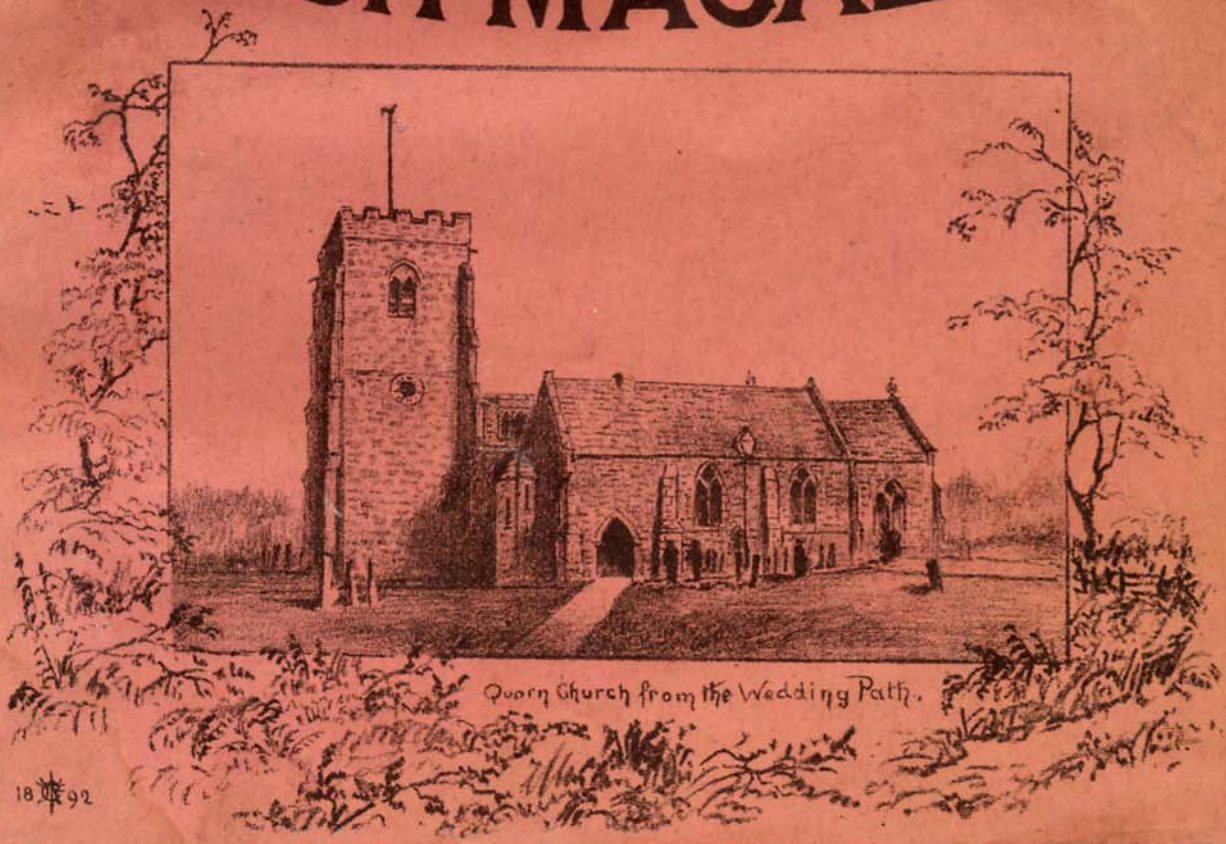
February, 1893.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

18 92

S. Bartholomew's, Quorndon.

Services in the Parish Church.

SUNDAYS— 8 a.m. Holy Communion, and on the 1st Sunday in the month, also after Mattins.
11 a.m. Mattins and Sermon.
2.45 p.m. Children's Service.
3.30 p.m. Baptisms.
6.33 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.

COLLECTIONS at 8 a.m. for the Sick and Poor Fund; at 11 a m and 6.30 p.m. on 1st and 3rd Sundays for Church Expenses unless some special object is announced

SAINTS DAYS and HOLY DAYS—
8 a.m. Holy Communion.
10 a.m. Mattins.
7.30 p.m. Choral Evensong and Sermon.

All other Week Days—
8.30 a.m. Mattins.
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

On Wednesday Evenings at 7 p.m., after Evensong there is a service consisting of Intercession, Prayers, two Hymns, and an Address. At this Service the seats in the Church are free and open to all.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Ths., Feb. 2nd: **Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Presentation of Christ in the Temple.** This commemorates the pious observance of the rites of religion by the Mother of Our Lord. All Jewish women on the 40th day after the birth of a child were to appear before the Lord and make an offering. At the same time if the child was a first-born son he also was to be presented. How this was done in the case of the infant Saviour we read in the Gospel for this day (St Luke ii., 22-40 . It is this record which has given rise among christians to the custom of women coming to Church to give thanks after the birth of a child in the service called in our Prayer Book "The Churching of Women." (Services as above for Saints Day.)

Wed., Feb. 15th: **Ash Wednesday.** On this day the solemn season of Lent begins, of which we shall write below. Note the Collect for this day, which is to be used all through Lent, and which indicates the great thoughts and purposes of this season. There is a special Service for this day called the Commination Service, which will be used after Mattins. (Services as above for Holy Days).

Fri., Feb. 24th: **Feast of S. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr.** This was the man who was chosen to take the place of Judas the Traitor, as we read Acts i., 15. (Services as above for Saints Days).

Subjects for Catechizing at the Children's Service on Sunday afternoons in February:—

The Gospel for each Sunday.
Hymns to be learnt, finish 196, begin 92.

NOTICE TO THE CHILDREN.

On the first Sunday in February (5th) at the Children's Service there will be a Collection for our Negro Boy in the Mission Schools in Africa. We hope the children will give as well as they did at the 1st Collection in November Children should wrap up their little offerings in a piece of paper, and write their names on the outside. An Address on the Central African Mission will be given at this Service. All the Sunday Schools will attend, and parents and friends of children are specially invited.

Baptisms.

(There is no fee whatever for Bap isms, and the names are not put in the Magazine if it is not wished).

Jan. 4th: Dorothy Parker.
Emma Mary Giles.
And one other infant.

Burials.

Dec. 27th: Bridget Caldwell, aged 76 years.
Jan. 7th: Elizabeth Robins, aged 2 years.
12th: Emma Mary Giles, aged 3 months.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.
Dec. 11—	———	£0 5s. 2d.
18—	£3 9s. 5d.	£0 4s. 3d
25—	———	£6 10s. 5½d.
Jan. 1—	£2 16s. 5½d.	£0 5s. 6d.
8—	———	£0 3s. 0d.
15—	£2 9s. 5d.	£0 4s. 3d.
22—	———	£0 4s. 0d.
Poor Box	———	£0 1s. 10d.
Totals	£8 15s. 3½d.	£7 18s. 5½d.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Feb. 2nd	—	—	261 450 24
5th.	317 291	217 196 358	220 185 21
12th.	3 221 220	332 196 17	160 290 23
15th	—	—	92 279
19th	84 92 269	254 92 26	184 91 25
24th	—	—	261 408 26
26th	194 238 264	255 92 27	254 198 25

To the Inhabitants of Quorn.

