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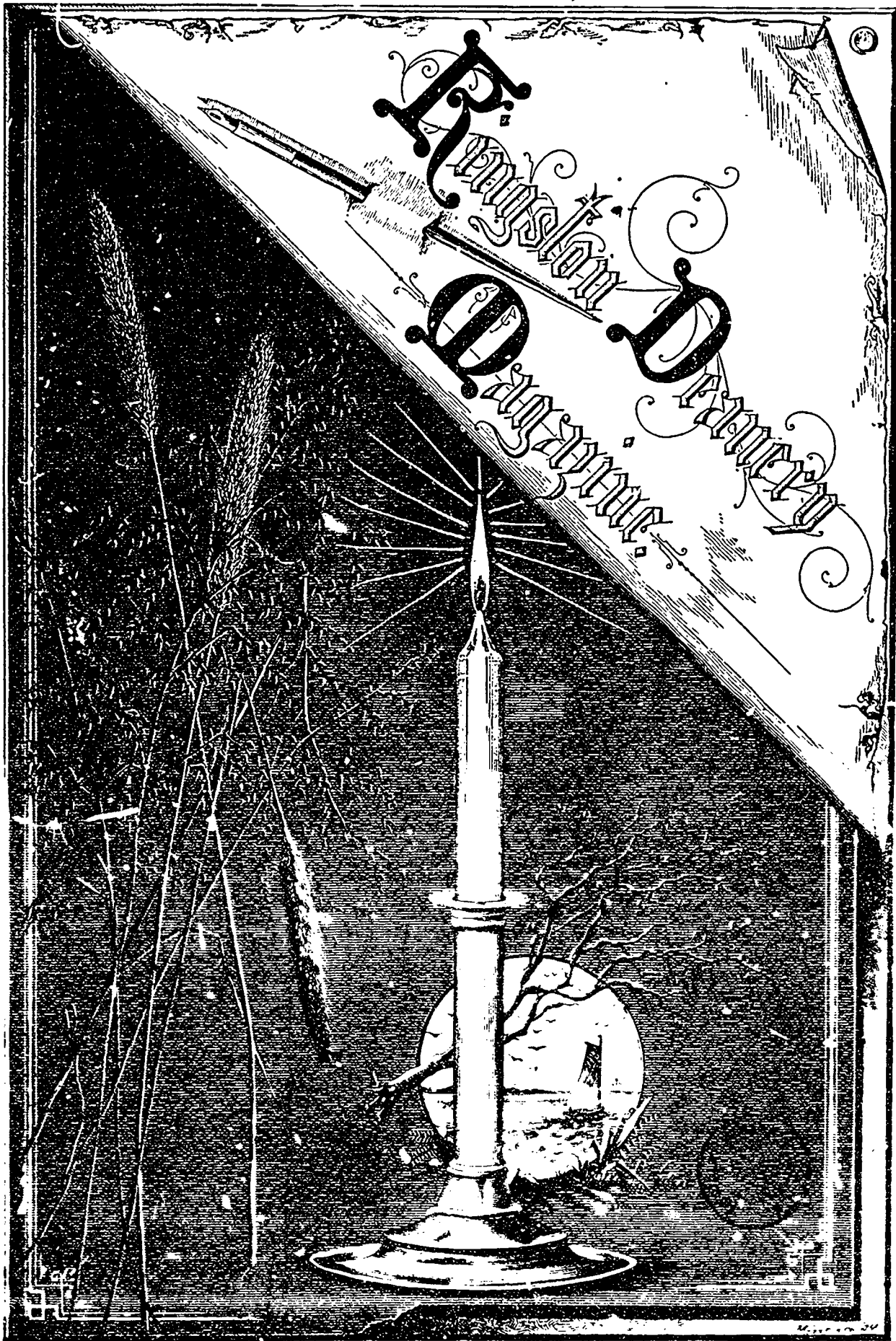
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EDITORS

(Under the direction of the Clergy of the Deanery)

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

Our Magazine.

THE August number of the K. D. M. seems to have given much satisfaction, especially to the Sunday School teachers, who have been studying with much pleasure and profit the selected answers from the papers of the candidates in this year's examination for the "Bishop Kingdon" Prizes. We are very thankful, as a Deanery, that we have such an earnest, faithful, and well-instructed band of S. S. teachers in our midst, and we cannot underrate their power for good in educating the children of the Church in their faith and duty. We expect great things in time to come from the S. S. T. U. If the members work with a will, the Deanery of Kingston will ever be to the front as the "Banner Deanery."

His Readings of Scripture.

IX.

IN discussing generally the question how to pronounce the names in the Bible, we have seen how an earnest reader may be driven from a pedantic pronunciation—which he thinks was the original pronunciation—to a compromise; and we have hinted that he may, as he grows older (and perhaps wiser), arrive at the third stage, where men boldly and courageously pronounce each name with English accentuation. There is real ground for this, for he would only be doing what all nations of antiquity have done from the first. We will not vex our readers with cuneiform examples of the Assyrian approximation to the pronunciation of the names of Accad. Let us take example by Greece. The Greeks were very conceited, and they had reason for it; and they improved upon their neighbors' names as suited them best. Take for example the name of those that dwelt by the side of the Nile. They liked to call themselves Copts. *Copt*, said the Greek, what cultivated gentleman of art could pronounce such a name, if *we* are to pronounce it, it must be softened and made genteel. So the hard C was softened into g and a prefix was added, and the necessary Greek termination given, and Copt became Ai-gupt-os. *Egyptos*, said the Englishman, what a foolish name; we will drop the *os* at all events, if we are to use it, it is so vulgar. So with us it is Egypt. Then the Italians in modern times were the first to introduce commerce into Western Europe from Mohammedan Egypt. The Arabs called the chief town of Egypt, El-Kahirah. *Poo!* said the Italians, that is not a reasonable name at all; we will drop the El, which is pure nonsense, give the word a decent Italian pronunciation, and call the place Cairo, which name it bears amongst Englishmen to this day. If, therefore, we would pronounce the names as Englishmen would, we should be following the best examples of antiquity. In the country districts of England to this day the children in reciting the Creed always say, "Ponce Pilate," just as children were taught to say four or five hundred years ago in England. This is more consistent than Pontius Pilate, for if we say Pontius, why not Pilatus? This seems like a compromise. In modern travel care has to be

taken to remember from which direction you approach a town. The same city in Switzerland is called Coire by the French, Chur by the Germans, Coira by the Italians.

It is a peculiarity of northern nations to throw the accent as far back in the word as possible; and, though sometimes it causes a scramble of syllables, yet not unfrequently in English the accent is found on the fourth syllable from the end of the word: Honourable, abominable, interminable, inestimable, are all instances of this. The last example is the most difficult of all to pronounce, because of the two labials *m* and *b* coming so close the one to the other; and often have we heard from careless lips, "inestimable love."

Those, then, who have advanced wholly to this stage pronounce all well known names as they are usually pronounced; and in the less known throw the accent as far back as is convenient. They are bold enough to be able to face the accusation of not knowing Greek, or Hebrew, or Latin, and say that when the pedagogues have agreed for twenty years about Greek accents, and pronunciation of Greek words according to their accents, they will gladly hear what they have to say.

First, then, we would say in this matter to a reader, *Provide yourself with a Variorum Teacher's Bible*. It is by far the best book of the kind, and the most useful. At the end of this Bible, amongst other useful helps, you will find a list of proper names, with their pronunciation marked and the syllables divided. This can always be purchased at the K. D. D. at Sussex at the rate of 25 cents to the shilling. It is published in England at ten shillings and sixpence, bound in leather, with gilt edge. It is well worth buying.

Or perhaps he may purchase the *Accented Bible*, published by S. P. C. K., with all the proper names accented, showing the pronunciation. The Oxford "Helps to the Study of the Bible" are not so reliable, as we shall see presently.

If, however, these are not to be had, from one cause or another, then take this general rule: Pronounce as in English, with an English accent, taking care as a rule to pronounce each vowel by itself. Thus E-li-se-us (St. Luke iv. 27), Ti-mo-the-us are each four syllabled words, and should never be pronounced as three syllables with a diphthong at the end. Do not say Elisuse, or Timothuse. To this rule there are but few exceptions. Then, as a rule, always pronounce the final *e* in a word. In Urbane it is to be omitted, as it is a misprint now, not having been corrected when the unpronounced final *e* was removed from other names. In Magdalene, too, and Eunice, the final *e* had better be dropped, as both words have passed into common use in English.

It is much to be regretted that there has not been some approximation of spelling between the Old and New Testaments, where the same name occurs in both. Still the variation of spelling shows that there was then a variation in the pronunciation of the names; and the variation is not to be blamed. If the final *e* in Noe be pronounced short it will sound very much like Noah, and it is as well that this should be done. Again, it is much to be regretted that when the ancient patriarch and leader of the Jews is mentioned in the New Testament he is not called Joshua, instead of Jesus. We were present once in Hursley Church when the sainted John Keble read the lesson. He read, "If Joshua had given them rest" (Heb. iv. 8). This is perfectly allowable, as Joshua is marked in the margin as an alternative; there cannot, therefore, be any harm in importing it into the text in reading. We would therefore earnestly urge upon readers to say, "Our fathers, . . . brought in with Joshua" (Acts vii. 45); and "If Joshua had given them rest;" for if the Greek form be retained it is specially puzzling to him that occupieth the room of the unlearned.

We will now speak of a word which will please our readers, when we tell them that they may pronounce it as they like, so long as they make three syllables of it: Can-da-ee (Acts viii. 27). However they pronounce it, no matter if they cannot prove themselves right, *no one can prove them wrong*. The Greek accent requires the pronunciation which we have generally heard: Can-day-see, with the *a* long. This seems the best way to pronounce it. In our youth we were told that the *a* was short, and the word should be pronounced with the emphasis on Can: Can-dä-sy. We were also told that the word had been found in an Iambic line of poetry with the *a* short. We humbly accepted the statement; but having now for many years been endeavoring to verify our reference in this matter, we can only say we don't believe it, and challenge proof. The best authorities give the *a* long, according to the Greek accent. It is quite true that in the Oxford "Helps" it is given short; but then they mark Tertullus to be pronounced Ter-tüllis, like Turtle-us, which is quite enough to condemn that publication, and we need not trouble our heads about it.

Be sure, however, to pronounce the final *e*, with the above exceptions. We once heard a Bishop read "he called the name of the place En-hak-kore" (Judges xv. 19) without pronouncing the final *e*, which was startling to one following the lection in Hebrew.

We said above, pronounce every vowel. The name Pharaoh is perhaps an exception. The second

a is so short as not to be pronounced. The common pronunciation, "Pha-roh," is probably as correct as we can make it. At the same time there are diphthongs *ai* and *ei*. For example, we should say, Sinai, Sa-rai, each of two syllables only; I-sai-ah, Mik-nei-ah, Plei-a-des; but Mount Le-ir, To-i, To-u, Re-u, Sto-ies, and so on. We should only weary our readers to no purpose if we gave more instances.

Long usage may perhaps give some sanction to the soft pronunciation of *c* before *i* and *e*; but we would suggest with diffidence that it be pronounced hard. Saul is called the son of Kish in the Old Testament, and Cis in the New might be pronounced Kis; Cenchrea, *Ken-chre-a*, with stress on the first syllable; Cephas, Kephaz; Beth-Haaccerem, Beth-Hakkerem.

Similarly might it be as well to pronounce *g* always hard. Beth-phag-gee with the hard *g* nearly approaches the meaning, "House of figs." There is no symptom that the *g* was ever pronounced soft in ancient days.

As the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is a great test of knowledge, and knowing ones are always on the watch to see if the reader is ignorant or not, we will end this paper with a suggestion of the true pronunciation of each doubtful word. Cenchrea pronounces *Ken-chre-a*, emphasis on *Ken*; Ep-neæ-tus, emphasis on *a*; Ur-bane (do not pronounce the final *e*); Phley-on, Pat-ro-bas; Ti-mothe-us. There is one more point in the chapter to which attention should be drawn. Many readers nowadays do not pronounce the possessive "s" at the end of Aristobulus, in the phrase, "Aristobulus's household." The apostrophe marks the omission by the printer of the other *s*; but it should always be pronounced, as indeed it should be in Isaiah xi. 8: "Cockatrice' den" should be "Cockatrice's den."

With these words we must commend the whole question of *Proper Names* to the careful consideration of our readers.

Infant Baptism.

ABOUT one hundred and fifty years after the time of the Apostles a council was held at Carthage, at which a discussion took place with reference to the time when Baptism should be administered to *Infants*—whether it would not be better to delay their Baptism till the eighth day after birth, than to Baptize them as early as two or three days after birth. Fidus, who referred this question to the Council, gave some reasons for the delay until the *eighth day*, among them, that this was the time when circumcision was administered,

and also that it would be more pleasant to give them the Holy Kiss at that age than when only *two or three days old*. After the matter had been discussed by this Council of 66 Bishops, a letter was sent to Fidus in reply. In this letter it was said: "We read your letter, most dear brother. So much as pertains to the case of Infants, who you think ought not to be baptized within the second or third day from their birth, and that the ancient law of circumcision should be observed, so that none should be baptized and sanctified before the eighth day after birth, it seems to all in our Council far otherwise. For as for what you proposed to be done, there was not one of your opinion. But on the contrary, it was our unanimous judgment that the grace and mercy of God should not be denied to any one born of men."

