who used his wisdom in the service of his Saviour. He had been brought to believe in Christ only after much searching and much hesitation. He was one of those whose faith is peculiarly valuable. He was a Christian by conviction.

Most of us have been trained up in the faith we profess. We have learned it from our mother's knee. It has come, as it were, naturally to us. We have no inclination to believe anything else. Perhaps, indeed, we have never thought out for ourselves the reason for the hope that is within us.

But there are others who have had a different lot—who, from circumstances or from temperament, have had to battle step by step for the faith they hold; who, only out of much anguish of heart, have come to believe in Jesus Christ. It has been so with some in our own day, and we must respect them. Nay, their faith is so strong and vigorous that they stand like a rock under whose shelter those of less robust constitution may safely place themselves. Such an one was Justin Martyr. Greek by nationality, he was born near Samaria, not far from the spot where Jesus had delivered His wondrous discourse to the Samaritan woman.

The story runs that, being dissatisfied with the Pagan worship of his fathers, he travelled far and wide in search of someone who would teach him to know the true God. He journeyed to Alexandria, a city at that time renowned for its learning. Justin sought out the wisest men of his day. One after another he tried their systems, in the vain hope that they would bring him peace. It was all to no purpose. Even the great thoughts of Plato, which attracted and interested him, failed to satisfy the yearnings of his soul. They did but awaken obstinate

questionings in his mind which he was unable to answer, but they led him to spend much time in solitary meditation.

Walking one day on the sea-shore, by chance as it seemed, he met an old man with whom he conversed. This stranger was the means of leading him to Christ. He told him of the inspired writings of the prophets, and their wonderful fulfilment in the person of Jesus Christ, and explained the nature and evidences of Christianity. 'Above all things,' he added, 'pray that the gates of light may be opened to you, for the Scriptures are but a dark enigma unless God and His Christ illuminate the understanding.' Justin obeyed his injunction, studied the Scriptures, and became a Christian.

He was not content, however, with the preservation of his own soul. He recognised that he had a duty to others. Saved himself, he must pluck other brands from the burning. It should be so with all of us. As Christians, we must not be selfish. We must look out from ourselves upon others. We are to bring our influence to bear upon the unconverted around. Indeed, we may say this is our special mission from God.

Justin gave his great intellect to the task of defending the faith he had adopted. He became an apologist. He wrote treatises to refute the objections to the Christian religion that the heathen were raising all around him. There were many apologies or articles in defence of the Christian faith written at this period, but none were more celebrated, none more convincing, than those that came from the pen of Justin Martyr. It is, we may say, part of God's all-wise plan that the Church should ever be assailed by some one of His many foes: now by Pagan hatred, now by the bigotry of Judaism, and yet again by the assaults of heresy. But let us notice this also, that He ever raises up men of intellect and power to meet the attacks that are made. He deigns to work out His purposes and achieve His victories by human efforts. And our encouragement to persevere in working for Him is this, that though the waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly, yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier. J. H. M.

## In Thankful Remembrance.

### II.

**ARTHUR DENTON'S** career had, apparently, been a satisfactory one. Carefully brought up, and of respectable connections, he was apprenticed when young to a large firm in a busy town, and had risen, after some years' service, to the post of accountant in the office. Among the two hundred men also employed in the concern there were several who grudged young Denton his good luck, and openly complained of favouritism in the matter.

It was his church-going, and pretending to be better than others, that had gained him the favour of the masters, they grumbled.

The young fellow heard the whispers, and bitterly resented them. But they should not frighten him from his religious duties, he said to himself. He would still confess his Saviour before men, and seek Him at the altar, let the world sneer as it would. And so he did.

But the petty persecution that could not daunt his courage ruffled his temper, and he sometimes carried his disturbed heart into the church. The destroyer of souls, ever ready to take advantage of an opportunity, whispered to him as he knelt in his place one day, 'You have hard feelings against this and that companion. You cannot go up to the Holy Place with thoughts like these. You must not partake of the Holy Feast in this state of mind. Come away.'

The poor fellow heard the words, but knew not who was whispering them. He thought them good words, and that day, for the first time, neglected his Lord's invitation to the Holy Table.

Alas! the first downward step had been taken. It was easier after that to stay away than to go to the Holy Sacrament.

Poor Arthur! His outward conduct continued the same; no one could have told of

the secret falling-off he had suffered. Yet day by day he was sinking deeper into sin, living as he was in perpetual and conscious disobedience of his Lord's commands, and walking, as it were, alone on a slippery path without the staff provided for the support of the faithful.

He still would have told you he trusted to Christ's death for salvation, but he refused to show it forth and plead it before God, in that Saviour's own appointed way.

So the root of bitterness grew in his soul. He would not actually do evil, but, day by day, he felt more and more unkindly towards those who had, as he conceived, wronged him.

How could it be otherwise when he neglected the means for drawing souls one to another, and all to God, in the bond of love and fellowship?

Freeman felt anxious till he could discover that he had not vexed the poor fellow by his plain speaking during their walk. With his usual gentle directness, he asked Arthur the question when next they met.

'I would take a great deal from you,' said the young man in answer, 'but, Freeman, I do think you judge me too harshly. You don't know how hard some things are, up there. The fellows do rub one the wrong way terribly sometimes, and then I can't get into the right frame of mind for that solemn service.'

'My lad, the service of God is all solemn, I grant you, and we are very unfit to come before Him. But you pray still—how dare you do that?'

'Oh, that's a totally different thing. You remember those words, Freeman, about eating and drinking one's own damnation. I couldn't face such a risk, whatever else I do.'

'My dear fellow, I am glad you have mentioned that text. If you don't mind stepping indoors with me, we'll look thoroughly into it. Here you are'—Mr. Free-

man rapidly turned over the leaves of his Bible. 'Now, then, to whom were the words addressed? Why, to the Corinthian Christians, guilty of scandalous conduct at their religious assemblies, turning the Lord's Supper into a riotous feast.'

Arthur came and read the words again, over his friend's shoulder.

Freeman's finger then moved upwards. 'See here, Arthur, S. Paul tells these very people about Holy Communion as it had been revealed to him from Heaven. He reminds them that they are thus showing forth the Lord's death till He come, and he warns them not to partake unworthily, lest they be guilty of the Lord's Body, guilty of sinning against Christ.'

'Yes, there it is,' said Arthur. 'I don't want to incur that guilt, so I stay away.'

'Did S. Paul advise these sinful Corinthians to stay away, to wait till they were less sinful? Come back, Arthur, and read for yourself. No, he says let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.'

'Yes; but there it is,' said Arthur, still pointing to the alarming words. 'See, even after all that, S. Paul says, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."''

'The word alarms you, Arthur. Read it *condemnation*, which is a true meaning, and then see what that condemnation is which these sinful men of Corinth brought on themselves. Earthly punishments—some becoming weak and sickly, or even death—but not eternal punishment. Rather pains that will save them from that by bringing them to repentance.'

'I thought,' said Arthur, 'that that warning of S. Paul's ought to frighten all but very religious people from the Sacrament.'

'It should frighten no earnest people, but it should make them careful to look into their lives first. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged.'

'And by judging, you mean—'

'Determining what is wrong, and forsaking the wrong.'

'But I am so given up to work all day and far into the night, I seem to have no

time for quiet thought and reading. And besides, I am hardly in charity with those fellows in our office.'

'Business is your duty in this life, Arthur—your work before God as much as prayer and worship. That is no hindrance to coming to this Sacrament, and you must *make* a quiet few minutes to collect your thoughts in. But this grudge against your fellows is another matter. You must pray God to drive it out of your heart, refuse to entertain it, and then come humbly to His altar. To hold back now, knowing what you do, is to add sin to sin.'

'But I feel so dull, I hardly care to go,' said Arthur, dropping his voice. 'Such poor, forced service, who would care for that? Perhaps, by-and-by, I may work up to the old comfortable feeling of wishing to partake.'

'My dear boy, Satan is at you again. Don't wait till you can render God *loving* service. Does an earthly servant, who knows all is not right between him and his master, say, "I will not fulfil this command of his because he is vexed with me. I will wait till we are at one again"? Would he not think it more likely to bring about a happier state of things if he tried to do his master's will in all particulars?'

