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Kingston Deanery Magazine.

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Vol. III.

JANUARY, 1886.

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EDITORS:

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

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

Our Magazine.

IS the K. D. M. to be continued? This is a question which has been frequently asked by many friends during the past few weeks. In answer we say, Yes! Thanks to the many expressions of good will, and wishes for prolonged life, and words of commendation, which have been received, "Our Magazine" has decided not to die at the present time, but to live on, and try to make its life still more useful to those amongst whom it moves.

As this number is the first of Vol. III., our readers will be anxious to know something of the proposed programme for the present year. First, then, we would say, that the "Magazine" will be continued in its present form, with the "Banner of Faith" enclosed. In accordance with the suggestion of several subscribers, it is hoped that it will be found possible to secure the "Banner of Faith" in the cover, by stitching or otherwise. An endeavour will also be made to send out each issue earlier in the month.

The objects of the Magazine will remain the same as from its commencement, viz., to create a greater interest in Church work by noting Parochial and Diocesan items of interest; and to stimulate the zeal and knowledge of Church folk by articles on Useful, Practical, or Doctrinal subjects.

Among the proposed subjects for this year are:—I. A series of valuable and interesting articles upon "Mis-Readings of Holy Scripture." II. "Our Deanery," being a short history of the several Parishes in the Deanery of Kingston, in the order of their Formation. III. "Infant Baptism"; the arguments from Scripture and from history in support of the practice of the Church of England. Also, if space permits, some practical articles upon the character of the "True Churchman," i. e., the "True Churchman" in his family; the "True Churchman" in his business; the "True Churchman" in society; etc.

The Sunday Schools, also, as a most important branch of Church work in the Deanery, will, from time to time, come in for their share of attention. And lastly, there will be the usual Parochial, Deanery and Diocesan items, and the Parochial Register.

As it is proposed to send out the Magazine as early as possible in the month, we must urge upon our brethren of the Clergy and laity, who act as correspondents in the various Parishes, the necessity of sending in their



items not later than the 15th of the month.

And now, dear readers, having laid before you the plans for the coming year, we appeal to you with confidence for your support and co-operation, feeling sure that you will cheerfully grant it. Will you, in the first place, remit promptly your subscriptions, which are now due? If paid to your Rector, he will forward them. And secondly, will you increase the list of subscribers by showing your copy to your friends and neighbours, and interesting them in it? If you are doing no other work for the Church, you can do this much. With the Editors the work is a work of love. They have no pecuniary interest in the Magazine; on the contrary, they spend time and money in its preparation. Will you not do your part in making it a success?

We now send forth the first number of Vol. III., and with it our hearty wishes for a "Happy New Year" to one and all of our readers.

Mis-Readings of Scripture.

I.

It is a fact, and perhaps a curious fact, that many men who are quite destitute of any musical talent whatever yet have very melodious voices and have the gift of reading well in public. At first perhaps it might be thought that there would be some intimate connection between the two gifts; but experience has often shown that a musical voice, with capacity for beautiful intonation, and for reading with attractive excellence, may be combined with inability to distinguish between a popular jig tune and the stately "Old Hundredth." Many laymen, therefore, who are by nature incapacitated from doing Church work in a choir by singing, may yet do good service with their voice by reading the Lessons.

Here, however, difficulties will arise; for sometimes the reading is marred by nervous timidity, sometimes by bold self-confidence, sometimes by defective articulation, sometimes by ignorance of the meaning of a passage. These difficulties may be met in various ways. A teacher of elocution may correct the pronunciation of articulate sound; nervous timidity may be overcome by prayer and perseverance; bold self-confidence had better

be dealt with by the playful severity of friendly criticism; but for ignorance there should be no room, as indeed there is no excuse. There should be some previous study of the Lesson, and this would, in most cases, lead to the correct reading of many mis-read passages. Still there are many passages, or words, or phrases, which escape observation from their familiarity, when a hint would set the readers right; and it is to give some such hints that these papers are undertaken.

But it must not be thought that only laymen make mistakes in reading, or read badly; the Clergy too often err in this respect also; so that the hints may be useful over a wide area. We have heard a very devout and devoted Clergyman mar his usefulness by bad reading of God's Word. He would growl out the Lesson as if it were printed in characters with which he was not familiar, in a language which he did not understand; instead of its being the most important part of his duty, with a living teaching for each soul that listened to him.

Year after year have we heard the same minister make the same mistake on the same day. Lucky is it for him and his hearers that the New Lectionary has taken one such passage out of his reach. In the first Evening Lesson for S. Matthew's Day, before the change was made, he fell into the same bungle, giving a most uncertain sound. In describing the concluding part of the potter's work the wise man (Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 30) has "he applieth himself to *lead* it over." Now the learned man (for he was learned) saw at a glance that the word in italics had a double pronunciation, which we may represent by *leed* and *led*. The former is to guide, or conduct; the latter is the name of a metal. Which is the meaning here? The poor man after having read the rest of the chapter with good elocution and pleasant emphasis until he came face to face with these words, when he would give both pronunciations, and invariably end with the wrong. "He applieth himself to *leed*, to . . . to . . . to *led*, he applieth himself to *leed* it over." What meaning he attached to the words it is impossible to say; but the translators intended to say that the potter *glazed* his work with a preparation of the mineral lead. The Greek original is "he will apply his heart to apply the *chrism*."

Theophilus of Antioch, in the Second Century, with reference probably to the rite of Confirmation, refers to this use of chrism. "What work (says he) has either ornament or beauty, unless it have chrism applied and be burnished? And are you unwilling to be anointed with the oil of God?"

Some mis-readings, however, are more startling than this. One Clergyman, resplendent in a Doctor's hood, was wont at times to puzzle his hearers with strange utterances. A favorite pronunciation of his was to utter the word "Libertines" (Acts vi. 9) as four syllables, "Li-ber-ti-nes," instead of three.

The final *e*, which was retained in old spelling, but not pronounced, and has not been omitted in some words, has proved a trap to the unwary. It has been our lot to hear the full-bodied voice of a high-placed Ecclesiastic roll down a Cathedral the illiterate mistake of reading "Urbanee" (Romans xvi. 9) as if it were a woman's name, instead of the not unusual Urban.

The next letter in the alphabet is sometimes troublesome to hearer and reader. It must be remembered that in many words the letter *f* was pronounced with a dull pronunciation like the letter *v*; as is common in the West of England to this day. About 1540 a phonetic scribe attached to Salisbury Cathedral wrote of a "vollen ash," meaning the *wind-fall* of a fallen ash tree, or one that had been blown down. In common books the spelling has been altered in some words, but in the Bible the old spelling retains its position. For example, the word phial is now commonly spelt and pronounced *vial*. But how few persons seem to realize that in the words "press-fat," "wine-fat," the vessel now known as a *vat* is intended? When as a sign of great plenty it is said that "the fats should overflow" (Joel ii. 24, iii. 13), the pronunciation should be such as would convey to modern ears that the *vats* would be insufficient to contain the unusual yield of wine and oil. Similarly, when "fitches" are spoken of, why should the reader be ignorant that the common English plant *vetches* were intended? The Romans had no special symbol or letter to denote our soft consonant *v*, and the Emperor Claudius endeavoured to introduce an inverted F (𐌆) to supply its place. The

innovation did not find acceptance, and it is only found in inscriptions during the reign of its author. With us the *f* often remains and is pronounced like *v*. For an interesting example of a change of the letter *p* into *v*, we may note the word pavilion, which is used seven times in the Bible. This word comes from papilio, a butterfly.

There are other words where the old spelling has been retained, and the old pronunciation has been forgotten. For example, when the term "plat of ground" (II. Kings ix. 26) is spoken of, almost all readers pronounce the word as we now pronounce *plait*, and the hearers are perplexed. But the common pronunciation of the word has caused the spelling to be altered, and in modern vocabularies it appears as "plot." It should then be read "*plot* of ground."

In the same way constant use has abbreviated the word "marishes" into *marshes*. He, therefore, that reads the First Lesson in the morning of September 13 should pronounce the word as modern usage demands, for who would know what a "marish" was?

The Queen's Printers are still pleased to spell "rearward" in the ancient manner, "rereward." This spelling was unknown to a worthy reader, who was further perplexed by his natural enemy the printer, who had divided the word unnaturally "re-reward." The poor reader, after one or two attempts to persuade himself that the printer had made a mistake and had repeated the *re* once too often, and the word, after all, was only *reward*, clearly determined to throw the whole blame on the printer and read the unknown word just as it was printed; so he said manfully, "they re-re-ward."

The unnatural division of a word is often puzzling to a person taken unawares. A clever old lady was once perplexed by what she regarded and pronounced as a French word adopted into our language, "po-thouse"; it proved to be the not unknown English word "pot-house." On one side of a sign of an English inn there was painted HOPP, on the other OLES. Some learned antiquaries on the search for wonders were much struck with this and discussed its meaning. After some valuable suggestions as to the meaning of the word, a passing yokel said, "We calls it 'the hop poles.'"

A little forethought would in most of the foregoing instances have removed the mistaken utterance; the error in reading might have been prevented by the slight care of looking over the Lesson beforehand.

If thought desirable, it is proposed to continue the subject in our next issue. In the meantime if any of our readers would send a note of a passage which they have heard misread it would help to make the list as complete as possible.

Our Deanery.

As it is the intention of the Editors to open a certain space in the K. D. M. for historical accounts of the several Parishes of the Deanery of Kingston, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know something about the meaning of the word *Deanery*; the extent of our Deanery; and the work done in our Deanery, before these articles appear. The days have passed, we are glad to say, when the laymen imagined that the Clergy of our Deaneries met together occasionally to have a good dinner (hence the misnomer *DINNER Meeting*), and yet it is doubtful whether there are many laymen who could say whence our Deaneries derived their origin, or of what Service they are to the Church. A Deanery, then, is a division of a Diocese over which the Bishop appoints a Presbyter as his deputy, not to perform any Episcopal functions, but to look after the temporal affairs of the division or district, and to exercise such spiritual discipline as may be entrusted to him by his Bishop. The Officer is called *Decanus plebanus* or *ruralis*, i. e., Rural Dean. Some have thought the Office is as old as A. D. 508, but most authorities have agreed to date its origin at A. D. 636.

The Deanery of Kingston, which was set off as one of seven decanal divisions in the Diocese of Fredericton, by our present Bishop, in the year 1845, comprises the following Parishes: Brunswick, Cambridge, Gagetown, Greenwich, Havelock, Hampton, Hammond, Johnston, Kingston, Kars, Norton, Rothesay, Salisbury, Springfield, Studholm, Sussex, Upham, Waterborough, Waterford, and Wickham.