Dear Friends and Neighbours,

On Ash Wednesday (Feb. 15th) the season of Lent begins. This is a period of 40 days which has been observed in the Christian Church for many generations as a time for special solemn thoughts and duties. It is kept for 40 days in memory of our Lord's 40 days in the wilderness, when He was tempted by Satan (S. Matt. iv., 1-11; S. Mark i., 12-13; S. Luke iv., 1-13). So during this season we are reminded specially of those very important things, Temptation, Sin, Penitence, and God's forgiveness of the penitent for Christ's sake. This teaching is beautifully put in that prayer, the Collect for Ash Wednesday, which is also used in Church every day in Lent.

'Almighty and Everlasting God, who hatest nothing that 'Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are 'penitent; create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that 'we worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretched-'ness may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission 'and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Amen.

I have set it out here in full in the hope that some may take it as their daily prayer.

There are three special means which christian people should use at this season to show that they know their sinfulness, and are really sorry for it. Each of these three things is spoken of by Our Lord Himself, as we read in S. Matt. vi., 1-18, viz: (i) Alms-giving, (ii) Prayer, (iii) Fasting.

(i) Alms-giving.—This is a duty not only of the rich, but for the poor also, viz: to give something to God's service according to their means, as it is written—'Be merciful after thy 'power, if thou hast much give plenteously; if thou hast 'little do thy diligence gladly of that little; for so gatherest 'thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity.' In order to give an opportunity for secret alms-giving I will provide any person with a Missionary Box to be kept just during Lent, and brought in at Easter, so that without anyone else knowing they may every day or every week give an offering for God's service. Of course there are many ways of carrying out this duty. Some may fulfil it by setting before them some special act of kindness or mercy. Those who are willing will not have difficulty in finding ways of carrying it out.

(ii) Prayer.—It is a time also to be more careful of our prayers; to see that in our attendance at the House of God we are attentive and devout, that we really go there for praise and prayer, and to hear God's word, and not merely from habit, as for show, or for change. And also, we should look to our private prayers, see whether they are carefully kept up and are earnest and sincere, and we should set ourselves some additional time for prayer and good reading at this time.

(iii) Fasting.—This also is set by Our Lord by the side of the other two duties, and no Christian life can be complete without it at proper times and seasons in some form or other. This duty may be carried out in different ways, according to circumstances. By abstaining from food at certain times, or lowering its quantity or quality. To do this so as to unfit one for work or duty would be wrong, but for some of us such a form of self-denial would be positively beneficial. To most there is some little comfort or luxury that may be given up without any risk whatever. All of us can also keep the season of Lent by abstaining from parties and entertainments, and all public merry-makings.

Of course in all these ways the great aim and purpose is that the heart should be drawn more closely to God (in whom alone there is rest), that each man should feel his sins more deeply, and confess them more sincerely, and receive a more certain assurance of forgiveness for Christ's sake. Only those who are perfect in these things can afford to neglect the reminder which this season brings.

Amongst the duties that it shall remind me to persevere in will be that of earnest daily prayer for you all. In this way also I beg you to remember me,

Your friend and servant in Christ.

EDWD. FOORD-KELCEY.

The Vicar's House,
Quorn,
February 1st, 1893.

PARISH NOTES.

The severe weather at Christmas and New Year came suddenly and lasted long. We hope that it did not do much harm in our parish. In some places a large number are thrown out of work by the frost, but it does not seem to be so here. Happily there has been but little snow, so that the Quarry-work was only interrupted for two or three days. This is a great blessing when we think how much hardship a long stoppage of work brings even upon the most saving people, and how many thousands we read of at this time as out of work in different parts of the country. We have another advantage also in this place in the several Charities which are distributed at Christmas time. No doubt by some these gifts are wasted or misapplied, but in most cases they must be very useful in helping those who either through their helplessness or industry deserve assistance. We wonder how many who receive these gifts ever think of those who either in late years or long long ago thought of those poorer than themselves, and left them for their benefit.

Many enquiries were made whether there was to be a Midnight Service on New Year's Eve. The only reason why it was omitted was that it fell on Saturday night, and it was thought that being out so late would be a bad preparation for the duties of the Sunday.

The Ringers wish to express their thanks to those who contributed to their Christmas Gift. The sum of £3 16s. 0d. was collected, which was equally divided among them. As there are eight Ringers, each received 9s. 6d. Their yearly pay is only £5, or 12s. 6d. each.

We hope to make arrangements within a few days for a Temperance Lecture illustrated by Magic Lantern pictures, to be given some day in February.

The Vicar has received a notice from the Bishop that a Confirmation will be held at Quorn Church, on Wednesday, April 19th. The Bishop's letter on the subject will be read publicly in Church. Parents and guardians are reminded of their duty to bring children who have come to the right age (in most cases, at least 14 years). The Vicar will spare no pains to instruct them at convenient times. If there should be any come forward who are grown up special opportunity will be given to them. Names should be given in before Ash Wednesday, February 15th. The names of Candidates will not be inserted in the Magazine at any time. We know that it requires bravery in many cases where companions will make fun of those who come forward. But there are many things in the Christian life that require bravery, and no one can follow Christ unless they have courage to put up with something hard for His sake.

The January Magazine has sold exceedingly well. There are only 6 copies left out of the large number that were sent, and no doubt these will soon be sold.

The Vicar wishes to promote the sale of a cheap Weekly Religious Paper, with pictures. It is called "The Church Evangelist," and sells for one half-penny. A specimen copy will be sent with this Magazine, and a boy will afterwards come round to see who will take it in. It will then be delivered at the homes week by week. This paper will provide a little suitable reading for each Sunday.

We have no Football Matches to tell of this month as none have been played on account of the frost.

The following Matches are arranged to be played at Quorn in February:—

1st Team.

Feb. 4th—v. Loughborough Robin Hoods.
11th—v. Loughborough Park.
25th—v. Coalville.

Reserve Team.

Feb. 18th—v. Belgrave S. Peters.