'I should like to serve God for love,' said Arthur.

'The best motive: but we poor creatures of earth cannot always command it. Wait patiently for that love. You have turned your back on God latterly. Do not be surprised that He does not all at once restore you to favour. And make all right between yourself and the other clerks as far as you can.'

'Thank you, Freeman,' said Arthur gravely, 'I'll go home to think this all out. Shake hands. I'm grateful to you for your plain speaking.'

As the young fellow passed the church-yard some one said 'Good-night!' to him in the dusk. It was Matthew Cherry. A moment after Arthur's eyes rested on Mr. Walter's grave. It was trim and neat now, and a wreath of fresh flowers lay on the closely-clipped grassy mound.

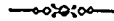
'He has come to a better mind, then,' thought Arthur, 'and shall I hang back?'

Arthur Denton slept little that night. He had prayed to be shown how to examine and judge himself, and the first effect was to see his sins rising up against him a bewildering crowd—pride, cowardice, sloth, anger, ill-will. These must be rooted out before he dare go to the Holy Feast. But when—by-and-by? Ah, no! Now, now, while he could: while time and strength and opportunity were his. The Holy Spirit helped his resolve. He would not lose a moment in trying to clear his soul of these rank weeds.

He rose early, to have time for prayer and reading; started afterwards for his work with a bright face, and a cheery 'Good morning!' for the companions he had

with. He looked shyly upon. Then he went through the day with a good courage, trying to avoid all occasion of sin, judging himself and repenting, if overtaken by a fault. Again at night repeating his self-examination, and confessing the day's shortcomings on his knees.

On Sunday morning Arthur was early in the church, kneeling at the altar. He had faithfully examined himself; he had repented of his sins; he steadfastly purposed to lead a new life; he had a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death; and he was in charity with all men. So, in all humility, he dared eat and drink at the Lord's bidding, and gain for himself fresh strength to encounter those ever-present enemies of a Christian's life—the world, the flesh, and the devil.



## What Shall We Remember Then?

**B**ISHOP BEVERIDGE was dying. Round his bed were gathered those who loved him well, but he seemed scarcely to know they were there. Earth, with all its interests, was fast passing out of his sight as he neared the gates of Paradise.

'My lord,' said a friend to the dying bishop, 'my lord, do you remember me?'

'I cannot say I do,' was the answer.

'My lord,' said his chaplain, 'you remember me?'

'I do not,' said the bishop.

'Dear husband, have you forgotten me?' asked his wife.

'I have no recollection of you.'

The chaplain now spoke again. 'My lord, do you remember Jesus Christ?'

A happy smile lighted up the dying man's face. He answered confidently, 'Jesus Christ! I have known Him these forty and eight years. I never can forget Him.'



## Waiting.

**T** was a dark night, with not so much as a star to be seen. The clouds hung low in the sky, the air was thick with snow, and but for the sprinkle of snow that lay on the ground already it would have been hard to find one's way. As it was, every tree and wall and stump was white on one side and black on the other, and it was just possible to pick out the road, yard by yard, as one went along.

I was a pedlar in those days, tramping the country with a pack of tapes and cottons and pins, and such things, with a few shawls and pieces of dress-stuffs put in underneath, on the chance of persuading some one in some lonely place to buy them.

Folks in that way of business generally keep pretty much to one beat, and get to be known to the country people as well as if they kept a shop.

But things happen now and then that make a man glad to change his beat; and so it was with me.

I was tolerably honest, even in those days, for one of my sort, but I'd gone in for a bit of rather sharp practice, and the woman I'd taken in had talked against me all up and down, till she'd ruined my chances in that part for one while.

So it happened that I was travelling in a strange country, looking for a new beat, and doing but badly. I should have stayed under cover, such a night as it was, if I'd been a little better off, but I was very hard up, and when I passed through a village just as twilight was falling and heard that the nearest town was six miles off, I thought I'd better try and push on a little. My stock was getting low, and if I stayed out another night I should hardly have money enough to lay in fresh.

I must have taken a wrong turning, though, for when I'd walked six miles as near as I could reckon I saw no signs of a town, only a wild country-road, seeming to

get wilder and more lonely with every step. I gave it another mile or so, and then I began to see that I must give it up. 'The first house I come to,' I said to myself, 'I'll ask for a night's lodging.'

My pack had never seemed heavier, though it was not full, and I was so done up with the long day's tramp that I could hardly drag one foot after the other. It seemed a weary while before I saw a light shining from far away over the snow, and another weary while before I came up to the little cottage, and saw the glimmer of the candlelight on the garden path and the little wicket-gate.

I opened the gate, and at the click of the latch a dog began to bark inside the house. In a moment more the door was thrown open, and the candlelight and firelight together streamed out over the snow. Two figures stood in the doorway—an old woman, bent but active-looking, and a boy of twelve or so clinging to her arm. I came forward, wondering a little, till I was near enough to see their faces, and then I stopped short, wondering the more. There was such a look of eager gladness in their eyes, as if some one had come whom they had long expected—some one whom they had looked and longed for till they were weary.

By this time, though, they could see *my* face, and in a moment all the joy died out of theirs. The old woman stared at me for a minute, and then dropped her hands with a sigh and half turned away, and the boy cried out angrily:

'Who are you? What do you want here?'

'I've lost my way. I want a night's lodging, if I could get one,' I answered; and somehow I felt ashamed of myself because I was not the person they had expected.

The boy looked at me a little mistrustfully, but the old woman turned towards me again, and drew her hand across her eyes.

'There's no saying where *he* may be laying



his head to-night,' she said half to herself. 'Come in, and may the Lord deal with him as we deal with you!'

She drew back, and signed to me to step inside. The boy took my pack from me, and set it down in a corner, and in a minute I had my wet shoes off and my cold feet on a warm fender.

I never saw a place that looked more fit to lead a happy life in, though there was nothing in it that would have been worth a thief's while to carry away. I sat still in my corner, and thought that after all it was a happy thing to have a home; while the old woman moved about getting some supper ready for me, and the boy watched and helped her all the while.

They gave me the best of all that they had, that was plain to see, and made me heartily welcome to it. But somehow I almost wished I had not come. I knew that my coming had renewed an old trouble to them; and, for myself, the homelike air of the place made my heart ache with thinking of the old days at home, when I little thought ever to have been a pedlar tramping the country for a living.

When supper was over, the boy went off to the little back room. He was making up a bed on the floor for himself, I guessed, so that his own might be left for me.

The old woman sat still by the fire, opposite me, with her hands folded on her lap. Her lips moved from time to time, as though she were repeating something to herself, and once she drew a long, sad sigh.

'You are expecting some one?' I said; 'you took me for some one you knew?'

'I don't know about expecting,' she said sadly. 'May be we've no reason to *expect*. But we'd been talking about him, the child and I, till it seemed as if he might come any minute. And when I heard the gate go—; but he's been away a long while, and we talk about him every night, and he never comes. It's a lonely road; it is not often anyone comes up this way at night.'

'Is it your son?' I asked.

'Ay! my son, and *his* father,' she answered, looking towards the other room. 'His wife died when the boy was born,

and he never got over it. He was never steady after that. He went away and left us before Harry was a year old, and I've not seen him since.'

'You'll not want to see him, I should think,' I answered hastily.

'Don't I?' she said, half to herself, with a quiver in her voice. 'Don't we pray every night that he may come back, and come soon? But whether it's soon or late there'll be a welcome for him as long as his old mother's here. Do I ever taste bit or sup without wondering whether *he* has plenty; or lay my head down at night without praying that he may be safe and warm? But he'll never lack food and shelter while I have either, if only he'll come to me.'

Her voice broke down a little over the last words, and she half stretched out her hands, then drew them back and folded them on her lap.

I sat and watched her, and my heart grew full, thinking of my own mother, dead and gone long years before. Poor soul! she went to her grave with a sore heart, I fear, fretting over me and my careless ways; and for many a year I had never thought of her except to hope that she had forgotten me.

'He's better off than I am, after all!' I broke out after a minute or two, following up my own thoughts.

'Why? Do you know him? Have you seen my son in your travels?' she cried, looking up with a sudden start, and a flash of hope behind the tears in her dim eyes.

'No, no! I never heard tell of him. But you love him, you wait for him, and watch for him, and pray for him; and there's no one in all the world to do as much for me!'