Several of these, of course, are civil, not ecclesiastical, Parishes, but they must be mentioned as portions of the Deanery for fear of our thinking only of those Parishes in which there are resident Clergymen, or over which some Clergyman has spiritual charge. Forgetfulness of such places or whole Parishes has given rise to what are sometimes called the "*neglected corners*" of the Diocese, a name which should not be once mentioned by any of us. All the Parishes which are included in a Deanery should be considered under the supervision of the Rural Dean whether they have the care of a Clergyman or not, and it is a part of his duty to report any vacant or neglected portions of his Deanery to the Bishop. This is, we fear, a part of the duty of Rural Deans very seldom thought of.

The work of our Deanery consists of certain duties to be performed by the Dean, one of which has just been mentioned, and certain other duties to be performed by the rest of the Clergy.

The Duties of the Rural Dean are as follows:

1. To make a return annually before the end of the year to the Bishop, of the names of the Clergy within his Deanery; the number of their Communicants and Scholars in Sunday School; the number of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials; the number of persons Confirmed during the year; and, as far as can be ascertained, the number of Church members, whether Communicants or not, in each several Mission.

2. To inspect the Churches and Chapels in his Deanery, and report on the state of the Church, Holy Vessels, Font, Books, and on the general state of repair of the Parsonage.

3. To see whether the Church, or Churches, in the Mission, together with the Parsonage, are adequately insured.

4. To summon the Clergy of his Deanery at the request of the Bishop, and transmit such orders as may be directed to him by the same, and make returns accordingly.

5. To convene the Clergy of his Deanery quarterly, or as often as may be convenient to the Clergy, for the purpose of mutual edification, for prayer, reading of Holy Scripture, and Holy Services in the Church.



THE
Banner of Faith.

JANUARY 1886.

Hope : The Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER I.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity. So Jonas Halliwell named his three children.

Do not now picture to yourselves three small maidens rising in little steps one above another, as Jonas did when tiny Faith was carried to her christening. Such a sight was never seen in the Halliwells' house, for Faith and Hope were well-grown girls of fifteen and sixteen when their party was made complete, as they proudly declared, and the father, love in his eyes and triumph in his voice, brought Baby Charity, barely an hour old, to be kissed and blessed by her sisters.

Nurse followed; the Halliwells, in their quiet way, were well-to-do folk, and the mother did not want for good care and tending whenever the need arose; but she was shaking her head, as old nurses will do. Alas! with good reason this time, for the frail baby only lived a few months. Welcomed with tender love on earth, it only stayed long enough here below to return sad little smiles for sweet words and caresses, and then gently passed to the greater Love above. Baby Charity's little earth-garment was hidden in a quiet grave in a lonely Welsh churchyard, a long way from the city dwelling where she was born. How this came about, and the results that fol-

lowed, I must tell you; for if Baby Charity had not been born, pined, and died, my story might never have been written.

Now, let me begin at the beginning.

Jonas Halliwell had served his Queen and country all his best days as a sailor in Her Majesty's Navy. Wounded in the Crimea, he was as proud of that great scar, across his cheek, as later on he was of his wife and children, and that is saying a good deal. When, quite as an elderly man, he came into a little money, married a nice girl, and left the service to settle down quietly in his own country, he was at once offered the post of caretaker of a large London house in the neighbourhood of S. Paul's Cathedral. One of those great old houses shut in a court just removed from the busy streets—a court, this one, with one great tree in its centre bursting into green leaf every spring. The dwellers opposite had caused the branches on their side the way to be lopped off, so securing more light to their rooms, but the Halliwell girls gloried in their share of the tree, and would not have had a leaf touched on any account. There were no offices in their house to be darkened. What the empty rooms were meant for Faith and Hope often wondered. The largest room, indeed, was called the Board Room, and once a quarter mother and her girls were very busy dusting and cleaning for 'the gentlemen,' who punctually arrived at a certain hour,

looking very important, and punctually left the house somewhat later, having, as it appeared, done little or nothing.

Still, this very emptiness gave the place a charm to the children, who roamed about and considered every corner their own, naming them after their own fancies, or after places in the book they had last read. The Halliwells' own quarters were some rather dull little side rooms, looking on to a large paved yard. The children had their gardens in that yard, and it was a Paradise to them. Jonas had a little room of his own where he kept his naval treasures—his cabin, the children called it. Here he rather laboriously made entries in account-books, on rare occasions consulting a dictionary or a ready-reckoner, and coming out of it with his cap pushed well back and an air of relief. Sitting still was never Jonas's fancy, and he had very little of it. His duties chiefly concerned the great empty rooms. It was his duty to go all over the house once at least between midnight and day-dawn, and the earliest recollection of his children was hearing his steady tramp, tramp, through their dreams; and once, having accidentally left the door open on a cold night, Hope saw the dear face with the scarred cheek look in with a murmured 'Bless you, my girls!' the door being then softly closed so as not to wake the sleepers.

Hope put her head under the clothes and cried after that. She loved her father dearly always. They were a loving family, indeed, but this unsought revelation of his love touched her in a strange way, and opened a floodgate of feeling.

She was a sensible girl, and could have scolded herself for her silliness in 'crying for nothing.' She only hoped Faith was not awake, and she was not, so Hope dried her eyes and slept again too.

Jonas kept his girls as much at home as possible. They went to school of course, and sometimes were allowed to bring a little friend in to tea; but there was no running about the streets alone for these little maids. They lived as quietly and retiredly as if their big house had been a solitary dwelling in the country.

Father was altogether in the streets—a good deal of messenger work being connected with his employment, and dearly he loved the stir and bustle he found there. Hope enjoyed nothing more than going about with him, and learning to thread all the queer passages and cross-cuts with which the City abounds.

One day, as a little girl, she remarked, on learning a new short cut, 'Father, when you grow old I shall do you messages for you;' and, young child that she was, she noticed the fall of his countenance, and the tone in which he said, 'I hope I shall never be too old to do my work, my girl.' She never made that speech again, but she thought a good deal about the matter.

Father old! How could it be? He had grey hair, truly, but he was so strong, so active. He loved the sun so, tramping always the sunny side the street if he could; he, surely, could never be old, and feeble, and creepy, like the poor man at the crossing. She put the thought away; she did not even speak of it to Faith.

Faith was Hope's very dear sister and friend, but they had not any thought in common; and, strange to say, Hope's plans for the future were seldom linked with Faith, but always with her father.

'Hope is her father's girl,' the mother would often say; and Faith would look admiringly at her strong, bright sister starting for a walk with father, while she was more than content to stay at home and help her mother.

Into this circle little Charity came, as we have said. Born in the late autumn, she struggled on till the spring, and then the doctor suggested country air as the only hope for the fading babe.

'Aunt Miriam,' was the comment immediately made on this suggestion.

Now Aunt Miriam was Mrs. Halliwell's nearest and only relation, her mother's sister, living in a Welsh coast village, and keeping the shop of the place—the 'English shop,' as it was called, marking the owner's nationality. She let lodgings, too, in a quiet fashion, pretty nearly the same people

coming year by year from Chester, or Shrewsbury, or Denbigh.

'We will go to Aunt Miriam,' said Mrs. Halliwell, with an alarmed look on her usually placid face. 'She has often asked us. Baby must get stronger there, sea breezes are so good for children.'



But we know the end of that matter. Hope was left to take care of her father, and the mother and Faith carried away the cherished baby, never again to be seen within the shadow of the old City dwelling.

Hope felt that same passionate wave of feeling surge up in her heart again when she saw her father shedding tears over the letter which brought the news of little Charity's death.

It was his first deep grief. His parents he had lost in infancy.

Oh, how Hope longed to comfort him! At the moment she did not feel like his daughter, but more like a mother who yearns to keep trouble away from her beloved. And she was powerless to do it.

'If I only was good, like Faith, perhaps I could,' she said to herself.

And then she tried to think of some little comforting speech to make of Charity's being happy in heaven, but it fell flat. She felt it was hollow as she spoke.

'Yes, my girl, but I miss my baby, I do, and I've nothing but a grave instead of her,' the father answered dejectedly.

Little Charity had gone out of the sun, where Jonas Halliwell loved to be. Kind, good fellow that he was, he had hardly begun to lift his eyes above this earth, where he had found work and joy and love for over threescore years, seldom openly recognising God as the Giver of all good things.

And naturally enough Hope's ideas mounted no higher either, though she guessed that Faith and her mother were *different*, as she expressed it.

Faith had always been 'religious.' She didn't know how or why; it went with her name, Hope used to say to herself; 'and mother—oh, mother was always good.'

On Sunday she stood closer to her father in the great Cathedral, and her heart throbbed for him when the service seemed to touch on their loss. Hope had not noticed before how much death and heaven came into the prayers and hymns and preaching. She was half vexed at it, for fear father should be distressed.

He sighed heavily when he got home, but he said, 'My girl, we oughtn't to fret over-

much for our little one. She can't ever grieve her Father in Heaven by sinning now, and I doubt none of us can say the same. God grant——'

Then his lips moved silently.

Hope knew he was sending up a prayer. She felt unhappy again; she couldn't say why. She was glad to call her father to dinner; cold meat and roast potatoes she had taken out of the oven, for the Halliwells kept no shabby little servant, but did everything themselves.

Jonas and Hope did not go to the funeral. Abermawr was a long way off, and the journey would have been an inconvenience as well as an expense. Aunt Miriam had been very kind, Mrs. Halliwell wrote, and the little one had wanted for nothing.

So by-and-by Faith and her mother came home, and things went on pretty much as usual.

The father tramped the streets in the day and patrolled the house by night, and his cheery laugh came back, and Hope tried to think all was as it had been before.

But now the mother flagged. She felt her baby's loss deeply. The doctor feared decline, and country air was again declared to be necessary the next spring.

Nothing would content Mrs. Halliwell now but to return to Abermawr. Hope opposed the plan; it would bring back old griefs, but the mother would go nowhere else, and Aunt Miriam sent a general invitation to the family—particularly she wanted to see Hope.

So Hope went too, this time, and a respectable widow woman kept house for Jonas the while. He promised to fetch them all back before Christmas. They were to stay the whole summer by the sea. But he never brought his wife home; she died, as little Charity had done, just as the last leaf was shed from the old tree in the court.

Aunt Miriam's lodgers had all gone by that time, and Jonas, called hastily from his city life, lingered on in that quiet village, daily climbing the mountain to visit the grave, talking over his dear ones with the sympathising old aunt, apparently unwilling

to go back to home life without the home centre.

