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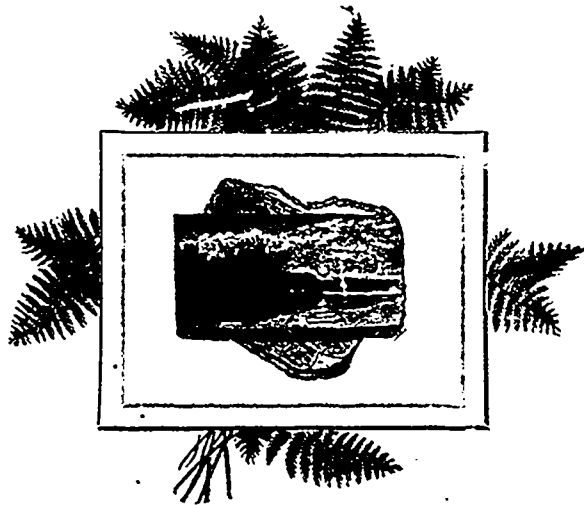
VOL. VI.

NO. 3.

# The Deanery Magazine.



Diocese of Fredericton.



MARCH, 1889.



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## The Deanery Magazine.

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### Our Magazine.

We are much encouraged by the many kind words which have been spoken and written on the first issue of "Our Magazine" under its new name, "The Deanery Magazine." Although rather against our principle of rejecting *clippings* we cannot refrain from a notice of a flattering character which appeared in the "Saint John Globe," of February 20th, which is as follows:

*The Kingston Deanery Magazine*, which, for some years past, has been struggling to outlive all the phases of indifference and neglect to which periodicals of its class seem, in their infancy, to be inevitably exposed, has at length gained the day, has determined to live; and not only so, but to extend its sphere of usefulness, and by eliminating the "Kingston" from its title, to aim at the position of a Diocesan organ. The price remains as heretofore, at the very moderate sum of fifty cents a year. The February number comes clothed in a new, though temporary cover, and headed with the new name. Among the contents are a chapter on S. Irenæus, an article on Divine Worship, a paper on the Jewish Church, and a large number of Deanery and Diocesan items of general interest. The Magazine also contains, bound in with its original matter, "The Banner of Faith," an English periodical of first-class character, which of itself would cost an individual subscriber to it nearly as much as the two magazines are furnished at, when thus taken together.

Some of our subscribers are very well pleased at our change of Cover, and prefer a plain outside, with the year and date plainly marked, to the former more elaborate and highly symbolic design. It is with somewhat of a pang that we should give up our dear *candle* with its companions, the ship, the boat, the birds, the sea, the tree uprooted and the fair and flourishing grasses, which have cost some brains and more dollars in securing the Plate, but we wish to please our many friends, and are not wedded to the design, and if by giving it up we can secure a wider patronage we will make the exchange of Cover most gladly.

There is reason to believe that we shall secure a liberal support from St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock Deaneries in a few months, and if so we may well hope that success for "The Deanery Magazine" will be assured. In the meantime we must work on and try to keep our heads above water, pay our bills and increase our circulation. Many subscribers are still in arrears for the year 1888. They

will confer a great favour by forwarding these small amounts, which are of great importance to "*The Deanery Magazine*."

By hard work and through the energy of one who is interested in our work, we hope next month to show an increased number of advertisements. If this can be done our burden will be much lightened, and we believe it will.

### The Scillitan Martyrs.

A. D. 200.

**A**FRICA received Christianity at a very early date, how early is uncertain. When this is said there is no reference intended to Egypt. When Alexander, with the statesman's eye to situation, which was one of his powers, founded Alexandria at one of the mouths of the Nile, he invited the Jews to settle there by the offer of equal privileges with the Greeks. The result was that about one-third of the inhabitants were Jews. It was at Alexandria that the Old Testament was translated into Greek, which made the world the more ready to receive Christianity. For as S. James said: "Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach, him being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day:"\* and the reading was in Greek.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find that there were Alexandrians among the most earnest preachers of Christianity in the earliest times. Apollos, "the eloquent man, mighty in the Scriptures,"† was born at Alexandria; and some have thought that S. Barnabas, who is said to have been "of Cyprus," was educated at the same place. A very ancient tradition names the Evangelist S. Mark as the first Bishop, if not the founder of the Alexandrian Church. Certainly some of those who were present at the first birthday of the Church at the feast of Pentecost were from Egypt; and even if they were not then converted and baptized they must have been prepared by what they saw and heard to receive the truth.

But though we now include Egypt in that quarter of the globe which we call Africa, it was not so in ancient times. Africa proper was the district round about Carthage, just as to this day the Arabs call the same district "Afyrah." Indeed, the name seems to mean "a colony," and, therefore, would originally have been applied to the town which the Romans called Carthago. Carthage, as we know, was a colony of Tyre, and the language spoken there, as we learn from the come-

dian Plantus, who wrote in the third century before Christ, was very much like Hebrew, and this helps us to understand the name. When, therefore, it is said that it is not known when or how Christianity was introduced into Africa, that part of the southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea is intended stretching westward from Carthage, or, as it is now called, from Tunis. This would be about fifteen hundred miles west of Alexandria.

A phrase of S. Augustine has been understood to mean that Africa was converted somewhat late; if so, the spread of Christianity must have been remarkably rapid, for towards the end of the second century we are told by a contemporary native and resident priest of Carthage, Tertullian, that Christians abounded everywhere, in every rank, in every place. Certain it is that the Scriptures were first translated into Latin in Africa, and some of the most important Christian writers in the first four centuries were African: for such were Tertullian, Cyprian, Victorinus, Optatus, Lactantius and Augustine. But before we speak of any of these, and give specimens of their writings, there will now be given a translation of the account of the martyrdom of twelve Scillitan Christians, seven men and five women, who lived not very far from Carthage. The narrative runs as follows:

When Claudius was Consul, on July the sixteenth, at Carthage, the metropolis, when the judgment was set, the magistrates ordered the following to be brought before them: Speratus, Narzales, Cittinus, Donata, Secunda and Vestina. When they appeared, Saturninus,\* the proconsul, said: "You can easily procure pardon from our Lords the Emperors if with a good heart you turn to our gods."

Speratus answered: "We never at any time did any harm: nor do we practice wickedness, nor do wrong wilfully; nor have we ever cursed or slandered any one. But though we have been wrongfully arrested we have always given thanks. Wherefore we adore the true Lord and King."

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "We, too, are very particular, and our particular characteristic is excessive gentleness. And we swear by the genius of our Lord the Emperor, and pray for his safety. You ought to do the like."

Speratus said: "If you will give me quiet-audience I will teach you the mystery of meekness."

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "While you are talking of the mystery I will do you no harm. Only in the mean time swear by the genius of our King."

\*Acts xv., 21.

†Acts xviii., 24.

\*This is the man who, according to Tertullian, was the first to persecute the Christians in Africa, and subsequently lost his eyesight.

Speratus answered: "I know no genius\* of an Emperor of the world, but I serve my own God of Heaven, Whom no man hath seen, nor can see. I have never been dishonest, but on whatever I purchase I pay the duty, since I acknowledge the Emperor as my lord; but I adore as my Lord the King of Kings, and the Lord of all nations."†

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "For the future hold your tongue, and without further parley come and sacrifice to the gods."

Speratus answered: "That is a wrong summons which pretends homicide and false accusation against some one." (This was probably the original pretence on which they were arrested; homicide may refer to the charge of eating human flesh, which as S. Irenæus said arose from a heathen misunderstanding of the language used about the Holy Communion.‡)

Saturninus, the proconsul, then turned to the others and said: "I hope you will not share the folly of this man's madness, but rather fear our King, and obey his commands."

Cittinus, said: "We have none to fear saving our Lord God who is in Heaven."

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "Put them in prison, in the stocks, till to-morrow."

On the next day, Saturninus, the proconsul, sitting at the tribunal ordered them to be brought forward. When they appeared, he said to the women: "Honour our King, and sacrifice to the gods."

Then Donata said: "We yield honour to Cæsar as Cæsar; but to our God we offer honour and prayer."

Vestina stood up and said: "I, too, am a Christian."

Secunda likewise said. "And I believe in my own God, and wish to be in union with Him: but your gods we do not serve or adore."

Saturninus, the proconsul, when he heard this ordered them to be removed.

Then calling the men, he said to Speratus: "Do you persevere in saying that you are a Christian?"

Speratus said: "I certainly persevere: and let all of you hear that I profess myself a Christian." When all that were in custody with him heard him say this they assented to his confession, saying, "We are all of us equally Christians."

\*The "genius" was the guardian god of the person. To swear by the "genius" of the Emperor involved the recognition of a false god. Hence the Christians refused the oath.

†To understand this we must remember that while S. John was still alive the Emperor Domitian claimed the title of "our lord and god." No Christian could admit this claim, which was also involved in the oath "by the genius of our lord the Emperor." Later Emperors made the same claim.

‡See the preceding number of the Magazine.

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "Do you mean to say that you desire neither to be set free, nor to be pardoned?"

"Speratus answered: "In a righteous quarrel there is no pardon. Do what you wish. For we are glad to die for Christ."

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "What are the books which you read with great reverence?"

Speratus answered: "The four Gospels of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Epistles of S. Paul the Apostle and all divinely inspired Scripture."

Saturninus, the proconsul, said: "I give you three days time, to reconsider the matter."

Speratus said: "I am a Christian, and so are all these who are with me. We do not intend to deviate from the faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Do what you wish."

The proconsul seeing the determination of their mind, and the firmness of their faith, gave sentence upon them through the Clerk of the Court, saying: "Speratus, Narzales, Cittinus, Veturius, Felix, Acyllinus, Lætantius, men, and the women, Januaria, Generosa, Vestina, Donata and Secunda, who have confessed that they are Christians and refuse to give honour and reverence to the Emperor, are to be beheaded."

When this was read out from the written sentence, Speratus and those that were with him said, one and all, "We offer thanks to God, because He has deigned to receive us in Heaven as Martyrs for confessing Him."

When they had said this they were led away; and kneeling down with one consent, when they had again given thanks to Christ, each one of them was beheaded.

The martyrs of Christ were made perfect on the seventeenth day of July, and they are now interceding for us to the Lord Jesus Christ,\* to whom be honour and glory with the Father and Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

Thus ends the simple narrative of these famous martyrs. As Tertullian has told us that Saturninus was the first to unsheathe the sword of persecution against the Church in Africa, it may be that these were his first victims, which would account for their having been so famous in the Church.

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The Clergy of the Diocese are now preparing for Lenten work. More frequent Services with Lectures, Addresses and Lectures will be held, and in a great many Parishes Confirmation and Communicants' Classes will be formed.

\*See Rev. vi. 9., where the souls of the martyrs are spoken of as interceding, by praying for the advent to judgment.

### Divine Worship.

#### III.

The subject we shall consider in our present paper will be: the worship of unfallen and fallen man on earth.

I. First as to the worship of *unfallen* man. When man was created he was as pure and good as the angels. He was not only sinless, but he did not know what sin was, for he was placed in a world where everything was good. No error could then becloud man's mind; nor could any of his actions be displeasing to God. Like the worship of the angels must his worship then have been unblemished, acceptable, as he

"Adored

The God that made both sky, air, earth and Heaven  
Which (he) beheld, the moon's resplendent globe  
And starry pole."

His worship was *spiritual*, for man was then an unfallen spirit, clad in a perfect body. The Holy Spirit dwelt in him as in a temple, and filled him with strength and grace. He stood on earth God's representative and image, pure and majestic. Carnal thoughts could not then delight him, for his soul was closely linked to God, and breathed the pure air of Heaven. No other being than God could he then endure to worship, for he knew God and saw, as the angels saw, God's glory and greatness. And so he was capable of offering to God "adoration pure;" as was being offered to God continually in Heaven. Again, man's worship must have been then an *intelligent* worship; for his mind was then strong and bright, knowing no error; so that in these two points, spirituality and intelligence, man's worship was, then, like that of the angels. But as man possessed what the angels did not, a material body, in one point his worship differed from theirs. God's creatures must worship God with all their faculties; so, therefore, man must offer to God the worship of his *body* as well as of his higher nature. And this he did, his body then willingly being ruled by his spirit and assuming during his acts of worship postures of outward reverence and humility.

And who can doubt but that when our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the days of their innocence, worshipped God, they worshipped God *together*, offering to Him *common praise* in a responsive form and hearty manner. And doubtless they worshipped with *musical* voice (for it is one result of sin, that we are not all of us overflowing with music, the possessors of sweetest voices), and perhaps with outward helps, such as musical instruments and the like. We are not told all this in

Holy Writ, but we can infer it from the fact of man's greatness, purity and perfection then, our greatest men of to-day being but "the rubbish of an Adam."

Again, unfallen man not only offered to God direct acts of worship, but he also worshipped God by doing the daily work which God had given him to do. He was not created to be an idler: but to be industrious as the birds and bees and all creation around him. He was placed in Eden not to live in slothful ease, but "to dress it and to keep it." And labour was his delight then. It was never irksome or painful. Yet it was his duty, the faithful performance of that duty being a part of the worship he owed to God.

Once more, man in his first estate, needed not, when he worshipped God, to worship *sacrificially*. No animals were then to be slain, no death pleaded, to render his worship acceptable. It was acceptable in itself, as the worship of the angels was—because God was with man and *in* man, and because through God's grace man could then and did then please God.

II. But man sinned and fell. Tempted by the subtle serpent, he disobeyed God and so cut himself off from God; losing thereby the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; his innocency and highness; the privilege of close communion with God, and the ability to do what was right and to please God. The image of God in him was sadly blurred, and he who was created of heavenly character and heavenly aspect became degraded so that he was now earthly in character and in aspect. And, moreover, death came over him; the beginnings of a death which was to be eternal, so that he who was before full of life and light became now full of death and darkness. We can never know, here, the great difference between man unfallen and man fallen. We shall know it better hereafter when we know what man is when restored; but it was a fall grievous and low, which man himself could never undo, and which if not undone meant to him eternal lowness and misery.

