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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1894.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.

Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month
at 11 a. m.; on the third Sunday at 8 a. m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAYS.—Services at 8 p. m.

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Mr. S. S. Fuller.

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PARISH MAGAZINE.

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BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

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YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

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THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 43. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting, every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY.

Lady Managers: Miss Steet and Mrs. Moore; President, Annie Nield; Vice President, Winnie Ridgedale; Secretary, Hester Young; Treasurer, Nora Maynard. Number of members, 40. Regular meeting every Monday at 4.30 p. m.

CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE.

Teacher of Bible Class, Rev. D. Williams; Drill Instructor, H. W. Copus. Regular day of meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. No. of members, 38.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

- Aug. 12. Mildred May Cardwell, Stratford.
" - Frederick George Milborrow, Stratford.
Aug. 19. Daniel Ephraim Court, Ellice.
" - John James McArdle, Stratford.
Sept. 9th. - Margaret McDonald, Stratford.
Sept. 10th. - Wilhelmine Taylor, Stratford.
Sept. 16th. - Rosie May Wisby, Stratford.
" Isaac Alexander Wisby, Stratford.
" Kenneth James Sugden Wisby, Stratford.
" Benjamin Lacchens Sugden Wisby, Stratford.

MARRIAGES.

- McArdle-Lupton—Aug. 14, 1894, Robert McArdle, Gore of Downie, to Mary Lupton, of the same place.
Horne-Jarvis—Sept. 11th, 1894, Gibert Henry Horne, to Adeline Dagmar Jarvis, both of this city.
Gordon-Beatty—Sept. 12th, 1894, John Halifax Gordon, of the City of Guelph, to Elizabeth Beatty, of this city.

BURIALS.

- Aug. 6. - Doris Wilson, in Avondale Cemetery.
Aug. 20. - Maud Jexard, in Avondale Cemetery.
Sept. 4th. - Simon Shore, in Shakespeare Cemetery.
Sept. 13th. - Wilhelmine Taylor, in Avondale Cemetery.
Sept. 25th. - Anne Jane Monteith, in Avondale Cemetery.



**"THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND
THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN."**

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

HAVE sometimes thought that it would be interesting and even important to collect by themselves the various "spurious" passages, as they are called, in the New Testament, and to consider each separately, so as to see, if possible, what first suggested it, and how it ever came to be inserted in the current text of people's Bibles. Several examples will at once occur to any educated man who has studied the New Testament in which such an investigation would be curious and fruitful. Foremost among these would stand, I think, the clause I have taken as the text—the concluding words of the Lord's Prayer as so commonly used throughout the Christian world: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

It is, of course, quite certain that these words do not form part of the Prayer as first uttered by our Lord and recorded by His followers. How, then, did they come to be added? When can it have been done, and by whom? Well, it is certain, if we look into the facts, that it was done very soon indeed. Probably we should occasionally have heard the Prayer ended with this "Doxology," as we call it, in almost any Christian Church, if we could have entered it, say, a century and a half after the death and resurrection of our Lord. They were not new words. We find them first recorded as a part of David's prayer

VII. 9.]

in connection with the building of the Temple: "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory." But how came they where they stand as appended to the Lord's Prayer? So far as we can learn, they were added for liturgical use in those very early days on purpose to meet a particular need—a temptation common then, and common still, among devout people, the temptation to think too exclusively about the wishes and necessities of the moment, and too little about the larger matters around us in our country or our Church, or in the world at large, in the onward march of human history. We need a reminder forced in upon us at all times, and especially perhaps at our best moments, that our Father which is in Heaven has to do with all sorts of human affairs—with the long history of the past; with days of darkness and days of dawning and advancing light; with the complex stir and strivings of to-day; with the varied and inspiring possibilities of days and years to come. We use to this hour the Psalms outpoured from devout and stalwart Jewish hearts, loyal through and through to their country and their God, in days as different from our own as it is possible to conceive. But, as we make those words, once so limited and local, our own, in the worship of the Church Catholic, we link to each Psalm the triumphant *Gloria*, which reminds us that He to whom we are speaking in

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the words of Jewish king or warrior or seer is the living Lord of Christendom, that His governance is not bounded by place, or race, or time, that it is something to which we can look forward as well as back, and that we do believe in what it is going to do for the world in days that are yet to come. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Just so with these words, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever"—carrying us back and back, as they do, to the earliest beginnings of Christendom, and then back to the story of David's prayer long before, linking these two together; and thenceforward used in some places continuously, in association with the Lord's own Prayer, perhaps from the very days of the Apostles until now.

Think of it thus: How the words protest for us against two opposite notions, each of which has often led good men wrong. They protest first against the notion, embodied unhappily in a score of hymns and tracts—this life, this little span of years that you are spending now, is unimportant, is a mere vale of tears, is a mere time of exile. It will soon be over. Dwell not upon *it*, but upon the world beyond. *There* lies your real life; there should centre all your thoughts and hopes. The dark exile-time is almost ended; ere long the real day will dawn.

Not so. "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," not in the dim hereafter only, but here and now. True, "Brief life is here our portion," but it *is* our portion; it is a trust from the Lord, it has, every hour of it, grand possibilities. Use them to the uttermost; they are aglow with life, the life of God for you.

And then the other side. How the words protest against what people sometimes miscall the "practical" view of life—the notion embodied so

twistedly in the word "secular." You will hear men say: "The past is dead; we have learned much from its failures, but it is gone. Use the present; that is surely enough for any man. The future, if there be one outside our present life, is utterly unknown; at all events, it cannot matter to us now. Confine yourself, therefore, to the bit of roadway beneath your feet to-day, and try to make it smoother and easier for those who come after."

"Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, *for ever*"—not now only, or here only, but afterwards, and there; not only a future for the world we are caring about, but a future for ourselves when this hurrying life is done; and all of it everywhere Thine, with infinite possibilities of things undreamed of by us now.

Probably in the first days of the Church this notion took a different form. The honest Christian enthusiast of the Apostolic day was apt to feel: "The past, heathen or Jewish, is dead, and gone for ever. A new kingdom, a new rule, has begun. In a year or two, at most, the Lord will return to triumph gloriously, and to reign on earth. The inrush of this new sunlight has changed everything, and the old conditions do not apply any longer to a world that is now to be all new."

Think how to such would sound the steady words: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever." "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." The Lord reigneth, that is, and He has been reigning all the while. His purpose has been slowly working to its end, and the end is not yet.

"Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." Does it look as if, does it feel as if, this were true here and now in the world around us? A hundred tongues will urge that the literature and the science of to-day have another message than that to give us. And yet how many

of our foremost thinkers are telling us that if we will look deep enough and steadily enough we shall find the words true after all. The removal of the things that are shaken is—for what?—that the things which are not shaken may remain. We may be learning, we are learning, quite new meanings about God's rule, what His kingdom embraces, wherein His power is telling, wherein His glory is revealed. But—albeit in new-made channels—the thought will still come in upon us straight and strong—“Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.”

Turn, however, to another field than that of letters or science. Turn to the crowded streets in the poorest regions of our great towns. Does it look as if, does it feel as if, these words, “Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,” were true *there*? Does it seem so in the streets, say, of Southwark or Rotherhithe, with thousands of their homes unhallowed and prayerless, in which there is no thought from year's end to year's end of any Divine Presence, no expectation of any Divine help, and, worse than all perhaps, no sense of lack, of having missed what might be theirs. The picture can be painted very dark. And yet it is increasingly certain that the day is coming when

men will see and understand that in that great area of grinding poverty and dull indifference and flagrant wrong, the Lord is reigning, that the kingdom of Christ is going forward, going forward, without any doubt at all, *to victory*. The work is hard, and the workers are hard pressed; but they are multiplying alike in numbers and in power. And one thing is quite certain:—

These human needs and sorrows are cared for now by people who never cared before. The sorrows are not new, the needs are not new; what is new is that people think about them. They have become “questions,” perplexities, things needing an answer—nay, they have become things for the mending of which people not only pray but work. In all the changes which have come over England in the last fifty years there is surely no change more remarkable than this: the totally different view taken to-day by thinking men about the sorrows and trials of those whose lives are harder and more difficult than their own. And that caring comes from God—“Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory”—and the caring will mean doing, and the doing will mean winning the day for Him.

GARDEN WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

Kitchen Garden.

PRICK out the young cabbage plants sown in August, selecting the strongest plants. They should be in rows about four inches apart, and five or six inches between the rows. Plant out coleworts in rows from eight to ten inches apart, and about fifteen inches between each row. Plant out celery, and earth up the rows which require it. This is most easily done in dry weather. Thin out winter spinach, leaving about three to four inches between each plant. Potatoes which are ripe should be taken up. Onions still in the beds should also be harvested. Lay them in the sun to dry.

Fruit Garden.

Vines should be looked over. Remove leaves which shade the fruit, and let the bunches have all the sun they possibly can get. Protect wall fruit from birds, wasps, and other insects. Nets or bags made of gauze may be used for this purpose, also wide-mouthed glass jars containing sweetened liquor. Apples, pears, and other fruit should be gathered as they ripen. Plant new strawberry beds.

Flower Garden.

Prepare beds for planting hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbs. The beds should be dug or trenched one or two spades deep, according to depth of soil. Take cuttings of calceolarias, and pot them.

THE JESSOPS :

AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stonycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE DIE CAST.



IF Tom Playfair had designed to disgust the Jessop family with the idea of emigration, he certainly succeeded in so far as Reggie and his mother were concerned.

After the expedition described in the last chapter Mrs. Jessop was prostrated for several days by an attack "on the nerves." As soon as she recovered, she frankly announced that no power on earth would induce her to put up with the discomforts—including noise, crowding, and publicity—of an emigrant ship. If the journey could be performed overland she was ready to undertake it; but as a passenger on board the *Peruvian*, or any similar craft, she would not embark. She knew it would be the death of her, and she did not see why she should go out of her way to court the fatal issue. In his heart of hearts Reginald was in thorough sympathy with his mother; but he felt keenly the awkwardness of drawing back. He had given up his last situation with something of a flourish of trumpets, and he did not now want to look like a fool among his friends. Still, had any decent excuse been available, he would gladly have reconsidered his position.

But such an excuse Sybil was determined he should not have, if she could help it. After some demur, she was brought to admit that it might be expedient for her mother and "the children" to remain in England for the present; but that would not affect her own already settled plans. To Quebec she was going by the *Peruvian* on her next trip. If her brother accompanied her, well and good; if not, she would have to go alone—that was all about it.

"Don't you think, Syb," suggested Reggie, as a weak compromise, "it might be a good thing for us all to wait till next year? The children would be older, mother might be stronger and more accustomed to the idea, and you and I would be none the worse."

"I don't think it would be a good thing at all," was the emphatic response. "When one has made up their mind to a thing it's foolishness to put off. Besides, we have both given up our places, and told everybody we were going out."

"That is true," assented Reggie dolefully. "We've burnt our ships, and must go on."

Sybil laughed, "I shall not burn my ship till it has taken me to America."

Thus it came to pass that when Tom Playfair returned he found that two, and only two, "intermediate" berths had been booked in the name Jessop for the next voyage.

We need not dwell on parting scenes. There is always something solemn and momentous in the breaking up of a home, by whatever means it is brought about. Even the humblest and poorest home possesses a certain inherent sanctity. It is a shrine wherein the sacred fire of domestic love has been kept aglow. Human lives have intermingled, and lessons of forbearance, helpfulness, and sacrifice have been taught and learned. The stream may have been sluggish or turbid, shallow or deep, bright or gloomy, but hitherto it has flowed as one within its barriers; but now the sluices are raised, obstacles are removed, the flood of life is divided,

and each separate rill flows forth on its own course, be it for good or evil, for joy or sorrow.

Poor Mrs. Jessop could not bring herself to realise what parting meant. Life apart from her two elder children seemed an impossibility. They connected her with the past in which she habitually lived; while, alas! the younger ones were only associated in her mind with misfortune and poverty. It was a bitter trial, and all the harder to bear because the poor lady had somehow got it into her head that she was being badly treated.

"I don't know what I have done," she wailed, "that I should be called on to suffer in this way. Why am I to be left? How can I be expected to manage those two unruly children?"

"Well, mother," replied Reggie tenderly—for, to do him justice, he was really very fond of her—"you know how it has all come about. It was you who changed your mind at the last. I don't blame you for that, only you mustn't blame Syb and me either. We should never have thought of going out, unless you were to have gone with us."

"Well, you are both persisting in your plan now, though you know it is not fair to me, and will break my heart."

Reggie shrugged his shoulders good-humouredly. "Ah, but it is different now. Everything is settled; our places are booked; Syb and I have given up our situations. I do not see how we could possibly go back, even if we wished—that is, if Sybil would hear of it."

Mrs. Jessop sighed. "At any rate, I wish people would mind their own business. It was all the Playfairs' talking put these ideas into your heads. They began by upsetting the children."

"Come, old lady, you must cheer up," said the young man, putting his arm round her affectionately. "Syb and I are sure to get on; and, if we don't come home ourselves, we'll be sending for you next year. You won't mind the voyage a bit if you come as a saloon passenger."

"Well, of course it would make a difference being able to travel like a lady."

And then, as Reggie went on to describe the certain success and good fortune that awaited him in the New World, the poor mother was comforted, and almost brought herself to believe that this severance of the family tie was to be but temporary after all.

But though the young fellow thus sought to cheer his mother, he himself

was sick and sad at heart. His intercourse with Susan during the last few days was specially trying. He could not endure her bright and hopeful way of talking. In the presence of her quiet strength, he became keenly conscious of his own pretentious weakness. More than once he was on the point of making a clean breast of it—telling her all his fears, and asking her to go with him as his wife; but the old affectation of superiority, and also what was certainly an honest pride, held him back. How could he, hopeless as he was at heart, ask this brave girl to leave home and country, in order to share his dubious fortunes? He was sorry now that he had not appreciated her more in the past—sorry that he had made so light of the girlish admiration with which she had undoubtedly looked up to him.

And what would Susan Playfair have answered had Reginald Jessop humbled himself to say all that was in his heart during those last days? What use to inquire into the mystery of the *might have been*? She was a kind and generous girl, and she was certainly heart-whole at the time. It might have been that the flame of love, if gently fanned, would have flared up from out the smouldering embers of the old romance. But Reggie said nothing; indeed, he rather tried to conceal his despondency by an increased affectation of superciliousness and self-confidence. So the last good-byes were said all round, and brother and sister commenced their voyage together.

It was cold and rough at starting, and the *Peruvian* had not been an hour over the bar before her decks were pretty well cleared of passengers. Reggie was among the first to give in. He retired to his berth, and for thirty hours was a prey to all the horrors of sea-sickness. He was utterly miserable, lonely, and hopeless. His cabin companions were not particularly nice; he shrank from their coarseness, and resented their somewhat rough attempts at sympathy.

Sybil meantime was having a much more pleasant experience. At the outset of the voyage she had made the pleasant discovery that she was one of those fortunate persons upon whose organism the sea, even in its wildest and most vicious moods, has no effect. Thus from the first she became a person to be envied and looked up to; and as she forbore to brag, and was friendly and helpful, she soon became popular. The young men paid her every attention, and the



"REGGIE DREW
NEAR
AND LISTENED."

ness of helplessness as the steamer sped on after the sun that was just about to dip beneath the limitless waters of the west, the memory of an old life left behind

girls, of whom there were several in the intermediate, competed with one another for the honour of her companionship. It was also a point of distinction to "have a friend among the officers of the ship," and Sybil felt quite proud when Tom came up and spoke to her before several of her new acquaintances.

When, late in the afternoon of the second day, Reginald Jessop crept on deck, he was immediately attracted by the sound of singing. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw a group of sixty or eighty persons gathered round a clergyman, who was evidently leading their devotions. To his intense surprise and delight, he recognised Mr. Turner, the rector of the parish in which he had lived the greater part of his life. Feeling as though a friend had been specially sent to him in his desolation, Reggie drew near, and listened to the address which had now commenced. He was deeply impressed by it, as, indeed, were several others. The novel surroundings, the conscious-

and the dream of a new one yet hidden beneath the far horizon—these and the like sentiments crowding the mind, tended to make the occasion one of special solemnity. The speaker poured forth his words with intense earnestness, and the people listened reverently.

At the conclusion of the service Reginald went up and spoke to Mr. Turner.

"I daresay you don't remember me, sir, though I am an old parishioner?"

The clergyman was puzzled a moment. The Jessops being so persistently retiring, he did not know much about them; indeed, he had had no personal intercourse with Reggie, except as a member of a Confirmation class some two years previously.

"I know your face; but as for your name—ah, now I recollect. You are young Jessop. But what are you doing here? Are you emigrating? are you alone? Tell me all about it."

Reginald was quite ready to respond to this hearty invitation. It was a relief to have some one to talk to, and one, too, who was sure to be a useful and sympathetic friend. So Mr. Turner

heard the whole tale as the reader already knows it.

"But surely, sir, you have not given up your church? You are not meaning to settle in Canada?" exclaimed Reggie, as soon as his own position had been sufficiently expounded.

"Oh dear no; I am only out for the trip," replied Mr. Turner. "I am acting as chaplain to the emigrants under the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They arrange for a clergyman to go out with each ship to hold services, and to do what he can for the poor people who are so far from their homes."

"And will you have service every day?" inquired Reggy.

"Oh yes, and oftener if we can arrange it. Of course a good deal must depend on the weather, and on matters connected with the discipline of the ship. But the officers are most obliging, and the stewards always do what they can for us."

"I shall make it a point to attend all the services. I can tell you, sir, what

you said just now went right home to my heart," said the young man with genuine emotion.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," was the cordial response. "You can be a great help to me, and can do good by inducing other young fellows to come forward. There is nothing like example."