Hope saw the sea for the first time this year, and loved it; its changes, its width, and space, and light chimed happily with her eager nature. Whenever she could be spared for a few minutes she would run down to the stony beach, at the foot of Aunt Miriam's bit of garden, and there stand looking out over the boundless sea field. The fishing-boats going out with the freshening tide, the sunlight glancing on their white sails, and the voices of the men sounding clear and pleasant across the rippling water, were perhaps what most stirred her heart. Everything bright, and fresh, and moving; all to be hoped for in the future, like the girl's own life.

Faith loved the sunset hour best, especially after their mother's death. It was all so peaceful, she told Hope; she could quite fancy mother hushing little Charity up there, and the calm blue eyes looked tenderly into the rosy depths of the distant clouds. But Hope's eyes were full of hot tears. She could not answer, so Faith went on to talk of heaven, and mother, resting after her long sickness, and looking out for them all. These thoughts comforted Faith, but to Hope's restless nature pain and patience were alike unbearable.

'I believe you'll go and die next,' she said to Faith in a sudden outburst. 'Oh, I wish it was always morning! There! That's father calling; we must go in!' And off she flew, leaving gentle Faith a little puzzled—a little shocked at her sister's abruptness. Hope generally kept her tongue better under control than this, and let few people guess the surgings of that girlish heart.

When Faith reached the house, Hope was chatting quite cheerfully with her father and Aunt Miriam—her cheeks bright, her eyes undimmed.

'I thought she was just going to cry, down on the beach,' reflected Faith, quite puzzled.

Hope did puzzle people occasionally, and no wonder, for she did not understand her own self yet.

Aunt Miriam was old—there was not a

doubt about that—nearer eighty than seventy, but an active, energetic person, body and soul. She and a strong, silent Welsh servant-woman had kept lodgings and shop going all these years, and made both flourish.

'But I'm failing now,' said the old woman to her visitors; 'it won't be long before I go to sleep up yonder.' She pointed vaguely in the direction of the mountain burial-ground.

Jonas and his girls were all in her little sitting-room after shop hours. She evidently had an intention in addressing them in this fashion.

Hope changed her place, to stand leaning close against her father's chair.

'You seem hale enough,' said Jonas, feeling an answer was called for.

'Hale and eighty! what does that mean?' said Aunt Miriam, sharply. 'Jonas Halliwell, you are a sensible man; you can't live for ever, and you have two girls dependent on you. What have you laid by for them?'

Jonas started. Hope looked fierce at the unexpected question. What right had Aunt Miriam to disturb her father so?

But he took her hand in his as if to demand silence, and he answered gently, 'I keep up the insurance on my life, but it isn't a large sum.'

'No; and here is Faith not fit for a rough life, and Hope brought up to no trade, nor sent to service as her mother was at her age; people choose to be so soft with the children now, and then they die and leave them in the cold. Two hundred pounds on your death won't be a living for these girls.'

Jonas was silent.

'Now my shop is a good business,' she went on, 'and might be better if I had six hands instead of only two, and country life would be good for you too, Jonas. Your poor wife used to fret about you getting up on the winter nights for your tramp, and she not there to lap you warm when you got back to your room. Yes, we used to talk about you, she and me. It can't go on for ever, she'd say, and the girls, good as they are, can't look after him like I do. Don't

stop me, Hope, I've more to say. Well, here's the shop wanting hands, and here's Faith, a slip of a girl that needs good air, and Hope and you up to anything you choose to undertake—and the long and short of it is, I ask you, Jonas Halliwell, to come

and take up my work and live with me, and there—I'd better have it out at once—the business and my savings shall all be yours when I go. It's a good offer; don't be in a hurry to say nay. There's the shop-bell—I'll go; you think over my words.'

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

I.—SS. IGNATIUS AND POLYCARP.

FRESH and vigorous was the Christianity of the days of which I am going to speak. Fervent was the faith of its professors, pure and simple their lives. The world was dark and corrupt enough, but its darkness only served to throw into relief the brightness of the true Light.

I have to tell of the bravest of Christian heroes that have lived in the past—men and women who, by their patience and their heroism, have shown what God's grace can make of our poor frail, fallen humanity.

If we may but learn to love them the more, and, loving, strive to imitate them—if we may but come to think of them in their lonely uphill lives, and then ourselves thank God and take courage, the purpose of these stories will be fulfilled.

It was early in the second century that two of the chief followers of the Apostles lived and worked—Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, and Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. The spirit of their times was far different from that of ours. Christianity had not yet made its mark upon the world. Faith in the old heathen gods had long been fading away, and nothing as yet had taken its place. Everywhere men were asking in despair, 'What is truth?'

The prevailing unbelief had wrought its usual havoc. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The whole head of human society was sick, and the whole heart faint. All the horrible sins referred to by S. Paul in his 1st chapter to

the Romans were stalking abroad in the world unchecked, uncondemned. Alas! it is fearful to tell. Children were frequently put to death by their own mothers. Slaves were sometimes massacred by hundreds for not preventing their master's murder. They were beaten, tortured, crucified at the will of the man who bought them. To witness the barbarous fights in the amphitheatre, Roman ladies might be seen eagerly thronging with their husbands and children. The governors of distant provinces set at nought all principles of justice, and plundered from those committed to their care. 'Everyone for himself' had become the only principle the world recognised. 'Everyone for himself!' is ever the cry of those among whom God is forgotten.

All this we must bear in mind as we turn our attention to the one gleam of brightness—the little growing Christian community. Such pure, such loving, such joyful lives in the midst of it all! How this rebukes our own murmurings and discontents!

Pliny, a heathen writer and ruler of a province at this time, watched the Christians with curiosity.

He tells us that men and women of all ranks and conditions might be found among the followers of the Crucified—that they bound themselves by an oath or sacrament to abstain from dishonesty and vice, and to lead strict and moral lives. Some of them, he says, were put to death, but only as obstinate enthusiasts. He does not detect anything really wrong in their religion.

They confessed that they used to meet before dawn to worship and 'to sing a hymn to Christ as God'; and again in the evening 'to unite in an innocent meal.' He notes that the new religion is spread largely by 'women, boys, cobblers, and leathersellers,' and that it continues to draw converts from the old idol temples. Further than this his observations do not go.

Ah, Pliny, we could explain your picture. It is Baptism, and the Holy Communion, and the early Christian Love-feast that you have seen or heard of. The hymn to Christ as God is our own Communion hymn, 'Glory to God in the highest.' Nay, you probably heard, too, the 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' in which we join with angels and archangels at our Eucharistic Feast. And possibly upon your ears fell the first notes of the 'Te Deum.'

It was amid such simple worship and such surroundings that Ignatius and Polycarp lived. Both were disciples of S. John, had sat at his feet, and drunk deeply of his teaching. Of Ignatius it was even said that he it was whom, as a little child, Jesus took in His arms and sweetly blessed. Be this as it may, together these two disciples shared the love and veneration of the whole Christian world. They were old men now—grown old in the Master's service.

The Apostles, one by one, had gone to their well-earned rest. Even S. John was dead. But the first glow of devotion and enthusiasm still lingered on. It had not died with them. All the Gospel events were so recent. Had not these two veterans still living conversed with those who had seen the Lord? Imagine with what interest their pupils at Antioch and Smyrna would gather round and listen as they told of John, the beloved disciple, and how reverently, and, as it were, with bated breath, he used to speak of the looks, the gestures, and the bearing of the Lord Himself.

For nearly half a century Ignatius had been labouring as Bishop of Antioch, when Trajan the Emperor paid a visit to that city. As a good shepherd Ignatius was ready to protect his sheep from oppression. He was summoned to Trajan's presence. The sentence passed upon him was brief and to the

point. It was that he should be 'carried bound to great Rome, and there thrown to wild beasts for the amusement of the people.' He accepted it with joy, for here was the promise of martyrdom for his Saviour. Amid the tears of his people the aged bishop set out on his journey over land and sea. His route lay by Smyrna. Picture the meeting of these two holy bishops, dear friends as they were. How would their talk run upon the Master, whose Face one of them was so soon to see, for whom both were to endure a painful death! It was a sweet but a short reunion. It was the last on earth.

That Ignatius was in Smyrna, on his road to martyrdom, passed lightning-like through the churches of Asia Minor, and brought to the city a crowd of Christians from all parts.

We may be thankful that they came. For it was in reply to their prayers and exhortations, that Ignatius wrote those beautiful letters which remain to us among the most precious relics of Christian antiquity. To them we are indebted for much of the light thrown on the earliest period of Church history.

He writes in burning words of the joy of suffering. Like S. Paul he is 'ready to be offered and to be with Christ.' 'It is better for me to die for Jesus Christ than to reign over the ends of the world.' To the Roman Christians he sends forward a letter praying them not to intercede for him, but to let him depart and be with Christ.

'Only request on my behalf,' he pleads, 'both inward and outward strength, that I may not merely be called a Christian, but really be found to be one. I am the wheat of God. Let me be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts that I may be found the pure bread of Christ. I pray that they may be eager to rush upon me. Let all the dreadful torments of the devil come upon me, only let me attain to Jesus Christ.'

Such an enthusiastic longing for the martyr's crown we may not too closely imitate. It is enough that we gaze with reverent awe at one whose heart was so wholly weaned from the world, and so fully fixed on Heaven.

Speedily was his prayer answered. It was Christmastide when he reached Rome—a season then, as now, given up to social festivity. What is the meaning of that throng hurrying along the streets, pushing in at the doors of the amphitheatre, struggling for seats on the crowded benches that rise tier above tier around the arena. Is there to be a spectacle to-day?—some fight of gladiators, some raging wild beasts? Yes, indeed. But in the midst of the thousands of every rank in imperial Rome, with all eyes upon him, stands one and only one on the blood-stained sand. His eye is serene, his bearing calm and undaunted, his figure erect, though the long silvery locks fall over his neck and shoulders. One moment more, and from an uplifted iron grating bound leopards of the Lybian desert, fierce and beautiful. A short, a terrible struggle, and Ignatius the Christian, Ignatius the Bishop, is in the light and presence of his God.

Reverently under the silent night did the Christians of Rome gather together the bones that were left, that they might find their last resting-place among the flock at Antioch he loved so well.

And what about the other disciple of S. John, away in his home at Smyrna? 'Stand fast, as an anvil when it is beaten,' were the parting words of Ignatius to him. They were scarcely needed.

To Polycarp, so it would seem, as Bishop, or Angel, of the Church at Smyrna, had been addressed those memorable words, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' If so, they had sunk deep down into his heart. He was permitted to claim and to receive the fulfilment of the promise.