We notice here that *Baptism of Infants* was the undoubted custom of the Church. The only question was whether it should be delayed until the eighth day, to make it correspond with the time of circumcision.

We will next quote from *Origen*, who was born about 85 years after the death of St. John. He was born of Christian parents and baptized in *Infancy* himself. In his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, when speaking of the corruption of every one born into the world, he says: "For this also it was that the Church had from the Apostles the tradition [*i. e.*, the injunction:] to give Baptism to *young children*. For they, to whom the Divine mysteries were committed, knew that there is in all persons the natural pollution of sin, which must be done away by *water* and the *Spirit*." And again, when writing on *Leviticus*, he says, "No one is clean from pollution, though his life is but the length of *one day*." And again, "According to the usage of the Church, Baptism is given to *little children*." And still again, in his commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, he writes, "*Little children* are baptized for the forgiveness of sin." Of what sin? or when did they commit them? or how can any reason be given for baptizing them, but only according to that sense which we mentioned a little before: "none is free from pollution, though his life be but the length of *one day* upon the earth?" And for what reason *Infants* are baptized; because by the *Sacrament of Baptism* the pollution of our birth is taken away.

Take now *Irenæus*, who, when a youth, was instructed by Polycarp, who in turn was a disciple of St. John. He writes: "Christ came to save all who are regenerated—that is, 'baptized'—unto God: *Infants*, and *little ones*, and *children*, and youths, and elder persons."

Thus step by step we have drawn near to the

Apostolic age, and there is not to be found one word of refusing the Sacrament of Holy Baptism to Infants. On the contrary, the writings of the Fathers, and the decisions of Councils, all take for granted that *Infant Baptism* was the universal custom of the Church.

Diocesan News.

The Metropolitan has been visiting Charlotte County lately, holding Confirmations at Saint Andrews, Grand Manan, Campobello, Saint David and Saint George.

The Bishop Coadjutor has nearly completed the visitation of the Deanery of Kingston, besides taking a great many parishes in other Deaneries.

The Rev. J. H. Talbot has accepted the Rectorship of Moncton, to which he was unanimously elected. He leaves Springfield early in October.

Rev. Andrew Gray is paying the Diocese his annual visit. He has been very kindly assisting Rev. Canon Medley and Rev. J. R. deW. Cowie in their Sunday work. On Thursday evening, August 19th, he gave a very interesting free lecture at the new Mission Room in St. Mark's Parish, on "Early Christianity in Britain."

The Delegates are preparing for their attendance at the Provincial Synod at Montreal, which will be opened on Wednesday, September 8th.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke, who has been spending some weeks at Hampton with his family, has returned to St. John.

By last accounts, Rev. A. Hoadley, late Rector of Moncton, has not much improved in health since his return to England.

The Rector of St. Stephen is expected some time this month from England, and we trust to see him as active as ever.

Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, Rector of Smith's Falls, Ont., has spent a few weeks in the City of St. John.

Our subscribers will be glad to hear that Rev. F. W. Vroom, Rector of Shediac, is recovering from a severe attack of sickness.

A rumour started in one of the daily newspapers to the effect that Rev. W. L. Currie had resigned the Rectorship of Richibucto has not been confirmed and we trust is not correct.

Church life at Bathurst is fast reviving under the zealous leadership of the new Rector, whose musical ability will also be of great service to the Deanery of Chatham.

Mr. Neil Hansen, a son of the worthy Missionary at New Denmark, has been sent to the Parish of

Canning, Grand Lake, to carry on the work of Rev. E. J. P. B. Williams, as Lay Reader. Mr. Williams has been instituted Rector of Richmond, Carleton County.

Rev. E. Bertram Hooper is doing good work at and about Andover, under the superintendence of Rev. Leo. A. Hoyt, Rural Dean.

The August number of the *Diocesan Chronicle* speaks well for the management of the new staff of editors. It is quite the best issue of the *Chronicle* that has yet come to light.

The Right Rev. Bishop Kingdon has opened a very nice office at 26 Pugsley's Building, St. John, where he will be pleased to meet any of the clergy or laity of the Diocese on Church business.

Children's Corner.



PRIZE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

- (1) Where was the Cave of Machpelah, and what persons were buried in it?
- (2) What is the meaning of the word Bethel?
- (3) What important events happened at Bethel.

CHURCH HISTORY.

- (1) Where was the name "Christian" first given to the disciples of Jesus?
- (2) What names can you find given to Christians in the New Testament?
- (3) What is meant by the word "Excommunication?" Where is the word used in the Prayer Book?

H. M. S., Hampton, made the highest number of marks in the answers to the questions in the July No., and M. S., Sussex, second.

Register.

BAPTISMS.

SPRINGFIELD, August 1.	— Beverly Joseph Gillies, Adult.
" "	1. — Mary Isabel Gillies, Adult.
STUDHOLM. " "	22. — Margaret Catherine Skuse, Adult.
" "	22. — Ada Agnes Hornbrook, two years.
SUSSEX, " "	3. — Charles Percy Webb, Adult.
" "	20. — Annie Lavinia Higgins, Infant.
" "	23. — Sarah Blanche Wilson, Infant.

MARRIAGE.

SUSSEX, August 25. — Arthur Dodge Sharpe and Edna Adelaide Wallace.

BURIALS.

SPRINGFIELD, August 3.	— Margaret McDonough, aged 82 years.
" "	3. — William Love Northrup, aged 17 years.
SUSSEX, " "	6. — Eliza Jane White, aged 55 years.



THE
Banner of Faith.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

Hope: the Story of a Loving Heart.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW NORTHAM is not a very large place, and boasts of but one hotel, to which Hope made her way the evening of her arrival. In reply to her inquiries she heard that the Land Company gentlemen—three of them—had been there, but had left early that morning for Redrock.

‘Do you know if they intend to make any stay at Redrock?’ asked Hope of the burly landlord.

‘I think I heard them say they were to push on first thing next morning,’ was the discouraging reply.

Must Hope journey on again only to find herself a day behind her truant husband?

In vain she tried to find an early train that might be made use of on the morrow. Every train in the day, but one, was slow, fearfully slow. When she openly bemoaned this fact, the landlord cheerfully told her that she would be glad of any sort of train by-and-by, for at Redrock the line ended. Strange to say, the troubled lady’s brow cleared on hearing this.

At Redrock the first person Hope saw lounging on the platform was the younger partner in the Land Company, a man of about four and thirty, by name Saunders.

She went up to him at once, this was no time for beating about the bush.

‘Mr. Saunders, is my husband here?’ she said.

He started, then laughed rather foolishly. ‘Oh, Mrs. Westall, is that you? How you startled me. I thought you were in Auckland.’

‘Will you tell me where I can find my husband?’ asked Hope, forcing herself to speak quietly.

‘Well, there it is,’ said Mr. Saunders. ‘That’s the question. Where is he, eh?’

He seemed uncomfortable. Hope’s heart beat wildly. Could they—could they already have made away with her husband for the sake of his gold? She felt herself turning pale with apprehension.

Mr. Saunders saw it; he was not altogether a brute.

‘There, Mrs. Westall, don’t faint; it isn’t so bad as that. Here, Wilks,’ he said, calling to his partner, who now, greatly to his relief, appeared in sight, ‘here’s Mrs. Westall asking after her husband.’

‘And she may ask,’ returned the other speculator roughly. He was the most hardened and most unscrupulous of the pair. ‘A shabby trick he’s played us, and I don’t care who knows it. Worming out all the secrets of the company, and then bolting with them. A thing a man should swing

for if I had my way. Not that I mind that so much as the want of confidence that Mr. Westall has shown in us.' His tone changed now. The idea had flashed into his mind that perhaps 'the young English fool' might be secured afresh through his wife. If so, it would be worth while conciliating and helping her.

Hope cared little in what way she was addressed; her thoughts were all of Harold. 'Has my husband left you?' she asked anxiously.

'Bolted—that's the word, I can't use any other, Mrs. Westall; hardly the thing you expect between gentlemen, and not a shadow of a reason for doing it.'

'Bolted where?' pursued poor Hope.

'Nay, who's to know? Left the train half way between here and Northam, on some shabby pretence of stretching his legs while the engine coaled. Serves him right if he is robbed and murdered in the bush, for he took his bag of money with him.'

There was the grievance evidently. Hope felt that. Harold had tired of these flashy men, probably found out that they were untrustworthy. She was in a fever now to get back to Te-whari, the little roadside station where Harold had last been seen. A train would start in half an hour. She asked for a cup of tea at the inn, and then hastened back to the station. On the whole, she was thankful to find that Harold had so soon severed his connection with these wretched men, towards whom she had always felt a strange repulsion.

It had long been dark when she reached Te-whari. A good-hearted station-master, a Scotchman, pitied the poor dazed passenger by the last train, and offered her his room—he would make shift outside in the station-shed.

Hope was so worn out that she accepted the offer. Only she must know about Harold first. Had he been seen about here? She carefully described his appearance. The station-master shook his head. 'There was some talk about a man having got out of the mid-day train yesterday and made for the woods, but I've my eye chiefly on the line,' he said, 'when I'm not cooking or

sleeping, and I know nothing about it. This is a free country, you see, and a man may go where he likes.' He looked hard at the weary, white-faced woman with the dark-ringed eyes.

'That man was my husband,' said Hope very low.

The Scotchman's honest face drew this much out of her.

'God help you, my lass, if you're in trouble about him,' was the reply.

'Yes, I am in trouble, sore trouble,' she answered with a sob. She was on the point of breaking down.

'There, now, we'll talk all that over in the morning,' said her host. 'It's a cup of strong tea and a shakedown you want to-night, nothing else. The kettle's on the fire; step in, ma'am.'

Hope thankfully did as she was bid; she was literally worn out body and soul. She was positively grateful to be ordered to sit down and compelled to drink a mug of scalding tea and eat a slice of tinned meat.

'And now there's your bed, and don't let me hear of your waking till after the first train to-morrow; it don't come in till half-past six. Things ain't so comfortable as might be here, but they were better once when my poor girl was alive. I've had my troubles too, you see. Good-night, Mum.'

Hope lay down at once on the bed. Whether it was of straw or down she knew not, she only knew that she must sleep or die; and sleep she did, a heavy dreamless sleep, waking to a new day of anxiety with the earliest shriek of the first train.

Angus Blair, the station-master, insisted on keeping his visitor another day till she was quite rested, and Hope, still greatly exhausted, was fain to accept the kind offer, though anxious to lose no time. She did not volunteer any further particulars about her husband, and her host, with the delicacy of true sympathy, asked no questions. Mr. Blair was out all day at his work, but towards evening he came in and looked Hope over from head to foot.

'Is there aught of woman's garments you're short of, since you've come away sudden-like from your home?' he asked

gently. 'See there,' he turned the key in a corner cupboard and displayed neatly-arranged shelves full of clothing. 'My Katie's things. I'd like you to help your-

somewhat puzzled. She wanted nothing, yet she felt that somehow the bereaved man would like her to accept something of his Katie's.



self, she'd have wished it. Take something, I'd fain you would.'

There were tears in the man's eyes; he stepped out into the open, leaving Hope

A soft woollen neckerchief met her eye, with a little glass-headed pin stuck in it just as the owner had left it. Hope suddenly thought she would like to carry

with her this relic of a happy married life.

'Can you spare me this?' she asked when Angus returned.

'Aye, and welcome,' he answered, 'but that's such a trifle. Take the apron, too. I'd like my dead lass to have warmed and comforted you. We'd often talked of wishing to do that to folks in trouble. This year we were to have put a lean-to to this very place. A sort of prophet's chamber, my Katie said. Folks are often glad of a night's rest in the Bush, and it's a goodish step to the nearest clearing. I've got no heart to build the place yet though. There are the logs.' He pointed to a heap of logs lying near.

'Yes, you have had a great loss,' said Hope slowly; 'death robs us of a great deal, but it does not kill love,' she added. Her own bitter grief had come to the surface again.

Angus took her words simply as they touched his grief. 'You speak truth,' he answered; 'I love my Katie and she loves me still. He's a God of love up above, you see. He don't lend one a piece of His love for a year or two and then snatch it back for ever. I've thought that out. But I'm lonely all the same till the meeting day.'

It did Hope good to be called upon to witness another grief than her own. When Angus went out to meet the evening train, she, too, stepped outside, dressed as he desired, in the dead wife's shawl and apron, and looked up into the star-spangled sky. Was Katie there, safe above, the lonely man's dead wife? She could almost have envied her the one short year of married bliss, the home in the solitary shed shared with the husband to whom she was all in all. Oh, she could have been so happy in the like circumstances!

Next morning she rose very early that Angus might take her a mile on her way. She was stronger now and able to walk, but her heart was roused, too, to painful alarm; perhaps it was a good thing that she was called away from anxious surmisings when Angus Blair left her, by the necessity of paying great attention to the path, which

was so little trodden that every now and then it seemed to have to come to an end.