But God had mercy on man and gave to him as soon as he fell the promise of restoration, or, as it is generally termed, the promise of salvation. There would come in due time One who should bruise the serpent's head. God would send a Saviour who would overcome and drive out death and open to man the way of life. And we know how God's promise was fulfilled. JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, came down from Heaven, and by His Life and Death and Resurrection and Ascension paid the penalty for man's sin, and made it possible for him to escape sin's wages, eternal

death. But yet, not on this earth, but in Heaven, in the great future, is man to expect this *full* restoration. On this earth we are being trained for that time and place, and we receive here the foretaste of Heaven, but as long as we live here we must bear, in our various sufferings, some of the results of the fall; the world because of it being partly in the power of Satan, and we all because of it are looking forward to the death of the body. We are not saved in a moment. It is a long process, entailing much fighting and pain; and many there are who shall refuse or neglect to fight, and so shall lose the reward offered by the Saviour to those who in His strength overcome.

But now let us go back to our main subject, Divine Worship. What, let us enquire, was the character of man's worship *after he had fallen*? It must have been at its best weak, blemished, imperfect. Man's spirit was degraded by the fall, so that his worship must henceforth have much in it that is unspiritual. His mind was darkened by the fall: so that in his worship he must often err and worship unwisely. His body was weakened by the fall: so that it would weary him to worship long—it would be impossible for him to worship as he was created to do. Therefore fallen man is incapable of offering to God of himself true and acceptable worship: his highest efforts are nothing compared with what they should be; his best actions are stained with sin and error; his choicest offerings valueless in God's eyes.

Was man and is man, then, to give up endeavouring to worship God? By no means: for what he was incapable of doing of himself, God has made him capable of doing through Jesus Christ; so that fallen man *can* worship God fully and acceptably *through Jesus Christ*. Let us see how.

Jesus came to be the Second Adam; which signifies that He came to stand towards our race in the place of the First Adam, so that He might restore to us what the First Adam deprived us of. And so where the First Adam was disobedient, He was obedient; where the First Adam fell, He overcame; what the First Adam failed to accomplish, He accomplished fully. And then, moreover, He "bore our sins in His own Body on the tree," in order that by His stripes we might be healed.

The Father beheld Him whilst He lived on earth, and said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," for the life of Jesus on earth was a life of perfect service and highest worship without fault or failing.

But He came to be man's representative and to offer up on man's behalf the service and worship due from man, which man was unable to offer; and

so through Him there was forgiveness for man and acceptableness; JESUS filling up what was lacking in man's life, with His own infinite righteousness, and thereby enabling man through Him to have access to the Father.

From this it follows that *apart from JESUS*, fallen man can have no access to the Father; cannot be forgiven; cannot be acceptable; cannot even pray or worship. JESUS is "the Way," and the only Way, as well as the Truth and the Life. Therefore, fallen man from the moment he fell must offer up worship to God, *in the name of Jesus*, or else his worship cannot enter Heaven. He must continually offer to GOD, instead of his own defective, sinful service, the perfect, sinless service of JESUS, and must plead before God the sacrifice of JESUS as that which alone can rescue him from the death to which he was sentenced when he fell.

The death of JESUS on the Cross was the consummation and climax of His Sacrifice for man, for there shone forth in fullest glory, obedience, righteousness, godliness, self-sacrifice: and there he bore our sins and paid the penalty for them. Hence, when we plead CHRIST'S *death*, we plead His whole work of redemption, in it being summed up, as it were, His whole work for man on earth. Therefore is it, that until the end of the world *man must unceasingly plead before the Father this Death*, as the Rock on which is built all his hopes of salvation; as the source of all forgiveness and blessing.

Hence, the worship of fallen man must be SACRIFICIAL, *i. e.*, his prayers, his praise, his service can only be acceptable because of the sacrifice of JESUS; and can only be received by GOD when that sacrifice is pleaded; and more than that, since man's worship is so defective, the only valuable offering which man can offer to GOD, is this sacrifice of JESUS, which is the "only offering perfect" in GOD'S eyes.

But here two questions will suggest themselves: "How did man worship GOD through JESUS before JESUS came into the world?" and "How can man offer to GOD the sacrifice of JESUS?" I shall endeavour to answer these questions in subsequent papers.

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The Bishop Coadjutor confirmed a class of twenty-two on Sunday, February 24th, at Fairville, eleven males and eleven females. The Church was well filled, and the congregation very attentive. The Bishop gave two very excellent addresses, which it is hoped will leave a lasting impression.

### The Duty of the Teacher Towards the Unsatisfactory Scholar.

That this is a subject of great importance all will allow, and yet it is a subject upon which it is hard to write.

It would not be difficult to write about the unsatisfactory scholar, for all those who have at any time had charge of a class of Sunday school scholars must have had to acknowledge that in each class there is one or more unsatisfactory scholar. Very rare, indeed, is that class of perfect scholars, and happy, indeed, must be the experience of that teacher who has a Sunday school class composed of scholars who are perfectly satisfactory. It has never been the lot of the writer to have the pleasure of meeting with such a class or such a teacher. Neither does he ever expect to do so. True, we sometimes read in books of wonderful schools, and wonderful teachers, and wonderful scholars. But such schools and teachers and scholars are dwellers in wonderland, and are not very real, at least it has not been my happy privilege to meet with them, though perhaps some teachers have been more favoured.

The subject is a very wide one, for there are so many ways in which a scholar may be unsatisfactory. We will notice a few of them, and then offer some suggestions as to the best way for a teacher to deal with each.

First, let us take the case of the late scholar: I mean the one who is nearly always late in entering the class. This habit is a very tiresome one to the teacher, and interferes with the teaching of the lessons—takes away the attention of the other scholars—and oftentimes spoils a whole afternoon for both teacher and scholars. Just suppose, for instance, a school in which the work has begun, the opening service is over, and each class has settled down to lessons. Presently the door opens and footsteps are heard walking through the room—not muffled footsteps by any means—and a boy enters the class taught, we will say, by Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown goes on with his teaching, appearing not to notice the late comer, but he finds at last it is of no use. The attention is now upon his late scholar, and he must wait until all have settled down, and then, perhaps, he finds that it is very difficult to make a new beginning; his mind has been somewhat upset by the interruption, and he cannot go on with the lesson with the same energy.

Punctuality is a very great virtue, and if a boy is to succeed in life, he must be taught the great importance of being punctual in all his engagements, and, not by any means least, in being punctual in

attendance at Sunday school. But how is this lesson to be taught? Various plans have been tried in different schools. First, I would say, let the teacher set a good example in this matter, for if the teacher himself is in the habit of being late, how can he deal with a late scholar. Therefore, I would say to every teacher, it is a duty you owe to the superintendent, to your fellow teachers, to your scholars, to the whole school, to be always in your class in good time, and by good time, I mean at least a few minutes before the time for the opening of the school. Perhaps this punctuality on the part of the teacher, on the part of every teacher, would cure the habit of late attendance on the part of the scholars.

But, again, if this fails it may be worth while to be very careful in marking the attendance. If the marks are worth anything, and I think they ought to be made to be worth a great deal, the teacher should be strictly honest in giving them, and the scholar who is late should by no means receive a mark for punctual attendance. In this way the bad habit may be overcome. The superintendent might also help. Before opening the school he might take a look outside the building and insist upon the entrance of all the scholars who may be loitering about. There is one other plan which has never been known to fail in preventing the interruption of the lesson by the entrance of late scholars. There may be a difference of opinion as to the advisability of resorting to it, but it is a perfect remedy—I mean the locking of the school door when the work has begun.

Next, let us notice the case of the inattentive scholar. Every teacher will at once, in his or her mind, remember only too well, perhaps, this very unsatisfactory scholar, for there is one or more such in nearly every class. The scholar whose eyes are directed anywhere but upon the teacher, who is looking at what is going on in other parts of the school; the scholar who is either listening to some other teacher, or talking to a fellow pupil, taking no interest in the work of the class. Let a question be addressed to the inattentive scholar by the teacher, and it is at once made very manifest that the mind is occupied with some other subject. It is very difficult to find the best way of dealing with such a scholar. The difficulty may possibly be with the teacher. The mode of presenting the subject of the lesson may not be interesting to such a pupil. If one style does not interest try another. Children, like men and women, are of different dispositions, and if we are to be successful in our teaching we must endeavour to study those dispositions. Many a child is of such a disposition



naturally that it is difficult for him to keep the mind intent upon one subject. Even adults find concentration of thought no easy matter. One good plan in dealing with the inattentive scholar is for the teacher to instruct as much as possible by question and answer. Keep to the good old plan of catechizing. There is none like it. If a teacher is full of the subject of the lesson, and wide awake, there will not be much room for the inattentive scholar. I think he or she would soon be shamed into attention, if interested in no other way.

Very near akin to the inattentive scholar is the lazy scholar: the one who never knows his lessons, and who lies or lolls about in class, perhaps goes to sleep. Here again may be a reason for this so called laziness. The child is of such a disposition—or physically so composed—that it is difficult for him to make any exertion. Sometimes, too, on a hot summer afternoon, in a close or poorly ventilated school room, it is hard for a child of a certain temperament to keep the mind active. I know very well that as a child I used to find it very hard to keep awake in Church. But there is the more need for the child to be urged to fight against this “weight of the flesh,” “to shake off dull sloth,” for I really believe that this disposition can be overcome by constant endeavour.

If a scholar will not learn his lesson it may be worth while for the teacher to ask the mother to help in the matter. I have often found that where the assistance of the mother has been enlisted wonders have been worked.

As regards the sleepiness in school, what was said concerning the treatment of the inattentive scholar will hold good. “Catechize,” ask questions, call upon the sleeping scholar by name to answer, and this so often as the dustman draws near.

I will now pass on to speak concerning another unsatisfactory scholar, viz.: the mischievous scholar. Very often the boy or girl—for girls are mischievous, too—very often the mischievous scholar is the brightest, happiest, best tempered scholar in the school. But while it is not by any means satisfactory, nor does it tend to lighten the task of teaching, to have a boy or girl boiling over with fun and mischief, sticking pins into their next neighbour, or in a hundred other indescribable ways disturbing the class, and the teacher at the same time, yet it is often best to exercise a large amount of forbearance, and to be blind to a great deal that goes on, so long as it is at all possible to do so. Of course there is a limit to this blindness and forbearance, and if it is found really necessary to speak, it will be found well to speak very de-

cidely, and at the same time to appeal to the good sense of the offender. If a mischievous scholar finds out that he can tease the teacher and “bother” him he will take great pleasure in the occupation. Never let a child discover it, however much you may be irritated.

Next, I will speak of a very different “unsatisfactory scholar”—the irreverent scholar. I am sorry to say that such an one is far too common in our schools. These days seem to be days of irreverence and lawlessness, no doubt in preparation for the coming Antichrist, and, therefore, we have great need to be very decided upon this matter. I am glad to believe that any such irreverence in our schools is not the intentional, deliberate, wilful irreverence with which one meets sometimes in older persons.

It has its origin in the lack of home teaching, and nearly always in the lack of home example, and I am inclined to think also in the lack of religious instruction in our common schools. Whatever the cause or causes we must always feel sad and dissatisfied when we see a boy or girl in Sunday school or Church act in an irreverent manner. It seems to me that there ought to be very decided teaching upon this subject. Now, inasmuch as “the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,” there should be no uncertain teaching on our duty towards God, and especially should children be taught to kneel at prayer, and to conduct themselves in a proper manner during the reading of God’s Word. The first duty of the teacher in this matter is to be very careful at all times, by word and action, to set a good example, to shew to the scholars that he or she has ever in view “the fear of God,” and then to impress upon the class constantly and faithfully God’s holiness and God’s majesty, and our behaviour in everything that pertains to him. I do not like the idea of ejecting any scholar from the school, excepting as a last necessity; but if in any school there is a boy who will not conduct himself properly, in a becoming and reverent manner, I think, for the sake of the other scholars, it would be proper to resort to this extreme measure.

I will notice next the undefinable unsatisfactory scholar. Unsatisfactory, and yet for what special reason it would be difficult to say. Perhaps in such a case there is a combination of inattention, restlessness and general lack of interest, and the teacher feels that, as regards that particular scholar, all the preparation and all the teaching are in vain. The child does not seem to take a bit of interest, and does not improve in Scriptural knowledge, or in an intelligent understanding of the very elements

of our religion. It is no doubt disheartening to continue teaching under such circumstances. But is there not often a similar case in the plant world? A plant, which in spite of all the care and time and attention bestowed upon it for weeks, does not seem to thrive, but is at a complete standstill, but with patient waiting a change comes. In due time the sunshine, and the water, and the loving care will do their work, and the plant will take a start. And so with this last unsatisfactory scholar. Have patience, work on, pray on, it may be that in God's own time the Holy Spirit's influence will be felt by that heart, and a great change will come over that life.

If time and space allowed we might still go on to speak about the "tiresome" scholar, the "rude" scholar, the "noisy" scholar, and various other examples of the unsatisfactory scholar. I am quite sure that much more can be said, but I will only add now a few words with a general application. And, first, let every teacher labour with all his or her might to deal successfully with any unsatisfactory scholar in the class. Take care that the fault does not lie with the teacher. There must be constant and earnest prayer to Almighty God, for a blessing upon the work in which we are engaged, for the class, for the scholars, and especially for any particular difficulty which may arise. Then there must be preparation. An unprepared teacher cannot expect to have a satisfactory class. Again, a teacher to have an attentive and well-behaved class must be thoroughly in earnest in the work. And, lastly, there must be the exercise of very great patience. All things will come in time to the man or woman who waits. Do not be disheartened because the seed does not grow as quickly as you expect.

