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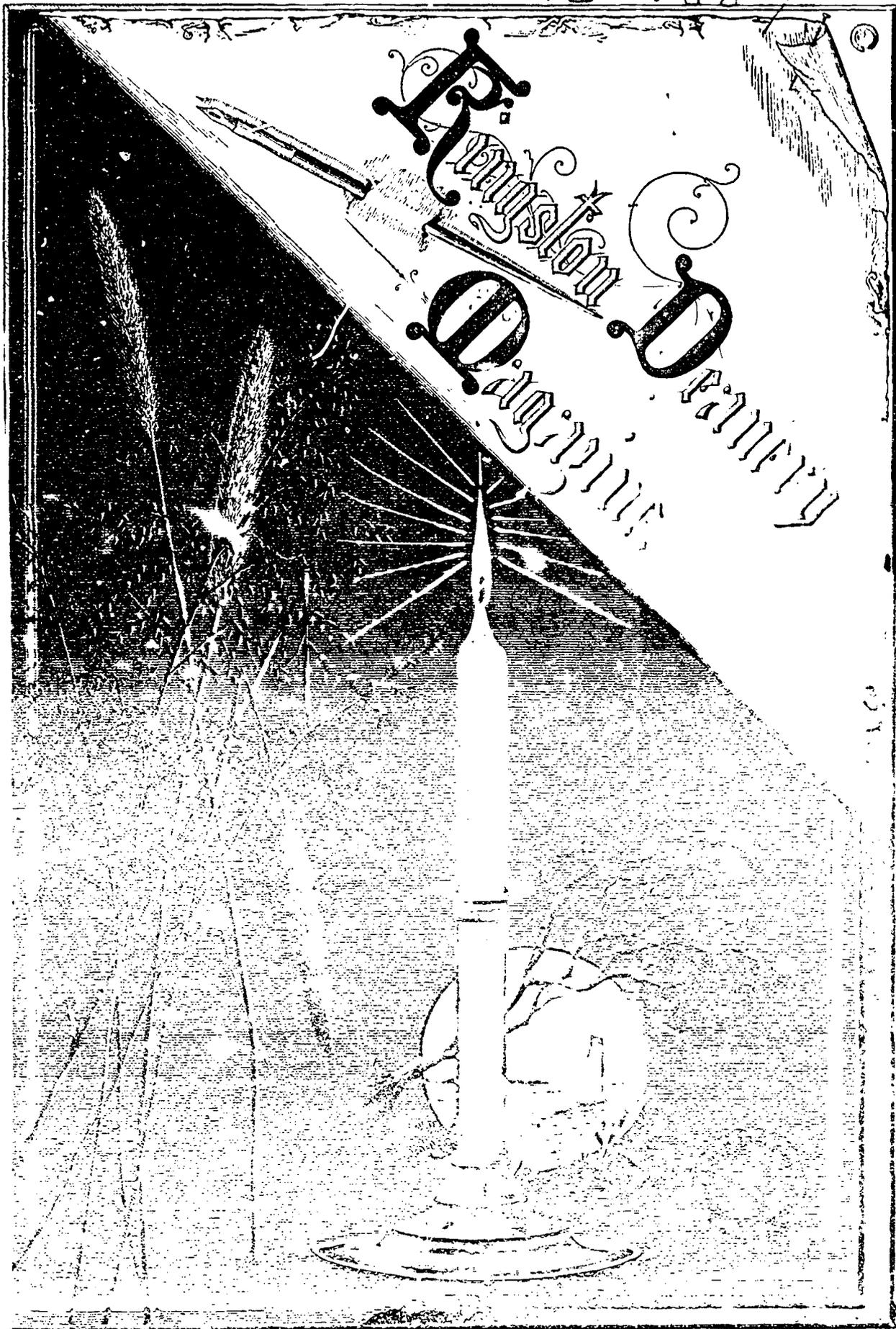
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Jan 1850

v. 6 No 1



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Kingston Deanery Magazine.

DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

Vol. VI.

JANUARY, 1889.

No. 1.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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SUSSEX, N. B., JANUARY, 1889.

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EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

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

Our Magazine.

ON entering upon the Sixth Year of publication it is but natural that we should look upon the past to find out where our mistakes have been, and also whether we can claim any good results from the existence of the K. D. M. *First*, as to the mistakes: probably the Editors cut their cloth a little too close in making the price of "OUR MAGAZINE" only FIFTY CENTS. Many of our friends have told us we might just as well have asked ONE DOLLAR, which would have been more easily sent to the Financial Editor than 50 Cents. *Secondly*: We made trouble for ourselves by trying to divide the work amongst three Editors who lived at some considerable distances from each other, thereby confusing the minds of many of our subscribers, and entailing a great deal of extra correspondence.

In order to avoid the first mistake in the future it is not proposed to raise the price of "OUR MAGAZINE," but we would suggest to our friends and subscribers that they would materially help us in our work by sending a *double* subscription, amounting to \$1, which might either be accompanied by the name of a new subscriber, or go towards the payment of K. D. M. for two years. The second mistake can now be very easily overcome, from the fact that one of our Editors has removed from the Deanery and another has resigned his office, so that only one Editor remains upon whom the whole responsibility of conducting "OUR MAGAZINE" will, at all events for a time, devolve.

Next as to results. Can we claim any as the fruit of our five years work? With becoming modesty we think we can. In many a family "THE DEANERY" is the only religious publication which enters the household during the course of the whole year, and in some families wherein Church literature in many forms abounds, we are told the question is often asked, "Has the K. D. M. arrived yet?" Through our efforts then we think a certain amount of interest has been awakened in Church Teaching. This is as it should be and we are grateful.

As to the future the present Editor begs to wish the subscribers to K. D. M. a truly "HAPPY NEW YEAR," and he would also take this first opportunity in 1889 of telling them that he has secured for publication during the year a series of papers on "CHRISTIAN WORSHIP," which he feels certain will be of great usefulness to every reader of "OUR MAGAZINE." These Papers, together with others which have been promised, will make up our articles of Instruction, whilst our Items of Diocesan and Parochial News will still appear in their proper place, and a new column headed "WANTS" will be opened.

A few scratches in the K. D. M. books are unpleasant to look at over the names of old subscribers who have grown weary of us, marked "Discontinued," but we are thankful to say they are only few, and there already appear a score of new subscribers for 1889, and we expect more shortly.

S. Irenæus.

ABOUT A. D. 120—A. D. 202.

I.

IN the Revelation of S. John the Divine there is an account of the opening of the seals* on the book of the future history of the Church. When the second seal was opened, a man went forth on a blood-red horse with a great sword in his hand. This betokened the attack upon the Church of persecution by the sword. The colour of the horse betokened war, as did also the great sword given to his rider. We have been relating the life and writings of the chief and most renowned actors in the first persecutions. We have been carried back to the very times by reading about S. Ignatius and his friend S. Polycarp, and the contemporary of the latter, S. Justin Martyr.

But persecution was of no avail, so far as the prevention of the spread of the truth was concerned. The statement of the early Christian writer was perfectly true. "Your cruelty only draws others to us. The more we are mown down by you the more our harvest grows. For the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." S. Justin, as we said, was drawn to the Church by witnessing the constancy of the martyrs, which proved to him that there must be some great truth behind all to strengthen them.

Then there followed a much more subtle and fatal attack on the Church, which was foretold in the opening of the third seal. Now the horse is black, the colour of mourning, which would typify the mourning of the faithful for the presence of heresy. "The rider," said an ancient author, "has a balance in his hand, a profession that he is dealing equitably, while he is doing grievous wrong." As the Prophet Hosea said, "The balances of deceit are in his hand." The philosophic calmness and plausible impartiality of heresy was much harder to meet than the brute force of persecution. Every one can understand brute force: it comes home to every one, man, woman and child. When any one is thoroughly in earnest, he can submit to the infliction of pain for conscience sake. But it is not every one that can understand, so as to oppose, subtleties of argument: and it was easy for heretics "by good words and fair speeches to deceive the hearts of the simple." This is as true in our own days as it was in the early days of Christianity, and it is as difficult now, and even more difficult to make the simple believe with S. Jude "that we should earnestly contend for the faith once for all delivered to the Saints." Many people will fully acknowledge that the second vow taken at Baptism

is "to believe all the articles of the Christian faith," but they do not like to think that a man is wrong if he declines to acknowledge part if not all of the faith once delivered to the saints.

But the Church was not left without witness in this most serious crisis in her history, and there were raised up men of intellectual power to grapple intellectually with the subtleties of heresy in its earliest forms. With such power and effect did they testify, that of many heretics, or those who were entangling the truth of Christ in the meshes of error, the names only remain, and little more of their works. This is one among many tokens of the untruthfulness of their system: it has not stood the test of time. While the Creed of the Church and the Holy Scriptures remain unaltered and entire, the errors of the early times have passed away, though new errors are continually arising. May God grant that new defenders of the faith may continually arise of equal power with those that went before in the early times.

The first great defender of the faith was Irenæus, "the man of peace," as his name signifies. He was followed by one of his own scholars, Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus, the port of Rome; by Tertullian in Africa; by Clement in Alexandria, and by Origen, a scholar of Clement, in Syria. But first we must speak of Irenæus.

Of his history we do not know very much, it mainly turns on his being consecrated Bishop of Lyons in A. D. 177, in succession to Pothinus, who was martyred in an outbreak of persecution at that time. We know that he was in his early youth a constant attendant on the preaching of S. Polycarp at Smyrna. In an earnest appeal to a fellow-disciple, who had turned heretic, Florinus, S. Irenæus gives a vivid picture of Polycarp and his mode of teaching; but as this letter was given in this Magazine a year ago* it need not be repeated here. He must have been a priest of some position at Lyons during the Episcopate of Pothinus for he was chosen out to be the bearer of a letter from the martyrs imprisoned at Lyons to Eleutherus, Bishop of Rome, to promote the peace of the Churches. The particular which seemed to be then endangering the peace of the Churches was something in connection with the Montanists, though whether Eleutherus was the Bishop who had according to Tertullian admitted the Montanists to Communion, or whether it was in connection with the time of keeping Easter, is uncertain.

Just at this time the venerable Pothinus, Bishop of Lyons, was done to death by the cruel hustling he received at the hands of the persecutors. He

*Revelation vi., 4, 5.

*Vol V., No. 2.

was more than ninety years old, and was dragged before the tribunal of the judge, and there comported himself with great dignity. He was asked with some scorn what the Christian's God might be, and answered: "If thou wert worthy, thou shouldst soon know." The blows and ill usage of the mob, as he was dragged to prison with forty-seven others, so bruised his aged body that he died a true martyr two days afterwards in the prison; and S. Irenæus succeeded him as the second Bishop of Lyons.

One chief duty of a Bishop is to keep pure and undefiled the one faith once for all delivered by the Apostles to the Christians. To this day each Bishop is asked, before he is consecrated, as he stands before those who are to lay hands on him to continue the succession, whether he will defend the true faith against all error so far as in him lies. In our Ordinal the question runs thus: "Are you ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same?" And the Bishop-elect has to answer: "I am ready, the Lord being my helper."

S. Irenæus felt this duty incumbent upon him, and was not cowardly or backward in its fulfilment. He wrote a letter to one Blastus, a Roman Christian, warning him against the sin of schism, and urging him not to break the unity of the Church. He wrote, as we have seen, to Florinus, an old college mate, as it were, appealing to him not to take up with the false teaching of heresy; and then he set himself seriously to grapple with the intellectual puzzles of the Gnostics, as they called themselves, who tried to invent a fanciful and to our modern minds a ridiculous system of religious teaching into which they endeavored to fit such portions of the Christian faith and Scriptures as took their fancy. This great work, "Against Heresies," is in five books, which were not written or issued all at once, but as occasion demanded. It was written about A. D. 184, and seems to have been so effectual that we know little of the heresies attacked except from the account given in S. Irenæus.