Angus had warned her, however, of these difficulties, and given her sundry landmarks by which to find her way. He had come a short distance with her, indeed, but the exigencies of a luggage train had taken him back again. Hope's idea was to make her way towards the southern extremity of the Bay of Plenty. She fancied Harold would possibly direct his steps there; a piece of land had once been strongly recommended to him in that district, and he would most likely go and see it, if, as probably was the case, he had become ashamed of his conduct and wishful to put the best colour on it.

Hope knew him now well enough to feel sure that he would not return to her in hot haste like the Prodigal, confessing his sin, but he might show himself later on, with a plausible tale of having been to select a piece of land to settle on.

Oh to get him back anyhow! Yes, Hope's loving, forgiving heart had come to say that already. Harold loved her, she said to herself—weak, foolish, sinning as he might be—and she asked no more.

She plodded on, hardly heeding fatigue, supported, indeed, by the feeling that any day she might find her husband.

She was tired enough when she came in sight of the settler's dwelling where the station-master had assured her she would be taken in for the night. It was rather a relief to her to find only a deaf old woman at home, the family were away for a couple of nights. Hospitality in the Bush, however, is exercised by all, and Hope was made welcome to her tea and shown to a comfortable bed in the best room.

The deaf woman simply pushed her out of the door next day when she attempted to pay for her accommodation. 'That's not our way,' she reiterated, and Hope had to give in. She was not sorry to husband her money, for she felt as if nothing would tempt her to touch those ten glittering coins put into the mouth of her purse by Harold. She would live to put them back into his hand; that was her desire.

Very rarely had she to pay for her night's

lodging as she wandered through the thinly-populated region. The settlers were too glad to welcome a visitor from the old country. Sometimes she was cheered by coming, as she thought, on a trace of Harold, at other times it seemed as if she were on a wild errand—fruitless, endless. Several times she lost her way; once she spent a night under a tree in the Bush, exhausted with hunger and fatigue. But Hope was strong and lived through it all.

She preferred to walk, she could then search every bush, visit every camp-fire near which Harold might be found. Once she paid for her keep, by remaining two days in a hut in charge of some little children, while the parents took the youngest baby some distance to be baptised. The necessary loving woman's work was balm to Hope's sore heart, she was almost sorry when she had once more to go out into the world again, the cruel world which somewhere was hiding her husband.

She had quite made up her mind now to forgive him and take him to her heart again, with or without the wretched gold. Harold would be penitent now, she was sure, and ready to come back to her. His health was far from strong, and at times he would be positively grateful to her for the care she took of him. However he might rebel at other seasons against her rule, a touch of illness always brought her husband back to her, she was wont to say to herself. And he might be ill now, in one of these rough huts, ill and neglected. Oh, why could she not hasten to him?

Of course people were curious, and asked the reason of her wanderings, and for these Hope had a story she really came to believe was true.

Her husband had gone to look at land up this way, and being delicate had most probably fallen ill somewhere. She was to have followed him later, but feeling anxious had come after him. He had probably written to her lodgings in Auckland, and so she had missed the letter. From one place she actually did send a letter to Mrs. White's lodgings, but it was addressed to Harold

himself, praying him, if he had returned there, to send her a letter to Mersey Mouth, a little postal town on the Bay of Plenty. That was to be the end of her journeyings, she determined.

People were generally very kind if they were curious, and Hope was never turned from any door. If beds ran short, there was always a rug and a cushion on the floor for the belated wanderer.

She had been rather more than a fortnight on her travels, diverging here and there from the direct road as she heard rumours of a strange Englishman being seen in the region, when one evening she came upon the cleared lands of an evidently prosperous settler. The fences were well kept, the cattle well fed, the fields and gardens looked neat and well stocked. It must be Mr. Furniss's settlement.

'Be sure and go to Mr. Furniss's,' every one had said. 'Every one goes there, you are certain to hear of your husband.'

But now she was on the spot, Hope felt shy and disheartened. Her clothes had become shabby, her boots were wearing out; she was reluctant to thrust herself and her anxieties on this rich and prosperous household. Still it must be done. She rested for a while in an empty cattle shed, combed and coiled her dark hair neatly, washed her face, and put on Katie's soft white neckerchief, carefully kept till now in her bag. She tried to brush the soil off her boots, but they were hopeless, and she could only trust they would escape notice.

She waited till the dinner hour was past, and she watched the men of the house out to their work again; two drove off in a light cart, a girl waving them goodbye, and then she crept timidly to the side door under the verandah. Some one was working a sewing machine there—the tic-tac sounded familiar to Hope.

A cheery voice broke into a gay song as she approached. The tra-la-la was as free from care as a bird's carol. Hope waited till the verse ended, and then she knocked gently—once, twice.

'Who is there? Come in,' said the singer. And Hope turned the handle and went in.

(To be continued.)

Heroes of the Christian Faith.

S. CHRYSOSTOM.

THE beautiful collect in our Prayer Book at the close of the Morning and Evening Prayers has made us familiar with the name of S. Chrysostom. Rightly we treasure that collect as one of the gems of our collection. It forms such a fitting conclusion to all the prayers that have gone before. In it we wish for a fulfilment of these, only so far as may be expedient. We leave to God the decision as to what is expedient.

But S. Chrysostom deserves to be known for other reasons than that his name is associated with this prayer. He has left behind him teaching that might be suitable for any age, and which bears special lessons for our own. Nor is it only his teaching we may study with profit. His life was in harmony with it. Like the pastor in Chaucer's song:—

To drawn folk to heaven with fairness
By good ensample was his business.

He practised what he preached. If he cried to the world of his day, 'This is the path; walk ye in it,' he took care to be the first to enter upon that path. He lived and died a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

John, surnamed Chrysostom, *i.e.* 'golden-mouthed,' on account of his surpassing eloquence, was born at Antioch in the year 347. He was of noble birth, his father being a distinguished officer in the armies of the Roman Empire. His mother's name was Anthusa. She also was of high rank, and upon her, on the death of his father, when he was still an infant, fell the responsibility of watching over and guiding his education.

Anthusa provided her son with the best instructors, and under her care the genius of John rapidly developed. Before he was twenty years of age he had conceived a desire to enter the monastic life, and although for a time the amusements that the world had to offer, and the practice of c...

...ory in the Forum, were all-attractive to him, he soon, under the influence of a youth named Basil, returned to the contemplation of the Holy Scriptures and the practices of a devout life. His early teacher, Libanius, declared on his death-bed that, had the Christians not stolen him, John would have been his fittest successor. And the Bishop of Antioch prophesied a future of greatness, when he observed his noble character and promising abilities.

John, however, had no worldly ambition. He desired to retire from the world's observation, and spend his life in meditative devotion. And it was only in deference to the wishes of his mother that he abandoned this idea, and lived quietly at home with her. Here his life was spent, not in self-indulgent ease, but in severe discipline, and he saw little of his friends of former years.

To this period of his life belongs an incident which illustrates the reluctance with which men were wont in those days to enter upon the Christian ministry, and which also reveals to us a flaw in the purity of S. Chrysostom's life.

The two friends, Basil and Chrysostom, had been selected on account of their piety and genius to fill certain bishoprics. If they refused their consent, it was understood that, in accordance with the custom of the times, violence would be imposed upon them. John heard of the honour that was to be thrust upon him with no small degree of alarm. But when Basil consulted him as to whether they should make their escape from the neighbourhood, he concealed his real sentiments. Himself he felt to be entirely unworthy of so high an office. But that Basil should decline to be consecrated he considered would be a serious loss to the Church. He therefore undertook to present himself with Basil for ordination. When, however, the time arrived he was nowhere to be found.

And it was only after being assured that Chrysostom had yielded to the wishes of his spiritual Fathers that Basil submitted and received the yoke of Christ. He then sought for John, who had been lying in concealment, who, instead of receiving him with sympathy, burst into merriment, and glorified God for the success of his device.

'There is an honourable deceit,' S. Chrysostom says in his writings, 'such as many have been deceived by, which one ought not even to call a deceit at all'; and the fraud with which Jacob outwitted his brother Esau he terms an 'economy.' By a similar reasoning he would persuade himself that it was right for him to impose upon Basil.

But S. Chrysostom's character was in reality above such questionable actions as this. If he could be betrayed into a momentary weakness, he could also rise to high and noble deeds. A riot at Antioch served to bring out his sterling qualities. He had already been ordained to the Priesthood in the year 386, and his Lenten sermons had attracted general attention, when the people of Antioch, groaning under the weight of a tribute, broke out into rebellion against the Emperor. The public baths were ransacked, the Governor's house was assailed, and the mob were with difficulty repulsed. The statues of the Emperor and Empress were thrown down and dragged ignominiously through the city. Their portraits were pelted and defiled with mud.

Upon hearing of these proceedings, the Emperor, as might have been expected, was exceedingly angry, and gave an order for the destruction of both people and buildings. When this news reached Antioch the people were terror-stricken. They knew not what to do. And in the absence of the Bishop, who had gone to endeavour to appease the Emperor, Chrysostom rose, and endeavoured to turn their fears to good account. Each day in the church he addressed large auditories on the dangers that were hanging over their heads. He pointed out how these perils were but the just punishment of their sins; he commended them for having temporarily changed for the better; he consoled them by Christian ex-

hortations. He exhorted them to forget their injuries, and was the first to announce to them the free pardon that had been granted the city on the earnest intercession of its Bishop.

For ten years Chrysostom continued to labour and preach at Antioch. And it was during this period that most of his commentaries on Holy Scripture were written.

But there was yet a higher work awaiting him and a larger sphere of influence. The Archbishopric of Constantinople, then one of the first cities in the world, was vacant, and Chrysostom was chosen to fill it. To this lofty post he brought with him the same simple manner of living, and the same single-hearted devotion as had marked his career at Antioch. Constantinople was the seat of most of the sins which darken the life of modern London or Paris. It is true the age was a Christian one, but the Christianity of the many was nominal only. Civilisation had outrun Christianity. Vice was not banished from among men; it was merely dressed up to pass for virtue. Society, though refined, was rotten at the heart.

Chrysostom was the man for the place and the times, and he now entered upon his work as called by God. In an unrighteous age he shines out at Constantinople as a fearless preacher of righteousness. Nowadays it is customary to attack vice with gloved hands and veiled faces. We are anxious to wound the sensibilities of none. Phrases are pruned and shaped until they have lost their meaning. Sins we soften down and call weaknesses. They must be tenderly dealt with, for are they not common to the greater number of people? Unconsciously we put aside God's standard of right and wrong, and substitute our own.

In such circumstances it is wholesome to turn to the outspoken words of the 'golden-mouthed' preacher. He will call a spade a spade. He will tell the people of their sins, cost what it may to himself. He will have no respect of persons. The extravagance of all classes in his time called down his just censure. 'Nay,' he says on one occasion, 'I will not call it extravagance, it is senselessness. Nay, nor yet this, but

madness. What a madness is this! What an iniquity! What a burning fever!' Or, again: 'Your shoes were made to tread on mud and mire, and all the splashes of the pavement. If you cannot bear this, take them off and hang them from your neck, or put them on your head. You laugh when you hear these words; but I am disposed to cry when I behold this insanity and anxiety about such matters.'

And his plainness of speech was not less striking in matters of doctrine, even when speaking on unpopular topics. 'It is impossible, yea, impossible,' he exclaims, 'for an avaricious man to see the Face of Christ. For this, is hell appointed; for this, fire; for this the worm that dieth not. Why need I say these things? I could wish that the things concerning the Kingdom might ever be the subject of my discourse. But better it is that ye be burnt for a little space by our words than for ever in that flame.'

Such boldness in rebuking vice, in a city like Constantinople, naturally raised up many enemies against S. Chrysostom. He spent his last days in exile, far from his beloved flock and the city of which he was Bishop. But his words were not forgotten, nor were the fruits of his teaching lost. They re-

mained, and do remain, to purify society wherever it is corrupt, and to be a standing protest against the separation of Christianity and civilisation. His body was borne back to Constantinople at the express wish of his people, and was received with every outward token of reverence and esteem; and his name is still venerated as that of another John the Baptist.

His personal appearance is described as striking, though not imposing. 'His stature was low, like many of the great heroes of the world, his head large and bald, forehead expansive, his eyes deep-set, keen, and penetrating, his cheeks pale and sunken; and he was altogether as a man of mortified life, who, like S. Paul, died daily.' His habits were simple. He lived above the world, rejecting all its allurements and charms.

As a Christian teacher Chrysostom stands in the foremost rank. In boldness and in faithfulness to what he believed to be his message, he has been unsurpassed; and his eloquence is of the first order. His aim was to establish holiness amongst the followers of Christ, and there can be no doubt that, in this respect, he exercised a vast influence both upon his own and succeeding generations.

J. H. M.

Our Fellow-Creatures.

VII.—FRIENDS ABROAD.