And now, before concluding, I should like to say a word in the way of encouragement. The clergyman in his Parish work often meets with Parishioners concerning whom the description "unsatisfactory" might be written. And is it not so in many families? Is there not one or more of the children who, in spite of all we can do, are not satisfactory in their conduct? And I take it that this is so in all work for God. We must not expect to find every scholar perfectly satisfactory. Our Lord said: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And so in our work. If every child were perfect there would be no need of our teaching. All imperfections and faults are owing to the depravity of human nature, and part of our work is to teach those committed to our care the better way, and to do all that we can to train them in the right way. Instead of

being discouraged when we think of our imperfect scholars, if we are in earnest in our work, we should rather be spurred on to greater effort, and be determined, God helping us, to gain the victory.

And then also we must remember that in God's great field the tares and the wheat are ever growing together, and must grow together until the harvest. But it may be that with God's blessing on our labours the tares in some cases may become good grain. I believe that many an unsatisfactory scholar has turned out in after life to be an earnest and faithful Christian man or woman; and then, too, we must ever keep in mind the great truth that we have nothing to do with the results of our work. We are to work, work, work; teach, teach, teach; keep sowing the seed, and cultivating the young plants, and leaving no stone unturned in our efforts for their spiritual welfare.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—*Eccles. xi., 6.*

*St. Stephen, N. B., February 12, 1889.*

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#### Notices.

At the Conference of Rural Deans lately held at Fredericton, a committee was appointed for the distribution of useful tracts throughout the Diocese. The committee consists of the Right Reverend Bishop Coadjutor, Reverends R. E. Smith, Canon Medley, L. A. Hoyt and H. Montgomery, who request that samples of tracts be sent to the Secretary, Rev. H. Montgomery, Box 348, Fredericton. This request is made to all the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese.

Wednesday, June 5th, 1889, has been appointed as the day for the annual meeting of the Kingston Deanery Choral Union. The meeting will be held at Sussex. The rehearsal will be held at Trinity Church at 10 a.m. on that day, and the Service will commence at 2.30 p.m.

The Governing Body of Kingston Deanery has appointed Saturday, April 27th, as the day on which the examination of Sunday School Teachers for the Bishop Kingston prizes will take place, commencing at 9 a.m. It is hoped a much larger number of teachers than usual will prepare themselves for this examination.

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The Metropolitan is said to be daily improving and hopes to be out again in a short time, but his right hand and arm are still painful. It is not every one who can learn to write with the left hand at the age of 84 years, as the Bishop has done.

### Deanery of Chatham.

CHATHAM. — The "rumours of preparation" for an entertainment by the members of the Juvenile Guild, of which mention was made in the February "*Deanery Magazine*," proved to be well founded, for an entertainment was held in S. Mary's School Room on Thursday evening, February 21st. And such an entertainment!! Such an audience!! To say that the juveniles did their part well, and that it was evident how carefully they had been trained by Vice-President, Mrs. Howard, and that the School Room was packed with a delighted audience, would be to say little. Limited time and space will not allow us to refer to all particulars we would like to mention, and so we will sum up all by saying that this "concert" of the Juvenile Guild will long be remembered. Fifty years hence, some of our clever boys and girls will say to their friends and relations, we suppose, "Do you remember 'the concert' by the Juvenile Guild in S. Mary's School Room, when Lena Goggins was in the charade, 'Aunt Berthia's Journey,' and did her part so well? Do you remember 'Dame Durden,' the character song by Marion Johnston, Lu Howard, Susie Gillespie, Lena Goggin, Florrie Blair, Stafford Goggin, Rupert Blair, Frank Gillespie, Geo. Howard and Frank Blair? Do you remember how nice all the boys and girls looked with their pretty badges? Do you remember how the School Room was crowded, and how pleased the audience was?" The answer will always be, "Oh, yes, I remember all. It was a wonderful concert!!"

S. Paul's and S. Mary's Sunday School libraries have been replenished with additional books, which are welcomed by the scholars. It is greatly to be regretted that the school in Douglassfield has been broken up for want of a suitable place of meeting, and the impossibility of its superintendence by the Parson. Is there no thorough-going young Churchman in our town, who is a faithful worshipper, communicant, and Church-worker, who would be willing to take the oversight of the Douglassfield Sunday School and otherwise assist in the providing of Mission Services in this village?

Old S. Paul's requires a new roof, which we hope it will receive during the coming summer, as well as other repairs outside and within. It would not be much if some one would give the shingles for the roof, and somebody else would put them on.

Of S. Mary's we ought also to be able to say before the summer is past, "The glory of this latter house is greater than of the former." Contributions will be gladly received for the restoration of the "House of God."

DERBY AND BLACKVILLE. — The Rector of Newcastle and Nelson is again holding Services on each alternate Sunday afternoon in S. Peter's Church, Derby, but no Services have been held in Blackville since before Christmas. With the consent of the Metropolitan the Churchwardens are about to advertise for a Rector, and we hope a clergyman may soon be found to carry on the work of the Church in this important Mission.

NEWCASTLE AND NELSON. — We are sorry to have to record the sudden death in Boston of Mr. George Kethro, son of our esteemed Parishioner J. G. Kethro, Esq., to whom with his family we extend our sympathies.

We are glad to say that the frame for a new Church at Nelson will probably soon be on the ground, and that encouraging progress has been made in securing the needful funds for the proposed building of a "house of prayer for all people."

BAY DU VIN. — The boys and girls have done well with their "Mission Boxes," at the January opening of which \$7.24 were realized. If the children of the Church do as well elsewhere there will be a good return from the Mission Boxes throughout the Diocese at the next meeting of the D. C. S.

We were glad to have with us on Sunday, February 17th, Geo. Burchill, Jr., Esq., and Mrs. Burchill, of Nelson, and only regret that their visit was too short. We have missed from the Services our old and valued friend, Mrs. Alex. Williston, Sr., who has been absent on a visit to St. John, Fredericton, and elsewhere. We shall be glad to welcome her back to her hospitable home by the sea.

DALHOUSIE AND CAMPBELLTON. — Church-work goes on regularly and quietly in this Mission, and the Parson is preparing his plan of Lenten work. One great obstacle in the way of satisfactory results is the very bad winter road between Dalhousie and Campbellton, which is very little used since the branch railway was opened, and is often almost impassable.

The Rector's wife, who is organist of S. Mary's Church, Dalhousie, was the recipient of a well-filled purse from the congregation at Christmas.

WELDFORD.—Parson and people are making sure and quiet progress in Church-work here. An effort will be made during the year to put stained glass windows in S. Matthew's Church, Harcourt, and no doubt the effort will be successful, and ere long the "religious light" will help the devotions of the faithful who come to the House of God. We are glad to learn that F. Forster, Esq., of Stayner, Ont., has been licensed as Lay Reader by the Metropolitan. His assistance in the Services is much appreciated by the Parson and the people.

The congregation of S. Paul's Church have erected a much needed shed for the Parson's horse, near the Church yard, and no doubt the worthy steed will greatly rejoice in this deserved contribution to his comfort.

Much interest is being manifested by the members of S. Paul's congregation in the efforts which are being made to improve the congregational singing in the Church. Practices are held by the Parson each week in different houses, several persons having willingly offered the use of their houses and organs for this purpose. The attendance is always good, and the results so encouraging that when the summer returns, and with it our usual large congregations, we hope to have such hearty, stirring Services that our people will be "glad when it is said unto them, we will go into the House of the Lord."

RICHMOND.—Our Parson has been absent delivering a lecture in S. Paul's Church, Halifax. We are glad to see him again going in and out among us, and attending to our spiritual wants.

BATHURST.—The Church of S. George the Martyr seems to look better every week, the longer we enjoy its new improvements in furnishing and decoration, thanks to the Christian thoughtfulness and devotion which has given us our beautiful Memorial Rood Screen, and to the good taste and skill of our hard-working Parson.

LUDLOW AND BLISSFIELD.—The new Church of S. James the Great is an object of much interest to travellers by the Northern and Western Railway, and is often the subject of favourable comment among those who pass by and notice the "House of God" on its commanding and beautiful site. This deserved memorial of the late Rev. James Hudson was erected through the self-sacrifice and untiring energy of our Bishop Coadjutor and the worthy labours of the Church people in the locality, aided by friends elsewhere. Large congregations now enjoy the privilege of regular Services, long unknown in Ludlow. The

Rector of Kingslear ministers to the spiritual wants of the people, and is ably assisted by Miss Jacob, of Fredericton, in Sunday School work. Lay Readers also hold Services when the Rev. Mr. Montgomery is not in the Mission, and many are being gathered in and established in the household of the faith.

Steps have been taken toward the erection of a new Church in Doaktown, and we may look forward to the early accomplishment of the undertaking.

### Deanery of Kingston.

GAGETOWN.—Through the energy of our Parson we have been able to make a good return to the Secretary of the K. D. C. U. Seventeen new subscribers to the Union have been enrolled. This will prove that the Parson and his wife are musical, and are both anxious to work up a good Choir and interest its members in our Deanery organization. Our congregations are very good, and a general interest in Church work has been awakened.

JOHNSTON.—The Ladies' Sewing Circle at English Settlement is at work again after a lengthy rest. The first meeting was held at Mr. T. H. Pearson's, with a good attendance.

The Choral Union membership for this year is larger than usual. Several practices have been held. All like the music.

A fresh start will soon be taken at Canaan Rapids Church. We hope to have it enclosed this spring, and intend having Services in it before it is finished within. We were just wondering where the much needed funds were to come from to enable us to proceed with this work, when help was sent us in a most delightful way. Two little girls of Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, Miss Lilian Brown and Miss Fannie Barrington, being interested in this corner of Johnston, gave a little Concert, and sent us the proceeds, which amounted to the sum of \$9.50. Some of it will go towards the Sunday School, which was the special object of the givers, and the rest will be most thankfully used towards the completion of the little Church.

One earnest Churchman has already hauled some of the sills for the Church at Bagdad. This looks like business, and shows that the Bagdad people intend to *do* as well as to *talk*. They are poor, however, and it may be a long time before the Church is finished.

There is a great deal of sickness in this Parish, keeping both Doctor and Parson busy. We are

glad to say that Miss Coyle, who has taken such pains with the Sunday School at Canaan Rapids, is recovering from her long illness, and hopes soon to be able to resume her work.

The Central Railway has crossed the Bagdad road, and is fast approaching "Young's Cove."

**SPRINGFIELD.**—The Parishioners of Trinity and SS. Simon and Jude's Church, numbering about fifty, congregated at the Rectory on the evening of January 31st, and presented the Rector with an envelope containing \$56. The Parson thanked them for the kind gift, and remarked on the unanimity of his flock of the three Churches, and of their active co-operation in everything that was conducive to the best interests of Church work in the Parish. The visitors dispersed about ten p.m., after spending a pleasant evening. The weekly practice at the Creek is very poorly attended. We want *all* who can spare the time to attend our practices, and thus lead the praises of God in this congregation. There must be some young people who sing in the congregation, judging from the number of concerts which are held in the hall.

**PETTCODIAC.**—On Tuesday, February 26th, our usual Quarterly Meeting of S. S. T. U., Section iii., assembled at the Rectory at 11 a.m. Twenty-two teachers were in attendance. After routine business a very good paper on "The Jewish Church" was read by Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie. The illustrative lesson was given by Rev. C. P. Hanington. We wish we had more teachers in this mission who would avail themselves of these opportunities of gaining instruction. The S. S. T. U. is a tower of strength to the Church, and it should find more members in this section of the Deanery.

**STUDHOLM.**—The first Sunday Service was held in the new Church at Mount Middleton on Sexagesima Sunday. The day as every body remembers was bitterly cold, but there was a congregation of fifty-five. We had an organ, too, and some hearty singing. The reverential behaviour of the people was very marked, and we hope in a short time they will respond and sing as a body, which is one of the many charms of our Church Service. The Parson has distributed a printed list of Services, which shows that we are to have two Services every month, one on Sunday and one on Friday, a fortnight from the Sunday. Who is going to play the organ, is the latest enquiry? That depends upon who is going to learn first and quickest. Now, girls, all look alive!

The Senior Churchwarden at the Church of the Ascension is most exemplary and pains-taking in getting the Church warm for Service every Sunday, and he deserves a great deal of thanks from the congregation. People in general are very apt to grumble if they are cold in Church, but they do not complain at Studholm and have little reason to do so.

**SUSSEX.**—We had a very excellent Parlour Concert here on Friday, February 22nd, in aid of Mount Middleton Church, by which \$32.54 were realized. The members of the Choir, aided by some outside talent, deserve a great deal of credit for their performance, which delighted quite as many people as the large room at the Rectory would hold, about one hundred and forty. After the Concert the ladies of the Sewing Circle regaled the audience with light refreshments, which sent every one away happy and comfortable.

Our Sunday School has lost one of its willing teachers, Miss Fannie Hazen, who has entered as a nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston. We want a volunteer to fill her place.

The Choral Union music has arrived. We must, therefore, begin our Choir practices again forthwith and get it up, so that Sussex may not be behind the other Choirs in the Deanery. We should like to see a longer list of membership than usual this year. The K. D. C. U. is a most useful organization, and should not only be patronized by the Choir, but by all lovers of good Church music. May we not hope for some new members at fifty cents per head? The music itself is worth half that sum.

Lent is close upon us and we hope the great Fast will be usefully employed by more strict attention to the week-day Services, and that every earnest member of the Church will determine to retire for a while from gaiety and amusement.

**HAMPTON.**—On Thursday, February 21st, the new Rector of this Parish was inducted. Service commenced at 8 p.m., the Rural Dean being officiating Priest. Rev. E. A. Warneford read the prayers. Churchwarden Wm. C. Crawford read the mandate of the Lord Bishop instructing the Churchwardens to induct the Rev. George T. Maynard into the temporalities of the Parish. Churchwarden Joshua Smith presented the keys of the Church to the newly inducted Rector, who then tolled the Bell; on his return to the Church the Rural Dean placed in the hands of the Rector the Holy Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

The Rural Dean then preached a Sermon suitable to the occasion, and the Rector gave the Benediction. The congregation was large and the singing very hearty.

