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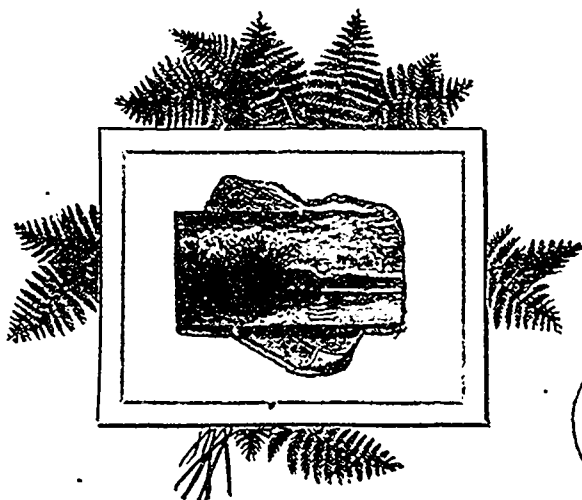
VOL. VI.

NO. 6.

The Deanery Magazine.



Diocese of Fredericton.



JUNE, 1889.

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Our Magazine.

AVING to the continued illness of the Editor the June number is somewhat later than usual in appearing. It is very gratifying to find that although our space has been extended to 12 pages, some matter is crowded out each month. This fact makes it all the more certain that, with the aid of all the Deaneries, a Diocesan Magazine of Local Interest could easily be maintained without the necessity of adopting any English Magazine whatever. We hope to see such a Magazine next year.

Tertullian.

A. D. 100—A. D. 240.

III.

ONE of the most valuable of the writings of Tertullian is his "Demurrer Against Heretics," as he calls it, using a legal phrase. No sooner had the Church been founded by our Blessed Lord, than men arose to oppose themselves in many ways, either to the teaching, or to the practice of the Church. The Apostles took care for the maintenance of the true faith, and we may think that the life of S. John was mercifully prolonged to a greater length than ordinary in order that he might watch over the teaching of the earliest Church and guide the teachers, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, into all truth.

As we have seen, men were raised up from time to time to speak to those that have ears to hear, that the witness to the truth might never fail. One such was Tertullian, and his argument is so excellent and convincing that we propose now to give some extracts rather larger than has been our custom.

"Christ Jesus Our Lord Himself proclaimed what He was; what He had been; what was the Father's will which He was doing; what He prescribed that man should do; and this He did either openly to the people at large, or privately to His disciples, from among whom He specially attached to Himself twelve chief men, whom He destined to be teachers of the nations. Accordingly, when one of these had been cast off, He commanded the remaining eleven, as He departed to the Father after His

Resurrection, to go and teach all nations to be baptized into the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Forthwith, therefore, the Apostles (whose very name means *sent*) went forth on their mission. By the authority of a prophecy in the 109th Psalm, they received into their number Matthias, in the room of Judas, making up the number of twelve, and then they received the promised power of the Holy Ghost for miracles and eloquence. First of all they bore witness to the faith in Jesus Christ throughout Judea, and, having founded Churches, they next went forth into the world and published the same doctrine of the same faith to all the nations. They then in like manner founded Churches in every city, from which Churches the other Churches in their order derived the tradition of the faith, and the seeds of doctrine, and are even now, day by day, deriving them, that they may become Churches. Indeed, it is by this only that they will be reckoned Apostolic, as being the offspring of Apostolic Churches. Every sort of thing must be classed according to its origin. Therefore all the Churches, though they are so many and so great, are yet but the one Primitive Church of the Apostles, from which they all spring. In this way they are all primitive, and all Apostolic, while the interchange of peace, the title of brotherhood, and the free exchange of hospitality (which rights no other reason regulates than the one tradition of the same mystery) prove all to be united in one union.

“From this then we commence our demurrer. If the Lord Jesus Christ sent His Apostles to preach, none others are to be received as preachers besides those whom Christ appointed. For none knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son has revealed Him; and the Son is not seen to have revealed Him to any save to the Apostles whom He sent to preach, that doctrine of course which He had revealed to them. But what it was which they preached [about one hundred years ago], that is to say what it was which Christ revealed to them, I will here maintain ought not to be otherwise proved than by those same Churches which the Apostles themselves founded, themselves by preaching with their own voice, and afterwards by writing epistles to them. If this is so, it is equally certain that all doctrine which agrees with those Apostolic Churches, the parents and original sources of the faith, must be reckoned for truth, as without doubt containing that which the Church received from the Apostles, the Apostles from Christ, Christ from God. On the other hand, all doctrine must be pre-judged as a lie which savours of somewhat contrary to the truth of the Churches and of the Apostles, and of Christ, and of God. It remains for us to

show whether this doctrine of ours may be reckoned as Apostolic tradition, and whether other and different doctrines do not from this very fact come from a lie. We are in full communion with Apostolic Churches, because we have no doctrine different from theirs. This is the witness to our truth.”

He then argues that it is impossible that all have erred because there is one and the same tradition, and error is manifold, and not one, and it is impossible to suppose that all Churches without exception would err with the same error. This argument is of course very strong from the standpoint of Tertullian, in whose time there was but little intercourse between the various parts of the world. He sums up his argument thus:

“Well then, suppose if you will, that they have all erred; that the Apostle was deceived in giving his testimony; that the Holy Spirit had no regard for any Church, so as to guide them into truth — though He was sent by Christ for this very purpose, was sought from the Father for this very purpose, that He should teach the Truth. Suppose, I say, that He the Steward of God, the Vicar of Christ, neglected His duty and permitted the Churches to understand in a different sense, and to believe in a different sense what He was preaching by means of the Apostles, yet is it in any way likely that so many and such important Churches should have erred with one and the same faith? No accident occurs to many persons in precisely the same manner. Error of doctrine in the Churches must needs have ended in difference of results. But that which is found to be one and the same in many hands, is not the result of error, but of tradition. Can any one then dare say that those were in error who handed on the tradition?”

Having thus established the truth of the Churches, he turns round to the dissenters from the Church, and points out that the very fact of the lateness of their origin, and of their lack of authority, marks them as erroneous.

“Let them show me from what authority they start! If they preach a different God, why do they use the things and the Scriptures and the names of that God against Whom they preach? If it be the same God, then why do they preach Him differently? Well then, let them prove themselves to be new Apostles, let them say that Christ has come down a second time, that He has taught a second time, a second time has been crucified. For thus has the Apostle described it; for thus was He wont to make Apostles, by giving them power to perform the same miracles that He did Himself. I wish then that the mighty deeds of these new Apostles were brought forward: unless I acknow-

ledge their mightiest deed to be a perverse rivalry of the Apostles. For the Apostles made dead men to live, but these make living men dead.

"Well then, let them produce the originals of their Churches, let them unroll the succession of their Bishops, running down in such series from the beginning that the first Bishop of their's may have to shew, as his ordainer and predecessor, some one of the Apostles or of the Apostolic men; a man however who continued steadfast with the Apostles. For it is in this manner that Apostolic Churches transmit their registers, just as the Church of the Smyrnæans records that Polycarp was placed there by John. In precisely the same manner the other churches exhibit the names of those who, having been ordained to the Episcopate by the Apostles, are regarded as the transmitters of the Apostolic seed. Let the heretics devise something of the same kind. But even if they have such a device, they will not advance at all; for their very doctrine when compared with that of the Apostles, by its diversity and contradiction will declare that it has for its author neither an Apostle nor an Apostolic man; since just as the Apostles did not teach what was self-contradictory, so also the Apostolic men would not have taught anything different from the Apostles: unless we can suppose that those who had their instruction from the Apostles preached directly contrary to their instruction. Let all the heretics when challenged by our Church to these two tests (*viz.*: the succession of their Bishops from the Apostles, and identity of doctrine with the Apostolic) prove how they deem themselves to be Apostolic."

Speaking of the true Church, he exclaims:

"One Lord God she acknowledges, the Creator of the Universe; and Christ Jesus born of the Virgin Mary, the Son of God the Creator; and the Resurrection of the Flesh. She unites together the law and the prophets with the writings of evangelists and Apostles: from this she drinks in her faith: this she seals with the water [of baptism]; clothes with the Holy Ghost [in confirmation], feeds with the Eucharist, cheers with martyrdom, and so against this principle she receives no gainsayer. This is the teaching which I don't say predicted that heresies should arise, but from which they came. However, they were not of her, because they were opposed to her. Even from the root of the mellow and rich olive springs the rough, wild olive tree; even from the seed of the very pleasant and sweet fig grows up the pretentious and worthless wild fig. So, too, heresies come from our plant, but are not of our kind: from the grain of truth, but wild in their lie."

Divine Worship.

VI.

We have seen that the worship of the Old Dispensation was sacrificial; we have also seen why this was so, and what it all meant; and in our last paper we considered at some length the Jewish sacrificial system, with its minor meanings.

But, as is well known, Jewish worship consisted of more than the mere offering of animal sacrifices. This came first, but there was much that was done in connection with it. Sacrifices constituted, as it were, the body of the worship, but the body was clothed in fitting garb. Before then we go on to consider the worship of the New Dispensation, it will be well for us to dwell on this secondary part of Jewish worship.

First of all, there is a very important truth to be borne in mind, as we study the worship of the Tabernacle or the Temple. It is this: It was all based on God's directions to Moses; and it was all patterned after Heavenly things. St. Paul alludes to this in the words (Heb. viii. 4-5): "There are priests that offer gifts according to the law; who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the Tabernacle; for, See, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount." Therefore we cannot but profit by a close study of the worship of the Temple (or Tabernacle), for since it was instituted by God and patterned after Heavenly things, we must believe that the principles on which it was based are the true principles on which to base our worship through all ages, for they are principles derived not from earth but from Heaven, taught not by man but by GOD. The Tabernacle and afterwards the Temple were, then, figures of Heaven; Moses having been shown the plans in the Mount; and the worship in the Temple, the only complete system of worship which we know of a certainty to have had God for its Author, shadowed the worship that was continually being carried on in Heaven. Now, in considering the worship of Heaven, in our second paper, we said that it was a *spiritual* worship, an *intelligent* worship, a worship that was *united*, *responsive* and *reverent*, that outward *helps to worship* were used and that it was a *musical* worship. To this might here be added what was intended to be included in "helps to worship," the use of *lights* (Rev. i. 12: iv. 5) and *vestments* (Rev. iv. 4: vi. 11) in Heavenly worship; and the *beauty* and *grandeur* of the Heavenly Temple, where everything exists that can please

the eye and fill us with delight, body and soul. The worship of Heaven must then be of the most glorious, bright and beautiful character imaginable; yea, far beyond imagination.

Now if God instituted a worship for man on earth, after the pattern of Heavenly things, would we not expect to find it also glorious, bright and beautiful, as much so as is possible in this lower world? Certainly we would; and that is exactly what we do find to have been the character of the Jewish Temple worship. In one point it differed from Heavenly worship, as we have seen; its chief feature being sacrificial. That was because of man's fall and sinfulness; but in every other point it was patterned after the worship of the angels.

It was a *spiritual* worship. Now some may not think this; but the proof of it is plain. The chief reason why most of the Psalms were written was, as we have seen, that they might be used in the Temple worship; and they were so used from the first to Christ's time. And what can be more spiritual than the Psalms, which were used by our Lord Himself and His disciples, and have been used by the Christian Church ever since? Further, all well-instructed Jews knew that there was a deep mystery underlying the sacrifices, and that they were not acceptable in themselves, but had some deep spiritual meaning, which was not then very plain. Hear the declaration of King David in Psalm 51: "For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: Thou delightest not in burnt offering." Yet this feeling did not lead them to neglect the sacrifices, for that would be disobedience, and a disobedient worship would be of course *unspiritual*, and so, in the last verse of the very same Psalm, the Psalmist says: "Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon Thine altar." We gain then from all this that the Jewish worship was a spiritual worship, as far as it was possible, before the Holy Spirit had been given in full measure, for men to worship God "in spirit and in truth."

This worship was also an *intelligent* worship. The language used was understood by those present. And their prayers and praises were not weak extempore effusions, but carefully constructed and written forms. For the Jews used a *liturgy* in their worship, as the Christian Church has ever done. Dr. Kip says (Double Witness of the Church, p. 121): "From the minute accounts of the Hebrew Rabbis which have come down to us we learn that it (the usual worship of the Temple) was composed of the Sacrifices, *Liturgical Compositions*, and

Psalms;" and he adds "it is evident that the Psalms are nothing but forms of prayer (being) in most cases direct and solemn addresses to the Supreme Being."

Jewish worship being liturgical, must then also have been a *united* worship. And we are told that it was. All the Jews were expected to attend as often as possible the Temple services, and they as a rule did so, especially on the great Feast Days. There were regular hours appointed for the services, which were, during the week on ordinary days, the hours when the morning and evening sacrifices were offered. These services the Apostles attended, even after they had become Christians, and doubtless a large number of other Jews. That it was the custom for large congregations to assemble together in the Temple we learn from many passages in the Psalms; as for example: "I will give Thee thanks in the great congregation: I will praise Thee among much people;" "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord;" "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem, * * * whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord."

Again, Jewish worship was *responsive*. We learn this from the same source from which we learn that their worship was liturgical; and the structure of many of the Psalms show that they were used in a responsive way. See, for example, the Song of Moses, Exodus xv. It begins "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." To this song Miriam, the prophetess, and all the women, with timbrels and dances, sang the response, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." And in I. Chr. xvi. we are given the Psalm which David wrote "to thank the Lord," giving it "into the hand of Asaph and his brethren;" i. e., of the Levites who ministered in the Tabernacle. To this Psalm (v. 36) we are told that the people responded "Amen, and praised the Lord," undoubtedly a form of response being put into their mouths.

Jewish worship was also *musical*. Their whole service was a service of song, accompanied by various kinds of musical instruments. The Psalms were undoubtedly chanted in somewhat the same way that they are chanted to-day; and it is thought that the Gregorian Tones, which are often now used, have descended to us from the Jewish Church. Our Lord and His disciples, we read, sang a Hymn after partaking of the Passover Feast. The Hymn was probably one of those special Psalms which

were used by the Jews at this great feast, and tradition says that the tone to which He and His disciples sung it was the *Tonus Peregrinus*, or Pilgrim's Chant. (The Nunc Dimittis was sung to it in the Choral Union Service at Rothsay in 1886.)