As the evening of his life drew on he saw the cloud of persecution lowering over his own beloved city, and he knew that he must pass through the furnace of affliction. Remembering the words of the Lord, however, 'When they persecute you in one city flee ye unto another,' he retired first to one country village, then to a second. In the hope of discovering his retreat the persecutors seized upon two Christian boys of Smyrna, and put them to the torture. The

one endured bravely and revealed nothing. The other, overcome by intense pain, betrayed his master.

Hearing the approach of the soldiery to his abode, Polycarp calmly said, 'God's will be done,' and placed himself in their hands. A short space of rest being granted him, he prayed so fervently for two whole hours for the Church throughout the world, that even the soldiers were moved. He was then escorted back to the city and led into the theatre, which was now filled with an infuriated mob, thirsting for his blood.

As he entered, he is said to have heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man.' Most nobly did he obey the exhortation, for when tempted to blaspheme his Lord, and thus purchase his freedom, he replied in words that have become famous, 'Eighty and six years have I served Christ, and He hath done me no wrong. How can I now blaspheme my King and my Saviour?' He was immediately condemned to be burned. At the stake, by his own request, he was simply tied, instead of being fastened with iron cramps, 'for,' said he, 'He who gives me strength to sustain the fire will enable me to stand unmoved without your nails.'

As the pile was kindled, the flame, 'like the sail of a ship filled with wind,' swept around him, as though loath to touch so holy a man. His lips seemed to move in prayer, and now and again the bystanders fancied they caught his words: 'I bless Thee that Thou hast thought me worthy of this hour, to have a share among the number of the martyrs and in the cup of Christ. I bless Thee, I praise Thee, I glorify Thee, through the eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ.' Then an impatient soldier stepped forward and stabbed him with his sword. Thus Polycarp exchanged a burdensome cross on earth for a crown of glory in heaven.

God grant us all grace so to follow the example of these His blessed saints in their virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which are prepared for those that unfeignedly love Him. Amen.

J. H. M.

The New Year.

'The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.'—Numbers xxi. 4.



JOURNEY lies before us,
The journey of a year,
Before its misty future
Our hearts shrink back with fear.

Outstretched like snowy landscape,
By foot of man untrod,
The year—its joys, its troubles—
Lies unknown (save to God).

As Abraham of old time
Went forth he knew not where,
So we would venture forward,
On God would cast our care.

Though divers be the pathways,
The Goal is only one,
And He will guide us towards it,
Until our work be done.

His presence makes the desert
To blossom like a rose;
The way, though long and weary,
With Him, how short it grows!

Oh, guard us, guide us, help us—
That road, LORD, must be blest,
That take us Heav'nwards, Homewards,
And leads us to Thy Breast.

M. GOING.

A New Field for Emigration.

IT is strange how little is really known upon the subject of emigration. Most people living in country parishes have more or less vague ideas upon the subject, principally gathered from the brightly-coloured placards which are generally to be met with outside the office of some emigration or shipping company's agent, setting out glowing prospects of free or assisted passages, and smiling farms of 150 acres to be had for a mere nothing.

Whatever may have been the possibility in past years of getting a free passage and good land for nothing, such a thing is out of the question nowadays. Plenty of *bad* land may still be had in the Colonies for nothing, and maid-servants can get free passages, and this sums up the generality of extraordinary advantages offered by emigration.

To come now to sober reality, the present state of the farmer in England who has a holding of, say, 150 acres, is anything but enviable. His industry, skill, and perseverance merit success, but for many reasons they do not get it. He is wearied out at

last with a seven years' fruitless struggle against bad harvests and low prices, the close of each year finds him on the verge of bankruptcy, one after another his neighbours have gone down, and his whole life is an endless anxiety as to how to meet his liabilities. To such a man emigration, were he but certain of the truth of the prospects held out to him, means a fresh and happier condition of life altogether. He will require the same qualities, but with a larger and more promising field for their exercise; he will find, in a word, less competition, but equal or greater resources.

About a year ago a paper, entitled *Where to Emigrate*, appeared in the pages of the BANNER OF FAITH. It attracted so much attention from its readers, and so many were the inquiries sent in with a view to emigration, that it has occurred to the author of this paper that a short account of a new field for emigration with which he is acquainted, might be of interest to some of the readers of the BANNER OF FAITH.

The district in question lies at the north-west of the North Island of New Zealand,

and is called Hokianga. For some reason or other it is comparatively little known, although well furnished with roads, and possessing land and climate of unusual fertility. Three-fourths of it are still virgin soil. The county of Hokianga measures about fifty miles long by thirty-five broad, and is simply a wide valley between two ranges of mountains, watered by a large river, with numerous tributaries spreading like a fan. The country is undulating, and nowhere more than fifty miles from the sea or ten miles from river communication. The soil is a strong clay loam, with good clay sub-soil, mostly covered with fern, which is easily cleared; the hills are covered with forests, and the country is rich in minerals. The climate is remarkable, frost is almost unknown, yet the heat is never so great as in the height of summer in England; there are neither droughts nor floods, and so equable is the climate that almost every variety of subtropical fruits is cultivated—such as grapes, tobacco, hops, figs, bananas, all English fruits, dates, Indian corn, wheat, barley, oats, ginger, castor oil, Manilla hemp, lemons, peaches, oranges, melons, squashes, olives. As many as 3,000 oranges have been taken off a single tree, and they sell in the colony at 6*d.* per dozen.

In 1883 and 1884 the average yield of wheat was 26.02 bushels per acre; and potatoes are worth from 5*l.* to 12*l.* per ton, according to the locality where they are sold.

Let us now see how a man would set to work on arriving in this district. Suppose, first of all, the case of a man whose whole resources did not exceed 2*l.* or 3*l.* The first thing he would do would be to run up a little house of turf, roofed with palm-leaves, making the sides of bundles of reeds tied together. It is surprising how comfortable these huts can be made. The natives will show him how to make them if he needs any help. Having built his house, he will then go and look for work. The ordinary wages are eight shillings a day. In the forests, felling and sawing trees, he will get thirty to forty shillings a week, and his food; in the saw-mills from seven to thirteen shillings

a day; or, if he does not care to do this, he is certain to earn 3*l.* a week by digging fossil gum on the Government property. It is free to any to dig up the Kauri gum and sell it to the merchants. In a few weeks he will have saved 5*l.* He can then pay the first instalment on a hundred acres of land and begin as a farmer, still having the other work to fall back upon if necessary.

Or take another case; suppose that a farmer emigrates from England with his family, and arrives in Hokianga with about 50*l.* in the way of capital.

By a payment of 5*l.* down, he becomes the holder of 100 acres of land, the rest of the price of his land being paid in instalments. He then sets to work to run up a rough shanty with a few boards, sods, and Nikan palm-leaves; and, having got together a few cooking utensils and his furniture, he will have a home. Then he may either set to work on his land, or get some work and increase his capital. Gradually he will get a part of his ground burnt off and sown with grass, buy a cow from the natives for a pound or two, and get a piece of land laid down for potatoes. In a few years, by steady perseverance and abstinence from drink, he will be surprised to find himself entirely independent and in comparatively easy circumstances. One who has lived for fifteen years in Hokianga, says: 'I know no man who, having taken up land during that time, has failed to make himself a comfortable home upon it, while I know some who have become very well-to-do. Owing to labour being in such demand, a man who works, and does not spend his surplus cash in getting drunk, is bound to succeed.'

During the last few months, the Government of New Zealand have set aside about three thousand acres of land, to be divided between twenty-five emigrants. This land has water communication on three sides of it, is within two miles of the saw-mill, post and telegraph office of Kohu Kohu, and within three-quarters of a mile of Herd's Point post and telegraph office by water. The land is admirably adapted for fruit culture or for grazing, much of it being very

well protected from rough weather, and being naturally well drained throughout. It is almost as good a situation, for a person wishing to settle in the district, as can be found. For the labourer it is within an easy distance of good work; and for the gardener or farmer it is close to the local market, while the cost of carriage by water is almost nothing.

If twenty people can be found, the land will be divided between them. They will elect their own committee and treasurer, who will receive their payments for the land and forward them to the Government. The price of the land will be about one shilling and sixpence per acre, payable every six months for ten years, after which the land

becomes the property of the holder, and one-third of the price is returned by the Government.

I think I have said enough to show how possible it is for men of small capital to make their way in the Colonies, and within a few years to acquire a hundred or two hundred acres for their own. If any one would like to know more I shall be happy to send him all information if he will write to me—Rev. J. C. Yarborough, † Sunnybank, Leeds.

But I must warn every one that emigration only pays to those who are willing to work, and to work hard. Steadiness, sobriety, and trust in God are the passports to success all over the world.

On the Quay.

IT was a wild September morning after a stormy night, with grey clouds flying low over the grey sea, and scuds of rain hissing in the pools of salt water that the high tide had left on the quay.

It was early, yet there had been stir enough on the quay, for the few fishing boats belonging to the little town had been beaten in almost before daylight by stress of weather. They had no fish, but were glad to get in safe, for the wind was still freshening, and the white horses tossing wildly out at sea.

The boats were made secure, and the fishermen had climbed up the steep, narrow street to their homes, thankful for food and fire, and the sight of wives and children. There was hardly anyone left upon the quay but one gentleman, a stranger, who was pacing up and down to keep himself warm, and an old fisherman, who leaned upon the sea-wall, looking out towards the misty horizon.

The gentleman looked round at the other more than once, but the old man never took his eyes off the sea, till presently the gentleman, Mr. Stamford, stepped back into the

little inn that opened on to the quay, and came out again, carrying a fine telescope. He adjusted it, and came forward to the sea-wall, sweeping the misty sky-line at a glance, trying, if possible, to discover what the other was looking for.

The old man turned with a start, looking with great interest, not at Mr. Stamford, but at the glass.

After a moment he drew near, almost touching Mr. Stamford's shoulder in his eagerness, and spoke in a hurried under tone:

'Can you see them, sir? You can make them out plain enough with the glass, can't you? My eyes used to be good enough, but they are failing me now. That's why I can't see them.'

'What is it you can't see?' asked Mr. Stamford gently, respecting the trouble that showed itself in the old man's trembling lips and haggard eyes.

'My boat, sir—my boat and my two boys. A little boat painted blue and white, and a patched sail. But they'd not have the sail up now.'

Mr. Stamford looked again, carefully and long. 'Nay,' he said unwillingly, 'there's not a boat to be seen, near or far.'

'Let me look,' cried the other, putting out an eager hand. 'I beg your pardon, sir. May I use the glass a minute? I'm more used to this sort of thing than you, maybe.'