ROTHESAY.—Our Rector has returned from New York and is busily at work again after his vacation. We are now having a Course of Lectures in the School Room, which are much appreciated. Rev. Canon Medley gave one of the course and Rev. J. Roy Campbell another. The Secretary of the Agricultural Society, Mr. Lugin, failed us, having some important business to attend to in St. John.

#### Deanery of St. Andrews.

A regular meeting of the Chapter will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 12th and 13th, at Christ Church, St. Stephen.

Meeting in Christ Church School House Tuesday evening at 7.30. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, and Evening Service in Christ Church on Wednesday at 7.30.

Christ Church, St. Stephen.—A lecture was delivered by the Rector in the School House on Tuesday evening, February 19, on "The Temple at Jerusalem in the Time of our Lord." The lecture was illustrated from a bird's-eye view. The charge for admittance was 10 cents, and the sum of \$9 was realized. Several other lectures are to follow. The subject of the next one will probably be "The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians."

#### Correspondence.

To the Editor of *The Deanery Magazine* :

DEAR SIR: By request of the late meeting of Section iii., S. S. T. U., held on Tuesday, the 26th instant, I enclose a copy of two resolutions passed at that meeting, and beg you will allow the same to be published in your columns. They are as follows:

*Resolved*, That since under the present system of giving a religious education to the children of the Church through the agency of Sunday Schools, regular attendance is very necessary; it is most important that parents be shown this, and that they do all in their power to effect this regular attendance of their children, and also see that they carefully prepare their lessons at home.

*Resolved*, That where it is impossible to carry on collective Sunday School work in our Parishes, owing to the lack of capable Teachers, it is advisable that every family become a Sunday School in which the Catechism may be at least learned by rote, and that each Parish Priest endeavour to catechize the children in his care at least once a month.

Yours respectfully,

J. SHARP,  
Secretary to Section iii.

#### Diocesan News.

On Monday morning, February 25th, his Lordship went to Sussex on business of importance, and returned to Fredericton on Tuesday, the 26th.

At a recent meeting of the S. S. T. U., Section iii., held at Petitcodiac, a resolution was passed for the formation of a Sunday School Teachers' Library, and a committee of three was appointed to frame the necessary rules and order the first instalment of books. This is a move in the right direction, and the Library will in time become a useful help to the teachers.

#### The Season of Lent.

Why do we keep Lent? Because the Church teaches us to do so, and, after the example of our LORD'S Fast of forty days, appoints for her children a forty days fast. It is a very, very ancient law of the Church—some even say it was appointed by the Apostles—but at least Lent was observed within the three first centuries of the Christian era. It is called the "Quadragesimal Fast" from the Latin word which signifies forty, and it is called the "Lenten Fast" from the old Saxon word "*Lecten*" which means *lengthen*, because it always comes in Spring when the days begin to lengthen.

There were many customs attached to this Holy Season in old times, and various duties were appointed for the people. Some that were called "Penitents"—*i. e.*, persons who had been guilty of notorious sin—were to undergo discipline for the sake of being restored to the Communion of the Church; and others that were called "Catechumens"—*i. e.*, persons learning Christianity in preparation for Baptism—were to submit themselves more earnestly to their high calling, in diligent attendance on Church instruction. All of every class looked forward through the forty days to EASTER, the great time of spiritual rejoicing. Lent was then, as it should be now, the great *Revival* time in the Church's year, a time when men's hearts and consciences and habits were examined, sifted, and changed; a time when a man who had been a sinner, might, under a sense of GOD'S displeasure, more effectually rouse himself from the sleep of death, and begin a new life of repentance, faith, and turning to GOD.

Our Mother, the Church, is very wise and very kind in having such a season in her round of teaching, for as our LORD teaches us, Prayer, Almsgiving and Fasting are each to be practiced as the gravest duties of His disciples. Keep the rule, then, and look for Christ's blessing.



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[No. 3.

‘Oliver.’

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOOL FEAST.

**T**HE Rectory meadow at Aldridge was flooded with level yellow sunlight, and full of frolicsome children, whose shouts rang out on the still evening air, and filled the tiny quiet village with unwonted clamour. It mattered the less, because the rector and his family enjoyed it, and the few passers-by along the village street knew perfectly well what was ‘up’—as they expressed it—and smiled benignly over the hedge at the little ones’ sports as they went on their way.

The evening was nearly over, and the rector’s daughter, with half-a-dozen tiny children clinging to her skirts, flung herself down upon a seat beneath the tall central elm, and glanced towards the brightening west with a sigh of relief. ‘It will soon be time for you to go home,’ she said, shaking her head at the small creatures, who embraced her knees and laughed, and protested in baby-language only half intelligible.

‘Tired, Alice?’ asked her cousin, her father’s curate, pausing for an instant under the tree.

‘No! only thinking that I shall be tired to-morrow! When are you going to send up the balloons?’

‘Presently--as soon as Oliver comes.

I must have him to help to hold them steady.’

‘Oh!’ laughed Miss Carroll. ‘I didn’t suppose you could get on without Oliver. But his little cousins told me that he would be here by eight o’clock.’

‘So I heard. But why that tone, Alice? I believe you don’t properly appreciate Oliver!’

‘Oh yes! I do in a way,’ she answered, as her cousin took a seat beside her, for a moment of well-earned rest. ‘He is a very clever lad, and a good lad in his way, I am quite sure. But he always strikes me as being utterly *untamed*, somehow.’

‘I don’t think that epithet ought to apply to a young fellow who has taken religious teaching to heart in the way Oliver has,’ answered the young clergyman, more gravely. ‘There are not many lads in his position who would come down all that way to early celebration, in spite of ridicule, and some persecution; or who would constantly give up cricket—in spite of being devoted to the game—to attend a week-day service.’

‘I know he is more religious than most of his kind. But I don’t think it has tamed him yet. It seemed to me as though he were religious in a self-willed fashion, rather; and I believe persecution is just what he enjoys!’

‘You are very uncharitable—but I can’t

stop just now to defend him. I must go back to my boys, and here are the little ones preparing to make another descent upon you.'

A tide of children swept them apart, and Miss Carroll was soon busily playing 'Nuts in May,' when a chorus of excited voices informed her that the first balloon was going to be sent up; and she concluded that the invaluable Oliver had arrived.

Looking round she saw a tall dark young fellow carefully holding apart the fragile paper sides of the balloon, while her cousin knelt upon the grass, soaked the wadding with spirit and applied a match to it. The crowd of children at a little distance swayed and fidgeted, with bursts of exclamation; the pale blue flames went quivering up; the balloon slowly filled and tugged at Oliver's detaining fingers.

'Let it go!' said young Mr. Wilmot, rising; and his helper discreetly released the pink and white monster, which rose majestically in the air, sped by the frantic shouts of all the boys and half the girls.

Would it top the elms? It seemed inclined to sink again, and swayed perilously from side to side; then the faint breeze caught it, and it drifted along not more than five feet from the ground, pursued by an excited mob of children.

'Let it alone! don't touch it!' shouted Mr. Wilmot, quite loud enough to be heard above the uproar; and the balloon was just on the point of recovering itself when one of the bigger boys, finding himself close to it as it swayed along, must needs try to give it a helping hand. He 'nobbt just touched it,' as he declared afterwards, but the touch capsized it altogether. In a moment it was wrapped in a sheet of flame; the next, it had fallen—not harmlessly on the grass, but on the thin cotton frock of a little girl who was running just beneath it.

Almost before anyone else had seen what had happened, Oliver Haythorn had reached the spot with one bound, and had crushed out the flames with his bare hands. His next proceeding was hardly so praiseworthy, for he seized the delinquent and boxed his

ears with so much vigour that he howled again.

'Well done, Oliver!' said Mr. Wilmot's voice behind him. 'I say, though, stop! You shouldn't hit anyone on the head like that. Johnny Martin, if you would mind what's said to you, you wouldn't be so often getting yourself and other people into trouble.'

Miss Carroll was beside them by this time, and to her the little girl was handed over, sobbing with fright, but fortunately unhurt. Even at that moment the cousins' eyes met with a twinkle of amusement. The little incident seemed to illustrate what they had just been saying as much as did the expression of the young fellow's handsome face, just now glowing and quivering with excitement and anger.

'Have you hurt yourself, Oliver?' asked the curate. 'Are you sure your hands are not burned?'

'Only singed, sir. Nothing to hurt,' answered the lad with a little laugh, surveying them. 'It was Bessie's frock that came off the worst.'

'Oh! Miss Carroll will make all that right. And we are well out of it, if you haven't broken the drum of Johnny Martin's ear! Seriously, my dear lad, don't you know that one should never punish for consequences? If Master Johnny had been disobedient as usual, without any harm coming of it, he wouldn't have had his ears boxed. And yet he meant no harm.'

He laid his hand affectionately on the other's arm as he spoke, and the dark face looked sullen for a moment, then suddenly cleared up.

'Nor did I, only I felt mad at him for a minute. How about the other balloon, sir? Will you let it up now?'

Mr. Wilmot agreed. The children, somewhat subdued for the time, kept at a discreet distance, and the second balloon filled successfully, and sailed steadily up into the clear evening air, rising high above the tree-tops and disappeared slowly from view.

The boys rushed to the end of the field 'to see where it went,' and the curate again touched his young friend's arm:



'Those two men have been at the gate this half-hour, Oliver. Do you know who they are?'

'No,' he answered, after a long keen look. 'They don't belong to this part, I think. At least I've never seen either of them before.'

'Well, I don't think Mr. Carroll cares to have strangers about on these occasions. Will you go and ask them what they want, and perhaps they may take it as a hint to be off?'

'All right, sir,' and Oliver Haythorn strolled off towards the gate, feeling quite sufficiently at home in the Rectory meadow to warn off intruders.

They were not a prepossessing looking pair. One was a sailor, to judge by his dress, which looked odd enough in this inland village. But a dingy, disreputable sailor, without any of that frank, good-tempered expression which is popularly supposed to belong to the profession. His companion was better dressed, but his clothes had an air of not having been made for him. He was a tall, fine-looking man of between forty and fifty, with a ragged, unkempt, black beard, and dark restless eyes, and a generally-unwashed appearance.

'Were you wanting to speak to anyone?' asked Oliver, civilly enough, as he drew near the gate.

'No,' answered the sailor, after a minute's pause and a side glance at his companion. 'I suppose we don't even want to ask the way, though we're both strangers here!' and he laughed, rather oddly.

'I thought perhaps you wanted something?' said Oliver, and paused suggestively.

'Meaning we're to move on,' said the sailor. 'All right, we'll be moving. But I haven't seen such a sight as this for thirty years.'

His tone softened somewhat, and so did the young face watching his. Inexperienced as he was, the young fellow had a glimmering comprehension of what lay beneath those words. He turned away half-resolved to bring Mr. Wilmot himself to speak to

the strangers; but one of them called him back.

'Here!' he said. 'I suppose you can tell us something. Who's living at Priestfield now?'

'Priestfield? Why, that's our— My uncle lives there.'

'And who's your uncle?'

'John Haythorn. The Haythorns have been there this hundred years.'

The man started and leaned forward half over the gate.

'What is your name then?' he asked, a little hoarsely.

'Oliver Haythorn. What do you want to know about us for?'

The dark eyes searched his face with a piercing look; but the man made no answer, at least to him.

'Come, Benson! We'll be going, he said at last, drawing a long breath, and raising himself with an impatient push at the gate. 'We shall see you again, my lad, maybe, at Priestfield.'

They turned away, and Oliver, lost in wonder, stood looking after them as they went up the road. Who could they be? and what could they be wanting at his uncle's house—his own home? Oliver put the question once to himself and found no answer; put it again, and saw a possible answer, but one that he must not even think of, if he could help it, just now. It was with a feeling of relief that he saw Mr. Wilmot beckoning to him, and hurried across the grass to help in setting the boys to a 'Tug of War,' by way of finally letting off their superfluous spirits before they went home.

The boys found Oliver the same as usual—fiery, imperious, generous, and good-tempered, when not contradicted. But Mr. Wilmot's keener eyes fancied they detected something amiss, and presently, when a momentary pause found them standing side by side, he spoke.

'I believe you *did* hurt yourself just now, Oliver. There is something the matter with you, I know.'

Oliver did not deny it; but he paused, with a momentary embarrassment, looking

out over the twilight field, with its fitting groups of children, while his friend waited patiently enough.

Miss Carroll was standing up in the midst, straight and tall, and the children were skimming round her in long lines like flights of swallows, singing as they ran—

Ring around (they sang), Ring around,  
How fast the tree grows!

'I was only thinking,' said Oliver in an undertone. 'You said just now that one shouldn't punish for consequences. But isn't that how folks *get* punished?'

'By whom?' asked Mr. Wilmot.

'Well—*God!* A man does a thing all in a minute, never thinking, and has to suffer for it all his life after.'

'If the consequences *are* the punishment how can it be helped?' answered the curate thoughtfully.

'But he didn't know what would come of it,' cried the young fellow, almost as if he were pleading for some one. 'And God knew, and didn't stop him.'

'Do you mean any individual case? It is sometimes easier to judge of special cases than to try to understand the seeming injustice of this world's ways as a whole.'

Again Oliver was silent, watching the children's play. A name and a story came very near his lips, but the habit of his whole life-time kept them sealed.

'*How fast the tree grows!*' sang the children. Their long lines were winding themselves up now into a tight knot. Somehow it seemed to Oliver, watching them, that if he did not speak before the last ring had twined itself in he could never speak at all. Why could he not speak out? He had told Mr. Wilmot many things—had been more confidential than most lads of his kind would have dreamed of being. Was he afraid of the answer he might receive?

He glanced round. The curate was not wondering at his silence; his attention had been called in another direction—somebody was beckoning to him.