I blurted the words out in a hurry and a passion, and hid my face in my hands. No one could have been more surprised than I was when I felt the hot tears starting to my eyes.

'No?' she said slowly. 'Ay! that seems hard.'

She sat still, stroking one withered hand on the other, and looking at me from time to time, as if she would have liked to say something more. As for me, I choked back the tears as if they had been something to



be ashamed of, and sat staring into the fire, thinking of many things.

Before either of us spoke again the boy came back out of the next room, and took his book and came and sat down on the stool at his grandmother's feet. 'Shall I read the chapter, granny?' he whispered, and she half looked at me and then nodded her head.

It was many years since I'd opened a Bible, but even I knew *that* chapter well enough, and somehow what I'd seen and heard that night seemed to fit in with it and make it real.

The old woman listened with her head bent down, and murmured a word now and then.

'*A great way off!*' she said, half under her breath; 'my eyes are going so dim I doubt I couldn't see him a great way off. But I should *feel* it, I know, if he were there.'

The boy read on to the end, but she still sat as if listening. '*A ring?* I've no ring for him, but I've kept his shoes and his coat that he left behind him, and his bed's ready at any hour of the night. And he could not want a feast, I think, if once he saw how glad we should be to set eyes on him again.'

She looked up after a minute, and I suppose something she saw in my face reminded her of what I'd said just before, for she said suddenly, 'Your mother'll not be living now, by what you say?'

'Nay,' I answered; 'she's been dead this fifteen years. She was a good woman, and I grieved her more than enough.'

'Then I'll be bound you've heard this chapter many a time before now. And you'll know what it means. I don't forget the meaning of it, though I read it mainly on account of my boy, God bless him! wherever he is.'

'Ay, I know what it means, I suppose,' I answered rather sulkily; 'but I doubt it hasn't much to do with me.'

'It has as much to do with you as with any one,' she said after a moment. 'You spoke a while back of having none to welcome you; but there's a welcome *there* for you as much as there was for him the story

tells of, or as there will be for my boy when he comes home to his old mother.'

I shook my head. I'd heard such words in sermons before, but it never seemed to me as if they could be true. It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I couldn't expect God to have as much patience as all that. But it didn't seem a right sort of thing to say, and I could guess what she would answer.

'Ah! but you're his mother,' I said after a minute. 'Mine's dead, or I guess I might have tired even her out by this time.'

'Well,' she said slowly, 'if you've the will to set out to go home, I think you'll not let such doubts as those stand in your way. It's worth trying, anyhow. It says in The Book here that a woman may forget her sucking child,—and I reckon that must be true, being written where it is, though it seems unlikely enough; but, says He, "*Yet will I not forget thee.*" Take an old woman's advice, and set your face homewards, and see if He has forgotten you.'

We sat still for a few minutes, both looking in the fire, both thinking of more than we could have told.

Presently she turned to the boy and asked if the bed was ready. He answered 'Yes.' I took up my pack, and went with him into the back room. The old woman's bed was in the kitchen, in a place like a cupboard, near the fireplace.

In the back room were two beds, and a little pallet made up on the floor.

'Why didn't you give me that bed?' I asked; and the boy shook his head, looking serious.

'That's father's bed,' he said; 'no one will sleep in that till he comes. We keep it ready for him.'

I wasn't clear about saying a prayer that night, but I lay awake a long while thinking. And all the while the sight of that empty bed, waiting all these years for the man who had never come, seemed to speak to me like a reproach.

What if there was a place by *my* mother's side waiting empty for *me*?

I was on my way early next morning, and there was not a word said before I left of

anything except common talk. But long after I had started, looking back up the long winding road, I saw the old woman still standing at her door, shading her eyes, watching—but not for me.

It's not much to tell of, that night in the little cottage on the side of the hill. I never went there again, and I don't know to this day whether the old woman has got her son home again.

But I mean to go some day and see; and when I do I have something to tell her. I have to tell her that, after all, I did take

her advice, and rose up and set my face towards home again.

Sometimes I am only toiling and stumbling on my way there; but sometimes I am so sure of my welcome that I could fancy I was there already. And other times, when I could doubt and almost despair, I think of her and her long waiting for her son, who left her so cruelly; and it seems to me that while there is so much love and patience on earth, there must be still more in heaven.

HELEN SHIRTON.

## A Working Man's Lent.

FRAGMENTS OF A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD DURING THE DINNER-HOUR ON SHROVE TUESDAY.

**W**ELL now, 'twas just what I call the straight tip! Said what he meant straight out, and you couldn't be off understanding it.'

'Ohyes, Bill, I daresay 'twas all right enough for him, but I want to know what's the good of parsons preaching to working chaps like us about keeping Lent, and fasting, and denying ourselves luxuries, and all that? Luxuries, indeed! Fancied, I reckon, that we were all fine gentlemen, with roast beef and turkey on the table every day, and nothing to do but ride about in our carriages and enjoy ourselves.'

'You know better than that, Jim. Why, didn't he get on to that very thing, and say that all sorts of allowances must be made for the different ways people were situated, and that the poor man's self-denial will not be the same as the rich man's, and that all some could do in that line was to bear patiently the denials which God Himself had laid upon them already?'

'Well, but, anyhow, didn't he want to stick it in that any average working man, such as you and me, might knock off some luxuries, if we liked?'

'Certainly he did, and you can't say but what he was right there.'

'How do you make that out, Bill? What

luxuries have I got to part with, I should like to know?'

'Come, Jim! you and I've known the day when even our present way of living, plain as it is, would have seemed to us no end of a luxury. Wouldn't it?'

'You may say that, old mate! Let's hope we shall never see such bad luck again.'

'No, please God! But to stick to the point—there's your *beer*. Well, I won't say much about that, because I know you are not one that drinks a sight, and may be, too, you'd say you couldn't get through your day's work so well without your glass, being used to it all your life.'

'You speak like a book.'

'Hold on! There's *tobacco*, again. How much do you use a week?'

'Ah! there you've got me. You know I'm fond of my pipe. As to how much—well, I ain't particular to half an ounce, but a quarter pound a week or thereabouts will do for me, if I can't get any more.'

'Well, now, whatever you may say about your glass of beer, you won't tell me that you couldn't do your day's work as well if you were to knock off half that lot of tobacco for a time, or say only one pipe or two some days. Wouldn't that, now, be denying your-

self a bit of luxury, and no harm done, neither?’

‘All very well! but my ’bacca is just the one thing I enjoy in life.’

‘Not quite the *only one* thing, Jim, I fancy, by a good few! But don’t you see that’s just the point of the matter. There’s no self-denial in giving up anything you don’t like. The liking is what makes the self-denial, just as we were told last Sunday.’

‘Better take that pipe out o’ *your* mouth, then, Bill, before you go any further, if smoking is such a sin.’

‘Don’t be an ass, Jim! I never said ’twas a sin; and besides it ain’t Lent yet. You know I like my pipe as well as any man in a middling sort of way; but all the same, there are times when I can get to do with less of it than at others.’

‘And nicely miserable you feel then, I bet! There’s another thing, too! Last Sunday night the parson spoke, didn’t he, about finding a pleasure in self-denial. If that ain’t nonsense, I don’t know what is.’

‘Steady, mate! I know very well what he meant, and I learnt it, too, by the very thing we are talking about—by this here pipe o’ mine. You know last winter how bad my poor wife was with bronchitis. The least whiff of smoke in the house used to set her off coughing, fit to tear her to pieces. Of course I never thought of having a pipe indoors then, and all my spare time I did spend indoors along with her. Well, I can tell you that went hardish with me at first, and I used to crave for a draw uncommonly, and yet, if you’ll believe me, I did get to feel a wonderful sort of pleasure too in that very giving up of what I liked.’

‘How could that be? You’d beat any lawyer, you would, at proving black’s white.’