He is called a Martyr when referred to by S. Jerome in the Fourth Century, and Gregory of Tours, a very interesting writer at the end of the Sixth Century, contemporaneous with S. Augustine, of Canterbury, tells us that he died a Martyr in a very savage persecution when the streets ran with the blood of the Christians, so that neither the number nor the names of the Martyrs could be preserved. "But," he adds, "the Lord has written

them in the Book of Life." It is quite possible that Gregory, of Tours, has preserved the true account, for he was a historian though somewhat credulous, and though settled about two hundred miles from Lyons, was a great traveller, and for his time a learned man. However he met his end S. Irenæus is believed to have died about A. D. 202.

So far as the refutation of heresies is concerned the work of S. Irenæus is not interesting to the general reader. But interspersed in the controversial passages are most interesting accounts of the teaching and practice of the Church in the Second Century.

It is perfectly impossible in our small limits to attempt to give all his valuable testimony to the truth; but some extracts will be given which may be useful and edifying.

The original Greek of the work has been lost, but a curiously exact and therefore somewhat barbarous Latin translation has been preserved. It was, however, so largely quoted by other Greek writers, especially by Hippolytus, the Bishop of Portus, the harbor of Rome, that a great deal of the Greek can be restored, and by comparing the Latin with these original passages we can more easily understand some difficulties of the Latin translation.

In this paper we only have room for a short passage from the tenth chapter of the first book, which gives a brief statement of the faith.

"For the Church though it be planted all over the world even to the ends of the earth received this faith from the Apostles and their disciples: We believe in one God the Father Almighty maker of Heaven and earth and the seas and all that is in them: And in One Jesus Christ the Son of God, Who was incarnate for our salvation: and in the Holy Ghost, Who spake by the prophets and foretold the Incarnation, and the Advents, and the Birth of a Virgin, and the Passion, and the Resurrection from the dead, and the Ascension into Heaven in the flesh and His second coming from Heaven in the Glory of the Father, to sum up all things in Himself, and to raise again all flesh of mankind; that every knee of things in Heaven, and earth, and under the earth, should bow to Christ Jesus our Lord, and God and Saviour and King, according to the good will of the Father Who is invisible; and that every tongue may confess Him; and that he may execute just judgment upon all, that He should send into fire everlasting, the spiritual powers of wickedness, and the Angels that transgressed, and became apostates, and men who are wicked and unjust, and lawless, and blasphemers. But to the righteous, and the holy, and

to those that have kept His commandments, and abide in His love, some from the beginning of their christian life, and some from the time of their repentance, that He may freely grant life, may bestow immortality, and may clothe with eternal glory."

The reader will observe with interest that here is the germ of the Creeds in daily use among ourselves.

Parochial Items.

GREENWICH.—We shall have to wait until next spring before we can get the fence placed round the new Church. A little more energy on the part of some of our male friends would have accomplished this work before the winter set in. We forgot to say last month how much credit is due to the ladies who have worked most faithfully to have their Church completed, but a great deal more might have been done if the men had only exerted themselves a little more.

The L. C. A. S. held a Fancy Sale, Farmers' Supper and Concert on New Year's Day, in Belyea's Hall; the proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to repairs on the Parish Church. Great improvements have been made on the interior, and now an effort is being made to cause the exterior to correspond with it.

HAMPTON.—We understand by report that an election has been held in this Parish, and a choice has been made of a Rector, Rev. Geo. Maynard, formerly Rector of Falkland, Nova Scotia.

The following interesting account of work at Smithtown has been sent for publication:

On Wednesday afternoon, November 28th, the Sunday School children assembled in the School Chapel of The Holy Trinity where a tea had been provided for them by their teachers. All missed the familiar form and genial manner of our late good Rector, who never failed to be present on such occasions. We feel much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hanford who kindly came from Upham over very bad roads. After grace was said by Mr. Hanford between thirty and forty children sat down and did justice to all that was on the table. When tea was over quite a nice programme was gone through, the opening piece being a chorus of the scholars, "*Happy Greeting to All.*" Many of the children gave some very nice recitations, and a most earnest address was given by Mr. Hanford, which contained words of counsel and encouragement for parents, teachers and scholars, which we trust will not soon be for-

gotten. Prizes were then given for diligence in preparing the lessons, and for punctual and regular attendance: they were awarded to Willie Ross, Helen Snodgrass, Belle Smith, Henry Snodgrass and Katie Robinson. The Sunday School is managed and cared for by Miss Belle Smith, who can truly be called the *faithful* teacher; she considers nothing a trouble connected with the Sunday School. She is kindly assisted by Miss Ida Parlee and Miss Nelly Ross. Miss Parlee we are sorry to say is about to leave us. We shall miss her much in the Sunday Schools and at our Church Services, her voice is such an addition to the Choir.

From one who hopes the K. D. M. will *never, never die.*

PETITCODIAC.—Our new Lay Reader has arrived and is doing good work all though the Mission. We hope we may be able to retain his services. The Rector's health is a little better we are glad to say.

SPRINGFIELD.—We have been so much occupied in preparing for the Christmas Festival that the account of our doings will, I fear, reach you too late for January number of K. D. M., but you and the readers of K. D. M. may take it for granted we are all the time *busy, busy, busy!*

STUDHOLM.—Thursday, January 17th, has been appointed for the opening of the Church at Mount Middleton, which is now very nearly finished. The Bishop Coadjutor will deliver a lecture on the occasion, the subject being "*A Visit to the Holy Land.*" All are cordially invited to take part in the Service which will commence at 7 p. m.

The Sussex Ladies' Sewing Society have very generously undertaken to supply the Chancel Furniture for this new Church, and has already paid \$17.60 for the purpose. The ladies also held a High Tea for the benefit of the Church at the Sussex Railway Station on Wednesday, December 26th, which was well patronized by the public, and a handsome sum of money realized. In this kind act of the ladies we have a good example of those who are strong helping those who are weak, and we trust and believe they will be rewarded. The Service at the Church of the Ascension held on Christmas morning was very bright and hearty, and the number of Communicants large.

SUSSEX.—During the Season of Advent we have had Service on each Wednesday evening. Unfortunately the weather and the state of the



THE
Banner of Faith.

VOL. VIII.]

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[No. 1.]

John Martin's Last Day.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

IT was four o'clock on a summer's morning, rather before John Martin's usual time of waking; but he was awake now, and sitting up in bed, with a strange look of anxiety on his face.

He wasn't a fanciful man, yet what had waked him up so suddenly seemed to have been a voice—a voice in a dream perhaps, but still a voice which must be listened to. It had only said three words, but those three had thrilled through the strong man and drawn him into a sitting posture on the bed. '*Your last day!*' Those were the words. Clear and silvery they sounded. There was no condemnation in them. It was as if they had fallen from the lips of some strong, wise angel; and John Martin could not but heed them.

Was it, indeed, to be his last day? He was quite well, quite as usual; but God did call folks suddenly out of the world, he knew. What should he do? He was not by any means what is called a bad man, hardly a careless one; but, oh! he felt strangely unfit to stand in a few short hours before God—to go into His presence.

Should he wake Sarah and tell her what he had heard, and ask her to pray for him? She was better than he. He turned softly,

for fear of waking the baby, and put a hand out to rouse his wife, but something stopped the action. She was sleeping so quietly after long watching, and carrying about of the infant in the earlier part of the night. Her cheek was as white as the pillow. It would be a shame to disturb her.

'And she'll wake to trouble enough by-and-by, if I do go,' thought John. 'God help her and our little ones.'

So saying, he slipped out of bed and on to his knees; surely this last day must all be spent in prayer.

And he did pray, as men do when a fearful gulf opens before them and they feel that their feet are close on the brink.

What he said I can't tell you. I think his words were few; but I know his heart prayed; and then it came to him as he knelt that he had something else to do besides pray.

'Forgive Jem! of course I must: "Father, forgive them"—the Lord forgave His murderers His last day. Jem only threw a few ugly words at me, and I've kept at enmity with him all these months—my own brother. I'll make shift to write a few words to put in the post.'

So John hurried on his clothes and crept

quietly downstairs. The sun was flooding the cottage room. He opened the table drawer and got out a bit of paper, sitting down by the empty grate to think out this work which must be done before his death. He had to forgive Jem, or the Lord would not forgive him. He wasn't much of a writer, so he didn't tell of the Voice, or of his alarm. He just asked Jem to forgive him the hard words he said last January, and he ended up—'God bless you!'

Now to the post round the corner. Ting, ting, ting! What was that bell? S. Michael's. And the church door was open. There was a five-o'clock celebration of Holy Communion. It was a saint's day—S. Peter's—though John did not know it.

Surely, surely, he might go in. But he wasn't prepared. He had been with Sarah at Easter, not since, and dreadful things might happen to him if he came unfit to the Holy Table. And then again it was his last day!

Full of distress, but unwilling to turn away, John caught the eye of Mr. Blair, the curate, who had been so good to Sarah in the bad bout she had in the winter. A few words to him, and John stepped softly into a place. Mr. Blair hadn't understood all those hurried words about 'the last day,' but he had gathered enough to show that John was desirous of drawing near in hearty repentance and true faith, and his Master had left these words on record, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' So why should He cast out John?

The holy service seemed to calm the poor fellow. He stayed on his knees till he became suddenly conscious of every one having left the church except Mr. Blair, who seemed to be waiting for him. Well, he had best go home now and tell Sarah the strange news, but she would be sore cut up.

He was mechanically turning homeward from the church door, when the curate stopped him. 'Not going to work to-day, John?'

He paused. Work! He was on a job—it was all but finished. A few hours would

complete Mr. Parker's greenhouse wall. It would hamper the master dreadfully if he played him false, and would it be right?

A moment's consideration, and he answered, slowly, 'Yes, sir, I'm going to work;' adding, to himself, 'If it is my last day, I must do my duty to my neighbour.'

'But your breakfast, man?' questioned Mr. Blair.

'Oh, it don't matter, sir,' said John; 'I ain't much for food to-day.'

'You shall have a cup of my coffee; it's excellent,' said the curate. He wouldn't question John further; he wouldn't interfere with God's work just now.

But John wouldn't turn up the little straight path leading to the curate's lodgings. He couldn't, however, prevent that kind man running out with a steaming cup of coffee and a couple of bits of substantial toast.

'You'll work better for it, man,' he said.

And then John went silently on a couple of miles along the road to his job.

What a morning that was, the morning of the last day! Such thoughts welled up in his mind, such remembrances of old deeds, of carelessness, and sin; 'God forgive me, God forgive me,' said John after each such thought, as he laid brick upon brick—using his trowel almost unconsciously.

At twelve his little girl brought his dinner; a nice little girl of six. She had a posy in her hand. 'For your coat, father; let me stick it in.' Flowers! what did John want with them; he who was so soon to be under the sod? He put away the little brown hand with the nosegay. But Minnie looked disappointed. She had gathered them for father; she loved flowers—this little maid—so dearly. John saw the grieved look. 'The Lord wouldn't have put away a little child,' he said; and he let her struggle with a big pin and his fustian suit.

She danced home, delighted to have made father so smart.

John ate his dinner, after a silent grace, and then he bethought himself of a little book in his coat-pocket—a book that had

lain there unheeded since—well, he didn't know how long—since the day a lady came round, when they were all on that big house of the banker's, and begged the men each to accept of a little Testament. 'So

and he had not thought of it since. But now how glad he was, this last day of his life, to have God's Word at hand. Perhaps it might tell him how best to spend that last day. For he was tired of praying, poor



small, it will take up no room in your pockets,' she had said, 'and be always at hand.'

John had felt rather as if he was conferring a favour on her by accepting the gift,

earthbound John; he owned it with shame and contrition.

'But mayhap a good text or two may start me again, and then——'

And then John paused, struck by a new

light. Did he think that any prayers of his, the longest, the best, could earn heaven? Oh, God forgive the thought! Did he hope to be heard for his much speaking?

'I'll say "God forgive me all my sins for the Lord Jesus' sake" once more,' decided John, 'and then I'll set to and believe that He will. My head's just getting moidered with so much trying to do for myself.'