"I am afraid I shall not be worth much in that way," said Reggie somewhat sadly. "But I'll do my best; I promise you that, sir."

"That's a good fellow! No man can do more than his best," responded Mr. Turner, with a hearty slap on Reggie's shoulder. "And mind you bring your sister along to see me. She might help us with the music. Does she sing?"

"Not much; but I'll tell her what you say." And Reggie, wondering in what spirit Sybil would receive such an invitation, hesitated and coloured a little.

"Well, well, it will be all right, I daresay," exclaimed Mr. Turner good-humouredly. "I must be off now. So, good-bye for the present. I'll be on the lookout for you to-morrow."

CHAPTER VI.

ON BOARD THE PERUVIAN.



THE two following days were beautifully fine, and Mr. Turner was able to hold several delightful meetings in different parts of the ship. The congregations increased in size and earnestness, and among the most regular and earnest was Reginald Jessop. Indeed, during those days a marked change was being wrought in the young man. A genuine gravity took the place of affected languor, and, for the time at least, spiritual unrest superseded mere anxiety as to a worldly future. Mr. Turner was not blind to these indications of Divine grace at work in the soul, and he accordingly did what he could to deepen the impression that had been made, and to induce Reggie to build his hopes for the future on the sure foundation of a living faith.

It did not seem, however, as though much impression was being made on Sybil, either by the clergyman's fatherly counsels or by her brother's somewhat timid pleadings.

A quiet, happy Sunday was spent on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and then about midnight there came a sudden change in the weather. By Monday morning a gale was blowing, and twenty-four hours later, though the wind had moderated, the *Peruvian* was still pitching and tossing in the midst of a wrathful sea. During the greater part of this time all access to the deck was forbidden, and even below progression from one point to another was a matter of difficulty and danger. Reggie, having survived his sharp apprenticeship, was no longer sick. He spent the greater part of his time



"WE HAVE CERTAINLY HAD A ROUGH TIME OF IT."

in reading several books that Mr. Turner had lent him, and was able to make some return for the kindly offices that had been done to him in his own time of trouble, by the young fellows who shared his cabin.

On the Wednesday morning the steamer was off the banks of Newfoundland. The wind had dropped almost entirely, but the cross sea was still running very high. Sybil, who had been fretting and fuming under the enforced confinement of the last few days, had struggled on deck. There, to reward her for her courage, she encountered Tom Playfair, who had just gone off duty after a long and anxious time in the engine-room.

They saluted one another heartily, for in truth they had been very good friends whenever they had met during the voyage.

"What an awful time you must have had of it in that hot engine-room. I've been thinking a lot about you," exclaimed Sybil, holding out one hand, while with the other she firmly grasped a rail beside her.

"Very good of you, I am sure, miss. We have certainly had a rough time of it," responded the engineer.

Evidently deeming his tone too grave, she retorted banteringly, "Well, and what have you been thinking about since Sunday—Mr. Turner's sermon?"

"I've been thinking about the machinery," replied

Tom in a grave, matter-of-fact voice.

"But there is no danger now the storm is over?" cried the girl quickly. She knew Tom's face well; and though its occasional grimness had offended her sensibility, its expressions had always exercised a subtle influence over her.

"I hope so; but the drop in the wind has been so sudden, and the glass looks queer. If the machinery—"

A horrible grating noise, that seemed to vibrate through every bolt in the ship, arrested his utterance. There followed a succession of terrible thuds, and then all was still. The engines had stopped.

"There is something wrong," gasped the engineer. "Don't move till I come back. I am not likely to forget you."

Next moment Sybil was alone. She glanced round the almost deserted decks, and then—even as she looked—the people began to surge up from below

with blanched faces, and excited inquiries as to what had happened. They tumbled about the slippery deck, they jostled one another, clung together, cried aloud, and were on the verge of an unreasoning panic. Then Sybil noticed the captain gesticulating on the bridge, and soon the officers and sailors were moving amid the throng with words of re-assurance. There was no immediate danger, only an accident to the machinery; it would soon be rectified; all would be well; the ship had sustained no injury; let the people go below and be patient; should any danger arise they would be warned in time. With these assurances the passengers were fain to be content; and as the vessel was now rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, there was nothing for it but to creep below and take refuge in the berths or elsewhere.

Sybil had not moved from the spot where Tom Playfair had left her. A sailor came up and laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Don't be alarmed, miss. There is no danger. You had better go below. Let me help you."

"Thank you," replied the girl, "I am not afraid. But I must stay where I am; I am waiting for some one. I will hold on tight." And the man, noticing how firm set she was alike in body and resolution, left her alone, and went to bestow his help elsewhere.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed—though it seemed an hour—and then Tom Playfair came.

"And so you have actually waited for me?" he exclaimed with a gratified look. "I could not get back a moment sooner."

"Of course I waited," she replied. "What is the matter? Is there danger?"

"We've broken our shaft; but I've been consulting with the first and second engineers how it can be mended. It will be a tough job, but we mean to tackle it. Now, wish me God-speed, for this means twenty or thirty hours hard work right on end."

"I'm afraid my prayers would not do you much good," she said somewhat bitterly; "but you have not told me if there is any danger."

"None immediately," he explained; "all depends on the weather. Of course, while the engines are disabled the ship is at the mercy of wind and sea. But we've a good captain, and we must hope that the storm has blown itself out. Now, good-bye. I'll be thinking of you;

and you'll find me here should anything happen."

"He is a fine brave fellow, and I'm not half good enough for him," said Sybil to herself as she turned away, and made a dash for the head of the cabin stairs.

For a time the rolling of the disabled steamer was something appalling, and the wonder was how any fabric constructed and put together by human hands could endure for an hour the awful strain to which every bolt and plate and timber of the vessel was being subjected. As for the passengers, they were not merely frightened and exhausted, but they were in actual danger of life and limb.

Later on, however, the condition of affairs improved. The breeze freshened, and the ship, having been got under canvas, was brought out of the trough of the sea and placed before the wind. In this position the *Peruvian* rode easily enough, and the word of consolation went round that so long as the wind held in the present quarter, and did not blow too strongly, no catastrophe was to be apprehended. Only the course was being drifted out of by fifty miles a day or thereabout.

But even taking matters at the best, it was a dreary, anxious time that followed the accident. There was nothing to be done. The interest of the voyage was gone. The ship was being hourly borne further away from her destination. A change in the weather—and such seemed imminent more than once—might develop conditions of acute danger. Indeed, the only pleasant thing to look forward to was the report that came now and again from the engine-room. The work of repairing the shaft was steadily progressing. So many huge holes had been drilled, so many more remained to be wrought. Now the estimated time necessary to complete the repairs was twenty-four hours; now it had risen to thirty or more. Then the joyous rumour spread that the work had progressed with unexpected rapidity, and that at the present rate the engines might be ready for use after another night's toil. So the estimate of time and the tide of expectation ebbed and flowed; but through all there was the steady current of praise for the mechanical skill and the splendid energy of the men who were so patiently taking their turns of labour under the most arduous and exhausting conditions. It

was said that the particular method adopted to repair the damage was of a unique character; and Sybil's eye flashed when she was told that the idea of it had been the suggestion of the third engineer.

At last it seemed as though the life of the ship might depend on the repairs being completed within a narrow margin of time. Once more the aspect of sky and sea became threatening, the wind shifted several points, and the captain calculated that a very few hours would bring him in dangerous proximity to the rocky shores of Newfoundland. On the other hand, the reports from the engine-room were encouraging. The repairs would be completed in a few hours, and the engineers had every confidence that they would prove effective. Thus another anxious night was passed.

Next morning Sybil was on deck betimes. She stood on the very spot where Tom had parted from her, and she recalled his promise that he would seek her there in case of need. Conflicting rumours as to the actual state of affairs were already abroad. During the night steam had been got up, and the clouds of white vapour were now blowing noisily through the safety valves. That was read as a hopeful sign, but, on the other hand, the line of cliffs dimly visible on the horizon to leeward had a fearful significance. It being no longer safe to go before the wind, the *Peruvian* was lying on one side, and pitching heavily in the endeavour to beat to windward, or, at all events, to weather Cape Race, which now lay not many miles distant on the port bow.

Steadying herself, as she had done on the day of the accident, by the handrail that ran along the line of central cabins, Sybil looked up at the huge fore-and-aft sails, under the force and strain of which the great iron ship lay over like a tin boat on a pond. Suddenly a hot hand grasped hers, and she heard the words spoken with quick emotion—

"So you are here to congratulate me? I dared to hope you would be."

Sybil started, and for a moment scarce recognised the haggard, perspiring face that was close to hers. Perhaps she recoiled unconsciously, for he dropped her hand, and said, apologetically, as he wiped his steaming brow—

"I thought you wouldn't mind my hand being a bit dirty, under the circumstances."

"Of course I don't mind," cried the

girl with honest warmth. "But tell me what has happened; you look quite scared."

"Hush!" he almost whispered, as he took her hand again. "Watch! they are going to start the engine. I could not bear to see it—I am over-wrought—so I said I'd come up for a breath of fresh air."

He led her to an open window through which the upper part of the engine-room was visible. There was the wooden-cased cylinder and the great motionless piston, that looked as though it had been paralysed in the midst of its strength and activity. A bell rang sharply.

"Now," gasped Tom, "my work is to be tested. Will the bolts hold?"

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, the piston rose; then it seemed to stop, and Tom's heart stopped too, till it began to fall. Down, down it seemed to creep, then hesitated, and commenced to rise once more.

The young engineer fairly broke down, and burst into tears as he sobbed out—

"Thank God! thank God! the bolts have held, and we are saved!"

"You must control yourself. The people will be looking at you," remonstrated Sybil, with a woman's eye to the proprieties.

"What care I who looks at me?" he cried, throwing back his head. "I've won the fight on which I was ready to stake my life. I'm a made man—though, God knows, it's not of that I was thinking all those hours. Won't you congratulate me? Won't you say you are a bit proud of me?" And as he thus appealed to her he seized her two hands in his, and looked her in the face with glowing eyes.

Half frightened by his eagerness she drew back a little.

"I do congratulate you from my heart," she said, "but I've no right to be proud of you; you do not belong to me."

"Ah, that is just it! but you know you might have me if you would. Why will you not be content, Sybil, to give up this mad scheme of yours, and to settle down with me in the old country?" he cried passionately.

Sybil drew her hands away. "Perhaps I don't know my own mind. But I am not content, and that is all about it. I see my path before me, and I mean to tread it."

"Well, there was but one thing wanting to make my cup overflow," said the young engineer quietly, as his eyes

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wandered away from the girl to the machinery that was now working smoothly but albeit very slowly, "and no doubt God was wise to deny me that. You'll know where to turn for a friend if ever you need one, Sybil, won't you?"

"I will, indeed—a friend brave and true," she answered. And so they parted.

After this the voyage of the *Peruvian* was completed without further mishap. The shaft held together well, and after a time the engines were worked at nearly half speed till the *St. Lawrence* was entered, some five days after the proper time. Every one praised the engineers; and the gratitude of the passengers took the practical form of a cash subscription which was divided between the chief and his two subordinates. Other and further rewards would no doubt come from official quarters.

By the time Quebec was reached Sybil had already decided on her own immediate future. She had struck up a

friendship on board with two young women who were going out to take up a business in Victoria, British Columbia. They had offered her employment, with vague talk about partnership. And though the girls could only speak on behalf of the aunt to whom they were themselves going, Sybil had not hesitated to throw in her lot with these new friends, and was ready with a light heart to undertake the long trans-continental journey to the Pacific coast.

As for Reginald, his plans were quite unsettled. He had heard a great deal about the glories of British Columbia, and the openings that were to be found in such places as Vancouver city and New Westminster, and his inclination certainly was to push forward into the region west of the Rocky Mountains. So, having been booked, as she was, right through, he resolved to accompany his sister at least as far as Vancouver. There he would look about him, and be ready for anything that might turn up.

(To be continued.)

"NOT QUITE, BUT VERY NEARLY."

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK, Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.



"NOT Quite, But Very Nearly," is a sentence which sums up the lives of many of us. We are always missing our aims by just a little. Very often we try to put the blame on somebody else's shoulders. It is so easy to say, "If John had only done this I should never have failed!" it is so convenient to grumble, "It's all Betty's fault; I could have done it but for her!"

And what a pity it is to miss so often when just a very little extra effort would have meant success. How sad it is that we so often say "Yes" when we ought to say "No."

There is not a more good-natured fellow going than Jack Bed-

lington. I have been watching him closely for some time, and I can see very plainly that, unless he is "pulled up short" by somebody, before long, he is going to miss his way in life. Most of his mistakes happen because he cannot say "No."

The other day he was hired to take a parcel to the station; and as only a very

few trains stop at our station, it is a serious matter to miss one. This is just what Jack did.

He set off from the house in good time; he pegged away bravely, and made very light of the heavy load, and would easily have caught the train if he had only said "No," instead of "Yes," to Ned Sprackley. There was Ned, standing against the "Bull and Mouth," chewing a straw, and waiting for any chance passer-by. How pleased he was to see Jack. How heartily he bade him "Good-day," and how loudly he sympathised with Jack for having to carry that heavy load on such a smoking hot morning!

"There's heaps of time for the train. Come in and have a drink along o' me," said Ned; and Jack's answer was "Yes," when it ought to have been "No."

The few minutes spent in the "Bull and Mouth" were just that fragment of time which caused Jack to miss the train. How vexed he was when he stood on the platform, and saw the tail end of the train on the move! How much he would have given to call back the lost moments!

"It's all Ned Sprackley's fault," he said. "I'll never, never speak to him again! That parcel can't go to London till to-morrow now, and what a row there'll be because I've missed the train!"

Poor Jack! And when he looked at the parcel and saw it was labelled "To be kept dry," he added with grim humour, "I deserve to be kept dry myself all my life for being such a stupid as to say 'Yes,' when I ought to have said 'No.'"

What things have we "very nearly done" to-day, but "not quite"? Did we "Not Quite, But Very Nearly," say that kind word to the wife before we started out in the morning? and has she, as a consequence, gone about the house all day with a lump in her throat, thinking of those happy, happy days when "he used to be so pleasant like?"

Have we "Not Quite, But Very Nearly," written that letter to the dear old mother in the country, who won't be spared to us much longer, and who is fretting, not a little, because Jem never writes her a line now?

Have we "Not Quite, But Very Nearly," sent those few shillings to the Vicar which would put the School Funds out of debt? Ah! I am afraid we have all a very long list of "Not Quites, But Very Nearlys" standing against us, and the best thing we can do is to wipe them out, one by one, as fast as ever we can, and, better than all, do our very best, day by day, not to add to them.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)

Fiftieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xiv.)

1. In which other verses of the Psalms for the day do we find the ungodly speaking as in the first verse of this Psalm?
2. In which do we find the godly speaking in a wholly different way?

Sixtieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xlv.)

1. What reasons may be found in St. Matt. xxi., Zech. ix., St. Matt. xxii., Psalm cx., for applying verses 4-6 to the Saviour?
2. What part of the Psalm is applied to Him in the Epistle to the Hebrews?

Seventieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm lxxxiii.)

1. How does this Psalm show that the hatred of the heathen for Israel was hatred without mercy?
2. How does it show that the anger of Israel against the heathen was not without love?

Eightieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxiii.)

1. What illustrations have we of the truth taught in verse 5 of this Psalm in Isa. lviii., St. Matt. vi., x., and elsewhere?
2. Also, what illustrations of verses 6-8 in the beginning of St. Luke, and of 1 Sam., etc.?

Ninety-first Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxlv.)

1. What part of the Litany is illustrated by verse 4 of this Psalm?
2. What part of the General Thanksgiving by other verses in this Psalm?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a Special price of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

A HEAVENLY MESSENGER.—The case of this "messenger" is remarkable in various ways. In the first place, though without life itself, it may be said to speak life to the world. In the next place, though saying much to those who understand its language, it never utters a sound. In the third place, though pre-eminent for beauty in more ways than one, it is never seen except in connection with shadow. Lastly, though bringing so wide and joyful a message, it never visits a certain famous part of the world mentioned often in the Old Testament; about twelve times in one chapter of the Acts; and once only in a kind of indirect way in the Book of Revelation. The cause of its absence from the country referred to is to be found in the prophecy of Zechariah.

PAGES

MISSING



BRISTLE-LEAVED. BENT GRASS.

infancy to age we count it a joy to lie or sit upon the growing grass. The eye can gaze upon it all day without fatigue, and this probably is one of the greatest factors which make up the charm of the country to citizens. Watch a townsman who has just reached the country for his summer holiday. He leaves the railway, and steps out upon the well-kept turnpike-road; but ere many minutes he has left its hard smoothness for the soft irregularity of the grassy wayside. The sensation of his feet in contact with the cool, springy carpet is delicious, and he feels that with the grass continuously under them his heart is inspired with that merriness, which Shakespeare gives as the qualification of the traveller—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

So much for the grass of the field in its "corporate capacity." How many of us have paused to consider the beauty of the individual grass-plant? Yet the grass, regarded not as pasture, or lawn, or earth covering, but as a *plant*, is one of the most beautiful things with which a beneficent Creator has furnished the earth. It pleases the eye and the æsthetic sense with its grace and delicacy. Its

colour, though mostly in monotone, is beautiful; it bears itself with dignified erectness, but bends gracefully to the gentlest breeze. We crush it beneath our feet, but it rises with a smile, and declines to be discouraged. Men mow it, cattle eat it; but adversity makes it stronger than ever, and it branches out beneath the surface, and covers the earth with a mesh of interlacing fibres. This, however, is a condition found only in the temperate zones of the earth. Though the tropics can boast of their grasses—many of them giants—they are only isolated tufts, never continuous lawns.