‘No joking matter, Jim. ’Twas just this way. You know the sort of chap I used to be—what you and me both were for the matter of that—God forgive us! and I trust He has. Well, you know what she had to go through on my account at one time, and how she loved and stuck to me through thick and thin, and tried every mortal thing to keep me straight; and how, when I was down with the fever, she was ready to

part with the very gown off her back to get me anything I fancied, like a dear good angel as she is, God bless her! Well, Jim, many a time last winter, as I sat up o’ nights, all that used to come into my mind, and I know you will understand me now, when I say that it was a real comfort to me to think that I was at last making poor Alice some little bit of a return in kind for what she had done for me, and that I could at any rate show my real love to her by giving up some pleasure of mine for her sake. Yes, that self-denial was its own reward a good many times over. Many a time has she begged me to have a smoke while she put her head under the bed-clothes; but no, I’d as soon have stuck my hand into the fire as lighted my pipe then.’

‘Well, yes, I see what you mean; and suppose I save a shilling in the week by it, what then?’

‘Well, lad, you’ve a kind heart. Couldn’t you give that shilling to some poor fellow out of work, or put it in the bag in church? Then you’d be denying yourself and giving it to God, the parson says.’

‘You put things so serious, man, I say.’

‘Well, it’s all true. And there’s another good of cutting off a bit of luxury, too: one gets the pull of oneself; one feels master of oneself, eh! Master of self.’

‘Who’s master of myself if I ain’t, I should like to know?’

‘Why, your pipe’s your master if you must have it every day in the week; or beer’s your master if, come good luck or ill luck, you will have it; but I’ve run off the line now. Let’s stick to the text—Can a working man deny himself in Lent?’

‘I fancy he can, if he will. Of a Friday he ought to, our Church says, don’t it? What shall you do this Lent, eh, mate?’

‘Well, I don’t want to talk about such matters, but as you ask me, I’ve thought it out, and never a whiff will I take of a Friday.’

‘A matter of sixpence, perhaps, to the good!’

‘It’s not the money; it’s the thing. Don’t the text say a man must deny himself if he means to follow the Lord? And if we

working men don't deny ourselves a bit where are we? I want to try and do all the plain things set before us, you see. Some things one makes mistakes about, but this is plain. The Lord says, "Deny yourself," Parson says, "Deny yourself, Jem or Jack—working men." Church says, "Do it of a

Friday." So there I am, and that I'll do.'

'Well, well, perhaps you're right; and look here!—just for this one Lent, old fellow, I'll go with you, and cut off either my pipe or something else that day of the week.'

## Trust in the Lord.

**T**RUST in the Lord. Who would not prove  
The strength of His Almighty love?  
Yet who the song of faith can sing  
Like Israel's King?

By dark ravine and rugged steep  
The shepherd lad he led his sheep,  
Still chanting over and again  
The hallow'd strain,

'Trust in the Lord.' Once while he sang  
A lion from the covert sprang,  
When lo! the beast was slain—so strong  
Was David's song.

The lion and the bear he slew,  
Yet not his own his strength, he knew,  
So took his harp, and struck the chord,  
'Trust in the Lord.'

And when Goliath proudly cried,  
Three times the living Lord defied,  
The shepherd lifted once again  
The cheerful strain,

'Trust in the Lord,' and straight would go  
To lay the haughty champion low,  
Though helmet, sword, and coat of mail,  
Might not avail:

With such he durst not take the field;  
Faith was his buckler, sword, and shield,  
With sling he sought the plain alone,  
Nay—watching by his side went One  
Who sped the stone.

'Trust in the Lord!' Lord, let us prove  
The strength of Thine Almighty love;  
Teach us this song of faith to sing,  
Like Israel's King.

GEO. ABBOTT.

## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### MATTAWA, CANADA.

**W**E have once or twice pleaded the cause of a Canadian Mission at Mattawa, in the pages of the *BANNER*, and the Rev. Foster Bliss, the priest in charge, has thankfully acknowledged various most acceptable gifts of money received by us for him.

Now, he is coming to England to endeavour to obtain funds for the completion of several greatly-needed rough churches in his scattered district. The settlers and other inhabitants of the country have done what they could, but the work is at a standstill for want of funds. And meantime the sheep wander far from the fold. We do not wonder at Mr. Bliss's anxiety to accomplish this work. Will not some who have relatives in Canada help him, as well as all who feel that distance does not weaken the sense of brotherhood in the Church?

Any sums sent to us for Mattawa will be handed over to Mr. Bliss, who will, we do not doubt, be greatly cheered on his arrival in our country by such testimonies of friendly interest.

Mr. Bliss has asked to be received into our Missionary Home of Rest in Kilburn. We shall be indeed pleased to welcome him there.

### CHURCH BUILDING IN THE MISSION OF LOCKEPORT, NOVA SCOTIA.

THIS MISSION—of which Lockeport is the headquarters—was originally part of the large parish of Shelburne. Lockeport and its neighbourhood depends upon fish—cod fish—for support. At Lockeport, which is the residence of the Missionary, is a nice church, with a Sunday school of 50 scholars. At Green Harbour, 5 miles away, is a neat little church. Library books are much wanted for this school.

At Jordan Falls, 14 miles from Lockeport, is an old church which we had surveyed by three carpenters this summer: the sills and posts were found rotten. It was decided to build another church, as repairing the old one would cost as much as a new one. We collected from the inhabitants of the small settlement 30*l.*—in English money—and over 200 days' work was promised. I told my poor

people, who have begun the work with good will and real self-denial, that I would present their case to my English friends, who are always so kindly ready to help those who help themselves.

When a parsonage house was first wanted in this Mission, one man, not by any means well off, said, 'I will mortgage my property and build a parsonage house.' He was as good as his word, but unfortunately this summer he was coming from Halifax in a steamer which was wrecked quite close to Lockeport. He lost some valuable papers; this makes it necessary to refund him the amount for which he mortgaged his property. We have refunded him about 80*l.* I lost a valuable box of books in the wreck.

Port L'Herbert is situated 24 miles distant from Lockeport. I give them a service every two months; they hope to begin a small church this winter.

Driving one day to Jordan Falls, I saw a man sitting by the road-side. He asked, 'Who's that?' I answered, 'The Parson.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I am like Bartimews, parson—a blind man sitting by the road-side, waiting to hear what you can tell me.' This aged Churchman was once footman to Archbishop Howley, and he regales me with incidents of the English Court—of the Queen skipping along the hall 'just like any other English girl, sir.' He is looked up to as quite an authority on Court matters!

As Lockeport is entirely a fishing place, I should be very grateful for bound copies of good books to distribute among the vessels, such as 'Good Words,' 'Sunday at Home,' *BANNER OF FAITH*, 'New and Old,' &c. &c. All our people are dependent on fishing, and as fish is worth very little this year, we fear a hard winter is before us. Any help towards the 200*l.* needed for our church at Jordan Falls, or the 150*l.* we are so anxious to raise to relieve the good man who mortgaged his own property to provide a parsonage, will be most gratefully received, and may be sent to Miss Henrietta Jackson, North Lodge, Windsor Forest, who will forward any money sent for this purpose to me. The knowledge that they have the sympathy of English Churchmen makes our people give more and work harder.

REV. SIMON GIBBONS.

## THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

THE ORPHANAGE OF MERCY. OUR  
GIRLS AND BOYS.

THE GIRLS' HOME comes first in point of time and in superiority of numbers. It can reckon ten years and 300 inmates, while our Boys' Home was opened last summer and only contains thirty-five boys; so the girls take the precedence. We have a few new arrivals, and they shall tell their own histories, for we know our readers like to hear them.

The first is a solitary only child. Grace B., a little maid of twelve, seems to have had a lifetime of sorrows and cares already. This is her account of herself:—

'We had a nice home, we had. Mother was a dressmaker, and she could make dresses beautiful with only one hand.

'Oh, she was clever, mother was! Her work looked every bit as nice and nicer, than other folks' with two hands. She had a thumb on her right hand, and that was all. Father worked in a mill and got a good wage, and we all had nice clothes, and I went to school and passed second standard, and to church every Sunday with father and mother.

'Then mother began to get poorly, but she wasn't very bad till my birthday. We had some company to tea on my birthday—two or three little girls; and we had muffins, and I think a bit of mullin stuck in mother's chest, for she got a bad pain and grew worse and worse, and died in two or three days. I was bad off without her.

'And the next thing, father was carrying a heavy sack of corn up some steps, and his foot slipped and he knocked his leg and bruised himself all over, and then he got erysipelas. He was ill for three years, and I minded him, and cooked his meals, and did for us both. His masters sent some money every week all the time, and he never wanted.