There was a good bit yet left of the dinner hour, so John got into a sheltered corner of the greenhouse, and opened the little book at haphazard.

'It's all good,' he said, 'and I haven't time to look for the best bits.'

These were the words he read: 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.'

He didn't quite understand the text. It seemed it told him to help others, and then—why, fulfilling the law of Christ must be pleasing Him, mustn't it? He'd think that out before going on to something more fitting to his last day.

Thinking is rather hard work to a brick-layer. It is heavier work than carrying a hod. John had hardly begun the process when, in the place which would by-and-by hold a door, stood a big lad of eighteen with a sheepish expression of face.

'Let me stop along o' you,' he said; 'they'll think you've give me a job.' He pointed a thumb down the road—'I don't want to go to "The Goat," but they just make me.'

'You're too big a fellow to be *made* do anything,' said John shortly.

This great, stupid-looking fellow was a very unwelcome visitor—he wished he would go, and leave him to his preparation.

The half-witted boy saw and felt that he was not wanted. With a sigh he was moving off, when John said aloud, 'God forgive me, what am I doing? Come back, Sam; yes, I'll give you a job. Take that broom and sweep this place clean against the glaziers come. (Bear ye one another's burdens.) Whenever they want you to go to the public, come you to me, Sam.'

He had forgotten how short his time was in his earnestness.

Both his job and Sam's were over at half-past five o'clock, and John thought he must then go quietly home, take tea with his wife and children, and ask Sarah to help him to spend his last few hours rightly.

'She'll pray, she'll be fresh at it,' he reflected.

He packed up his tool-basket and started for home. As he turned out of the garden gate a sound of horses' hoofs and hurrying wheels struck his ear.

'That's running away,' was his comment. 'Stand back, Sam: it's Mr. Trevor, of the Bank.'

The words were hardly out of his lips when the high dog-cart, with the splendid black horse in the shafts, caught the angle of Mr. Parker's wall, and groom, master, and horse were all prostrate on the ground.

It was a terrible smash. The groom lay as one dead, with a fearful gash on his forehead. Mr. Trevor's leg was under the cart. Sam picked up the groom and then sat on the horse's head, while John undid the harness and released Mr. Trevor, who was perfectly collected and able to give his orders.

'My leg is a bad job,' he said, 'it's broken, that's certain. Now, my man, easy, don't shake me, just lift me to the roadside. Why, I know you, you were one of the bricklayers on my house. Look here,' he spoke earnestly and quickly as if to overtake the faintness creeping on him; 'you know my wife, she was often about when the building went on—pretty, fair-haired, not much more than a girl——' He had forgotten for a moment to whom he was speaking. He went on: 'It'll kill her if she hears this in a hurry, and bad news travels so fast. Can you run across the fields sharp, and get first to my place? Ask for the housekeeper, tell her all this, she'll do the rest. Oh my leg!'

The poor man fainted. The Parkers' servants were now all in the lane, so John got up and started on this new errand.

His last day was going fast, but he could not refuse this request. An hour and a half's hard walking did the matter, and brought him back to his cottage door hot and tired.

'Why, John, you are late,' said Sarah. 'Sit ye down; I'll make you a drop of fresh tea, and then you must give yourself a bit of a wash and put on your Sunday clothes. Why, you've never gone and forgot that baby's to be christened to-night, after the eight o'clock service!' He had forgotten it though; that Voice had put most things out of his head.

'There's a bit of something extra for supper,' continued Sarah, 'so you can ask a friend if you like.'

'No, no, we'll have just the children, all of 'em, no one else,' said John, putting his arms out almost mechanically for his sleeping youngest-born. As John carried his baby to church, he prayed that she might grow up a good little lass, and that the God who cares for orphans would care for her.

He was feeling rather low now. It was hard to part with Sarah and the children, and how had he spent this last day on earth? It puzzled him to think that it had been much like any other day.

'Only I have kept the Lord in mind, and prayed Him to show me what best to do,' he said to himself.

After supper, and the putting to bed of the children—in which John assisted, somewhat to Minnie's surpris—Sarah and he had a quiet hour, and John told her all about the Voice and his strange day of work and thought.

'John dear,' said Sarah, 'I don't take it your way.'

'Don't say it don't mean nothing,' said John, almost sternly. He was rather worn out, poor fellow, with his thoughts; and the time was so short, there was no time for disbelief.

'I'm sure the dream means a deal,' said Sarah, solemnly; 'dreams are sent, we know, to teach us. But it mayn't mean, John dear, that your last day is to come to-night. The Voice didn't say that. I'm sure I hope God 'll leave you a long while yet.'

And the poor soul fell a-sobbing on his shoulder.

Perhaps John shed a tear too, for his human love for wife and children tugged sorely at his heart.

'I think the Voice meant to warn us both,' said Sarah. 'Look you, John, it's past ten; let us say a prayer together, and then we'll go to bed, and in the morning I advise you to go to Mr. Blair, as is so kind, and get the explanation from him.'

With the awe of the Voice and the closing day upon him, John went up to the little bedroom. Minnie was awake, excited with the late sitting up.

'I can't go to sleep, daddy; may I say my verse again?'

'Yes,' said John mechanically.

So the little thing sat up in bed, put her hands together, and repeated:—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Sleep I now, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.

And so the day had gone by, and John had not been called.

He took Sarah's advice next morning, and went to Mr. Blair, telling him all the circumstances of the Voice and its effects.

'I tried to live right, sir, all the day, but I'm afraid I didn't manage it properly, things turned out just like other days.'

'Well, it's God's world we live in, my man, we can't change that. We've got to rule our hearts, not the world. God has set you plans, tasks: your work to do, your wife to tend, your children to bring up, your neighbours to help. Doing all that, forgiving a brother his trespasses, and humbly craving pardon for past sins, I don't see what better preparation you could make for death.'

'Why, sir,' said John, surprised, 'I might live that way every day.'

'And so you ought to do,' said Mr. Blair. 'And for this purpose I conceive the Voice was sent to you.'

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live each day as if thy last.

'I'll try and do it, sir,' said John, humbly; 'I think I see it now. The Voice was sent to rouse me to serve God better. I'm thankful for it, and I'm thankful to God that he's leaving me a bit longer to Sarah and the children.'

'We are all Going the same Way.'

ONCE upon a time there was a traveller who had a long and perilous journey before him. The night came on dark and stormy, and still he was far from his home. Trudging through the streets of a little market town, with the wind howling round the corners and the rain beating in his face, the poor man longed to take shelter for the night. He feared to continue such a journey alone. He thought with a sigh of the bleak desolate road, six miles in length, which lay between him and his destination. A stern sense of duty, however, compelled him to go on. So on he went.

Scarcely had this traveller got away from the town when he heard voices hailing him from behind: 'Stop a bit, friend! We are all going the same way, and maybe you'll be glad of our company, as we shall be of yours. Folks as is bound for the same place had best waiik together and be sociable.' The traveller, as you may imagine, gladly closed with the offer. The farmers, for such they proved to be, knew the road a deal better than he did; and in their pleasant company the man soon forgot both the perils and the length of the journey. In due time he reached home safely, and received from his anxious friends a warm and hearty welcome.

This is a simple story. But it is enough for our purpose. That the traveller showed only common sense in accepting the invitation of the farmers we shall readily admit. Banded together on a journey, we have surely a greater sense of security than if we were alone. The highwaymen dare not then attack us; and when our footsteps flag we have those who will cheer us on. Only the most churlish would at such a time insist on walking separately.

Unfortunately in matters of religion, however, we do not seem to hold this opinion. While constantly saying one to

another, 'We are all going the same way,' we forthwith proceed to take different paths. I am afraid our words are not quite sincere, and that what we really mean is, only we are ashamed to say so, that we are not going the same way, and that we think it better to keep to ourselves.

If we Christians are not going the same way there can be no question that we ought to be. It must be prejudice or selfishness that prevents us making together for what is our common goal. I want you to see with me that these religious divisions of ours are both foolish and wrong. And further, that they are quite unnecessary.

Yes, foolish, and wrong, and unnecessary.

1. First, foolish. Ask any experienced military officer which army is likely to win on a field of battle—that which is split up into many rival companies, each acting independently under the orders of its own officer, jealous of its neighbour's success, and intent only on achieving fame for itself—or that which is formed into a compact whole, the entire force acting together in obedience to one commander-in-chief?

Christians are a great army with a mighty warfare to be waged. Yet not so great that they can afford to set aside the thought that unity is strength. Or shall we liken them to a little caravan crossing a vast desert? Any moment a troop of wild Bedouins may sweep down and overwhelm them with havoc and destruction. Wise people group themselves together before venturing to cross the sandy waste.

Now, at the present time the whole Christian world does not equal in point of numbers one half of the heathen. It is wholesome for us to remember that we are still in a minority. The battle has yet to be fought, if the earth is to be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. We need the strongest and most united army that can be mustered to win

mankind to Christ. We can dispense with the services of no one soldier.

Yet, look at the spectacle of the Christian camp. A great rent severs the whole of eastern Christendom from the west. The Western Church is itself torn with strife. The vast unreformed Latin Church has no dealings with the reformed. That is bad enough; but it is not the worst. For even those who have accepted the Reformation, ill as they can afford it, are engaged in differences amongst themselves. Did they stand together in one solid phalanx, what might they not do for the cause of Christ?

And so we come down to our own little island. What of Christian unity here? Well, thank God, half of England's population still cling to their ancient Church, praying daily for unity among all who profess and call themselves Christians. But what of the other half? They are split up into more than one hundred and fifty separate religious bodies, each of which maintains that theirs is the true and right form of Christianity. And the maxim that is proclaimed touching the Faith is, 'Let every man do that which is right in his own eyes.' Amid such a confused Babel of voices—so many commands and counter-commands—what wonder that the Christian army is bewildered and fails to conquer the world for its good. Long ago was it said by that highest Authority, that if a House be divided against itself it cannot stand. And we have all heard of the answer given by the Hindoo to the various missionaries who tried to convert him, 'Go and make up your minds among yourselves what you *do* believe, and then come and talk to me.' Depend upon it, not until we act upon his advice in sober earnest will 'the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.'

Indeed, the foolishness of those whose object it is to win the entire human race to their Faith, being themselves disunited, is apparent in many ways. Not least in the waste it causes—waste of energies, waste of men, waste of money. Waste of energies

in petty rivalries and jealousies—waste of men, because one is sent to labour where another is already successfully toiling, in tempting and confusing his work; waste of money, because it is spent in erecting rival places of worship where they are not needed.

But enough has been said, I trust, to show the foolishness of our Christian divisions.

2. Our next point is that they are wrong—banned by Christ and condemned by His Apostles—that, in a word, schism is sin. Our Lord never contemplates with approval such divisions as we now have. He speaks of His Church as a kingdom, not kingdoms; as a vine, with its branches united in Him; as a flock, of which He Himself is the Chief Shepherd. He commits this Church solemnly to the care of His Apostles when He leaves them. He certainly means that we should all go the same way. But the chief passage in which the mind of the Lord is revealed to us on this subject is the seventeenth chapter of St. John. It was the night before His death, and He was full of solemn thoughts for the future of mankind. The one thought that was uppermost was the need of unity among His followers. 'That they all may be one'—again and again He prays it—'that they may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.' Who can read this prayer and not feel that Christendom of to-day is living in sin—that the world does not believe that God has sent His Son, because the followers of that Son refuse to be one in Him?

And how is it with regard to the Apostles? The picture that is drawn of that primitive Church is one upon which it is good sometimes to dwell. It is a picture of Christians living in loving concord together—all accepting the Apostle's doctrine and continuing in their fellowship—all present at the breaking of the bread—all at the prayers. 'See how these Christians love one another,' became afterwards a sort of proverb among the heathen when they observed their mode of life. It is true that we read in one Church of painful divisions and unseemly

strife—men labelling themselves with various party names: but they quickly incurred a severe censure from their apostolic founder. 'Every one of you saith, I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Cephas; and I of Christ. Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptised into the name of Paul?' And then he tells them the real cause of such a state of things. 'Ye are yet carnal; for whereas there is among you envying and strife and divisions, are ye not carnal and walk as men?'