'*The tree is down! the tree is down!*' shouted the children, jumping up and down, locked in a close embrace.

Then, with peals of laughter, the whole knot split up and streamed over the field, and Oliver's little cousins came running to him, petitioning for one more swing.

He drew a long breath as he let them lead him away. Was it relief? Was it regret? He could not have told. Anyway the moment had passed and he had not spoken. The thought that had been in his mind had not taken shape in words, and so could seem unreal still.

The feast was over, and the weary, happy children straggled homeward on their different ways. Oliver and his four little cousins had at least a mile-and-a-half to go, and he had made the distance an excuse for hurrying them off amongst the very first.

Silently he walked with them up the darkening road, hearing as in a dream their merry chatter of all the afternoon's doings, making so little response that presently the youngest girl, his pet, began to cry, complaining that 'Nolly' was cross, and made her walk too fast.

He paused at that, with some compunction, and took the little thing in his arms and carried her all the way home, but still could find nothing to say in answer to the children's confidences, for wondering what they might find when they got there.

Home was reached at last, the little brownish-grey farmhouse standing back from the winding, lonely road.

They crossed the little yard, and stepped in at the ever-open kitchen door; and then the children hesitated and drew back shyly, and Oliver made a step or two forward, feeling that what he had expected had come to pass, and had taken him by surprise after all.

The fire was burning brightly, filling the wide, low room with shifting lights and shadows. On one side of the fireplace Oliver's uncle was sitting, his hands on his knees, and his shrewd, weather-beaten face bent forward in an attentive attitude.

Opposite, lounging on the settle, with an air half-weary, half-restless, sat the tall dark man whom Oliver had last seen by the gate of the Rectory meadow. He was

silent, staring dreamily into the fire, but his companion, the sailor, sat beside him, talking earnestly.

'Is that you, Oliver lad?' said the farmer, without turning his head. 'Children! get you off upstairs; your mother's there, and she wants you.'

They vanished in silence, awed by their father's unworlded gravity, and silently Oliver drew nearer to the fire.

'It's thy father they're talking about, lad,' his uncle went on. 'They have known him in foreign parts, it seems, and come round here to give us news of him.'

The lad made no answer. For a moment he stood still, and the silent stranger lifted his dark restless eyes and looked at him, and met a look as strange and questioning as his own—a look of defiance, and yet of fear.

'Well!' said Oliver at last, in a tone that seemed to himself not like his own; and then he came a step forward and leaned against the high mantelshelf, still looking and looking, and hearing as in a dream the sailor's glib hoarse voice, with a curious hint of caution and apology in it.

'I don't know what he done,' the sailor was saying. 'But it was a long while ago, and it stands to reason it must be pretty well forgotten. I daresay it made a stir in a bit of a quiet place like this; but the thing is, would any one cast it up at him if he was to come back and settle down hereabouts?'

There was a pause. The farmer hesi-

tated, rubbing his chin in thoughtful silence. And still the sailor's mute comrade looked at Oliver, and the young fellow looked steadily back at him.

'I've no wish to be hard,' said John Haythorn at last, slowly and almost unwillingly. 'He is my own flesh and blood; I can't deny that. But he disgraced himself and us all, and he's been away this many years; and by what I've heard his goings-on haven't been what would suit respectable folks in a respectable place. He's away, and he'd best keep away. I don't see as his coming back could make anything but trouble.'

'Wait a bit,' said the elder man, breaking silence almost for the first time. 'There's this young chap here. Is his business as much as anybody's, and he's said nought yet. Do *you* think the same as your uncle—that the further your father is, and the longer he stays away, the better?'

As in a dream, Oliver was aware that he tried to speak and failed. He had to moisten his dry lips before they could form a word. But he had set his face like a flint, and he would not let his eyes swerve from their half-defiant look into those other eyes—so strangely like his own!

'I—don't remember my father,' he said at last, slowly, as if the words were hard to find. 'I was only four years old when he—went away. I—agree with my uncle. I think he—had better—not—come back!'

(To be continued.)

## Mrs. Huckerby.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

**F**ERGUS passed a week in bed, more or less ill, and then, a spell of sunshine and west wind intervening, he recovered so far as to sit up in his chair, and to do a bit of his beloved carving.

He now did not object very much to Mrs. Huckerby's inspection of the panels, and groups of fruit and flowers, he had fashioned with such industry and care.

Mrs. Huckerby was by no means an art critic, and it did not strike her mind that there was any particular skill needed to produce these facsimiles of Nature—the

apples and filberts he had bought of her, the chestnut fans and burrs, the sprays of hawthorn, and the cluster of leaves and berries. But she said, admiringly, 'La! how pretty!' and 'Well, I never did!' and made various clicking sounds expressive of admiration.

Fergus, however, was quite indifferent to praise.

In the dismal past, when all other delights had failed him, this art which he had taught himself, made him forget his cares; it raised him to a world above the somewhat ignoble one in which he had lived since he forsook the solitude of mountain and loch in his Highland home; he spent every spare moment upon it, and all the money

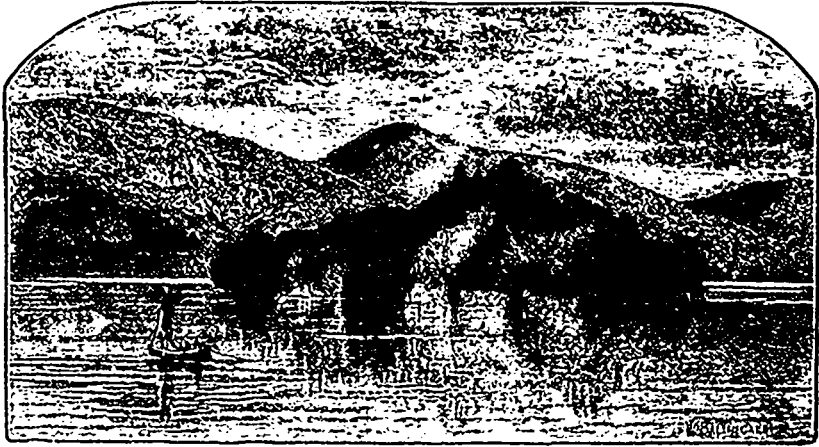
when a knock on the counter called her away.

He fondly touched the primrose leaf that was growing into crisp shape under his fingers, and an unconscious dawn of a smile softened his sombre face.

This improvement in Fergus's health was short-lived.

The weather-cock went round to the east again, and the next day a repetition of the breathlessness frightened poor Mrs. Huckerby out of her wits.

Again she pressed upon him the need for medical help, and this time he had not the physical power left in him to resist; and she hurried off to the parish doctor without giving him the chance of saying 'no.'



that could be spared from his narrow expenses. He copied straight from Nature, and would not grudge hours to the veining of a leaf, or months to the delicate shaping of a poppy flower and its bud.

His only walks were in search of models from the woodlands and hedges within reach of the town. His heaviest disbursement was for oil to light his labours, as he worked long and late at night.

No wonder, as the dainty things grew under his fingers, that a passionate devotion to his beautiful art fired all his spirit. Each creation of his brains and fingers was dear to him, and even now he more than half regretted Mrs. Huckerby's inspection, as a kind of desecration, and was relieved

The visit this official paid did not bring much ease to the sick man's body, or to his landlady's mind.

'Oh! I can send him some drops that may soothe the cough when it's bad, Mrs. Huckerby, and you must give him beef-tea, and soups and nourishing things, you know,' he said when he came downstairs.

'Beef-tea! where am I to get beef-tea from, sir?' she asked, rather tartly; 'the bit of money he had laid by is almost gone, and I've enough ado to fill the children's stomachs.'

'Well, you certainly can't be expected to feed a lodger at your own expense. The only thing will be to send him to the Poor House; they are bound to take him in, or

to send him back to Larioch, or whatever is the name of the place he say she comes from.'

'Maybe he'll be mending in a day or two,' suggested Mrs. Huckerby, who was not altogether pleased with this advice. 'I could hold on wi' him for a week, or, on a pinch, for a fortnight. He's always dealt honestly wi' me, and I know he'll pay me back when he's at work again.'

'A week or a fortnight is nothing here or there,' said the doctor, pulling on his warm gloves, impatient to be gone; 'he'll never leave that room alive.'

'You don't say so, sir!' cried she, with lifted hands; 'why, what's amiss? He was out the hinder end of last week.'

'A man with heart disease and lung disease as advanced as his, *can't* live,' replied the doctor, beckoning to the groom to bring the smart dog-cart to the door of the little shop. 'All the same, Mrs. Huckerby, I don't say he will die at once; it may be weeks, or even months, or it may be to-morrow. So your best plan is to get rid of him at once, before it is too late to move him.'

Mrs. Huckerby returned to the kitchen, where the baby, awakened by the doctor's sonorous tones, was whimpering in the dilapidated cradle.

She took the little one up, and sat down in the rocking-chair before the fire. She wanted to make up her mind about Fergus, and with the baby in her lap, stretching out its bare toes to the warmth, and cooing and smiling into its mother's face, she applied such powers as she had to the puzzling question.

One detail after another came up. She had broken into Fergus's last half-crown, and, except his tools and few garments, he owned nothing worth selling. She herself had nothing in hand; though, it was true, business was improving. She remembered she had only just succeeded in getting one burden off her shoulders—that terrible bread-bill—and it was hard if she must at once bind another upon them. The children never had enough food to satisfy them, with all her efforts, and no one knew how hungry she often went herself.

Beyond and above all these very serious considerations, and more to be feared than all these, was the heavy additional labour of nursing to a woman who was already worked to the last extremity, and the shrinking dislike to a death in the house. And then people would laugh at her, and tell her she was a fool to go spending her time and very scarce money over a stranger who was nothing to her.

'Nay, it can't be done. He'll just have to go to the House,' said she at last, looking down at the tender creature who might have to suffer if Fergus were kept. 'Nobody can't say it's my duty, *I'm* sure. It's more nor I could do—sitting up at nights, and the lifting, and the wear and tear o' nerves. He'll have to go, and the sooner the better. Though I'm sorry for the poor chap, and I'd keep him if I could.'

She settled in her own mind to go to the proper authorities respecting the matter the following morning. And, setting the baby down on the strip of worn carpet before the fire, she applied herself again to the wash-tub, whence the doctor's visit had called her.

Although Mrs. Huckerby had come to this very reasonable decision, yet the matter was running in her mind all day—whilst pounding away at the clothes; whilst hanging them up on the rope across the room, to the sad revelation of their worn condition; as she weighed potatoes in the shop, or sold halfpenny-worths of cress and spring onions; talking to the children, smoothing Fergus's bed for him, or making his porridge. Somehow she could not forget it.

It happened that Fergus was rather low to-day. He had more than one bad fit of coughing. One time, when she had done what could be done to ease him, he said weakly, 'God bless you, missis, for your kindness to a poor fellow who hasn't a friend'; then, with the grace that comes naturally to a Highlander, he added, 'You and yours shan't suffer for me. I'll try to make up for it all when I'm out again.'

'There's no call to speak of it,' she said, quite ungracefully, even crossly. She could

not tell him he never would be out again; she could not tell him what was to happen on the morrow.

She felt she ought to prepare him for the removal, but the words would not come. And now began to be presented to her mind what it would be to this proud, independent man to find that the only place left to him was that woeful refuge, the Poor House. She had all the hatred of her class for the idea, and could fathom something of the rage, and shame, and misery Fergus would feel when he found where his few remaining days would be spent. He would, she recollected, have no friendly hand to smooth his pillow, and it would be the face of a stranger on which his eyes alone could rest in that awful hour when body and soul are severed the one from the other. Unpitied and alone he must tread the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It was in vain that the troubled woman tried to drive away these disagreeable ideas; they haunted her all day long.

No wonder that, for once, she could not sleep after the day's toil was over; no wonder that, when she did fall into slumber, she dreamed that it was her own husband who was dying away in that far-off country over the sea, and that she heard him calling to her to come to him, for that he could not die alone.

The next morning she did not go out, as she had planned. That dream had settled the question for her as no argument could have done. Fergus should stay and die in peace, whatever it cost her of labour and care.

'There's a good God above as'll help me,' she thought, 'for He knows all about it.'

And then she took the burden upon her already over-tired shoulders without a word to anyone.

The doctor called again in a day or two, and when she told him she was not going to turn her lodger out, he remonstrated with her jocosely.

'You must have a stocking half full of gold hidden away somewhere, Mrs. Huckerby,' he said.

However, when he found that she knew her own mind and was not to be moved, he told her that he would see if he could get the Guardians to allow her something for Fergus, which would, at least, save her from money-loss, though, he added, she was but a goose for her pains.

To Mrs. Huckerby's great comfort, this small dole was allowed. She, however, kept the fact that he was existing on charity a secret from Fergus, and he was too weak and lethargic to reason out that his own stock of money must have come to an end.

(To be continued.)

## Romanism.

**U**NITY among His followers was, we have seen, the earnest desire of our Lord Jesus Christ. That we all might be one in Him His dying prayer. Therefore the promotion of unity becomes a pressing duty for all who profess and call themselves Christians.

This unity was to be real and solid, and no sham. The idea that our Lord only meant an invisible sort of unity, and that there is some spiritual Church hovering over and mingling with the visible Churches, to which spiritual Church alone His prayers

and promises apply, is a mere modern invention whereby men seek to justify existing divisions. It has no warrant in Holy Scripture. In fact, S. Paul plainly teaches that there should be one Body as well as one Spirit.

Such being the case, you will observe it is impossible to agree with the principles of Congregationalism. In the Christian Church we are not independent one of another. All the members have their place in the one Body. And we cannot say that every man has a right to frame a

religious system for himself, or that each congregation may be a law unto itself.