IF anyone wants to see dogs in a neglected, vicious, and savage condition, let him walk about at night in the streets of an eastern town. I should be very sorry to do it myself, but there are people with a greater love of adventure, and they would probably find their fancy for strong sensation easily gratified. Constantinople vies in this matter with any eastern town, for the howling dogs about the streets at night move the pity and the terror of the traveller.

There is a verse in the 59th Psalm which

exactly expresses their condition: 'And in the evening they will return, grin like a dog, and will go about the city. They will run here and there for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.' In the Psalter used by the Jews the Hebrew words are translated thus: 'And at evening let them return. Let them make a noise like a dog and go round about the city. Let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied.' The comparison is used to express the restless and dissatisfied state of the ungodly, and a remarkably close and true one it is.

I remember being in Rome many years ago. The hotel we wished to stay in was full; so my companion and I were lodged in a small house at the opposite side of the square and came over to the hotel to dine. The walk home was always somewhat of a trial to me, for we were generally pursued by a number of lean, ugly, and hungry dogs, restless and savage from want of food.

'Why not have fed them, and then there would have been no cause for fear?' I think I hear some true dog lover say. My dear friend, you might as well attempt to feed the whole city of Rome. There was nothing to be done but to run for it, and run I did one dark night with such vehemence that I gained our abode headlong, and in my dismay slammed the outer door so quickly that I left my companion on the wrong side of it. Nothing but sheer terror could have caused such a mean and traitorous action; but before condemning me let my readers find themselves in a similar position.

In Florence the number of neglected dogs is also great. Last winter a friend of mine was made acquainted with a curious instance of dog-knowledge of human nature. A dog proceeded one evening up the stairs of a house where many families were staying. He was hungry and forlorn, and he was looking out for a friend. He went slowly and thoughtfully up the stairs as if considering his future course and making up his mind as to where he should seek for comfort. Into the long gallery at the top of the stairs he came, and there he saw a long row of doors. None of them were open. What should he do? He waited and watched; and then, finding that waiting and watching did no good, he made a selection out of the number of doors and scratched at the one he had chosen. It was opened by a kind servant, who was gifted with an intelligence almost canine. The piteous eyes, the uplifted paw, the open mouth soon showed her what was wanted, and a plate of bread and meat and a basin of water were placed before the hungry traveller. The food was ravenously devoured,

and the guest departed, leaving, let us hope, a blessing behind him. It was between eight and nine in the evening.

Every evening afterwards at the same hour the same guest returned, took his meal, and departed. It was never known whence he came nor where he went, for the shades of evening hid the mysterious stranger from view. He is supposed to belong to a peasant who lives in the country, and to have wandered into the town in search of food. Now the sagacity of the dog was shown in the choice he made of the door. Why did he choose that particular door? How could he tell that a merciful human being dwelt behind that door instead of a ruffian? a lover of dogs instead of a hater? An instinctive feeling made him choose the right door, and a kindred spirit touched another kindred spirit. There may, of course, be another explanation. Some will say, 'Of course he smelt supper and resolved to have a share of it.' But there were probably many other suppers going on in that row of habitations. Why did he pick out that particular supper? It is a mystery. As for his returning every evening and adopting that particular threshold as his restaurant or dining-place, no one will wonder at it, for dogs and men often show their gratitude by a lively anticipation of favours to come.

A little time ago an account of a much more remarkable instance of dog sagacity appeared in the *Spectator*. I am very sorry I did not cut it out, for it was well worth preserving. The gentleman who told the story landed at Melbourne (I think this was the name of the port, but I may be mistaken, as I quote from memory), and stayed with a friend who showed him great kindness and hospitality. During his visit he made great friends with a huge dog belonging to his host, and who seemed to have taken a particular fancy to him. Sometime afterwards he removed to a hotel in another part of the town.

One evening as it was growing dark, he was returning to his hotel, when he felt his arm gently bitten, but not so as to hurt, and looking down he beheld the magnificent dog,

which he had not seen since he had stayed in his friend's house. The hotel was a long distance from that hospitable home, and how the dog knew where he had taken up his abode remains to be proved.

The dog kept tight hold of his arm with a firm but gentle grasp, and pulled him on where he wished him to go, namely, in exactly the opposite direction to his intended route; away from the hotel instead of towards it. To escape was impossible, and the intelligent, almost imploring, look of the dog took away all wish to do so. As his wishes were complied with, the dog grew more trustful, let the gentleman's arm go, and jumped about in front of him, still leading the way. The gentleman followed, still greatly wondering at his companion's strange eagerness. At last they came to the water's edge, where a toll bridge divided one part of the town from the other. His friend's house lay the other side of the bridge.

Here the dog grew more and more excited. The truth began then to dawn upon the traveller's mind. The dog had been left the wrong side of the bridge and had not a copper to pay his toll. But why did he not swim across? The traveller looked down, and then remembered that sharks infested the water, and the dog was too knowing to trust to his chance of getting through unhurt. Delighted with the animal's sagacity, he paid the toll; the dog bounded across the bridge and the trusty friend went back to his hotel, musing on the wonderful depth of canine reasoning powers.

It is marvellous to think how many little links that dog must have had in his mind. He must have first made up his mind when his master or his master's servant went through the gate and left him behind, that he would not sit down hopelessly and lament, but do his best to get things put straight. Then he must have run over in his mind all his list of acquaintances, to consider which of them would be amiable enough, and powerful enough to help him, and then he fixed upon the attractive stranger, who doubtless had been very kind to him. But where did he live? And where was he to find him?

It was some time since he had left his master's house. Perhaps, then, he remembered having accompanied his master long ago to call upon some stranger at the great hotel in a certain street. His new friend might also have gone there. At any rate he would go and see. He had been so kind to him, he would be sure not to grudge him one of those brown chinking things which men carried about with them, but dogs, never. O happiness! He meets the very man. But how to make him understand? Gently lead him to the place, men are so clever, and this one was so kind. All turned out as he expected. No danger from the sharks! No danger of being left all night in the streets without any supper. Who shall say after this that dogs cannot reason? I only wish some human beings could reason half as well!

ELIZABETH HARCOURT MITCHELL.

The Bell-Bird.

WE have no bell-birds in England; few people have ever heard of them, or could tell you in what countries of the world they are to be found.

Still, a few travellers in South America and Africa tell us that they have heard in silent forests or in the lonely bush the deep ringing note of this strange bird—the bell-bird—it is well-named for the sound of its

voice is as the tolling of a distant church bell—a sharp, clear, distinct tone, then a pause, and another toll.

Just one at a time—the call of a bell—a far-off church bell. English hearts have leaped with a sudden rapture of joy on hearing that sound in the wilderness. It seemed to bring the listeners all at once face to face with their home, their kindred, their God. Surely somewhere, not far off, there

must be some such little House of God as they have worshipped in in their own land, they must hurry on to find it.

And they press on in spite of fatigue, the strange sweet bell tolling again and again. Not for some time do they realise that it is only a bird-call, not the call to prayer.

The first conviction that the cry is but that of a bird brings disappointment with it, but the traveller soon finds that the sound suggests many a comforting and refreshing thought. If the House of God be not in the wilds, surely God Himself is there—He who gave the ringing tone to this bird-voice. And if He cares for and endows the bird with His gifts, what will He not do for the creature who is of more value than many birds?

Such thoughts as these come to us happily clothed in graceful verse, by one who loved the pleasant sounds of earth so well, that we think he will find rare joys in the melodies of the Better Land to which he has been called. We give the lines here:—

THE BELL-BIRD.

Through the green aisles of the forest, faintly pealing through the air,
Comes the tolling of the bell-bird, like the wonted call of prayer;
Minding us amid the wildwood of our home beyond the seas,
Of the cherished hopes of childhood, and its sunny memories.

Not in vain, oh little stranger, soundest thou that sabbath chime,
Come to the weary ranger, like a dream of olden time;
Bringing in that distant region, as it murmurs thro' the sky,
Thoughts of England's old religion, and the faith that cannot die.

We may wander through the forest, spread our sails from shore to shore,
Traverse hill and vale and mountain, and the ocean wild and hoar;
But where'er our footsteps lead us, still a witness may there be,
With a gentle impulse guiding, Lord, our souls to heaven and Thee!

W. R. HALL JORDAN.

Love Strong as Death.

IT is related that during the recent terrible storms at Kansas, America, which wrought so much ruin to life and property, a little girl was found almost buried under a falling house. As people were with difficulty trying to rescue her, she pointed to a little boy who lay near her, like herself caught by the timbers and unable to move, and said feebly, 'Save him first; he is only five years old. He ought to be saved first.' She herself was only eight or nine; yet this dear child, in mortal peril, was able to keep fast hold of the royal law of love.

How often have we heard, alas, of a common danger bringing out into dark relief all the savage selfishness of human nature! In an alarm of fire people will often throw down

and suffocate each other in the mad struggle for the stairs or door; or if a boat is upset, the desperate clutch of some will drag others down to death. Life is dear to us, and should be dear, but it should not be the dearest thing of all.

It has been well said that it is from Satan the saying comes, 'Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Our Divine Master has taught us that the surest way to find life is to lose it in a right and holy cause. And this little girl, who had lived so few years herself, and yet thought of another's right to life as greater than her own, even when she lay cruelly bruised and almost suffocated under a heap of ruins, surely gives us a beautiful example of love and self-denial.

The Poor Man's Friend.

THE Rev. John Fletcher, who lived something like a hundred years ago, was notable among other good qualities for his devoted love of the poor and his generous consideration of their needs.

His wife says of him: 'He was never happier than when he had given away the last penny he had in his house. If at any time I had gold in my drawers it seemed to afford him no comfort; but if he could find a handful of small silver, when he was going out to see the sick, he would express as much pleasure over it as a miser would in discovering a bag of hid treasure.'

'He was never better pleased with any employment than when he had set me to prepare food or physic for the poor. He was hardly able to relish his dinner if some sick neighbour had not a part of it; and sometimes when any of them were in want, I could not keep the linen in his drawers.'

'On Sundays he provided for numbers of people who came from a distance to his church, and his house as well as his heart was devoted to their convenience. To relieve them that were afflicted in body or mind was the delight of his heart. Once a poor man being brought into great difficulties, he took down all the pewter from the kitchen

shelves, saying, "This will help you, and I can do without it; a wooden trencher will serve me quite as well."

These were not the days of the penny post, so Mrs. Fletcher goes on to detail how tears have come into this good man's eyes when 'five or six insignificant letters have been brought him at three or four pence apiece, and perhaps he had only a single shilling in the house to distribute among the poor where he was going.'

He often said to his wife, 'Oh, Polly, can we not do without beer? Let us drink water and eat less meat, that we may have more to give away to the poor.'

Indeed he shared his all with the poor, who lay so close to his heart that at the approach of death, when he could not speak without difficulty, he cried out, 'Oh, my Poor! What will become of my Poor?'

In these days, when the haters of religion delight to scorn and accuse God's ministers, it is well to recall such records of a parish priest. Truly he lived many years ago, but here and there all over our land there are at this day many of our clergy who in their quiet way care for their poor just as faithfully, living sparingly that the poor man may benefit by the money thus saved.

Too Young.

BEN SYRA, a little Jewish boy, asked a wise man to instruct him in the Law of God.

'Go and play, my child,' said the master, 'you are too young to be taught these sacred mysteries.' 'But, master,' returned the child, 'in the burial-ground I find many graves shorter than I am; now if I die before I have learned the Word of God, shall I not feel strange in His presence?'

Might not many of our little ones ask such a question as this? A child is never too young to be taught holy things. The infant that cannot speak can clasp its hands and remain quiet while its brothers and sisters say their prayers. We ought never to know the time when we began to instruct a child in religion.



The Good Shepherd.

Scanning well-loved Bible pictures,
 Stands by me my baby-boy;
 Listening while I tell the story
 Of the Shepherd's grief and joy.

' Through the forest, up the mountain,
 O'er the moorland bare and cold,
 See how far the sheep are hurrying,
 Wandering from the sheltering Fold.

' Look! the little lambs are weary,
 You may hear their cry of pain,
 Tired and trembling, strength hath failed them,
 Who will guide them home again?

' Dark clouds gather, winds are piercing,
 Starless is the night and chill;
 Torn and bruised, the sheep are lying
 On that bleak and distant hill.

' See, who comes across the mountain
 Through the night so dark and cold?
 'Tis the Shepherd Who provided
 For the sheep the sheltering Fold.

' Lo! His Hands and Feet are bleeding,
 Briars sharp His Brow have torn,
 Yet He presses ever onwards,
 Searching thicket, brake, and thorn.

' Doth He hear the sheep's sad bleating
 Through the roaring of the wind?
 Yes, He heareth, and this Shepherd
 He will seek until He find.'

With a gentle, wistful accent,
 Lifting tear-dimmed eyes of blue,
 Baby-boy looks up and questions—
 'Is the Shepherd tired too?'

META GOING.

H. THOMAS

Feeling His Hand.

II.