Did you ever pull up a grass plant, roots and all, from the soil and examine it? If you have never done so, do it now. You will see that, in addition to its thin but tough fibrous roots, it has underground stems, or at least stems that cut through the surface soil. These have so sharp a point that they make their way anywhere; the smallest crevice between stones will admit these insinuating shoots, and as they creep along they also send up erect branches, and unfold their narrow leaves, which take in gaseous food from the air, as the root-fibres push their way under stones and absorb moisture and mineral food from the soil.



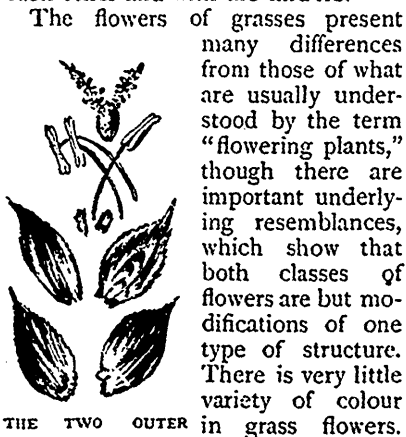
RYE GRASS.



PASTURE GRASS
(FIBROUS ROOT).

The characteristic structure of all grass stems is that of a series of tubes, placed end to end, the joints being more or less swollen and solid. A familiar example of this structure on a larger scale may be found in the bamboo, or in straw—both grasses. It is a singular fact, that in growing grasses we never see the stem, except the flower-bearing top-joint.

This is due to the peculiar formation of the leaf-stalk, which is flattened out until it is broader than the leaf-blade, and then wrapped round about two joints of the stem. If you will examine a leaf of grass you will see that it is not attached to the stem where it appears to be joined, but at some distance lower down. These leaves are always what a botanist would describe as linear—that is, with more or less parallel sides, and very narrow in proportion to their length. The veins also always run parallel with each other and with the mid-rib.



THE TWO OUTER
GLUMES OF A SPIKE-
LET AND THE PARTS
OF A SINGLE FLORET
(F WHEAT).

There is very little variety of colour in grass flowers. They are more or less "greenery-yallery" in tint,

and very similar in general form. If we take what appears to be a single flower from the cluster of blossoms of oat or wheat, and pull it to pieces whilst we examine it with our pocket-lens, we shall get a very fair notion of the general structure of grass flowers.

First we have two outer inflated scales (*glumes*), embracing two smaller scales (*pales*), within which is the *ovary*, with its incipient seed, surmounted by two feathery horns (*stigmas*). From the base of the ovary arise three very slender processes,



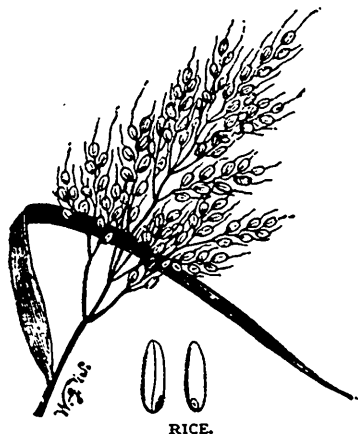
OATS.

each having attached to its free end an *anther*, very delicately poised and easily shaken.

Now the most important parts of this flower are the anthers and the stigmas. The anthers produce a large quantity of fine yellow flour (*pollen*), some of which has to be placed upon the feathery stigmas before the incipient seed in the ovary can be fertilised and grow into an oat or a grain of wheat or a grass-seed, as the case may be. If you will look again at the flowers as they grow upon the grass, you will notice that

the anthers hang down outside the flower, and at a lower level than the stigmas, so that when the pollen is shed by the anther it cannot possibly fall upon the stigmas of the same flower. This is a special provision for preventing *self-fertilisation* and ensuring *cross-fertilisation*, by which greater vigour is maintained in the species.

The pollen is blown out by the



wind, and as it flies over the field of grass or wheat some of the pollen-grains are caught by the feathered stigmas of other individuals, which are thus fertilised.

We suppose there are few persons, not botanists, who could give anything like a correct estimate of the number of distinct wild species which in our own country alone are included in that general term grass. It is not until one attempts in a field, or on

the moor, to collect one of each kind of grass he can distinguish by the flowers or the habit, that he begins to understand that the number of species is considerable. Even then his estimate is almost certain to fall far short of the actual figure. The grasses of the British Islands exceed one hundred and twenty in number.

So far we have considered the grass only from the æsthetic and botanical points of view; but there is a more important side still—the economic—from which to regard it. To the grasses we look for our bread and meat, our butter and milk, to say nothing of cheese and boots. Our hay-fields, pastures, and cornfields provide us with all these, and therefore the grasses become exceedingly important to us; they are among God's best gifts to man. But however important are our British species, we must not take too insular a view of the matter, for there are foreign grasses that have become almost indispensable to us. Among such are the sugar-cane, rice, and Indian-corn. Rice is the principal food of a majority of the great human family, and bamboo—which is a giant grass sixty to eighty feet in height—supplies a large part of that family with almost all it requires in the way of building materials and domestic utensils.

There is much of interest to relate concerning the various groups of our native species, and the peculiar habits some of them effect, but space is limited, and the foregoing brief notes must suffice for the present.

MRS. RUSSELL'S MISSIONARY BOX.

BY THE REV. J. D. MULLINS, M.A.,

Curate of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, E.C.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 275)

WOULD'N'T you like to have a missionary box of your own, Mrs. Russell?"

"Well, Miss," replied Mrs. Russell, doubtfully, "you see I don't get many visitors. I don't know who there'd be put to anything in it."

"Why yourself and your husband,

of course," said Miss Langton. "I know you love the Lord Jesus, and are thankful to Him for His goodness to you. Now, if you had a box, whenever you felt thankful for one of His mercies to you, there it would be for you to put a little thank-offering in."

"Yes, Miss, that's right enough. But

my husband, he says when so much money is wanted at home for doing good, and there's so many poor people as can scarcely find enough to live on at all, it's wicked to send money away to the black people. 'Charity begins at home,' he says."

"There is a great deal in what your husband says," answered Miss Langton; "but I think I can show you that it need not prevent your having a box. Have you ever thought why it is that people who have the means help the poor and support good institutions?"

"I suppose it's because they're Christians, mostly, Miss."

"You are quite right, Mrs. Russell. If we took away all that Christian people give, and all that is given because of their example, there wouldn't be much left. But do you know how it is there first came to be any Christians in England?"

Mrs. Russell looked puzzled. Not so her eldest boy. Johnny Russell was in the sixth standard at the parish school, and fond of reading, too. His mother's face lighted up with pride as he raised his eyes from the book he had been reading, and said: "I think I know, Miss. The Britons used to believe in the Druids' religion, and Christian missionaries came over to teach them Christianity. Some people think St. Paul himself came. And when a great many Britons had become Christians, there was a persecution, and St. Alban was martyred; but the Christians got to be more and more, until they were all over the land. I read all about it in our Parish Magazine last year."

"Quite right, Johnny," said Miss Langton. "Now, Mrs. Russell, don't you think that, if we owe our being Christians to Missionaries long ago, we ought to help to send the Gospel to those who have never heard it? You know, our Lord's last command before He went up into Heaven, was 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Of course a good many of us would never be able to go, but we can help those who are able."

"Yes, Miss," said Mrs. Russell; "only there does seem to be so much need at home."

"I know there is," said Miss Langton; "but obeying one of our Lord's commands oughtn't to prevent our obeying another. I do believe, if we did our duty about sending the Gospel to the heathen, we should never be in want of money for any good object at home. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth,' and I am

sure you would not give less to the collections in church," she continued, "or suffer yourself, if you now and then remembered our Lord's command, and helped to let the poor heathen know about Him."

So it was settled that Mrs. Russell should have a missionary box. She protested that she feared there would be very little in it, not reckoning that even a penny a week amounts to four shillings and fourpence in the year. However, she did not forget the box. When Johnny left school and got a good place in one of the best firms in the town, Mrs. Russell was so thankful to God that she felt obliged to drop a thank-offering into it. After that, mercies seemed to be always coming. Her husband was made foreman at the works where he was employed. Little Jennie, the baby, got over teething quite safely. Rose, the eldest girl, found a situation as nurse-maid in a good family, where she was very happy. The box taught Mrs. Russell to be thankful for these mercies. Her husband came to have the same feeling. When Miss Langton suggested that they should take in a missionary magazine, and read about the darkness of the poor heathen and how the Gospel was brought to them, the Russells readily agreed. The reading taught them more than they expected. It grew very interesting to watch, month by month, how the places they had read about were going on. It was not so very long afterwards that the time came for opening the missionary box. It had grown rather heavy in the meantime. I am not going to tell you how much there was in it. But I do know that "father" and "mother" wouldn't be without one now for anything, and thank God that it ever came into their home.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XIX. CONUNDRUM.

What can you cut without a knife?
What can you wed without a wife?

XX. CHARADE.

My first declares what generals hope to do;
My next the most convenient time;
My whole, if agriculture you pursue,
Is needed. So I end my rhyme.

XXI. DECAPITATION.

On violins I raise a cheerful sound;
Behold me, and at once I'm mournful found.
Decapitate what's left me yet again,
I shall become a pretty little grain.
Once more behold me, and I think you'll
A funny animal that's just like you. [view

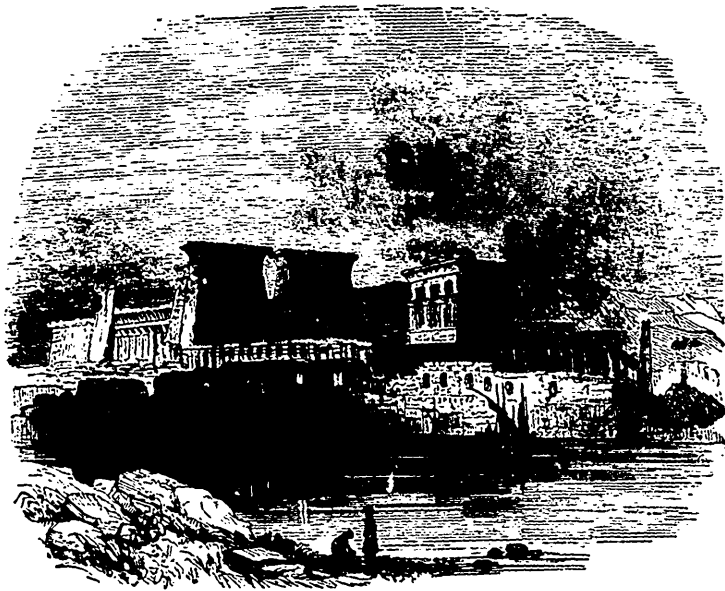


Drawn by J. BELL

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

MRS. RUSSELL'S MISSIONARY BOX.

[See page 272.]



ANCIENT BABYLON

HOURS OF PLEASURE AND PROFIT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE magnitude of the British Museum, combined with the extensive collections contained in each department, renders a visit tiring and tedious to one unacquainted with the historical interest attaching to the objects. I fear the aim of most visitors—especially tourists from the country—is to see the Museum, rather than to gather instruction from the objects. This must be so while people will persist in trying to see seven or eight great institutions in one day, each of which would occupy a studious person a much longer time than is given to the whole.

The aim of visitors should be to select one or two departments, and by the help of such books as can be obtained, try to gather all the information possible respecting the objects they are going to see.

Antiquities from many nations are housed here, but in order to follow out my own theory I propose to deal with only one—*i.e.*, Ancient Babylon—reserving Nineveh and Egypt for future papers.

The Babylonian section—though not one of the largest—is nevertheless important for the light its inscriptions throw on ancient history, especially of the early nations which the Bible only briefly mentions.

The initiative work of excavating the mounds in the narrow tract of land which lies between the Euphrates and the Tigris is due to an English political agent at Baghdad, named Rich, in 1820. This work was undertaken at his own expense, and was therefore not very extensive or successful, but it may be said to have formed the foundation of the present priceless collection of Chaldean and Assyrian remains.

In 1842 M. Botta, a French Consul at Mosul, continued to make researches at Khorsabad, and was followed by a great English scholar, Rawlinson, and that prince of excavators, Sir H. A. Layard, who unearthed the famous palaces and libraries of the Kings of Assyria, and brought to life and light many of the manners and customs of that ancient people. The subsequent labours of Mr. H. Rassam, Dr. E. H. Budge, and Mr.

G. Smith have added still further to this interesting collection.

Although the writings of ancient historians and much of Bible history had reference to the kings and people of Babylon and Assyria, it is strange that scarcely any organised attempt was made to unearth these remains until about the middle of the nineteenth century. It is true in this, as in other things, "nothing succeeds like success"; and it was only when explorers had actually got down among the ruins of temples and palaces of these kings, and were able to shake hands, as it were, with Nebuchadnezzar, Darius, and Cyrus, and read from a new source the story of this famous city, the record of Belshazzar's feast, and the taking of Babylon, that any interest was aroused in these bygone people.

The story of Babylon and Nineveh, so vividly portrayed in Layard's book, in the *Chaldean Genesis*, and *History of Sennacherib*, by the late George Smith, together with the splendid series of handbooks written for the Religious Tract Society by Professor Sayce and Dr. Budge, has, however, brought many inquirers into the field, and there is a general demand being made for a simple, popular account of these monuments and writings.

Timid students ask—with bated breath—Do they confirm, or do they upset Bible chronology and history? The reply to such a question is, that in some of the monuments there is amplification, in many confirmation, in all illustration, of Bible history. Old Testament narratives, from their exceeding brevity, are not easy to understand; indeed, in one or two instances Bible history and ancient historians appear to differ, and commentators, finding it impossible to harmonise them, have preferred to accept the Bible account, and wait for further light. The reward of patience is not gained by every one, much less by Bible critics; but in this case they have not waited in vain, for treasures hid for nigh 3,000 years have come forth, and by their silent witness have harmonised the history by supplying the deficiency. There is a remarkable instance of this in the record of the taking of Babylon mentioned below.

In the table of nations after the Flood given us in Gen. x., we get an account of the beginning of the Kingdom of Babel, Erech, Accad, and Calneh; and in the following chapter the subsequent journeying of the people, the halting in the

plain of Shinar, and the making of brick for the erection of a great tower—the "Tower of Babel"—now known as Birs-Nimroud. A bronze door, or altar-step from the temple at Birs-Nimroud, bearing the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar, is exhibited in this department, also a good number of bricks bearing the names of Babylonian kings as early as two thousand years before Christ. Among the records of Nebuchadnezzar's build-ings is an account of the restoration of the temple of the tower of Babel.

In Gen. xiv. we get a brief reference to Chedorlaomer, King of Elam, as a victorious monarch, but he does not appear from this chapter to have been a powerful one. The inscriptions, however, supplement this story, and show us the Elamites in their connection with contemporary nations. In the Assyrian gallery (Case E) there is an inscribed tablet written for Assur-bani pal, King of Assyria, B.C. 660, recording a campaign against a people called Elamites, in which the Assyrian King states that his army was victorious, and succeeded in recapturing a figure of the goddess Nana, which had been taken by the Elamites from the Assyrians 1,635 years before. Thus we get an indirect reference to a campaign conducted against the Assyrians by the Elamites 2,365 years before Christ, which takes us back near to the period of Gen. xiv.

The beginning of the Babylonian Empire is not known from the inscriptions, but the principal cities Ur, Ellasar, Erech, and Nipur have been identified. The originator of this race, according to Gen. x. 8-11, was Nimrod, the son of Cush, who built Babel (Babylon), Erech, Accad, and Calneh in the land of Shinar. According to monumental history it is thought that Nimrod was not the first occupant of this land, but that there was already a Semitic race inhabiting the country with whom these invaders amalgamated, using their own language called Accadian, which in course of time became a dead language, and was studied by scholars in the same way that Greek and Latin are studied in England to-day. The Babylonian and Assyrian colleges were provided with tablets written in the ancient language of the Accadians, with the modern explanations of the signs.

In the Assyrian gallery (Case B) there is an example of this in a table of statutes written in both languages with Assyrian explanations of the ancient writing; a veritable Accadian lexicon,

which enabled students to master the ancient language in their day, and has answered the same purpose in ours.

Historical cylinders, made in terracotta, and beautifully inscribed with accounts of campaigns, restorations of temples, etc., etc., are very numerous. Those of Nebuchadnezzar are always written in a boastful style, and are much more numerous than those of any other monarch. By these writings it is plain that he delighted in recording his building operations. The restoration and addition to the temple of the sun-god at Sippara (Sepharvaim) is recorded on no less than four cylinders in the Babylonian room. Indeed, almost all the principal historical accounts of Nebuchadnezzar have reference to his building. See Dan. iv. 30.

The same case contains a large number of tablets relating to matters domestic, commercial, and legal. Their sales and purchases, their laws and customs, their arts and sciences, are all revealed to us by these documents. They are made in clay and terracotta; and the inscription is written while the tablets are moist. They are then sundried or baked, and the preservation they are now in shows that next to inscriptions on stone this was the best way of preserving their history. Some of these writings are 2,500 years old, and vary in size from one inch long by half an inch wide, to one foot three inches long by ten inches wide.

The tablets relating to business matters—*e.g.*, agreements, sales, loans, purchases, receipts, bequests, etc., are usually attested by two or more witnesses, who impress their seal with the finger-nail (hence the inquiry as to writings with the impress of Nebuchadnezzar's finger-nail). Sometimes, however, the parties possess a seal with some symbolical device which they use for the purpose. Many of these seals can be seen in the museum, notably one of Darius (Dan. vi. 17), and other prominent persons.