'Then he got dropsy, but one day after the doctor had been he felt a deal better. Next day was a Saturday, and he says, "Gracey, I feel that better as if I could go to work to-morrow"; but to-morrow he was bad again, and Tuesday he died. And after the funeral I had to go to the workhouse.

'I was glad when they took me out and brought me here.'

N.B. We do not as a rule receive girls of twelve, but we could not leave this nicely brought-up child to workhouse training.

One day during this last summer there was great excitement in the Home. Five 'new little orphans,' as our children call the latest arrivals; all of one family.

The eldest, a girl of about eleven, acted as mother to the little group. This again is over the age at which we generally take children, but having vacancies how could we separate the desolate little family?

Hetty's two years of trouble have aged and sobered her. This is her account of it all:—

'Father was a butcher, you know, ma'am, and we were well off. We kept a horse, and had plenty of everything. We all went to school but baby and little Harry, till father got ill.

'It was one night he was coming along the street and there was a horse in a cart running away, and father was afeared it would do some mischief, so he stood ready to meet it, and caught at it and held it fast for a bit; but it was that mad, it broke away and threw father down. He picked himself up after a bit and got home; but when he got into the stable to "sapper up" our horse he felt bad, and he brought up some blood, and then he knew something was broke.

'He daren't come in and tell mother for fear of frightening her, so he went to a neighbour's and they took him to Dr. Jones; but he never got better.

'Oh, he had bad pains—we could hear him groaning—and then he died, and mother had to work for us. But she fretted after father, and worried herself so about all of us, she dwindled away in a year. We had parish pay, and there was nowhere for us but the workhouse.'

When we heard of this case, how thankful we were that we had it in our power to take the whole family into our Homes. The two fine little boys are in our Boys' Orphanage at Brondesbury doing well, and the three little girls are brightening and looking more like our children every day.

Our number of girl orphans is now quite made up. The Boys' Orphanage is not full, but we dare not receive more than the two or three little lads for whom beds have been promised till we see our way to maintaining them. Only twenty of our little boys have been 'adopted,' that is to say, have found a kind heart willing to make itself responsible for the 12*l.* a year which we reckon that the maintenance of each child costs. How thankful we should be, were some lover of little boys to come forward and undertake to be responsible for the food and clothing of one or other little



lad in our Brondesbury Home. They are nice bright little fellows, and often, when they are at their best, we think, 'Anyone that could see them now would love them, and want to help us with them.'

As, for instance, at bed-time—half-past six—when the wee people climb obediently up-stairs. Some have to be carried to the door of the bedroom—the 'Ward of the Good Shepherd'—and then without a word the little throug will separate, and each tiny boy trots deliberately to the foot of his own cot, where he stands at 'attention' till some one is at liberty to undress him. To 'undress hisself' is a mark of advancement proudly proclaimed, of one and another, by a brother baby. Poor little mites, all fatherless and motherless! This room full of baby waifs is a touching sight.

In this 'Ward of the Good Shepherd' a little panic spread one night. A noise. 'What's that?' 'Oh, it's a bogey!' and then came a frightened scream or two. Then Eddie (of three and a half years) called out from his safe little bed, 'You sillies! don't you know this is the Good Shepherd's room? There He is over the door on purpose to take care of us; and don't you think if a bogey was to come in He would turn it out quick?' This stopped the rising tumult, and all was quiet again.

It makes us glad to feel that from very babyhood many of our boys will know of the Good Shepherd's tender care, and that our bigger boys are still of an age to be easily impressed with the great truths of our holy religion.

If we have readers who would like to help us in this work amongst boy and girl orphans, even in ever so small a way, will they write to Miss Helen Wetherell, Secretary, Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W., of whom collecting cards for various amounts may be had.

#### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL

WERE we to record here the number of Christmas and New Year's Gifts in hampers, boxes, and parcels, received at the Orphanage, the list would be a long one, and tedious to those not immediately concerned. We have indeed had many, but not one too many.

We may give one or two representative boxes.

From Spronghton nine plum-puddings, four cakes, sweets and apples.

From Wetwang clothes for orphans; and

from Fimber School picture-books, Christmas-cards, &c., also for orphans. Those presents are not the first by many from the same places.

Our letters are so interesting this month that we find we shall fill our jotting space long before we have given our readers all we want them to see; so we proceed forthwith, and leave our correspondents to speak for themselves.

'I enclose a small offering for the Convalescent Home, 2s. 6d.—it has taken me and my daughter some weeks to save it, as we have very little money.'

'Dear madam, I deliver evening papers, and am pleased to gather a few crumbs for your Broadstairs chickens, 2s., enclosed from a city boy.'

'For sale, a small sacrifice from a troubled heart.' The envelope contained a bright-coloured satin kerchief, which, if it could have spoken, had a history to tell.

'My wife showed me your collecting paper, so I thought I would try and see what I could do for the orphans. I took it round to my workmates, and the result is 10s. Divide it, please, between the girls and boys.'

'You will receive a parcel containing two coverlets. I wanted to help the Convalescent Home, and had no money; so, as I saw that you had articles sold for the Orphanage, I made these. I have been some time making them, and think they are worth 30s.' We should like to suggest this way of helping to those who cannot send money.

'I send you 5s. from a dear old couple of eighty-four and eighty-six for the little children—saved in pence throughout the year.'

'A poor widow with chronic rheumatism sends you ten pair of muslinates.' Nice warm ones too.

'A small thank-offering of 1s. for the mercy of restored health; perhaps some one else may follow my example. Betty X.'

'Enclosed is 5s., the thank-offering of a labouring man for having obtained work after being three months out of it. One day he read about your work, and thought this would buy some breakfasts for a starving boy.'

'Take this 10s. as a thank-offering to God for restoring my sister to health and strength, and enabling her to pay me back what I lent her last year; it is for the Convalescent Home.'

'Here is 7s. from the same old cobbler in the alms-house who collected 10s. before for the Gordon Schools.'

'I have got 9s. 6d. as a token of love to the

orphans. My father and mother are alive, and I hope will live a long time. I am the same little girl that sent you 6s. 6d. last year.'

'Enclosed is 2l. 7s. 3d. for the Home for Orphan Boys at Brondesbury. It belonged to a precious child of mine who was taken home at the age of six years; he had saved it up towards buying a watch when he should be a big boy.'

'I am a little girl that goes to sea with my father and mother, and when the missionary came on board at Gravesend he gave me one of your books, and I found this collecting paper in it, and I have got 1l. 8s. for the Orphanage. I live in Nova Scotia, but I am going to Florida now.'

'I am sending you 2s., the savings of a London waiif who is boarded out at Clevedon; it is for food for other waifs who are starving.'

'My boy and I enclose 30s. for any of your works, saved by travelling third class on his journey from school.'

'A reader of the BANNER, deeply interested in the Orphanage, sends 2s. Half of it is from my little niece, who has saved it instead of buying sweets, and we wish you all a happy Christmas.'

'Bo's mother sends 5s. for the Boys' Orphanage, a small thank-offering on Bo's recovery from scarlet fever.'

'I send you 6d. earned by an old widow by doing some mending for a neighbour. She thinks it a great pity everybody doesn't put by something a-week from their regular *gets*—they'd never miss it, and what a lot of good it would do.'

'I enclose 13s. 6d., collected by members of the Southsea Choir on St. Stephen's Night by carol singing, for the Orphanage.'

'Please accept the enclosed 10s. as a little acknowledgment of the kindness shown to my little nephew in your Broadstairs Home last summer. I am thankful to say he has been quite well ever since.'

And now we have no more room for friends at home. We must put in some little notice of what has come from over the seas.

From Moncton, New Brunswick, comes a letter announcing a Christmas present for the Orphans—a barrel of rosy apples. The good people there know how to help others and themselves too; for the missionary writes, 'Some of our people are so decided that a church ought to have a steeple, that they are determined to build one. They are going to set

to work this winter to cut logs. Three people have offered sites free, so, with willing hearts and hands, no doubt the work will be done. It sounds strange to talk of wooden churches, but they can be built well and weather-tight in wood.'

A missionary writes from Shelburne, Nova Scotia, 'The chancel of our church will be done by Christmas. One old man quarried the stone, dragged it, and laid the entire foundation as his part, for nothing. Surely the time is coming when everyone puts his hand to the work whom the Lord has made willing. Thank God for it!'