QUORN NATIONAL SCHOOLS BALANCE SHEET

For School Year ending September 30th, 1892.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Government Grant	268	12	6
Fee Grant	165	0	0
Sewing Sold ...	1	16	6
Trustees of Town Lands	50	0	0
Collected for Prizes	5	14	6
Subscriptions ..	46	19	6
Balance due to Treasurer ...	100	9	7
	£633	12	7

Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
Balance to Treasurer	114	7	3
Teachers Share of Grant	131	18	3
Salaries—			
Upper School ...	170	0	0
Infant School ...	140	0	0
Furniture, Repairs and Cleaning ...	39	5	11
Fuel and Lights ...	6	14	8
Book, Apparatus, and Stationery ...	19	6	11
Rates, Taxes, and Insurance ...	6	6	0
Incidentals ...	2	7	7
Prizes	6	10	6
Diocesan Society ...	0	5	0
Interest	2	10	6
	£633	12	7

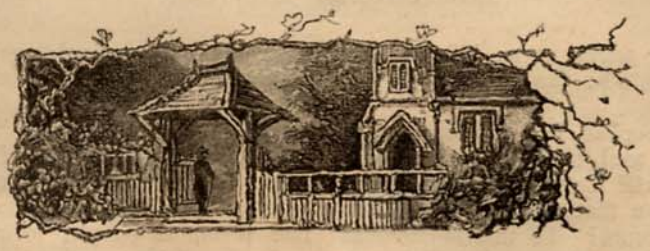
By looking at the above it will be seen that the Schools are now paying their way. The balance due to the Treasurer has been reduced by £13 17s. 6d. during the year. This debt has been incurred in past years. Oh for some wealthy friend of education to step in and pay it off! Perhaps this is too much even to hope for.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Perry Herrick	7	0	0
Mr. Farnham	5	5	0
,, Warner	4	4	0
,, Hole	3	3	0
Rev. R. C. Faithfull	2	2	0
,, E. Foord-Kelcey	1	1	0
Captain Warner	1	1	0
Mr. Meaking	1	1	0
,, Hayward	1	1	0
,, Ansted	1	1	0
,, Cradock	1	1	0
,, Thompson	1	1	0
,, J. J. Callis	1	1	0
,, W. Thornton	1	1	0
,, J. Ward	1	1	0
,, B. Fewkes	1	1	0
,, J. Cuffling	1	1	0
,, J. Bolesworth	1	1	0
,, J. Moss	0	10	6
,, W. Richardson	0	10	6
,, G. White	0	10	6
,, J. Tacey	0	10	6
,, W. Simpson	0	10	6
,, O. S. Brown	0	10	6
,, Pepper	0	10	6
Dr. S. Harris	0	10	6
Mr. A. Sault	0	15	0
,, R. Moyses	0	10	0
,, Facer	0	10	0
,, Smith	0	10	0
,, J. Darker	0	10	0
,, Firr	0	7	6
,, Adams	0	5	0
,, Lucas	0	5	0
,, Horspool	0	5	0
,, G. Cook	0	5	0
,, J. T. Holmes	0	5	0
,, Swain	0	5	0
,, Woodforth	0	5	0
,, W. Webster	0	5	0
,, Sanders	0	5	0
,, North	0	5	0
,, J. Martin	0	5	0
,, R. Thompson	0	5	0
,, Cooper	0	4	0
,, Backhouse	0	2	6
,, W. H. Fewkes	0	2	6
,, Voss	0	2	6
,, Palmer	0	2	6
,, W. Johnson	0	2	6
,, G. Holmes	0	2	6
,, Cragg	0	2	6
,, C. Waddington	0	2	6
,, Wisehall	0	1	0
,, Disney	0	1	0

Drawn by H. JACOBI.] [*Engraved by* R. TAYLOR & Co.

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT" (*see page* 41).



A LIVING SOUL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

WHAT a wonderful thing the soul is! You cannot see it; you cannot touch it; but you know it is there. You do not want any proof. It tells you itself. *Your soul is yourself.* The Bible does not say, "God *gave* man a living soul," but "Man *became* a living soul."

But stay. This is disputed. There are some who, when you talk about the soul, will shake their heads, and smile, and say, "What you call your soul is, in reality, only a wonderful combination of feelings, and sensations, and impressions, all depending on the body, and especially on the brain and nerves, and having no separate independent existence, and so coming to an end when the body dies." We call these teachers *Materialists*, because they make all so-called spiritual things to be nothing more than wonderful phenomena of the material. They even try to account for thoughts, and feelings, and motives, and all those things which we speak of as belonging to the soul, by saying that they are probably the result of subtle movements of the "molecules," or minute particles of which the brain is composed; and, if we plead that at least our will is free, and can choose in what direction to act, they will tell us that, in reality, the will—*i.e.*, the power which governs action—only obeys the varied forces which bear upon it, and always follows the "line of least resistance."

Now that the brain plays an important part in our thoughts, and feelings, and motives, cannot be questioned. Only ignorance can deny that our powers of sensation depend very largely—if not altogether, whilst we are in this bodily state of existence—upon the brain. Injuries to the brain at once affect the power of mental action. But put it to your reason seriously—When you feel high and noble thoughts, admiration of some heroic deed, indignation at some act of cowardly selfishness, longings for a holy life, or the like, do you believe that it is some most minute portion of the matter composing your brain, which, by the movement of its little particles among themselves, is feeling these high and noble thoughts? Does not the mere question seem to answer itself? And how is it that you can produce and regulate these mental acts? If they are the result of "molecular movements" in the brain, how is it that they obey any order or submit to any choice? Would they not in that case inevitably come with the disorder, and inconsequence, and inconsistency of the most vague dreaming, when the brain-action seems to be governed by no restraining and ordering will? Is it not much more rational to hold that the "molecular movements" of the brain, if proved to accompany mental action, are the result, rather than the cause, of the thoughts and feelings of which alone we are conscious? You have a strong conviction that there is something in you or belonging to you which is apart from the material substance of your bodily frame. This we popularly call the soul. Does not your reason tell you that it is this which makes use of the brain as its instrument for producing certain sensations? Must not the power which uses be greater than the instrument used? Must not *you* be greater than your brain?

Take a parallel case. How is voluntary action produced? Say you stretch out your hand to take up a book which you want to look at. *What* stretches out your hand? Is it the muscles and nerves of your arm? No doubt they have a good deal to do with it. If they were paralyzed you could not stretch out your arm. But what sets these muscles and nerves in motion? It seems to me just as sensible to say that some subtle movement of the muscles is the actual originating cause of action as to say that some subtle movement of the brain is the actual originating cause of thought. A certain scientific man once said he had dissected and analysed a human brain, but he had failed to detect a soul there. I think if the most skilful of scientific operators were, with his keenest and most delicate instruments, with his most subtle chemical tests, with his highest microscopic powers, to dissect and analyse the muscles and nerves of my arm, he would be just as likely to detect there the will which set those muscles and nerves in motion when that arm was stretched out to take up a book.

Surely behind and prior to all thought and all voluntary action, there must be a something—a soul, a will—a something which we recognise as different in nature and essence from the physical and material, and which only uses the physical and material for the results we are conscious of, and that something—that soul, that will—is the living self, the man in his separate personal existence, acting by and through the material instrument, which at present this Creator

puts into his hand, but acting as an independent, conscious, personal agent, who can choose, and will, and direct his actions.