Mr. Stamford handed him the glass without a moment's he-itation, and the old man looked, with earnest, painful scrutiny, on the wide grey waste of restless billows.

Then he gave it back, dropped his arms by his side, and turned away with a long heart-sick sigh.

He did not go far, however. Only for a moment could he take his glance from the sea. The next he was back again by the sea-wall, looking out as if his eyes alone might discern what the glass could not.

'Are you anxious about your sons?' asked Mr. Stamford gently, after a minute. 'Are they much later than is usual in such cases?'

'Not much,' answered the old fisherman without turning round. 'Nay, I've known boats come in far later than this after a rough night, and all safe and sound. And she's a good boat—a good boat and seaworthy, and the lads know how to manage her, though I say it that taught them.'

'What is it then that troubles you so much?' asked the gentleman again; and the old man turned sharply upon him, as if half angry at such a question. The angry look faded after an instant, and he looked down as if in shame.

'I'll tell you,' he said, after a moment. 'I'll tell you—if only because it shames me to tell such a thing to one that's a stranger, and young enough, too, to be my son. I'm frightened about them because I don't deserve that ever they should come back again!'

'How's that?' said Mr. Stamford quietly, as the other suddenly craned his neck to look at a floating speck far out at sea, and then settled down again into a disappointed, hopeless attitude.

'I did a wrong thing once too often,' he answered bitterly. 'And I went against Scripture, and let the sun go down upon my wrath. . . . They're spirited lads, those of mine; and I was never one to keep my

temper. A bad temper I've had from my cradle. We've fallen out many a time, but never so as we did yesterday. . . . I believe they'd have made it up if I'd have done the same. But I'd neither speak nor look at them, and they sailed with the rest last night at the turn of the tide. . . . I've never known an easy moment since. . . . And here's all the other boats come in and theirs not with them. . . . I think I shall never know an easy moment again as long as I live!'

He was too old a man to rave and cry out; but his low voice was full of a dull despair. Mr. Stamford, kind and clever as he was, hardly knew how to answer him. He lifted the glass again to his eye and took another long look round.

'I can understand your feeling anxious,' he said, after a time; 'but you have lived long enough to know that it is not every trouble we fear that really comes upon us. God is more merciful sometimes than we expect.'

'Ay,' groaned the old man, 'but I've sinned against warning. I've professed myself a religious man this many a year, and I've been warned often and often that my temper was a snare to me and to others. But I've hardened my heart, and said that it was my nature and I couldn't help it. Well, I shall be punished now. Oh, I know now that I might have helped it if I had tried.'

'Then you do repent? And, come what may, you will endeavour to do better for the future—to curb the temper that you now feel to have been sinful?'

He laid his head down on his arms, which were folded on the low wall, and groaned:

'It's too late now. But if God would spare them, if He would give me back my boys, I'd strive, as never man did yet, to do what was right in His eyes.'

Mr. Stamford was still watching the sea through his glass, and at this moment he gave a little start, rubbed the lens clear, and looked again. After a moment he shut up the glass and looked down at his companion.

'It will not do to make conditions with God,' he said. 'If you feel that you have

offended Him you must repent and amend, whatever He may think well to do with His own. Your lads are in His hand; and after all He loves both you and them better than

down. When he had done they were both silent for full five minutes.

'I'm an old man, he said at last. 'It will be hard for me to change after more



you love each other. And if He has taken them to Himself, your only chance of seeing them again lies in being reconciled to Him.

He spoke very slowly and earnestly, and the old man listened, still with head bent

than sixty years. But I *will* change. I will strive to do better—so help me God.'

There was a silence again. It may be that they were both praying that the resolution so taken might be kept to the end.

Then Mr. Stamford touched the old man on the shoulder.

'Take the glass again and look,' he said. 'I can see something out there to the north.'

He seized the glass, and stood for a while like a statue, watching that dancing speck far out on the grey, tossing water. Then he

gave it hastily back and turned sharply away, brushing his hand across his eyes.

'It's mine—my two lads!' he cried, with voice half choked by a sob. 'O God, forgive me! and God be thanked for His mercy.'

HELEN SHIPTON.

Free Schools.

GEORGE. Jem! there's a talk of Free Education now, I find. That's surely good hearing in these bad times; every poor man to have his children taught for nothing. How is it to be done, though?

Jem. Well, that's what I ask, too. Do you know Harper's shop, in Fairton?

George. The big new grocer that prints up 'Sugar-basins and other fancy articles given away every Saturday night'? Ah, I sha'n't go there any more—took my missis in fearfully last market-day, he did. Gave her a sugar-basin, and made her buy a pound of tea that was all dirt. Give away anything, indeed! It's all a *do*.

Jem. And I'm very much afraid that this Free Education will turn out something like Harper's sugar-basins. If we accept it, we shall pay dear for it in the end.

George. Why, Jem? Give us your reasons, man. Fanny and me, we were just thinking how cheap we should do the little ones. But there! I don't read, and you do.

Jem. I don't want to go picking holes in the plans of folks wiser than you or me. But this Free Education is just a *party cry*, and it takes with a many. We all like to get something given us.

George. Yes; doing away with school fees comes home to every man with a pack of children.

Jem. On the face of it it looks well—every child to be educated at the expense of—well, let us say, *the State*—and compulsory attendance strictly enforced.

George. Hold hard, Jem; what is *compulsory attendance*?

Jem. It means summoning the parents of such children as don't attend school according to the wishes of the School Board, and then punishing them with fine or imprisonment.

George. Oh, I know. I often see in the newspaper how hard this law presses on some poor folks. I did hope to have heard they were about altering *that*, if they changed anything.

Jem. Altering it? Those that want Free Schools all round mean to make compulsory education stiffer than ever.

George. You don't say so! We'll have the School Board officers everywhere then. It surprises me, though, that working-men don't shut the door—say, 'No, sir, I'm a free Englishman, and master of my own house.' 'Twas only last Saturday I was reading the list of summonses by the School Board up in London, and I declare it was pitiful. Women with two or three-week-old babies in their arms had to walk five miles or so to the court, and pay a fine, because they'd kept the biggest girl to mind the house while they were laid up. Another poor soul stated she was a certificated teacher, and wanted to teach her little ones at home. But no, she was punished just the same. My wife fair cried over it—she did.¹

Jem. I don't say as it mightn't be well to send the officer to look after those drunken, idle fellows that neglect their children—body and soul. But a decent working-man don't want a party with a book sniffing round his place continually,

¹ The London School Board takes out more than twelve thousand summonses against the poor every year.

and hauling up a little girl with a sick baby, or a lad as has got a job of work while his father's ill. However, it's the same lot that made that compulsory law that's put out this Free Education idea.

George. Then I shall look well at it before I give in to it. You see, Jem, a working-man's first flattered and then snubbed, now-a-days, till he hardly knows where he is. He's told 'one minute he's quite fit to govern the country, and then not allowed to govern his own children. Here's a vexatious law now that doesn't touch the rich man—this compulsory business: *he* can teach his children at home if he pleases, or do what he likes with 'em.

Jem. True enough. But, you see, the party with the Free Education cry tack it on to compulsory attendance. 'What a hardship,' they say, 'for a man to pay for schooling when he's forced to send his children to school whether he likes it or not.'

George. Let them stop the forcing then—that's where the shoe pinches. Just let one of those Parliament gentlemen go round and hear what is said in poor men's houses about it. They'd a deal rather have freedom in that, and pay twopence or threepence to send their children to any school they please. A man likes his liberty in these things.

Jem. I've heard school-teachers say, too, that the children that attend most irregularly are those whose school fees have been excused because of their poverty.

George. We're all apt to think what costs nothing is worth nothing. Still, I suppose, Jem, you'd be for paying the school-pence for such starving creatures as really can't afford that much?

Jem. Aye, of course—and it should be made easy for them, too, poor souls! But that's a different thing from forcing Free Board Schools down every man's throat, whether he likes them or not.

George. I shouldn't like to send my children to a Free Board School.

Jem. As to not liking to send one's children to Free Schools, there'll be no choice in that, once the Free Education people get their way.

George. How's that, Jem?

Jem. Because there'd be no other schools to send 'em to! Don't you see? The Voluntary Schools (whether they belong to the Church, or the Wesleyans, or the Roman Catholics) have had a hard push to make way against these big Board Schools, because Government gives them no share of the school rates; and if they're to lose the school-pence too, why they'll be done up.

George. And our little ones forced to go with the whole lot, gutter children and all.

Jem. Well, there'll be Private Schools, of course.

George. But they charge so dear. I couldn't afford those.

Jem. Well, my lad, then you must either send the children to the Free Schools or take the consequence—the prison, or the treadmill, perhaps; who knows?

George. All this sounds nasty. Precious little freedom here. When we started talking, Jem, I had no idea Free Education meant all this. How we poor chaps may get hoodwinked if we don't look about us!

Jem. Such a talk, too, about fairness! That's what disgusts me. Perfect equality. The Church pulled down. Church Schools abolished. Secular Education all round. That's the cry with these Liberation fellows.

George. Secular Education! What's the meaning of that?

Jem. Education without God, without religious instruction. The children of our Christian land taught the same as heathen Indians, or Chinese.

George. Oh, I say, Jem, they do read the Bible in some Board Schools.

Jem. Well, I grant you that, though there's a good many where they don't allow even the Bible. But as soon as Free Schools come in, and there's only one school for all, there will be a hue and cry that *that* is unfair. The Roman Catholics won't like their children to listen to the Protestant Bible, and the Jews will object to the New Testament.

George. A pretty mess it will all be, I declare. Jem, don't the electioneering fellows see all these rocks ahead?

Jem. See them? As well as you and

me. But it's party, my lad, it's all a party cry, to please the people.

George. It won't please me any more, I know. And, Jem, another very important thing. There'll have to be lots of Free Schools to take in all the children.

Jem. So there will.

George. New schools built, eh?

Jem. Of course.

George. Great big places, with halls, and exercise grounds, and all?

Jem. Right you are.

George. Costing an awful lot of money?

Jem. No doubt.

George. But, Jem, man, where is the tin to come from? Who's to pay for it all?

Jem. Why *you*, my lad, you and I, and the poor stupid long-suffering ratepayers and taxpayers. We shall have to pay well for Free Education.

George. Out of our pockets, eh?

Jem. Yes, out of our own pockets, and clapped on to our rent, or to our tobacco, or tea, or something.

George. A nice look-out.

Jem. And the man that has no children will be called to pay heavily to educate other people's children.

George. Very unfair that.

Jem. There's ever so many more children now taught in Voluntary Schools than in Board Schools.¹ You and I'll have to pay for *them*. Folks reckon there'll have to be a sum of twelve to sixteen millions raised.