From the parish of Greenwich, New Brunswick, we have 1l. 5s. collected by three little girls and a friend in a neighbouring parish in aid of the Convalescent Home. It is delightful to know how the One Father draws the hearts of His children together in spite of distance and difficulties.

We have a letter from Battleford, the former capital of the North-West Territories of Canada, and the scene of great trouble during the late disturbance. The people were fifty days barricaded—subject to constant alarms, seeing Indians kill the scouts or patrol, and burn their houses—and the poor women and children suffered terribly from excitement and terror. It is good to know that none of the Indians belonging to our Church or attached to our missions rose in this affair. They are a peaceable, law-abiding people, and the Government is opening its eyes to this fact, and recognising Christian work amongst the Indians more than it has yet done.

We have received a letter from the chaplain to the forces in Egypt, begging us to ask kind people to send newspapers, especially illustrated and amusing papers, magazines, &c., for the use of the poor fellows crowding the hospital at Assuan. Any light reading, in fact, that can be sent by post will be acceptable.

There are about 200 sick already in hospital, and more men being sent in continually.

The severe weather we have had in England this winter spurs our sympathies for English missionaries in cold, northern climates. From one missionary in a parish in Muskoka we have a letter in which he remarks, 'Last winter our shanty was colder than you can imagine. Our provisions were frozen, of course; but worse than that, the frost literally took effect on our own persons in the night. Now we have a log house, and are in comparative comfort.'



B. Consider:—

I. The Innocence of the Saviour.—(1 S. Peter ii. 22).

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1. so strange—unknown among mankind since the fall. | 2. so sad—in the midst of a suffering Life.                             |
| 3. so outspoken—to { Annas.<br>Caiaphas.<br>Pilato. | 4. so silent before { Pilato.<br>Herod.<br>the soldiers.<br>the people. |

II. The Guilt of the Sinner (Psalm li.)

so clear in { 1. life.  
2. death.  
3. judgment.

III. The Condemnation of the Saviour (2 Corinthians v. 21).

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| 1. associated with the vilest of humanity { Jews.<br>Romans.<br>Barabbas.<br>the Thieves. | 2. accused of { sedition against Caesar.<br>blasphemy against God. | 3. accounted guilty by { His fellow men.<br>God His FATHER. |
|---|--|---|

IV. The Acquittal of the Sinner (Romans viii. 1).

- |                                  |                       |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. the newly baptised innocent   | } 'in Christ, Jesus.' |
| 2. the freshly absolved penitent |                       |

- C. 1. How is Pilato degraded more than any other character in history?—He is the only bad person named in the Creed?
2. What was his Sin?—Cowardice.
3. How may we be like Pilato?—By being unjust to the innocent.
4. How may we be like Jesus?—By being patient under oppression.
5. What was the Judge compelled to say of the Saviour?—'I find no fault in Him.'
6. What is the character of the Saints in Heaven?—They are without fault before the throne of God.
7. How may we become Saints?

Third Sunday in Lent (MARCH 28).

'— was Crucified'—*The Crucifixion.*—S. Matt. xxvii. 27-30; Galatians ii. 20.

A. The Crucifixion:—

I. foretold in—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| (a) Type { the wood of Isaac's Sacrifice.<br>the spit of the paschal lamb.<br>the pole of the brazen serpent. | (b) Prophecy { Psalm xxii. 17.<br>Isaiah liiii. 5.<br>Zechariah xii. 10; xiii. 6. |
|---|---|

II. fulfilled in all those features which make it the most painful and shameful of all deaths (Philippians ii. 8).

- |                               |                               |                |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. the preliminary scourging. | 4. the nailing.               | 7. the thirst. |
| 2. the carrying of the cross. | 5. the raising of the cross.  |                |
| 3. the stripping.             | 6. the mocking of spectators. |                |

B. Our Union with Christ Crucified:—

- First—by love for Him, Who has so loved us.—1 S. John iv. 19.
- Secondly—by accepting in faith the merits of His Crucifixion.—S. John iii. 14-15.
- Thirdly—by taking up in humility and patience our own cross and following Him.—S. Matt. xvi. 24.
- Fourthly—by crucifying our flesh in self-denial.—Gal. v. 24.

- C. 1. Why did our Sinless Saviour endure Crucifixion?—That He might bear our sins in His own Body on the Tree.
2. For whom then was He Crucified?—For me and for all sinners.
3. What did He do with the accusation against me?—He took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross.
4. What change has come over the Cross since Jesus died upon it?—The tree of His Death has become the tree of our Life.
5. What does S. Paul say about this?—'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'
6. What do I do when I sin?—I crucify the Son of God afresh, putting Him to an open shame.
7. How may I share in the Cross of Christ?

## Refreshment Sunday (APRIL 4).

\* Dead\*—*The Death*.—S. Matt. xxvii. 50-57; Romans vi. 3.

### A. This is 'The Death of God.'

#### I. THE SON OF GOD could die.

1. not as God (1 Timothy vi. 16), but as Man (S. Mark xv. 33).
2. not by comparison of man (S. John x. 17), but by the Will of God (Acts ii. 23).

#### II. THE SON OF GOD must die.

1. to fulfil Scripture (S. John xix. 28)
 

{	(a) Types	Heb. xi. 19.
	(b) Prophecies	Ex. xii. 6. Dan. ix. 26. S. John xi. 51.
2. to redeem mankind (Rev. v. 9).

#### III. THE SON OF GOD did die.

1. according to the testimony of His
 

{	executioners.
	enemies.
	friends.
2. with the sympathy of Creation.—S. Matt. xxvii. 51.
3. by the separation of His Soul from His Body, but of Neither from His Divinity.

### B. We must share in the Death of our Saviour.

- First—by asserting the Merits of His Precious Death.—Heb. ix. 28.  
 Second—by obediencing unto death.—Phil. ii. 8.  
 Third—by laying down our lives for the brethren.—1 S. John iii. 16.  
 Fourth—by death unto sin.—Romans viii. 10.  
 Fifth—by offering the Sacrament of His Death.—1 Cor. xi. 26.

### C.

1. What is death?—The separation of the soul from the body.
2. Is there any other death than this of the body?—Yes, spiritual death is the separation of the soul from God.
3. What is eternal death?—The separation of soul and body from God forever.
4. What is Life?—The life of the body is the soul; and the Life of the soul is God.
5. Why does man die?—As the punishment for sin.
6. Why did God die?—To save man from Eternal Death.
7. Did God truly FATHER die on the Cross?

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

To the Editor of THE BANNER OF FAITH.

SIR,—May I ask you to make known through THE BANNER OF FAITH that I have had more than two hundred applications for further information about the New Field for Emigration,

and that one or two gave insufficient postal addresses, so that they were probably disappointed of a reply? Perhaps those who received no answer will write to me again.

Yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

## Papers on Infant Baptism.

"Blest be the Church, that watcheth o'er the needs  
Of infancy provides a timely shower,  
Whose virtue changes to a Christian Flower  
A growth from sinful nature's bed of weeds!"

Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets, XV.

It has been truly said "That at some time or other in the history of the Church nearly every doctrine of the Christian Faith has been denied." To this we may add: That at some time or other in the history of the Church nearly every Rite and custom of the Church has been rejected. There is great need, therefore, that every member of the Church should be thoroughly grounded in Her doctrines and practices—not only "holding the Faith," but being able, at the same time, to give an intelligent reason for holding it. (1 Peter iii. 15.)

It is nearly always the case that those who are "carried about with every wind of doctrine" are the ones who have not been thus grounded. Like a vessel without anchor or rudder, they are carried hither and thither with every wind, or tide, or current.

It is hoped and believed that our Sunday Schools are doing a good work in this respect, viz., laying a solid foundation for the time to come, so that our sons and daughters may grow up and become polished corner stones in the Spiritual Temple.

Among the many important practices of the Church, that of the baptizing of Infants does not, by any means, come last, and, in these days especially, every Churchman and Churchwoman ought to be well informed on this subject. It is to be feared that many Parents bring their Children to the Sacrament of Baptism simply because it is the custom, but as for knowing *why* the Children are baptized, or what reasons there are for the custom, that is a matter which they have not thought about.