Of course to this it is replied, If you allow that, at present at any rate, the soul, to adopt your popular language, uses the material instruments supplied by the bodily frame, how can that soul act at all when the bodily frame is no more? To this momentous question I should give two answers: (1) I do not know that *all* mental actions or sensations are, in this present state of being, dependent on material processes. There *may* be spiritual movements unconnected with bodily. I am quite aware that the uniformity of the action of general laws is against allowing exceptions, especially unknown exceptions; but it would be hard to prove that, if there is any spiritual part in man, any soul at all, this spiritual part can never act apart from its physical surroundings. (2) But a second and perhaps more important answer is this: If the soul of man uses material instruments of action in this material state, why should it not be enabled to use other instruments of action in a different state of being? Probably the Resurrection-life may supply even physical instruments of action to the soul, and these of far finer and keener power than any here. While, during the intermediate state, in which spirit and body are wholly divorced, surely God may endow the soul with some powers analogous to those which it has employed here. It would almost seem that the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration in a bodily form recognisable by the three Apostles, may suggest that the souls of the departed may, even before the Resurrection, bear some ethereal form, in which action is conceivable not wholly diverse from that known on earth. Many, too, believe that the tendency of research into the alleged appearances of departed spirits in modern times is towards a similar conclusion.

We have entered here into deep mysteries which it has not pleased God to unveil for us. We are very ignorant; we can see but a very little way. And we are very thankful to be allowed to lean on the authority of God's Word and God's Church, when we say, "I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come." I at least am content to trust the inner voice of my being, which proclaims me a "living soul," which assures me that I am something higher and worthier than any mere outcome of material forces and condition, however wonderful, and which is in me the pledge and earnest of an eternal and glorious destiny. And I trust this inner voice of my own being the more securely when I find it speaks in unison with the outer voice of God's revealed Word, and when the ever-blessed Son of God has brought down to me from Heaven the light and the knowledge in which my faith is enshrined.

I daresay to some it will seem almost foolish to have wasted any time in discussing the question whether there is such a thing as the "living soul" at all. Their faith is firm and unshaken, and they smile at any one doubting what seems to them so plain. Let them thank God if it be so. But there are many troubled and perplexed about these deeper questions. They hear what scientific men sometimes say, or what popular preachers of unbelief put forward; and, though they know, too, that there are plenty of scientific men who are firm in their faith, and plenty of simple, loving souls who have the testimony within, yet they cannot help being troubled, and it is not wise to ignore these things. They are sure to be met with, and they will only cause the more trouble if we have never considered them, and do not know what answers to give when the difficult questions come.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PATIENCE OF TWO.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Author of "Strayed East," "The Flower of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

THAT Walter Anstead might be at his office by half-past eight in the morning, it was needful that he should breakfast at half-past seven. Mrs. Anstead, since the death of her husband, rarely came down to this meal. One result of sorrow in her case seemed to be a great capacity for sleep. She rose late in the morning, she went to bed early at night, and she enjoyed little snatches of repose at intervals during the day.

It was Kezia, therefore, who came down first, set the house in order, and got breakfast ready for Walter. He himself was usually down quite as early as she was, and made the fire in a most professional manner. At first he used always to take a cup of tea up to his mother's bedroom; but Mrs. Anstead found that the tea made her indisposed for further sleep, and therefore refused this kind office as tending still more to weaken her shattered nerves. By reason of his early start Walter Anstead always missed the postman; but that was of no particular importance. The letters received by the family were not many in number, and they seemed to get fewer as time went on.

When, therefore, Kezia took in one morning a letter

bearing a foreign stamp, she was filled with excitement. It was addressed to her mother in a bold, careless handwriting, of which Kezia had no knowledge. It had gone to their old house in which they had spent so many years, and thence had been re-directed by the post-office officials.

Kezia had made the table tidy after the early breakfast, had refilled the kettle, and had cut some bread ready to be toasted just before her mother should come down. She had time, therefore, in which to give the letter a full and careful scrutiny.

"I wonder who it's from," said Kezia aloud.

Now, the matter might, we should have supposed, have been settled in a moment or two by taking the letter upstairs. But you must have noticed that leisurely people who receive a letter, the origin of which they cannot in a moment guess, never do go the shortest way to setting their doubts at rest. They look at the front of the envelope and at the back; they scrutinise the handwriting, and consider the postmark. Last of all—as though it were a desperate resort, to which nothing but the direst need should drive them—they open the letter.

Kezia could not fall back upon this expedient, for the letter was not her own, and she therefore gave the envelope a more careful examination. She found the stamp quite a work of art, for, where it had not been obliterated she could make out parts of a ship in full sail, and the motto "*Damus petimusque*——"

"*Damus pet—Damus petimusque*," said Kezia to herself; "I can't remember any place of that name—but there, I'm forgetting all my accomplishments and everything else since I've had to be maid-of-all-work."

Upon this she took the letter upstairs.

Mrs. Anstead was asleep; but it was late enough for one to suppose without any unkindness that she would be glad to get up.

So Kezia coughed. It was a hoarse and unnatural kind of cough; indeed, one of those coughs which can never by any possibility be mistaken for a spontaneous act.

Mrs. Anstead, slowly and cautiously, and as one to whom haste was altogether foreign, stirred in the bed.

"Here's a letter, mother," said Kezia.

"A letter? How often have I told you—yes, begged you, not to rob me of sleep just because the postman has been?"

"But, mother, I think it must be important. It——"

"Important! yes, that was what you said yesterday, when it turned out to be a notice of somebody's clearance sale."

"But, mother——"

"Don't say anything more about it, Kezzie; it will be time enough to read it when I come down."

And upon this Mrs. Anstead laid her head once more snugly upon the pillow and shut her eyes.

Kezia sniffed audibly, and left the room in some haste, carrying the despised packet with her.

When Mrs. Anstead came down an hour later the letter lay beside her plate.

But it did not at once catch her eye, for Kezia, hearing signs that her mother was getting up, had made the tea and buttered some toast. A fragrant odour went up from the little teapot and the plate before the fire. It was small marvel that these won her attention first.

When, too, the envelope did catch her eye, she felt it a matter of duty to show no interest in its contents. Kezia, by accident or design, had laid it face downwards, and its peculiar claim to her attention was not at once apparent. But at last, turning the envelope carelessly over, her eye caught the foreign stamp.

"Why, Kezia!" she said, in tones of sorrowful reproach; "why didn't you tell me this was a foreign letter?"

"Because you wouldn't let me, mother."

"Kezia! how can you?"

"Perfectly well, mother, because you know it's true."

"I stop you from telling me?"

"Yes, indeed you did; but suppose, instead of talking about it, you open the letter and see where it comes from."

Mrs. Anstead raised her chin in the air, as one who would exclaim, "What curiosity, what painful and distressing impatience!" But she said nothing.

Kezia, as I have recorded, had made a thorough examination of the envelope. She therefore hoped that her mother would at once break the seal.

But why should Mrs. Anstead be wiser than the rest of mankind? She, too, looked at the front of the envelope; she looked at the back; she eyed the handwriting; she spelt out the *Damus petimusque*—she tried to decipher the postmark. Then, without opening it, she laid the envelope down, and said in a voice of conviction,

"It's from your Uncle Andrew."

"Nonsense, mother," said Kezia; "why don't you open the letter and see?"