Of course, to pick and choose is pleasant, whether in religious or other matters. We all like to single out teaching which is to our taste, and to reject that which is not. We like to let our choice be governed solely by our own opinions. Our spiritual pride is fed, and our vanity flattered thereby; but whether the Christlike spirit of humility will be moulded by such methods is quite another thing. Real Christian humility is nowadays as rare as it is hard to acquire; yet how we all admire the man who candidly confesses 'I daresay I am wrong, for I am not deeply versed in the question. I willingly submit my judgment to those who are.' None of us can lay claim to greater wisdom than was possessed by the universal Church of the early Christian centuries. No modern authority whatsoever has the right to set aside its ruling; no denomination may overturn its faith as contained in the Christian creeds.

And here the Church of Rome steps in and says, 'All that you say is very true. A real and visible unity is what we have all along been contending for. And, therefore, we claim your allegiance. We are the one Church which should embrace all Christian people. Moreover, you are occupying churches and receiving endowments in England which originally belonged to us. And you have yourselves been guilty of schism in separating from us.'

This is a serious charge and a great claim. And it deserves a fair and impartial consideration. For our aim is truth. If unity has from the earliest times meant obedience to the voice of the Bishop of Rome—if the Church of England is now occupying the heritage which originally belonged to the Roman Catholic body, then there is no answer to be given but one of sorrow and penitence. In that case we must confess frankly that we are usurpers, and make our peace with the rightful Church of the land as speedily as possible.

But the statement is untrue. The English Church is the old historical Church of the country, having an existence of over

1,000 years before the Reformation. The Roman Church in England at the present time is, on the other hand, a schismatic body, the date of their secession from the Church in this country being 1570.

Let us consider this more carefully. What is the history of Christianity in England? It begins with the story of the British Church. Of such antiquity was this Church that its origin cannot definitely be discovered. That it goes back almost to apostolic days is highly probable. And that the Britons received their Christianity in the first instance either from Gaul or from the Churches of S. John in the east is morally certain.

Now the British Church was evidently vigorous and well-organised. It had its bishops, some of whom are recorded as attending general councils; and it furnished its martyrs. But it was perfectly independent of any foreign control. When Augustine the first Archbishop of Canterbury came with the authority of the Bishop of Rome to invite the British bishops to conform to Roman customs, they refused and replied that 'they would do none of those things nor receive him as their Archbishop.' In the British Church, at any rate, there was clearly no idea of any papal supremacy.

Next we turn to the Saxon Church, founded by Augustine in the year 596. Here at any rate, it is said, you will find an acknowledgment of the Pope's authority. It is true that Augustine received his mission from Gregory I. the Bishop of Rome, that he referred to him when difficult questions arose, and that he strove to fashion the English Church upon the model of the Roman. But what more natural? Augustine was an Italian born, and his sympathies and affections were with the land and Church of his birth. That there was no thought of the supremacy that the Church of Rome now claims we may gather from the lips of Gregory himself. 'This title,' he says, 'of universal bishops was offered during the council of Chalcedon to the Pontiff of the Apostolic See. But no one of my predecessors ever consented to use so profane a title.' 'This title is pro-

fane, superstitious, haughty and invented by the first apostate.' Or again; 'I confidently affirm that whoso calls himself, or desires to be called, Universal Priest, in his pride goes before Antichrist.' What would Gregory have said to the pretensions of his latest successors?

Now the Church of England of to-day has a double parentage. It derives its origin from both Scottish or Celtic and Saxon sources. The influence of the Celtic Church spread over Scotland and the North of England, while that of the Saxon christianised the South. In time the two blended into one, and were never again divided. The Norman Conquest caused no break in the continuity of this Church—no disconnection. It merely infused into it a strong Norman element. The claim, therefore, of the Roman Church to be the mother and ruler of early English Christianity is not sustained by the facts of history. At the most she only shared this privilege with others. And we have observed that Gregory, the founder of Saxon Christianity, disclaimed any right to a Papal jurisdiction.

But now you say, 'Yes, I grant that the British and Saxon Churches were national and independent. But how about the Mediæval Church? Surely the Church of the middle ages was completely under Roman influences and guided by Roman authority?' True to a certain extent. The authority of the Bishop of Rome gradually increased from about the seventh century, until it reached its height and its overthrow at the time of the Reformation. Yet the Mediæval Church was essentially the same church as the Saxon and the British. There was no sweeping away of these, and an establishment of a Roman Catholic Church in their place.

It was under unceasing protest that the English Church submitted to Papal encroachments at all. There was never a time when some of her sons were not found to stand out against them. Pope Pascal II. in 1114 complained that the English Church showed scanty reverence for the Roman See, sent no appeals to it, and did not ask its advice. When Archbishop Lanfranc was sum-

moned peremptorily to Rome by Pope Gregory VII., on pain of suspension from his office, he paid no attention to the order and was not suspended. Stephen Langton, archbishop, to whom we are chiefly indebted for the Magna Charta, refused to excommunicate the English barons at the Papal bidding, and he received the support of all the other English bishops save two. Bishop Grosseteste, of Lincoln, a man of great piety and untiring energy, declined on two distinct and important occasions to obey the orders of the Pope. These are a few out of many like instances which show that the English Church of the Middle Ages by no means quietly acquiesced in the Papal claims. It would certainly have stoutly opposed the modern dogma of supremacy and infallibility.

It was reserved, however, for the Reformers to cast aside once for all the Papal yoke, and restore the Church to her original independence. The very word 'Reformation' should teach us that here was no fashioning of a new church, but a reforming of one which had previously existed. Both before and after the Reformation the English Church was Catholic. But it was never Roman Catholic, although dominated by Roman despotism. The refusal any longer to acknowledge the right of a foreign bishop to meddle in English affairs was the result of the combined action of Church and State. The clergy agreed to it after three days' debate in their convocation. The laity, assembled in Parliament, accepted and endorsed it. The cathedral bodies, the universities, and even the great monasteries themselves, at last concurred in the decision. There was a desire to strip off from the ancient church the novel doctrines and the usurpations which in the course of time had gathered round it. And the chief usurpation was the Roman claim to jurisdiction. But there was no wish, save in a small section, to impair the beauty of the original edifice.

And now we approach the birth of the modern Romanist party in this country. It is instructive to note that in the early days of the Reformation there was little



thought among the Romanists of forsaking and anathematising their mother Church. Out of 9,400 priests then in England less than 200 cared to abandon their posts on account of the change. And at a later date the Pope would have sanctioned the Prayer-book and the reforms it contained had Queen Elizabeth been willing to acknowledge his authority. When this was refused the patience and hopes of the Roman party were at an end. And on April 27, 1570, Pope Pius V. bade his followers break with their own English Church, and set up a rival altar.

The modern Roman mission in England is an endeavour to supplant the ancient Church of the land. And its machinery and appliances are emphatically modern. It is an alien body. Whereas the bishops of the English Church are the direct successors of Langton and Anselm and Augustine, it was not till 1851 that the Romanists obtained an episcopate of their own at all—an episcopate which has of course no connection with any old English line of bishops, but which is a new and foreign importation. The worship and ceremonies of modern Romanism are in some respects as novel as are its officers.

It is important to remember on what grounds the Romanists have caused this schism. Like the Independents, they seceded on a question of organisation. The Independents maintained that Christendom ought to consist of innumerable little republics. The Romanist, on the other hand, advocates a despotism, a dictatorship, an earthly sovereignty. The Pope, he asserts, is the successor of S. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, to whom Jesus Christ solemnly delegated His authority. Therefore the Pope is the representative or vicar of Christ on earth. When he speaks as such he is infallible and should be obeyed.

Upon this claim it is only possible for us to speak now briefly. In the first place our Lord's commission to S. Peter was not so understood by those whose authority the Church of Rome acknowledges equally with ourselves. S. Ambrose wrote in the fourth century, 'Peter exercised a primacy—that is to say, a primacy of confession, not of

dignity; a primacy of faith, not of rank.' And the great Augustine asserted that 'Christ was the rock on which foundation Peter himself was built.' And a synod of African bishops, of whom S. Augustine was one, reminded the Pope on a memorable occasion that he had no jurisdiction over their dioceses, and that they could determine their cases for themselves. So, too, S. Jerome in 393 A.D. writes to the following effect: 'Thou sayest the Church is founded on Peter, though the same thing is done also upon all the Apostles, and they all receive the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the strength of the Church is established on them all equally.' In truth there is no trace in early times of the universal empire the bishops of Rome have since claimed.

Upon what, then, does the Church of Rome found its extravagant claim? Upon a number of spurious writings of later date, notably upon the celebrated 'Forged Decretals.' 'The forgery of the Decretals,' wrote Dr. Pusey, 'after they had passed for true during eight centuries, was owned by all—even by the Church of Rome. But the system built upon the forgery abides still.'

Such is modern Papacy, and the unity to which it invites us. On the other hand, there is the English Church, with her fearless appeal to history, her Scriptural teaching, her Apostolic order, and an authority no less than that of Rome itself, calling upon all Christians to a unity based upon truth. She refuses to recognise any supreme sovereign but Christ. She is not satisfied with the present condition of things; yet she waits and prays, holding out the hand of fellowship to all who adhere to the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, anxious for reconciliation with every branch of the Church, though not at the cost of the sacrifice of truth. To the next General Council, if God in His wisdom may see fit to bring it about, she appeals, and in the meanwhile pursues her beneficent work.

<sup>1</sup> This name was given to a number of false documents professing to be canons or laws of the Church, and maintaining the claims of the Popes to supremacy and universal dominion. They are now acknowledged by all to be a forgery.—[Ed.]

## Lent.

**IF** our blessed Lord took a Lenten season to prepare Himself for His great work, do we not need one every year to help us to go rightly about our life's work?

Then let us see to it that Lent has some real meaning for us. We speak of self-denial, and look upon Lent rightly as a time for practising it, and higher still as a season of self-sacrifice. It is a time, too, for penitence, for looking our sins unflinchingly in the face, calling them by their right names, and setting ourselves, with the help of God and all the force of our nature, to conquer and destroy them.

But it means something higher still; it is not a well-spent Lent unless it teaches us to look out of ourselves to Christ.

Some speak of Lent as if its whole intention were to produce a feeling of gloom. One of the deep sayings of a saintly man speaks of humiliation as a means to amend,

and it is a good saying to bear in mind in Lent. 'You must not place the chief part of your religion in humiliation, as if it were a life of mere sorrow that we are called to by the Gospel. But you must make it a servant to your faith, and love, and joy in the Holy Ghost, and other graces. As the use of the needle is but to make room for the thread, and then it is the thread and not the needle that makes the seam; so much of our sorrow is but to prepare for faith and love, and these are they that close the soul with Christ. It is, therefore, a sore mistake with some that are very apprehensive of their want of sorrow, but little of their want of faith or love, and that pray and strive to break their hearts, or weep for sin, but not much for those higher graces which it tendeth to. One must be done, and the other not left undone.'

## The Storm and Calm.

WAREFUL HUMANITY.—Ezekiel xxvii.

**W**HAT ship is this with brodered sail,  
Perfect in every part,  
The ivory bench, the cedar mast,  
Prove her a work of art?  
A ship of Tarshish, built by men  
In their vocation skilled,  
Her mariners and pilots wise,  
Her hold with treasure filled.

Spices from Sheba, precious stones,  
Silver and gold are there;  
Perfect in beauty is her form,  
Her freightage rich and rare.  
But human skill is all in vain,  
In storm and adverse wind,  
The men and gold together sink  
And leave no trace behind.

SLEEPING DIVINITY.—Matthew viii.

A fishing boat is on a lake  
Beneath an Eastern sky,  
No ivory benches line her sides,  
No purple floats on high.  
No precious stones, no spices rare  
Her narrow hold contains;  
Her crew are humble, rugged men,  
Content with scanty gains.  
The smiling sky by clouds obscured,  
Grows ominous and dark,

The storm in all its fury roars,  
The waves sweep o'er the barque.  
Our Saviour Christ in slumber lies,  
But when, with earnest prayer,  
His followers turn to Him they find  
Protection in His care;  
For He arose, and to the waves  
In their tumultuous sway  
Said, 'Peace be still,' and while He spake  
The tempest died away.

J. FOTHERGILL.



FEAR BE STILL.

## Customs of the Church.

SHROVE TUESDAY AND ASH-WEDNESDAY.

**A**RCHBISHOP TRENCH, in his most interesting book 'On the Study of Words,' says that if the history of the English nation were lost or forgotten it might almost be recovered by studying the origin and meaning of some of the commonest words in the English language—the uses to which they were put, the changes which they underwent, and the tongues of other nations from which in the first place they were borrowed.

In the same way a good deal of Church history and Church teaching may be gathered from words that are still in common use, though their old significance has been too often forgotten.

Of all those who speak of *Shrove* Tuesday, and even to a certain extent keep the day by a little extra enjoyment of some sort, how many are aware that the real meaning of the name is *Confession* Tuesday? and that the fact of its being so named—from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *Shrive*—bears witness at once to the antiquity of the name, and of the custom to which it refers.

It dates back indeed to a time long past, when in a rude and barbarous age the Church had wisely laid down rules for her members as to the strict keeping of the forty days of Lent, enjoining these grown-up children—for in their half civilisation they were hardly more—to deny themselves in the indulgence of their gross appetites, to put some check on the enjoyment of their coarse pleasures, and try, at least for a time, to live less like brutes, and more like men and like true Christians.

For the most part these rules were obeyed and respected, but by a sort of reaction this last day before Lent was seized upon as a last opportunity for revel and enjoyment before the time for fasting and self-denial came. And this was tacitly permitted, and even encouraged, by the authorities, both civil and religious.

The ancient merry-makings that still prevail in some parts of England—even down to the pancakes and the children's battledore and shuttlecock—are all that now survive in this country of Shrove Tuesday rejoicings such as now turn the city of Rome upside down during the Carnival. As far as general and public festivities go, England was perhaps a merrier country then than now: and the whole population would turn out to make holiday with even less excuse than forty days of enforced dulness to follow.