George. Millions of *pounds*, Jem?

Jem. Yes; you feel bad, don't you? It's a queer sort of Free Education; and when we've paid for it, I reckon we shall wish for the old sort back again. A big common school without religion won't please the English working-man overmuch.

George. A man told me we working-men were to manage these Free Schools ourselves. *Representative management*, he called it.

Jem. Another dodge that.

¹ Out of every 100 children, there are now 66 in Voluntary Schools, and only 34 in Board Schools.

George. He said the parson got all his own way now.

Jem. A poor ignorant chap your friend must be. Why, Government itself lays down the laws of all such schools. There's a time-table hanging in every school signed by the Inspector, and it's written down what's to be done every hour and every minute of school-time. No parson can say a word.

George. Then what have the managers of Voluntary Schools got to do?

Jem. They're mostly picked out by the congregation of the church or chapel (whichever it is the school belongs to) to engage teachers, buy materials, and raise extra money, if it's wanted. I know this, for my brother-in-law's a manager of the Wesleyan School at Castleton, and he finds it a hard job to make two ends meet.

George. Jem, we working-men couldn't do this if they made us ever so much representative managers. We've not got the time.

Jem. Don't you fret yourself, my lad. A representative manager means no good to us. It's all talk. They've got representative managers to the Board Schools now. Yet there's no school so unpopular with the working people.

George. They think to please us, no doubt, by giving us a big name, and making out we're to be important folk; but how jealous these chaps are of the parson, Jem!

Jem. Well, yes, that's at the root of it, and of the attack on the Church, too; and we've got to look about us, and not to be taken in by every fine-sounding scheme.

George. Well, I'm due at my work now, but I've something to think about. Free Education don't please me. The sound fetches, but it don't ring true. But I see my way clear, anyhow. Whatever else I may vote for, none of their FREE SCHOOLS for me!²

² This Dialogue can be had printed as a tract (price one half-penny, or 2s. 6d. per 100). It is a good work to distribute it among the working classes at this time. Send to the Manager, 6, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

' Laddie.'

WHAT did you say, if you please, ma'am? Visitors asking for me?
Give them chairs by the fire, then. Dear, how flustered I be!
You see, ma'am, I've been in the workhouse five years come
next May,

'And no one to see me in all that time, and now to have two in a day!

Never a son nor a daughter? Ah! ma'am, that's where it be—
You should have seen my Laddie!—ah! it was God's decree!
Dead now? Yes, so they tell me. He only died last week,
Or I'd have torn out my tongue first before a word I'd speak.

Now I may talk of my firstborn—now he is mine again!
Dead while he lived, he lives now dead—ah! and I don't complain.
Laddie! my little Laddie! the curly prattling lad,
In the grave he is mine again, now; and I am glad, so glad.

See! I will tell you about it; I should like to before I die;
Never a word have I spoken to the simple folk hereby.
How should they know of Laddie? They are but common folk,
Who have led common lives like me, ma'am; so not a word I spoke.

But I will tell *you*. Ladies, you may have known my son;
Though you'd never have guessed his mother was such a poor simple one;
You'd never guess *I* was his mother. Ah! I will not tell you his name—
Let him rest in his grave—my Laddie!—free to the last from shame.

He and I, and his father—a clever carpenter he—
Lived in a Hampshire village—just we three, we three;
And Laddie, he was so quick-like, and such a scholar to read,
That the Squire made a doctor of him, ladies; he did, indeed!

So he went up to London, and we lived peaceably on,
Mightily proud to hear of, but never seeing, our son,
Until his poor father was took, ma'am—sudden it was at the end—
And I left a lonely widow, with never a shilling to spend.

Then, silly thing that I was, what did I do but say,
'I will go up to Laddie, though London is far away.'
So I packed up what little I had, and some pears from his own pear-tree,
And I went in the train to London—ignorant fool that I be!

It was a weary journey, and I was tired outright
When I stood in the front of my Laddie's house, a gentleman's mansion
quite;
And I knocked a low knock at the door, and tried to quiet my heart,
Picturing over and over my boy's delighted start.

Don't ask me to tell you the rest—it was not *his* fault. I mind
Not a single word that was rough, not a single look unkind;
While he showed me so plainly, so plainly, how it would spoil his life
If he showed such a poor old woman as his mother to his wife.

He was quite right, my dears ; I should have injured his fame—
You don't know how famous he was—ah ! I will not tell you his name.
So he told me a place to sleep in, a little inn hard by,
And said he would call in the morning and settle me secretly.

So I went right off, and wandered up and down many a street,
With an aching head and an aching heart, and weary aching feet.
And somebody found me somewhere, and somebody brought me here ;
And here I shall join my Laddie, my gentleman son, my dear !

Ladies, why are you weeping ? Do you think I blame my son ?
I have proved my love to him now, by doing as I have done ;
And I want him to thank me in heaven, gentleman as he is,
And call me lovingly ' Mother,' and say I am fit to be his.

So I will die in the workhouse, knowing my Laddie died
With his lady wife beside him, happy both in their pride.
What do you say, my lady, kneeling on bended knee ?
You are my Laddie's widow, whispering ' Mother ' to me !

E. M. LEIGH.

'Where to Pray.'

SINCE the appearance of this short paragraph in a late number of the BANNER, we have received the following letter from a poor woman. We give the greater part of it exactly as she wrote it, feeling confident it will do some good to other hardworking women. This is the letter:—

SIR,—Having read in the BANNER OF FAITH that bit about 'Where to pray,' I feel I should like to tell your readers my experience on the subject, and I shall be very thankful if, by God's blessing, it does some good to others.

Poor Women with large families often think they have little time for prayer or praise. As I am a poor woman with a large family, and know the value of prayer and praise, I will tell them how I find time for it. Whilst I am cleaning the House I lift up my heart to God and say, 'Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me, for Christ's sake. Amen.' When I am washing the Clothes I say, 'Wash me in Thy Blood, Oh Jesus, Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.' Then as I get to each of my Children's Clothes I pray for them separately, not aloud, but in my heart. Again, if I pick up the shirt of one who drinks, I ask God to change his heart, to show him his state in God's sight, and to help him to give up drink and become a sober Godly Youth. If I am washing the

shirt of another who has a horrid temper, that is a terror to us all, I pray to God to break his stubborn temper, to soften his heart of stone, and give him a heart of flesh. If I am washing anything belonging to a girl who is idle, then I pray God to show her her sin, and change her whole nature, by the Holy Spirit. Yes, I pray for each as I know their need.

Then when I am sewing I find lots of time both for prayer and praise.

When I light or mend the fire, I say in my heart, 'Kindle, Oh Lord, a sacred fire in this cold heart of mine.' Even in nursing we can pray. If all around is confusion, and wrangling, and misery, we can pray for patience to bear every ill thus put upon us. Though our hearts may be made sore, yea, may feel ready to break by ill treatment from those we love and are working hard for, yet, if we continually pray for them, we may be sure God will answer our prayers in His own time. God is everywhere, near, very close to every needy soul: we can not see Him, but we can feel Him near, yea, nearer to us than our own families, who are crowding round us. All we want is faith.

Let those who feel the want of time or place for prayer try my experience, asking God continually to increase their faith, and I am sure they will feel no difficulty as to 'where to pray.'

Yours in Christ,
EXCUSE MY NAME.

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

THE BOYS OF CAPE COLONY.

WE have received from Cape Colony an amusing account of how some valiant and persevering schoolboys, under their rector's supervision, built for themselves a school. The whole story is too long for these pages, else should our readers hear, in full, how the schoolroom of this parish (which we are desired not to name) was condemned by the inspector—and, indeed, by all, for it was slowly but surely crumbling away. How there was little or no money forthcoming to build a new one. How the rector, with the fear of a School Board before his eyes, appealed to his scholars; and how these little fellows, the oldest not fourteen, rose up as one man—or rather one boy—and undertook the work. How they dug out the foundations in the solid rock, and wielded pickaxes and trundled barrows with undaunted perseverance. How, after a year's toil, they began to build the walls, and how a friendly carpenter, moved with pity and admiration, volunteered to help them to put on the roof and to make the doors and windows. How they daubed themselves with lime and dirt; how they struggled in vain with the plastering, and how—waxing proud—they declined any further assistance, and *would* put down the floor with no help but the rector's advice and supervision.

And, finally, when the building was at length finished, and had stood the ordeal of heavy rain and tempestuous wind, how the inspector examined 130 children within those hardly-raised walls, and pronounced himself satisfied both with their schoolroom and with its scholars.

Such an account of hard work cheerfully undertaken, by boys who value a religious education so highly as to be willing to toil to secure it, is enough to warm one's heart. We have good hopes for the future of a colony whose younger members have so much energy, so well directed.

It is not in every place, however, that the strength and skill can be found which must be necessary for bringing such an undertaking as this to a happy conclusion. May not the recollection of the gallant way in which these Cape Colony boys did 'what they could' dispose our hearts to respond liberally next time we are called upon to help the Church, in any part of the world, to provide for the education of the lambs of her flock?

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

OUR ORPHANS.

WE should like to show them as they were and as they are. We could present no plea so effectual when we ask help in befriending them; but how are we to do it? No word-pictures that we can give will fairly represent them.

We will try what a few faint sketches may do.

Ina was brought to us a short time ago, and this is all the little history we have of her.

A lady living in the outskirts of London was often troubled in her daily walks by hearing screams of pain from a certain cottage which she passed. One day these cries were louder and more distressing than usual, and she determined to find out the cause. To her surprise and indignation she found that they were uttered by a tiny child of six or seven, who was being most cruelly beaten and ill-treated by a man (no relation) who had by some means got the child into his hands.

The little thing, a pretty, curly-headed child, was bruised, starved-looking, and quivering with pain. Our kind and spirited friend took her at once from her miserable surroundings, and never rested until she had persuaded us to make room for the destitute creature. Orphanage after orphanage, Home, and refuge, all had declined to adopt the poor little girl without payment; so finding that she was entirely friendless, we made a little corner for her in our *elastic* Home, and felt sure we never could find a more needy case.

Standing in the entrance we put one or two questions to the half-dazed child when she arrived, and to these she gave us simple, straightforward answer.

'Tell me, Ina, did he really beat you?'

'Oh yes, ma'am, he *did*.' And the little girl showed proof of her words—ugly blue wounds, dealt by his brutal hands.

So then Ina was led away to be washed and clothed, and to take her place amongst the 280 fatherless and motherless children who make up our large and happy family.