The chief instruments of music used were silver trumpets, blown perhaps only by the priests; cymbals of brass, somewhat like our modern cymbals; psalteries and harps, stringed instruments; and pipes and flutes, which were, of course, wind instruments.

Again, Jewish worship being modelled after Heavenly worship must needs have been conducted with great beauty and magnificence. And so it was. Every means was used to render the services as stately and beautiful as possible, not of course merely to please men, but as man's highest and best offering to the God of Beauty and of Glory. Colours, lights, sweet odours, gold and silver, beautifully embroidered vestments, rich carvings and ornamentation of all kinds; costly woods, precious stones, the most valuable products of the loom; all were employed to add brightness and dignity to the worship, and to make it approach as nearly as was possible on earth, the indescribably glorious worship of Heaven.

The chief colours used in the worship of the Temple were gold, blue, purple, scarlet and white. The Vail which hung before the Holy of Holies, the same Vail which was rent in twain at the death of Jesus on the Cross, was of "blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen of cunning work," ornamented with embroidery representing "cherubims." The High Priests' robes were "of gold, and blue and of purple and of scarlet and fine twined linen, with cunning work."

The symbolic lights consisted of seven, all fixed to one "candlestick" or lamp-stand with seven branches, all of pure gold, and the lights were fed with the purest olive oil. These seven lights undoubtedly had somewhat the same meaning that the seven golden candlesticks seen by St. John in Heaven had (Rev. i. 12); or the seven lamps of fire burning continually before the Throne (Rev. iv. 5), which we are told symbolize the Seven Spirits of God; or the sevenfold action of the Holy Spirit.

The sweet odours consisted of fragrant incense, which was burned in censers of pure gold. It was from God Himself that the composition of this incense came. He said to Moses: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha and galbanum; sweet spices with pure frankincense; of each shall there be a like weight; and thou shalt make of it incense, a perfume after the art of the perfumer, seasoned with salt, pure and holy," (R. V). This

was to be beaten very small, and was to be used at the Temple services only; it being death for any one to use it in private.

The vestments of those who ministered in the Temple differed according to the office of those who ministered and the occasion. The priests during their ministrations were vested in a white linen robe or cassock, which came nearly to the feet and which "was gathered round the body with a girdle of needlework." On their heads they wore caps "in the form of a cup-shaped flower, also of fine linen." "In all their acts of ministration they were to be barefooted." The High Priest's robes were much more complex and beautiful. He wore a brodered coat or tunic of linen, held in by a linen girdle. Over this he wore the Robe of the Ephod, which was "all of blue," with no sleeves, but only slits in the sides to allow the arms to pass through. The hem at the lowest part of this robe was ornamented with pomegranates in blue, red and crimson, with golden bells between each pomegranate. The bells sounded as the High Priest moved to and fro during his ministrations. Over the Robe of the Ephod was worn the Ephod. This was double, one part covering the back, the other part the front of the body. The two parts were joined together at the shoulders by clasps of onyx stones set in gold; the names of the twelve tribes of Israel being engraved on them, six on each. There was also a "curious girdle" for the Ephod of the same colours as the Ephod, viz., gold and blue and purple and scarlet. Then on the breast, above the Ephod, was worn the Breastplate, which was held in its place by golden chains and on which were set twelve precious stones, corresponding to the twelve tribes. Lastly, on his head the High Priest wore a mitre, to the front of which was fastened a golden plate engraved with the words "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." We can hardly realize the splendour and richness of these vestments. The reason for their use doubtless was, not only to mark the high position of him who wore them, but to do honour to the Presence of God vouchsafed in the Holy of Holies, and to typify the Glory of CHRIST, mankind's true and eternal High Priest.

On the construction of the Temple and on the different "ornaments" or articles of furniture of the Temple, such as the altar of burnt offering, the altar of incense, the brazen laver, the table of shewbread or the golden mercy-seat, overshadowed by the golden Cherubim and covering the Ark, in which latter was placed the two Tables of stone inscribed with the Ten Commandments, "the golden pot that had the manna, and Aaron's rod that budded"—on all these we have not space to dwell.

But there is one point too important to be passed over, the consideration of which will close our present paper. When God took up His abode in the Jewish Temple so that it henceforth became "the House of God," His special Presence was concentrated and located (to speak humanly) in the Holy of Holies, behind the Vail, the Mercy-seat being His Throne. This fact explains passages in Holy Writ such as (Ps. lxxx. 1), "Thou that dwellest between the Cherubims, shine forth," and (Ps. xcix. 1), "The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble, He sitteth between the Cherubims; let the earth be moved." When then the Jews drew near to worship they even turned towards the Vail, behind which was God's Presence-Chamber; offering their worship in that direction. As the Holy of Holies was the most westerly part of the Temple, the Jews accordingly faced west when they worshipped. Of course God is everywhere; but God is often pleased to be specially present in a certain place of His own choosing, as in the Burning Bush, and in the Cloud of Fire, and, in the case we are considering, in the Holy of Holies, enthroned on the Mercy-seat. This was for man's benefit; for it would be easier for a Jew to worship God aright, believing Him to be immediately before Him in the Holy of Holies, than if he believed Him to be no more there than anywhere else; and so when he entered the Temple he could feel that he was now very near to God, and this belief in the nearness to God tended to train him in reverence and devotion.

We have now gone through rapidly the worship of the Old Dispensation; our following papers will deal with the worship of the New.

The Jewish Church.

PAPER NO. 2 READ BEFORE THE S. S. T. UNION., SEC. III.

(Concluded.)

Both the Old Testament and Jewish tradition teach that the object of the sacrifices were *substitution* for the offender. The penalty of sin was "Thou shalt surely die;" but a substitute was at once found. Every son of Israel knew that because of his transgressions the sentence of death was ever hanging over him, but he knew also, that, by GOD'S appointment, a *substitute* was ever at hand, and that the life of the sacrifice was for the life of the sacrificer. For proof of this compare the statement with Lev. xvii. 11, and with the following quotation given by Edersheim from an early

Jewish authority: "Properly speaking the blood of the sinner should have been shed and his body burned as those of the sacrifices. But the Holy One—blessed be He!—accepted our sacrifice from us as redemption and atonement. Behold the full grace which Jehovah—blessed be He!—has shown to man! In His compassion and in the fulness of His grace He accepted the soul of the animal instead of his soul that through it there might be an atonement." But the Church in the days of Israel knew that the "blood of bulls and of goats could never take away sin" except as the outward and visible signs of something to come. Not that these outward and visible signs were void of their sacramental grace, but yet unworthy in themselves as propitiatory sacrifices. A manifestation of the *Substitute*, who was really the inward and spiritual grace of the sacrifices by anticipation, was that for which all looked and longed, and in this we have the proposed development of the sacrificial system.

Now while the Church was ever keeping in mind this idea of *substitution* in and by Her sacrificial system, she was constantly receiving and proclaiming new revelations, in which as a whole we may clearly discern a unity of design, viz.: the development of what is called the Proto-Evangel or Primitive-Gospel. In "Moses" we have this "Gospel" stated; in "David" we have it expanded; while in the Prophets we find the Revelation completed. The statement of the "gospel" is given in Gen. iii. 15, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between thy seed and her Seed. It shall bruise thy head; and thou shalt bruise His heel." In this we have (1) "A Person;" (2) "His Suffering;" (3) "His Victory." When we come to the Psalms we have these general outlines wonderfully filled in. There we find this Person to be the "Son of David," and there too we find His sufferings and His victory sketched in vivid detail; His sufferings in such Psalms especially as the xxii., xxxv., lxix., cii.; and His victory in Pss. ii., lxii., lxxxix., cx., cxviii. Then further when we come to the Prophets, especially the Prophet Isaiah, and more especially the liii. chap. of Isaiah, around which all the details furnished by the other Prophets seem to group themselves, we find the Son of David, the Sufferer and Conqueror, to be the expected Messiah Who became Incarnate and Who also was to be and was the Substitute to Whose work of atonement the whole Sacrificial System of the Church pointed. This completes the "skia" stage of the Church's existence as far as the development of Theology goes, and she is at this stage ready to receive her LORD Incarnate "as a Bride adorned for her Husband."

Deanery of Chatham.

CHATHAM.—Monthly Children's Services were inaugurated on Easter Day in St. Mary's Chapel, and will, it is hoped, prove a useful instrument in the instruction of the little ones of Christ's flock. The second of these services was held on the fourth Sunday after Easter. The short form for a first Evensong, as provided in the Bp. Doane Manual, was used, the Service beginning and ending with Processional Hymns. The Rector catechized the children for about twenty minutes, and the whole service lasted about three-quarters of an hour. Unfortunately a thunder-storm came on just at the hour of service, which prevented a large attendance. It is hoped that many parents and adult members of the Congregation will attend these services and be profited thereby. The children should be encouraged by the presence of their elders.

The Juvenile Guild meets monthly during the summer season or until the long evenings return again.

St. Mary's Women's Guild, which meets every Monday afternoon at the Rectory, is busy as usual, and will soon have an inexhaustible store of needlework for sale at reasonable prices. If any one requires work well done, they should give their orders to the ladies of St. Mary's Guild.

Our Parson has given notice of the Services on Ascension Day, which will be fitly observed as one of the Great Festivals of the Church. There will be two celebrations of the Holy Eucharist. The Choir are practising the Anthem, "O Lord our Governor," etc., which will, no doubt, be well sung.

Before the next "*Deanery Magazine*" appears, progress will be made in collecting the annual June house to house contributions to the D. C. S. and Parochial Fund. Our Parson was lately absent for a few days attending a meeting of the Board of Home Missions in St. John.

BATHURST.—The Rector of the Parish returned from Halifax, on the 5th of May, whither he had gone to see the degree of Bachelor of Arts conferred on his lay reader, Mr. Allan W. Smithers. Mr. Smithers accompanied him to Bathurst, and now the summer's work has been begun in earnest in this huge Parish. With two Churches and six Stations at all distances over 100 miles, and people eager for services at them all, and disappointed if they do not get their share, it may be well believed that there is enough to keep four men going instead of two. However, we are greatly cheered and rejoiced at the strength-

ening of the Church, all through the County, which is coextensive with the Mission. At Clifton, or New Bandon, the new Church is well started and looks very picturesque in that flat, dreary locality, with its long lines of roof of good proportions. It compares admirably with the hideous abortions which the sects are putting up. A couple of years ago, the people did not know what they were scarcely, through intermarriage and ignorance of Church principles, and lack of the means of hearty worship, such as prayer and hymn books, and an organ. Now we have all these and a large, steady, and interested Congregation which far surpasses those of the dissenting elements.

There is a flourishing Sunday School and two Sewing Circles. During the summer there are two Sunday services as a rule, and one weekday one, with Bible Class and musical practice.

At Tetagouche, nine miles west of Bathurst, a post hitherto given up to the Methodists, a neat Church is standing, which we half hope to get into before winter. There is a fortnightly Service there on Sundays, and a fortnightly class and practice as well. Eight families now attend regularly, where three years ago there were only three. At Salmon Beach, we have a nice little Congregation, the members of which are "blood and fire" men and women, as regards fervour towards the Church. But we have not yet seen our way to beginning the new Church, though we have the frame and a nest egg. The great obstacle to church building here is the poverty of the people. They give and work most heartily and generously. Thus on the subscription list last year for New Bandon Church there was one name for \$100.00 (a poor farmer who has paid!), two for \$50.00, four for \$30.00, eight for \$25.00, and so on.

But, decent Churches cost money, and so we are sadly kept back from the goal of our efforts and wishes—"Churches perfected in the beauty of holiness." Outside aid is needed, and yet to get the same, one must go outside. The Priest hopes to see his way to going-abroad before long to seek aid for his three new Churches, or otherwise it will be a work of years to see them completed. We are confronted by special difficulties here. Not only is the County largely Roman Catholic, but Dissent is very aggressive. For instance, the Presbyterians have two Catechists in the County, whose work is of course to build up their system among the country people. These young men live and work in the country districts, and it can be imagined how great the danger is

of lukewarm, half-instructed people, who have little looking after, being drawn away. One Catechist lives at Caraquet and goes fortnightly to Miscou, where the people were once all Church people. One of those dreadful things, a Union Meeting House, has been built. An amusing event occurred last year. The Rector visited Miscou and met with a hearty welcome, and the words, "Oh! we have been expecting you; we heard you were coming!" At almost every house there was a baby or two, and the Parson baptized them every one, the Lay Reader standing Godfather for them all! On his return home he discovered that the people had been prepared for the coming of the Presbyterian minister, and expected *him!* For once the Church was ahead in the mission field!

We are thankful to state, that by the help of Mr. Smithers and Mr. R. F. Hutchings, we have held our own and a *good deal more*, as time will show.

To make matters worse, the Cumminsite sect has obtained a hold, and tries to worry us. One of the pioneers of that body elsewhere succeeded in establishing a fortnightly service here, and drew a few malcontents from the town congregation with him. The minister who had been for a year or two over their Congregation in Chatham, and who was only a Congregational preacher—which means no ordination at all—came here, and officiated and baptized one or two children. After that he received ordination from the Cumminsite Bishop, the dissenting ministers assisting. The question is, what is he now? for the R. E. body declares the ordinations of other bodies to be valid, and those "received" are not re-ordained, but merely "accepted." Perhaps, there was a "flaw" in the first ordination. If not, the latter one is sacrilege. Truly it is the sect of "irregularities" and contradictions. It is extraordinary to find people who can find fault with a ceremony, or a symbol, but will yet calmly ignore such breaches of order, and departures from discipline and faith. Truly they "strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel."

Already we are looking forward to a visit from His Grace the Metropolitan in July. He will receive a hearty welcome, and a large number are preparing in all parts of the Mission for the Holy Rite of Confirmation.

BAY DU VIN.—The Rector holds Services in two localities some little distance from the Church each week. The trustees of these districts kindly allow him the use of their respective school houses, and classes for religious instruction are

held, in which he is assisted by Miss Gertrude Williston. Immediately after these instruction classes Evening Prayer is said, which is also attended by the older members, and a short sermon is delivered by the Rector. Every Sunday the Rector superintends the Sunday School at Bay du Vin himself. Once a fortnight he has Sunday School at the Village, a small settlement about seven miles from the Church, at 10 o'clock and Morning Service at 11 o'clock. He then returns to Bay du Vin in time for Sunday School there at 2 o'clock, and he also holds a Service in the Church at 6.30 p. m. The other Sunday in the month he is at the Church all day, and has a celebration of the Holy Communion, Matins, Litany and Sermon, Sunday School and Evening Service.