It is impossible to read the Epistle to the Ephesians or to the Colossians without perceiving that S. Paul himself realised the importance of the unity of the Church. He speaks of the Churches when he writes to the different localities where Christianity was planted. But it is the one Church when he views them collectively. And this Church is the body of Christ with many members baptised into Him. Or it is the Bride of Christ whom He will claim at His second coming. There is only 'one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism,' he reminds his converts, just as there is only one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. Truly the Apostles equally with their Master would say that we all ought to go the same way. Equally with Him would they denounce the existing divisions among Christians.

3. Foolish and wrong is a divided Christendom. My third contention is that it is unnecessary. Nothing can excuse Christians in setting aside their Master's will in this matter, save a question of life or death. Only if we can be sure that we

are breaking some higher law of His may we dare to separate from the main Christian body. It is conceivable that that portion of the Church which has a claim upon our allegiance may become so corrupt or so utterly false to the doctrine of Christianity that it is our duty to stand aloof from it. But a Church must have become bad indeed to have reached this pass. And no one will seriously contend that there is a Church in such a state now existing; indeed, in considering our own religious divisions such a thought has no place. For the popular cry, 'We are all going the same way,' is intended to express the opinion that, after all, there is not much real difference amongst us, and that it matters little to which of the various Christian bodies we attach ourselves.

If there is no real difference between us, it behoves us to consider whether our divisions are not a heinous sin. If not necessary, then the more blameworthy. During the months of this year it may be of some use if we examine the question whether our present religious divisions and parties are necessary for the preservation of a vital Christianity; whether they are so necessary as to warrant us in disregarding the will of Christ and His Apostles, and whether one united Christian Church may not supply, as it did of old, all the needs of sinning and suffering humanity.

Reader, I ask you to become a champion for Christian unity. Pray that Christ will heal these schisms in His body, and resolve that no action of yours shall add to or encourage the divisions that already exist.

J. H. M.

The Story of a Yorkshireman.

I AM a Yorkshireman myself, so no wonder I take a great interest in all that concerns my county, and especially I like to think that it turns out into the world men of good stuff, real Englishmen, *real Yorkshire-*

men, as we are so fond of saying in our county.

Tom Ward, for instance, he was a wonderful fellow; out of my parts, too—Howden. I never happened to see him, more's the pity, but I knew his grandfather

and grandmother in the town of Howden, well. Very respectable people they were; the man only a labourer, the wife a valuable nurse; quiet, God-fearing folk, both of them. They were surprised and a trifle put about, I fancy, when their little blue-eyed, flax-haired grandson, Tom, turned up without notice one fine day in their cottage—run away from his home in York to 'bide with grandfather,' he said.

His father, a groom, having lost his wife, Tom's mother, married again without asking little Tom's permission, and this was the result.

Very wisely the families resolved to let little Tom alone in his choice of a home; he was seven years old, he could go to the Grammar school, and the old people adored him, and were only too pleased to have the charge of him.

Tom was a good boy at school, intelligent and industrious; he had evidently sown all his wild oats in that run from York to Howden, and no one had a word to say against the lad from that day forth. So he led a peaceful, happy life till he attained the mature age of twelve, when his father thought he had better come home; there would be more chances for him in the county town.

Tom was sorry, but being a sensible lad did not oppose this edict; he came back and was put to school in York. There it was discovered that he was by no means a stupid lad, had picked up a good deal of useful information in the five years he had spent at Howden, and especially had fixed ideas on religious subjects. In fact he knew so much that his father probably considered him 'finished,' for very soon after his return home his schooling came to an end, and he entered his first place as stable-boy at Mr. Redsdale's. Here he showed himself an honest, industrious boy, devoted, as most Yorkshiremen are, to horses, and not devoted to those vices to which grooms, jockeys, and trainers are unfortunately often tempted. A 'smart little chap' he was pronounced, 'Yorkshire all round.' He could groom and exercise a horse as well as any man, and besides that had both

mother-wit and a fair amount of earning. In fact he was a superior sort of stable-boy, and his employers found it out.

After two years he got a rise, and went into the service of a York trainer. And now imagine little Tom's feelings (fourteen, and conveniently small for his age) when, one wonderful day in the month of October, 1823, his master sent for him and told him he had picked him out for a very special job—no less than to take a valuable horse to a noble customer in Vienna.

To Vienna! Across the Channel! To a strange country! Even sober young Tom must have been a little staggered at this commission. There were no railroads in 1823, no comfortable horse-boxes, no whisking across different countries in a few days. And Tom Ward did not know a word of German.

But then he was a Yorkshireman. So he just touched his cap and set off on his errand, taking his precious horse safely across land and sea to the gay city of Vienna, and handing it over to the purchaser.

After that he looked about a bit, and decided that he should not object to stay on in the foreign capital if he could get work there.

And as England and Yorkshire have a good reputation on the Continent for horse-breeding and horse-training, the smart little Yorkshire lad soon got a place. Prince Aloys of Lichtenstein took him into his stables, and at once Tom set to work to do his duties in the best way.

Presently he got a rise; the Duke of Lucca wanted an English groom, and Tom would just suit him. Prince Aloys gave him an excellent character, and Tom occupied a trusted position in his royal master's stables, after a time taking full charge of them.

The Duke became quite fond of the quiet, straightforward, steady young man with the keen grey eyes and neat figure, and by-and-by began to think he should like him more closely about his person. One day he asked Ward, 'How should you like to become one of my attendants—my under

valet?' Tom was wise enough to see that the road to fortune was open before him, and gladly acceded to the proposal, behaving so modestly and wisely in his new sphere that in 1836 he was appointed chief confidential servant to the Duke, constantly attached to his person.

In the summer of 1838 the Duke set out on a round of travels, taking Ward with him. First he went to the coronation of the King of Lombardy, and after that ceremony he proceeded to England on a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. Ward went too, of course. That was a coming home. Fifteen years ago he left England a mere stable-boy, now he returned the faithful friend and valued servant of a royal duke. It was enough to turn the man's head. But Yorkshire heads are tough and strong, and Ward took no liberties, in spite of being lifted out of his station.

He returned to Lucca with his master, as much devoted to his interests as ever.

It must not be supposed, however, that in all these years he had forgotten his relatives in Yorkshire—far from it. He had paid them many a visit when sent to England by his master on horse-buying errands; no matter how busy he was, he always made time to see his father and the dear old grandfather at Howden, bringing them presents and money, and telling them of his Viennese wife, a nice young woman, and his comfortable little home near the Palace in the foreign city.

In the year 1843 Ward rose some steps higher. The duchy of Lucca was in trouble—money matters going wrong. How had this happened? The Duke fell ill with worry, the Duchess was at her wits' end. Ruin stared them in the face. She thought of Ward, the shrewd, faithful attendant, and went to consult him. Ward told her what she and her husband had half guessed, that one of the ministers was acting treacherously, and he ought to be dismissed. The poor worried Duke was afraid to do this, so Ward was sent by the Duchess to Galizia to fetch her uncle, the Archduke Ferdinand, to advise with them.

This was a difficult matter to arrange,

but Ward got off at last, carrying no papers or instructions, for fear of being robbed. When he was safely across the frontier he set to work and prepared a clear statement of the Duke's affairs written in German, a language he now knew very well. The Archduke complimented him on his ability and talked over the matter with him, promising to visit the Duke of Lucca very shortly. This he did, assisting him to put his affairs to rights and dismiss the unfaithful minister, so that the duchy was saved.

Now, in an outburst of gratitude to Ward, the Duke insisted on his taking the place of the deposed man, and becoming Minister of Finance!

Ward strongly objected. 'I am only an uneducated English groom,' he said, 'quite unfit for so high a post.'

The Duke was firm, however; he was attached to Ward, the Lucchese people trusted him and liked him, and at last Ward was obliged to give in, to accept the post, and to become Baron Ward.

The Duke now set to work to make him a coat-of-arms, such as nobles show. The Silver Cross of Savoy with the Golden Lilies of France he was to have. Ward humbly begged to be allowed something English about it, some 'John Bulls.' 'Well,' said the Duke, 'then you shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters.' And so it was to be. And now Ward became in deed, if not in name, the Duke's prime minister. He arranged treaties, raised loans, and took in hand the business of the State, always with the view of serving effectively his royal master.

Orders, decorations, and honours were showered upon him. Ward was surprised at his good fortune. 'For why,' he writes to his father, 'do all make such a fuss of me? Invitations on all sides, all admiring a wonderful talent that I know nothing of.'

In 1847 the Duke of Lucca became Duke of Parma, and now political troubles began, and in a very short time the Duke had to fly from his capital and hide himself. Ward accompanied him, both dis-

guised; but when he had seen his master safely to a small property he possessed near Dresden, Ward returned to the scene of dissatisfaction, to arrange for the abdication of the Duke and the placing of his son on the throne. This he accomplished, writing of the event:

'Though feebly placed, having no cannon and no soldiers, with God there is no need of them, as is evident in our case. I expect to be in Milan in a short time, if the clouds clear away; if not, I have succeeded in assuring the rights of a family to whom I was, from a sense of gratitude, devoted, and I shall content myself with the day's work allotted to me being accomplished, and retire to rest.'

Ward continued to act as prime minister to the young Charles III. of Parma till 1854, when Charles was assassinated. The tide now in a measure turned; the royal widow deposed Ward and sentenced him to banishment. In high circles, misfortune is often reckoned a crime.

This, however, does not seem long to have affected the comfort or even the prosperity of the Yorkshireman; he retired

into private life, undertook a large farming establishment near Vienna, and spent the remainder of his days in the happy enjoyment of the society of his wife and children.

His consideration for his poor relatives in England remained unflagging to the last. It was not 'out of sight out of mind' with him. In 1848 he settled a pound a week on his father, to be paid every Monday morning, and he was constantly sending presents to his father, old grandparents, and brother, besides a regular allowance to them also.

Ward died at the early age of forty-nine, a remarkable example of what courage, ability, and honest work can do for a man. Lord Palmerston declared that he was 'one of the most remarkable persons he had ever met.'

From stable-boy to prime minister is a leap few are permitted to make, and still fewer would have the sense and humility fitly to occupy such a position.

We may find an explanation of Ward's success in life in the fact that he feared God, as well as honoured his earthly prince and employer.

On the Battlefield.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE Franco-Prussian War and its terrible engagements are still fresh in the memory of most of us. An incident of the battle of Gravelotte has lately reached us, recorded by an officer who was present.

After the battle the search for the wounded was greatly hindered by a thick fog which shrouded the field. Albeit the Cross brethren worked with a will; only those wounded who were strong enough to crawl had a chance of being discovered as they lay on the ground, and carried to the field hospital. The insensible, or those enfeebled from loss of blood, had very little chance.

A lad, seventeen, a lieutenant of

Prussian dragoons, found himself in this latter predicament, lying on the outskirts of the battlefield, his light blue uniform soaked in his own blood, his horse dead at his feet, and partly pinning him down so that he could not rise even had he the power. All night long he lay exposed to the weather, and only half-conscious. In the morning pain and chill aroused him, and feebly lifting his head he looked over the body of his charger in the hope of attracting a rescue-party. But none was in sight; he was apparently alone save for the company of the dead.

Nay, not alone—into the young fellow's heart came the conviction that One had not forsaken him, and the words, 'Lo, I

am with you *always*, seemed to sound in his ears. It always, then the Saviour was here now, and would save him. He took comfort from the thought. Just then a patrol of the enemy approached, and seeing the figure behind the dead horse stir imagined they had discovered a spy, and shouted to the prostrate figure to surrender.

Wounded and stiff with cold, however, the poor lad could neither utter a sound nor hold up his sword after the manner prescribed by the international law. Fearing rough treatment, he simply endeavoured to crouch closer to his horse; this encouraged the idea that he must be a spy, and the patrol fired and struck the poor boy on the wrist.