Kezia said "nonsense," but that was just because she very much hoped that her mother's verdict might be the true one. For Uncle Andrew was a kind of half-mythical person, of whom it pleased Mrs. Anstead often to talk. There was a portrait of him in the drawing-room upstairs, a portrait taken in the year that the gold-fever broke out in Australia, when Andrew Green suddenly made up his mind no longer to be a City clerk, but to excavate lumps of gold in Australia.

The family did not often hear from him. A companion, who worked his passage back to England, reported that Andrew had ceased to look for the lumps of gold, and was pursuing the humble occupation of a gravedigger. Then there was a silence until a solitary letter told them that Andrew had joined Gordon's "ever-victorious army," in China. His next announcement was dated from the Cape, whence he was going up country with an exploring and hunting party. That was ten years before the day of which we are speaking, so that Mrs. Anstead was justified in

thinking that the time was come for her brother to write again.

She half opened the thin envelope, and then stopped to reflect.

"Now I wonder," she said, "if he is at last coming home a rich man? I shouldn't be surprised if he was. He always said we were not to be anxious about him, he would make his fortune. Perhaps the dear fellow has suddenly thought we may not be very well off, and——"

"Hadn't you better open the letter and see, mother?" said Kezia, who deemed certainty better than conjecture.

"Ah, Kezzie," continued Mrs. Anstead, advancing her thumb just half an inch further into the envelope, "how often have I begged you not to be so impatient? Now, if your Uncle Andrew ——"

"I don't believe it is Uncle Andrew at all."

The taunt did its work. With one look of mingled pity and sorrow at her daughter, Mrs. Anstead tore the letter from its covering.

The first words she read gave her ample clue to its contents.

"It's from Mark!" she cried, and dropped the missive upon the floor.

"From Mark!" echoed Kezia, picking up the letter and reading its contents.

Now Mark was Walter Anstead's younger brother, and the ne'er-do-weel of the family. On leaving school he had entered a business house, only to leave it at the end of a few months. He was incorrigibly lazy, said his master. The place didn't suit him, was Mark's own explanation.

"What am I to do with you now?" his father had asked.

"Oh, don't trouble about me; I shall be all right," was the cheerful reply.

So Mark Anstead made another start, this time in a solicitor's office. In three months his ambition was satisfied. He came home one evening with a cheerful air, and a week's wages, to say that his services were no longer required. He had been sent upon a message of importance, and, having some pleasant converse with a friend by the way, had contrived to lose the documents he carried.

Mr. Anstead stormed; Mrs. Anstead wept; but Mark, plunging his hands a little deeper into his trousers pockets, merely remarked, "Don't trouble about me; I shall be all right."

For some weeks he lounged around the house in idleness, and then a sea-captain, whose home was near that of the Ansteads, suggested that a voyage might "knock some of the nonsense out of Mark's head."

Mr. Anstead fell in with the plan eagerly. "It may be the making of the boy," he said to his wife.

But Mrs. Anstead did not see the matter in that light. Mark seemed to her more precious because of his wrongdoing, and she could not bring herself to think of him at sea under the tender mercies of Captain Thompson.

She found an opportunity of taking Mark aside, and, with many tears, telling him of her pain at the thought of his future.

"Cheer up, mother," said her son in his happiest tone, "and don't trouble about me; I shall be all right."

So Mark went to sea; but whether the discipline of Captain Thompson was a little too severe, or whether the sorrows endured during a heavy gale were too much for Mark, they knew not. But in any case, he ran away from his ship at Sydney. He was, however, thoughtful enough to send his mother a short note in which he announced this fact, adding at the end, "Don't trouble about me; I shall be all right."

And then Mark Anstead vanished into the unknown.

Ten years had gone by, and the reckless lad of seventeen would be the man of twenty-seven. It was from him that the letter came. Kezia read every line before Mrs. Anstead had wiped away her preliminary tears. This is how the epistle ran:—

"GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA,
"*April* 10*th*, 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

"I have been thinking that it is quite time I came home to see how you all are. I forget where I was when I last wrote, but it doesn't matter now. I have been knocking about a bit, but have been in Georgetown more than a year. It is hot, and also moist, and there are more niggers here than white people. Perhaps I shall get home almost as soon as this letter, as the boat goes for Liverpool to-morrow. So no more from me at present, as I must get ready for the voyage. Only don't trouble about me; I shall be all right. With love to all.

"Your Affectionate Son,
"MARK."

"Bless his heart!" said Mrs. Anstead, wiping away a second instalment of tears; "so he is coming home to his mother at last! Wasn't it odd that I should have had a stranger in each of my cups of tea yesterday morning, and that I should have seen one hanging on the top bar of the grate the moment I came down to-day?"

"But, mother——"

"And I wonder what the dear boy will bring me home? He always was fond of his mother, and I shouldn't be surprised if there was something handsome in his box; for, no doubt, the boy——"

"But, mother——"

"I know what you are going to say, Kezia, and of course I don't think we must expect too much. For he might be married, and have a family; and he may be bringing his wife home——"

But here Kezia's patience was exhausted, for the household aspect of the question was already troubling her mind.

"How you do run on, mother," she rather angrily exclaimed. "What I want to know is how Mark is to be kept."

"Kezia," said her mother in sorrowful indignation, "how unkind! Do you suppose Mark would be capable of coming home without something in his pocket?"

"Oh, I daresay he will have something in his pockets; but it will only be his hands. If he is coming back here to live on us, I'm sure I don't know how we shall make both ends meet. It's hard enough on Walter and me as it is, and——"

"Hard enough on Walter and you! And pray, have I nothing to suffer?"

And then Mrs. Anstead, having finished the buttered toast and her second cup of tea, went in for a good systematic fit of weeping, in the midst of which Kezia retired upstairs to make the beds.

Mrs. Anstead spent the rest of the morning in looking out of the window with a dim kind of hope that Mark might appear amongst the passers-by. A well-dressed stranger, who seemed uncertain as to the house he sought, filled her for some moments with a flutter of excitement. But he vanished. When they had their scanty dinner at one o'clock she described the stranger's appearance in great detail, and wondered whether, after all, he might not be Mark.

"I rather think he had red hair, and Mark's was black; but then in those hot countries people do change so. I'm sure Captain Thompson's nose ——"

"But a nose is not quite the same thing as one's hair, is it, mother?"