But in the midst of the racket and feasting a single bell would ring from each church tower. In some places it rings still: and people call it the 'Pancake Bell,' and wisely imagine it to be a warning to housewives to put on the frying-pan! Our forefathers, in spite of their riotous glee, had in some respects more serious and manly views of life and of their duties. To them it was the 'Shriving Bell,'—the token that the priest was in his place in the church, waiting to hear the *private* confession of all who came to him, to give them absolution in God's name, and to appoint them certain penances or punishments, which they were to inflict upon themselves during Lent, in order to help them to get the better of their besetting sin, whatever it might be. In a large church there would be several priests in attendance, and several corners where the penitents might kneel, free from observation, to whisper their confession into the ear bent down to hear them, rising up at last to go on their way with fresh shame for past sins and new rules and helps for the future.

In after years, no doubt, confessions were sometimes carelessly made and carelessly heard, and the penances inflicted were useless or childish. But certainly it was not always so, and many a man and woman must have been so advised and helped as to have cause to look on Shrove Tuesday as a step towards a nobler life.

And this mention of penances brings us

to the other term, 'Ash Wednesday.' The meaning of this term is perhaps even more generally forgotten than the other, since it refers to a custom that was borrowed from the Eastern Churches, and never quite in accordance with European habits and feelings.

It was always the custom in the East to show grief and repentance by putting on sackcloth, and sprinkling ashes upon the head; and therefore when the early Christians ordered that notorious sinners should publicly testify their penitence and shame before being admitted again to Christian privileges, it was the custom for them to do so by standing in one particular part of the church, dressed in sackcloth or a white sheet, and their heads sprinkled with ashes. This was done on Ash Wednesday, and continued through Lent, in order that the penitent, if he gave tokens of true penitence, might be ready to draw near to the Holy Table at Easter.

There was no respect of persons in this rule. A Roman Emperor had to put by his robes of state and kneel in sackcloth and ashes in the penitent's corner, having been forbidden by the Bishop to enter the church, save in that manner, till he had thus shown his penitence for a cruel massacre which had taken place by his orders.

The Bishop opposed the Emperor at the peril of his life, and knew it; but no peril to himself seemed to him of so much importance as the keeping of the Altar of God from being profaned by an unrepentant murderer.

Ashes and sackcloth may not be needed to express feelings of repentance nowadays, but in those simple times it was as natural for people to seek some outward means of

showing their emotions as it is for children to cry when they are sorry.

And when men thus found their guide, submitted to the open shame and punishment which they knew they deserved, who shall doubt that they were the better for it, or that others, warned by their example, were 'the more afraid to offend?'

This is the 'godly discipline' which the Church would gladly have restored at the Reformation—not of course exactly in the same form as of old, but in some shape more suited to modern times.

And this having been opposed, in place of it was ordained that Communion Service of which some people foolishly say they 'don't like to go to church to curse their neighbours.'

Now, there are in use, I believe in Norway, certain little one pound notes, such as used to be issued in England; upon the back of which is printed the following statement:—  
'Whoever forges this note shall be hanged.'

These ultra-charitable people, I suppose, would object to this, as threatening a whole nation with capital punishment!—because anyone *might* forge a note! The punishment for forgery is hanging, they would be quite prepared to admit; but then it seems so unkind and uncharitable to say so! The words to which they so object in the Communion Service are taken, word for word, out of a book which they for the most part profess to believe. To hear them in the Communion Service *may* call them to the minds of some who have forgotten them, and thus do the forgetful ones an incalculable service—but to leave them out of the Communion Service will not blot them out of the Book.

## Rolls.

### A BIOGRAPHY.

**W**HEN I went to call on my friend Colonel G., just returned with his regiment from Canada, I asked to see my godchild Lilian, who would be a little maiden of some five or six summers. She was an only child,

and motherless. I had seen her last an infant in long clothes.

'Certainly, certainly,' said the Colonel. 'Monro, tell Miss Lilian she is wanted.'

Off went the straight soldier-servant, and by and by I heard a strange prancing and

dancing, shambling and shuffling in the passage, and almost before I could wonder how a tiny girl of five could walk so heavily, the door flew open, and in marched an ill-matched pair—a laughing, springing child, and a solemn, ungainly young bear, which she was half-dragging, half-coaxing along.

I started a few paces backwards. Colonel G. laughed. 'Lilian's playfellow,' he said; 'quite harmless—brought him home with us—pet of the regiment.'

An awkward pet I thought, but Lilian was devoted to him, caressed him, scolded him when he growled, and gave him sugar in a soda-water bottle that I might see how funny he looked getting it out of the narrow neck. 'He always lays himself upside down first,' said the merry little lady; 'see, see!'

And then sure enough, with a groan and a snarl, Rollo slumped himself down on the carpet, and lying on his back seemed to use all his four legs to extract the lumps of sugar from the bottle. When he had managed to claw out the last lump, still sniffing and snarling, Colonel G. said, 'Now Lil, show your trick,' and light as a feather Lilian put a foot on the beast's chest, and executed a pirouette on his prostrate form.

'Beauty and the Beast,' I said.

'Ah yes, Lilian acted that with Rollo last Christmas; but Rollo got angry, and tore her frock at last,' said the Colonel.

'A dangerous playfellow,' I said.

'Not at all, not at all,' was the reply; 'merely a bit of temper—Rollo is perfectly safe.'

And that was my first introduction to Rollo.

By and by I heard that he was growing big, and the soldier's wives began to look askance at him. He was dangerous, they said, and they snatched up little Billy and Mary when they saw him floundering towards their quarters. One day a soldier's baby was missing, and the mother, drowned in tears, burst into Colonel G.'s room. She was sure Rollo had eaten him. Rollo was then sunning himself composedly in the courtyard. The Colonel turned out a search party, and by and by a bundle of

scarlet was found under a gooseberry tree in the soldiers' garden plot. Baby Bunting had wandered into these forbidden quarters, and intoxicated himself on gooseberries; his loss was none of Rollo's doing, and he was speedily restored unscathed to his afflicted mother.

Lilian kissed her rough pet after that, and the Colonel boasted more than ever how perfectly safe the bear was.

Still as days went by Rollo growled and grew, and even the young officers didn't fancy meeting him alone in the long corridor which led to their rooms.

I was not partial either to finding him on the Colonel's hearthrug when I called if my friend was not there, and I have been known to entreat Monro to call the beast away, and not leave me alone with him. Still, as I am relating a biography I must not omit to state that Rollo did some good in his generation.

A foolish young soldier who had sneaked into the town after gun-fire, and was creeping back into quarters in the dark not quite sober, reported being seized and severely shaken by an evil spirit just within the barrack wall. He knew it was nothing mortal that had got hold of him. He was trembling in every limb, and there and then on his knees made a vow never to go after drink again. His comrades laughed and suggested Rollo, but young Smith scorned the idea. 'Why, the creature that caught him was seven feet high at least, and had a voice like nothing earthly!'

And never from that day did young Smith break his resolution. 'Rollo!' he would say as he passed the beast in the courtyard; 'it was none o' him.' And he honestly thought so. Yet it was Rollo all the same, and my belief is Colonel G. knew it, for he privately laughed a good deal over the story, but he bought the bear a chain, ordered him to be tied up at dusk, and warned Mrs. Masters, Lilian's old nurse, to keep the child out of the yard.

Rollo's next exploit was done in the light of day. He had always been fond of a swim in the river, a soldier would take him by his chain, and rather enjoy the glory of



exhibiting the prowess of the regimental darling to a crowd of boys and nursemaids on the bank. But one day Rollo hugged the soldier in the water, not cruelly, but persistently. There was a laugh on shore; the sight was funny enough, but by and

by there came a suffocated cry from the pair, and then people saw that Rollo was keeping the soldier's head under water. Luckily, a plucky young fellow among the crowd dashed into the river and belaboured the bear with a hoopstick snatched from a child, so distracting his attention that another soldier was able to drag out the half-drowned man.

This was a serious matter, even Colonel G. admitted, and Rollo was better watched and guarded. Still, he sometimes got loose, and frightened the quiet residents in the suburbs of the town by haunting their gardens at dusk, old ladies and timid mothers sending agonised letters to the Colonel every now and then, stigmatising Rollo as a dangerous wild beast.

Lilian, however, would hear nothing against her darling; he was always good with her.

'I am quite glad the regiment is being ordered to Ireland,' said the Colonel one day to me. 'The people here are such fools about Rollo.'

The day came for the move. Lilian and her nurse had driven to the station first, and were proudly watching their darling (Masters had a sneaking regard for Rollo too) marching with the soldiers to the tune of 'The Girl I left behind me,' the orderly was dashing about in every direction, and every man, woman, and child in Middletown seemed to be lining the pathways of the street. It was a day to be remembered. All the soldiers were soon safely housed in the special train; Lilian, in her first-class compartment, watching them almost as closely as her father. There was only Rollo to be put into his carriage with his attendants. Here he came rolling along, tugging and dragging at his chain, rather cross.

'Now then, old chap!' A lug in the direction of the third-class carriage. But no! Rollo would not try to get in. A soldier lifted a paw to show him the way; a savage snarl followed.

'Now then, time's up,' said the station-master. 'Look sharp with that beast.'

But it is easier to advise than to do; and Rollo was firm. He would not leave Middletown. Any attempt to make him was met by growls and the sight of most formidable teeth. Then he turned on one man and seized him. There was a shriek of dismay from the unhappy private. A porter struck the beast and forced him to leave go. But the situation was critical.

'The train must start,' said the station-master. 'Colonel, will you see to the bear?'

'Let me go to Rollo!' screamed poor Lilian. But Masters held her fast, for Colonel G. said firmly, 'On no account, child,' and shut the carriage door.

What was to be done? Apparently Rollo had gained the victory, for he was being led away from the platform. There was a hush all down the train, every soldier's head out of his carriage, Lilian's out too, her frock held fast by Masters.

Then there was a sharp, sudden report of fire-arms somewhere outside the station. 'What's that?' said the soldier's daughter.

'One of the men's rifles gone off,' said nurse.

The little girl turned pale. Colonel G. came back, jumped into the carriage, the guard waved his flag, the train started.

'But Rollo's left behind,' said Lilian anxiously.

'Yes, Rollo's left behind,' said the Colonel. Nothing more, and nothing more was ever told to Lilian. 'My darling, I was obliged to leave him in Middletown: he wouldn't be put in the train,' said Colonel G., when she asked again about him.

But a Middletown hairdresser knew more about the pet of the regiment. He made a goodly sum after that morning by selling pots of 'veritable bear's grease made on the premises.'

But where did the raw material come from, from which to manufacture this luxury in Middletown? Ah! ask the gallant —th. They all know.





## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

#### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

**W**E have received many encouraging letters relating to the religious education question, one from a working man in a neighbourhood where the elementary schools have been saved with difficulty from the Secularist party. He says: 'This struggle to save the voluntary schools will entail much labour, but that must not deter us from our object, for no great cause has yet been won without persevering prayer, patience and real hard work, joined to trust in God.'

Good, manly words! and we only wish that all Church folk would realise how much there is to be done in these times in the great cause of religious education. Not a stone should be left unturned in this grand work of securing Christian teaching to the children of the land.

Voluntary schools have many difficulties to contend with, and it is a strong proof of the value which Churchmen attach to the religious instruction of the children of England, that, placed on such an unequal footing with the Board schools, Church schools should have held their own as they have done.

We congratulate ourselves when we contrast this with the state of things in France, but we must look to it that we present a firm front against the secularising tendencies of English imitators of France.

France, as far as the law is concerned, has wholly banished religious teaching from her elementary schools. In Paris there is no teaching of any religious, or even *semi*-religious kind. A large number of the teachers are professed infidels, and do not mention the word God at all in their schools. In consequence of this the French working man is fast losing his hold of Christianity.

An active effort was made by the Atheist party in London so far to influence the election of the London School Board as to secure

secular education in the Board schools. An Atheist is thoroughly consistent when he advocates the secular training of the young, but a Christian who upholds, or does not oppose, such a system is false to his professed convictions.

We of the Church Extension Association have upwards of 3,000 children in our schools, and religious teaching is made part and parcel of the knowledge they are every day assimilating. The work of the Church, to be effective, must begin with the young—it is difficult to reach the adult conscience and intellect. Religious training should be given in early life when ideas are pliant, and impressions once received are never effaced.

Our experience abundantly confirms this. And yet we have often had cause to rejoice in knowing that school lessons have borne good fruit in poor homes. We know parents who have received lasting benefit from religious instruction given in our day schools.

For instance, we heard of Tiny Tim the other day standing solemnly by his mother, looking troubled and shy.

'Well, what is it?' said his mother at last, with a smile. Then Tim took courage. 'Mother, it's Sunday, and we haven't been to church all day, and I expect God won't be pleased with us.'

'He comes home from school,' says his mother, 'full of the Bible stories he has heard there.' He cannot know how much this secondhand teaching is doing for his mother, nor understand why it is that she listens with a softened look on her face as he sings about 'Jesus, tender Shepherd,' or tells her 'the old, old story' in his pretty baby language.

'My Violet always makes me say "Our Father" with her now,' one woman said lately; and another told us she had learnt more about religion from her little girl, a Gordon School child, than she had ever known in her life before. Fathers and mothers, with hearts somewhat hardened by the roughness of life, have learned valuable lessons from

babes ever since the day when our Master took a little child and 'set him in the midst.'

We have a number of letters by us pressing strongly on our compassion the claims which, it is well known, we acknowledge in all fatherless and motherless girls. The letters are from those who are actually witnessing the needs of the orphans they write about. 'The mother of these two was such a hard-working, respectable woman—the little girls so well trained.' 'The father of the three we plead for was a striving man, anxious to do his best for his family, but after his wife's death his health quite gave way, the extra expenses and cares seemed more than he could stand against; he is just dead.' 'Such sweet, bright children, you could not help taking them if you saw them,' and so on.