He visits Escuminac, which is about fifteen miles from the Rectory, about once a fortnight, on a weekday, and holds Service in the evening. There are very few Church people down there, the majority belonging to the Salvation Army or Methodists, but as no Minister from the various denominations ever goes down, the Rector has at his Services far more dissenters than Church people. The last Service the Rector held in Escuminac was on Thursday, 16th of May, and on Friday morning a celebration was held at the house of Philip Loyd, Esq., at 6 o'clock. When the new Church is completed at the Village, the Communicants in Escuminac hope to Communicate there.

There were fifteen persons present at the Easter Meeting this year, and the finances were found to be in a very satisfactory state. John G. Williston and Thomas H. Williston were re-elected Church Wardens, and Sydney Carmichael a delegate to the D. C. S. and Synod.

Daily Matins and Evensong are said at the Church whenever the Rector is at home.

NEWCASTLE AND NELSON.—Perhaps the most important event in this Mission during the past month was the meeting of the Ruri-Decanal Chapter of Chatham, which took place on Monday, April 29th, and the two following days. In addition to the Rector of the Parish (Rev. J. H. S. Sweet) there were present Rural Dean Forsyth, Revs. W. J. Wilkinson, E. B. Hooper and R. M. Hudgell. Evening Service was said in the pretty little Church of S. Andrew on Monday at 8 p. m., when an eloquent and admirable sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. M. Hudgell, the newly-appointed Rector of Derby. After Matins the next morning, the Chapter met in session at 10 o'clock, and, after the ordinary routine work, read

in the original and discussed the XIth Chapter of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. This was followed by the reading of an excellent paper by the Rev. W. J. Wilkinson on the quotations in the chapter. The afternoon session was devoted to the reading of Psalm XVI. in the LXX. Evensong was said at 8 p. m., followed by addresses by Revs. W. J. Wilkinson, E. B. Hooper and Rural Dean Forsyth.

On Wednesday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, and in the afternoon, on the summons of the Rector—the Organizing Secretary—a meeting of Sunday School Teachers was held in the S. Andrew's Sunday School Hall, for the purpose of forming a S. S. Teachers' Association for the Deanery. Representatives from S. Paul's and S. Mary's S. S., Chatham, were present, beside those in connection with the Parish. The result of the meeting was very gratifying. It was decided to organize at once; a constitution, previously considered, was read and adopted; thirteen Teachers enrolled themselves as members, and others, we trust, will soon join their number. In addition to the Clergy who are Vice-Presidents—the Rural Dean being President *ex officio*—the following were also appointed from the Teachers: Mrs. Sweet, of S. Andrew's S. S., Newcastle; Miss Edith Winslow, of S. Mary's S. S., Chatham, and Mrs. Jackson, of S. Paul's S. S., Chatham. On motion, the Rev. J. H. S. Sweet was appointed Secretary. The founding of such an organization will, it is hoped, be of great benefit to the S. S. work in the Deanery, and be the means of creating greater interest in this the most important branch of the Church's work.

On Wednesday evening the Rural Deanery Service proper was held. The Service was made as fully choral as possible. The Prayers were said by the Rev. E. B. Hooper, and the Lessons read by the Rev. W. J. Wilkinson. The Sermon—a very interesting and instructive one—was preached by the Rural Deau. The visiting brethren returned to their respective parishes on the following morning, having arranged to hold their next session in Bay du Vin towards the end of July next.

Of Parochial news proper we may mention that a small sum has been forwarded to the S. P. C. K., with an application for a grant of works for our S. S. Library, which is sadly in need of suitable reading matter.

The daily 5 o'clock Evensong, unavoidably held in abeyance during the winter months, has now recommenced.

The Parish of Derby being now filled, the Rector is able to give a Service every Sunday in Nelson.

RICHMOND.—We hear that steps have been taken to have the Rectory filled again, and we hope that no long delay will take place before we have another Parson among us.

RESTIGOUCHE.—No news of special interest for the readers of "*The Deanery Magazine*" from this Mission this month. All work goes on as usual. No doubt our congregations will be considerably increased during the summer, when tourists arrive at our far-famed locality and spend a few weeks in the enjoyment of its unrivalled scenery.

DERBY AND BLACKVILLE.—Our new Parson, the Rev. R. M. Huggell, has entered upon his work with vigour, and we are thankful for regular Services, good congregations and cheering prospects. More particulars of Church work in this Mission may be forthcoming for next "*Deanery Magazine*."

LUDLOW AND BLISSFIELD.—We have not had any tidings of the work of the faithful in this Mission for some weeks past, but no doubt the stakes of Zion are being strengthened in quietness and confidence. There is a prospect that a House of Prayer for all people will soon be built at Doaktown.

WELDFORD.—The painting of the Rectory is about completed and has made an immense improvement in the abode of our worthy Parson. Now the ladies of S. Matthew's congregation are determined on further good works, and so in connection with other helpers they are working away for the new windows of the Church. All honour to the faithful who give time and talents and work for the adornment of the House of our God!

Deanery of Kingston.

SUSSEX.—The genial face of our dear Rector has been sadly missed from our midst during his long illness. It is with feelings of deep thankfulness that we occasionally see him out, and we hope he will continue to improve. We are glad to hear he is going to take a long rest, and if we don't have services quite so often perhaps we will appreciate them more when we do get them. Perhaps the time when we most missed our Rector was on Easter Sunday morning, and such a glorious Easter morn as it was; it really made

one feel that our Lord is risen indeed. Rev. Mr. Cowie held a beautiful and impressive service in the evening. The Church was tastefully decorated with Easter hangings and lovely flowers. Easter being so late this year, we had a chance to get those sweet little Mayflowers. The font was filled with them and there was a lovely floral cross of roses and lilies for the Altar, and some beautiful potted plants for the steps of the Chancel.

A quiet and pleasant Vestry meeting was held on Easter Monday and the finances of the Church were found to be in a very good condition.

A meeting of the Church Corporation was held, at which it was decided to finish the painting of Trinity Church and put a new roof on the Rectory. These have both needed doing for a long time, and we are pleased to see them taking some action in the matter.

The concert in aid of the S. S. Library, under the leadership of Mrs. F. Arnold, was a decided success, both musically and financially. The neat little sum of \$30 was realized.

The Church at Mount Middleton was presented with a beautiful Altar covering by Mrs. Medley, of Fredericton.

CAMBRIDGE. — The Easter meetings were very harmonious. S. Luke's Church has decided to adopt the envelope system. A committee has been appointed to overlook the repairs on the Church.

The church grounds of S. James' Church are being put in order for the consecration, which we hope will be in June.

Bishop Kingdon has promised (D. V.) to be with us for Confirmation on June 23 and 24, and all are asked to embrace this opportunity of receiving the "Gift of the Laying on of Hands" who have not yet received it.

We have been promised another stained glass window for the "Stone Church," and the debt has been reduced by the S. P. C. K. grant of \$380. Who will send us \$1.00 to reduce this to nought?

JOHNSTON. — Squire Robert Phillips has succeeded in collecting from kind friends in St. John and elsewhere more than a hundred dollars for our little Church at Canaan Rapids. We are very grateful to the Squire for his energetic labours on our behalf and to the generous friends who so readily contributed to help our little work.

The Parson is busy preparing candidates for Confirmation. He is holding classes in four different places, but does not know as yet exactly how many will be Confirmed.

Within a few weeks of each other, and living only a few miles apart, three persons have died in this Parish lately, aged respectively 92, 94 and 98! This shows that Johnston is not a very unhealthy place.

HAMPTON. — A Guild, to be called the "Guild of S. Mary," has recently been organized at Hampton Village in connection with S. Mary's Chapel, its object being to further by lay help the carrying out of the various branches of Church work, such as the following: Bringing children to Holy Baptism, the unconfirmed to Confirmation, promoting order and reverence in Public Worship, caring for strangers on their coming into the Parish, and otherwise strengthening the Rector's hands. Periodical meetings will be held for the reading and discussion of papers on topics of interest to Churchmen. The officers for the ensuing year are: Warden, the Rector; Sub-Warden, Wm. Otty; Treasurer, Miss Ingledew; Secretary, Mrs. Maynard.

A lecture for the benefit of the Guild was given in S. Mary's School Chapel on the evening of Monday, May 6th, by the Rev. O. S. Newnham.

Deanery of Shediac.

BAIE VERTE. — The friends of the Church will be glad to learn that the prospect for this Mission is brighter than when we last wrote. A Churchman, who desires to keep his light under a bushel, has conditionally offered one hundred dollars to the Board of Home Missions. We hope the Board may see its way, under the circumstances, to try a venture of faith.

DORCHESTER. — Nothing of any magnitude has startled us during the last month. The *trivial round* is our happy lot, varied only by the planting of trees about the Church, the holding of classes looking forward to a visit from the Bishop Coadjutor, and sundry little floating straws that assure the true lovers and well wishers of the Church that the wind is in a good quarter. These make up the sum total of our present Parochial existence.

MONCTON. — Since last writing, the genial Church Wardens of this Parish have gladdened the hearts of the Parson and his family, and cheered their own, by letting the contract for a new Parsonage that will bring comfort to the Rector, honour to the Parish, and a fresh impetus to all.

SACKVILLE. — The Rector did himself and many of the Dorchester people good by exchanging with

the Rector of that Parish on the fourth Sunday after Easter. Mr. Wiggins is always a welcome visitor to Dorchester.

SHEDIAK.—This Parish in particular, and the Diocese at large, has to mourn the death of the Hon. Daniel Hanington in his eighty-seventh year. He was the son of a veritable pioneer Churchman, William Hanington, a native of London, England, who came to Shediac in 1774. This old gentleman used to hold Services as a Lay Reader long before there was any Bishop in the Colonial Church, inasmuch as he acted in this capacity thirteen years before the consecration of Dr. Chas. Inglis, the first Colonial Bishop. The late honourable gentleman, like his father before him, was a great lover and supporter of the Church in all departments of her work; and, whatever difficulties and complications arose from time to time in the Parish, he was *always* found *standing by the Church*. No troubles ever kept him or any of his large family from the services of the Church. He died on Sunday, May 5th, full of years and full of honours. His remains were accompanied by a very large concourse to the Church of S. Martin in the Woods (his father's Parish Church in England was S. Martin in the Fields), and his remains were borne into the Church, and from the Church to the grave, by six of his sons. The day was beautiful, and the service most solemn and impressive. The Rector was assisted by Rural Dean Campbell. Besides his sons who were present, were his three daughters with members of their respective families, for he enjoyed the blessing of seeing his children's children, and peace upon Israel.

Deanery of St. Andrews.

CAMPOBELLO.—We were gladdened in this Parish on Saturday and Sunday, May 25 and 26, by a visit from His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor. On Sunday morning we had a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, at which 12 of the faithful communicated. At 10.30 o'clock His Lordship administered the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation. The Church at this Service was packed full, every seat being occupied, and yet the congregation was most devout and attentive. Our Rector presented a class of 21 persons for Confirmation, a large number for this Parish. The Bishop spoke most earnestly and lovingly, and his words will long be remembered. At 2.30 a Children's Choral Service was held, and at 7 p. m. Evensong was said, and the Bishop preached to another large congregation. The services of

the day were most profitable to all who attended them, and the Bishop said he could not refrain from expressing what a refreshment it was to hear the heartiness of the responding.

CHRIST CHURCH—St. Stephen.—On Thursday, May 23d, His Lordship Bishop Kingdon visited this Parish and administered the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation to 12 candidates, 5 males and 7 females. The Church was filled, and the Services most reverent and hearty. The Rev. J. W. Millidge, of St. David, was present, and read the Preface in the Confirmation Service.

The congregations at Church Church are steadily improving. The Rector gives one Service each Sunday in St. Anne's Church, Calais.

TRINITY MISSION—St. Stephen.—On Monday, May 27th, Bishop Kingdon visited this Parish and administered the Rite of Confirmation. Before the Service began the Church was crowded. Besides the Bishop and the Rector, Rev. W. W. Campbell, the Rev. O. S. Newnham, Rector of Christ Church, and Rev. J. W. Millidge, Rector of St. David, were present and had seats in the Sanctuary. The Bishop confirmed 21 candidates.

On Friday evening, May 24th, a meeting was held in Trinity School Room in connection with the D. C. Society. This was a joint meeting for the two Parishes. The meeting was addressed by the Bishop Coadjutor, Rev. Leo. A. Hoyt, of Andover, and Mr. G. Herbert Lee, of St. John.

A meeting of the Ruri-Decanal Chapter of St. Andrews will be held (D. V.) in St. George on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11 and 12.

Deanery of Woodstock.

WOODSTOCK.—On Tuesday, May 7th, we had the pleasure of a visit from the Bishop Coadjutor. In the morning the rite of "Laying on of Hands" was administered to twenty candidates (six males and fourteen females). On the following evening a large audience gathered in the Opera House to learn something more of the "Conditions and needs of the Church in this Diocese." The speakers of the evening were His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor; Rev. O. S. Newnham, Rector of Christ Church, St. Stephen, and Mr. C. N. Vroom, St. Stephen. Mr. A. P. Tippet was also expected in this capacity, but did not "show up." The addresses were all very interesting and instructive, and will elicit from our people a more liberal and earnest support of the D. C. S.

BENTON.—Work on our new church has been at a standstill for some time—reason, lack of funds. The outside of the building is finished, but nothing has yet been done to the interior. The people of this little village do what little they can in the best way they can, but they will need outside assistance for an early completion of their Church.

WICKLOW.—On May 14th Bishop Kingdon visited Centreville, Carleton Co., and at 10.30 a. m. bap-

tized in St. James' Church two adults and Confirmed eight candidates presented by the Rector, Rev. J. E. Flewelling.

At 3 p. m. the Bishop consecrated the ground around the above-mentioned Church and set it apart for Christian burial. That evening he left for New York to deliver one of a series of lectures now being delivered in that city.

On Wednesday evening we were honored with a visit from Canon Neales and Rev. D. V. Gwilym, who came to point out to us what the needs of the Diocese are, and they performed their duty creditably to themselves and profitably to us. The Rector of Houlton was a stranger amongst us on this visit, but by his affability and eloquent address he has won all our hearts and caused our purse strings to unloosen. He has promised the Rector to come on St. James' Day, July 25th, and give an address, when we hope he will be greeted with a larger congregation than on his first visit.