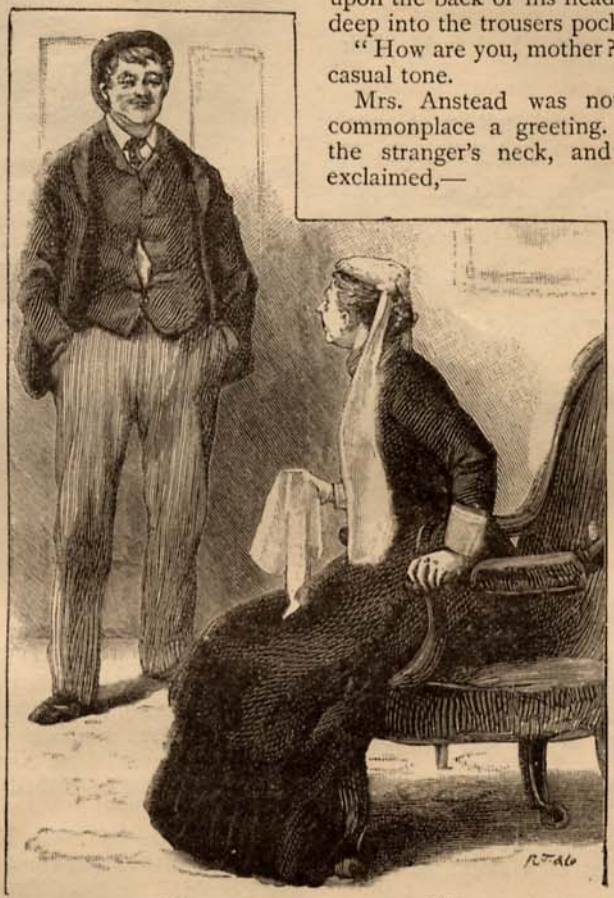
"No, indeed; but then the climate, my dear, I'm sure it can do the strangest things."

"But the person you saw was well dressed, and Mark was always so untidy."

"But think what he may have become by now!"

"I've been trying to, but, somehow I can't think of anything satisfactory."

"Ah, Kezia!"—this with many shakings of the head; "you always were hard on that poor boy."



"'HOW ARE YOU, MOTHER?'"

Kezia made no reply, and the conversation was cut short by a violent peal of the bell.

Mrs. Anstead looked at Kezia, and Kezia without a word went to the door.

The mother below heard sounds of conversation and a heavy tread.

They were coming downstairs.

Presently the door opened, and there entered a heavily built young man, with a weak, good-natured face. He had not removed his hat, which reposed upon the back of his head, and each hand was thrust deep into the trousers pockets.

"How are you, mother?" he observed in the most casual tone.

Mrs. Anstead was not to be put off with so commonplace a greeting. She threw herself upon the stranger's neck, and in a voice full of tears exclaimed,—

"My boy! My long-lost boy!"

In the violence of her emotion she struck the prodigal's hat from his head. He, therefore, withdrew one hand from its pocket, unclasped his mother's arms, and picked up the hat, remarking, with genial reassurance,

"I'm all right, mother."

Kezia looked on with some doubt, and rather coldly suggested that her brother should sit down.

The proposal quite fell in with Mark's own ideas. His eye roamed around the room until it fell on the most comfortable chair in the apartment. Then, very deliberately, he removed himself to it, put down his hat, and returned his hands to the pockets.

Mrs. Anstead continued to weep, interspersing her tears with an occasional ejaculation, which did not, however, suggest conversation on the part of the other persons present.

It was Kezia who opened upon her brother.

"And how did you come over, Mark?"

"By boat, Kezzie."

"I never supposed that you walked or swam. But wasn't it an expensive journey?"

"Not a bit, my dear. It paid for itself."

"Ah! you worked your passage."

"What a wonderful sister it is! Of course I did."

"Well, that saved money. But how about your situation whilst you are away?"

"Situation? Why, my dear girl, I haven't got such a thing!"

"Well, are you in business for yourself?"

"Well, yes; all the business I do."

But here Mrs. Anstead broke in.

"Kezia, my dear, when your brother is just come off a long and trying journey, can't you say something more pleasant to him?"

"Pleasant, mother? I only want to know why he is here, and what he is going to do."

Mark tilted himself a little farther back in his chair and looked at the ceiling.

Kezia was not to be put off.

"Now, Mark, you may as well tell us at once. To be plain, are you come to pay your way, or not?"

"Kezia," said the prodigal, in the voice of one aggrieved, "to be quite plain with you, I've hardly a cent in my pocket."

"My poor, poor boy——" began Mrs. Anstead, rising from her seat.

"Oh, I'm all right, mother," returned Mark hastily; "don't trouble about me."

Mrs. Anstead sat down.

"Mark," said Kezia, "do you know that your father's dead——"

"No, indeed I don't!"

"And that all we have to live on comes from Walter?"

"I hadn't a notion of it. Poor old father!" said the prodigal with a touch of sincere sorrow for a moment in his voice.

"And how are you going to keep yourself at home?"

"I, Kezzie? Oh, don't trouble about——"

"Yes, but I shall."

"Well," said Mark, "this is a nice welcome for a poor fellow just restored to the bosom of his family!"

"My poor boy——" began Mrs. Anstead.

"Yes," pursued Kezia relentlessly, "I daresay it doesn't sound very cordial; but we have been in trouble, and just now it takes all Walter's money to keep us going at all."

"Walter's money?" said Mark, with a noble show of indignation. "I'm not going to be dependent on Walter. I'm going. Good-bye, mother! Good-bye, Kezzie! Don't trouble about me; I can rough it."

Before Mrs. Anstead had quite realised what was happening he was out of the room. Then she rose to follow, but Kezia restrained her, and Mark left the house unhindered.

Then, very naturally under the circumstances, Mrs. Anstead sat down once more to weep. Nor had she found entire release from her tears when Walter came in that evening.

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF A BENEFACTOR.

IT so happened that Walter Anstead reached home in a particularly joyous mood. Perhaps the fact of having met Mary quite unexpectedly, and spent a quarter of an hour with her, may have had something to do with it.

But on entering the breakfast-room he was at once aware of some calamity impending.

Mrs. Anstead sat in her favourite chair, and did not look up at his approach. Kezia was knitting in the furious fashion which always suggested a storm.

He affected not to see the signals of distress, and began in a cheerful manner to discuss some topics of the day.

But the extreme brevity of the answers he received soon made it impossible for him to neglect the signs of the times.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, nothing in particular," said his mother in the tones which always mean "something very much."

"What is it?"

Mrs. Anstead began with the utmost promptitude to weep.

"The trouble is," said Kezia, still knitting in the most furious fashion, "that Mark is come home."

"Mark home!" exclaimed Walter, rising from his seat. "Well, that is news! but where is he?"

"Gone!" cried Mrs. Anstead, "gone again!"

"But why has he rushed off in this way?"

"Ask Kezia."

"The truth is," said Kezia, throwing aside her knitting, "that he has come home to be a drag on you, and I couldn't see him do that without letting him know just how we are situated. When I told him he went off in a huff, and mother thinks he has vanished for good. I don't."

At this moment there came an irresolute kind of ring at the bell.

"I wonder if that can be my precious boy?" cried Mrs. Anstead.

Kezia said nothing, but left the room to answer the door.

A heavy step was heard in the hall above, and then the sound of Kezia's voice raised in anger.

Mrs. Anstead looked apprehensively at her son, and Walter looked in doubt at his mother.

They had not long to wait for an explanation of the

noise. The door of the room opened, and Mark Anstead lurched in.

He was obviously and noisily drunk.