Now the patrol advanced, and then to his horror the French officer in command discovered that he had fired on one of the wounded, an offence punishable with death. Horrified at his mistake he immediately did all he could to repair it, carefully carrying the poor sufferer to the ambulance

cut in attendance, and superintending his removal to the hospital. Here he received the greatest attention from the surgeons, and youth and a good constitution befriending him, recovered in a marvellous manner from his injuries, the officer who had wounded him for the second time being unwearied in his care. He was exchanged at the expiration of a fortnight for a French officer, and left his new friend with regret.

The old Emperor rewarded his gallant young soldier with the knighthood of the Iron Cross, and he recovered so completely in time as to be enabled to serve under the late Emperor Frederick William.

Wishing to show his gratitude to Almighty God for vouchsafing the sense of His Presence to him during the distressing scenes of the battlefield, he has recorded this incident, his memory of the event being refreshed by the very French officer who so unhappily wounded him for the second time. As friends in time of peace they have met and fraternised.

A. V. M.

Epiphany.

'WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST.'

 H, blessed Star! whose radiance
Lit up the mystic page,
And heavenward turned the musings
Of Eastern King and Sage;

Oh, Blessed Star! which drew them,
With glories soft and bright,
Through gloom, and doubt, and darkness,
To find the Light of Light;

Still through the misty ages
Shines down thy glistening ray,
And true hearts, heavenward gazing,
May feel its power to-day.

From out the weary desert
Our faltering steps are led
To where the Guardian Angels
Watch by the manger-bed;

To where the Shepherds hasten,
Their wondrous tale to bring,
To where He lies in meekness,
The Saviour and the King—

And we with adoration
Before Him lowly fall,
Whose Presence is salvation,
Our Lord, our Life, our All.

Lord Jesus, as we journey
Along Life's darkling ways,
Still keep us looking upward
With steady, brightening gaze;

That those who walk beside us,
Who watch and mark us well,
May seek themselves the glories
We know, but cannot tell.

And lead us ever upward
Toward that Light Divine,
Till in Thy Father's Kingdom,
Thy Saints like stars shall shine.

MARY BLANCHE HAYWARD.



'Buy a Broom.'

LIZZIE RENDALL'S STORY.

'BUY a broom! Buy a broom!' How well I can remember that cry, sounding down the street, as we children ran home from school one summer's evening!

'Oh, mother!' we cried; 'do give us a penny. The buy-a-broom girl has come back.'

'You're too old for such nonsense, Lizzie,' said mother, but she gave us the penny for all that; and very soon we were coming back, as proud as possible, twirling our brooms.

'Ah!' said mother, as she saw me going round into all the corners, making believe to sweep them out with the little feather broom, 'you'll not be so fond of sweeping when you've got to do it in earnest.'

'I shall always love sweeping!' I said. 'I think it's the very nicest work in the world.'

'I hope you'll always try to like the work you've got to do,' said mother, rather gravely. 'But you'll have to alter first. You take a fancy to a new job now and then, but it mostly lasts about as long as that little broom will.'

'I shall keep this little broom just as long as I live!' I answered her, feeling rather put upon my mettle; and I took it upstairs and hung it on the wall, over the bed that Annie and I shared together.

I daresay it would have hung there for a little while, and then have tumbled down and been swept away and thought no more of.

But just after that dear mother was taken ill, and when she felt that she wasn't going to get better she had all of us children in, one by one, to talk to us very seriously. And she talked to me about my being so ready to get tired of anything I had to do, and about God having set us all our daily work, and how we couldn't be

religious unless we tried to do it for His sake. And when I ran away into our room to have my cry out before I went downstairs, I saw the little broom hanging there, and remembered what mother had said the night I bought it.

I felt ever so many years older than I had done that night; but I said over again to myself that I would keep it always; and I took it down from the wall and wrapped it in soft paper and put it into the box that mother had given me to put my own special things in.

Well, in spite of the promise I made to myself then, I think I should have been surprised if any one could have foretold to me that I should really keep that little rubbishy thing for forty years.

But that is forty years ago, and I have it still, and it does not seem to me at all a rubbishy thing. It has been so much use to me, twice at least, that I shall keep it now till I die,—if it were for another forty years!

When I went out to service the broom went with me, in the bottom of my box. I hadn't often thought about it, or looked at it, of late; but when I was packing I saw it, and couldn't bear to throw it away,—just because of mother, and of all the years I'd kept it.

I didn't often think about it, or about a good many things that I ought to have remembered, during the next few months. Everything was new to me, and I had so much to see and to learn; and at first everything was so delightful, and no one ever *was* such a good servant as I was going to be!

Then things took a turn, and everything went wrong—and it wasn't worth while always to do my best—and I was sure that no one could give satisfaction in such a

place! It was just what dear mother always said of me. Everything suited me at first, but I hadn't learnt yet to persevere.

And at last, in a temper, because I'd been found fault with, I gave warning; though I knew I should never have such a good safe place again. I made up my mind to write to a young woman I knew that was gone to a large town where the girls got high wages and a deal of freedom. Sunday afternoon came, and I stayed in to write my letter.

The letter paper was in the little box at the bottom of the one where I kept my clothes and in looking for it I came upon a long, narrow little parcel.

I knew what it was, and for a minute I was tempted to hurry it out of sight, or burn it without opening it. But I forced myself to undo the paper, and sat looking at the little thing, and thinking about poor mother, till the time was gone by and there was no writing that afternoon.

I didn't say to myself that I would give up writing altogether; but all that day and the next mother's words were never out of my head: and at last I put down my pride and got one of the other servants to find out whether my mistress would let me stay if I begged pardon.

She did, God bless her!—and it was long enough before I thought again of leaving her. And the little broom went to the bottom of my box again, with a new set of thoughts and feelings clinging round it.

It was a long while before the broom was needed to sweep out my heart again: though every time I caught sight of the paper it was wrapped in, it brought back thoughts that helped what was good in me.

But I am one of those that take a long time to learn; and I was needing a sharp lesson—even after I left service a long while, and was the mother of children.

It was the old story! At first nothing was ever so delightful as keeping a house; and no one was ever such a good wife as I was going to be!

And then, when I might have begun to flag a bit, came the first baby; and I set

my heart on being a model mother, as well as a model wife!

I wasn't afraid of trouble,—*that* was never one of my faults, and while the babies kept coming, one after the other, in pretty quick succession, everybody said I managed wonderfully.

But there were four children, and the youngest was four years old; and then there came a sort of quiet time with us. And then I began to grow tired of it all, and to think it very dull to be always slaving and toiling and trying to do my best.

I didn't know *what* I wanted; for what should a woman do with a husband and children like mine, but make them comfortable? And what could she do away from them?

But the work seemed very wearisome; always the same and never any end to it; getting through the washing and the baking and the mending one week, just ready to begin again washing and baking and mending the next!

I called myself a religious woman; for I went to church on a Sunday whenever it was convenient, and read my Bible at times. But I hadn't yet learnt to do my work to the Lord and not to man, and I didn't know that nothing else would ever make it seem worth doing again.

So I dawdled and idled, and got slovenly and slipshod and careless, doing less and less every day, and laying the blame on being out of sorts, or on the weather, or on my husband and the children.

He was wonderfully patient with me at first—my husband—and took it for granted that things must be wrong just now, and that they'd mend in a while. But by-and-by, as I got more and more careless and indifferent, he spoke sharply to me more than once. But *that* was never the way to do any good with me, and I only sulked and thought myself injured, and never tried to do better.

Everything had got into such a mess at last that I really hardly knew where to begin to put things straight; and living always in a mess and a muddle was bad for my temper and for everyone else's. And

because I *felt* that it was my fault I was all the more touchy if anyone seemed to blame me.

It came to this—that after a deal of unpleasantness my husband and I had a regular quarrel, and I threatened that I'd go away to my aunt's, and let him see how he'd get on without me!

He was just walking out at the door when I said that; and he went on and took no notice, and that made me more angry than ever. I said to myself that I would do it really; and then he'd miss me and be sorry.

It was just my old way. I never could think of but one thing at once; and I was so full of my wish to spite him and to show that I meant what I said, that I couldn't think of anything else.

If I'd been in my right senses I might have remembered what kind of man my husband was—very gentle and patient at first, but hard to turn, and never very ready to forget and forgive. I might have thought

as I did after that if I went away from him he'd most likely never forgive me, or be the same to me again, as long as I lived. I might have thought of my children too, and all the trouble it would bring upon them, and how people would say ill things of me, and cast it up at them that their mother ran away from her home.

But I was thinking of nothing but my own selfish passion and trouble. The children were all away at school and I had the house to myself, and I went up to get my things ready to go to aunt's.

I took my old box that I'd had when I went to service, and turned it upside-down by way of a beginning. Then, when I picked up the things one by one to see if I should want them with me, I came again upon a long, narrow parcel.

I didn't remember in the least what it was, and when I opened it and saw the little withered broom it startled me as if I had seen a ghost.

I hadn't been crying before, for all I'd been in a passion; but, somehow, at the sight of it I found myself sobbing and crying like a naughty child.

'Oh, mother, mother, mother!' I said, just as if I were not a mother myself, and my own long years in her grave.

I felt so desolate, tossed about, and miserable, that at first I did nothing but long for her to come back and comfort me. But by-and-by I began to think what she would say if she *did* come, and then it came over me all at once that I'd been giving way to the very fault she used to warn me of, and that this misery was all my own doing.

I remembered the very words she used to say to me, and how she gave me a text to remember: '*Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men.*'

But I hadn't remembered it, and I had done things heartily only just so long as they pleased me. And so I had lost my self-respect and my husband's love, and none of my children would ever feel the better for thinking of me as I did when I thought of *my* mother.

I don't know how long I sat there thinking, but I got up at last and put my things back again in the box, and laid the little broom very carefully where I should see it every time I opened the lid.

And then I went down and got to my work, and cleaned up as I hadn't done for a good while past.

It wasn't easy to get my husband to feel pleasant towards me again, and I had known all along that it wouldn't be. But that only showed what a foolish woman I was, to have ever thought of doing what would have vexed him far worse.

But every place in the house that I got clean, and sweet, and tidy again, put a feeling of satisfaction into my heart that helped me to keep my temper, and in a while things got right once more.

And so I got a kind of feeling over my work that I'd never had before—a feeling as if God had set it me, and was watching to see how I'd do it; and as if mother would know if I minded what she said, and be grieved if I forgot again.

You won't wonder after this if I keep the little broom all my days? Now that I'm



getting an old woman it speaks to me more of old times and old places than it used to do. I could almost find it in my heart to ask to have it buried with me; only I couldn't make any one understand all its

been to me: and they might say, as dear mother did long ago, 'You're too old for such nonsense, Lizzie!'

HELEN SHIPTON.

New Year.



ONCE more into my outstretched hand
A volume new is given,
And He who gives it me in love
Is Lord of Earth and Heaven.

A volume new the Lord bestows
On us this New Year's night,
And every page as yet remains
Spotless and pure and white.

As night by night a page is turned
An Angel doth record,
'The owner of this book hath done
Just so much for his Lord.'

Or else he writes, 'This livelong day
He but for self hath wrought,
And for his Lord who died for him
Hath selfishly done nought.'

Teach me to feel through this New Year
That I am wholly Thine;
My time, my thought, my health, my wealth
Are *Thine*, Great King, not mine.

META GOING.



Work for God at Home and Abroad.

CHRISTIANITY IN VELLORE, INDIA.

NE of the most distinguished of all British military officers in India was the late Major-General Sir Herbert Edwards. In a speech in London, after his return to England, he said: 'Every other faith in India is decaying; Christianity alone is beginning to run its course. It has taken root, and, by God's grace, will never be uprooted. The Christian converts were tested by persecution and martyrdom in 1857, and they stood the test without apostasy; and I believe that, if the English were driven out of India to-morrow, Christianity would remain and triumph.'