K. D. S. S. Teachers' Union.

The annual examination of Teachers belonging to the Union was held on Saturday, April 27th, at four centres, Sussex, Hampton, Kingston and Johnston. There were only seven candidates this year, which is a great falling off from the number of the years 1884 and 1885. The following list of marks shows the result of the examination:

CANDIDATES NUMBER.	OLD TESTAMENT 400.	NEW TESTAMENT 300.	CATECHISM 300.	TOTAL 1000.
9*	390	260	260	910
10	340	270	250	860
1*	360	210	280	850
11*	390	260	180	830
5*	330	220	180	730
2	280	140	130	550
7	240	100	130	470

The candidates whose numbers are marked * are former winners of both 1st and 2nd Prizes once, and are therefore handicapped 250 for the first prize and 175 for the second.

No. 10 is a winner of the second prize once, but not of the first.

The winners of prizes this year are: No. 10, Mr. D. O. McDougall, of Kingston, who takes the first prize, and No. 9, Miss Bessie Hazen, of Sussex, who both leads the class and, notwithstanding the handicap of 175, takes the second prize. We tender our hearty congratulations to both.

The following report of the Examiner is of interest to all our readers:

THE EXAMINER'S REPORT.

To the Secty. of S. S. T. U. of Kingston Deanery:

DEAR SIR,—In submitting my report of the recent examination, let me congratulate the S. S. T. U. on the marked improvement which the papers display. Such well thought out and carefully written answers make the work of examining a pleasure. Two of the papers on the New Testament, Nos. 1 and 7, were unfinished else the marks would have been

higher. The former of these was nearly perfect as far as it went, but the last three questions were untouched.

In the question on the miracle of Bethoron I had hoped to have elicited some knowledge of a very interesting interpretation published in the *Church Quarterly Review* some four years ago based upon the fact that the Hebrew word translated "stand still" signifies literally "be silent" and may be taken to mean "with-hold thy light." The explanation is offered that a mist obscured the sun's light. Let me hope that the members of the S. S. T. U. may be induced to procure the article to which I have referred and study it. The answer to this question in No. 11 was good and showed intelligent reading.

The Old Testament papers as a whole were the best set of papers it has ever been my privilege to examine.

F. W. VROOM, *Examiner.*

King's College, N. S., 16th May, 1889.

The Committee earnestly desire to thank Professor Vroom for the pains which he has taken in this work, and in doing so they speak for the candidates as well as for themselves. The next General Meeting of the Union will be held at Clifton, K. C., on Wednesday, July 10th. The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 10 a. m. Business will open at 11 a. m.

The members are respectfully asked to aid the Committee on Arrangements in drawing up a plan of work by sending to the Secretary in the form of a motion any subjects for discussion connected with our work.

By order of the Committee.

J. R. DEW. COWIE,

Secretary S. S. T. U.

NOTICE.

S. S. T. U., SECT. III., LIBRARY.

At the last meeting of the S. S. T. U., Sect. III., it was decided to invest the surplus money in a library for the use of the members of that section. Fifteen dollars were placed in the hands of a committee of three, who had power to select books, and there are now eleven volumes in the library. Members of the Union, Sect. III., can obtain these by calling at the residence of Chas. Hazen, Sussex. Books will be mailed to members living out of Sussex, the postage being taken out of the funds of the S. S. T. U.

The following is a list of the books:

- (1). The Faith of the Gospel, by *Mason*.
- (2). Martyrs and Saints of the first twelve centuries, by *Author of Schonbergcotta Family*.
- (3). Life of St. Francis de Sales, by *H. J. S. Isur*.
- (4). Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, by *S. Loring-Gould*.
- (5). Key to Church History (Ancient), by *Blunt*.
- (6). Key to Church History (Modern), by *Blunt*.
- (7). Lives of Twelve Good Men, by *Burton*.
- (8). Lives of Twelve Good Men, by *Burton*.
- (9). Life of Peter the Great, by *F. Barrow*.
- (10). History of the Jews, by *H. H. Milman*.
- (11). Our Hundred Days in Europe, by *W. Holmes*.

BESSIE HAZEN, *Librarian.*



THE
Banner of Faith.

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[No. 6.]

‘**Oliver.**’

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AND SON.

FOR a moment they stood silent, face to face, the memory of that last meeting at Boskyfield present to both their minds. Ay, and older memories than that—of days almost beyond Oliver’s recollection, but clear enough to his father’s, who could trace in the young man’s face but little look of the bright baby-boy whom he had loved better than any other living thing.

Hardly knowing what he did, Oliver held out his hands at last with one word, ‘Father!’

There was another pause. It seemed as if the elder man were about to speak, and checked himself.

‘Well,’ he said at last, ‘I’ll not deny you; though, say I am your father, lad—what then?’

Oliver hesitated, feeling something in the tone that checked and chilled him. And neither of them noticed that Agar Wilson went quietly out, shutting the door behind him, and leaving father and son alone together.

‘I’ve come a long way to look for you,’ said Oliver, simply. ‘I’ve been looking for you ever since that night.’

‘Ay!’ answered his father. ‘And that

night I’d come a long way to look for you. And you know what I found!’

‘We were—taken—by surprise,’ said Oliver slowly, feeling, as it were, for words that should be truthful and yet give no offence. ‘If we’d known what you meant to do—’

‘Let be!’ broke in the other impatiently. ‘It makes nought, now, whatever I meant. If I *had* stayed, like enough no good would have come of it; and I heard enough that night to send me away again if I’d meant to stay.’

‘I came to see if you wouldn’t come back. It’s *your* place still—your own home. Nobody’s got a right to say a word against your coming. No one shall, if I can stop them.’

Many a time Oliver had said those words to himself in a passion of indignant protest. He spoke them now in a dogged, half-sullen tone, chilled by something in his father’s look and manner, yet none the less resolved. The older man made a step forward, catching him by the shoulders and looking almost fiercely into his eyes.

‘You’d better let ill alone,’ was all he said, but all the while his looks were questioning the lad’s face, keen and passionate, but thrilled as if with a new hope.

‘I do believe you meant it,’ he said, after a moment, dropping his hands with a little

laugh. 'But it's no use, my lad. I'll come back to Staneslow and Boskyfield no more. I've said it and I've sworn it.'

There was silence again. What indeed could Oliver find to say, though this was his father and the home was his own? Was there anyone in Staneslow who would really be glad to see the wanderer come home? He looked away; and the hungry gaze that had been watching him grew dull and bitter once more.

'If you won't,' he said at last, 'I won't either. I said I'd not go back there without you. I'll stay here, and be with you, if you'll let me.'

'What for, then?' said Martin Haythorn, and laughed. Then, as Oliver's face flushed with sudden anger and pain, he spoke in a different tone.

'Better not, lad. If you'd been more like your mother, now; or, if I'd had the bringing up of you it might have done better. I came back there mainly to see if you'd grown up like your mother. But you're just what I was at your age—for all they told me of your parsons and your church-going, and all the rest, and they say two of a trade never agree. I shouldn't wonder if we weren't best apart after all.'

Oliver half turned away, looking vaguely out at the dingy smoke-encrusted window, more than half angry, and yet feeling his father's words strike him in quite a different way from that in which they were meant.

They *were* alike, and he felt it as well as knew it—felt something about this dark, rough, passionate man that attracted even while it repelled him.

'After all,' he thought, 'he is my father, my own flesh and blood. He has a right to be put out with me, and I have no right but to take it quietly. I know what it feels like to have turned my back on him, and I'll not do it again.'

'You'll not send me away if I want to stay?' he said at last, aloud. 'It's not fair to judge by what was said that night. I've thought better of it now. If we've a chance to get to know each other, after all these years—'

'If you get to know *me* you may live to be sorry for it,' said the elder man bitterly. 'You'll see why, e'en now, if you do stay. But you may stay till you get tired of it, for all I care. You'll see some doings here that would astonish them at Staneslow; but you'll soon find that you can't carry Staneslow fashions all over the world. What can you do for a living?'

The last question was put in such an abrupt, businesslike tone that Oliver started almost with a feeling of anger. It sounded almost as if he had been asking for help and support from his father.

'I've always worked on the farm of late,' he said. 'But uncle saw that I got a good education, so that I could turn to anything in reason. And Mr. Wilmot told me to write to him as soon as I—knew what part I wanted to settle in, and he'd try and find me something to do. He knows a lot of folks in London.'

'Mr. Wilmot? Ay! one of your parsons,' said Martin Haythorn, looking at his son with doubtful, considering eyes. 'Well, I'll say nought against them, for I've had little enough to do with any of them; but you'll find that if you go by the parson's advice we shall have to travel on different roads. That's only what I expect; but you'll please yourself, I suppose.'

'Is there a place in this house, or near by, where I could get a lodging?'

'Maybe! You can find out for yourself. I know what sort of a place it is, and I'll not lift a finger to bring you here.'

'Very well. I *will* find out for myself,' said Oliver, with a determination that could not keep his heart from sinking a little with a mingling of anger and dismay. He could not understand what could be his father's motive; but it seemed very like being cast off after all.

He walked out of the room without another word, and down the stairs, resolved to ask information of the first decent-looking person he met, and take the risk. But in the doorway stood Agar Wilson, propping his long gaunt frame against the door-post, and talking to two or three grimy, ragged children who were pressing up to his knees.

'Well!' he said, facing round. 'So you've found your father?'

'Ay, in a way I have,' answered the young man a little huskily; 'but I don't think he cares. It was the place, and the home, and all that he wanted, seemingly—not me. And he says he won't go back there again; and indeed he'd get but a poor welcome, I doubt.'

'Are you going to lose sight of him again then, and trouble your head no more about him?'

'No; not unless he forces me. And it comes to this, that if I choose to stay here, close against him, he can't hinder it; but he says I'd better not.'

'Shall you stay?'

'Ay, I suppose so; if I can find a place.'

'And suppose he takes himself off tomorrow or next week, and never says a word to you?'

'Then it'll not be *my* fault, anyway, that we're parted again. But somehow I don't fancy he'll do that.'

Agar Wilson stepped out into the street, turned round, and took a leisurely survey of the house and its neighbours.

'You'd better not stay *there* if you can get somewhere else pretty close,' he said. 'Do you want to manage your own affairs, or shall I give you a bit of advice?'

'I'd be glad enough of advice,' said Oliver, honestly enough. 'The very noise of this town makes me feel as if I had but half my wits, and you've helped me a deal already.'

'Come on, then,' said his new-old friend. 'I know a decent man that lives down this street, where there aren't so many decent folks as the other kind. He'll tell us, maybe, where there's a corner to be had, and what houses are best kept out of, and that's always something to know.'

Thankfully Oliver followed the ex-sailor, wondering what the cautious Staneslow folks—to whom anyone not born and bred in the neighbourhood was a suspicious character—would have thought of his placing so much confidence in a man he had seen but twice before. But he had a

feeling that his confidence was not misplaced. With all his faults Oliver was 'a child of the kingdom,' and the children of that kingdom have an inner sense by which they sometimes recognise each other almost without being aware of it.

Wilson's 'decent' friend hardly *looked* decent, since he worked at some nondescript trade that seemed to keep both him and his little den of a room in an indescribable state of dirt. But he spoke like an honest man, and was willing to give them all the help in his power; and by his advice and assistance Oliver found himself established that same night in a little attic room almost exactly opposite the house in which his father was living.

His small belongings Agar Wilson helped him to fetch from his former abode, declining any payment or even thanks for the time and trouble he had bestowed on him.

'You've a stiffish bit of road before you,' he said as he took his leave. 'I'll be glad to know how you get over it, and to give you a helping hand if I can. You know where to find me. Come and see me now and again, and let me know how you get along.'

With that he took his leave, and Oliver locked his door upon his scanty possessions, and went across to the room where he had seen his father.

The door was shut and locked, but after he had waited a minute his father opened it, standing in the doorway as if he had no mind that anyone should come in.

Notwithstanding, Oliver could see beyond his father's broad shoulders the dimly-lighted room and two men sitting by the table, where they had apparently been playing a game of cards.

'It's you, is it?' said Martin Haythorn in an odd tone of annoyance mingled with some other feeling. 'I thought you'd taken yourself off again.'

'No,' said Oliver quietly, 'I've got a room just opposite. But it's lonesome being there by myself of a night. May I come in?'

'Yes, you may,' answered his father in

the same tone. 'Come in with you; but whatever comes of it don't say it was *my* doing. There's two friends of mine, but you needn't ask 'em their names.'

The two looked up and nodded, and Oliver looked at them both and wished them away. Ignorant as he was, he felt instinctively that they were 'no good.'

'Will he take a hand with us?' asked the elder of them, glancing at Martin Haythorn and shuffling the dirty cards.

'You may ask him, if you like; I shan't,' said the other pointedly. And the man looked at Oliver and suggested that he should join them, but in a careless, doubtful tone, as if somehow the zest of the game was gone with his entrance.

Oliver declined as civilly as he could. He had promised Mr. Wilmot that he would never play for money, and these men did not seem very likely to play 'for love.' And after a moment or two they signed to Martin Haythorn to sit down again, and the game went on, while Oliver took a rickety seat in the corner and watched them.

He did not even know what game it was that they were playing, but perhaps his attentive eyes disconcerted them, for after a while they began to dispute in a sulky way instead of going on with it. One thing Oliver noticed: that both of the strangers seemed to be afraid of his father, in spite of a show of friendliness between them. Small disputes there were over the chances of the game, but the instant Haythorn's voice rose and his eyes began to flash the other two seemed prepared to give up their own opinions—or at any rate to say nothing more about them—rather than have any disagreement.

It was strange enough to Oliver to be thus gathering hints as to his own father's character from the behaviour of strangers; and he watched and listened to them with some foreboding as well as curiosity.

'Could I learn to be afraid of him too? And, if I did, would it make me—hate him?' he was saying to himself when the men rose and took their leave, and he was left alone with his father.

'Well, you've frightened *them* away, and no great loss either!' said Martin Haythorn. 'Now you must just make yourself agreeable instead, since you are here. Pull that chair out, and sit you down, and tell me all about the old place, and what's become of them all.'

He spoke with a kind of bitter good humour; and Oliver sat down as he was bid and answered question after question, feeling sometimes as though he had been away almost as long as his father, and as if all of which he spoke might be changed by now.