"Don't you trouble about me, Kezzie," he was saying; "I shall be all right."

Poor Mrs. Anstead raised her hands in amazement and horror. Walter, for a moment, stood still without a word. Kezia came behind the drunkard, tearful but speechless.

Mark himself was for the moment reduced to order. He lurched heavily from side to side, regarding the company with an idiotic look of forced and unnatural gravity. Then he spoke.

"Walter—my boy," he stammered, drawing near to his brother, "how are you?"

Walter drew back a step before speaking.

"Mark," he said, "are you sober enough to listen to reason?"

"Me sober?" asked the prodigal, "'f course I am; though," he added, with another accession of solemnity, "there seems to be an 'mazing lot o' drunken people about to-ni'."

"Where are your things?"

"Where are my things? what things? I ain't got any things."

"I think you had better let me put you to bed," said Walter, with a calmness which surprised no one more than himself.

The prodigal was kind enough to offer no objection. He was conducted upstairs by his brother, and put to bed in Walter's own room. The operation took some time, for the prodigal now and then broke into snatches of song, or was anxious to recount some of his most recent experiences. But at last, by the exercise of tact and firmness, he was induced to address himself to slumber. This done, there was a little family council downstairs.

"Did you speak to him, Walter?" asked Mrs. Anstead nervously.

"Speak to him?" echoed Walter, with a natural bitterness in his tone; "what is the good of trying to reason with a drunken man? I shall have my say in the morning."

"Be gentle with him, Walter."

"I will do my best; but I don't think gentleness is the thing most likely to influence Mark, unless he has changed—and I don't think he has. He suffers from a lack of feeling. He knows nothing about responsibility. It is my private opinion that he would very resignedly see us all taken to the workhouse, so long as he himself was not incommoded by the fact."

"Walter! for shame!" began Mrs. Anstead.

"It *does* sound uncharitable, I know; let us hope it will turn out an entire mistake."

They sat long in consultation over the prodigal, and finally Walter went off to rest on a hastily made up bed in an attic, whilst the wanderer slept off his intoxication in his brother's comfortable room. The decision was that Walter should give Mark some good advice in the morning, and see how far he was disposed to settle down to steady work if it could be found for him.

The morning, when it came, disclosed Mark in a proper state of penitence, and exceedingly thirsty. He demanded brandy, as being certain to assuage his sufferings, and poor Mrs. Anstead would cheerfully have supplied his need, but that Walter took upon himself to assure his brother, in tones which could not be mistaken, that he would get neither brandy nor whisky nor any other spirit in that house. Mark seemed to accept the situation, and told his brother, in so cheerful a tone, that he would "be all right," that Mrs. Anstead felt the incident of the preceding day to be an altogether unusual kind of thing, the mere momentary outburst of a passion which so many men sometimes give way to. It was of course clearly understood that Mark was to look for work, although he himself confessed to some doubt as to the kind of place he might now be able to fill. But he was quite cheerful over the whole matter, repeatedly begged the family not to trouble about him, and always ended by assuring them that he should "be all right."

This was the position of affairs when Walter set out for the City that morning.

At the office a surprise awaited him.

Anstead was called into the room of the junior partner as soon as Mr. Higgs arrived.

He went in some trepidation. Hitherto his work had been of a straight-forward hum-drum character, and he was not aware of any vacancy in the house to which he could be promoted.

Cudgelling his brains for the remembrance of any fault which might bring reproof upon him, he entered the room of Mr. Higgs.

His alarm was soon dismissed. Briefly the cause of his sudden call was this.

A country customer, who had long been unsatisfactory, showed a rooted aversion to paying up even a portion of his debt. It had been determined, therefore, to try the effect of direct remonstrance upon him. But the person whose duty it was to visit cases of this character was ill. Much of his work could wait, but this one affair was deemed important enough for some one to be sent at once about the business. Anstead was chosen for the task.

Instructions as to what should be done under particular circumstances were delivered to Walter; he was furnished with money for his journey, and dismissed at once upon the errand.

Consulting a timetable, he saw that the only train which would allow of his reaching that day the out-of-the-way town in North Yorkshire to which he was going started in an hour's time.

It was impossible, therefore, to go home. He could but write to his mother, and to Mary Wakefield, telling them that he might be back the next or at the most the third day.

Under other circumstances he would have been as happy as the day was long over this incident. It was

a proof that the firm had confidence in his discretion. He might pave the way to something better; something that might allow him to provide for his mother and sister, and still think of marrying Mary Wakefield if her father should get a place.

But now there was Mark. And yet, after all, was it not just possible that the sense of responsibility which the prodigal might feel on being left in charge of the household would steady him? It might. At all events, with a hope and a prayer that so it should be, Walter Anstead set off upon his journey.

There is no place like a railway carriage for the encouragement of daydreams. Reading becomes a weariness to the flesh; close inspection of the scenery soon palls; conversation at the top of one's voice about subjects in which neither party feels any particular interest after a time flags. But daydreams are always possible, and Walter Anstead, who did not often give himself to luxury, went in for a great bout of them. He pictured himself discharging his errand with conspicuous success and rising in the confidence of his employers. He saw Mark reformed and helping him to support his mother and Kezia. He saw Mr. Wakefield in a comfortable place, and Mary no more the one bread-winner of the family. He saw himself settling the details of the wedding, and all his future going as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. And then he woke up with a start, to realise that these things were still very much in the future.

But we must leave Walter Anstead hurrying north in this mood, and see how affairs are going in Grandworthy Street.

It was agreed, as I have said, that Mark should look for work, and work, as we are well aware, is one of those things which requires looking for.

Mark, however, was in no particular hurry.

His first action, when his brother had left the house that morning, was to settle down into the one comfortable chair the room boasted. Then he felt diligently in several pockets. A shade of apprehension crossed his face, changing presently into a look of contentment as he drew an old briarwood pipe from a pocket.

"Don't mind my smoking, mother?" he asked, as he proceeded to fill it.

"Certainly not, my boy," said Mrs. Anstead; "your poor dear father used to smoke, and I often think it's a defect in Walter's character that he doesn't. People who don't smoke are often so irritable."

"Irritable, mother?" broke in the watchful Kezia. "I'm sure you can't say that of Walter."

"My dear, you do take me up so! I was just saying that people who don't smoke are often so irritable. It's true that Walter doesn't smoke, but I don't mean that he is always irritable."

"I'm sure he has enough to make him so!"

"And what about me?" began Mrs. Anstead, to whom the mention of another person's trials was as a red rag to a bull.

Now there was all the material here for a family quarrel which might have lasted well through the day. But Mark was one of those persons who disliked discussion amongst other people, if only because it interferes with their own peace. So at this point he cut in with a question which effectually turned the subject.

"Quite right, mother; there's nothing like a pipe for quieting down the nerves. But it makes one uncommonly thirsty. You haven't such a thing as a bottle of beer, I suppose, in the house, have you?"