This is very good hearing, and yet there is much to be done for India. A very large number of its people are literally living in heathen darkness. The story is told that, when the Hindoos first got possession of a European plough, they were so pleased with the implement that they hung it up in a temple as an object of worship; and the Bishop of Calcutta declares that he has seen Indian aborigines 'worshipping something like the representation of a railway.' 'A railway having been laid through their jungle, they found in it something mysterious, a new kind of power which must be worshipped.'

Man must have a religion—must worship a Superior Power—and it is left to us, who have been brought to a knowledge of the True God, to make Him known to the heathen. It is encouraging to find that the Gospel is eagerly welcomed by many of the nations of India.

At Vellore, in particular, the poor people have for years been attached to our Church in spite of many hindrances in the shape of lack of teachers and ignorance of our language.

We have lately seen a report of the Church of England Tamil Mission in Vellore, which is interesting. It is under the charge of the chaplain of Vellore, the Rev. W. M. Babington; and a native pastor, the Rev. G. Yesuadiyan, appointed by the Bishop of Madras as assistant to the chaplain of the station. The total number of the congregation at Vellore at present is 161, and the report states that there has been an increase of forty this year. The Church services are regularly conducted throughout the year. On Sundays matins is

held in the Fort Church after the English service, and Evensong and Sunday School in the small chapel attached to the schoolroom. The Holy Communion is administered in Tamil once a month and on Holy days in the Fort Church. Further, the members of the Tamil Congregation are able to receive the Holy Communion at the English service on alternate Sundays, on Holy days, and on Thursdays throughout the year.

They have an organist (who is also school-master) who practises the choir-boys with the boys and girls of the school every Saturday morning.

The Rev. G. Yesuadiyan spends a considerable portion of his time in pastoral visits and in visiting the sick in the hospital. He expresses a wish in his report to organise a prayer meeting among the women of the congregation, similar to those that are now existing in Ramnad, and in most of the Mission stations in Tinnevely.

It may not be out of place to say a few words as to how these meetings are generally conducted in other places. Ramnad possessed an institution of this sort which, I believe, still exists; is carried on by one of the native Christian ladies on whom lies all the responsibility. The other members assemble in a house of one of their number previously arranged, where they begin the meeting with prayer, followed by a hymn, Bible reading, and a simple exposition by any one who is willing to give it, and another hymn; and the meeting is closed with prayer. This meeting, called 'Thaimar Sangam,' which in English means 'Mothers' Meeting,' is regularly carried on on Thursdays in the members' houses by turn.

I will next speak of the offertories of the Church, which are very satisfactory. Under the head of 'Offerings' is included a weekly offering called 'Rice collection,' which will seem a strange practice to those who live in towns like Calcutta, but which is quite familiar to the villagers. I quote the words of the Report: 'Our congregation women, when they prepare rice for their meals, put aside a small handful of rice. And the rice put by this way, daily, is collected every Saturday and offered at the altar on Sunday during the service. These handfuls set apart daily, however small they may be, come in the course of

the week to about one-eighth of a measure of rice, even in the house of the poorest woman. The rice thus collected and offered is measured before the chief members of the congregation. Although we began it only in October last, yet the sale of rice up to the end of March amounted to over 27s.'

All this reads more strangely still to English ears, but we must remember that rice is the 'staff of life' in India, its chief product, and pretty nearly the sole food of the natives. Of money they have so little that such a thing as an offertory collection of coin every Sunday, as we have it in England, would be impossible. 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee,' these poor rice contributors might well say.

Similarly encouraging and exemplary is another mode of collection called 'The collecting pots.' The male members of the congregation pay monthly subscriptions to the Church: whereas women and children get from their pastors collecting pots in which they store up as much as lies within their power. These pots are made of clay, oval in form, with a narrow opening to drop in the coins. Mothers and children make it a rule to put in a pice or two when buying new materials for dresses, &c. The sum collected from the pots that were opened on Easter day amounted to over 3*l.* in the smallest copper coins.

An interesting account of a poor woman is given in the report as follows: 'When we distributed the pots, a poor widow, who was in Vellore in search of some work, happened to attend the service, and she also took a pot with others. Although she had to leave this for another place about two miles distant, yet she did not forget us and God's portion which she agreed to give Him out of her earnings. And so, when Easter was approaching, she remembered that the pots would be collected during Easter, and sent us a money order for 6s., asking us to pray to God to accept her poor collection, though it may be the least of all collections received from her Christian sisters.'

The same spirit, you see, animates Christian people all over the world. What good things they have they wish to share among their brethren. One cannot be a Christian and sit down contentedly to do nothing for the poor—nothing for God. A selfish Christian is an impossibility. Christ sacrificed Himself for me, and we, His followers, must sacrifice

something belonging to us for the good of others—our money, our time, our care, it may be—or we are no Christians.

Let us all remember this, and then ask ourselves, What are we giving to our Lord? What are we giving to the poor?

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

AGAIN we have to wish our readers a Happy New Year. As each copy of our little magazine, to the number of nearly 400,000, carries this wish to its readers, what different thoughts it suggests!

Young and old, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, English and foreign, joyous and sad, how various are your ideas of happiness; and yet we have but one wish for all. Wherever you are in the course of your journey through life, may it be a heavenward journey! As you begin the new year may you place before yourself that day which has no ending, and purpose on every day of this year to do that, and that only, which you will wish you had done when you see it in the light of the Eternal Day.

To those of you who are young travellers on the upward journey, and inclined to be a little alarmed by its difficulties and length, we say Heaven must be won step by step in watchful and careful walking; your Father in Heaven will give you strength for one step at a time. An old woman once said to a little child at her needlework, who was looking in dismay all down the long length of what seemed to her an endless white seam, 'If you look at the whole of your seam you will never get it sewn; look only at the little bit between your thumb and finger.' There is very good teaching in these humble words for those to whom good things seem hard, and who are sometimes tempted to remain on a low level, because to climb to a higher one seems to demand impossibilities.

It is pleasant to begin our new year's journal with thanks. The Church of British Guiana, Potaro River Mission, makes grateful acknowledgment of help received from readers of the BANNER OF FAITH.

The people in the vast district of the Upper Potaro and the neighbouring savannahs are most anxious to be placed under Christian instruction. They have a strong conviction that Christianity can supply their souls' needs, which are unsatisfied by their old superstitions.

The Rev. F. L. Quick, missionary on the Potaro River, on going three or four days' journey up the river and through the forests, was met and welcomed by many of the Macusis and Patumana tribes. He was greatly struck by the buildings erected in several well-chosen centres where the Indians meet to worship as well as they may, and to commit to memory with the greatest diligence the Creed, Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue and short Catechism, which have been translated into their tongue.

At Congarnuh Mr. Quick was met by five hundred Indians; there, also, they have a large building. Mr. Quick remained with them a fortnight and instructed many eager Catechumens, and baptised 389 persons. He was met on his journey by several deputations asking for teachers. Any further help for this needy mission we will gladly forward to Canon May of the British Guiana Diocese.

More thanks. This time from Trinity, Newfoundland, for a bale of clothing and gift of money, which the generosity of our friends enabled us to send. 'We have had a chilly summer and an early autumn,' writes our correspondent, 'and I can assure you your presents have relieved real need. I consider myself a steward of other people's goods, and I have kept an account of all received and given.' From this somewhat lengthy list here are a few extracts:—

'One pair of stockings to old Mrs. W., who has a son seventy years of age. She showed me a darning needle which she said had belonged to her mother, and I gave her a penny to buy a thimble.

'Four yards of serge to Mrs. T., who lives five miles away and had to borrow clothes to come in.

'A pair of trousers to a man who had lost his house and everything by fire.

'A petticoat and a pair of stockings to Mrs. S., who always went to church until these hard times, but now she has nothing to wear.

'The splendid lot of petticoats were most acceptable. I have been able to supply some poor women, who said they were the first they had had since they were married.'

The missionary at Touchwood Hill, the Rev. Owen Owens, writes to those who sent him valuable help through this magazine; we therefore give his letter as it stands:—

'Kutawa P.O., Touchwood, N.W.T., Canada.

'DEAR SIR,—As your readers have shown such a practical interest in our work here, allow me to thank them heartily for their

work, mercy and love, and to tell them how matters stand at present. Our church is not completed. The walls are up and it is partly roofed, but it is at a standstill for lack of funds.

'Our day school is flourishing. The children come at 9 A.M. and leave at 4 P.M. Many come long distances, some over four miles; they attend with wonderful regularity, through cold and snow as well as through the summer's heat and rain. It is supported partly by a grant from the Dominion Government of \$400 for teacher's salary and books, and about one garment per child per year. Now we have heard the welcome news that Government has decided to make our school into a boarding school. They will allow us a grant of (\$50) fifty dollars per head for every child in average attendance, to clothe, feed, and educate them. The fifty dollars per head will be absorbed in clothing, feeding, and books, and we shall have to look to the older provinces of Canada and to England for money to maintain teachers, &c. Our expenses, care, and anxiety will be more than trebled, but our opportunities for doing good will increase an hundredfold. Also will some of your more fortunate readers, who possess the means, of their charity remember us and our work? Contributions of books, and clothing, and church furniture are also greatly needed.

'I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

'OWEN OWENS, Missionary in charge.

'*Note.*—Money contributions to be made payable to me direct, or to the order of the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, by draught on the Bank of Montreal if possible. Gifts of clothing may be sent to Mrs. Anson, 13 Cavendish Square, for Mrs. Owens, The Mission, Touchwood, Diocese of Qu'Appelle, Canada.'

And now we come to home affairs.

Since we last wrote of our orphans we have received children literally from north, south, east and west, into our already over-filled Home.

A hospital nurse wrote to us that she had taken a great interest in her 'ward scrubber,' a very respectable woman who had seen better days, but now a widow with three children to maintain. 'At last,' writes the nurse, 'she can work no longer; she is dying of consumption, and her one anxiety is about her children, who have been carefully shielded from evil and treated with all a mother's loving care. I know yours is a free Home. Can

you receive them? A lady has promised to take the elder girl and train her for service, but these two little ones are homeless and destitute and their mother lies fretting for them on her dying bed.'

'We *must* take them,' was our answer.

One of our newly-arrived orphans gives her history thus:—

'This is my birthday. May I talk to you a bit for a treat, ma'am, without ever you saying, "There, you have talked enough"?' This little person has an uncommon power of speech. 'I was born in such a pretty place—all trees and green fields, and flowers, and birds, and a beck, and apple and gooseberry trees! I don't think you ever saw such a pretty place, ma'am. We had a nice home there, the nicest in all the village, and we *were* happy. Mother was very well, and father brought all his money home. He was a bricklayer on the line, and he built bridges and got rare good wages. My mother was a good woman, and she was very particular over us. She taught us our prayers, and made us say our graces and learn our Catechisms and hymns for Sunday school. Alice is my sister, you know. She is so bright and merry. Mother did set store on her, and Nita's my sister, too. At last father got no more work there, so we went to a town and lived in a flat, and a lot of people in the same house, and father couldn't get much to do, and he had very little money to bring home, and mother got poorly, she looked so white and miserable, and then she died, and the doctor said it was a galloping consumption. She told me not to fret, she said God could pay debts without money, and she knew He would take care of us, and we was to be good children and mind what she'd told us. After she was dead she did look so beautiful and happy.

'After mother was buried father paid a woman to come and mind us. She was daughter to the woman opposite. She was bad. She took mother's clothes and wore them, and cut up little Alice's clothes for her baby. She never minded us a bit, and my little brother soon died. She used to send me out in the dark night to buy gin; if it was very late there was only one shop open and that was at the station, and I was frightened to go so far, but she beat me if I didn't go. Father had begun to be ill too. He got a cancer, and at last he died in the hospital, and then Mrs. L. said she should try to get us three into this Home; and we do like it, and I mean to

be a good woman like mother when I grow up, and so do Alice and Nita.'

A lady writes:—'May I plead the cause of two little orphan girls who lost their father, a most respectable man, seven years ago, and have been since maintained by their mother, who took in washing? She is now dead. They are in the workhouse, the only girls amongst a lot of rough boys, excepting for occasional children of tramps.