It was as a banished man, though banished by his own fault, that Martin Haythorn spoke of his old home; and there was a good deal of sadness in the tone of some of his questions—questions that showed a pathetically clear recollection of all the little ins and outs of the life of the village. Some news he had gathered during his own short visit to Staneslow—hints of changes and chances that seemed surprising enough to him, and that needed a good many words from Oliver to explain them. And, as the talk went on, his face softened now and then, till his son would hardly have known it, but that it seemed to bring back dim recollections of childish days that looked more like dreams than realities.

That gentler look made him bold at last to ask a question on his own account.

'What's the name of that sailor that was up yonder with you?'

'Hutchins—Joe Hutchins,' answered his father, his face darkening suddenly.

'Does he live here?'

'Ay! worse luck!'

'Don't you think well of him, then?'

'I don't think about him at all—when I can help it.'

Oliver paused a moment, and then resolved to go through with it. 'What made him come all the way to Staneslow with you?'

Martin Haythorn knocked his empty pipe on the bars of the empty grate, and frowned till his black brows nearly met.

But if he was angry it did not appear to be with Oliver.

'Why does the weasel go after the rabbit? Can you tell me that?' he said at last. 'Never mind him—I'll maybe get shut of him one of these days. Tell me some more about that old spot that I'll never see again.'

'Very well! but there's one thing more I want to ask,' said Oliver desperately. 'If you've no fancy for that fellow's company, it isn't much to think that perhaps you'd rather have mine. Won't you leave him this room to himself and come across the way and take a share of the one I've got?'

Oliver spoke eagerly enough. His father's evident discontent with his present surroundings had given him his opportunity even before he looked for it. If only he could get him away from this place and these companions!—somewhere where he

could hope to do a son's duty by him, and lead him back to a different life!

Martin Haythorn was in no hurry to answer. He looked at his son with an odd, somewhat disconcerting smile.

'I know what you want,' he said, 'and a while ago I shouldn't have been altogether unwilling, myself: though it might have turned out a tougher job than you think for. But now—I don't know—there's things to be thought about that you don't know of. And I warn you, once again, you'd better let me alone. I'm not good to have to do with.'

'You're my father,' said Oliver quietly. 'I didn't choose you, nor you me; but it seems as though we *ought* to have something to do with each other.'

'Maybe!' answered the other slowly. 'Well, wait a bit. Wait a week, anyway—and we'll see what you say to it then.'

(To be continued.)

The Unitarians.

DURING the last century, as most people know, the Christian religion in England was at a very low ebb. The truths—the life-giving truths—of Christianity had dropped out of sight, at least among educated people. And in the place of them there was a cold, barren Deism. Deism means a belief in a God who is far removed from the Universe He has created. So far removed that He cannot exercise a control over it—cannot guide the worlds as they speed on their course through space. The religion of the Deist, you see, is a very sad one; for, though he believes that God did create everything in the first instance, he thinks that all now has escaped from His control. So that the suffering and the sorrow and the sin must just go on and take its course, for all that God can do.

Sometimes, too, he thinks that God does not *care* either—that it is a matter of in-

difference to Him whether we are happy or unhappy, whether we are good or bad. And then the Deist could not attach much importance to prayer; for if God was far away and beyond earshot what was the use of trying to speak to Him?

Under the influence of such ideas England grew cold and careless, and vital religion seemed in danger of being extinguished. Then Bishop Butler wrote his famous 'Analogy,' in which he showed people that, if they believed in a God at all, they must go on to accept the God of Christianity.

It was owing to the religious slumber of the eighteenth century that two fresh sects came into being. Unitarianism on the one side, Wesleyanism on the other. They were both attempts to establish a more satisfactory state of things.

It is difficult to describe Unitarian beliefs clearly and simply. The modern Unitarians have never been a large body

in this country, but they have numbered amongst them men of intellect and power. And their faith is supposed to be the result of close reasoning.

The name they bear reveals to us something of their doctrine. They maintain that God exists in One Person only. They insist upon the Unity of the Godhead as opposed to the Trinity. The one God, however, is not with them banished to a remote corner of His Creation. He is the great All-Father who loves and compassionates His children. He is able and willing to help them.

Unitarianism is an attempt to escape from the mystery of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. But it is not the first attempt. So early as A.D. 200 Praxeas was perplexed by the same doctrine. He tried to get out of the difficulty that it presents, by merging the Three Persons of the Godhead into One Person. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit were but different names for the same Divine Person, who acted in different ways—sometimes as Father, sometimes as Son, sometimes as Spirit. So that it was even taught by the followers of Praxeas that the Father became Man, was born, and suffered. And on account of this they were called by their opponents Patripassians. Praxeas was followed about the middle of the third century by Sabellius, whose teaching was of a similar kind.

But the real ancestors of the Unitarians were the Arians, who tried to solve the difficulty in another way. Arianism made God the Father supreme at the expense of the two other Persons of the Holy Trinity. There was a period, they said, when the Son of God had no existence. He was created by the Father before all worlds indeed, but still created. He was specially enlightened by the Father, and in a lesser sense might be called God, for by His agency God made the world. In the fourth century Christendom was torn asunder by the dispute between the followers of Arius and the champions of the true Godhead of our Lord. A great council of the whole Church was held at Nicæa in the year 325.

Athanasius and the orthodox bishops on the one side, Arius and his followers on the other. There is a Latin proverb which says, 'Truth is great, and will finally prevail.' And so it came to pass that Arianism, casting as it did dishonour upon our Lord, was by the whole Christian world condemned, and the truth was vindicated.

The fruits of this council are gathered up for all time in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, which assert that Jesus Christ Himself is very God of very God, Begotten, not made; that He is equal to the Father as touching His Godhead; and that the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty coeternal.

The decision of the Nicene Council was not given without much prayer and much searching of the Holy Scriptures. And we must believe that it was dictated by the Holy Spirit Who was expressly sent to guide the Church into all truth. There would be much weighing of our Lord's own words, such as: 'I and the Father are (essentially) One.' 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' Or again of the statement of the beloved Apostle that 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' Then, too, the Baptismal formula would be carefully considered in which Christ bade His disciples baptise all the nations into the one Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Yet the Nicene Fathers recollected that the distinction between the Three Persons is as clearly revealed as their essential Unity. Thus our Lord says to His disciples on the evening before the crucifixion: 'I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that He may be with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth.' Here, we observe, the Son prays; the Father hears and gives; the Holy Ghost comes.

It might have been supposed that the putting forth of these Creeds, drawn as they are carefully from Scripture, and bearing upon them the sanction and approval of the whole Christian world, would have settled these questions once for all.

Unhappily it was not so. In the confusion and turmoil of the Reformation we find the same old heresies started again, and Socinianism called into question once more the doctrine of the Trinity.

It is difficult to distinguish between Socinianism and modern Unitarianism. They both agree in denying that the Son is equal to the Father as touching His Godhead, and both fall into the errors consequent upon such denial. The old Socinianism refused to believe that the Holy Spirit is a Person; denied that we inherit the corruption of Adam's Nature; asserted that Christ's merits consisted not in the death which He died upon the Cross, but in His life, His teaching, His example. Socinianism really undermines the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement. If Jesus Christ was not God, then the whole fabric of Christianity falls to the ground. His Blood does not wash away our sins. Union with Him does not mean that we are really partakers of the Divine Nature. And if we are not sharers of the Divine Nature, where is the pledge of our immortality? In such a case S. Paul would have said that of all men we are the most miserable. What the ancient Socinians taught, modern Unitarians hold more or less definitely. The teaching and example of Christ, not His Person and His Sacrifice, are all important with them. We may imitate Him in His admirable life; but we cannot be made one with Him in any real sense and so be made one with God.

The existence of Unitarianism warns us that we should carefully examine what is our faith. The Unitarian revolts from what he thinks is the creed of the Churchman—belief in three Gods. He is mistaken, of course. But how many there are who unconsciously think of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost as three separate Beings, each independent of the other, though acting in harmony together! As a matter of fact, the Creeds of the Church insist upon the Unity of the Godhead as fully as any Unitarian could do. 'To say there be three Gods or three Lords is forbidden by the Catholic religion.' With the Jew, with

the Mohammedan, with the Unitarian, the Church asserts that 'God is One.' Though the Father is God and the Son is God and the Holy Ghost is God, yet they are not three Gods but one God.

The doctrine of the three distinct Persons in one God is a great mystery. Nor is it to be expected that created beings should be able to understand and measure their Maker. He is past finding out. The very terms we use to describe Him are inadequate for the purpose. And so the Creed teaches us to bow our whole being before Him and say, not we know or understand, but *we worship* one God in Trinity and Trinity in Unity. We are like the angels in heaven, who dare not presume to do aught else than cast their crowns, the gifts of reason and affection with which He has endowed them, before the Throne, crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of His glory.'

The Unitarians have tried to reason out what God intended should be received with submission—the mystery of His own Being.

And now let us notice in conclusion that, though the Being of God is a mystery, and must remain so, to poor finite creatures like ourselves, yet Revelation has made clear what He is to us.

The Creed reminds us that we believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. That is, first we agree with the Deist that God made everything visible and invisible. But, as Almighty, we believe that He still has control over the world He has made. So far from being removed from it, He guides and regulates its affairs. Were His hand to be withdrawn, then all things would return to the chaos out of which they were brought.

Then there is the word 'Father' by which we acknowledge all that the Unitarian prizes so highly. God is our Father. We are His children. He loves us and desires our happiness. He does more, and here we go beyond the Unitarian. He gives His love practical effect. He sends His Only-begotten Son into the world, that the world through Him may be saved.

And so Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, having emptied Himself of His glory which He had with the Father before the world was. He is perfect God and perfect Man. He shares the nature of God. He shares our nature. So by union with Him we are lifted up into the Divine Nature. He dies upon the Cross, He gives His life a ransom for many. His Blood cleanseth from all sin.

Then arises the question, how shall we have union with Him? How shall we individually touch His Sacred Person? And the answer is, by the assistance of the Comforter whom He promised to send from the Father—the personal Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son. In Baptism the Holy Spirit brings us into union


with Christ, so that we can say with S. Paul, 'We are members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones.' In Confirmation He comes to strengthen us in this union. And as we partake of Christ's sacred Body and Blood, He is there, helping us to discern so great a mystery. Cleansed and sanctified, our bodies become the temples of the Holy Ghost.

Thus we see the Threc Persons of the Blessed Trinity co-operate in our redemption and sanctification. And realising this, we turn again to worship the One God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. And to the Holy Spirit we pray,

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but one.

J. H. M.

Something about Seals.

OME few years ago a learned professor was sent out into the cold north to watch and record the habits of seals, and what he tells us of the first few months of seal life is most curious and interesting.

'When this infant comes into the cold, wet world, he is about as big as a half-grown cat. He is dressed in a suit of rather long black hair, with an undercoat of fine short fur. His head is pretty, as are the heads of all seals, and he has beautiful, large, dark blue eyes, with long lashes. His fore flippers, broad, finlike-looking things, are extremely useful. On them he walks, taking two short, mincing steps, and then bringing up with a jerk his body, which rests on the heels of his hind flippers. With these he also swims. His hind flippers, however, are the strangest members one can imagine. They are long and thin, and flat; as the professor says, like a black kid glove pressed flat and wrinkled. The long fingers, turned far out on each side, flap about in a useless kind of way. In swimming they are used to steer with, but on shore merely to fan and scratch himself. He never rests on them.

'The young seal is a regular baby. The first thing he does is to cry with a weak bleat, like that of a lamb. One of the most peculiar things is his fondness for babies of his own kind. As soon as he can get about, he leaves his home and joins his fellow-babies. These little fellows collect in great numbers by themselves, at the back of the ground which their elders occupy. When a mother seal comes up from the sea to nurse her little one, she approaches the nursery of thousands of youngsters looking all alike, calling as she comes. Hundreds of little voices answer her call, but she knows her own, and pushes her way through the crowd, turning the others right and left, till she reaches him and feeds him.

'Then she goes away and leaves him with his playfellows. She doesn't seem to care that he prefers to be with them; in fact this is seal fashion. When they go back to the life in the sea, the fathers go by themselves, the mothers in parties of their own, the half-grown "young bachelors," as they are called, in their own company, and, strangest of all, the babies also together.

'A very interesting sight is a field, five or six miles long, filled with little seals, hun-

Some of them are flat on their backs, with hind flippers drawn up, and the fore flippers



dreds of thousands of them, almost as thick as grains of sand on the shore. Many are lying about in every possible position.

crossed on the breast; others lie flat on the stomach, with hind flippers under the body; others on the side, with one flipper held up

in the air; while some are curled up in a ring like a dog.

'Most of these babies sleep in a restless, jerky, nervous way, as if they had bad dreams. Many will be seen playing with each other, crawling over the ground uneasily, day and night alike, or rolling over and over in good-natured frolic; for these amiable little beasts are never ill-natured.

'The interesting time in this water-baby's life comes when he learns to swim. His parents take no notice of him, and the little fellow has to attend to his own edu-

struggles and beats the water with his little flippers, and comes out so tired that he has to take a nap at once.

'Every day the young seals play in the water, very clumsy and awkward at first, but learning more as time goes on, till, before many weeks, the whole baby population of hundreds of thousands of pups spend most of their time in the surf, swarming along the whole coast, rollicking and chatting in great glee.

'By the time the old seals leave the land, and the young ones begin to feel the desire to go too, the young seal can swim and



A SEAL HUNT.

cation, for, strange to say, though destined to pass his life in the water, he cannot swim till he has learned.

'It happens thus: In his wandering about the land, when he gets to be five or six weeks old, the pup, as he is called, first or last stumbles upon the beach, and into the edge of the surf. This is a new element, but it has a fascination for him that he cannot resist.

'The first time a wave washes up and goes over him, he turns in hot haste and scrambles back upon the land, very much frightened; but in a moment or two back he goes, flounders about in the first wave,

dive and sport and sleep in the water with ease. Also he has learned to get from it his food, consisting of small squids and other little creatures, till he is strong and expert enough to catch fish.

'By the middle of September this self-training is ended, and the young seals weigh thirty or forty pounds. As the time draws near for them to take to their ocean life, they shed their baby-coats and put on the "sea-going jackets"—light grey overcoats of fine hair about an inch long, and soft brown under ones, half an inch thick, which keep their bodies warm and dry.