Another system, which seems to have been designed for a more effectual preservation of the inscription, was the making of what, for want of a better name, are called case-tablets.

The tablet was made, and the writing impressed on it, then an outer covering was made and placed over it, and the inscription repeated on the outside.

These tablets can be seen in the Assyrian Room. Professor Sayce thinks Jer. xxxii. 14 refers to this system when

it says: "Take these evidences, this evidence of the purchase, both which is sealed, and this evidence which is open, and put them in an earthen vessel, that they may continue many days."

In the Bible account of the taking of Babylon we read that its ruler, Belshazzar, was slain. Profane history does not know Belshazzar, but asserts that Nabonidus was king, and that he escaped. Strange to say, both these accounts are true. Nabonidus was king, but his son Belshazzar was associated with him in the rule, and during the siege Nabonidus shut himself up in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, leaving Belshazzar to guard the city; so that the inscriptions which declare that "on the 11th of Marcheswan 'Gobryas' the Mede descended against Babylon, and the son of the king died," and the Bible, which states that "on that night was Belshazzar the king slain," are both substantially true; but in one case Belshazzar is called "ruler," which he virtually was, and in the other the king's son, which he was also.

Some people think societies for the advancement of geographical research are comparatively modern; but geography was a science in these early days. Among these objects is a clay tablet, having on one side an inscription describing the city of Babylon, and on the other side a map of the city. It is quite possible that this tablet was prepared for the use of schools, and it is unfortunate that its fragmentary condition prevents us from learning from these Babylonian geographers of the true dimensions of this famous city.

The worship of the sun is probably the oldest form of idolatry. It was known to the Egyptians; it was practised in Babylon, and used in Assyria. Solomon built the city of Tadmor (Palmyra, 1 Kings ix. 18), where was the famous temple of the sun, which had such attraction for Solomon's wife, and in the end was so ruinous to his own faith and practice. Manasseh introduced this worship into Israel (2 Kings xxi. 3-5), which was destroyed by Josiah (2 Kings xxiii. 11), condemned by Ezekiel (viii. 16, 17), and drew forth such indignant repudiation from Job xxxi. 26-28. Yet there are materialists to-day who, having abandoned a belief in the Creator of the sun, and in search after a rational religion, are content to go back to what they otherwise call days of ignorance and despotism. In the Babylonian room

there is a stone tablet, discovered underneath the floor of a room in the ruins of a temple at Sippara (Sefharvaim, Isa. xxxvi. 19), illustrating the worship of the sun in Babylon 2,800 years ago. The sun-god is represented on a throne with the sun-disc on a stand in front of him, while three persons, a king, priest, and attendant, are standing in adoration. On the back is an inscription recording the restoration of the temple of the sun-god, instructions respecting the sacrifices to be made, and the vestments to be worn.

These are a few among the many

objects of interest in this department with which every teacher and student of the Bible ought to become acquainted, as our appreciation of and interest in, as well as our power to illustrate the one, will largely depend on our knowledge of the other. The objects mentioned are exhibited to the observation of the world, and can easily be found with the help of the admirable Guide published by the Trustees of the British Museum, price sixpence, and the *Bible Student in the British Museum* (Cassell & Co., one shilling).
British Museum.

H. SPENCER.

TAKING ONE'S BIBLE TO CHURCH.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



ONE of the greatest blessings attaching to the growth and spread of Christianity during the past century, has been the widespread circulation, at a very small cost, of copies of the Holy Scriptures. We can hardly picture to ourselves the times

when the old chained Bible in the Parish Church was the only volume of Holy Writ to which the great majority of the people had access, the price of a single copy then representing a small fortune. And it is equally

difficult to realise that there were days when the possession of a Bible involved the danger of being put to death.

In those ages—perhaps because of the

difficulty of access—the Word of God was treasured and studied.

And later on, within the memory of our parents and grandparents, the old family Bible, in many a cottage home, was taken down every evening, and a chapter read before the family retired for the night.

I very much doubt whether, as a whole, the English nation of to-day could compare with former generations in the love, and the reading, of Holy Writ.

The old family Bible may often be seen on a little table in the parlour window, covered with an antimacassar, and surmounted with a vase or a flowerpot, the thick layers of dust which rest peacefully on the binding giving ample proof of the rarity with which it is opened.

The other Bibles in the house, possibly three or four, may be seen lying in corners, in various stages of dilapidation, heaped up among lesson books, or penny sensational stories.

We have here an illustration of one of the most universal traits of human nature—I mean the feverish striving after what is denied, and the disregard and want of appreciation of that which costs no trouble to obtain.

If we review the history of Christianity in England for the last fifty years, we find that there never was a time when the Church was so active and vigorous as she has been during that period. The growth of new parishes; the erection of new churches and restoration of old ones; the increase of Church Schools, in which religious instruction

is daily given to the children; the multiplication of Sunday Schools; the incorporation of lay work into the parochial organization—surely all this should produce a more religious, Bible-loving race than we can claim to be.

I think the fault lies, to a great extent, in the want of religious influence in the home life. Every one is more busy than they used to be. Life is lived at high pressure. The facilities of locomotion place both work and pleasure more easily within reach; and consequently we endeavour to compress more into our lives than our fathers had the opportunity of doing.

The result is that we are rapidly losing the peaceful, meditative side of the spiritual life. Our religious exercises—prayer, Bible-reading, etc.—are crowded out. The growth of intellect is advancing at the expense of the soul's health.

Children, as we know, are quick to follow the example of their elders. They are taught in Church Schools, and on Sunday (if they attend Sunday School), to read and study their Bibles. But when they seldom see God's Word opened at home, they begin to think that all they have been told is some fancy of the clergyman or the schoolmaster, and they lose all love for that which should be to them, as it was to the Psalmist, "a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

This sad development is fostered and encouraged by the fact that in the majority of our Board Schools either Holy Scripture is not taught at all, or it is read without comment or explanation. We have not yet, thank God, arrived at the state of things at present existing in France, where the Name of God has been expunged from all books used in public elementary schools. But churchmen are gradually awakening to the fact that nearly two millions of the children of the

poor are being trained and educated at the expense of the ratepayers, and yet receive no definite religious instruction, save what a certain proportion of them are taught once a week in the Sunday School.

This being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that the rising generation should fail to regard the Bible with the reverent affection in which it was held by their forefathers.

The consequence is, that when the Lessons are read in Church, instead of paying attention to the passage, the eyes and minds of a large number of the congregation are wandering, and fix themselves on anything likely to attract or divert them. The failing is not confined to any one class.

An excellent and simple remedy for this can be found in the following plan: Let every one make a point of taking to Church, not only their Prayer Books, but their Bibles as well. Let the children be encouraged to do the same. When the Lesson is given out, let the place be quickly found, and let all follow the passage as it is being read.

By this means, not only the ear, but also the eye, will be taking in the sense of the chapter, which will, in consequence, be far more likely to be retained in the memory. The practice will also have the advantage of concentrating the attention, and preventing the tendency to gaze about, which is almost certain to distract the thoughts from the subject before them.

Let this habit be steadily pursued for a time, and it will be found that the Scriptures have acquired a new interest, and that the dulness with which they were credited has disappeared.

It would be a glorious day for England if every Christian could, from the heart, echo the words of the Psalmist: "Lord, how I love Thy law! all the day long is my study in it."

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

YOU say that you heard it urged, a short time ago, by a Liberationist lecturer, that the Church of England had failed to keep pace with the increase of the people in not providing

them with suitable accommodation for public worship, and that, had it not been that Nonconforming bodies had supplied the deficiencies resulting from her failure in this respect, thousands and thousands of the

vastly increased population would have had no suitable places wherein to assemble for the public worship of Almighty God.

But the answer to all this is that the Church never undertook adequately to provide accommodation for public worship for the vastly increased population of the kingdom.

Here and there, all over the country, great cities and large towns have suddenly, within a short space of time, sprung up in places where originally there was but one small parish church, which church till then amply met the wants of a few hundreds of a sparse population for whom it was intended. But when, through the discovery of coal or iron or other minerals, many thousands of the people were, within a short time, attracted to these new centres of industry, and settled down in the locality as permanent inhabitants, whose numbers were to be increased by thousands yearly, as the new industries developed, how could the Church provide for them the needful accommodation for public worship? What funds had she at her disposal for the purpose, or from what sources could she expect to obtain them?

The poor parishes themselves, which became the new centres of industry and the settlements of the new populations, did not possess such funds. There was then no central Church body charged with the duty of providing additional places of worship and furnished with funds for that purpose. The Church throughout the country, however, did a great deal from her limited voluntary resources to supply not only the need for places of worship, but also in providing additional clergy to minister to the spiritual wants of the people.

A Church that has, since the early part of the present century, restored or rebuilt between eight and nine thousand parish churches; that has built between four and five thousand new parish churches, besides erecting some five or six thousand mission churches and chapels; and that has provided for most of the over four thousand new parishes which she has created parsonage-houses and some measure of endowment; and, still further, that within the same period has restored nearly all of her cathedrals, and founded and endowed six new bishoprics; and that within the present century has almost doubled the number of her clergy, can scarcely be said to have failed in providing for the people facilities for public worship and the ministrations of the Gospel.

It is calculated that since the year 1846 up till the present time the Church has annually spent on the work of church restoration and new church-building alone considerably over one million sterling; and at present there is no sign of abatement in this item of expenditure.

That the Church in her several parishes and dioceses throughout the country might in certain localities have done more for the work of church extension we freely admit.

That in her general work of evangelising the masses of the population and bringing to them the ministrations of the Gospel she might in certain cases have put forth greater efforts no Churchman will deny.

That in cases in which her clergy have done their best to evangelise and Christianise the dense populations of their overcrowded parishes they have not been able to ensure success in their efforts they themselves confess and deplore.

And that in the face, not only of all the evangelistic and pastoral work done for the vast populations of this country by the Church, but also in the face of all the like kind of work done for them by the combined efforts of all the Nonconforming bodies in the kingdom, great masses of the people remain unchristianised and even unevangelised is only too true; but this fact is no more reason for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Church of England than it is for legislatively dissolving those Nonconforming bodies and confiscating their property.

DISCONTENT.



LITTLE girl in pinafore
Prepared to say her "Grace,"
But when she saw her dinner
She made a horrid face.

"Oh, take it all away!" she said,
And pushed aside her plate.

"I want some apple pie; you know
That nasty rice I hate."

"If you, Miss Mary, hungry were,
Like you lad at the gate,
You'd take what's set before you,
Nor wholesome food would hate.

"See, the poor fellow begs for bread,
And cook has given a slice;
I've a great mind to give him all
Your plate of milk and rice."

Mary in thoughtful silence sat,
Her cheeks were very red.
"I think I'll eat my dinner now,"
The little maiden said.

"I'll always try to eat my rice,
And will not dainty be,
Nor discontented with the food
That you, nurse, bring to me.

"And please, nurse, will you let me go
With slice of bread and meat,
And give it to the beggar boy;
'Twill be to him a treat?"

MINA A. BOWLBY.

ANTS AND THEIR HOMES.

A LITTLE GOSSIP FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

DO you ever wonder, little boys and girls, if there are anywhere to be found real dolls' houses and real dolls living in them? If you do, I can tell you that not one only, but hundreds and thousands are scattered about in all directions. One of these houses may be in some woody bank, or in a quiet corner of the garden, or in some crack in the wall, or under the bark of an old tree.

It is the habits of the little creatures who live in these houses that I want to tell you something about. They are dressed in rather a dark colour, and, although they are very small, and always scamper away from us, yet you and I know them very well, and we call them—Ants.

Now, little ants are like little boys and girls in one way; they do not like being alone, and if one is found by itself be quite sure that it has been lost, and would be very glad to find itself a home again. They live together in what are called communities; that is to say, in bands or families, and at the head of each reigns a Queen. They are very tidy little people, although they are very busy, for they all have their work to do, as we soon find if we watch a party of them for a few minutes, and see them hurrying in and out and by each other. Ants do not waste time; they know there is plenty to do, and they want to do it; and what they do, they do well. They do not need to be taught to work as you and I do, for as soon as they are old enough to begin, they know all about it, and set to their work with a will.

There are some industrious little fellows among them who build the houses, build them out of earth and clay and fallen leaves and any such-like things they can find, and if any parts of the houses fall or come to pieces they are always quite ready to mend them, and make them as good as new again. The houses do not

look very nice outside, not nearly so nice as a doll's house in the nursery, and they have no windows; but if we could take a peep inside we should see very cosy rooms indeed, each one divided off, and one story above another. They make little pillars or props to hold the houses up, and passages by which they get from one room to another.

It is the house-building ants who go out and find the food, so that those ants whose business is at home shall not be hungry; it is vegetables mostly that ants eat, and a great many of them store food away in the summer, so as to have something to eat in the winter, like the bees, who store away honey in the honeycomb.

Ants have cooks to get the dinner. They also have nurses who look after the little ones with great care, and at night put the baby ants safely away in one of the tiny rooms as far from the door as possible. In the morning, when the sun shines brightly, they carry their charges out, not for a walk in the park or the lanes, but just where the warm rays of the sun can smile at them. When evening begins to come, or clouds rise, they carry them back at once, and all night long they guard them and the family from any enemy that might wish to pay a visit to their house.

There are soldiers in Antland as well as builders and nurses; these are the fighting ants, who make war. The way they fight is to bite with



FEMALE ANT.



SECTION OF AN ANT-HILL.

their big jaws, for they have larger jaws than the others. The reason they bite is not because they are cowardly, like a little girl or boy who

bites, but because they have no other way of defending themselves. They always seem to have had plenty of enemies, for a great man named Pliny, who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago, tells a story about some little ants who worked away for a long, long time, and collected together out of the earth ever so much gold, real gold. Well, in summer time, a number of people pounced down upon the gold and took it all away.

But it is not these sort of enemies that the ant soldiers fight against; as a rule, mortals do not interfere with them. It is enemies such as the insect ant-lion they need to be afraid of. These ant-lions will lie in wait in a tiny hole until some unhappy little ant falls in, or is made to fall by the ant-lion throwing sand at him, that he may kill him and eat him up.

Armadillos and ant-eaters are very dangerous enemies to ants. Did you ever see one at the Zoological Gardens, in a big cage, a rather large animal with a long nose? There is one there, and he is the ant-eater. It is in foreign countries that ants are attacked by him; he does not trouble our small English friends.

Spiders are great enemies to White Ants, and so are toads and lizards, and even bats attack them; but the white ants do not live in this country; they like the warm parts of the world, such as South America, where they build their houses much in the same way as our own ants build theirs; only the white ants have royal rooms in their ant-hills for the king and queen, whom they guard very carefully.

I have been telling you of the strange enemies the ants have, and now I want to say something about the fighting that goes on among themselves—one family against another. And why do you think they fight? They fight because some of the ants, called slave-making ants, go out to capture the baby ants of another family, and when they catch them, they bring them back to their own ant-hill and make slaves of them.

They have desperate fights to get them, but once caught, they take great care of them. When these little slaves grow up they work very hard, and are not disobedient, and do not run away. Some of the masters are very kind and nice, and help the slaves, but others make their captives do all the work.

Ants can build houses, you see, and ants can take care of their babies, and ants can fight; but as well as this, ants can smell and can talk. They smell through two little feelers on each side of their head, like the feelers of lobsters, and these feelers have joints in them. They talk through the feelers; at least, so some people think. I do not mean to say they speak as you and I do, but they make each other understand what they wish, and are able, it is said, to let their friends know if an enemy is at hand.

Should an ant left behind, when a party of them is on a march, want to know which way his brothers have gone, he finds out by smelling the track of the others, and following along it just as clever dogs follow the track of their masters if they have been lost on the mountains or in the snow.

They have large eyes these tiny ants—very large eyes for such little creatures; and they are quick to see if any of their comrades are ill, and when the comrades are ill they will go to their help, and do all they can to do them good.

And now that I have told you a few things about ants and ant-houses, I daresay you are thinking you would like to have a look at them yourselves. Look at them, by all means, but I do not advise you to touch them or to disturb their homes; for be quite sure of this, they are working for some good reason, whether we know it or not. So, do not let us despise their work by pulling it to pieces; but, instead, let us learn useful lessons from them, and let us each try to be as industrious and busy as a hard-working little ant.

STELLA RICHARDSON.



TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed, and little Janet looks upon Prince and Carlo as two of her truest friends; and well she may, for they certainly saved her life. Janet lives in a pretty cottage in Devonshire, and the beautiful river Dart runs past, just a few yards from the cottage door. Often and often Janet had played on the bank of the stream without any mishap. But one day, after a shower of rain, the grass was very slippery, and Janet, venturing too near the edge of the stream, tripped and fell in. Carlo, who was lying in the sunshine with one eye open and one eye shut, saw what had happened, and immediately rushed to the water and caught Janet by the sleeve, and gripped it tightly until Janet's mother, who was terrified by the screams and by Prince's continued barking, came running out of the cottage, and rescued poor little Janet from her peril. Both mother and daughter were much frightened, but it was only the work of a few minutes to undress Janet and put her to bed between the blankets, where she was soon enjoying a most refreshing sleep. How glad her father was when he came home from work that evening to find that his little girl had been so mercifully preserved. No wonder indeed that Janet now feels that she cannot do enough to show how thankful she is to her faithful friends Prince and Carlo. Only the other day I saw some rough boys pelting a poor dog with sticks and stones. Such cruelty deserved to be punished, for the dog is a most intelligent animal, and may well be reckoned amongst the best friends of man.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in order of merit. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or if preferred two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

	NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1.	KATHARINE THEODORA ZACHARY, Aberley House, Cirencester.	15	Parish Church: Ven. Archdeacon Hayward, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Zachary, S.S. Teacher.
2.	BENJAMIN DAVIES, 56, Balaclava Road, Dowlais, Glamorganshire.	14	Parish Church: Rev. L. M. Williams, Rector.	Rev. Rd. Jones, Curate.
3.	FLORENCE MARY TRENDELL, 5, Duncombe Road, Hornsey Rise.	15	St. Mary's: Rev. W. S. Lewis, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Ladbroke, S.S. Teacher.
4.	ERNEST J. GRIFFITHS, 19, Stirling Road, Tottenham.	13	St. Mary's: Rev. E. F. N. Smith, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. J. Griffiths, S.S. Superintendent.
5.	ANNIE TYSON, School House, Buckley, near Chester.	14	St. Matthew's: Rev. W. Dampier, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Jacobs, Superintendent.
6.	JAMES WILLIAM ATKINSON, 61, Tindall Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.	15	St. Thomas-in-the-Moors: Rev. W. Ceidrych Thomas, Vicar.	The Vicar.
7.	MABEL SINGLETON, Highfield Terrace, 557, Manchester Road, Bradford.	15	All Saints: Rev. Rawdon Briggs, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
8.	LUCAS LECOCQ, High Street, Alderney.	15	St. Ann's: Rev. J. Le Brun, Vicar.	The Vicar.
9.	CATHERINE MARY FAIRCLOUGH, Knowle Cottage, Mirfield.	13	Parish Church: Rev. H. Walsham How, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
10.	OLIVE M. L. DAWES, 38, St. Paul's Road, Moseley Road, Birmingham.	15	St. Paul's: Rev. C. C. Murray-Browne, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. B. S. Lombard, B.A., Curate.
11.	HILDA M. DALTON, Eton College, Windsor.	14		Rev. T. Dalton, M.A.
12.	ANNIE HEATH, 9, Denholme Road, Maids Hill.	14		Rev. Huntley Heath, Curate of St. Jude's, Kensal Green.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in Sunday by Sunday Questions:—

VIOLET G. M. ROGERS, Popsham, Exeter; LOUIE RIGG, 6, Hartington Place, Eastbourne; MAUD LAMB, St. George's Vicarage, Leeds; LOUISA W. LAMB, St. George's Vicarage, Leeds; CONSTANCE LETHBRIDGE, The Laurels, Harbertonford; AGNES M. LENTON, 120, Mill Road, Kettering; KATE E. LUNBY, Stainburn, Near Otley; EDITH INBOSTON, 22, Cherry Tree Road, Sharrow, Sheffield; NANCY MORRISON, Hamilton House, Pembroke; ELLA MANN, 46, Victoria Road, Blandford; QUEENIE MILLS, The Chestnuts, Wick, Bath; MARGARET W. MASON, 15, Alice Street, Sunderland; CLARA OWEN, 54, Lichfield Street, Walsall; ELSIE PERRY, Tettenhall Wood, Near Wolverhampton; ROSIE G. PALMER, Orton, Near Kettering; ALBERT PARSONS, 247, Great College Street, Camden Town; HARRIET HITCHCOUGH, Halewood, Near Liverpool; EMMA E. HUTCHINSON, Winnarleigh, Garstang; SARAH JENNINGS, 53, Upper Darlington Street, Wednesday; FLORIE E. MACDONALD, 31, Rialto Terrace, Kilmainham, Dublin; ROSAMOND VEASEY, Pennington Road, Southborough; MARY C. VEASEY, Pennington Road, Southborough; EDITH MAUD GRAFTON, Hanbury Hill, Stourbridge; ANNIE THURNAN, 3, Herbert Street, Hemel Hempstead; ETHEL TATE, Grimsby; MAUD TANNER, Oakford, Bampton; EMILY J. STAPLETON, Seymour Vicarage, York; JESSIE MATILDA SNELGROVE, 62, Crocker Street, Newport, Isle of Wight; ANNA SPALDING, Martlesham, Woodbridge; BENJAMIN HERBERT DALE, The Vicarage, Lydd; RICHARD COBB, Broxton, Dumfries; ALFRED E. AYLEN, 10, Woodland Terrace, Plymouth; WILLIAM BOLITHO, Strelley, Nottingham; EDGAR BEARD, Headless Cross, Redditch; GWENLIAN BAKER, Avenue Road, Southgate; FRANCIS D. BELL, Charlange, Bridgnorth; PERCY

CUTTING, Endell Street, London; JAMES F. CLEMENT, 102, Englefield Road, Islington; MILLICENT GALE, 7, Ranelagh Road, Winchester; AGNES FISHER, The Limes, Levenshulme; STELLA J. M. P. TUDOR, Turkdean Vicarage, Northleach; EDITH M. STAPLTON, 9, London Road, Spalding; AGNES SIMMONS, Moreton-in-the-Marsh; NELLIE ABBOTT, 37, Penethorne Road, Peckham; OLIVE M. L. BOURNE, St. Luke's Vicarage, Uxbridge Road; EMMA BYHAM, 19, Stour Street, Sudbury; FLORENCE J. H. COX, 35, Muschamp Road, East Dulwich; REBECCA COOPER, Yew Tree Hill, Netherton, Dudley; ALICE M. DALE, Fillongley, Coventry; DAISY ELDRED, Codicote, Welwyn; MARY E. FORRESTER, Walnut Villa, Ardley; FLORENCE BEENY, 8, Oakley Road, Canonbury; LILLIAN J. GRIGGS, 15, Offord Road, Barnsbury; ELIZABETH HATCHARD, 3, Norman Street, Caerleon; ARTHUR WARRELL, Farmborough, Bath; CHARLES F. TURNBULL, Hertingfordbury Road, Hertford; HUGH C. SCHMIDT, 299, Stretford Road, Manchester; ENNIS IVES, Valley End Vicarage, Chobham; W. H. HACKSLEY, 37, St. Barnabas Street, Wellingborough; KENNETH FISHER, The Limes, Levenshulme.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive:—

January 9th.—(1) Jonah iv. 11; Psalm cxlv. 9; Deut. xxv. 4, etc.; xxii. 6, 7; Luke xiii. 15; xiv. 5, etc. (2) John iv. 10, 14; vii. 37-39. January 14th.—(1) Last sentence. (2) In ver. 17, none is "like God" as to *righteousness*; in Micah vii. 18, none is "like God" as to *mercy*; in January 21st.—(1) Litany "noble works"; ver. 1, what things *hath done*; ver. 2, wondrous *works*; ver. 3, marvellous *works*. (2) Luke xi. 9, 10, "Seek and ye shall find,"—teaching in both to "seek" and to "rejoice" when we do. January 28th.—(1, 2).

Compare verses 9 and 17 with verses, "Endue Thy ministers with righteousness," "And make Thy chosen people joyful." BURIED TRUTH, Remarkable Gatherings.—See Acts x. 11, 12, 16, 28, 48; xi. 18; xv. 7; Gen. vii. 8, 9; ix. 11.

February 4th.—(1) Gen. i. 17; Isa. xl. 22. (2) "Instruction," 2 Tim. iii. 16. February 11th.—(1) Psalm iii. 1, 2; xxviii. 3; 2 Chron. xvi. 8, etc. (2) Psalm lvi. 4, 11; end ver. 9; cxviii. 6, 8, 9; xlvii. 7, 11; Rom. vii. 31. February 18th.—(1) Isa. xl. 6-8, and references. (2) Deut. xxxii. 29. February 25th.—(1) That no one teaches like God, Job. xxxvii. 22. (2) 2nd Sunday in Lent—"We have no power of ourselves to help ourselves"; 13th Sunday after Trinity—"Of whose only gift it cometh," etc. BURIED TRUTH, Remarkable Women.—See 1 Kings xvii. 9-16; Luke iv. 25, 26; Matt. xvi. 6-13; Mark xiv. 5-9; John xi. 2; xii. 2-8; Mark xii. 41-44; 2 Kings xvii. 17-24; 2 Kings iv. 18-37; Luke vii. 11-15; Heb. xi.

March 4th.—(1) Verses 1, 7, 8, 17, 18, etc. (2) Verses 27, 31, 32, etc. March 11th.—(1) Prov. xxvii. 10. (2) Psalms xxxiii. 6; xxvii. 4; xci. 4, etc. March 18th.—(1) The Passover and the destruction of the host of Sennacherib, both by pestilence, and at night. (2) Verses 11-13. March 25th.—(1) Rev. i. 5; Psalm ii. 7. (2) Acts iv. 25. BURIED TRUTH, A Group of Nots.—See 1 Kings xiii. 4, 16, 19, 18, 28; Numb. xxii. 33; Gen. xxxii. 30; Judges xiii. 22, 23; Acts x. 13, 14.

April 1st.—(1) 1 Kings xxii. 4; Prov. iv. 14, 15; Jer. xv. 17; Luke xiv. 14. (2) Deut. ii. 7; Psalm xxxvii. 23. April 8th.—(1) Heb. x. 5, etc. (2) John iv. 31; vi. 38. April 15th.—(1) Verses 7, 11, 39, 41; compare ver. 35 with 36 and 37. (2) Psalms cv. cvi. April 22nd.—(1) Jonah i. 1-45. (2) Exod. i. 7; ix. 7. April 29th.—(1) Verses 1 and 2. (2) Sincerity in words; "ground of my heart"; prove; examine; any way of acknowledging humility—in seeking earnestly for God's leading, to follow the right, and not depending on his own wisdom and strength. BURIED TRUTH, Weapons of War.—See 1 Sam. xx. 21, 22, 35-42; 2 Kings xiii. 14-19; 1 Kings xxii. 34-38; Psalm cxxvii. 4, 5; Job vi. 4; Isa. xlix. 2.

May 6th.—(1) Psalm xxxii., especially ver. 8;

2 Sam. xxiv. 14. (2) Verses 9, 10; compare 1 Tim. i. 9. May 13th.—(1) Psalm lxviii., the Holy Spirit the great gift received for men. (2) Coming after Ascension Day. May 20th.—(1) Psalm cii.; Heb. i. 10-12. (2) Heb. ix. 14. May 27th.—(1) Psalm cxxi., end of ver. 2; Gen. i. 1; "God the Father Almighty," etc.; "Our Father in Heaven." (2) Verses 3, 6, 7, with xci. 11, 12; 5, 6; 7, 8. BURIED TRUTH, A Diversified Chapter.—See Luke viii., end of ver. 3; 10; 44; 38; 24, 25; 37; 49, 54, 55; 26-35; see also Mark v. 13.

June 3rd.—(1) 1 Sam. x. 21-23. (2) 2 Kings iv. 8-10. June 10th.—(1) Psalm l. 8, 13; li. 16. (2) 1. 5; li. 18, 19. June 17th.—(1) Mark i. 35. (2) Psalm lxxxvii.; end ver. 2; lxxxviii., 9. June 24th.—(1) verses 13-16. (2) ver. 14. BURIED TRUTH, A Complete Disguise.—This "disguise" was found in the change brought about in Joseph's appearance, partly by growing from a youth of seventeen to a man of nearly forty; and partly by his having been meanwhile made second ruler to Pharaoh, through the dreams of Pharaoh, and the previous dream of his chief butler, and so in apparel and circumstances, and probably speaking a language (Gen. xlii. 23) such as never before. For the removal of this "disguise" see, of course, beginning of Gen. xiv.

BURIED TRUTHS.

The experiment of giving a special question requiring a larger amount of thought and research, and open to all our readers without any limit as to age, has evidently created very widespread interest. Several readers in sending in their papers have expressed how much pleasure and profit they have derived from the study which has been rendered necessary. Many of the papers are fully entitled to the prize, but we have decided to award the half-guinea volume offered to Mr. John Noake, 2, St. Mary's Terrace, London Road, Worcester. Mr. Noake is in his 78th year, and his replies, beautifully written, without a single erasure, and in one month put into very creditable verse, are vouched for by the Rev. R. Wyld, M.A., Rector of St. Martin's, and Minor-Canon Waugh, M.A., Curate of St. Martin's, Worcester.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

The interest in "Our Puzzle Corner" continues to be well sustained. We offered as prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize Winners (January to June) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. BENJAMIN HERBERT DALE, The Vicarage, Lydd.	14	Rev. F. S. Dale, M.A.
2. ALEXANDER BACON SUTTON, 4, Eversfield Terrace, Ventnor.	13	Rev. A. P. Clayton, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity.
3. ALBERT E. G. CHALMERS, The Vicarage, Bardney, Lincoln.	12	Rev. J. A. Chalmers, M.A.
4. ETHEL ELLIOTT, 43, Sandbrook Road, Stoke Newington, N.	13	Rev. R. Carveth Blackmore, M.A., Curate of Stoke Newington.
5. SIDNEY KENNARD, 26, Hughenden Road,	14	Mr. H. J. F. Crang, S.S. Teacher.
6. CHRISTIE ELDRED, Willow Cottage, Codicote, Welwyn.	12	Mr. A. H. Bradber, S.S. Superintendent.
7. CECIL ATYES, Glenholme, Edgcombe Road,	11	Mr. W. Lancaster Lamont, S.S. Teacher.
8. MABEL SINGLETON, Highfield Ter., 557, Manchester Road, Bradford.	15	Rev. R. Briggs, M.A., Vicar of All Saints'.
9. JOHN EDGAR ASHWORTH, 26, Drake Street, Rochdale.		Mr. John White, S.S. Superintendent.
10. SIDNEY T. CUTTING, St. Giles' School, Endell Street, W.C.	13	Mr. Isaac T. Cutting, S.S. Superintendent.
11. SARAH JANE BUTLER, Hanmer, Whitchurch,	14	Rev. H. Hanmer, M.A., Vicar.
12. BERTHA LEE GINNS, Rothwell, Kettering.	15	Miss Baxter, S.S. Teacher.

The following are the Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive:—

1. Glove. 2. Dover, Ouse, Redcar, Canterbury, Brighton, York. 3. Earwig. 4. Chester, London, Newcastle, Winchester, Ripon, Kendal, Bolton, Edinburgh. 5. Bookcase.
6. Whitty, Warwick, Eden, Thames, Ely, Oxford, Trent. 7. Mattress. 8. Grace.
9. Carpet. 10. Box, Clock. 11. Mace, Brush. 12. Blanket.

The Holy Angels Bright.

FOR ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS' DAY (SEPTEMBER 29TH).

Words by RICHARD BAXTER.

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus. D.
(Incumbent of St. Paul's, Kilburn.)

With spirit.

1. *mf* Ye ho - ly An - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or thro' the realms of
2. *p* Ye bless-ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race, *cr.* And now, from sin re -

light Fly at your Lord's command, As - sist our song. Or else..... the
- leased, *f* Be-hold the Sa-viour's Face; His prais - es sound, As in..... His

theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue. A - men.
light With sweet de - light Ye wo a - bound.

3. *mp* Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
cr And onward as ye go
f Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

4. *mf* My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
f Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise. Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Seventy Miles' Walk for Confirmation.

THE Bishop of Capetown held a Confirmation for natives a few years ago, and among the candidates an old couple were pointed out to him as having walked seventy miles across the veldt to be confirmed. They walked back next day after the Holy Communion.

An Unanswerable Question.

A LADY missionary at Likoma, on Lake Nyasa, Central Africa, was recently telling her girls about the number of poor people in England who needed to be taught, and how there were persons who thought the missionaries ought to stay at home. One of the native girls quickly replied, "Would they leave us all to be burned up in the fire?"

It has been estimated that out of every 5,000 communicants in England 4,999 stay at home, and only one goes abroad to obey the Lord's last command.

A WISE RULE.—In all troubles and sadder accidents, let us take sanctuary in religion, and by innocence cast out anchors for our souls to keep them from shipwreck, though they be not kept from storm.—JEREMY TAYLOR.



A PROMISE FOR PARENTS.

"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed and My blessing upon thine offspring."—ISA. xlv. 3.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

PARENTS have one great object of anxiety which others have not—their children. And Christian parents have one which other parents have not—their children's spiritual welfare. In the eyes of worldly parents this is little; but to Christian parents there is nothing greater.

Now, here is a promise full of encouragement to such. It was the promise of Jehovah to the pious Jews of Isaiah's time, with regard to their children and posterity. The parents feared the Lord; but, in those evil times, would their children after them fear Him? In that generation there were yet a few godly men; but, as things seemed to be going from bad to worse, would any such be found in the generations that were to follow? Yes; the Lord promised that so it should be. He would pour forth His Spirit, He would preserve a godly seed, He would draw one after another to Himself.

The believer may take to himself the promises made by God to Israel; and this special promise the Christian parent may apply to himself and his children. It is full of encouragement to prayer, and effort, and faith.

The figure is one of the plainest, and one often used. Water here means the Spirit of God and His blessing; and by the dry ground we are to understand the hearts of children—whether still children, or grown up: "him that is thirsty" we may apply both to the child not yet renewed by

the Spirit, and to the parent thirsting for the Spirit to come to his child.

Every heart, both of parent and of child, is dry ground till watered by the Spirit of God; every one till then is *thirsty*, in the sense of having no water; but it is only the renewed heart that thirsts for God, as *desiring* Him. A Christian parent, then, thirsts and longs, not only on his own account, but for his children too—to see in them some sign of turning to God, some token of His grace.

For this many godly, prayerful, and painstaking parents have to wait long. From the cradle the mother has taught her little ones, from their earliest years both father and mother have trained their children for God, and prayed for them, and set them the example of a godly life; but hitherto no sign of grace in them has appeared. Their children are like other children; in some cases they have even gone far in sin. Often have the parent's hopes been raised, but only to be disappointed; a striking sermon, a serious talk, a startling event, has seemed to make an impression, but it did not last; and sometimes a son or daughter has seemed humbled and softened, but nothing came of it; and the parents, so often disappointed, are cast down. Will the blessing ever come? Will they ever have the joy of seeing their children come to God? Has not God forgotten to be gracious?