'All our workhouse children go to school in the town; this does very well for the boys, but the little girls get rough and wild. We have no chaplain, and they get hardly any religious teaching at all. They are quick, bright children, and would well repay your care. Their only relation is an aunt, a very poor woman in delicate health, most anxious to see the children in a good home.'

These children also we have received.

We have another letter before us telling of the joy and comfort given to a poor dying father by the assurance that his motherless children would be taken into our large family.

We find it very difficult to convince the friends of orphans in different parts of England that the walls of our Homes are not elastic, and that until the Queen Victoria Orphanage is completed we can receive no more children. Some are aware that after saying 'no room,' we have been over-persuaded to find 'a corner somewhere' for a very little girl, or that on an elder girl going out into the world there has been a vacancy to slip into, so they do not cease to importune us, and the consequence is that we cannot cease to importune our friends for help to complete the Queen Victoria Orphanage. When this is built we can receive one hundred more orphans.

Let our readers remember that these children may come from any part of the British Empire, and that therefore we ask contributions of money from as wide an area as that from which we receive contributions of children.

* * *

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

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s. and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

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

NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of MOULSOE.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

<i>The Christian Covenant</i>	treated during	ADVENT.
" "	<i>Faith</i>	" " CHRISTMAS and EPIPHANY.
" "	<i>Duty</i>	" " LENT.
" "	<i>Grace</i>	" from PALM SUNDAY to TRINITY.

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

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

First Sunday after Epiphany. (JANUARY 13.)

The Hidden Life of Jesus.

Passage (to be read)—Judges vi. Text (to be learnt)—Isaiah xlv. 15.

A. *EXPOSITORY*—'Conceived by THE HOLY GHOST, Born of the Virgin Mary.'

I. THE SON OF GOD was 'Conceived' at the Incarnation on Lady Day.

II. GOD WAS "hidden"—'Born' at the Nativity on Christmas Day.

II. God was "hidden"—

1st. In the Virgin's Womb.

2nd. In the Stable—the Manger—the Swaddling Clothes.

3rd. In Egypt.

4th. In His obscure Life in a carpenter's shop.

B. *HARMONISTIC*—

1st. *Collect*.—God's People need to 'perceive and know what things they ought to do'—things *hidden* from the world shall be *manifested* to us.

Epistle.—'Be not conformed to this world,' but lead a simple, hidden life.

Gospel.—See Jesus hidden from—

(1) His Parents, who 'understood not.'

(2) The Doctors, who 'were astonished.'

(3) The whole world—in the subjection of the carpenter's shop—for 30 years.

2nd. *The First Lessons*.—Morning—Isaiah li.—The open prosperity of God's people so long hidden in adversity.

Afternoon—Isaiah liii. The profound mystery of the Passion.

Evening—Isaiah liv. The manifestation of the Church.

C. *PRACTICAL*—

First.—Do not be offended at the Hidden Life of Jesus. S. Mark vi. 3.

Second.—Choose a retired life—if you may. S. John vii. 10, Col. iii. 3.

Third.—If in a busy life:—

1. Sometimes go into retirement. S. Mark vi. 31.

2. Always do good works quietly. S. Matthew vi.

Second Sunday after Epiphany. (JANUARY 20.)

The Mortified Life.

Passage—Genesis xxxvii. Text—Isaiah liii.

A. 'Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was Crucified, Dead, and Buried. HE Descended into hell.'

I. OUR LORD'S Life of *Action* ('going about doing good') omitted—that we may contemplate the Incarnation and the Redemption—the Birth of God, and the Death of God in the Nature of Man—one after another.

II. Compare the Nicene Creed.

III. Pilate's name gibbeted in the Creeds to fix the date of the Crucifixion.

- B. 1st. *The Collect*—acknowledges the ‘government’ of THE FATHER in the Redemption of the world; and prays for His ‘Peace’ in our suffering life.
The Epistle—gives us precepts of the Passion:—
 ‘Be patient in tribulation.’ ‘Bless them which persecute you.’
The Gospel—the pouring forth of the miraculous wine typifies the shedding of the Precious Blood.
 ‘The Mother of JESUS was there’ as at the Cross—and the words ‘My: hour is not yet come,’ refer to that hour of His Passion when He *did* acknowledge her as the Mother of His Suffering Humanity.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*.—Morning—Isaiah lv. The penitent soul called to the blessings of Redemption.
 Afternoon—Isaiah lvii. The contrast between the righteous and the wicked.
 Evening—Isaiah lxi. The anointing of CHRIST for Salvation.
- C. Our Mortified Life.
 First.—Examples of suffering—see the history of Job—and Hebrews xi.
 Second.—Blessings of suffering:—
 1. We are made like CHRIST. Hebrews ii. 10.
 2. Have our evil things in this life. S. Luke xvi. 25.
 3. Learn sympathy with our brethren. Romans xii. 15.
 4. Are driven to God. Hosea v. 15.
 Third.—End of suffering. Romans viii. 17.

Third Sunday after Epiphany. (JANUARY 27.)

The Risen Life.

Passage—Jonah i. ii. Text—Hosea vi. 2.

- A. ‘The third day He rose again from the dead.’
 I. The Passage gives us a *type* of the Resurrection; the Text a *prophecy*. Do you remember any others?
 II. The Resurrection is the greatest of miracles, and so we find it—
 (1) Is the chief doctrine of the Apostles. Acts i. 22.
 (2) Has changed our Day of Rest. Revelation i. 10; iv. 33.
 (3) Gives us our Queen of Festivals—Easter.
- B. 1st. *The Collect* prays for help in ‘all dangers and necessities,’ of which the greatest is *death*.
The Epistle gives us precepts of charity for our risen life in Christ.
The Gospel shows us examples of the power of Christ over disease, and hence over death.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*.
 Isaiah lxii.—The Redemption of the Church accomplished in the Resurrection.
 Isaiah lxv.—The new Jerusalem rising from the ruins of the old world.
 Isaiah lxvi.—The gathering in of the heathen to this new Jerusalem.
- C. The Resurrection a practical doctrine, teaching us—
 First.—*Faith*—in our Risen Saviour—for the past.
 Second.—*Hope*—that we ourselves shall rise—hereafter.
 Third.—*Love*—leading us onward to rise to a new life at once.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. (FEBRUARY 3.)

The Ascended Life.

Passage—Genesis xli. Text—Psalm cx.

- A. ‘He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the Right Hand of God THE FATHER Almighty.’
 I. ‘Heaven’—not ‘heaven [and earth]’—made by GOD THE FATHER, which means the sky which we see above our heads, nor the heaven of saints and angels—but ‘the highest heaven,’ which is ‘the Bosom of THE FATHER.’ S. John i. 18, iii. 13.
 II. ‘The Right Hand’—not that THE FATHER has a right hand of flesh, S. John iv. 21; but it means that the natural Body of the SON of God has reached the highest place of dignity and fullest exercise of power—as typified by Joseph—Genesis xli. 41, and prophesied by David, Psalm cx.
- B. 1st. *The Collect* presents to us a contrast to the Peace of Heaven.
The Epistle orders obedience to ‘the higher powers’ of earth, who are subordinate to ‘the Lord in heaven.’
The Gospel gives us two examples of the Power of JESUS even in the days of His Flesh on earth.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*—
 Morning, Job xxvii.—The wickedness which is of the earth earthly.
 Afternoon, Job xxviii.—The heavenly glory of wisdom.
 Evening, Job xxix.—The vanity of worldly prosperity.
- C. Practical blessings of the Ascension of our Lord.
 First.—Fixing our affections. Col. iii. 1, 2.
 Second.—Giving assurance to our prayers. Hebrews iv. 14, 15, 16.
 Third.—Raising the tone of our lives. Phil. iii. 20.

roads were much against us, but the attendance was fair. Rev. J. Roy Campbell gave a very interesting address on the second Wednesday. As usual the Class for Women was much better attended than that for men, but the Parson says he intends to stick to it and at some future time is determined to *fetch* the men.

Christmas has come and gone! Christmas decorations seem to have gone out of fashion in Sussex. We can remember the time when nearly the whole week previous to Christmas was spent in "*greening*." Nowadays it is hard work to get help for *one* day before the Festival. For the last two years a few faithful ones have done what they could by way of decoration, but some of those who never did much of the work disapproved of this course and called it *half-decorating*. This dear little appellation this year discouraged the few, and our Church was left almost bare. It is, however, a decoration in itself, and all the "*greening*" we could make would not add to its beauty, and moreover it was far better to enjoy the worship in harmony than to have one discontented spirit abroad. A handsome arm chair was presented to M^{rs}. Medley, on Xmas Eve, by Messrs. Ross and McPherson, and the Parson received two fat geese.

WATERFORD AND ST. MARK.— We have received the following notes from these united Parishes:

Both the Parish Church and Mission Room were decorated with evergreens and Christmas Texts and Banners, and both looked bright and pretty.

The "Service of Sacred Song" at the Mission Room on Christmas Eve was well attended and the Carols were heartily sung. Mr. Chapman's violin accompaniment added greatly to the brightness of the Service.

The Services at the Parish Church, Waterford, both on the Sunday before Christmas and on Christmas Day, were well attended; all the seats being occupied on each occasion. The number of Communicants, however, was fewer than it should have been on Christmas Day, it being only forty when it should have been one hundred and twenty. During the winter the Services will be discontinued at Markhamville, but there will be a fortnightly Service at Jeffries Corner.

Our Waterford and Mission Room organist both leave us early in January to attend private schools, the one in St. John and the other in Halifax. Miss Lottie Buchanan will take the organ at the Mission Room, but no one has yet offered to play the organ at the Parish Church, Waterford.

The Rector desires to thank the kind friends in both Parishes who sent him and his family useful gifts during Christmastide.

There will be a High Tea and Musical and Literary Entertainment at the Mission Room during the second week in January.

Deanery of St. Andrews.

In nearly all the Parishes of this Deanery Special Advent Services were held, and Special Sermons preached. Much attention was paid, as usual, to the Christmas Festival in the matter of Church decoration and Church music.

In accordance with the request of the Metropolitan the Season of Advent was very generally observed in this Deanery as the Season of Intercession for the Foreign Missions of the Church, and offerings were made to the funds of the S. P. G. In Christ Church, St. Stephen, envelopes were issued for the offerings of the congregation to the venerable society, and when opened were found to have realized the sum of \$21.

In some of the Churches *Daily* Services were held during Advent, and the attendance at these Services was good.

We have not been able to gather full particulars of work from the Parishes this month owing to the fact that every one has been so busily engaged, but hope next month to have a good long list.

We also hope to be able to receive the names of a number of subscribers to "The Deanery Magazine" from the Deanery of St. Andrews.

Deanery of Chatham.

BAY DU VIN.— The historic old Church of St. John the Evangelist has had its handsome windows repaired. They had suffered from the "ups and downs" of many years of unrest owing to the Church "heaving" with the frost. Through all, however, they have not failed to give their light, and now they look "as good as new." A new stove-pipe has also been put up in the Church, so that there is now improved heat as well as improved light, and moreover there are no sighs of it being too hot for the Parson or too hot for the people.

The Parson holds Services once a month at Upper Bay du Vin River, and also at Bay Side. There are usually from twenty to thirty present who are glad of the privilege. He also visits

Escuminia, where a Service was held in the Public Hall on Dec. 10th, at which about thirty were present. On the next morning there was a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at half-past six a. m., at the house of Philips Lloyd, Esq., where several partook of the Communion with the sick.

We shall greatly miss our organist, Miss Gertz, at the Christmas Services. She has gone to her home in Newcastle for the Christmas holidays.

DERBY AND BLACKVILLE.—The Church folks of Derby are anxious to pay off the debt remaining on the Church of St. Peter and to have the Church painted, which it badly needs. We feel confident that if a start is made the success of the undertaking is certain. Our Lay Reader, Mr. Harte, seems to have raised the hopes of the Congregations in this Mission, and we trust the Sacraments and Ordinances of the Church will soon be regularly administered among us again.

The Parish Church at Blackville was filled at the recent services held in it by Mr. Harte.