'At the same time the old seals have put on their fresh suits, and the whole settlement breaks up for the year. The old

males leave first, a little later the mothers and bachelors, and last of all the young ones.'

Another 'Bill.'

WE all remember the story of 'Bill' which appeared in our pages a short time ago, the dog with a common name, but which was not a common dog, and which received the very uncommon honour, for a dog, of a testimonial—an honour, however, which we must I agree he well deserved. We think our readers will be as much interested as we were to hear of another uncommon dog which has conferred distinction on the common name of 'Bill.'

'Bill' was the name of this plucky little English terrier which belonged to an English sailor; but 'Bill' was only a puppy when at Dunkirk he became the property of a French master, and he soon contentedly answered to friendly calls of 'Beel,' the nearest approach his new master could manage to his old name.

'Beel' and his master were firm friends, and, when the latter was called to fight for home and country during the late Continental war, 'Beel' accompanied him wherever he went, as closely as was allowed. At last came a dreadful day which 'Beel' will never forget. His master bade him goodbye, and would not let him follow, but marched off with hundreds of his fellow-soldiers. 'Beel' kept them in sight, but soon was terribly frightened by the roaring of cannon and flash of fire; such noise, confusion and smoke he had never seen. He tried to watch his master, but lost sight of him over and over again, and at last could not make him out anywhere. Poor

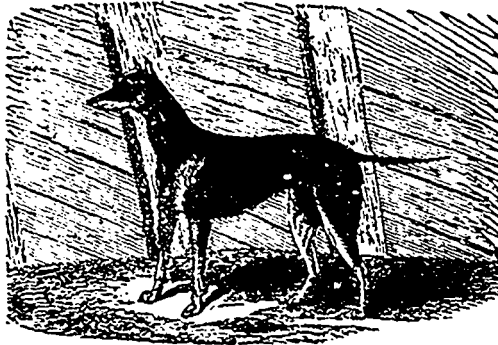
'Beel' was nearly frantic with excitement and alarm. He attempted to rush into the fray, but could not make his way amid the fighting, struggling crowd, so he watched and waited.

After a time the noise grew less, the flashes and smoke from the guns ceased, the soldiers moved slowly off, and 'Beel' began to hunt for his master. He did not dare to approach too closely to the marching soldiers, knowing that was against his master's orders, but to and fro on the ghastly battlefield he ran, sniffing round the prostrate forms and eagerly searching for the beloved face.

How still the men lay! How strangely white and cold they were! At length a joy-

ful bark proclaimed success. 'Beel' rushed upon his master, who was lying on the ground, licked the cold white face, and to his great delight heard his name whispered in feeble tones. He jumped round, barked, and tried by every means in his power to entice his dear master to get up and come home, but finding all efforts in vain gave up the attempt. Sniffing restlessly round, he found his master's *képi*, which had fallen off, took it in his mouth, and as twilight deepened crouched down close to the wounded soldier and kept watch.

Very sorely wounded the poor soldier was! A ball had struck him in the chest; the blood flowed freely; he had no means of staunching it, and so got weaker and weaker every hour. Save the dead and dying, none were near. They needed help



as sadly as he did, and there was no one to give it—no one to bring the drop of cold water for which, faint and parched with agony, they longed. So six hours dragged out their weary length. No living thing moved except 'Beel,' who now and then licked his master's face and whined, and then returned to his watch.

At last 'Beel' gave up his watch. Once more he licked his master's hands and face, as if in farewell, picked up the *képi*, and trotted away.

Then the brave soldier felt forsaken indeed! His faithful dog had deserted him! The faint gleam of daylight faded, and dense darkness fell, hiding indeed the ghastly sights and sounds around, but perhaps these now seemed almost more terrible in imagination. The ghastly company of dead and dying men—comrades and enemies, helpless and hopeless alike. Intense cold added to the agony of the poor fellow's wounds; his limbs grew stiff; he had not strength to move even a finger. The night wind moaned around, a sickly feeling of faintness overcame him, and feeling that his last hour was indeed come he commended himself to God.

Meanwhile 'Beel' wandered for miles in the darkness, through a strange country, until he saw a light, which proceeded from a *cabaret* by the roadside. He entered and attracted the observation of those within. They noticed that he carried a soldier's *képi* in his mouth, and that he was stained with blood. Having heard cannonading all day, the men guessed he had come from the field of battle. They offered him food and water, and tried to induce him to lie down quietly. He drank eagerly; but, though lame and evidently nearly spent with fatigue, he would not rest, but wandered restlessly to the door and back, till at last he induced one of the men to get up and see what he wanted. This was plainly just the thing 'Beel' was trying for. He barked and set off at a run, looking back to see that he was followed, and returning with downcast air when he saw his new-found friend

did not come on. The man explained to his companions an idea that had suddenly struck him—the dog's master was wounded and in need of help, which the faithful little creature must be seeking. He persuaded them to accompany him, and to bring a small cart. So when 'Beel' once more started off he had the satisfaction of finding that he was followed at last. 'Beel' led his followers straight across country, over fields and hedges, so that the party had to divide, some keeping to the nearest lanes with the cart. At length they reached the field of battle. 'Beel' still ran on, past many a still form without pausing, till with joyful barks he jumped round his beloved master, who, alas! lay as still and stiff as the forms around.

The poor soldier had become quite unconscious after his effort to pray, and when the sound of voices first broke on his ear thought he must be dreaming. A rough tongue frantically licking his face roused him, hope renewed his fast-ebbing life, and with an effort he opened his eyes to see by the flickering lights around the cheering sight of friendly faces.

Thank God! he is not to die alone and forsaken. Help came only just in time. With rough kindness his deliverers bound up his wounds, and poured some reviving spirit down his throat, then carried him as gently as they could to the little cart which was waiting in the road hard by—'Beel' following closely—drove him to shelter, and gave the best tendance they could that night. Faint and weak as he was next morning, his first thought was for his faithful 'Beel,' who was limping about on three legs, and was discovered to have been wounded in one leg by a ball, in the same battle which had so nearly proved fatal to his master. They both recovered sufficiently to return to Paris with the convalescent soldiers, where 'Beel' limped about proudly after his master, who was never weary of recounting how his faithful little friend had saved his life on that lonely battlefield near Ham.



S. John Baptising Our Lord in the River Jordan.

A WORD TO ALL MEN.

OUR blessed Lord came to S. John to be baptised of him. The All Holy! Who needed no washing in the waters of repentance! Why, then, did He do this? Surely to teach men that no ordinance

of our religion is to be neglected or deemed unnecessary. We may not choose how much or how little we will do as Christians. Look in your Bibles. 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.'

Home, Sweet Home.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tom had quite disappeared round the corner of the street, Alice returned to her rooms and washed up the breakfast things in boiling water. She had refilled the kettle before sitting down to breakfast, as she was well aware of the great importance of having really boiling water for all greasy or milky things. She had opened the bed and left it to air with the bedding by a window, a practice which Mrs. Bent had always strictly enforced; for she said, 'It is most unhealthy to sleep in beds which are not regularly aired every day.'

By this time it was fully light, and not a bad day at all for winter—'bright sunshine even in London,' as Alice remarked to herself with satisfaction.

'Always settle about your dinner first thing in the morning,' Mrs. Bent had said. But as Tom could not get back to dinner, Alice had cut him some good sandwiches of whole-meal bread and bacon, and she decided to have one of the same herself with a cup of cocoa in the middle of the day, and get a nice little supper ready, which she would share with Tom.

'It will be like the gentry, to have our best meal at seven o'clock,' she thought. 'But that is not the reason. If we were nearer Tom's work so as he could get back to dinner I'd take care and have it ready for him, but as it takes half an hour each way of course he can't come home more than evenings, so I must make him comfortable then instead.'

What should that first dinner-supper be?

Alice felt quite puzzled to choose; she knew of so many things that would be nice. However, she remembered Mrs. Bent's advice to settle all the week at once. This was Tuesday. Suppose she had a stew made of meat and vegetables that evening. She could get one pound of pieces of nice meat off the butcher's piece-board for sevenpence, and she would buy a few turnips,

carrots, onions, and potatoes to last till Saturday, when she was to lay in her supply for the week.

Tom was very fond of puddings—most men are; and it is astonishing how seldom their wives take the trouble to make them for them. Perhaps they don't know how, but often they won't even try, for plain puddings are not difficult to make. Well, Alice thought that for Wednesday evening she might serve the remains of the Tuesday stew as soup, by putting it on with the bones to simmer gently all day in a little water, and thickening it with a spoonful of fine oatmeal, and might have as well a gingerbread pudding. Thursday she would have a beefsteak pudding, and Friday two fresh herrings fried and a baked rice pudding. Then Saturday morning, when Tom would be home by one o'clock, they would have pickled pork baked with haricot beans, and so be able to start on Sunday with a nice little bit of roast beef and a pudding—'apple dumplings, perhaps,' Alice thought.

'I shall make a fresh plan next week,' she considered. 'There may be some cold meat left from the Sunday beef, which must always last Monday, though I shall never buy but a little piece, for fresh-cooked meat is so much tastier than cold or warmed up. Then I shall have a little dripping, and some gravy over too, I hope, which always comes in so useful.'

Alice put on her hat and jacket, took a marketing basket, and went out to make her purchases. And here she found her experience at the Vicarage come in very usefully. She knew good meat from bad, and did not buy pieces all gristle and bone, neither did she allow worm-eaten carrots or turnips half pith to be put off upon her. Alice looked rather longingly at the celery. She knew what a wholesome vegetable it was, and how greatly it improved the flavour of soups and stews, but it was rather dear at the shops, so she decided not to buy any till Saturday, and then always to get a head, of which every part—

outside leaves and all—would be of use, after the heart had been eaten with cold meat or bread and cheese as a salad.

It did not take Alice long to make her purchases. These included a pennyworth of bones, which on her return she chopped up small and put on to boil while she could spare the middle of the fire to the saucepan. Bones must boil fast and long to get the goodness out of them. They want to be well washed under the tap, then put on in warm water, and as soon as the water boils up to be carefully skimmed till no more dirty scum rises. Then salt and pepper are added. The lid is put on and the pot left boiling for seven or eight hours. If the fire is required for something else in between, the pot can be taken off and put on again when convenient, remembering that the full time must be given first or last. The liquor is strained through a cullender into a large bowl, and when cold a cake of fat is to be removed from the top, underneath which will be found a jelly. This will make any kind of soup. It is what cooks call 'stock,' and the fat is most useful for frying fish or anything; while if it is clarified, that is, melted into a pan of boiling water, stirred, and left till cold, it makes excellent pastry. Clarifying or clearing fat in water makes any gritty or dark particles settle to the bottom, and when the fat cake is carefully lifted off the water the bottom can be scraped, and the rest is good enough for anything. In a family of children, two or three pennyworth of bones should be bought at once, but Alice and Tom were a very small family, and did not need large quantities of anything at present.

While the stock was boiling Alice thought she might as well begin arranging her rooms, for as the stew was to be for supper she would not make it till three o'clock. Had it been for dinner she would have begun it directly she came back from marketing, as a stew requires long and gentle cooking, and only needs a very small fire so that it may simmer quietly.

Tom had got the rooms ready as far as he was able before returning to Billthorpe to fetch his bride. The bed, chairs, tables,

and such things were in their places, and Tom had made a cupboard with shelves in the living room, and also a nice little dresser with shelves above for plates, and hooks for jugs and cups; but though neat, the effect was decidedly plain, and showed the want of a woman's touch. Mrs. Bent had warned Alice beforehand that London was such a smutty, dirty place she must have nothing about her that would not bear soap and water, 'and above all things,' said she, 'never a fixed-down carpet in either your bedroom or sitting-room which gets filled with soot and dust that you can't never get rid of by just sweeping. Have a strip of bedside carpet which you can shake well every morning, and scrub your floor well over at least once a week. I have seen London bedrooms which were scrubbed three times a week, and nice and wholesome they did look and feel to be sure. Then in your living room I should have a good piece of linoleum, as much as you can afford to buy; that will keep your feet warm, look handsome, and you can wash it over as often as you please. If you like to get a neat rug to lay down before the fire when your work is done, why that can be shaken daily, so won't do any harm. Seeing that the gentry are giving up fixed carpets so much now, and that in many fine drawing-rooms you won't see nothing but a few rugs thrown about quite careless like, I don't see why poor people should set such store by nailing dirty bits of carpet down everywhere.'

Alice quite agreed with Mrs. Bent. There had been no dirty nailed-down carpets at the Vicarage, and she was in good practice for scrubbing and polishing. Tom and she had bought the linoleum, which looked very handsome, and nearly covered the floor. Miss Celia had given her a nice strip of carpet for the bedroom, and a very pretty rug was also among her wedding presents. Alice had felt anxious to have white muslin curtains, but Mrs. Bent told her they would look dirty directly, and recommended instead scarlet Turkey twill, bordered with a narrow, strong furniture lace.

'You see,' she remarked, 'Turkey twill

washes like a pocket-handkerchief so long as you don't let any soda go near it, but it won't show every speck like pure white does, and nothing looks so cheerful as a good bright red in a window. The light coming through it seems like as if the sun were always shining.'

Alice had made the curtains before her marriage, with a deep open hem at the top through which she ran a long bamboo cane, and supported it on three hooks—one in the middle and one at each end of the small window, draping them back on either side. It was astonishing, the different look these curtains gave to the room. It seemed warm and cosy directly. She had a pretty red and blue tablecloth which would wash well, and this she put on a small table in the window, and placed thereon a few pots, fuchsias, geraniums, and ferns which had been her pets at the Vicarage, and spoke of her skill and care. The lovely britannia-metal teapot was the centre ornament of the little dresser, but Alice did not at all like the look of black saucepans and frying-pans in her room.

'At the Vicarage these things were kept in the scullery, but I have no scullery. What can I do?' she thought. 'Suppose I stand this rough case in which some of the goods came up on end, get Tom to plane it over and make a shelf in the middle, then paint it with some cheap paint, dark red or blue. I could keep all them unornamental articles in there, and hang a curtain of washing chintz over the front.'

Alice felt much happier when she had decided this point. She loved a neat, pretty room, and saucepans were in her opinion very ugly, though very necessary articles. Of another box she decided to make a kind of ottoman in which to keep her needlework, which would soon get dirty if it were left lying about. She would nail coarse calico over the whole box, get Tom to put a couple of hinges to join the lid to the other part, stuff the top with some flocks or wool, and then make a loose cover to throw over all with some more Turkey twill.