No! God never forgets to be gracious. One thing He is teaching

such parents very plainly—that *they* cannot change their children's hearts. This is a most important lesson. But what should follow upon it? More earnest prayer. Not an effort should be relaxed, not one outward means should be neglected or discontinued; but all should be done with a more entire trust in the grace and blessing of God alone. What they find they cannot do they should the more earnestly beseech God to do?

Promises should not only lead to prayer, but should give a tone to prayer, making it earnest, hopeful, and trustful. Parents plead the promise with God! Plead it in your Saviour's Name; ask the Lord, for His dear Son's sake, to pour His Spirit upon your seed, and His blessing upon your offspring!

Observe the words, "I will pour water," "I will pour floods." This is no mere drop or dribble of blessing; all here is copious, full, and free; and *sure*, too, for God says "I will"; not "perhaps I may," but "I will."

In some cases the blessing comes down on a family precisely in this way. God *pours* forth His blessing, and at almost the same time turns several of the offspring to Himself. In other cases, and more often, they are turned to Him one by one, at different times, and by different means, in a way agreeing more closely with the words that follow the text: "And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

Let us leave the Lord to fulfil His word in His own way, and at His own time; only, let us be sure that He *will* fulfil it. Whether the Spirit be poured as a flood, or come more softly like the rain and dew upon the grass, or the gently flowing water-courses that feed the willows by their banks, it is the Lord Himself that

works, and that by a life-giving power in the heart.

Parents, never lose sight of such a promise as this! Use all means, be watchful and diligent, live a godly and consistent life before your children; but all the while keep the eye of faith firmly fixed on the Lord Himself, and so await His time. You can but lay the tinder, the spark must come from Him; or, to keep to the figure of the text, you can but prepare the dry ground, and lay it open to the shower, and thirst for its coming; but the shower itself must come from above, and these floods have their source in God alone. But He will never fail those who seek Him through Jesus Christ. Therefore "tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart; and put thou thy trust in the Lord."

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN AUSTRALIAN CHILD.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. BISHOP SANDFORD.

TWAS said the fairies used to shower

On some favoured infant's cot
All the gifts within their power
To enrich its happy lot;
Wealth and charms of looks and mind
Gave these fairies, good and kind.

Is the earth less bright that now
These are held by fancy's dreams?
Is there less in joys which flow
From a mother's love that gleams
In every look she casts on thee,
As thou playest merrily?

Is his heart less true and warm,
Beats it less with love to thee,
As, within thy father's arm,
Thou leapest up with shout and glee,
Fearing naught whilst, at thy call,
He guards thee safe from hurt or fall?

Gwynith, dear, thou know'st not yet
All their love and watchful care,
All their hopes upon thee set,
Finding voice in praise and prayer,
Better far than fairy's wand
Choicest blessings to command!

THE JESSOPS:

AN EMIGRATION STORY.

BY THE REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stonecroft, Liverpool; Author of "Child Neighbours," "Jasper Rentoul," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A WORD IN SEASON.



THOSE who are left behind often stand in as much need of sympathy and help as those who go forth on big ventures and in quest of fortune.

To that sentiment Mrs. Jessop would have agreed, and so would Dick. Certainly that young gentleman had a grievance. It was he who had set the emigration ball a-rolling, and having done so he had been promptly ordered to stand aside. The poor little chap was sorely disappointed; nor was he to be consoled till Captain Playfair had solemnly promised that if he was a good lad and got on at school, he, the captain, would in due course find him a berth on board his own ship, and so start him advantageously for a life on the ocean wave. Polly, too, was in need of consolation; but she sufficiently found it in the increase of domestic duties and the added im-

portance that came to her in consequence of Sybil's departure.

But poor Mrs. Jessop had a sorrowful time before her. Reginald especially she missed at every turn; but she also missed the income, small as it was, that her two elder children had brought in. And, as though to prove the truth of the adage that "misfortunes come not singly," the villa, on the rent of which the widow mainly depended for support, fell vacant, and remained unlet for half a year. The consequence was that for a time Mrs. Jessop and her two children were reduced to absolute penury. Not even the Playfairs knew what privations they were called on to endure.

On his return from America Mr. Turner had called, and endeavoured to cheer the widow by giving her as hopeful an account as he honestly could of Reginald and Sybil. He had seen them off in the train from Quebec. Both were in excellent health—Sybil bright and hopeful, Reginald full of earnest purpose and quiet determination. But Mrs. Jessop did not seem to be much interested, while of the importance of the change that the clergyman described as having taken place in her son, she did not appear to have any conception at all. Reginald had always been a gentleman, she said quietly, and it would not be possible for him to act otherwise than as such. On the whole, Mr. Turner was disappointed with the interview, and soon took his leave.

About a week after Mr. Turner's visit the Jessops were having tea with the Playfairs. This was now a pretty frequent occurrence, and one to which Polly and Dick looked forward with pleasure. The fact was, that while the fare at home was excessively meagre, Susan made most excellent cakes; and good Mrs. Playfair never seemed so happy as when pressing the children "to make themselves at home, and eat all they could." Dick privately confided to Polly that, while fully appreciating what "eating all he could" meant, he did not see the connection between that process and "making himself at home." "Mother Playfair's teas wasn't one bit like home," he said scornfully.

On the present occasion the hot cakes, etc., having been satisfactorily dealt with, Dick, finding it rather a "slow tea-party," left the ladies, and sauntered out in search of more genial companionship. A moment later he rushed in with a letter in his hand.

"I say, mother, here's a letter from Sybil! Good luck I happened to come along just as the postman was going away from our door."

Mrs. Jessop took the letter with more eagerness than was customary with her, and began to read.

"Any news about Reggie? Has he got on a farm yet?" queried Dick, after

he had waited in patient silence for a minute or two.

"Don't flurry me. I've not come to anything about the dear fellow yet," said Mrs. Jessop nervously. "It's all description—the big trees in the park at Vancouver; the lovely sail to Victoria; how pretty the harbour is; how like England it seems. Dear, dear me, as if we cared about all that!" And so, murmuring to herself, she skimmed down the paper that shook in her trembling hand.

"I'd like to hear about those trees, and about the sort of boats they have there," said Dick meditatively.

"Hush, you naughty fellow! and don't disturb your mother," whispered Mrs. Playfair.

And Dick, who always acted on that lady's suggestions, was quiet at once. Then, finding the tension of keeping his mouth shut too strong for him, and no news of a sensational character being forthcoming, he turned and left the room.

"Such an unsatisfactory letter," said Mrs. Jessop plaintively, as she looked up from her reading. "She says scarcely anything about herself; only that she is well, and likes the business. She does not even say what it is. She gets big pay; but it seems everything is very dear, and they have no coin under twopence-halfpenny."

"Oh my, what an odd place it must be!" cried practical Polly. "It must be proper queer not to be able to get a pen'orth of tea or sugar or anything. I wouldn't like to live there anyhow."

Mrs. Jessop glanced reproachfully at her unmannerly offspring, and heaved a pathetic sigh.

"Come, Polly, I want you upstairs. You know you haven't mended your frock or looked at your lesson for Sunday School," said Susan, rising and holding out her hand.

"No, more I haven't," assented the child. Then, with a slight shrug of contempt in the direction of her mother, she rose and went away to her tasks.

"And is there nothing at all about poor Reggie?" inquired Mrs. Playfair sympathetically.

"Oh, yes, just a postscript at the end; I had overlooked it in my hurry. This is it: 'Reggie is at New Westminster, a place you go to by electric car in about an hour from Vancouver City. He has got employment there, and says he hopes he will like it. I am to tell you from him that he will write as soon as he is settled, but that in the meantime you

must keep up your spirits, and not be uneasy about him. I may tell you Reggie seems ever so much older than he was when he left home. He has become awfully "serious"—a good thing in the end perhaps; but he is not half as good company as he used to be."

So, with a few affectionate messages and some rather forced chaff, the letter ended.

"I call it all very unsatisfactory, very disappointing," said Mrs. Jessop, fidgeting about nervously. "Syb says hardly anything about herself or her brother, and the little she does say leaves the impression that some cloud was hanging over them."

"Oh, you mustn't think that," responded Mrs. Playfair. "Remember they have not had time to settle down or get accustomed to the country. They cannot see into the future, and, very sensibly I think, do not wish to say much about it."

"Oh, but I thought they would have been sure to drop into something good at once—such a handsome, clever fellow as Reggie is; and as for Sybil, it's not often you come across a girl like *her*!" cried poor Mrs. Jessop.

Mrs. Playfair smiled at the maternal vanity. "Well," she answered in her kindly way, "perhaps they have both dropped into something good before now. We must wait for the next letter, and be hopeful."

"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Jessop impatiently. "It's easy for you to talk; you never seem put out about anything. You've grown accustomed to partings and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"Yes, perhaps I have," was the quiet reply. "I have certainly had to part with my dear ones very often."

There was a quaver in the voice and a far-away look in the steadfast eyes that put the petulant widow to sudden shame.

"There, my dear Mrs. Playfair, I did not mean to hurt you or to say anything rude or unkind or unbecoming of a lady; but you do seem to take things so quietly; I often wonder at you. Why, if I had a son or—or a husband at sea, I'd worry myself to death about them; I know I should. But I daresay you can't understand that feeling. Some people are so much more sensitive than others."

"I can understand it well enough, my dear," replied Mrs. Playfair, with a gentle smile; "and there was a time when I used to worry a good deal; but I am thankful to say that has all

passed away long ago."

"Ah, just what I said. You have grown accustomed to the Captain and Tom being away."

This was said rather triumphantly.

"It is not that," said the good woman, as she took her friend's hand and fondled it. "It is because I have been enabled to trust them both to God. They are safe, these dear ones of mine, with Him; and I rejoice to believe that they feel as I do.

When I was first married—yes, and till after Susan was born—I used to fret myself, and lie awake at nights listening to the wind, and imagining all sorts of things. Then my husband would come home, and laugh and tell me what a good voyage he had had, and how that he had been asleep in his bunk just when I was crying and looking out at the scudding clouds through the blinds. He used to chide me, and tell me I ought to have more faith; but for a long time his talk had no effect upon me. Then there was one lovely summer night. He was expected to dock in the morning, and I said to myself, 'He must be quite safe and happy.' I had company in that night. We laughed and sang and danced, and did many a foolish, light-hearted thing. Well, next morning they brought my husband home to me, and laid him on his bed. Just off the bar, after sailing nine thousand miles in safety, his ship had been run down by a steamer in a fog. There were five widows in Liverpool that morning, and it was by the mercy of God that I was not added to the number. My husband had a most narrow escape; he was picked up quite exhausted, and it was months before he fully recovered his health. He was never so near death as at the moment when I was laughing and dancing and thinking nothing about him. I began to learn my lesson then, and since then I have learned a good deal more."

"If you will excuse me saying it"—and the widow spoke with an air of dignified authority—"I do not think it was quite becoming to give a party at such a time."



TEA WITH THE PLAYFAIRS.

"Perhaps not," admitted Mrs. Playfair, with just a shade of impatience; "but we were young then, and had many friends. My husband liked me to enjoy myself, and there was nothing wrong, nothing for me to be ashamed of."

Mrs. Jessop was pleased that she had unintentionally turned the tables on her would-be counsellor. She spoke quite encouragingly, not to say patronisingly.

"Oh, nothing wrong, of course—no one would think of such a thing in connection with you; but I only meant to give a hint on the point of propriety. You see, I have mixed a good deal in society; I was not always in my present position. I can quite understand what a shock that accident must have been to you, what a lesson it taught as to the uncertainty of life. Surely I know that—know it as well as any one."

She stopped speaking, with full eyes and a bitter compression of her thin lips. Doubtless her thoughts had wandered far away, behind that dark veil that hung across the background of her present life.

If good Mrs. Playfair had experienced a passing emotion of anger, the sight of that pathetic, suffering face softened her at once.

"My dear friend," she said quietly, "let me speak to you plainly. It is no use to fret about the uncertainty of life; it was not that I was thinking of. The sorrow of the world worketh death, and so does the worry and anxiety of the world. That is the lesson the Lord in His goodness has taught me. You talk about my being accustomed to part with Tom and his dear father, and perhaps

you imagine I've got hard like; but it's not so. I think my heart is softer than ever it was; and certainly one gets to think less about themselves and their own personal pleasure as life goes on. But every night I commit those I love, and for whom I live, to our Heavenly Father's care. Somehow I feel that He is watching over them when I am asleep."

"But sailors are sometimes drowned, for all that," said Mrs. Jessop snappishly.

"Yes, that is just it," was the calm response; "and that is why I said there was no use fretting and complaining about the uncertainty of life. A man can die but once, and in one way, as my dear, brave husband says. And what matters it how or when he dies, so that he has made his peace with God? Should it be the Divine will that Tom or his father should perish at sea, I would try to believe that God knew best, and I would try to accept His will."

"I envy you your faith," said Mrs. Jessop, impressed in spite of herself.

"It is but a poor, weak thing, and not to be envied," replied Mrs. Playfair, smiling. "I mean there is no need to be jealous, for you can have as good a faith, or a better, for yourself. You have had many advantages, dear Mrs. Jessop—advantages of education, of—"

"I know," interrupted the widow, "I know I am not ignorant as some are; but I confess I have never been accustomed to look at things in this fashion. I do not mean that we were not religious people. My dear husband always paid for a pew in church—yes, for a whole

pew—while others who could afford it just as well were content with two or three sittings. He was always most liberal with his money, poor fellow; and you know how particular I was about having Reggie and Sybil confirmed."

The seaman's wife—simple, earnest, true—looked into the pinched, petulant, and still pretty face before her. She looked straight into the faded blue of the lack-lustre eyes, and her honest heart went forth in yearning pity towards this poor creature, who seemed, so far, to have lived and suffered in vain.

"I am thinking," she said, "of what Mr. Turner said in his sermon the other night: 'God seeks not ours, but us.' We can't do anything for Him by which He is the gainer. The only thing we can really do is to give *ourselves*; all else comes after that."

"I am sure it is very kind of you to take such an interest in me," replied Mrs. Jessop; "but, as I said just now, I have not been accustomed to think of these things in the same way as you seem to do. A great deal depends on how one has been brought up. But now, if you'll excuse me, I shall say good-night. This letter has upset me, and I want to think over it quietly. You can send Polly in when Susan is tired of her. Don't let the child tease you or annoy you with her uncouth ways."

After the departure of her guest, Mrs. Playfair sat for a long time thinking—thinking, dreaming, aspiring, hoping, praying for the deliverance and enlightenment of a darkened and burdened soul.

CHAPTER VIII.

DARK DAYS.



MRS. PLAYFAIR'S faith and patience were destined to be sorely tried, and the lesson thus afforded was not without its effect on Mrs. Jessop.

Captain Playfair's ship, the *Firefly*, was considerably overdue, and soon disquieting surmises began to be expressed about her. She had cleared from San Francisco for Hong Kong on a certain day, but since then mail and telegraph had been silent as to her fate.

For some time Mrs. Playfair seemed to take the matter very quietly. The *Peruvian* was almost due, and she busied herself as much as possible with anticipations of Tom's return. In some way she associated husband and son together, and talked as though the safe home-coming of the latter would be a

pledge that all was well with the former.

"At all events," she said to Susan, "the dear boy will cheer us up, and perhaps he will have something to suggest about the cause of his father's prolonged absence."

The disappointment was all the harder to bear, therefore, when, the very day before the *Peruvian* was to enter the Mersey, a letter, *viâ* New York, announced that Tom was not on board.

The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I've but a few minutes in which to write this letter, so that you may have it before the *Peruvian* gets in. I wouldn't like to think of you or Sue coming to meet me or hearing what I have to tell about from any but myself. I've had a famous offer made me; yet I don't know as I'd have accepted but for one reason, that perhaps you may guess. It happened this way. You know I got a bit talked about for what I did in patching up the shaft of the *Peruvian*? Well, a few days ago, one of the bosses of the C.P.R. (Canadian Pacific Railway that means) came along and offered me a berth aboard one of the 'Empress' steamers that run from Vancouver to China and Japan. It was grand promotion for me, and the big men at our office in Montreal said I ought to accept, and that they would not stand in my way. So it was settled right off, and I've to start by rail right across America the day after to-morrow. You know there is one person I'd like to see out that way, only I don't know that there will be time this trip.

"And now, mother darling, I must wish you and Sue a long good-bye. I'm thankful for this opening, but I'd be much happier in slipping into it if I could have had a run home first just to see you all, and have a kiss and get your blessing. Well, I know I'll have your good wishes and your prayers. I calculate you'll have father safe home before this letter arrives. Give him my love, and say I'll write full particulars after the first run. Perhaps I'll be coming across him some of these days out China way, if he continues to take that route.

"Now I must really say good-bye. Be looking out for a letter. I'll drop a line from Vancouver if I can manage it; but if you don't hear, my brave old mother will not be uneasy. God will take care of her boy.

"Your loving son,
"TOM."

"Well, mother dear, we ought to be

thankful he has got such a good appointment, and I daresay we shall hear more about it from some of his mates on the *Peruvian*. Mr. Jennings is sure to come to see us."

Mrs. Playfair smiled as she looked into her daughter's innocent face. The fact was that this Mr. Jennings was the "slap-up" personage whose liberality had made such a favourable impression on Master Dick, and of whom Susan, in common with the rest of her family, was supposed "to think no end." That he was greatly interested in Tom there could be no doubt; but that Tom's sister had something to say to the length and frequency of his visits to Leaffy Lane was more than probable—at least, in Mrs. Playfair's judgment. So Susan's suggestion met with a hearty response.