Reverend Mr. Sweet, of Newcastle, held a Service in St. Peter's, Derby, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 23rd.

RICHMOND.—The Bishop Doane Series of Sunday School Manuals were introduced into St. Mary's Sunday School, on the First Sunday in Advent, through the kind assistance of the Coadjutor Bishop. They will prove a most valuable aid in teaching definitely the principles of the Faith. Our Special Advent Services will, it is hoped, be productive of much good.

NEWCASTLE AND NELSON.—Services are held in Nelson every Sunday by the Parson with very satisfactory results. It would be a great advantage to have a properly furnished Church to hold the Services in, as justice can scarcely be done to the Church Services in a School House. Some progress has been made in collecting funds for a new Church, but much more is still wanted before the work can be safely undertaken.

Special Advent Services are being held in St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle. On Friday evenings the Services are intended to be preparatory to the Christmas Communion.

Our plans for the decoration of St. Andrew's have been suddenly frustrated by the violent snow storm which has rendered it impossible to get evergreen in time to prepare it.

WELDFORD.—Church work is going on well in this Parish, and the outlook encouraging. The

worthy ladies of St. Mathew's Church are about to hold a concert which will no doubt be successful. The decorations for Christmas in both Churches will surpass anything we have had in previous years. The Parson is in good health, and we all wish him "A Happy Christmas!"

BATHURST.—“Parson Peters” is busy at work, and will be heard from in next K. D. M. He has been little at the Rectory, being occupied with Parish visiting and Church building in Clifton, etc., and endeavouring to turn to good account the work of the Lay Readers who were with him last summer.

CHATHAM.—The Christmas decorations for St. Mary's Chapel rendered God's "Holy Habitation" warm and bright in honor of the coming of the King. The workers met in St. Mary's School Room, and no doubt "the more, the merrier" was proved a true old saying. "Old St. Paul" was not decorated this year on account of the few workers available. Some have joined the exodus, some have joined the company of fishermen, and some have made matrimonial alliances, and hence the shortage in needful help. The Choir of St. Mary's sang the Christmas Anthem, "There were Shepherds," etc., very well, and some new Chants also. There were the usual Services, including a midnight Celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Christmas Eve.

The juveniles, under the direction of Mrs. W. B. Howard, gave a Christmas Service of Song, "Glimpses of Bethlehem," which proved both interesting and instructive. The children sang Christmas Carols before the Morning Service on Christmas Day.

The members of the Juvenile Guild will, it is hoped, spend some pleasant evenings in the School Room with their friends between Christmas and Lent.

The Women's Guild is going bravely on, and we hope for more members after Christmas and New Year's Day. "Come one, come all," and help to beautify the place of God's Sanctuary and to make His Rest to be glorious!

We have had the pleasure of a brief visit from the Hon. Chief Justice Allen, now Sir John C., who has been spending a day or two with our Churchwarden F. E. Winslow, Esq. We were glad to see His Honor's genial countenance, and note with thankfulness his good example in being present at both Services, at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., in St. Mary's on Sunday. Some of our careless and irregular people, of much fewer years, would

do well to imitate in more ways than one our respected Chief Justice, who although past the three score years and ten, is yet active as a boy, weighs 250 pounds, gives liberally of his means to charity and religion, and *attends Church in the morning as well as in the evening.* May His Honor thus long continue to be a sturdy pillar of the Church and to adorn the Seat of Justice!

During Advent there were Special Services, with addresses on the Incarnation, at St. Paul's on Thursday evenings, and at St. Mary's on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

St. Mary's Congregation have been so kind to the Parson that they could not wait until Christmas to present him with a lovely Persian Lamb overcoat, and the children of the Sunday School thought they would not wait either, and so have handed him a Persian Lamb cap to match the coat. So he goes on his way with great thankfulness and rejoicing, and thinks he will weather the gale for the winter at least. Many a Happy Christmas to the donors!

Diocesan News.

On the Fourth Sunday in Advent the Metropolitan held an Ordination in Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, when two Deacons, Rev. A. W. Teed, Missionary at Richmond, and Rev. A. B. Murray, Assistant Minister at Woodstock, were advanced to the Holy Office of the Priesthood.

The Board of Home Missions met in Trinity Church School Room on Wednesday, January 9th, at 8 p. m., when business of much importance to the Church in the Diocese was transacted.

The Bishop Coadjutor has kindly invited the Rural Deans of the Diocese to a Conference to be held at Fredericton, in the Queen Hotel, on Tuesday, January 29th, and two following days.

It is rumored that Rev. E. C. Mackenzie, of Alberton, P. E. I., has been elected by the Parishioners of Shediac to fill the vacancy created by the removal to Kings College, Windsor, of the late Rector, Rev. F. W. Vroom.

Rev. T. E. Dowling has of late been busily occupied in Deputation Work for S. P. G., but shortly expects to remove to the Continent of Europe for the remainder of the winter.

On all sides the Bishop of Nova Scotia is winning the hearts of his flock in his large Diocese by his deep earnestness, eloquence, and very pleasing manner. His Lordship preached in Fredericton Cathedral a few weeks ago.

Second Adventists.

It has been truly said that the Church represents in herself all or nearly all of the sects, certainly all those who may be called orthodox, that is orthodox as regards some one particular doctrine or practice of the Church—for there is no one of them that teaches or holds the whole faith. Each one of the sects lays much stress upon some one particular doctrine or practice of the Church, often to the neglect of other doctrines which are just as important. In many cases it is this fact which has brought them into existence, and which keeps them alive. Thus, the Baptists put prominently forward the subject of Baptism, and the necessity of Repentance and Faith. The Presbyterians believe in an order of Presbyters. The Methodists teach the necessity of Conversion. The Second Adventists preach much concerning the coming again of Christ. And so on with many others. But the Church embraces all these in herself, and gives each one its proper position in her Christian year, or in her Service Books. In the season just past she has been "*Second Adventist.*" Throughout the world her ministers have been proclaiming with no uncertain voice the second coming of our Lord, and calling men to repentance. They have gone forth in the spirit of St. John Baptist crying, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

Wants.

A First-class Female Teacher is desirous of securing employment for the next term in a School District where she would be able to avail herself of the privilege of the regular Services of the Church without having any long distance to travel. Address Editor of K. D. M.

An answer to the following question: When the Chancel is not in the East end of the Church, is it right to turn towards the Altar when repeating the Creeds and Glorias.

Our Churches and Chapels should whenever practicable be built *East and West.* Sometimes owing to the situation or to some intersecting roads this is impossible without making the building look very unsightly. Nevertheless, no matter how a Church or Chapel is built according to the points of the compass, it is right to turn to the Altar when reciting the Creeds or repeating the Glorias, for where the Altar is placed that is the East in that building.

An energetic Layman who will in the spirit of self-sacrifice work up the Subscription List and Advertisements for the K. D. M.

Divine Worship.

I.

On this most important subject the writer proposes writing several short papers, hoping they will be helpful to the readers of the K. D. M.:

First: Let us enquire "What is worship?" This question does not admit of as easy an answer as some may think. The answer of most persons would be: "Divine worship is the offering of prayers and praises to God." This answer is quite correct, but the questions at once arise "In what way shall we best offer up to God prayers and praises?" and "What are the prayers and praises that are acceptable to Him?"

These questions compel us to go to the root of the matter in order that we may be able to answer them clearly and fully. To the root of the matter, then, let us go, seeking for firm foundations on which to build; for if we build on sand our building must collapse.

It pleased God in course of time (to speak in our human way) to create for His own pleasure and glory angels and men, as well as the heavenly and earthly homes in which He has placed them to dwell. Now all these creatures of God—al. God's creation—in heaven and on earth, were, when fresh from the hands of God, good and beautiful and perfect. There were different degrees of excellency; different heights of being; God's creatures differed as the stars in glory, but each was perfectly adapted for the position given to each, all were capable of accomplishing what they were created to accomplish.

The worlds spun round the suns in unchanging courses; the trees budded, blossomed and brought forth fruit; the animals joyously pursued their various occupations and followed their guiding instincts; man when first created reflected the glory of God and gave God full obedience; and the angels, created long before man, reverently and joyfully encircled God's Throne, doing Him loving homage and cheerfully performing the tasks entrusted to them.

But in course of time, we know, some of the angels fell; we are told little about how it happened, but that it did happen is most clearly revealed in Scripture: and we also know that through the envy and deceit of these fallen angels the whole race of man has fallen, so that although some of the angels remained unfallen no one of our race has stood untarnished.

In considering Divine worship, therefore, it will be necessary to consider the worship of God's fallen creatures apart from the worship of His un-fallen creatures; for you can well understand there must be a great difference, yea, gulf, between the two; and it need not surprise you to learn, if you do not already know it, that the worship of the one must be offered up in quite a different way from the worship of the other. I shall show you what I mean by and bye.

But, moreover, in taking up the subject of Divine worship, we must not pass by the worship of God's material, irrational creation, the sun, the moon and the stars, the sea, the beasts, the birds, the insects and so on, an endless list. For these too worship

God. Let us close this first paper by considering in what way it can be said that God is worshipped by His irrational creation.

For that this is the case Scripture plainly asserts. "Praise Him sun and moon" (says the Psalmist in "the 48th Psalm); praise Him all ye stars and "light: Praise Him all ye Heavens; and ye waters "that are above the Heavens; * * * Praise "the Lord upon earth: ye dragons and all deeps; "Fire and hail, snow and vapours, wind and storm, "*fulfilling His word*; Mountains and all hills; "fruitful trees and all cedars; Beasts and all cattle; "worms and feathered fowls." The Psalmist here calls on all God's irrational creation to praise God. Is this merely a poetical way of speaking, signifying some spiritual truths only, and not that in any real way all these things can praise God? Doubtless there is some spiritual teaching intended, but at the same time the Psalmist's words have a literal meaning. "How can that be?" you may ask. "How can things which cannot think nor speak, praise God?" You would not ask this question if you realized fully what praising God meant; the key to the answer lies in the 8th verse of the Psalm from which I have been quoting, in the expression "*fulfilling His word*." These words are a terse definition of praise or worship. When God's creatures fulfil His word, they worship Him. When, for, example, the earth revolves around its axis day after day, and encircles the sun year after year, never erring, never loitering, never failing, with undiminished vigor of motion, with motion smooth and beautiful, it is fulfilling God's word. It is doing what it was made to do; it is following perfectly God's laws laid down for its governance (involuntarily of course but yet fully); and by so doing it is manifesting forth God's wisdom and goodness, and is saying as far as it is capable of saying, "O, how wonderful is He who has created me, and has launched me forth in space, making strict laws to govern me and enabling me to obey these laws and to move so regularly, accurately and beautifully." And God gazing on the earth and on all His irrational creations, performing in every detail what is His will (in how wonderful a way, all who study nature know), asserts, "Behold it is very good;" and at sight of it all God's creatures learn more and more about God's wisdom, so that it causes all the sons of God to shout for joy.

Thus does God's inanimate and irrational creation really praise Him; and these are no mere empty words that we sing when we say, "O all ye "works of the Lord: bless ye the Lord: praise Him "and magnify Him for ever." Of course, as I have said, this worship of God's irrational creatures is involuntary and unconscious and irrational. God has given them no wills, no spirits, no minds; but yet by fulfilling God's word they really (although unconsciously) do praise Him, and that perfectly, their praise being up to their ability. Yet we must remember this worship of God's irrational creation is not so high a worship or as pleasing to God as the worship of His rational creatures, for the higher the creature the more full, high and excellent a worship is it capable of offering to God.

In our following papers we shall go on to consider the worship of God's rational creatures.



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"MIRACLES."

In the newspapers of the day are to be seen advertisements of medicines which perform "miraculous" cures. Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Druggists, of Halifax, N. S., proprietors of Putner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Simson's Linctus, Simson's Jamaica Ginger, etc., wish to state that their preparations do not perform "Miracles;" but for the several purposes for which they are recommended, they are far ahead of any others in the market. They are for sale by all

Dealers.