WERE my mates wasting the precious moments in trying to open my prison themselves, or had they sent for the only person who could release me? And suppose Mr. Wilson was not to be found! Or suppose he had forgotten the trick of the lock! A sick feeling came over me as I realised what that meant. Even now the air in the safe was beginning to get close and heavy. Suppose before Mr. Wilson could be summoned I should be suffocated! No; I would not think of it. Of course I knew I should die some day, but not like this—no, not like this. I had meant to live to a good old age, and die in my bed ‘universally respected;’ or, if not that way, I had always intended making a respectable end, with mother or some dear friend near, and perhaps—oh yes, *certainly*—at the last a clergyman called in to say what was needful; to give me a passport for the next world.

But not like this—alone—in the dark! With every pulse beating high; with the blood bounding swiftly through my veins, in the full vigour of manhood, caught in a trap like a miserable rat. *Not like this.*

For some moments I think I went out of my mind. I tore at the door and shouted to the men outside, well as I knew they could not hear me, and only desisted because some instinct told me that to exhaust myself was to diminish the slight hope of life. Just then, as I leant gasping and panting, against the back of the safe, to add to my terror there came echoing through and through my brain Mr. Elliot's words—

‘May God make you feel His hand before it is too late!’

Too late! was it too late now? God had made me feel His hand.

There, alone, in the dark. I stood face to face with death—and the hereafter. In one moment, in the full tide of my prosperity,

with life opening out pleasantly before me, within a few feet of friends who were desirous, yet powerless to help me, He had laid His hand on me; He had made me know that ‘there is a God that judgeth the earth.’ Yes! I felt it only too true in my despair.

I had sometimes thought I should like to die some heroic death, saving the lives of others at the cost of my own; or bear some dreadful suffering in a way that should win the admiration of those round me. But He had not chosen any such end for me. He had simply allowed the intellect He had given, that had never been used in His service; the skill He had bestowed, that had never been dedicated to Him; the strength, His gift, for which I had never been grateful—to recoil in destructive power upon my own head.

Of what comfort now was the remembrance of all my clever speeches and sneering depreciation of religion? Of what use now the applause of my deluded followers? Of what avail at this moment my vaunted health and strong right hand? Nay, so different do things appear when for one moment it is given to us to look over the line that separates us from eternity, even my much-talked-of respectability, the fact that I had been no worse than others, did not afford me the smallest grain of satisfaction now.

The atmosphere of the safe was becoming stifling, a little further delay, and help would come too late.

Stay, what new words now rushed suddenly into my mind, calming for a moment the terror that was rapidly taking possession of me; words that I had heard years and years ago and cared little for then?

‘When they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivered them out of their distress.’

Yes; but dare I cry to Him? I who had never looked to Him in prosperity? And

yet what a different life I would lead, how I would try to undo all the harm I had done, if only He would deliver me! But I dared not insult Him by, so to speak, making a bargain. Even to a fellow-man could I have said, 'I would not obey you, would not listen to you, would not come near you, would not do anything you wished once; but now I am in your power, now I cannot escape from you, let me off this once and you shall see how differently I will behave!' With what contempt and scorn would even a fellow-creature have treated such a proposal!

Oh, if only Mr. Elliot were here! For a moment the longing for the sound of a voice, for the touch of a human being, nearly upset me. If only I could see Mr. Elliot! And yet what could he do? Comfort me? Did I deserve comfort? Tell me to repent? Would one moment of repentance, *forced* upon me as it was, make up for all the past years? Had I not heard him once say sadly, of one young fellow who had been cut off suddenly in the midst of an openly sinful life, 'We can only leave him to the mercy of his God'? Would he say that of me when the safe-door was opened at last, and showed me——? No; I would *not* see that sight!

The air was getting more and more oppressive, the weight on my head more and more heavy.

What could I do? I must do something. Cry unto the Lord? I deserved no pity, but He helped those other people in their distress. Perhaps He would help me. At least I would cry out, and leave the rest to Him.

For the first time, for many years, I went down on my knees, and leaning my aching head against the cold iron, begged Him, if it was not His will to let me live longer, to have mercy upon me and to forgive the past. Then I thought of mother, and knew that great as would be her grief, one thing would make it lighter; she should know that, however late, the lesson had been learnt at last, that I was not dying as I had lived. I felt in my pocket for a pencil and wrote on a scrap of paper, which mother has still, and which she says was her only comfort in the sad hours that followed, 'God bless you,

mother. I have asked Him to forgive me.' It took me some time to write, for in the dark I had to feel where I was writing, and I was getting more and more oppressed every instant and breathing with greater difficulty. A buzzing was already beginning in my head, a rushing noise in my ears. What *were* the men about? Surely they might have sent to Mr. Wilson before this! However, it was too late now. The pain in my head was becoming unbearable, I was beyond thinking of anything, and only knelt on, through what seemed to me endless hours, till something seemed to give way in my brain and I fell forwards unconscious.

I have a confused recollection next of a feeling of suffocation; a tingling sensation all over me; a terrible pain in my head; a hum of voices sounding far off; of a struggling to get my breath and failing; of trying to open my eyes and being almost blinded by a bright light; then of another dying, of sinking gradually down, and all being once more a blank.

When I opened my eyes for the second time, I found myself in my own bed, puzzled to know why I felt so queer and why my head pained me. Had I had an illness, was that why mother had been crying so much, and looked so anxious? I tried to move, but found I could not, and when I began to speak, the words seemed to come strangely thick. Little by little I remembered what had happened, and something of the terror I had felt came back to me, and I caught mother's hand as she leant over me, and tried to tell her what I wanted her to do. I saw I was not saying what I meant, for she kept on begging me to keep quiet, not to talk, but I only made more violent efforts to speak clearly, and at last managed to gasp out Mr. Elliot's name.

'He was here a little while ago,' mother said; 'Dick shall go and ask him to come. Only do be quiet, my dear boy, the doctor said you were not to speak a word.' 'Quiet! why, that was just the one thing that was out of the question.'

'Peace be to this house!' Those were

the words that next fell on my ear; they seemed for a moment to still the excitement I was in. Mr. Elliot stood by my bed. I began talking rapidly again, in my anxiety to tell him that I was really sorry now. But he stopped me.

'Be silent, Morris,' he said quietly, 'and listen to me. I know what you want to say, and when you are a little stronger I will hear it, but just now it is wrong to make yourself worse by talking. But though you must not speak, remember God knows your thoughts. You can hear what I say, and join with me in your heart, in asking Him for pardon and help. We will thank Him together for having spared you thus far, and ask Him, if it be His will, to give you a longer life, in which to serve Him better.'

It was just what I wanted, and as the words of prayers I had known years ago, and forgotten, came back to me, I kept quite still to listen. I was completely unhinged, and had no strength to struggle against my own thoughts.

'Now, Mrs. Morris,' said he presently, 'you go and lie down for a bit and leave Harry to me.'

She consented, and Mr. Elliot came and sat long by my side. I soon found myself telling him all I had gone through, and, encouraged by his sympathy, I told him also how terrible the approach of death had been to me, and how dreadful it had been to have nothing to hold by in those awful moments. Mr. Elliot listened and pointed out to me how it had all been caused by my own wilfulness in refusing to listen to any warning, in stifling the prickings of my own conscience, till it had ceased to make itself heard; and he made me go further back and own that the beginning of it all had been the deliberate listening to what I knew was wrong; and he showed me how I had been led on by my own conceit, saying sharp things—whether they were wrong or right no matter—for the pleasure of being applauded.

I cannot remember all he said, and besides, there are some things one feels, but does not talk about, only I know I was a different man all my life for what Mr. Elliot said to me that night. I began to get well

now—better every day. The men kept on sending messages of inquiry; Mr. Elliot declared that he was stopped every two or three minutes by some of them.

'You certainly are a very popular fellow, Morris,' he said, laughingly, one day when he came in.

'Perhaps I am, sir,' I replied. 'But wait a bit.' You see I meant to mend my ways, but I felt rather uncomfortable at the idea of what some of the fellows would think of the change, and rather dreaded going back to work. Although I had laughed at others, I didn't like being laughed at myself, and I expected as much.

As for making speeches, I had almost resolved never to attempt it again. I felt so strongly, now, that I was responsible for every word I had said, and for the harm my words had done that I could never undo.

But before I went to work, something made me change my mind. One or two of the men dropped in to see me during the week, and from them I heard that a certain Smith, holding very free opinions, was coming to stay a day or two with a friend in the town, and was going to our room on Saturday evening. I had heard him speak several times before and knew the sort of thing he would say. A great many of us, bad as we were, disliked his remarks, he went further than the worst of us had dared to do. But what could I do to prevent it? Could I go myself to the place and say . . . what? Why, I could speak up and tell the fellows why I spoke—what had changed my opinions—why I was sure there was a God, and we were all bound to try and serve Him. Suppose they only laughed at me, and I had been accustomed to so much applause?

No, I could not do it. The cowardly feeling in my heart whispered that I was not strong enough yet, that it would be too much for me. But conscience suggested, 'If you can go to work on Monday, you can talk for ten minutes on Saturday; this is one little step in the right way.' I plucked up heart and went.

The room was full, but Smith and his friend were not there, though I gathered

from the talk going on that they would be in directly. The others crowded round me, telling me how glad they were to see me, and warily congratulating me on my lucky escape. *Lucky!*

I let them talk for a few minutes, thanking them as best I could, and then I said I had something I wanted to say to them, and as I wasn't up to much yet, perhaps I had better begin at once and then go home to bed. A chorus of voices assured me they were always glad to hear what I had to say. I was shoved to the front at once. I made no attempt at a clever speech this time. I simply told them what I have told you.

'I came to speak to-night,' I concluded, 'because, before I make a fresh start, I think I ought to tell you that I am sorry for all the wrong things I have said in this place. I shall try and keep away from all such talk for the future, and I only wish I could undo the harm I have done.'

'If only you had been standing face to face with death, as I was standing that awful time, you would know the terrible feeling of having nothing to cling to—of finding out at the last, when it may be too late, that one has let go of the only Hand that can hold one up. I can never be thankful enough that it was not too late. God has spared me, and I mean to try to serve Him with all my heart for the future. And that's all I've got to say, men!'

It had been a great effort to me, yet I had not said half what I meant to say. But they had listened quietly; the sneers I had dreaded had not come; and to my surprise when I had finished there was a hush, almost like church-time. Before it was broken, Smith and his friend came in.

He was a clever, amusing fellow, and could say very sharp things if he chose. I had always been a little afraid of his sneers; but I was not afraid of them now; I was only

afraid of the mischief he could do. I put up a bit of a prayer that moment, that these poor chaps might not be hurt by him that night, and then, being quite worn out, made for the door.

Before I had taken many steps, a young fellow, who had always backed me in the old days, whatever course I took, sprang after me and slipped his arm through mine.

'You don't look fit for much, Harry,' he said. 'I'm coming along your way. Who's coming to see Morris safe home?' he shouted in a cheery voice over his shoulder.

Would you believe it, we stopped for a moment outside the door, and then—I could hardly believe my senses—man after man came out of the place. Some passed with only a nod, some gave me a friendly 'Good night,' one or two shook hands with me without a word, some came out as if a little ashamed of taking the right side; but of the room full of young men who had been there when Smith came in, not more than a handful remained to hear him. Nothing of an audience. Smith wouldn't waste his grand speeches on that lot.

Well, it was not *my* doing, it was God's Hand.

I have said much more than I meant, and I have nearly done now. I made a fresh start next day and went to church, and some of my friends did too; and it knocked a nail into my determination to serve my God, when Mr. Elliot gave out that 'Harry Morris desired to return humble and hearty thanks to God for a special mercy vouchsafed to him.'


It was a special mercy indeed—nothing less than being saved out of the very jaws of death, body and soul. I was a downright bad one, but I was in distress, and I took God just to mean what He said. I cried to Him, and He heard me.

E. A. BENNETT.

It is written in the Koran, 'When a man dies they who survive him ask what riches he has left behind, whereas the angel who bends over the dying man inquires what good deeds he has sent before.'

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

CONFIRMATIONS HERE AND IN CANADA.

ONFIRMATIONS are becoming much more frequent in England than they used to be. We constantly hear a notice given out in church that the Bishop is coming, and the clergy are ready and willing to prepare candidates, old and young, girls and boys, for confirmation.

This is fairly simple work in our country, where church spires dot the landscape in every direction, and the clergy are many, and eager to lead souls into the right way.

In distant lands it is often far different. There the gift of the Holy Ghost, delivered through the laying on of hands, has to be struggled for, and won through actual bodily exertion, and often peril.

Take Canada, for instance, as a case in point. Confirmations ordinarily take place in winter there; the short summer is necessarily such a busy season—gathering in the fruits of the earth—that the clergy could not find opportunity for the teaching and examination of candidates. The people are all in the fields and gardens, as is right and natural.

Still, a Canadian winter does not seem a promising season for young people or old to travel in; lately we have received an account of the difficulties that beset some candidates for confirmation in Mattawa, Canada, which illustrates this.

An English lady living twenty miles distant from Mattawa was anxious to present her son and daughter for confirmation at that place.

The first thing to be done was to cross a frozen lake, which feat was performed on snow shoes. The whole distance to the railway station on the Mattawa line was accomplished on foot in good time for the train.