The bedroom Alice did not decorate

much. She was too prudent to spend more of her savings than was necessary, and the room really looked very nice with its neat chest of drawers which served as a dressing-table and had a clean cloth over it, a small looking-glass and a very fat pin-cushion (one of Alice's presents), the handsome bed covered with Mrs. Bent's large quilt, washstand, and a set of hanging pegs protected by a little curtain lest the dust should spoil the best clothes. Alice, however, put up a small bracket to hold a figure in plaster of 'The Good Shepherd,' and nailed underneath a text Miss Celia had painted for her, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.'

'Perhaps you may lack many things,' Miss Celia said when she gave the text, 'many things you would like and think that you ought to have in the years which lie before you. But if you will say this text morning and evening it will remind you that after all what you are wanting is as nothing compared to what the Good Shepherd has in store for you if you are His sheep and follow Him. The "green pastures and the waters of comfort" shall be yours some day, even if you have to reach them by hard and stony paths, so long as you keep true to your baptismal promise and continue "Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end."'

There were the books, too, to be unpacked and arranged on the top of the coal-box which Tom had made with some wood he picked up, just as Mrs. Bent had suggested. Tom and Alice had a good many books between them, partly presents and partly what they had from time to time bought. All useful and interesting, for they were not the people to spend their money on trash.

It was between three and four that afternoon. Alice had spread a large newspaper over her deal table to prevent it from getting dirty. On it stood a small piece of board with carrot and turnip cut into dice, and upon the fire was a frying-pan, the contents of which Alice was carefully stirring. Suddenly there was a knock at

the door. Alice could not leave her pan, so she called out 'Come in.'

In answer to the invitation a head was pushed in, a very untidy head, followed by an equally untidy body.

'Good-day, Mrs. Parker,' was its greeting. Alice started. She had not yet been addressed as 'Mrs. Parker,' and hardly felt as if she could be the person spoken to. However, as she was now 'Mrs. Tom Parker' she answered as pleasantly as she could 'Good-day!'

'We are neighbours, so I thought I would just give you a call. How do you like the neighbourhood?'

Alice replied that she had not had time to see much of the neighbourhood yet, but being used to the country it seemed rather strange to see houses so crowded up together, and such numbers of people about everywhere.

'People! why you haven't seen nothing of them as yet, I'm sure,' cried the neighbour, whose name was Jones. 'Wait till Saturday evening, and then see what the streets is like. You won't want to be back in the country after you have been in a lively place like this for a bit.'

'Rather too lively for my taste, I'm afraid,' Alice answered. 'I am not fond of crowds.'

'Never fear,' said Mrs. Jones, laughing rather loudly, 'you'll be a real Londoner in a while. But whatever are you about now? Cooking this time of day!'

Alice privately thought that Mrs. Jones was taking a great liberty to walk into her room in such an unceremonious fashion and talk to her so freely, but she tried to answer civilly. 'I am getting my husband's supper ready. He will be home at half-past six, and when he has cleaned himself we shall have supper together.'

'My goodness! You are a silly girl! Why, what are you going to cook your husband a hot supper for? A woman might as well be a white slave at once as be cooking every day this fashion. I generally gets 'em a hot dinner Sundays, but week-days—not if I knows it! And supper too! I never!'

'Really, Mrs. Jones,' said Alice somewhat affronted, 'I don't see why, if my husband is out all day working for me, I should not do a little extra work to make him comfortable when he comes home. He will be hungry and tired. Hot food does not cost more than cold does, and it will do him twice as much good. Besides, it will be a welcome like for him when he returns, and show I have been thinking about him.'

Mrs. Jones tossed her head with an indignant snort. 'The men are bad enough as it is without wives making fools of them.'

'Don't you think it might make them better instead of worse if they found we took care to make them comfortable?'

'No, I don't,' Mrs. Jones answered, but she drew near nevertheless to the fire and curiously watched Alice's proceedings.

'What have you got in that pan?' she inquired.

'I am browning some pieces of meat to make a stew,' Alice answered. 'You see I have peppered and floured them before I put them into the hot frying-pan, and they are fat enough to fry themselves and some slices of onion too without burning. I stir and turn them constantly.'

'But you don't want to do this at half-past three when your man is not coming back till half-past six. It will be frizzled to nothing by that time.'

'Of course it would, but I am now going to take the meat and onions out of the frying-pan and put them into the small stewpan. Now you see I dredge some more flour into the frying-pan, add hot water, spoonful by spoonful, till all is brown and thick. I stir into it, as it boils, these bits of carrot and turnip cut up ready, and when they are tender put altogether with the meat into the stewpan, covered down tight, and let all simmer on the hob till we want it. No more attention is required than an occasional stir to prevent burning.'

'Whatever do you take all this trouble for? Why don't you fry the bits of meat just before you sit down to supper in the usual way?'

'First, because these pieces are generally tough and hardly fit to eat, if only fried. Then, too, the vegetables help out the dish, and less meat is eaten when there is all this good gravy, and also they are very tasty and wholesome, and we like to eat them. You can make anything tender if you stew it slowly and carefully for a long time.'

'It smells good, I allow. I should just enjoy the smell till supper time. Why you're never going to cover it up, surely?'

'Indeed I am. The smell is the goodness, and if I let that go out the meal will have no taste. Besides, the steam is partly what cooks it, for you see I have not much fire.'

'Well, you're mighty learned and mighty particular, I say. But you must spend a deal of time with all these fiddle faddles.'

'A stew like this does not take more than half an hour to prepare first and last, nor wouldn't if it were twice as much, and how could I spend that time better than in getting a good meal ready for my breadwinner?'

'La! there's always bread and cheese for him. Bread is the staff of life, you know.'

'Not white baker's bread full of alum and bone dust, and you don't know what else. That is a poor staff to lean upon, I think.'

'Well, that's all my children gets for their dinner, most days, with a scrape of butter or dripping as may happen.'

'But, dear me, Mrs. Jones, they can't keep strong and well upon that.'

'Strong and well! London children ain't never strong and well—at least most ain't. There's Mrs. Butler, her little ones are rosy and healthy, I'll allow. She says it is porridge and broth, but it don't seem likely.'

'Porridge and broth. Cleanliness and fresh air. But I should think it was *very likely*. Where does Mrs. Butler live? I should like to know her.'


'Oh, you won't find her much of a neighbour. Mrs. Butler says she hasn't no time for gossip. That's her way if one drops in for a friendly chat. She's none of my sort.'

Alice thought Mrs. Butler was more likely to be her sort than was her first visitor, Mrs. Jones; but she made up her mind not to refuse the latter's friendly advances altogether, for a remembrance of the white-faced, half-starved-looking children she had seen on the stairs, and whom she now guessed belonged to Mrs. Jones, made her feel anxious to put their mother, if possible, a little in the way of providing them with more nourishing food. The good Vicar used to say, 'If one knows more than one's neighbours, one must regard that knowledge as a sacred trust to be used for the neighbours' good.'

So Alice parted very civilly with Mrs. Jones, and even told her that she was going to make a gingerbread pudding the next morning, and if she liked she could come in and see her do it, which Mrs. Jones, out of curiosity, agreed to do.

(To be continued.)

Whitsuntide.

 UR Day of Pentecost has come again. The day on which the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Lord and Giver of Life, came down on the Apostles.

The day on which God sent His Holy Spirit to abide with us for ever—a Gift so good and great that it is better for us to

have the Holy Spirit than to have our Lord back again on earth.

Think for a moment Who He is, Who descended on this memorable day. He is God; together with God the Father and God the Son to be worshipped and glorified. Think of His work before the Day of Pentecost. He worked in the Creation.

He was striving with sinful men from the beginning, trying to keep them from the Evil One. He spoke by the Prophets.

He came down upon the blessed Virgin Mary, making her to be the Mother of the Lord.

He descended on Jesus at His Baptism under the Form of a Dove. And on this day He came down on the Apostles as they waited in trembling awe; the heavenly glory filled the chamber with radiant light, and crowned with bright and harmless flames each Apostolic brow.

Then, and not till then, they received power from on high. Then they began their ministry. Then they preached, they baptised, they confirmed, they celebrated the Holy Communion, they ordained bishops, priests, and deacons to come after them, they made rules for the government of the Church, they wrote Gospels and Epistles, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

So that the Holy Catholic Church throughout the world is the work of the Holy Spirit—not man's work, but God's work.

—o—o—o—

Pentecost.

WINDS the descending dews
Quickens the drooping flowers,
So Holy Ghost renew
These languid hearts of ours.

Come as the mighty wind!
Come as the flame of fire!
With love our souls impel,
With praise our lips inspire.

Come as the dove sent forth
From our High Priest in Heaven,
Bearing the olive branch,
Symbol of sin forgiven.

Sweet Comforter descend,
With healing on Thy wing,
Gladden the exiles' hearts
With tidings of their King.

Come as the Lord of Life,
Come as the Friend and Guide,
Come with Thy royal gifts,
Love-tokens for the Bride.

Come with each precious grace
Of Faith, and Hope, and Love,
The blissful foretaste here
Of endless joys above.

Come as the glorious Bond
Of Father and of Son,
Oh! Holy Spirit make
The Bride and Bridegroom one!

When through unending days
We shall Thy love adore,
Spirit of God Most High,
Thrice blessed for evermore.

ESTHER WIGLESWORTH.

—o—o—o—

Lying.

WHEREFORE, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour.' Lying—why should we 'put it away'? If lying is hurtful to ourselves and our neighbours, this is a sufficient reason. But there is a further reason. It is a sin against God. It is contrary to the very nature of God. 'The Lord is God,' said the Psalmist, 'who keepeth truth.' 'I am the Truth,' was our Lord's declaration to the Jews. The Spirit whom Christ sent, and still sends, to His people, is the Spirit of Truth. 'Lying lips,' said Solomon, 'are

an abomination unto the Lord.' Lies are of Satan, for our Lord said to the unbelieving Jews, 'Ye are of your father the devil; he was a liar from the beginning and abode not in the truth.'

Satan's lie cost us the first Paradise; and almost the last words in the Bible declare that a lie will keep us from entering the second. These are the words: 'For without' (that is, outside the New Jerusalem) 'are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.'

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.



UR letter-bag shows that many of our correspondents have found that

All earthly joys are less,
Than the one joy of doing kindnesses.

This age is happy at least in one thing, that there are so many workers as well as givers.

There is surely the seed of good things to come in the practical contact of class with class, the well-to-do with the poor, the healthy and the strong with the sick and suffering.

And when acts of love are done for the love of God, accompanied with an uplifting of the mind to Him, that He may consecrate and bless the work and make it what it should be, then the service is of the right kind, and will have its reward. Then the least act of mercy from the least and weakest being done in union with Him who had compassion on the multitude, and wept over the cities of men, will be very pleasing in the sight of our Heavenly Father.

We have a very tender place in our hearts for the poor and the children who send us the fruits of their self-denial to distribute.

Here are specimens of letters which we know our readers will enjoy.

A lady writes: 'The two pairs of stockings will keep some little legs warm. They are the gift of a dear old woman of ninety-two, who said to me one day, "I cannot bear of all being so busy doing something to help the poor children, and sit here by my comfortable fire, with my hands across, doing nothing." So out of her parish allowance—her only means of support—she has saved enough to buy some black worsted, and her busy fingers have produced the two pair of beautifully-knitted stockings which I have just received with the message, "They are nobody's present." Surely this is a close imitation of our Master's humility, charity, and self-denial. The dear old woman has long been a bright example of contentment and patience to all about her.'

'A little girl sends a birthday hamper. It is her own happy birthday, and she desires to give pleasure to other children who have no

rich parents, or uncles, or aunts to remember them.' We find in our journal a record of the pleasure her presents gave. The visitor started with a big basket on her arm filled with toys, fruit, cakes, &c. First she arrives at Willie's home. There was the poor boy sitting motionless, and looking as one recovering from typhoid-fever might be expected to look. 'Well, Willie,' says his visitor to the listless child, 'what are you thinking about?' 'Nothing,' says Willie. 'I don't know what to play with;' and very deplorable he looks as he adds, 'I've not got n. thing to do.' 'Will this be any good to you?' asks she, producing a hidden treasure from under her cloak. How that melancholy little white face brightened up, and how busy the weak, thin hands quickly became!

The next call was where a child lay ill of erysipelas. She was made very happy with oranges and toys, and when told that a little lady had sent them, she ventured to send a shy little message of thanks.

Next the visitor went to a child who has been in bed a year with abscesses; his poor little heart was gladdened by the sight of the cake and fruit, and for a whole week he lived on part of the contents of the birthday hamper. This is what anybody's birthdays may do in bringing pleasure into sad, suffering lives. Is there any better method of ensuring that the returns of the day shall indeed be happy, and of giving a certain hope that the birthday joy is not over with the day?

At one of our schools we have a missionary collecting-box, and for some time past the little folks have been putting in what they could. The other day little Violet was missing, but a note was brought by one of her school-fellows, and a crumpled piece of paper, in which a coin was carefully wrapped up. The note was from the child's mother. It said: 'Poor little Violet is ill and cannot come to school, but she wants to send her farthing for the box with her love.' The children had been told that there are more than 800,000,000 children in heathen lands without a knowledge of Christ, and that their mites were of value and use in God's work.

We have some poor helpers who carefully mend up old clothes and send them to our

depôts for sale at a very low price to those who are still poorer. Any who know to what straits the poor are often put to get decent clothing will understand the benefit conferred by the establishment of one of these depôts for the sale of second-hand clothing in a poor neighbourhood. The following extract from the journal of one of our number in charge of a depôt will convey some idea of the warm appreciation they meet with.

'We all have our feelings of proper pride. Even ragged little Polly objected when her mother wished her to wear one blue stocking and one grey. She said she did not like being "queer." A ragged frock would call forth no comment in their slatternly neighbourhood, but a pair of parti-coloured little legs would invite remark, and the remarks in that street are more apt to be candid than polite. So Polly stuck firmly to her opinion, and her mother came to one of our sales of old clothing in search of a match for the odd stockings, or failing that a "same coloured pair." The results of the shopping were very satisfactory, for the good woman was heard to say as she went out, "Well, I've got pretty well all I wanted, that I have. A pair of boots for my man, and things for the little 'uns, and even some wool slippers for old granny to keep her feet warm—beauties I call 'em—won't she be pleased, poor old soul!"