The writer does not, at the present time, intend to discuss the meaning of the word "Baptize," or the *mode* of Baptism, but simply to present some of the arguments from history and Scripture in support of the practice of the Church in baptizing Infants, with the intention of showing that we are not following new ways, but walking in the good old paths, and doing that which has been done from the time of Our Lord and His Apostles, and so "continuing in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship."

That Infant Baptism is the present custom of the Church of England every one knows, and this by actual experience. We have been present in Church and witnessed the administration of the Rite. We have seen the Priest take the child in his arms and Baptize it into the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. That Infant

Baptism is the present custom of the Church of England is also evident from the teaching and Services of the Prayer Book, where we have two Services specially prepared for the Baptizing of Infants; one called "The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants, to be used in Church;" the other, "The Ministration of Private Baptism of Children in houses." Then, again, the first Rubric in the latter Service says that "The Curates of every Parish shall often admonish the people that they defer not the Baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday after their birth." And again, in the Article on Baptism, viz., the 28th, we are taught that "The Baptism of Young Children is in any wise to be retained in the Church as most agreeable with the institution of Christ."

## Diocesan News.

It is with sincere regret that we note the indisposition of three of our Clergy in the Diocese—Revs. T. E. Dowling, A. V. Wiggins and A. Hoadley—and trust they may soon be restored to health.

The Annual Choral Festival of the Deanery of Shediac which was to be held at Sackville on Wednesday, March 3rd, has been postponed.

The Clergy of the Deanery of Chatham met in Chapter at Weldford Station on Monday, January 18th. We hope this gathering proves that our brother Rev. H. Holloway is again able to take his share of work in the Deanery.

Restigouche and Bathurst Missions are still vacant, but Richibucto has been filled up. In the Deanery of Woodstock, Aberdeen and Richmond are without Missionaries, and there is room for the establishment of at least three New Missions as well.

The New Mission of McAdam and St. Croix has been opened, and a Clergyman from the Diocese of Connecticut, U. S. A., has been placed in charge of it.

Mission work at Painswick Junction has so far progressed that the people are anxious to commence the building of a New Church.

A New Church is about to be built at Upper Sheffield in the Mission of Mangerville, and another is spoken of for Salmon Creek, Chipman.

The Choral Union of the Deanery of Fredericton sang their Service of Song at St. Peter's Church, Kingsclear, on Tuesday, February 2nd, the Bishop Coadjutor being the Preacher on the occasion.

We were in error when we stated in our January number that the Ludlow Church was rapidly rising from the foundation. Nothing but the foundation is at present to be seen.

The Services at the Mission Hall, Moneton, are well attended and well repay the efforts of the Clergy.

We hear that Rev. D. B. Parnter is able to officiate again at S. Jude's, Carleton, after a protracted illness.

We have received a letter from our old friend Rev. E. P. Flewelling, now working at Brandon, Manitoba. He says, "In this far away Diocese it will be refreshing to see the familiar face of K. D. M., so please put my name on your list of subscribers."

Mr. Flewelling seems to like his work at Brandon, though he retains a loving remembrance of his past work in Restigouche County, where he received so many tokens of kindness from the people.

The Church people of Brandon received him most warmly, presented him with an address on his arrival, and gave him \$100 to help him to settle among them.

The letter ends thus, "Long may the K. D. M. live and be a power for good"!!

#### FAIRVILLE ITEMS.

We are sorry to have to record that the Rev. J. C. Titcombe, when taking a few days rest among friends, after the arduous work of opening the New Church at Fairville and starting the work there, was suddenly taken seriously ill with bronchitis and congestion of the lungs, and for a time it was feared he would not pull through, but with excellent attention and care bestowed upon him by many kind friends, he was, we are glad to record, able once more to return to his field of labour. Although far from recovered, yet it is hoped that he is making progress. It was very gratifying to him, and, to use his own words, "as good as all the physic in the world," to meet with such a hearty reception from his dear parishioners, between 50 and 60 of whom crowded the station house and platform to extend to him a welcome and sympathy on his return. He wishes to return his heartfelt gratitude to all his kind friends for this reception, for the many kindnesses received from them since his return, and for the prayers which they offered for his recovery; and he hopes they will return thanks to the Almighty for permitting him to be once more in their midst. On the Sunday following there was a celebration of the Holy Communion and 38 partook of the Holy Feast.

The best thanks of the Parish are due to the Revs. R. Mathers, LeB. W. Fowler and others, who so kindly carried on the Services during the Pastor's illness.

It is hoped (D. V.) to have special Lenten Services in this Parish, with special Preachers, on Thursday Evenings. At the first Service the Rev. Canon Medley will be the Preacher.

On Good Friday there will be a Service of the "Three Hours" from 12 to 3, with other Services; and on Easter Day there will be two celebrations of the Holy Communion—the first at 8 o'clock and the second after Morning Service.

The Rector will be glad to receive the names of any candidates for Confirmation, as he hopes (D. V.) to arrange for classes during the season of Lent, his illness having prevented him from having them before.

Having adopted the Kingston Deanery Magazine as the Magazine for this Parish and the channel through which to make known to the Parishioners all items of interest connected with the Church and Parish, it is hoped that it will meet with a liberal patronage, and that not only will the 50 copies per month which the Rector has taken be all subscribed for, but 50 more besides. Independently of Parochial items there are many other things of interest and entertaining reading to be found in this Magazine which should commend it to you.

*Thanks.*—Our best thanks are due to the friend of so many Missions, Mrs. Medley, for a kind gift of Altar Linen just received. We still require many things for our New Church and shall be grateful for the smallest contributions towards finishing it.

It is hoped shortly to have a Tea and Entertainment in order to raise funds for that object, to be followed later on by a Fancy Sale.

#### Parochial Items.

CAMBRIDGE:—Our Basket Social was a great success. Besides spending a pleasant evening, and meeting many old and new friends, we realized \$31.30, which has been deposited in the Savings Bank.

We have just heard that S. P. C. K. has given us a grant of £25 sterling in response to our appeal. This has cheered us greatly and calls forth more earnest efforts on our own part.

The Parson was given a donation on February 1st at Peter Knight's, Esq., Mill Cove. The roads were so bad that only a few of the Parishioners and friends could come. A most enjoyable evening was spent notwithstanding, and the Parson and his horses were made happy by the gifts of the well-wishers.

An exchange of work was made with Rev. C. P. Hanington on Sunday the 7th February, and the people of Cambridge and Waterborough are loud in his praises, and hope to see and hear him soon again. We are neighbours, and an exchange of duties is a rest to the Clergy and does much good to the Parishes.

CLIFTON:—A public meeting of the Church people of Clifton was held on the 6th inst. for the purpose of receiving the report of the building committee of All Saints Church, at which the Rev. D. I. Wetmore presided as chairman. G. H. Flewelling, Esq., secretary to the committee, submitted a full and detailed report of the work of the committee and of their receipts and expenses from the time of their appointment (August, 1883) until the present date. The Church was finished No. 3rd, 1885, at which time it was consecrated.

The following is a synopsis of the secretary's report:

COST.	
Burying Ground and Building Lot (given),.....	\$100 00
Building, including Foundation, Grading, Stoves and Insurance, .....	2,458 31
Seats in full, for Nave and Choir (ash),.....	200 00
Altar, Prayer Desk, Lectern, Carpets and Linen (given), estimated.....	200 00
Stained Glass for Windows,.....	261 27
<b>Total Cost,.....</b>	<b>\$3,219 58</b>

RECEIPTS.	
Subscriptions and Contributions in Cash, Materials and Work.....	\$1,614 64
Receipts from Lectures, Concerts, etc....	221 93
Received from Clifton Sewing Circle, ..	428 95
Grant from the S. P. C. K.....	241 94
	-----\$2,507 46
Balance against the Church (assumed by the committee),.....	\$712 12

A general feeling was expressed by the meeting that immediate and active measures should be taken by all that were interested to liquidate the debt.