Too good, alas! for, in company with an anxious throng of candidates gathered from other parts of the district, the travellers waited exactly twelve hours for a snowed-up train. The thermometer showed forty degrees below zero. Imagine the discomforts of a wayside station or shed at this crisis. Most thankful were the party when they actually saw the train steaming slowly into the station.

Still Mattawa was reached too late for the confirmation; it had already taken place; the bishop, however, not having left, kindly held another service for the belated candidates.

The missionary who had the duty of preparing these confirmation candidates had no light task either; instead of their coming to his classes as is the habit in England, he had to visit them in their outlying homesteads. He says that for three months before the bishop's arrival he seldom spent more than two nights a week in bed, the rest he passed travelling or snatching a hasty nap for an hour or two wrapped in his fur cloak on a hard bench, while waiting to continue his journey.

Another missionary friend in Canada tells us of a brisk old lady of ninety-two setting out to walk some miles to get confirmed. Happily at the end of the second mile she got a lift. And well she did, for the weather was rainy and muddy, so much so as to recall the advice given in the 'Homilies': 'It is a good deed of mercy to amend the dangerous and noisome ways, whereby thy poor neighbours, sitting on his silly weak beast, foundereth not in the deep thereof.' Happily this old lady did not founder, but was lauded safely at the church.

We cannot help being struck with the zeal and fervour of these Canadian candidates, and contrasting it with our own lukewarmness at home, when a wet evening or some slight hindrance will keep us from attending a class.

We do not like our religion to cost us anything. Is this right? Ought we not rather to think that we should not offer to our God that which costs us nothing? Surely those struggles through cold and fatigue in Canada to obtain His Grace find favour with Him. Let us struggle too to miss no opportunities of spiritual help.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

HARD times come to the dwellers in all countries. They come to us in England. But we are a well-populated country, and the poor man in distress is buoyed up with the hope that here or there, in his village, or in the neighbouring town, he will meet with a helping hand, and so get pulled through his troubles.

But the poor man in Newfoundland looks in

vain for anyone to help him. The late bad fishing season has made the whole settlement poor. Why, the very parson looks hungry, and the parson's wife is distressed for her own little ones. How will they be fed? The fisher-folk are willing enough to contribute to the support of their clergy, when they have the means, but too often of late years the parson has had to feed *them*. That is all his hire. And very glad he is when a gift from some charitable soul in England or elsewhere enables him to carry food to a starving family, or comforts to the sick and feeble.

Imagine a poor hut in that country, the icy wind driving through the chinks of its walls; half-naked white-faced children, covering over the smouldering fire; a sickly mother nursing a wailing babe. No wonder it wails, for tea—leaves sea biscuit boiled in water, or a sup . . . very bitter tea, is all the family have had for breakfast, dinner, or supper all that day. Imagine all this, I say, and then try to realise that the stormy sea divides these poor people from all chance of succour, that there is literally no one except the over-worked clergyman to whom they can even tell their needs. What is to be done? The Church everywhere cares for her poor. The clergyman says, 'I will speak to the bishop.' Or perhaps he encourages the poor creatures by saying, 'I expect a box from England.'

But supposing that box does come, welcome as it is, it will not contain a warm garment, or a few ounces of nice English tea, for half or a quarter of the sick, needy, or feeble people in the settlement.

And supposing no box comes, or the bishop can give no help, why then, just because it is such 'hard times,' the sickly wife and the wailing baby wax feebler and fainter, till at last they ask for nothing but to be laid underneath the frozen earth in the bleak burying-ground of the fishing village. The rough men, the stronger children, may struggle on till the spring, but they cannot.

This is a sad picture, but it is true. The Bishop of Newfoundland is very anxious to secure some help for his suffering diocese in these hard times.

He knows what fishing village is poorest, which clergyman never has a box from England sent to him to help him and his flock through the winter. If the bishop had a fund out of which to make small grants to his people when in dire distress, he would be so thankful. Or if kind friends in England, knowing how

ill-fed and ill-clothed our poor fishermen brethren are in this isle of the sea, would send him boxes of clothing and simple groceries to distribute where he will, just where starvation pinches most at the moment, he would indeed rejoice.

'The love of God constrains them,' the clergyman might then say as he handed round to his poor and sick people the warm clothing made by English hands, the packets of tea and arrowroot furnished by pitiful hearts. And oh, what a help to the Church would this sympathy be! How real would seem this religion of love! Christ, preached in this way, must touch the hearts of the dullest.

A letter is now before us written by the daughter of a Newfoundland clergyman, in which she says: 'We never know such destitution before. Father was for several weeks attending to poor people all the morning, and several times from 7 till 12 we could not find one quiet moment in which to give him his breakfast. It sounds ridiculous to say so, but it was quite true. The starving people used simply to push themselves through the front door, and so into his room till it was quite thronged. He was dreadfully overdone. If he had tried to go to his breakfast I believe they would have followed him, and we dared not even take him a cup of coffee before them. They all wanted a note from father before the Government agent would relieve them. We ourselves have constantly had to give out bundles of biscuit and small parcels of tea and oatmeal. One woman I was helping yesterday nearly fainted in the porch. She said she was short of everything—clothes as well as food.'

This is only a type of many letters. Help is greatly needed at this crisis. The bishop knows best who is in greatest need, so we invite our readers to send us a small contribution towards his relief fund. The BANNER has helped many a struggling colony and settlement already, and it has been the means of sending most efficient relief to Mr. Warren, of Conception Bay, who, you may remember, in consequence of his house being burnt down some time since, was in almost as great distress as his poor fisher-folk.

The 'trifle' we asked for in the BANNER to set him on his feet, and to enable him to help his starving parishioners, has grown and grown (pence make shillings, you know), till we were able to send him quite a goodly number of pounds.

Then his neighbour, Mr. Hewitt, of Herring

Neck, also a very hard worker, was almost broken-hearted at the distress of his people. He has had a share of the alms of Christian people through the BANNER, and has expressed himself most grateful for the timely aid.

The help sent by our little magazine to poor people so far distant, astonishes and delights the Newfoundland fishermen, and enables them to realise the happiness of belonging to a Church which cares for its members in all parts of the world.

We are Christians, we have brethren everywhere, we say, as we send our sixpences and shillings to Newfoundland.

And 'We are Christians, so our English brethren care for us,' say the poor fisher-folk in those regions, as our money buys them food and fuel, and tides them over a bad time.

Infidels have no such bond, no such help to lean upon.

Please help again other very poor districts in the island, where men, women, and little children are almost at starvation point. Address the Secretary,

Miss H. WETHERELL,
27 Kilburn Park Road,
London, N.W.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

S. MARY'S CONVALESCENT HOME FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Our little collecting paper is doing good service, thanks to the kind hearts which have been touched by the simple and pitiful stories of our little convalescents.

Many well-to-do children have been drawn to think of troubles and needs they have never known, and many poor ones to sympathise with sufferings because they have felt the same. The post brings us daily proofs of this in returned collecting papers, accompanied by sums larger or smaller, according to the opportunities or zeal of the collectors.

This morning we have from Frank 2l., partly saved out of his pocket-money, to send a poor child for three weeks' sea-air and change. He wishes to know who will profit by the gift. Little Edith J., one of seven children. Father out of work this long time, and losing his reason through trouble. Mother earns 9s. weekly, but house-rent is high in towns, and they owe 12s. for rent. All their poor furniture went long ago. One child is deaf and dumb, and Edith is very weak and ailing. The family

is in a state of half starvation, and nothing can be done for her at home; they must have let her die if Frank's 2l. had not come just at the right time.

Little lame Amy took the collecting paper out of the BANNER, and sent us 8s. which she had managed to get together in two months.

She says, 'I hope you will excuse me keeping it so long. I am a little lame girl. I have an abscess in my foot. I have been ill for eight years. I have got no father, and there are nine of us. Mother has to work very hard to get us food enough.' We made interest with some kind friends, who have sent Amy to the Children's Hospital at Brighton. She will probably have a slight operation performed on her foot, which may cure or greatly reduce the lameness. And then, strengthened by sea air and good food, she may go home to her mother quite a useful little helper instead of a sad burden.

We are glad that Amy's pity for other sufferers has brought her such a reward.

Having had such good proof that none can plead for our little convalescents as they can themselves, we shall again give some of their own stories.

Jenny S. says: 'We don't live in a street; it's called a yard what we lives in. There's mother and me, and my little sister and brother. Father used to be there, but he isn't now.' Then in a low, confidential voice, 'Father went away after work and never came back, and we was glad when he didn't come back. We hope he wont—not never.'

'Why?'

'Oh, you see he used to beat mother dreadful. Did he beat us children? No, becoss we always runned away, so he didn't get the chance.'

'We used to watch to have a peep at him as he comed in, to see if he seemed like as if he'd be kind at all, and if he didn't we ran away. We asked mother if she wouldn't come too, but she wouldn't. Once he gave mother two black eyes. Now he's gone, we get on comfortable, and mother goes out to work.'

'We're not very well off. We has bread and dripping for our dinners most days; but we would rather have neither bread nor dripping than have father about the place, we was so frightened of him. Mother's delicate, and sometimes she looks ever so white and bad; but when I asks her if she's ill, she says, "Oh no, there ain't much the matter with me, child—I musn't be ill;" and she goes off to work all the same.'

Jenny's small pinched face filled out and took a healthy colour before the end of her stay with us, and she went home more fit to be a help to the poor ailing mother who 'musn't be ill.'

Little Annie May, aged thirteen, is old in suffering. This is her second visit to us. The doctors think the case is curable, but her strength must be built up before she can undergo what is necessary to put the poor little injured frame right. She tells us that she has been two years and a half at different times in a hospital—most of the time strapped down in her bed—and that she has had three operations performed.

'Oh dear! I've got to have another soon, but they say I must be a bit stronger before they does it, or maybe I shan't pull through, and I'm the only girl mother has. Broadstairs made me ever so much better last time, and I expect it will again.'

Here is a letter lately received: 'I should be very thankful if you could take a little girl into your Cox valescent Home as soon as possible; her name is Lily Allen; she is just thirteen, but so small you would hardly believe she was more than eight or nine. She has had no illness, but is very weakly, and I hope a little sea air may strengthen her enough to enable her to go to a place.'

'Her father, a tailor with eight children, is very poor.'

When Lily arrived, we saw a little white-faced child with bright eyes, which looked all the brighter for the dark circles round them—too true tokens of ill-health.

'And are you really the little girl the lady writes about getting strong to go into service?' said we.

'Oh yes, ma'am,' was the reply; 'why, I've been in two places already. In the first I worked from morning to night, and then I got ill. When I was better, I went out again. Oh, it was nice there, but my dear lady's gone away to Ireland, and I shall have to find another now. It was her that sent me here to get better. I used just to do odd things for her, and it was nice and easy; I shan't get such another place. You see I must work. Father can't afford to keep us all. He's often ill himself, and has to do his tailoring as well as he can with an old cushion at his back to prop him up. Oh, I know these baths will set me up; they do make me feel so nice—just as if I could run about and do a day's work.'

Do not turn away, dear readers, and say, 'Why, it's all the same old tale over again.' So

it is, and that is why it is so pitiful—that is why it pulls so hard at our heart strings. If there were but a few such tales—well, they would be sad enough to stir up all to help who heard them. But the remembrance that there are hundreds—nay, thousands—of such cases, should so appeal to us, that we should never rest until we have each one done our best to bring some hope to these little suffering lives.

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

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s., and pence up to 10s., will be forwarded on application.

Gifts, such as old and new clothing of all kinds, boots, shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, fancy work, &c., are always very welcome.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

THIS Journal, as most of our readers know, is kept at the Orphanage of Mercy, Kilburn. It is chiefly a record of representative bits out of our letters, and a medium for acknowledging anonymous gifts; but we do not want quite to crowd out of it the daily events which occur in our large family.

This month's letters shall take the second place.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of receiving a very welcome deputation from the Rainham Working Party. The object of their visit was to choose one of our orphans for whose special maintenance they might work, and in whom they might take a lasting interest. Four of our most prepossessing little ones were chosen out, and with well-brushed hair, clean hands and tuckers, were sent upstairs on approval. Of these, two were first to be presented, and in case of their not quite suiting the taste of the deputation, the other two were in reserve to follow.

Zillah and Ellie look'd bonny and beaming enough for any one's choice, we thought, as they stood before the ladies—but at the end of the interview no decision had been arrived at, a little to our disappointment. Yes, the ladies said, they were very nice children—so bright and taking; but—well, at last the 'bunt' was explained. It was in the mind of the Rainham Working Party that a bright, taking child would some time or other be cared for by one of our many friends, and they rather thought

they would like to maintain a plain, dull child, whose face and manners would go against her in the battle of life.

We have such amongst our children, and have chosen one out for Rainham. Surely He Who weighs our work according to the love that is put into it will find here something deserving a double reward.

Two kind visitors the other day told us that our Orphanage had no fault that they could see. Everything seemed to be exactly what could be wished. We surprised them by saying that they were quite mistaken, for it had one very grave fault that troubled us greatly. 'And what?' said they. 'The fault of being full—of having no more room,' we quickly answered. Could they look over our shoulders as we answer our daily letters, they would not be long in finding out this fault.