One of our boys, 'Freddie,' shall speak for himself—a precocious little man, with the whitest of hair and faces. He came to us with his sister 'Polly.' About five years old he is, so far as we can make out. 'I've come from my aunt's,' says Freddie; 'she lives right against

Mrs. Hollins's, at the end of the lane—it's a long lane, and a long way from here. We came in the train, and we saw a lot o' little dricks playing in a fresh green field; they did like it. I'm free, I am, and when I get a big man I shall smoke a pipe and take my Polly for a treat in the train again. Father's dead and mother's dead, though I give her my three biscuits. I axed her, "Will they make you better, mother?" and she said, "Yes, Freddie," and I give her all three, and she died. It was the doctor killed her, I know, 'cos he didn't let her have no tea. I put the tea in the pot and I got hold of the kettle, and the doctor he comes and calls out quite sharp at me, "You stop a-doing that;" so mother didn't get no tea, and then she died.'

Libby was a starved little Londoner who had to be taught to eat. She had evidently never sat down to a good wholesome meal, but had subsisted on street penn'orths. At the sight of dinner, so eagerly welcomed by her hearty little companions, Libby's eyes would fill with tears, and down would go the spoon. 'Don't like meat, don't like soap, don't like 'tatoes, don't like pudding.' 'What do you like, Libby?' 'Well, I like cocoa-nut, and winkles, and shrimps, and oranges. Give me some winkles, then, or else some cocoa-nut, if you like.' Our country readers may not have seen a 'winkle' stall set out with oyster-shells and medicine-bottles. Each oyster-shell contains about a dozen winkles picked from their shells; a little vinegar is added at the moment of eating and a sprinkling of pepper. The winkles are eaten at the stall and the shell returned to be re-filled. The stall-holder keeps up a monotonous cry of 'Winkles, winkles! twelve a penny, vinegar and pepper extra for nothing.' Shrimps can be bought from an open barrow steaming in the sun for a halfpenny a handful, the young consumers seating themselves on the kerb-stone for greater convenience in pinching off the heads and tails.

No wonder little Libby's digestion was so injured, that, when after a while she would have eaten, the cry came, 'I'm hungry, and I would eat my dinner, only my pains is so bad I can't.' We hope that a few months of careful feeding and attention will cure the longing for unwholesome dainties, and that the mischief worked by them will pass away. We must not lengthen the list of destitute, neglected little ones, or we shall weary our readers.

Just one moment. You have looked on that picture, now turn to this. We cannot stop to paint it; a few words will give the outline—they shall be our children's own words—

'Why, we're like little girls as has mothers now.' And if any one will go to Willesden and look down the ranks of our bonny boys, the verdict will be, 'They look like boys who have fathers and mothers and a good safe home.' We have about 320 now, girls and boys.

Perhaps heads of families of ten and twelve children may guess something of what this means in the way of maintenance, clothing, shoeing, doctoring, teaching, and general wear and tear of everything they come in contact with. Others can only very faintly imagine it.

As we write fresh candidates for admission are at our doors. 'Can you give a home to a dear little girl from the north, whose mother, a hard-working laundress, is dying? If you have no home for the child she can have none; only the workhouse is open to her.' Happily we shall be able to make a little more room shortly, and then we shall send for her and others from different parts of England to come home.

We find that while many poor widows are driven to the workhouse a laundress can generally manage to struggle on and keep her fatherless little ones; and this has made us anxious to train some of the girls to laundry work.

A laundry is recognised on all sides as such a necessary feature in a large industrial institution that surprise has often been expressed by our visitors that we have managed so long without one.

In the new extension of our building a laundry is being provided. The expense is great. Can any one who reads this give us ever such a little lift towards meeting our very large expenses?

A poor man once said—

'There is a great pleasure in contemplating good. There is a greater pleasure in receiving good. But the greatest pleasure is in doing good; it includes all the rest.'

Will our readers join us in the great pleasure of doing this particular good—helping to make and maintain a free home for orphan girls and boys?

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

Cards for collecting shillings up to 50s., and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

The Apostles' Creed.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

Second Sunday in Advent (DECEMBER 6).

'— in God.'—*The Godhead.*—Isaiah vi. 1-9; Psalm xiv. 1.

A. The Nature of God.

First. *Unity.*—God is One Substance (or Essence).—Deut. vi. 4.

Second. *Trinity.*—God is Three Persons.—S. Matthew xxviii. 19.

Third. *Trinity in Unity.*—God is Three Persons in One Substance.—1 S. John v. 7; S. John xvii. 11.

B. God is Good (S. Luke xviii. 19).

First. We should trust His Goodness.—Job xiii. 15. Third. We should imitate His Goodness.—S. Luke x. 37.

Second. " tell of " S. Matt. v. 19. Fourth. " praise " Psalm ciii.

C. 1. What do we mean by God?—The Uncreated Spirit.

2. Is there more than One God?—No; there is None Other.

3. Is there only One Person Who is God?—There are Three Persons in the One God.

4. How does the Church in Heaven acknowledge the Trinity?—By singing 'HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.'

5. How does the Church on earth acknowledge the Trinity?—By Baptism 'in the Name of THE FATHER, and of THE SON, and of THE HOLY GHOST.'

6. How do you know there is a God?—Because I am told so by {
The Church above me,
Creation around me,
Conscience within me.

7. What is your duty towards God?

Third Sunday in Advent (DECEMBER 13).

'— THE FATHER, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.'—GOD THE FATHER.—Genesis i.; S. John v. 17.

A. The Fatherhood of God.

First—of His only-begotten Son—
by Eternal Generation.—Heb. i. 5.

Second—of us—
by (1) Creation.—Malachi ii. 10. (3) Adoption.—Romans viii. 15.
(2) Preservation.—Acts xvii. 28.

B. God is 'Our Father'—

Therefore—as children—we must—

I. Honour HIM.—Malachi i. 6.

III. Obey HIM.—S. John iv. 34.

II. Submit to HIM.—Hebrews xii. 9, 10. IV. Be like HIM.—S. Matt. v. 48.

C. 1. Why do we call GOD—'THE FATHER'?—Because HE is THE FATHER of our Lord JESUS CHRIST.

2. Is God a Father to others than His only Son?—Yes; HE is the Father of me and all the World by Creation.

3. Why do we call GOD—'Almighty'?—Because HE can do what HE will.

4. What does HE never will to do?—Things bad, foolish, cruel.

5. Why cannot HE do such things?—Because HE is All-good, All-wise, All-loving; as well as Almighty.

6. Why do we call GOD—'Maker of heaven and earth'?—Because HE created all things out of nothing.

7. What other Creation is HE preparing for us?—A new Heaven and a new Earth.

Fourth Sunday in Advent (DECEMBER 20).

'—And in JESUS.'—GOD THE SON.—S. John x. 30-40; S. Matthew xxi. 37.

A. Why should GOD THE SON become 'The Son of Man'?—Because man could not be saved by—

I. No one.—Isaiah lxiii. 3, 5.

IV. Either of The Other Divine Persons: for they have
right and *power*, but not *fitness*: since it seems
fitting that—

II. His fellow-man.—Psalm xlix. 7, 8.

III. Any creature.—S. Jude 9.

1. THE FATHER should 'give' THE SON (S. John iii. 16), not THE SON give THE FATHER.

2. THE SON of GOD should also become 'The Son of Man.'

3. HE 'by WHOM the worlds were made' (Hebrews i. 2) should also remake all things.

B. Christmas lessons from THE SON of GOD for the Children of God.

1st. HE came down in Love (2 Corinthians viii. 9). ∴ beware of *selfishness*.

2nd. HE was born to be a Servant (Philippians ii. 7). ∴ beware of *idleness*.

3rd. HE was a gentle Sufferer (S. Luke ii. 21). ∴ beware of *rudeness*.

4th. HE feeds us from His manger at Bethlehem (S. John vi. 48). ∴ beware of *gluttony*.

- C. 1. Why do we call our Saviour 'Christ' as well as 'Jesus'?—Because 'Jesus' gives us His Name, 'Christ' gives us His Office.
 2. What was His Office?—To be Prophet, Priest, and King.
 3. How is He still all these?—He is our Prophet by preaching; Priest by sacrificing; King by ruling.
 4. What then does the Greek word *Christ* mean?—The same as the Hebrew word *Messiah* and the English word *Anointed*.
 5. How were men appointed Prophets, Priests, and Kings under the Law?—They were anointed with *oil*.
 6. With *What* was Jesus anointed?—With THE HOLY GHOST at His Baptism.
 7. How ought we to treat our Prophet, Priest, and King?

Second Sunday after Epiphany (JANUARY 17).

'— His Only Son.'—THE SON OF GOD.—Genesis xxii. 1-19; S. Matthew iii. 16, 17.

- A. The son of Abraham = a type of THE SON OF GOD:—
 (a) Called 'Only' or 'Well-beloved.' (e) Wood laid upon him, and he laid upon the same wood.
 (b) 'Heir of all.' (f) Given over unto death.
 (c) 'Obedient unto death.' (g) Raised from the dead.
 (d) Sacrificed on Mount Moriah. (h) Chief among many brethren.
- B. We should be dutiful children to—
 I. God our Heavenly Father. IV. Our parents in the world. *i.e.*—
 II. Our earthly parents at home. 1. The Queen
 III. Our spiritual fathers—the Clergy in Church. 2. All put in authority under her.
 3. All our betters.
- C. 1. What Relation is JESUS CHRIST to GOD THE FATHER?—'His Only Son.'
 2. What Else is He called?—'THE WORD OF GOD.'
 3. What do you mean by 'Son'?—One of the same nature as his father.
 4. Why, then, do we call Jesus 'Only Son'?—Because He Only is of the Same Nature as His FATHER.
 5. When did He begin to be THE SON OF GOD?—He never began at all; but was THE SON OF GOD from Eternity.
 6. Are not we also children of God?—Yes; but we became so by Baptism.
 7. How do dutiful children treat their Parents?

Third Sunday after Epiphany (JANUARY 24).

'— Our Lord.'—His Dominion.—Daniel vii. 9-15; S. John xiii. 13.