The secretary of the Clifton Sewing Circle also submitted an ably prepared statement of the work, receipts and expenditures of that body since its formation (Nov., 1883), shewing that although few in number, and having many difficulties to contend with, the Circle had, by steady perseverance and extraordinary amount of energy, been enabled to contribute \$428.95 towards building the Church. The funds of this society were, by common consent, applied towards finishing the inside of the Church and the seating; and, judging the future from the past, the building committee will be relieved from paying any monies on that part of the work, while to the ladies of Clifton will be accredited the honor of completing the interior of the Church.

A resolution was unanimously passed, conveying the thanks of the meeting to the ladies of the Sewing Circle, without whose valuable aid, it was felt, the Church could not yet have been brought to completion.

At the suggestion of the committee, an Auditor was appointed to examine and classify the accounts, preparatory to their being placed in the records of the Church.

On motion, the thanks of the meeting were tendered to the committee for the performance of their work, with a request that they would continue in office.

SPRINGFIELD:—On Thursday, January 21st, a party of the parishioners assembled at the Rectory. The evening was fine and the roads good, so the house was quite full—there being over 100 visitors. A very pleasant evening was spent with music, games, and conversation, and towards the end Mr. Benjamin Gray, who had been appointed chairman, handed to the Rector the sum of \$67, with the good wishes of all present. Such testimonies of good and kindly feeling between pastor and people are very encouraging.

On Thursday, January 28, Mrs. Talbot, assisted by Mrs. J. H. Marven, entertained the members of the Parish Church Sunday-school with tea at the Rectory. There were present the Rector, Mr. J. H. Marven, the Superintendent of the school, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Marven, Miss Talbot, and Miss Lizzie Fairweather, the teachers of the four classes, and forty scholars. It was a very stormy night, but no one thought of that till it was time to go home. Some of the children came direct from the day school, which is close at hand, and one would have thought they were tired of games before tea-time, at half-past five; but not a bit of it. Musical chairs, dumb Crambo, forfeits, blind man's buff, etc., went on merrily and in quick succession all the evening; and in another room there were draughts, fox and geese, and other games for the more quietly disposed. All seemed to enjoy themselves, and the house was dimly quiet when, after fortifying with mince pies and candy at half-past nine, the children had all turned out into the storm. We have heard since that they all got safely home and were none the worse for it.

HAMPTON:—On Monday evening, Feb. 1st, a social meeting of the members of the K. D. C. U. in the parishes of Hampton and Norton was held at Hampton Village, when a pleasant evening was spent, and the members of the Union in the two parishes shewed their appreciation of Miss Walker's services on behalf of the Union, as organist and otherwise, by presenting her with an address, accompanied by a handsomely bound copy of Hymns A. & M. and Elvey's Psalter. The presentation was made by Rev. E. A. Warneford, Rector of Norton.

On Monday, Feb. 8th, a "Musical and Literary Society" was formed in connection with the members of the Choral Union of the parishes of Hampton and Norton. Rev. E. A. Warneford was elected president and Mrs. Travis secretary.

At a meeting of Church people held at Smithtown a week or two ago, it was decided to erect a "Mission Room" for church services, Sunday-school, etc. The Church-



men are going at once into the woods to prepare the timber for the frame.

Wednesday, January 27th, was a red letter day with the Sunday-school at Smithtown. Thanks to the energy of Mrs. Robinson and other kind friends, a very enjoyable time was spent by the scholars. First came a tea, provided by the liberality of the parents and other friends, and partaken of by about eighty persons. This was followed by addresses from Rev. Mr. Lockward and the Rector. Afterwards, the fruit was plucked from a large Xmas tree, and a present given to each of the scholars. The Doxology was sung before separating.

### Correspondence.

To the Editors of *K. D. M.*

DEAR SIR: As a member of the K. D. C. U., I felt a little disappointed that no notice of the Choral Union Festival held at Rothesay on Wednesday, January 20th, appeared in any of the daily newspapers, except a very scanty mention in the *Evening Globe*, the editor of which periodical is always on the look-out for items of interest. Perhaps this may be taken as a proof of the modesty of the Church people of King's County, who are more alive for work than talk. I think, however, some mention ought to be made of the day in our own Magazine, and I therefore want to say a few words about it, with your permission. First of all we may congratulate ourselves that we had a fine day at last for our gathering, and that there was no discomfort and there were no frozen noses or faces. Next we all owe a debt of gratitude to the ladies and gentlemen of Rothesay for their great kindness and most generous hospitality. Nothing seemed to have been left unthought of or omitted which might add to our pleasure. In the language of the country everything was "*just lovely*."

The Secretary stated the number of singers as 140, which is an increase upon former years, showing that the Choral Union is a popular Institution.

At 10 a. m. the Conductor called us to order, and the Rehearsal commenced, the Metropolitan kindly giving us the benefit of his presence. It is well known that we can tell pretty well how things are going by the look of the Conductor's face and the working of his left arm, and this year we got off very easily; in fact, he complimented the members a little on their practice, which is a good deal for him to say. I think perhaps the steady time of the Organist, Mrs. Talbot, and the excellent assistance of Professors Anderson and Williams, from Saint John, and also three good but young cornet players from the Deanery helped us very much. After the Rehearsal a luncheon was provided by the good people of Rothesay in their beautiful School House, which was partaken of with such voracious energy that it appeared doubtful whether the singers would be equal to the Service at 3 p. m. Before leaving the School House the Metropolitan in a few kind words proposed the health of our hosts, which was received by a vociferous and musical response, plainly showing that the vocal cords had not been paralyzed.

At 3 p. m. the Service commenced, which proved to be, as I think, the best we have ever had in our Union. All the music was well sung, but perhaps I may mention with special approval the Psalms which were sung in unison with the exception of the Glorias. I might say they were sung like clock-work. Every word could be distinctly heard, and the smoothness and steadiness was remarked by many in the Congregation. The Anthem and Hymns were also excellently rendered. The Sermon preached by the Metropolitan was, of course, good, and one fellow member of the Union said to me afterwards, "It was just so plain that every child could take it all in." Ah! yes, it was just what we wanted, and we ought to be very thankful to His Lordship for coming all the way from Fredericton to help us in our work. One chief feature of the day seemed to be that everybody was happy, and that there was the most perfect harmony and good fellowship amongst all the Choirs, and there was not even a rush for tickets to get home again. Many said to me before parting, "I wish another Choral Union Festival was coming next week."

Yours sincerely,

Jan. 22nd, 1886.

RUSTICUS.

### Notices.

If any members of the church have in their possession any old Parochial documents or minute books which may assist the clergy in writing the history of the several parishes in the Deanery of Kingston, they will confer a favour by forwarding the same to the Rector of their parish, and be doing good work for the Church. Please do not delay to answer this request.

An earnest appeal has been made for contributions to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, which we should like to have inserted in full in the *K. D. M.*, but we have not space to admit of printing it. We can only say that \$2,000 is needed to complete the building, and that we believe the object is not only a laudable one, but worthy of the hearty and generous support of every member of the church. Contributions, however small, will be gratefully received by the missionary in charge,

REV. J. C. TITCOMBE,  
Fairville, St. John, N. B.

### BAPTISMS.

WATERFORD, January 10. — Helen Eliza Hayter, aged 3 years.  
" 13. — Lily Anne Munroe, aged 3 years.  
" 31. — Albina Elizabeth Bell, Infant.  
February 9. — George Edward Snider, Adult.  
" 13. — William Norman Robinson, Infant.  
GALLETOWN, January 1. — Anne Gabriela Kortright Neates, Inf.  
February 11. — Harry Wilmot McAllister, Infant.  
HAMPTON, January 24. — John Boone Robinson, Infant.  
February 14. — Florence Muriel Gertrude Newnham Infant.

### MARRIAGES.

SUSSEX, January 11. — George Fagan and Lydia Dixon.  
" 12. — Robt. Chesley Gray and Derinda Sherwood.

### BURIALS.

ST. MARK'S (SUSSEX), Dec. 21. — William Tait, aged 75 years.  
WATERFORD, Dec. 22. — Laura Matilda McAfee, aged 9 years.  
HAMPTON, January 23. — Jane E. Fowler, aged 84 years.  
" 27. — James E. Giegey, aged 69 years.  
February 9. — Sarah Mary Keator, aged 84 years.  
SUSSEX, February 7. — Catherine K. Arnold, aged 66 years.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

For Bishop Medley Scholarship Fund — From Mrs. C. M. Wallace, Florida, \$2.