One thing we are sure of: if all those who help to support our Orphanage and Convalescent Home out of their scanty means had a power equalling their good will, we should have room enough and to spare. There is proof of that in these extracts from letters lately received. 'The children from S. Matthew's, Chapel Allerton, Leeds, send you *£*8s. to be divided between your Home and providing Sunday breakfasts for poor children.' Happy they to be so well taught the great duty of almsgiving, and fortunate *we* to be the object chosen for the reception of their alms.

The Ilford Mothers' Meeting sends *£*7s. 2d., which is made up to 10s. by the girls' Bible-class—a very generous gift, for they are not too well provided with the necessaries of life themselves.

Another mothers' meeting at Enfield Lock sends 30s. for the Convalescent Home. We cannot wonder that mothers' hearts are moved to give to this.

A little convalescent of last year sends 5s., which she has collected for the Home, 'where I spent such a happy three weeks last autumn,' she writes, 'and I shall try to collect some more.'

Another little girl in New Zealand sends 1*l*. Little English girls may like to read her letter, so here it is. 'Dear Friend,—I have gathered 1*l*. to send you. I am eleven years old, and I have got a happy home, and wish for others to have the same. I go to Sunday School and get the BANNER OF FAITH, and in one was a paper to be filled up, which I have done. I have to walk four miles to Sunday School, and

two miles and three-quarters to day school. I am in the fifth standard.' We will not give her name and address, and if she sees this, she must excuse our putting her letter into print. S. A. sends 5s., subscribed by a few workmen; and a village club in Wilts sends 2s., collected in-pence.

A nameless friend says, 'I forward you 10s. as a thankoffering for having obtained a situation. When I applied for it I made a promise that, if successful, I would give 10s. for the furtherance of the work of God, and I hope others will follow my example.'

From a Canadian island we have a letter which touches us greatly. It shows how God teaches His own children, no matter how widely scattered, that they are all of one family. It is from a missionary; he writes thus: 'In this far-off island in Algoma we are all poor together; not so poor, though, as some of your unemployed dock labourers. We all, or nearly all, get plenty to eat. Money, however, is exceedingly scarce amongst us, and many a time have I puzzled my brain to find how I could raise some small sum to send you. This year I have had a week-day collection at the Lenten services at my two stations, half the proceeds of which I send to you, and the other half to another mission.'

Three dollars were enclosed.

A letter from a missionary in Newfoundland, full of grateful thanks for a box of useful articles which the kindness of some friends enabled us to send out, after enumerating the contents, ends thus: 'The BANNER OF FAITH will be distributed amongst the sick folk to cheer them in their afflictions. They are so glad to get cheerful reading matter. And now I think I have mentioned everything excepting the papers with which the box was lined, and I must not forget them. They were several copies of 'Gardening Illustrated'—most valuable to me. I have a fair-sized garden here, where I take my recreation in gardening, and these papers came in most usefully—just in time for the spring work.'

We home people, living amongst the many helps and advantages of England, daily throw aside and waste what would be treasures to many a distant missionary or colonist.

We will give the addresses of missionaries who will gratefully receive spare books, magazines, papers, &c., for themselves and their people. To many missionary stations the postage is the same as in England.

The Commandments and The Lord's Prayer.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of MOULSOE.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity (SEPTEMBER 12).

'The Tenth Commandment.'—*Contentedness*.—1 Kings xxi. 1-20; 1 Timothy vi. 6; Hymns 290, 286.

A. 'Thou shalt not covet' (or desire) your neighbour's—

1st. things—*e.g.* 'house'

2nd. persons—*e.g.* { 'wife'
'servant'
'maid'

3rd. animals—*e.g.* { 'ox'
'ass'

4th. 'anything that is his.'

B. Ahab the Covetous

Verso 1. had a grand palace
" 2. yet coveted a little kitchen garden
" 4. sulky
" 5. listened to the temptress
" 8. lets her manage him

Verso 13. becomes a murderer
" 16. as well as a thief
" 18. has no peace in his possession
" 19. comes to a miserable end

- C. 1. How does the Catechism explain the Tenth Commandment?—'Not to covet or desire other men's goods.'
2. When we steal or bear false witness, with what do we sin?—With our hand or tongue.
3. But when we covet, with what do we sin?—With our heart.
4. Does your neighbour know when you covet?—No, but God does, Who knows the heart.
5. Whom do you hurt when you covet?—Myself.
6. What is the opposite to covetousness?—Contentedness.
7. What does The Wise Man say about this?—'A contented mind is a continual feast.'

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity (SEPTEMBER 19).

'The Eleventh Commandment.'—*Love*.—S. John xiii.; Leviticus xix. 18.—Hymns 274, 24.

A. How many Commandments have been given to us Christians?

Ten—given through Moses,

One—given through Christ, which is—'A new Commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.'

We must love—

- 1st. Our relations. Illustration—David's love to his parents and brothers.—1 Samuel xxii. 1, 3.
2nd. Our friends. Illustration—David's love to Jonathan.—1 Samuel xx.
3rd. Our enemies. Illustration—David's love to Saul.—1 Samuel xxiv.
4th. Every one. Illustration—David's love to all the people.—2 Samuel xxiv. 17.

B. See S. John xiii. for history of 'Maundy Thursday,' i.e. the Thursday of the 'Mandate' or Commandment given in verso 34.

Love taught us by JESUS:—

Verso 1. in His departing by a cruel death
" 3. in His knowing all things, and yet going through all His sufferings
" 5. in His humbly washing His disciples' feet

Verso 11. in His knowing Judas and yet washing his feet
" 15. in His teaching His disciples
" 28. in His not betraying Judas
" 38. in His warning to Peter

C.

1. What is the Eleventh Commandment?—'Love one another.'
2. Sum up all the Eleven Commandments.—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbour as thyself.'
3. Who is my neighbour?—Everybody.
4. What does S. Paul say about Love and the Law?—'Love is the fulfilling of the Law.'
5. What does S. Paul say about this?—'Charity never faileth.'
6. What does he mean by 'Charity'?—The same as Love.
7. How may you show your love to—your relations?—your friends?—your enemies?—everyone?

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity (SEPTEMBER 26).

'Special Grace'—*Our Duty*.—2 Chronicles xiii. 1-19, S. John xv. 3; Hymns 270, 271.

A. See the Question in the Catechism that follows the Ten Commandments.

- 'My good child.' { This is not what you are.—S. Matt. xix. 17.
but what you ought to be.—Eccles. xiii. 13.
- 'Not able.' Because we are weak { through nature.—S. John iii. 3.
through habit.—Gal. v. i.
- 'Special' i.e. more than usual.—S. James iv. 6.
- 'Grace.' Does not here mean the *thanks* we give to God for our food, but the *strength* He gives us to keep His Commandments.—2 Tim. ii. 1.

B.

Jeroboam, who had no grace.	Compare and	Abijah, who had grace.
(a) King of Israel—verse 1.		(a) King of Judah—verse 1.
(b) 800,000 men—verse 3.		(b) 400,000 men—verse 3.
(c) a rebel and usurper—verse 6.		(c) lawful king—verse 5.
(d) worshipped false gods—verses 8, 9.		(d) worshipped the Lord—verses 10, 11.
(e) set an ambush—verse 13.		(e) cried to the Lord—verse 14.
(f) fled—verse 16.		(f) prevailed—verse 18.
C. 1. What is 'Grace'?—The help of God.		5. When do we need special grace?—When the temptation takes us suddenly, unawares, violently.
2. Why do we need help?—Because we are weak and Satan is strong.		6. What should we do when we are tempted?—Pray first for grace, and then use it.
3. Who is stronger than Satan?—God Almighty.		7. What will God do if we do this?
4. What is 'special grace'?—Help just as we need it.		

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity (OCTOBER 3).

'Diligent Prayer.'—*Our Prayers*.—Daniel vi.; Psalm lv. 18 (Prayer-Book version); Hymns 246, 91.

A. Examples of diligent Prayer:—

- Abraham—who prayed for wicked Sodom.—Gen. xviii.
Isaac—who prayed in the fields.—Gen. xxiv. 63.
Jacob—who wrestled with God in prayer.—Gen. xxxii. 24.
Moses—who prayed all day long.—Exod. xvii. 11, 12.
David—who used to pray three times.—Ps. lv. 18; or seven times a day.—Ps. cxix. 164.
Daniel—who would say his prayers in spite of the lions.—Dan. vi.
Nehemiah—who prayed before he answered a question.—Nehemiah ii. 4.

B. Daniel vi. 10 teaches us about Prayer—

- 1st. its difficulty, fear of man, 'the writing was signed.'
- 2nd. its place { 1. 'his house,' not only in Church.
2. 'his chamber'—quiet and alone.
3. 'windows open towards Heaven.'
4. 'towards Jerusalem'—in union with the whole Church.
- 3rd. its posture—'on his knees'—for reverence.
- 4th. its time—'three times a day'—i.e. morning, evening, mid-day.
- 5th. its subject—not only 'prayed,' but also 'gave thanks.'

- C. 1. What do we need in order to keep God's Commandments?—His special grace.
2. How must we seek for this?—By diligent prayer.
3. What do you mean by *diligent* prayer?—Prayer that is made regularly, punctually, earnestly, reverently.
4. To Whom do we pray?—To God THE FATHER,
THE SON,
THE HOLY GHOST.
5. Through Whom do we pray?—Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
6. Where should we pray?—Anywhere, but especially in Church and at home.
7. When should we pray at home?—At any time, but at least three times a day.

* * * The complete Scheme of these Instructions, arranged for the Sundays after Trinity, is now ready, and can be had of the Publishers, price 3d.

Fairbille Items.

Improvements are being rapidly made on our Church, and we hope by the time this reaches our readers, that the outside of the main building, with the exception of the steeple and chancel, will have been completed and painted. The porch on the front has added greatly to the appearance. It is hoped soon to remove the Church Hall to the rear of the lot and to gravel all the ground round the Church. We hope to have not only carpenters and painters, but also the bricklayers at work in a little while.

Some of the faithful ones have already sent in their Thanksgiving papers, but there are a great many who have not done so. It is hoped that at least \$100 will be raised by Thanksgiving Day, although the amount is not required before Nov. 1st; yet it is necessary that the papers should be returned as early as possible. The list will be printed; also the list of subscribers to the Salary Fund, with amounts and defaulters, and distributed at the end of the year. Those who do not wish to appear in the black list should see that all arrears are paid by November 1st.

It is to be hoped that we shall soon hear of some of our parishioners making an effort to provide a suitable residence for their Parish Priest. For the summer months the present (hired) Clergyhouse suits very well; because the numerous draughts provide ample ventilation; but during the winter these draughts are not conducive either to health or comfort. Again, the Pastor is unable to have any one to keep house, because there is no room; and if it were not for the indefatigable zeal and kindness of one of the greatest friends the Church and Pastor have, he would fare very badly. This friend, although having a house and children to look after, yet does all she can for the comfort and welfare of her Pastor. One little room, outside a small study, has to serve as kitchen, dining-room, larder, and all. If outside friends who feel an interest in this poor mission feel disposed to aid us in providing a Rectory, we shall feel very grateful to them for any help they may afford us.

The annual picnic came off on Wednesday, Aug. 18th. Although arranged for the previous day, the heavy showers prevented it; but the delay of one day does not seem to have injured us much, as we were so greatly successful as to clear \$120.05, the largest amount ever realized by us out of a S.S. picnic, the hire of boat and conveyance of children free always carrying off the larger share of proceeds. The day was in every way a very enjoyable one, and the greatest praise is due to the ladies and

committee for the very efficient manner in which everything was carried out. As these items have to be sent in early, because the editors are anxious to issue this number earlier than usual, it is necessary to curtail them somewhat this time. The receipts of the picnic, all told, amount to \$229.45; Expenses came to \$109.40, leaving a balance of \$120.05.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, the Pastor will exchange duties with the Rector of Sussex, after which he intends taking a vacation, visiting Montreal and Boston, being absent about two Sundays, during which time his duties will be conducted by a brother priest, who has kindly consented to discharge them.

Our Church has been re-insured for \$2,000, and Church Hall for \$1,000. The whole of the debt on the glass for the windows has at last been paid off.

A very beautiful Altar has been presented to our Church by the Rev. J. M. Davenport. It adds greatly to the beauty of our sanctuary. We hope other kind friends will help us out in our other numerous wants.

Our Confirmation classes have commenced, and if there are any others desirous of joining they must give in their names without further delay.

Parochial Items.