"This sale," said another, "I do think is the greatest kindness of all to us poor folks. Never a bit of time have I, to cut out and make for my seven. Why, it's a job to keep 'em in clean pinnies fit for school. I do say this place is a real blessing, and there isn't a mother here that wouldn't say the same. It's like this, you see: one week I bring a bit of money and make some of 'em tidy; next week I bring a bit more and pick up for the other children, and so we go round and keep ourselves respectable-like, thanks to them that sends and to them that sells."

'Another customer had a heavy burden in her arms which was observed by the bystanders. "It's a rug or something of that sort," she explained. "I hardly understand the make of it. I'm a-goin' to put it on my bed, for with my rheumatics I suffer dreadfully with the cold o' nights. It's a bit heavy, but it'll be all the warmer for that, and it's that well put together it'll last me a lifetime!"

How little the kind friend who had sent us a well-worn tiger-skin mat guessed to what use it would be put! When we explained what the rug was, quite a crowd gathered round its fortunate possessor.

'Well, this beats all,' said our chilly friend, 'to think of that fierce wild beast coming all the way from India a-purpose to lie on my bed and keep me warm o' winter nights!'

The profits made at these depôts go to support our Homes, so that those who can make no better use of old clothing in their own neighbourhood do well in sending it to us.

As the spring advances we have many appeals for free letters for the Convalescent Home at Broadstairs. The Maintenance Fund of that Home is exceedingly small, and without help we cannot issue these free letters. We long to send off a number of the little frail children from our large towns to S. Mary's Home, where the good sea breezes may take away their pains, and their pale cheeks may grow round and rosy. But at present it is impossible, the expenses are so heavy. We can only ask our friends to help us by contributions to the Maintenance Fund, by gifts towards sending those children there, who seem to be in saddest need of good air and food and nursing, or by paying the expenses of any child they may wish to send.

The Rev. Edward T. Woollard, Springhill, Nova Scotia, writes: 'Give my grateful thanks to the kind donor who so regularly sends *The Guardian*, the BANNER OF FAITH, and many smaller publications. They are most welcome, coming as they do from my native land. It cheers one exceedingly in this not over genial climate to receive tidings of work done for Christ in the old country and elsewhere. The papers bear the post-mark of Tenby.'

* * *

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

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

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



NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulsoe.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

The Christian Covenant treated during ADVENT.

"	"	<i>Faith</i>	"	"	CHRISTMAS and EPIPHANY.
"	"	<i>Duty</i>	"	"	LENT.
"	"	<i>Grace</i>	"	from	PALM SUNDAY to TRINITY.

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

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

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

Whitsun-day. (JUNE 9.)

Prayer by THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Text—Zechariah xii. 10. Passage—1 Kings xviii.

- A. 'To send His Grace unto us.'
 - I. We have arrived at the last great Feast in the year.
 - 1st. Christmas = the Mother of Feasts.
 - 2nd. Easter = the Queen of Feasts.
 - 3rd. Whitsun Day = the Crown of Feasts.
 These three Christian festivals correspond to the three Jewish Festivals (Leviticus xxiii.). Christmas, to the Feast of the Tabernacles (in symbolism, S. John i. 14). Easter and Whitsun-day to the Passover and Pentecost (in symbolism and date).
 - II. We should offer prayer not only *by* but *to* THE HOLY SPIRIT—as in the Litany and in 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' before the Lord's Prayer; and as in the 'Veni Creator' and many other hymns. We offer glory to HIM, as often as we say the 'Gloria Patri.'
- B. 1st. *The Collect*.—The Light of THE HOLY SPIRIT teaches us 'the things of God.' (1 Cor. ii. 11.)
The Epistle.—THE SPIRIT gives 'utterance' to speak of 'the wonderful works of God.'
The Gospel.—Reveals 'The Comforter'—that is, 'The Strengtheners.' (Greek 'Paraclete' = 'One called to our side to help us.')
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*.—
 Morning—Deut. xvi. The Great Festivals special seasons for the outpouring of THE SPIRIT.
 Afternoon—Isaiah xi. Tells the Seven Gifts of THE SPIRIT.
 Evening—Ezekiel xxxvi. The Purity and Prosperity of the Church or the Soul when endowed with THE SPIRIT.
The Second Lessons.—
 Morning—Romans viii. Spiritual instead of carnal life.
 Afternoon—Galatians v. The Fruits of THE SPIRIT.
 Evening—Acts xviii., xix. THE HOLY GHOST in His works.
- 3rd. *The Proper Psalms*.—
 Morning—Psalm xlviii. Mount Zion—the scene of the descent of THE HOLY SPIRIT.
 " lxxviii. THE HOLY GHOST—the Guide of God's people through the Wilderness, especially see verse 18.
 Evening—Psalm civ. THE SPIRIT of THE LORD in creation.
 " cxlv. The Church praising THE HOLY GHOST as THE LORD and Life-giver.
- 4th. *The Proper Preface* states the Gift of THE HOLY GHOST to the Apostles.
- C. Our Duty to the HOLY GHOST.—
 First.—*Worship HIM*—as God (Acts v. 3-4)—eternally (1) proceeding from and (2) one with THE FATHER and THE SON.
 Second.—*Welcome HIM*—as Comforter (S. John xiv. 16) in (1) labour, (2) sorrow.
 Third.—*Follow HIM*—as Guide (S. John xvi. 13) whether in (1) business or (2) pleasure.

Trinity Sunday. (JUNE 16.)

Prayer to THE FATHER.

Text—1 Chronicles xxix. 10. Passage—Genesis xviii. 17, &c.

- A. 'My Lord God, and Heavenly FATHER.'
 - I. 'THE FATHER' means THE ETERNAL FATHER of THE ETERNAL SON (S. John x. 30), as when we say, 'I believe in God THE FATHER,' 'Glory be to THE FATHER.' We are too apt to think of God—as if HE existed for our sakes, instead of for HIS OWN—that HE is called 'THE FATHER' because HE created us!
 - II. 'Our FATHER' (S. Luke xi. 2) is HIS secondary title (S. John xx. 17)—and calls HIM 'Ours' by Creation, Preservation, and Adoption.
- B. 1st. *The Collect* is the only Prayer addressed to THE HOLY TRINITY except the fourth Suffrage in the Litany. *The Epistle* gives us a vision of the worship of THE HOLY TRINITY in Heaven. *The Gospel* states generally the mystery of 'Heavenly Things,' and specifies particularly 'The Three Persons,' 'God,' 'The Son of Man,' 'THE SPIRIT.'
 - 2nd. *The First Lessons*—
 - Morning—Isaiah vi. A similar vision of God to those in Ezekiel i. and Revelation iv.
 - Afternoon—Genesis xviii. One of the appearances of JEHOVAH. Notice how 'three men' are addressed as 'My Lord,' verses 1, 2, 3, 4.
 - Evening—Genesis i. In the first three verses the Three Persons are indicated 'God'—'God said.' THE SPIRIT of God (Psalm xxxiii. 6). Also see verse 26.
 - The Second Lessons*—
 - Morning—Rev. i. 4, 5. 'HIM which is,' &c. = THE FATHER.
'JESUS CHRIST' = THE SON.
'The Seven Spirits' = THE HOLY GHOST.
 - Afternoon—Eph. iv. 4, 5, 6. Each verse refers to ONE Person in reverse order.
 - Evening—S. Matt. iii. THE HOLY TRINITY present at the Baptism.
 - 3rd. *The Proper Preface* extends the offering of the 'Sanctus' to THE HOLY TRINITY, whereas on other days it is offered to 'The Holy FATHER.'
- C. Lift up your hearts to respond to the Love of God THE FATHER.
 - First—HE created you. ∴ Honour HIM. (Malachi i. 6.)
 - Second—HE has given HIS SON to die for you. ∴ Reverence HIM. (S. Matt. xxi. 37.)
 - Third—HE continually wills to send HIS SPIRIT to you. ∴ Ask HIM. (S. Luke xi. 13.)

CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS.

Regarded in their *Literal, Spiritual, and Moral* Features, and

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

NOTE.—A *picture* is suggested for each Sunday, which may be found ready-made, or may be drawn for the occasion on a blackboard or on paper.

- A. The *Literal* facts of the history will be found in the *Passage*.
- B. The *Spiritual* truth, which is marked out by the *Text*, will be enforced by Questions and Answers that should be learnt by heart.
- C. The *Moral* lessons will be summed up in the concluding Exhortations.

First Sunday after Trinity. (JUNE 23.)

ADAM—THE LORD OF CREATION.

Passage (to be read)—Genesis i. 26-31. Text (to be learnt)—S. Matt. xxviii. 18. Hymns—43, 542.

Picture: Adam seated, with animals around him. . An angel above, holding a scroll with the words, 'Very good.'

- A. *Literal* facts. The First Adam was made 'Lord of Creation,' because—
 - Chap. i. verse 26—Created last and best—summing up in his animal nature all former creatures; made, after consultation of THE HOLY TRINITY, in the Image and Likeness of God.
 - " " 31—Pronounced 'Very good.'
 - ii. " 7—Filled with Breath or Spirit of God.
 - " " 16—Allowed free will.
 - " " 19—Gifted with speech.
- B. *Spiritual* truths. The Second Adam is 'Lord of Creation.'
 - I. Who is supreme over all things?—God THE FATHER is 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' (1 Tim. vi. 15.)
 - II. To Whom has HE given HIS Authority?—Jesus said, 'All Power is given unto ME in heaven and earth.' (Dan. vii. 13, 14.)
 - III. Has JESUS any right to the Authority of God?—Our LORD claims supreme authority by Nature, as SON of God. (S. John v. 17, 18.)
 - IV. Has Our LORD any other right to our obedience?—Our SAVIOUR has earned obedience as SON of MAN. (Phil. ii. 8, 9.)
 - V. Where is the King of all the earth?—King JESUS is ruling the world at the Right Hand of God. (S. Luke xxii. 69.)
 - VI. Has Satan then any power over the earth?—Yes. Our LORD HIMSELF calls the Devil 'Prince of this World.' (S. Luke iv. 6.)

VII. Will evil spirits and evil men always bear rule?—No. Throughout Eternity God will be 'all in all.' (Rev. xi. 15.)

C. Moral lessons for the Servants of CHRIST.

First—Always obey God. (S. Luke ii. 49.)

Second—Never obey Satan. (S. Matt. iv. 10.)

Third—Sometimes obey Man. (S. Luke ii. 51; S. John ii. 4.)

Second Sunday after Trinity. (JUNE 30.)

ADAM—THE KEEPER OF PARADISE.

Passage—Genesis ii. 8-18. Text—S. Luke xxiii. 43. Hymns—122, 538.

Picture of three gardens:—1st. The Garden of Eden.

2nd. The Garden of Agony.

3rd. The Garden of the Resurrection.

A. Features of this garden.

I. Name: {1. Paradise (Persian) = 'Park.'
2. Eden (Hebrew) = 'Delight.'

II. Likeness: See Genesis xiii. 10. {1. 'Plain of Jordan'
2. 'Land of Egypt'} The two most fertile spots then known.

III. Situation: Genesis ii. 8, 'Eastward,' i.e. of The Holy Land, where the Euphrates, with other rivers, runs into the Persian Gulf.

IV. Stock: Fruit trees. Among them the trees of life, and of knowledge of good and evil.

B. The Second Adam, Keeper of Paradise.

I. Where is Paradise now?—Paradise is the resting-place for faithful souls after death. (S. Luke xxiii. 43.)

II. What other descriptions does the New Testament give us of this intermediate place?—Paradise is described as 'Abraham's bosom' (S. Luke xvi. 22), and as 'Under the Altar.' (Rev. vi. 9.)

III. What is the state of the Faithful Departed?—The Souls of the Righteous are in the Hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

IV. What will be the Glory of the Saints in Heaven?—They are without fault before the Throne of God, and they shall reign for ever and ever. (Rev. xxii. 14.)

V. Who is the Keeper of Paradise?—Jesus, Who descended into Hell (or Paradise), still keeps the keys. (Rev. i. 18.)

VI. Is our Blessed Lord anywhere described as a Gardener?—Christ is the Gardener of the Church and of the Soul. (S. Luke xiii. 7; S. John xx. 15.)

VII. How must we too dress and keep these two gardens?—We should dress our garden with flowers of grace and fruits of good works, and keep it from the serpent of sin. (Genesis ii. 15.)

C. Our Duty as Gardeners.

First—Worldly work. Do common tasks with an uncommon care. (Eccles. ix. 10.)

Second—Church work. Beware of religious selfishness. (Numb. xxxii. 23.)

Third—Spiritual work. Do not neglect your own soul. (Canticles i. 6.)

Third Sunday after Trinity. (JULY 7.)

EVE—THE HELPMET FOR MAN.

Passage—Genesis ii. 18-25. Text—Rev. xxi. 2. Hymns—350, 618.

Picture: The Hand of the Eternal FATHER leading Eve to her husband.

A. The First Marriage.

I. Eve formed from Adam.

Not {1. Out of his head—to rule him.
2. Out of his feet—to be trampled by him.

But {1. Out of his side—to help him.
2. From under his arm—to be defended by him.
3. Near his heart—to be loved by him.

II. Good Wives: Sarah, Rebekah, Leah and Rachel, Hannah, Abigail, Elizabeth, Pilate's wife.

B. The Mystery of Marriage. (Eph. v. 32.)

I. Who is the Bride of Christ?—The Church is the Bride—the Lamb's Wife. (Rev. xxi. 2.)

II. Show how Adam and Eve represent Christ and His Church.

(a) Eve was formed 'from Adam' (Genesis ii. 23)—so the Church derives her Life and Name ('Church,' derived from Kurios=Lord) from her Lord.

(b) After the 'deep sleep' of Jesus on the Cross, the Church came forth from His opened side. (S. John xix. 34.)

(c) Christ left His Heavenly FATHER and His Jewish mother and took the Gentile Church as His bride—'So shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife.' (Genesis ii. 24.)

(d) Christ, unlike the First Adam, guards, guides, saves His Wife. (Hosea ii. 14.)

C. A Helpmeet.

First—Ask help from God. (Psalm ix. 11.)

Second—Offer help to the ALMIGHTY. (Judges v. 23.)

Third—Hand on help to your brethren. (Joshua i. 12-16.)

Fourth—Do not be too proud to accept and acknowledge help from the weak. (1 Cor. xvi. 16.)