But the Orphanage of Mercy is full. The Queen Victoria Orphanage is not finished, and though it has a royal name it has no royal treasury to dip into, and we cannot issue orders as freely as if we were her Majesty building a new palace, so the fairest word we can speak to these poor children is 'Wait.' If any who read this would like to help in the work of providing a safe and happy home for little orphan girls from all parts of England we shall be very thankful.

We have a very interesting letter before us at this moment, enclosing fifteen shillings from a young girl in Canada. The lady who forwards the money says: 'I am sure you will be touched and gratified when I tell you who sends this gift towards your Orphanage Fund. Lyddy was deserted by her father in a very poor part of London. Her mother died in a cellar which was afterwards condemned as unfit for human habitation; the child was left there, and a kind woman on the top floor took pity on her and let her sleep in the room with her own six children. This went on for six weeks, the child sharing the scanty provisions of the family, until the woman, who was in great distress herself, could no longer find food for an extra mouth, and thought of sending Lyddy to the workhouse. This was five years ago. Happily I heard of the case, and was able to place her with a kind couple in Canada, who have been real father and mother to her ever since. Lyddy must now be about fifteen. She has read of your orphans at Kilburn in the BANNER OF FAITH, and has interested herself ever since in collecting for the Orphanage. This post-office order I feel sure represents many a cent put by which

would otherwise have gone in sweets or toys.'

We have a letter from a mission priest at Heidelberg, Cape Colony, who is very anxious to start a Home for the ragged and unclothed waifs and strays who abound there. But, he asks, where is the money to come from? It costs quite 7*l.* to keep one child for a year. And where is a matron without salary to be found?

Perhaps some of our readers may help to answer these questions. The parish is as large as Devonshire, and has but one priest.

The next letter on our file is from Kobe, Japan, thanking us for some little help in church needlework we were able to send. 'I am thankful to say,' writes the priest, 'that I have had the privilege of baptising fifty adults during the last year. It has pleased God to prosper our work and to open the ears and hearts of the people of Japan to hear and receive the glorious Gospel of Christ.'

One result of this is the great movement for the elevation of women throughout Japan. Christian mission schools for girls are loudly called for. The Prime Minister of Japan is said to be greatly interested in this work, and has given 10,000 dollars to help it on. A lady who is engaged in the instruction of Japanese women says: 'My class now numbers forty, most of them young married ladies. The young men are eager to send their wives to us. They come from nine to twelve, and work well the whole three hours. I never saw more enthusiastic pupils, nor had livelier teaching.'

A priest in Canada writes thus, after thanking the Society for a box of second-hand books:— 'I cannot find words to express my gratitude, but if you could only know how carefully I have hoarded every copper all this year, in the hope of getting enough to buy a few books for my Sunday School, you might understand my feelings when I found myself in possession of the foundation of a good library and my little savings still in hand. Everything the box contained will be useful, even the old *Graphics* which lined it; indeed, I fancy my people like them better than anything else. This is a very hard year for my poor people. Only those who own their farms can live on them, for the crops will not even pay the rent. And yet many have brought the first money they have obtained, and, without even waiting to get the much-needed warm clothing for the coming winter, have paid their subscriptions to the Church Building Fund.

When I asked what they would have left for themselves, some said "God will provide," and others, "Oh, we'll get clothing some way, or wear the old awhile longer; our church *must* be paid for." You must acknowledge that help is deserved by people like these.'

Mission of SS. Peter and Paul,  
Toungoo, Dec. 13, 1888.

By this mail I have much pleasure in sending you six copies of the Instructions, for which your readers so kindly sent me 10l. We have been a long time in getting this revised edition through the press, but our apparatus is so very primitive that it is a wonder we have managed to get it through at all. However, here it is, and I trust that the Karens will be established and strengthened by the wholesome teaching contained therein. My share in the work is but a small one compared with Mr. Elsdale's, but still I am thankful to have been enabled to do so much. We are now printing the Instructions on the Acts in our fortnightly paper, the *Pole Star*, and I am hoping to print both this course and that on the Gospels in book form in course of time, if I am spared. I am almost ashamed to ask your readers for help for this, but if you are satisfied with the result of your former kind gift, I should be thankful if you would ask them to help me to carry out my project. We are now carrying the Banner of the Cross into two opposite corners of this Toungoo district, one among the Sgau Karen tribes, and another

among the wild Karens of Eastern Karenni, against whose chief, Government is just sending an expedition. Two very promising young Karen men are engaged in this work, both well trained in Church doctrine and full of zeal. I trust that ere another year has passed they will both have been ordained.

The Karens are wretchedly poor in this part, and we have need of all the help that Churchmen at home can give to enable us to hold our own in the face of strong opposition.

S. Andrew's Indian Mission, Fort Pelly,  
N.W. Canada, Nov. 6, 1888.

*Diocese of Qu'Appelle.*—The Rev. Shafto Agassiz, of Fort Pelly, wishes to thank the kind unknown friend who has so regularly sent him books, papers, cards, &c., together with the BANNER OF FAITH, from Clifton, Bristol.

All have been most carefully read and handed round, and it is hoped that they may be continued.

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

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

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



# NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

## THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

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

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

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

NOTE.—We would suggest that, in delivering these Instructions, the Passage from the Old Testament should be studied *last*, since it forms an illustration, not a foundation, for the whole lesson. It will therefore follow more suitably, after the Gospel facts or doctrines have been fixed on the mind, as prophetic or typical of the truth that has been already accepted. The Text should be repeated first of all, as giving the key-note of the entire subject.

## First Sunday in Lent. (MARCH 10.)

### *Actual Sin.*

Passage—Exodus xix. Text—Exodus xxxi. 18.

- A. *The Ten Commandments* = (Greek) Decalogue = (in Scripture) 'THE LAW.' See Romans ii. 14.
  - I. 'Sin' is—the transgression of the law (1 S. John iii. 4). 'Original Sin' (remember the Instruction for Advent Sunday) is—the infection of Adam in which we are all born (Romans v. 12). 'Actual Sin' is—doing wrong willingly, knowing it to be wrong (S. Luke xv. 13).
  - II. The first four Commandments teach us our 'Duty towards God.'—S. Matthew xxii. 37. The last six—our 'Duty towards our Neighbour.'—S. Matthew xxii. 39.
  - III. 'Law' without 'Love' is emptiness.—Romans xiii. 8.
- B. 1st. *Collect* prays for the Grace of Abstinence—to subdue 'Actual Sin.'  
*Epistle* tells of S. Paul's sufferings for Ministry against 'Actual Sin.'  
*Gospel* narrates our SAVIOUR'S victory over the three forms of 'Actual Sin.'
  - 2nd. *First Lessons*—
    - Morning, Genesis xix.—Sodom destroyed for Actual Sin.
    - Afternoon, Genesis xxii.—The Sacrifice of Isaac typical of that of CHRIST for all sin, Original as well as Actual.
    - Evening, Genesis xxxiii.—The death of the Saints puts a stop to the committing of Actual Sin in them
- C. Find out our own Actual Sins—
  - First.—By Prayer to God.—Psalm cxxxix. 23.
  - Second.—By Self-examination.—2 Corinthians xiii. 5.
  - Third.—By Counsel from a faithful friend.—2 Samuel xii. 1; 1 Kings xxi. 20.

## Second Sunday in Lent. (MARCH 17.)

### *Infidelity and Irreligion.*

Passage—Joshua x. Text—Deuteronomy vi. 4, 5.

#### A. The first four Commandments.

##### I. The Catechism explains these Commandments as follows—

- The First.—‘To believe in HRM, to fear HRM, and to love HRM—with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength;  
 The Second.—‘To worship HRM, to give HRM thanks, to put my whole trust in HRM, to call upon HRM;  
 The Third.—‘To honour HRM Holy Name and HRM Word;  
 The Fourth.—‘And to serve HRM truly all the days of my life.’

- II. My spirit is made up of (1) ‘heart’—with its affections.  
 (2) ‘mind’—with its thoughts.  
 (3) ‘soul’—with its intentions.  
 (4) ‘strength’—with its actions.

- III. ‘Infidelity’ (= unbelief in God) is forbidden by the First Commandment.  
 ‘Irreligion’ (= neglect of God) is forbidden by the Second, Third and Fourth Commandments.

#### B. 1st. The Collect proclaims our powerlessness without God. The Epistle warns against sins which especially offend God. The Gospel gives an example of true faith in God.

##### 2nd. The First Lessons—

- Morning, Genesis xxvii. 31.—Esau represents the profane person who has lost his Heavenly Birthright.  
 Afternoon, Genesis xxviii. 13.—Jacob—the son of God, who shall inherit all things.  
 Evening, Genesis xxxii. 28.—Israel—who has power with God, and with men (e.g. his profane brother Esau).

#### C. My Duty towards God—

First—*Faith*.—Hebrews xi. 6.

I must convince the Infidel—

- (1) from Creation.—Romans i. 20.  
 (2) from Revelation.—Hebrews i. 1, 2.  
 (3) from Conscience.—Acts xxiv. 25.

Second—*Works*.—S. James ii. 17.

I must lead the Irreligious—

- (a) to worship.—1 Corinthians xiv. 24, 25.  
 (b) to honour.—S. Luke xxiii. 40, 41.  
 (c) to serve.—S. Luke v. 29.

## Third Sunday in Lent. (MARCH 24.)

### *Disobedience.*

Passage—1 Samuel iii.; Proverbs i. 8.

#### A. The Fifth Commandment. (See Ephesians vi. 1.)

- I. My Parents at Home—(1) ‘love’—with heart; (2) ‘honour’—with lips; (3) ‘succour’—with hands.  
 II. My Parents in the State—(1) ‘the Queen’—(2) ‘all in authority under her.’  
 III. My Parents—(1) in the world—‘Governours;’ (2) in School—‘Teachers;’ (3) in the Church—‘Spiritual Pastors;’ (4) at work—‘Masters.’  
 IV. My Parents everywhere—‘all my betters.’

#### B. 1st.—Collect. We have no right to expect ALMIGHTY God to defend us unless we are obedient.

*Epistle.* A warning for ‘the children of disobedience.’

*Gospel.* If the spirit of disobedience once re-enters the heart after Holy Baptism, he will bring w. him seven other spirits.

##### First Lessons—

- Morning, Genesis xxxvii.—Joseph the dutiful child.  
 Afternoon, Genesis xxxix.—His obedience to his earthly and heavenly masters.  
 Evening, Genesis xl.—The submission and graciousness of Joseph even in an unjust captivity.

#### C. Holy Obedience—

- First.—In deed—actively (S. Matthew xxi. 31).  
 Second.—In word—truthfully (Joshua xxiv. 24).  
 Third.—In will—heartily (S. Matthew xviii. 35).

## Refreshment Sunday. (MARCH 31.)

### *Bad Passions.*

Passage—2 Samuel xii. Text—Genesis vi. 5.

#### A. The Sixth and Seventh Commandments.

I. 'Bad Passions' are of two kinds, both 'works of the flesh.'—1. *Anger*—against the Sixth Commandment. 2. *Impurity*—against the Seventh Commandment.  
'Passion' in an innocent sense signifies *Suffering* (as next Sunday).

II. Explain the Sixth Commandment—'To hurt nobody by word or deed' Genesis iv. 8. 'To bear no malice or hatred in thy heart.' 1 S. John iii. 15.

III. Explain the Seventh Commandment—'To keep my body in temperance (warning of Noah), sobriety (warning of Noah), and chastity (warning of Dinah).

#### B. 1st. *Collect*.—'Evil deeds' of passion deserve punishment.

*Epistle*.—'The works of the flesh' typified by Ishmael, who was 'a wild man.'

*Gospel*.—'Self-indulgence' unfits the soul for the simple food of the Bread of Heaven.

#### 2nd. *First Lessons*.—

Morning, Genesis xlii.—Joseph an example of gentleness and of purity in a heathen land.

Afternoon, Genesis xliii.—His generosity to his cruel brethren.

Evening, Genesis xlv. 21.—His warning not to fall out by the way.

#### C. Two questions to ask myself—

First.—(About the Sixth Commandment.) Am I tempted to be violent? or to be sulky?

Second.—(About the Seventh Commandment.) Do I ever do, or say, or think of, anything that I should be ashamed to be known by my Mother? my Teacher? my Clergyman? my Guardian Angel? my God?

## Passion Sunday. (APRIL 7.)

### *Distrust of Providence.*

Passage—Joshua vii., Nahum i. 7.

#### A. The Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Commandments.

I. The Eighth Commandment—'To be true and just in all my dealings'—'To keep my hands from picking and stealing.' (Take warning from Achan.)

II. The Ninth Commandment—'To keep my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering.' (Take warning from Ananias.)

III. The Tenth Commandment—'Not to covet,' &c., to the end. (Take warning from Ahab.) The other two commandments guard the 'hands' and the 'tongue'—this regards the *heart*.

IV. The breaking of any of these three Commandments is a proof that we do not trust our interests to God. (See S. Matthew vi. 33.)

#### B. 1st. *Collect*.—We pray for the good government and preservation of Almighty God.

*Epistle*.—Our 'eternal inheritance' has been purchased for us by the Blood of CHRIST, and should make us careless about worldly prosperity.

*Gospel*.—Jesus did 'not seek His own glory,' but trusted HIMSELF to His FATHER.

#### 2nd. *First Lessons*.—

Morning, Exodus iii.—The Promise of the deliverance of God's People.

Afternoon, Exodus v.—Pharaoh's contempt for, and Moses' distrust of, that Promise.

Evening, Exodus vi.—Renewal of the Promise under the name JEHOVAH.

#### C. The Grace of PROVIDENCE accepted with Honesty (8th Commandment), Truthfulness (9th Commandment); and Contentment (10th Commandment).

First.—Providence is Almighty. Ps. xci. 1. Therefore trust in Him.

Second.—Providence is All loving. Ps. ciii. 13. Therefore pray to Him.

Third.—Providence is All wise. Ps. xxxvii. 18. Therefore wait for Him.