- A. First. 'Lord' means:—
 (a) Not only 'Jehovah.'—Exodus vi. 2, 3. (b) But also 'Master.'—Psalm cx. 1.
 Second. Jesus Christ is Lord:—
 1st. As God.—S. John xx. 23. 2nd. As Man.—S. Matthew xii. 8.
 Third. He is 'Our Lord':—
 1. By Creation.—St. John i. 3. 2. By Redemption.—Revelation v. 9.
- B. Our duty as servants to 'The Lord Jesus.'
 I. Our Lord is *Great*. ∴ His servants should be *humble*.—Philippians ii. 6-12.
 II. Our Lord is *Mighty*. ∴ His servants should be *obedient*.—Revelation xix. 16.
 III. Our Lord is *Wise*. ∴ His servants should be *patient*.—S. John vi. 6.
 IV. Our Lord is *Good*. ∴ His servants should be *trustful*.—S. Matthew xi. 28.
- C. 1. Who is the Only Lord of all?—God Almighty. 2. How, then, is Jesus Christ—Lord?—Because He is God.
 3. Is He not also Lord because He is Man?—Yes; He is Lord—as God by right, as Man by gift.
 4. How does He exercise His Power on earth?—By commanding, forgiving, judging His creatures.
 5. Why do we call Him—'our Lord'?—Because He has made us, and redeemed us.
 6. When do we solemnly acknowledge ourselves as His servants?—In Baptism and in Confirmation.
 7. What are the duties of masters to their servants; and of servants to their masters?

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany (JANUARY 31).

'Who was Conceived by THE HOLY GHOST.'—The Incarnation.—S. Luke i. 26-33; S. John i. 14.

- A. Some contrasts of the Incarnation.
- | | | |
|--|-------|--|
| As God. | JESUS | As Man. |
| (a) Omnipresent (<i>i.e.</i> everywhere). | | (a) In the manger; on the Cross; on the Throne; in His Church; where two or three are gathered together in His Name. |
| (b) Omniscient (<i>i.e.</i> knowing all things). | | (b) A speechless Babe; a Boy at school; an unlearned Man. |
| (c) Omnipotent (<i>i.e.</i> able to do anything). | | (c) Carried about by His Mother; ordered to do this or that by His employers; led by THE SPIRIT; tempted by the Devil; persecuted by His enemies; obedient unto Death. |

The duties of the Clergy of the Deanery consist in answering all summons given by the Rural Dean, in assisting him in the maintenance of due order and decorum at all meetings of the Chapter, and to aid him in making his annual returns to the Bishop.

In speaking of the work of our Deanery we should like to express the hope that before long we shall see a few representative Laymen at the quarterly meetings of our Chapter. The work of the Church is as much a matter of deep interest to them as to the Clergy, and by taking part in the discussion upon matters of the highest importance, their interest in working for the Church would be very much increased. The two orders would stimulate each other, and we should never hear of a single drone in the hive.

From what has now been said about our Deanery we trust it will appear that there is not only need for its existence, but that it is a most useful agent in our Church system of work. Only let the Rural Dean and his Clergy fulfil their duties honestly and conscientiously, and the Church will become a living power in each Parish or Mission.

Diocesan News.

The time has arrived when a Report may be looked for from the Collectors duly appointed for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions from every Church member in the Diocese in aid of "THE BISHOP MEDLEY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND." It is confidently hoped that a successful canvass has been made, and that at least two Scholarships will be opened for Divinity Students in the year 1886.

The vacancy at St. Martins has been filled by a Clergyman from the Diocese of Nova Scotia, but we believe Bathurst, Dalhousie and Richmond are still without pastors.

Rev. F. H. Almon has left Richibucto, and Rev. W. L. Currie from Nova Scotia has accepted the post.

Rev. H. Holloway, who has been so long laid by with a lame knee, is slowly recovering.

The Bishop Coadjutor has kindly invited the seven Rural Deans of the Diocese to spend a few days with him at Fredericton at the beginning of this month, for the purpose of discussing subjects of interest and importance.

Rev. William Gill, who served some time in the town of Sussex, N. B., as a Minister of the Reformed Episcopal Body, has been received into the Church and duly licensed to a Cure of souls by the Bishop of New Westminster, British Columbia, after a full recantation of his errors. The reverend gentleman had been duly ordained by the Bishop of Pennsylvania before turning Reformer.

Our new Diocesan Magazine is now published for the first time as a Specimen Copy, under the title of "The Chronicle of the Diocese of Fredericton," and is full of most interesting matter. We wish the Committee of Management every success, and offer our hearty congratulations on the appearance of the "Chronicle." May the Specimen Copy lead to a long and successful career, and a still longer roll of subscribers!

A New Church is in contemplation, to be built in the Parish of Nelson, Northumberland County, which Parish formed a portion of the vast field covered in days gone by through the indefatigable exertions of the late Rev. James Hudson.

Ludlow Church, which is being built in loving memory of Father Hudson, is rapidly rising from its foundation, and we believe before the winter is far advanced will have its roof on. The Church at Baie des Vents, another of Father Hudson's buildings, is having a new foundation put under it, besides other necessary repairs.

Some very handsome furniture, consisting of Prayer Desk, Lectern, and Episcopal Chair, which has been executed by Messrs. Ross & McPherson of Sussex, was placed in S. Mary's Church, Chatham, on Christmas Day.

Parochial Items.

CAMBRIDGE:—The repairs on S. Luke's Church, Young's Cove, have already been commenced. We hope to be able to cut down the height of the walls, which at present are very unsightly; to put on a new roof, and add a Chancel to the building. When we have accomplished this much we hope to feel proud of our work.

During the winter we shall have several teams hauling stone for the proposed Church at Lower Jemseg, but we want more money before we can begin to build. Where is it going to come from?

PETITCODIAE:—The Missionary outlook here is very encouraging, and we are expecting great things in the immediate future from the fact that we have two Clergymen, both in earnest, to do the work of the Mission. Rev. B. W. Roger Taylor was admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons on the Fourth Sunday in Advent by His Lordship the Metropolitan of Canada, after passing a creditable examination. We earnestly hope this good man, who has shown such excellent signs of work as a Lay Reader, may not only prove well the order of Deacons amongst us, but that he may remain many years in harness in the Mission of Petitcodiac, where his loving efforts for our spiritual welfare are so much appreciated.

ROTHESAY:—We are looking forward to the Annual Meeting of the Kingston Deanery Choral Union, which, we are told, is to be held in this Parish on Wednesday, January 20th. We have a large Church, but if we have nearly 200 singers and trumpeters in the Union we shall be obliged to make use of the gallery for the Congregation. May we have a more congenial day than last year!

STUDHOLM:—For some years an effort has been made here to bring forth some degree of enthusiasm concerning the K. D. C. U., but without avail. This year we shall have a contingent of seven at least, who will do their best to sing in tune and in time. We are not very musical in Studholm as a Congregation, but we do what we can, and the parson says we don't do too bad, and if he says so he ought to know, for he is the Conductor of the Union. Miss Evans, our organist, has helped us a good deal by coming every Friday to practice with us.

SUSSEX:—Light in Church is a very much needed commodity, and the Ladies of the Sewing Circle say they want more light and are willing to pay for it. The Ladies in Sussex do not talk long before they act, and consequently on Christmas day five new Candelabra were used for the first time, and a very good light they gave. This is a very great improvement at our

Evening Services, and reflects great credit upon the zeal of the ladies.

We are thankful to say that a very willing response has been given in Sussex to the appeal for the Bishop Medley Memorial Scholarship Fund, for which we hope to realize \$150. The offerings are small, but the large number of subscribers marks a general interest in the object.

On Tuesday, December 1st, a very interesting Meeting of S. S. T. U., Section III., was held at Sussex. The Holy Communion was celebrated at Trinity Church at 10 a. m. At 11 a. m. the first session of the Teachers was held at the Rectory, when it was found there were 24 present, a large increase upon that of former meetings. A very useful paper was read by Mr. B. W. Roger Taylor of Petitcodiac, on the "Ritual of our Services." This paper was fully discussed at the afternoon session, after which discussion Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie gave an excellent illustrative lesson on the Catechism. These quarterly meetings are doing a vast deal of good for our Sunday Schools, and we are thankful the attendance at them is becoming representative from all the Parishes in the Section. We had the pleasure of seeing a visitor from Section II., Rev. O. S. Newnham, and also a lady from Springfield, Miss Talbot.

HAMPTON:—The members of the K. D. C. U. Are hard at work with their music for the annual Service. At the first meeting Miss Walker was elected organist. The Choirs are also preparing for the Christmas Service. Many busy hands are engaged at the Church decorations, which, from present appearances, promise to be very tasteful. I will try to give some account of them next month.

It is expected that the Parochial Year Book will soon be ready for distribution. All are anxiously awaiting its appearance.

Special Services—in accordance with the request of the Metropolitan—on behalf of Missions were held in this Parish on S. Andrew's Day and during the week following. The Rev. Mr. Lockward preached in S. Paul's Church on the Sunday following S. Andrew's Day, when the collection was for the S. P. G.

SPRINGFIELD:—We are glad to find that the Sunday Schools are not only keeping open this winter, but so far keeping up both in number of scholars and in general interest. The new books of instruction endorsed by the Deanery have helped to this end. On Christmas day the first class in the Parish Church School presented to their teacher, Mrs. Talbot, a handsome Silver Fish Slice and Fork, as a token of appreciation and esteem.

One is glad to believe that this is a sign not only of personal regard, but also of increasing interest in Church Teaching.

The Churches in Springfield are all decorated with quantities of Christmas greenery, and look both seasonable and pretty.

Register.

BAPTISMS.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 24.—Ida May Driscoll, Infant.
 SUSSEX, Dec. 20.—Mildred Louise Broad, Infant.
 JOHNSTON, Nov. 1.—Rachel Letitia Coyle, Infant.
 Dec. 25.—John Henry Hurder, Infant.
 Dec. 27.—John Otty Ingledeew Murray, Infant.

MARRIAGES.

SUSSEX, Dec. 28.—Samuel McLeod and Julia Roach.

BURIALS.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 28.—Timothy Northrup, aged 83 years.
 Dec. 19.—Joseph McNaught, aged 92 years.
 SUSSEX, Dec. 22.—Alleyn Charles Evanson, aged 89 years.
 JOHNSTON, Nov. 2.—Margaret Foy, aged 78 years.

Notices.

The Kingston Deanery Choral Union will meet at Rothesay on Wednesday, January 20th. Every Member is requested to be at the Sunday School adjoining the Church for Rehearsal at 10 a. m., and to bring a copy of the Music which is to be sung. Divine Service will commence at 3 p. m. Arrangements will be made with the I. C. R. authorities by which all those who pay one full first-class fare to Rothesay will return free of charge to the Station whence they came, on producing a Certificate of attendance signed by the Conductor, Rev. Canon Medley. It is hoped the Metropolitan will be the Preacher for the day.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery will be held (D. V.) at Upham on Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th days of February. Those of the Clergy who may be prevented from attendance are requested to send timely notice to the Missionary, Rev. S. Jones Hanford, Upham Station, King's County. The First Session of the Chapter will be opened at 2 p. m.

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