GREENWICH:—The Quarterly Meeting of the Clergy of the Deanery was held in this Parish on Wednesday and Thursday, August 11th and 12th. Ten of the Clergy were present, and we had the pleasure of seeing a brother from the Diocese of Ontario, Rev. A. C. Nesbitt. The Chapter opened at 11.30 a.m. on Wednesday. After the Scripture reading, Acts xxii., a Critical Paper on the Greek text was read by Rev. J. M. Davenport, and a Practical Paper by Rev. O. S. Newnham, each of which drew forth some useful discussion. To our great sorrow we had to accept the resignation of office of the Secretary to the Deanery at the hands of our dear brother Rev. J. H. Talbot, who is about to leave the "banner" Deanery. A resolution of regret at his leaving and warm thanks for his willing and courteous services for several years was unanimously passed by the Chapter. Rev. O. S. Newnham was elected Secretary to the Deanery, and Rev. C. P. Hanington Secretary of the Choral Union. In the afternoon the Rural Dean read a paper on "Pastoral Theology," which was well received. At 7 p.m. Evensong was said, at which several hymns were heartily sung; and after Evensong two addresses were given, one on "Lay Co-operation," by Rev. O. S.

Newnham, and the other on "Reverence," by the Dean.

On Thursday Holy Communion was offered at 7 a.m., the Dean being the Celebrant, and Rev. J. H. Talbot Server. At 9 a.m. the Clergy met in Chapter again, and after prayers and reading the minutes, Rev. C. P. Hanington was appointed Organist to the Chapter. Psalm xiv. was read from the Septuagint Version and discussed, after which a report of a committee on the admission of laymen to one session of the Chapter was taken up and disposed of as follows: "That at one quarterly meeting in each year laymen be invited to be present at and take part in a conference with the Clergy, and be requested to prepare papers and speak on subjects to be chosen by a committee appointed for that purpose."

The subjects for examination of Sunday School teachers of K. D. U. were chosen, due notice of which will be given by the Secretary of the Union, and an Examiner was selected. The Chapter adjourned at noon to meet at Kingston (D.V.) on the 10th and 11th days of November.

JOHNSTON:—We are looking forward to a visit from the Bishop Coadjutor on the 24th of August, when it is hoped two Confirmations will be held, one at St. John's Church, English Settlement, and the other at St. Paul's Church, Goshen. An account of the services will not appear in K.D.M. until the October number, as we could not send it in time for the next issue. The number of candidates will be of course much smaller than last time the Holy Ordinance was administered, but we trust those who are coming forward are thoroughly in earnest and will prove themselves sound Churchfolk.

HAMPTON:—On the 3rd of August the Sewing Society at Smithtown held a Raspberry Festival and Sale in aid of their School Chapel. Although there was a squall of hail and wind at noon, yet the results of the day's efforts were satisfactory. About \$50 were realized. This building is now boarded in and the roof shingled.

On the 13th of August the Sunday Schools of Hampton Village and Hampton Station held their annual picnic. The weather was all that could be desired, and the day a most successful one. Over 300 persons were present, including about 130 children. The charge to visitors of 25 cents each for the excursion in the steamer "Clifton" paid all expenses.

On the 7th Sunday after Trinity the Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Rector of Trinity Church, St. John, preached at the morning service at St.

Paul's Church, and at the evening service at Hampton Station.

We have to thank several gentlemen for donations towards the building fund of the School Chapel at Hampton Village, among them George O. D. Otty, Esq., and A. H. DeMill, Esq.

PETITCODIAC:—Our annual children's flower service was held on Sunday afternoon, the 1st ult. As the service is one of our own make up, perhaps it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the K. D. M. to tell them how it is done. The children are marshalled in pairs, according to size, and marched up the Church, taking the front pews, which are reserved for them. On their entry into the Church the choir sing a processional hymn, in which the children join. The Clergy follow in the rear of the procession, and after all have knelt in their proper places, a shortened form of Evensong is sung. After the second lesson the children present their flowers in the sanctuary, and the Clergy place the floral offerings on the Altar. The children are then ranged facing the Altar and chant the Nunc Dimittis, after which they repeat the Creed, and, kneeling in front of the Altar, say the Lord's Prayer. Then they return to their places, and, after a hymn, are addressed by the Clergyman. On this last occasion the service was a highly interesting one, and the Church was quite full of young and old. The Curate addressed the children on the importance of singing in the worship of Almighty God, illustrating his remarks by an allegorical story. After the address another hymn was sung, and the benediction pronounced by the Rector. After the service the flowers were placed on the graves in the Churchyard. The Church was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

We regret the temporary loss of our organist, Miss Etta Willis, who is paying a visit to some friends in Cape Breton. During her absence Miss Nelson kindly takes her duties.

STURBORN:—His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor administered the Sacramental Ordinance of Confirmation in this Parish on Sunday, August 22nd. The number of candidates was small—one male and six females. Before the service of Confirmation there were two Baptisms, one of an infant, the other of an adult. The Church, which was very nicely decorated, looked its best, and the congregation, which filled the building, was extremely orderly and reverent. The Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, Rector of Smith Falls, near Ottawa, was present, and read the Preface. The Bishop gave two very impressive addresses to the candidates,

one before the renewal of the Baptismal vow, and the other before the laying on of hands. The singing was very hearty and quite congregational, and was remarked upon by His Lordship.

SUSSEX:—Sunday, August 22nd, was a red letter day here. At the morning service the Bishop Coadjutor preached a very striking sermon on the petition of Aehsah the daughter of Caleb. Rev. Andrew Gray, Rector of Chelsea, Mass., read the Prayers; Rev. A. C. Nesbitt read the Lessons, and the Rector was Celebrant. In the evening the Bishop Confirmed ten candidates, six males and four females, giving two excellent addresses to them before the laying on of hands. The choir was full and the hymns, five in number, were very precisely and heartily sung. The Church was crowded with worshippers, who were very orderly. May God grant that a rich blessing may rest upon those Confirmed, and upon all who witnessed the solemn service!!

GAGETOWN:—On Thursday, the 12th ult., the Bishop Coadjutor of Fredericton came to this Parish for the purpose of administering the Apostolic rite of Confirmation. His Lordship arrived about noon from the Cathedral city, and in the course of the afternoon was driven by the venerable Rector of the Parish some distance into the country, where he laid hands on two sick folk that they might receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. At seven o'clock in the evening divine service was held in the Parish Church, where the laying on of hands was witnessed by a packed congregation, who listened with rapt attention to the Bishop's beautiful and highly instructive addresses, delivered one before and the other after that ceremony. The number of candidates Confirmed was sixteen, each of whom was separately presented for the gift.

Our Deanery.

No. IV.—SUSSEX.

AN historical notice of this Parish must necessarily be of very imperfect character, owing to the almost entire absence of any records outside the Parochial Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, the first entry in which bears the date A. D. 1817.

That such records did exist can hardly be doubted; but where they are, or what has become of them, no living witness can say. The exact date of the planting of the Church in Sussex, or, as it was generally called in early days, "Pleasant Valley," must be a matter of conjecture; but it seems prob-

able that very shortly after the landing of the Loyalists several Church people found their way to Sussex Vale in boats on the Kennebecasis river and settled there. Among these the name of George Leonard figures conspicuously. He was one of the Commissioners of Parr Town, and afterwards a member of the Council, whence he received the title "Honourable." After a short residence at Saint John he removed to Sussex, Kings County, where he owned a large tract of valuable land, 240 acres of which he conveyed by deed to the Church as a Parsonage Glebe on the 14th of August, 1793. With Hon. George Leonard on the Board of Commissioners of Parr Town was associated Mr. Oliver Arnold, Secretary of the Board, who also settled in Sussex Vale. In 1792 Mr. Arnold was ordained for the Holy Ministry by the first Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Charles Inglis, and at the request of the people was instituted to the Rectory. Rev. Oliver Arnold came from Connecticut, U.S.A., and graduated at Yale College in 1776. Previous to his ordination Mr. Arnold seems to have been interested in the work of education; for a letter of his, dated 7th February, 1791, appeals to S. P. G. for the "re-imbusement of several small amounts paid out from his slender purse on behalf of the Indians;" and in this letter he speaks of the "efficient state of his Indian school at Sussex." In 1795 a school-room for the Indians, which went by the dignified name of "The College," was built by Hon. George Leonard. It is probable that this school-room or college, measuring 30 x 80 feet, served the purpose of a Church for some years, as the old Parish Church does not appear to have been finished until after 1800. This date has been traced out to a degree of accuracy by the aid of rather a singular little book containing noats (sic) of hand for the purchase of pews and rent of pews in the said Church. The price of a double pew in those days was thirty pounds, and the yearly rent of a single one two pounds one shilling and threepence. With our modern liberality the present offerings for the services of the Church are not much in excess of the price paid for a comfortable seat in Church by our forefathers. The first Rector of Sussex had charge also of the Parish of Norton; but we must not forget what the Parochial boundaries of Sussex were at that time. It comprised the present Parishes of Sussex, Studholm, the greater part of Johnston, Havelock, Cardwell, Waterford, and a portion of Hammond. Sussex and Norton parishes then would have made a good sized English Diocese, and the most of this huge area was covered by the ministrations of the Rector of Sussex, until the advent of the present Rector in the year 1867.

The old Parish Church at Sussex Corner, which

was not consecrated until the year 1826, by Bishop John Inglis, the third Bishop of Nova Scotia, appears to have been opened for Divine Services in 1800, and speedily became a centre of Church life. The writer has heard some of those old Parishioners, who have long since gone to their rest, say, that the people used to flock to it in scores, driving in sled loads in winter, and in summer time riding on horse back, a man and his wife or daughters, two on a horse, while the boys walked as many as twelve miles to Church at the Corner. These people came from Millstream, Smith's Creek, The Portage, Dutch Valley, Campbell Settlement, and Norton, as well as from Upper Sussex, which is now Penobscus. What is now called Sussex—a busy little town with the Railway Station in the centre—consisted in those days of half a dozen houses, the business of the place being all done at the Corner. The Corner is now almost a deserted Village. The Old Parish Church has gone, and the Burial Ground given by Mr. Ozias Ansley is fast filling up. New Church life however is being awakened at this place in a Mission Room which was opened for Divine Services by the Right Rev. H. Tully Kingdon, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor, on Sunday, July 18th, 1886.

The Parish Registers are interesting books. In addition to the entries of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, commencing January 1st, 1817, they contain a Record of the Births and Deaths of the children of Stephen and Elizabeth Wiggins, the eldest of whom, Benjamin, was born January 5th, 1751. The Reverend Oliver Arnold, first Rector of Sussex, married one of the children, Charlotte Wiggins, on the 9th day of November, 1786. They were married by Rev. Mr. Bisset, "Rector of the Church in St. John," and from them are descended all the Arnolds of Kings County alive at the present time. The first Baptism Recorded is that of Nelson Arnold, January 12th, 1817, a grandson of Rev. Oliver Arnold.

The first Marriage is that of Benjamin Redding and Sarah Norris, March 3rd, 1817. The first Burial is that of John Roach, January, 1817, the day being omitted.

On the 19th day of July, 1826, the old Church at Sussex Corner was "consecrated and set apart from all profane and common uses by John, by Divine permission Bishop of Nova Scotia and its dependencies, and having Episcopal jurisdiction in the Province of New Brunswick." His Lordship on the same day separated a piece of ground and dedicated it as a place of Burial. This latter goes by the name of the Old Burial Ground, in which are to be found some ancient and almost grotesque

memorials of the departed. This ground was added to in after years, the additional piece being consecrated by John, Lord Bishop of Fredericton.

In 1828 the Rev. Horatio Nelson Arnold came from Granville, Nova Scotia, to assist his father. On April 9th, 1834, Rev. Oliver Arnold died at the residence of his son, George Nathan Arnold, and was buried on Sunday, April 13th, by Rev. Elias Scovil, second Rector of Kingston, Rev. William W. Walker assisting.

The Rev. H. N. Arnold succeeded his father as Rector of Sussex, and after laboring for many years died in Boston, Mass., on December 8th, 1848, and was buried at St. John.

In January, 1848, Rev. Thomas McGhee was instituted Rector of Sussex and Studholm and did good and faithful work in these Parishes, no record of which is to be found outside the baptisms, marriages and burials performed by him. He died at the Rectory, Sussex, and was buried in December, 1861, by Rev. W. W. Walker, Rev. E. A. Warneford assisting.

After the death of Mr. McGhee the Parishes appear to have been left vacant for a few months; but Rev. Charles P. Bliss was elected and instituted Rector of Sussex in March, 1862, and continued his work until the spring of 1867, when the present Rector was sent by the Bishop to take charge of the work.

Rev. Charles S. Medley held his first service as Missionary in old Trinity Church, Sussex, on June 16th, 1867, being Trinity Sunday; but was not instituted Rector until February 27th, 1868, being inducted on June 3rd, 1868.

(To be continued.)

Notices.

The Subjects chosen by the Governing Body of S. S. T. U. for the next Examination for the "Bishop Kingdon" Prizes, are as follows:

Old Testament.—The Book Deuteronomy.

New Testament.—Fuller's Harmony, Part IV.

Catechism.—The First Table of the Commandments, including the Explanation on our duty towards God.

J. R. DEW. COWIE,
Secretary of S. S. T. U.

The Quarterly Meeting of S. S. T. U., Section III, will be held at Sussex, on Tuesday, September 28th. Holy Communion will be Celebrated at 9.45 a.m., at Trinity Church. The First Session of the Teachers will open at 10.30 a.m., at the Rectory. Teachers who expect to attend this meeting will please send in their names in good time to Mrs. E. N. SHARR, Secretary, Sussex.

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