"Oh, yes, he is sure to come up to tell us all about Tom's good fortune. There is no one will rejoice at it more sincerely. But, oh, Sue, how I do long to have your dear father at home! We might all be so happy then."

And then the poor woman's pent-up feelings got the better of her, and she began to sob.

"Mother, darling, you must not give way like that," urged the girl lovingly. "We may have good news of father any day, or any hour. The same God who has been mindful of us in the past will not desert us now."

"I know that, dear," replied Mrs. Playfair; "but somehow I had come to build so much on Tom's return. His brave, honest face would have cheered us in itself; and now he thinks father is with us, and that we are all quite happy."

"Well, then, let us be glad that he does not share our anxiety. You and I have borne our troubles together before now, mother; and we are not going to give in this time, are we?"

And Susan put her arms round her mother's neck, and gave her a hearty kiss.

"I think," said Mrs. Playfair, with tears in her eyes, "that poor Mrs. Jessop depresses me. All seems so dark to her, and, in trying to raise her up, I fear I have been dragged down myself."

"Indeed, you have been a great help to her, poor soul!" cried Susan eagerly. "She was saying so to me only this morning. She said that at first your patience and hopefulness made her quite angry, but that now she envies you, and longs to know for herself what it is that makes your life so bright."

"Come, did she really say that now?"

And the good woman brightened up immediately. "Well, I have always said, Sue, there is nothing like trying to help some other poor body if one wants to get helped themselves."

"Yes, you've said it, and you've done it too, mother dear. You taught me to be ashamed of my selfishness when I was quite a little girl, though I fear you

to the Lord! It's worth having one's own troubles just to learn how to hold out the hand to others. I'm sure whenever St. Peter held out his hand to help any one, he recalled how he had clung to the Master when the boisterous waves had frightened him."

"Yes, mother, we must do our best," assented the girl.



"WE MAY HAVE GOOD NEWS ANY DAY."

undid some of the good by spoiling me and doing too much for me."

And Susan bent her head lovingly till her cheek rested against her mother's.

"There now, Sue, don't talk like that; you were always a good little girl—except when you were naughty," remonstrated Mrs. Playfair through her tears. "But just think what a thing it would be if we were allowed to help this poor wandering, weary soul to come

Thus planning together for the good of another, these two God-fearing women found solace in their own dark day of anxiety.

Mr. Jennings duly called, sang Tom's praises "through all the moods and tenses," cast sheep's eyes at Sue, won further golden opinions from Dick, and then went away. He was frank and pleasant throughout; only when they asked him what was being said in ship-

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interest upon which we must not omit to dwell. One is the great importance of *bodily exercise*. It is important for this very reason, that without it the body itself is not properly ventilated. The lungs are never properly filled or emptied; so that they retain what they ought to expel, and all the functions of life are impeded or arrested in their course. And closely allied to this danger is that arising from *enforced silence*, especially in the case of the young. Where the breathing organs are of average health children cannot make too much noise. Every shout, or laugh, or song conduces to health, by rapidly filling and emptying the lungs. So that a preternaturally quiet child, admirable as he or she may appear in the eyes of the cross nurse or tired mother, is presumably an unhealthy child. It would be well if some of our teachers would take a note of this. And there is one other matter, of even greater importance, though it affects the health and happiness only of the female sex. While want of exercise, and a sedentary life of comparative quietness, are unfortunately the inevitable fate of many women, there is a still greater evil arising to the health of the body from what is known as *tight-lacing*; a habit adopted in obedience to the laws of fashion, and founded upon no intelligible principle either of taste, of science, or of art. In the latter respect

it certainly does not conduce to the conformity of the female figure to Greek models of human beauty, which are generally held to be unapproachable in art. The science of the thing lies in a nutshell. Tight-lacing "deliberately crushes that part of the body which should be especially left free, contracting and displacing the lungs, the heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and thereby causes disease in some cases, inconvenience and discomfort in many more. It is one of the most common causes of ill-filled lungs, and of all the evils which must follow. The quantity of air drawn into the lungs at each ordinary inspiration, when the body is at rest, amounts probably to about twenty cubic inches on the average. Some exertion and fresh air in early morning, or after breakfast, and some exercise before any meal, are very essential to persons whose occupations preclude active habits. The object is to infuse more oxygen into the blood, and so to replace the foul air which is driven out by expiration." Dr. William Strange is our authority for these practical hints. "He who duly obeys the laws of Nature" (writes Charles Kingsley) "will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe." For he is "glorifying God in his body," which is "the temple of the Living God."

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)

Thirtieth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xxxvi.)

1. With what verse in 1 St. John i. may verse 2 of this Psalm be compared?

2. With what part of a verse in Exod. xviii. may the end of verse 4 be contrasted?

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm lxxi.)

1. How is Psalm lxiii. 8 exemplified in this Psalm?

2. How is Psalm li. 13 exemplified in this Psalm?

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cv. and cvi.)

1. What verses in these Psalms enforce the lesson taught us in Psalm ciii. 2?

2. What other verses in these Psalms, when contrasted with the above, serve to show us how greatly God differs from man?

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxxxvi.)

1. In which part of the Communion Service is the great truth of this Psalm expressed in a different form?

2. In which other Psalm for the 28th day of the month are we taught to use the same lesson as a plea for ourselves?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a Special prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.—A certain man, who is mentioned by name only nine times in the Bible, was seventh in order in a list which is already of very great length, though still incomplete. The same man was first in order in another incomplete but very short list, which is by-and-by to contain in it very many more names. In the former of these lists will be found at last all mankind except two. It might almost be said, indeed, all mankind except one. In the latter list it is not impossible that the names of some now alive may ultimately be found. It may be added that the experience of one of this man's sons was in one respect even more exceptional than his own. The experience, also, of his great-grandson was something quite by itself.



BEEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. W. STEWART WALFORD,
Rector of Dallingham.

BEE-KEEPING in England ought to be more cultivated than it has been. Why should we allow the foreigner to send into England between £4,000 and £5,000 of honey each month into our markets, and allow the tons of honey in the fields to go to waste because we don't cultivate the honey gatherers? *Why, one hive is capable of producing enough honey to pay a cottager's rent!*

I think if this were realised many would go in for Bee-keeping as an experiment if for nothing else. It is possible in a good year to realise this. At the end of one season my profits from one hive stood at £7 10s. But this, I will allow, was obtained from an exceptionally good market. But putting the sale of good section honey at one shilling per pound, which may be realised in a good market, such as a sea-side town, what an amateur has done once, namely, to produce a hundred and four

sections of one pound each, of pure virgin honey, in the comb, out of one hive, he might do again; and if one amateur can do it why not another? But how is it done? my readers will ask. Well, it was done by the new style of Bee-keeping, by keeping the bees in the Bar-frame hive, and taking the hive in the month of May, and placing it near a white clover field. Before this success was obtained, the hive, in the months of March and April, in some of those warm days that now and again favour us, was opened, and a general spring cleaning took place. The roof was removed. Each Frame was taken up with the bees upon it, then rudely shaken off and examined carefully, and the propolis scraped off, and the frame thoroughly cleaned and overhauled. Each frame was for a time placed in an empty hive, and the same process of examination gone through with every one. The carpets were then temporarily placed upon the

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minutes before filling up the tumbler with soda water.

Nourishing Drinks.—1. Cut a large lemon in three pieces, removing the seeds, press in a basin with three lumps of sugar until the juice is expressed and the skin soft. Take out the rind, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the same of cracked ice (if possible), a raw egg, and a tumbler of cold water. Beat well.—2. Beat together a yolk, the juice of a lemon, and some sugar. Mix well, or the milk will curdle, then stir in three-quarters of a tumbler of milk.—3. Four tablespoonfuls of syrup of gum, three tablespoonfuls of orange water, well mixed, add gradually half pint of boiling milk.—4. Beat together one yolk, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one of lemon juice, add a tumbler of water, and, just before drinking, stir in the white of the egg beaten stiff.—5. Barley water. (a) Thin.—One tablespoonful of pearl barley, well washed, one pint of boiling water. Cover the jug close with a cloth for eight hours. Strain. (b) Thick.—Two ounces of pearl barley, one quart of cold water. Boil two hours. Strain when cold. May be flavoured with lemon juice or apple.

Gruels.—1. Boil half cup of oatmeal in one quart of water for two hours. Pass through a fine strainer, thinning as required with hot milk or cream.—2. Wet one teaspoonful of ground rice with cold water, stir into a cupful of boiling milk or water, and boil till thick.—3. Chop twelve large raisins, boil for half an hour in a little water, add one cup of milk, and when it boils stir in one teaspoonful of flour, wet with cold milk until a thick custard.—4. Cook together four tablespoonfuls of pounded toast biscuits, quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one cup of water until thick. Add enough boiling milk to give the desired consistency.—5. Into two cups of boiling milk and water stir one tablespoonful of flour mixed with cold milk, and cook until it thickens. Salt or sugar may be added.—6. Boil one tablespoonful of pearl barley in one cup of milk until as thick as cream.

Toast.—1. Toast a slice of bread on one side, butter the other whilst hot,

spread with a well-beaten raw egg, add pepper and salt, and heat gently before the fire.—2. Pour over a small piece of toast in a little dish two-thirds of a cup of raw oysters, put a bit of butter on the top, some pepper and salt, and stand in the oven for three minutes.—3. Score deeply, whilst hot, a piece of very rare and juicy steak. Squeeze out the juice over a piece of hot toast.—4. Over pieces of hot toast pour lightly salted boiling cream, and soak in the oven for two minutes.

Broths.—1. Chicken broth can often be taken, hot or cold, when all else is rejected. Cut a raw chicken in half, remove skin, fat, liver, etc. Slice and place in a saucepan with one quart of boiling water. Cover closely, and simmer gently over a slow fire for two hours. Remove to the hob for another half hour. Strain and season.—2. Oyster broth is very strengthening, and easily made. Into a basin of boiling milk drop chopped raw oysters. Season. 3. Nourishing soup. Soak one large tablespoonful of sago in a cupful of cold water for ten minutes. Cook till tender and very thick. Into a cupful of boiling cream stir one beaten yolk, add the sago and one pint of hot beef tea. Stir well, and season.

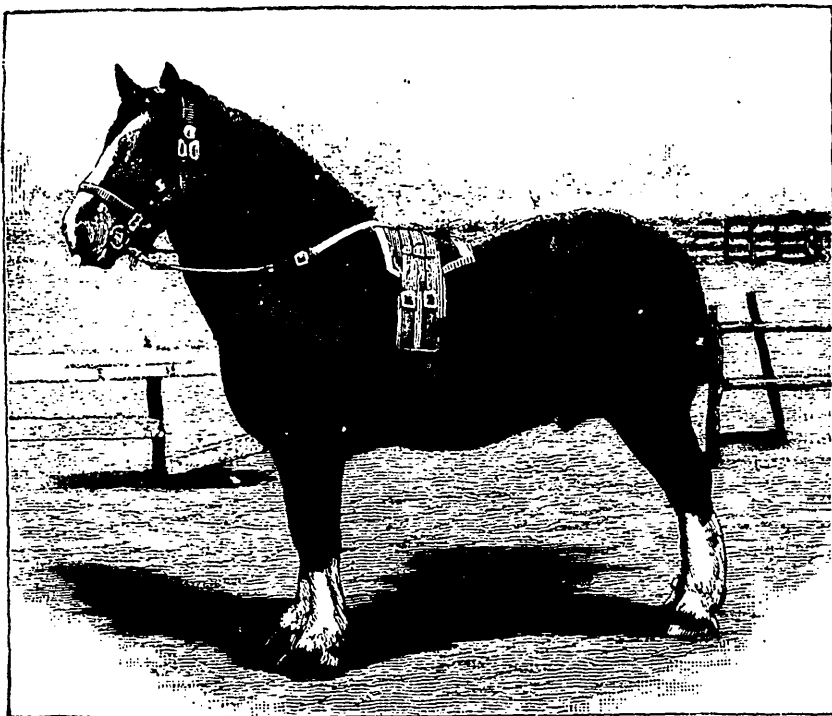
Meat Jelly.—Half a small chicken, half pound of knuckle of veal, one quart of water, seasoning. Simmer gently six hours. Strain into moulds.

Steamed Chop.—Most digestible. Remove all fat from a tender loin chop. Place in a glass jar, screw-topped. Stand the jar in a saucepan of warm water, with the cover on loosely. When the water boils screw down tightly, and simmer gently until the meat is tender.

Essence of beef.—(a) Cooked. Cut the raw meat (top side of the round) into tiny bits, put in a wide-mouthed glass jar or bottle, and set it in a saucepan of cold water with the cover on loosely. Heat slowly, and when the water boils screw down the cover or cork tightly. Boil for two hours.—(b) Raw. Soak half pound of chopped raw beef for three hours in a teacupful of soft water, slightly salted. Press out all the juice with a lemon squeezer. Use cold, in a green glass, to disguise the colour.

PRAY against sin, but don't sin against prayer.

PRAYER oils the wheels of the waggon of life.



HORSES AND THEIR OWNERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

THE Editor of this Magazine has requested me to write a short paper about Horses, pointing out the duty of treating them with thoughtfulness and consideration, and the manner in which they repay our kindness. The subject is indeed a most important one, and I shall base what I have to say about it upon two old Arabian sayings.

The first of these refers to the horse in relation to man: "God made horses for man, and shaped their bodies in accordance with his needs."

I suppose that most of us have been struck with the marvellous suitability of the horse's frame to the work which it is called upon to perform. We want to ride the animal; and its back seems shaped purposely to receive the saddle. We require to direct its course; and its mouth seems specially formed to receive the bit. We expect it to draw heavy weights, often over rough ground; and we find that its strength is largely con-

centrated into its fore-quarters. We call upon it to gallop at speed, and sometimes to leap over obstacles; and we discover that its feet are provided with strong, stout hoofs, which not only protect them from injury against the ground, but also serve to break the shock of its fall. For the hoofs are not mere solid blocks of horn, as we so often imagine, but are made up of a vast number of springs, which are very similar to those which we use in the framework of our carriages, and fulfil exactly the same function. Add to all these the horse's docile nature, and ignorance of its own strength; and one can scarcely help feeling that the Arabs are right, and that the connection between horse and man did indeed enter into the scheme of the Creator.

But—perhaps by reason of these same natural advantages—we are rather apt to look upon the horse as a kind of live machine. We fail to credit it, for example, with the intelligence which it really possesses. We "break" it to its

work, often by a system of perfectly needless cruelty. When it is "broken" we expect nothing more from it than a mere mechanical obedience to our commands. Yet the horse which is allowed, and encouraged, to work intelligently is by far the better servant; and, when it has thoroughly learned its duties, no animal is more trustworthy.

Take, for example, the huge cart-horses which may be seen working any day at Hitchin railway station. The two last carriages of the early morning trains are "through coaches," and have to be backed on to a siding, in order that they may be attached to the London express, which stops at the station shortly afterwards. This work is performed by horses. As soon as the carriages are uncoupled, the animals drag them away to the siding, and there stand patiently waiting for the express. The odd thing is, that they are perfectly aware that the main line expresses, which run through the station, have nothing to do with them, and pay no attention to them whatever. But the very moment that the fast train from the Cambridge branch passes they bend to their work, drag the carriages along until they are only half a dozen yards away from the rear of the train as it stands waiting at the platform, and then suddenly step sideways off the line, so that the impetus of the coaches may carry them to just the required spot.

A porter accompanies the animals, it is true; but he never touches them with whip or rein. He seldom even speaks to them, save to utter a word or two of encouragement. And the secret of it all is simply this—that the horses know their work, and are trusted to perform it intelligently, as almost all horses will if they are treated kindly, and the opportunity is afforded them.

It is scarcely too much, indeed, to say that there seems to be in the horse a natural willingness—almost a natural desire—to recognise man as its master, and to serve him to the best of its ability.

The second of the two Arabian sayings, which is traditionally ascribed to Mahomet, refers not to the horse in relation to man, but to man in relation to the horse: "As many grains of barley as are contained in the food we give to a horse, so many blessings do we daily gain." The great prophet was one of the first to realise that the animals which work for man have a distinct claim upon him for services rendered; although a Greater than he had taught the same

lesson before in slightly different language.

There cannot be a doubt, on the whole, that animals are better treated than they were. We are gradually awakening to a sense of our responsibilities, although the cruelties which are still too often practised are sickening enough. But even now it is only too true that—

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

And horses especially suffer from thoughtless and unintentional cruelty.

What else than cruelty is it to strap up their heads with tight bearing-reins, and then expect the same amount of work from them as if their heads were free? A horse cannot put out its full strength unless it can lower its head; and to prevent it from doing so by a bearing-rein is simply to reduce its usefulness by at least one half, and at the same time to condemn it to severe and unnecessary torture.

What else than cruelty is it to fasten broad "blinkers" closely over its eyes, and then punish it for taking fright at objects which it is no longer able properly to see? Even the most timid horse will seldom "shy" at an object of which it can command a full view (steam engines of course excepted!). What a horse dreads is the unknown; and blinkers allow it to gain but the merest passing glimpse of some unfamiliar object, with the very natural result that it takes fright, and attempts to escape from the imaginary danger. If blinkers *must* be employed—and their only useful office is to protect the eyes from the whip of a careless driver—they should stand out almost at right angles to the head, and should *not* cover the eye, which, by unduly heating it, and otherwise, they greatly injure.

What else than cruelty is it, once more, to keep a horse in a stable in which it can obtain neither light nor fresh air? I have been greatly struck by noticing how often, in some of the Hertfordshire towns and villages, the horses of tradesmen and others are kept in "barns" scarcely large enough to contain them, in perfect darkness, and with no provision whatever for ventilation; and I sincerely wish that a law could be passed to prevent such shameful ill-treatment of an animal which is often the true "bread-winner" of the family. Thoughtless cruelty it is, perhaps; but it is cruelty all the same.

And the horse suffers just as if it were intentional.

Truly there are many ways in which the lot of animals may yet be improved,

and a little more thought and a little more consideration will brighten the life of many a hard-working servant of man.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Traits of African Character.



FEW of the good people at home who think how romantic it must be to work amongst uncivilised races have any idea of the patient toil it involves. Dr. Hine's journal of his life at Unangu, for instance, exhibits the idleness and want of perseverance of the Central African native very clearly. He says: "Of course they have no ideas of hours or fixed times, nor of sticking to the work when they begin it." Again, "When you do get them to work, it is very hard to keep them at it, and you have to stand by them most of the day, perpetually hurrying them up. This, for six or seven hours in a broiling sun, with the thermometer, as it is to-day, at 112°, is fatiguing."

Not less disheartening is the attempt to teach. Few would view so humorously as Dr. Hine the following scene:—

Dr. Hine: "Who made the world?"

Boys, all together: "Who made the world?"

Dr. Hine: "Don't repeat my words, but answer me."

Boys, as before: "Don't repeat my words, but answer me."

Dr. Hine: "I want you to tell me who made the world."

Boys: "I want you to tell me who made the world."

Dr. Hine: "No, don't say my words."

Boys: "No, don't say my words."

Dr. Hine (getting impatient, and lapsing into English): "Oh you sillies!"

Boys: "Oh, oo 'illies (Loud laughter).

Such is the unpromising material, such the prospect of weary drudgery. The attraction of romance, if it ever existed, soon fades, and nothing but the love of God and of the souls of men enables a man to endure.

Closed Doors.

THERE are still countries into which the message of Christianity is not allowed to enter. Tibet, Nepal, Bhotan, Afghanistan, and Kafiristao, in Asia; and the Soudan, with its supposed sixty or eighty millions of inhabitants, are the chief. But some other countries, though nominally open to missionaries, impose great restrictions on their work. Such are Turkey, Persia, and Japan.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXII. ENIGMA.

(A word of three letters.)

My whole has in my first its habitation,
My last finds in my first its destination;
My first and second mean a combination,
My third and first suggest an iteration,
My second has but little valuation;
My last and first in Roman numeration
Remind us of the brave determination
Displayed by heroes of the British nation.

XXIII. INTERPRET THESE SENTENCES.

- (1) Hal Falo a Fisbet Terth An Obre Ad.
- (2) Eno Ughi Sasgo Odasafe Ast.

XXIV. MISSING WORDS.

Supply one word to the blanks in each of these sentences which will make them sound intelligible.

- (1) I — go next — to — o.
- (2) The duke's — has f— h— and w—s a proud —.
- (3) Off Dover Mr. G— said with em— he had no n— them — of the — could be so unpleasant.
- (4) The —'s daughter —y rides a black —.
- (5) Ed— and —ifred are t—s.

XXV. CONUNDRUMS.

- (1) What number becomes half as great again after removing a third part?
- (2) How does $\frac{1}{2}$ of 11 + $\frac{1}{2}$ of 7 + $\frac{1}{2}$ of 6 = 56?

XXVI. PUZZLE.

I am small but weighty; I am worth some thousands of pounds, but turn me over and I am not. When new, I am a philosopher, and when engaged in laundry work, I am a statesman. I am contained in all stones, and I contain them.

"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

A TEMPERANCE STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. R. COTTER HODGINS, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Cyprian's, Liverpool.

IHAVE never recounted the story of Mrs. G. without being urged to put the narrative into a permanent form, if for nothing else, for the encouragement of those engaged in that most difficult, and often most disheartening of all Christian enterprises, the work of seeking to reclaim some poor brother or sister from the tyrant slavery of strong drink.

I am conscious, too, that the incidents which I am about to relate had upon myself a very real personal influence, and taught me to believe practically, what, of course, we all accept theoretically, but often, I fear, theoretically only, that "While there's life there's hope"—that there never was, and never will be, a case too desperate for the followers of Christ to hope and seek to rescue; for the Master whom they serve has a strong arm as well as a most loving heart, so that absolutely no one, however far gone in sin, is beyond the reach of His sovereign grace and power.

For these reasons I take up my pen to set down, without either exaggeration or embellishment, the record of some most pathetic and almost romantic episodes in the humble life of a former resident in my parish.

It is nearly seven years since, in the dusk of the evening, there came to my door an anxious-looking woman of some five-and-thirty years of age. She wished to speak to me, she said, on an important personal matter. A nervous manner, and a face, that will, I fear, carry to the grave the evidences of a long course of self-indulgence and sin, by no means self-possessed me in her favour.

"This, sir," she began, "is the first time for two years that I have crossed the threshold of my door, or ventured to take even these few steps in the open street; but something impelled me to come to you to-night to ask your kindly advice. For ten years I was an inveterate drunkard, but, by God's mercy, I have not tasted drink for the last two years. I feel now I should like to attend church, but oh, sir, I am so much afraid lest the old enemy should tempt me again, that I hardly know whether I ought to risk

leaving the house even in order to worship God, and to thank Him for His grace in sparing me in my sin, and bringing me to what I am to-day. But I do long to go to church, if I could steal in on some week-night and sit where no one would notice me."

I told her there need be no difficulty about that, as my good Bible-woman would gladly take her to and from the church, and sit with her wherever she liked. Mrs. G. thanked me heartily, and said that would give her just the confidence she felt she needed. Then she told me more of her story.

"For ten years, as I have said, sir, I was a wretched drunkard. Even before I was married I had acquired the love of strong drink, and afterwards its power over me still increased. My husband is a God-fearing man, and was always good and kind to me. When he discovered my failing he was much saddened, of course, but I think it made him even kinder and more patient than before. He is a mate in a sailing ship, and away for long voyages. During his absence I used to spend all the money he allowed me, and often stripped our little home as well to gratify my craving. Things went from bad to worse, until at last my husband determined that there was nothing for it but to put me under restraint. Accordingly he made arrangements with the matron of the Home for Inebriates to receive me, and keep strict watch over me during his next voyage. But I did not go to the Home. Oh, how good God has been to me since then! The morning of the day on which I was to be removed I woke very early. My husband had not gone to bed, but was kneeling by my side. I watched him for a while without speaking, and then, fearing something might be amiss, I called him by name, and asked him what he was doing. He told me that he had been beside me for some hours watching me asleep, and praying earnestly that God would yet have mercy upon me, and prosper to my rescue the means he was using in sending me to the Home.

"Bad as I was, sir, I was completely

broken down. The loving patience of my dear husband touched the few better feelings that still remained to me. 'If that is what you have been doing,' said I, 'I promise you never to touch the drink again. Don't send me to the Home. I vow to you, God helping me, drink shall never pass my lips again.'

"Something in my manner, I suppose, convinced him that I meant it this time; and so my husband cancelled his arrangement with the matron, and started on his voyage next evening in fear and in hope. And I have kept my promise to this hour. This is the second anniversary of the day on which I made it, and I have not broken it once, though, God knows, the struggle was often most terrific. I knew if I mixed with my old companions the temptations they would put in my way would be too strong for me. I would never go near them again. If they came to see me I would not admit them. I would shut myself up in my house, and so keep well away from my evil associates and the public-houses, where, alas! I was only too well known. Thus have I passed the last two years of my life, my old mother, who lives with me, kindly doing all the errands, so that I might remain indoors. But now, sir, I feel I am a little stronger in health and in resolve, and I think I may venture to go out just to the House of God. I am sure it will strengthen and cheer me much."

I was deeply touched with this interesting story; and after commending my poor friend in a few words of prayer to Him who had so signally proved that He is able to keep us from falling, I arranged with her that she should come to church on Wednesday evenings in company with the Bible-woman. This she did regularly for about three months, and I know not that among the congregation there was any more appreciative or, in a sense, happier worshipper. At the end of that time, her courage increasing, she came to church regularly on Sundays, also, and a little later I had the intense pleasure of welcoming her to the Table of the Lord. She came, I have every reason to believe, with a true, penitent heart, with a lively faith in Christ her Saviour, and steadfastly purposed to lead a new life—a sinner still, but a sinner saved by grace, both from the guilt and from the power of sin.

Meanwhile her husband had determined to give up the sea, and having saved a little money, he went to Australia,

and there began farming. It was his intention to form a home, and then to send for his wife and her mother to join him.

About twelve months after my first introduction to Mrs. G., she came to me, saying she had received a letter from her husband, bidding her prepare to go to him the following month, as he had now enough money in the bank to pay for the two passages. My poor friend was in great glee, and looked forward impatiently to the time when the seas should no longer separate her from the dear one who had always been so good and true to her. But, alas! almost on the eve of the day on which she was to sail, there came another letter from her husband, with the sad intelligence that the bank into which he had put the passage money had failed, and that he was now left absolutely without any means. He would, however, work hard, and he trusted that, by God's help, he should ere long be in a position to send for her.

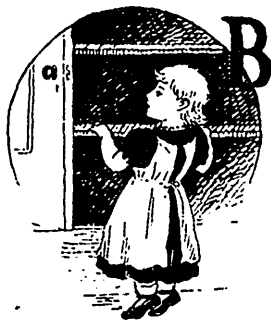
Here was a new and unexpected trial. The blow was a crushing one, especially as the poor woman had broken up her little home in prospect of leaving. She was left without any means save the small sum obtained from the sale of her furniture. However, she took a humble lodging, and earned what she could with her needle. For nearly a year she worked bravely on, and managed, with many ups and downs, to support herself and her mother, all the while keeping faithful to her promise, and trusting herself and her future to the good Hand that had been over her hitherto.

At length the wished-for day arrived. God prospered the earnest labours of her devoted husband. The passage money was paid, and the two women started for Australia. In due course they reached the new home; and since then both I and her faithful friend the Bible-woman have had many happy letters from Mrs. G., telling of a contented life, of healthful and prosperous toil in company with one who to her, at least, seems the noblest of mortals, and telling, better still, of a master sin vanquished, and a peace, which at one time seemed very far off, won through Him in Whom, for ever and for ever, is both pardon for the guiltiest of penitents and power for the fiercest of temptations. "While there's life there's hope." "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Our God is able to deliver, and He will deliver."

HIDE AND SEEK:

A RHYME FOR THE TINY TROTS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.



ABY is looking for Father and Mother—
She had confided the secret to me—
They have both vanished, the one and the other,
Baby is wondering where they can be!

Can they have possibly got in the cupboard?
Open it wide, let the myst'ry be shown.
Well, it is hard on this wee Mother Hubbard!
Nothing at all there—*not even a bone!*

Next she imagines them under the fender—
Yes, that's a new place to look, I declare;
Yet I don't know, for though mother *is* slender,
Father could never have squeezed under there!

Now she examines the waste-paper basket,
Shakes the long curtains, and lifts up the mat.

Some one might tell her—
of whom shall she ask
it?

Pauses a moment, and
questions the cat!

Then she crawls carefully
under the table,
Feels in the pockets of
Father's great-coat,
Takes out the horse from the
precious toy stable,
Looks in the vase *where the
gold fishes float!*

Under the sofa perhaps they
might scramble!
Are they crouched down *by
the Japanese screen?*
Really they've gone for a very
long ramble,
Not the least trace of them yet to be seen.



'Baby has grown rather tired
of pretending.
Surely the time for their
hiding is past—
What if the game has a sorrow-
ful ending!
What if she really has lost them at last!

Up in the blue eyes two big tears are welling,
As she sits wearily down on the floor.
Well, then, I'll whisper—but mind, this is telling—
"Have you looked outside the drawing-room door?"

Over the carpet the tiny
feet patter,
Rattle the handle, then
fling the door wide.
She was half frightened,
but what does it
matter?

There they are patiently waiting outside!

Now with what kisses she hastens to smother,
Each of them surely will know to their cost!
Stroking her Father, and hugging her Mother—
Really I fancy she thought they *were* lost!

Well, they are found, and so ends all the sorrow,
Only the joy and the triumph remain—
Yes, sweet, 'tis bedtime—another to-morrow
Baby and I will go seeking again!



"Let all the world in every corner sing."

"His Name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth."

Words by GEORGE HERBERT.

Music by ARTHUR H. BROWN:

Original key—C.

(Brentwood, Essex.)

cres.

r. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing, My God and King!

TREBLES ONLY. **TWO TREBLES (or with Tenor also).** *mf*

The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thith-er fly; The earth is not too low,

TENORS & BASSES (or Tenors only).

HARMONY. *cres.* *f* *f*

His prais-es there may grow. Let all the world in ev-'ry cor-ner sing,

piu f *ff* *mf*

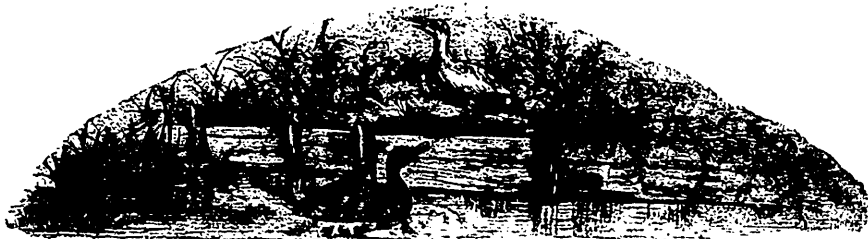
My God and King!..... My God and King! A - men.

2. Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King!
 The Church with psalms must shout—
 No door can keep them out;
 But above all the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing,
 My God and King! Amen.

VERSE 2, line 5. †

out; But a - bove all the heart

† The Trebles may join here if desired.



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The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The Brotherhood has re-organized for work after the holidays, and with every promise of a vigorous life. Several candidates have been admitted as probationers, and we are especially glad to find them consisting largely of those who have been recently confirmed. We congratulate the Brotherhood also upon their selection of a Lay-director - Mr. James Mackins. Mr. Mackins has well won his distinction. For fidelity to his vows and interest in the work, he is unsurpassed. A new departure has been made this season in the character of the work at the meetings. Henceforth the first and third Monday there will be a debate on some topic of interest in connection with church work, the first subject being Prohibition. The Brotherhood also proposes to give an "At Home" in the school house to the parishioners some evening in the latter half of November, and we hope all will respond to the invitation. More definite information will be given concerning it in the next number. They will also of course have their annual service on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th, when we hope to see a far larger attendance than we had last year.

Women's Auxiliary.

On Oct. 17th the Semi-annual meeting of the order throughout the diocese, will be held in St. James' School House. About 60 or 70 delegates from a distance will visit us. We feel confident that they will be hospitably entertained. On the evening of the 17th, a missionary meeting open to all, will be held in St. James' school house. The Bishop will be present and will address the meeting on the subject of missions.

In our local branch, a new departure has been made this season. The meetings take place every Monday at 7:15 p. m., and open with a bible lesson on some subject of missionary work or missionary teaching. We believe this is a step in the right direction. All societies must meet often if the members are to keep their interest in the work.

The bales of clothing and other useful articles, this year far exceeded those of last year, both in quantity and also in quality. We had three large bales this year, two of which have already been sent to Rev. Mr. Harland of Griswold, Man., the third is still at the station awaiting shipment. The ladies of the Embro Road, with their usual zeal, have got ready a large and valuable bale.

The Junior Auxiliary, St. James' Branch, has been a little late in re-assembling, but the delay has been unavoidable. We are very glad, however, to find the little ones so anxious to recommence their work, and the two lady managers, Miss Steel and Mrs. T. J. Moore, also equally ready and enthusiastic. We trust that they will have a happy and prosperous season.

General Parish News.

The thanks of the congregation are due to the Young Women's Guild for the beautiful decoration of the church for Harvest Thanksgiving.

Mr. Joseph Salkeld, of Downie Gore, recently underwent a serious operation for an abscess in the glands of the neck. Mrs. Lucas, his daughter, who is a trained nurse, returned from New York to attend to him, and he is gradually recovering.

Mr. Wm. McKwen, also of Downie Gore is very poorly from an acute attack of bronchitis notwithstanding his advanced age, he is apparently holding his own, but with much suffering.

Mr. F. W. Gearing and family will shortly take up their residence on Douglass St.

Messrs F. W. Tiffin, Sydney Johnson and Mrs. Cyril Johnson have gone to Toronto to keep their terms at the Universities.

Mr. R. Y. Kilvert, of the Bank of Montreal has been moved to Quebec. In the removal of Mr. Kilvert we lose one of our Sunday School Teachers. Will not some one of our young men volunteer to take his place?

Mr. W. S. Watson has been absent for some time, acting as Postmaster of Clifford, pro. tem. His services are considerably missed in the S. S. library.

Mrs. O'Grady, of Toronto, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. E. Sydney Smith.

The Church Lad's Brigade will recommence their work as soon as proper arrangements can be made as to drill and uniform and other matters of a like nature.

Mrs. Odibert, St. Andrew St., Miss McCarthy and Mrs. Nunns have kindly consented to become District Visitors. The first will take St. Andrew St, Birmingham St. Daly Ave; the second, Mornington St; the last, Milton St, Falstaff St, Shakespeare St and Nile St. We bespeak a kindly welcome from our people by each and all.

The Lay Workers' and Sunday School Conventions.

These conventions will be held this year at Brantford on Oct. 31st. They promise to be of great interest, and it is to be hoped that many of our people will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending them. All who have at heart the extension of the work of the church cannot fail to find both pleasure and edification from the papers and discussions.

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THOS. PLUMMER,

Manager Stratford Branch.

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