"No, we haven't," said Kezia; "and what's more, I don't think we want it. It is quite hard enough to find money for the things that are really necessary without spending it on the things that are not."

"How you do run on, Kezia," said her mother; "one would really think from what you say that we were all paupers, dependent for our daily bread on Walter's mercy. I don't see that he does anything more than his duty."

"Perhaps not; but we need not make the duty any harder than is needful."

Mark did not continue this part of the conversation; he calmly ignored it.

"The reason why I asked that question," he said, "was because I sometimes get in the morning a feeling in my heart which the doctor told me to be careful about; a kind of die-away sensation, as though the heart was going to stop, and the doctor said I had better get a little stimulant whenever I felt it coming on."

"I suppose you had a very bad attack of it last night," said Kezia, "and had to take a good deal to relieve it?"

"Kezia!" exclaimed her mother, "how can you be so unfeeling? Poor fellow! I know well what it is to suffer in that way. Kezia, fetch me my brandy."

"Mother, you know Walter keeps that for you as a medicine, and you only take it so yourself."

"Well, and it is as medicine I am going to give Mark some."

"Have you forgotten last night?"

"Now, Kezzie," began the prodigal in wheedling tones, "when a fellow has been such a time out of England, and sees a friend or two on his return——"

"He needn't get drunk in their company."

"Kezia, if you will not get it, I shall go myself;" and, rising from her seat, Mrs. Anstead left the room.

Kezia tried one more appeal.

"Mark," she said, "please don't touch it; you will only want more and more."

"Why, Kezzie," returned he, "don't be so hard on a fellow. I know when to stop. Don't you trouble about me; I shall be all right."

At this moment Mrs. Anstead returned with the modicum of brandy, kept in a medicine-bottle for her use in sickness. With one look at her daughter she placed it on the table near Mark. Kezia left the room.

Mark very calmly addressed himself to the bottle. Its contents, slightly diluted with water, were soon exhausted, and then it occurred to him that it was

quite time he went out, "just to look around and see a friend or two he had heard of."

But travelling in London meant, as he reminded his mother, money; and of money he had now not a penny.

"My poor boy!" exclaimed she, "how careless of Walter not to have thought of that before he went! It's little enough I have, for Kezia keeps house; but I sometimes put a shilling or two by out of what Walter allows me, and you shall have what I can give."

So a half-sovereign, which had been accumulated little by little for some trifling indulgence, was by this confiding mother handed over to Mark.

He kissed her dutifully, put on his hat, and left the house.

Kezia, hearing him go, returned downstairs. She saw the empty bottle, took it away without a word, and then asked where Mark had gone.

"Your brother," said Mrs. Anstead, with dignity, "is gone out in search of work."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Kezia. Then, after a pause, she added in agonised tones: "Oh, mother, do try to save him from himself!"

"Kezia, I am ashamed of you! To think that your brother should have come home after all this time and you receive him in this fashion. I intend to show confidence in him, and I do not believe he will disappoint his mother." And here, as an appropriate ending to so long a speech, Mrs. Anstead burst into tears.

Kezia, with a sigh, resigned the subject, and went about her household duties.

Mark left the house with a general idea that inquiries must be made somewhere. The particular destination of his footsteps or even the kind of task he should seek for had not, however, engaged his attention.

His path led him past the open door of the "Black Lion," into which, quite easily and naturally, he strolled.

The compartment of the bar in which he found himself was empty, but a damsel, very smartly arrayed, served him promptly, and answered his questions with the utmost readiness.

Presently he was joined by a seedy personage, whose inflamed countenance and rather tremulous hand betokened much experience in visits of this kind.

At a sign from him the barmaid placed a measure of raw brandy on the counter. He took it off undiluted, without changing a line of his countenance, whilst Mark Anstead looked on with admiration. This done, the stranger had time to view his companion.

The inspection of Mark seemed to give him entire satisfaction, for he began conversation in tones which would have been deferential but for an irrepressible suggestion of swagger.

"A traveller, sir, I see," he observed to Mark.

"Yes, I've knocked about a bit," said the young man.

"India? I was there some years myself."

"Never there," said Mark; "what will you take?"

"The usual, miss, if you please."

"'OH, NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.'"

Mark paid, and composed himself to further conversation with the agreeable stranger.

"Home long?"

"Just back from South America."

"Ah, beastly country! Nothing like England, sir."

"My! Captain Armstrong," broke in the barmaid; "why, you are always saying how you wish you could get out of it!"

"Very likely, my dear; but I don't want to go to South America whilst there's anything to be done here."

"That's the rub," said Mark; "a fellow must find something to do."

"Well, you're a smart enough chap."

The compliment was delightful, and the Captain's glass was refilled in acknowledgment.

"The fact is," said Mark, with the air of a man who has the world at his feet, "it isn't every place that would suit me."

"No?"

"No, I don't want to be at anybody's beck and call. I want to be in something decent."

"Ah," said the Captain, surveying the young man with a critical eye, "I see the thing that would suit you—a position of trust——"

"Yes, a position of trust; quiet, respectable——"

"Not too much work——"

"Not too much work, and that straightforward——"

"And the pay regular."

"Oh yes; the pay must be regular, of course."

"Umph!" said the Captain, as though some unexpected difficulty had suddenly presented itself to his mind's eye, "it wants getting."

"Very likely, but——"

"But—you were going to say that you had some capital?"

"Capital? Well, not exactly that—but—well—er—expectations. I shall be all right if it comes to anything."

"Very good," said the Captain, with another keen glance at the young man's face, "then what do you say to this?"

He took a newspaper from his coat-tail pocket, smoothed out a page, and finally laid his finger upon an advertisement.

It read as follows:—

> "POSITION OF TRUST.—Wanted a gentleman with a small sum at his disposal to fill a Position of Trust in connection with a lucrative business. No previous experience required. Apply in strict confidence to Benefactor, 2, —— Street, E.C."

"A position of trust," said the Captain in sonorous tones; "the very thing for you!"

"Yes," returned Mark, "but the capital?"

"Ah, there you have me. But, of course, if there is none——"—and here the Captain made a show of returning the paper to his pocket.

"But I suppose there are ways?" said Mark.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't one raise money?"

"Oh yes," returned the Captain with alacrity, "if one has a trifle of security—household furniture, now, or a reversion."

"Furniture?"

"Yes; give a bill of sale, you know. Easily done; no anxiety; all kept dark; pay when you like."

"The place looks promising," said Mark.

"I believe you; the very thing for a man of your appearance. Why not have a look in?"

"Well—it's the money. But I'll think it over, and write to 'Benefactor' if I see my way."

"Why not let me help you? Look in here at this time to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Mark. And on this understanding the two parted.

(To be continued.)

A CONFIRMATION HYMN.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

MADE for Thyself Thine honour and Thy glory,
Father in Heaven, we yield ourselves to Thee;
Won by Thy Cross and Love's immortal story,
Thine may we be through all eternity.

Stamped with Thine image, claim us Thine for ever,
As gold refined, coin of Thy realm to be!
What is defaced renew, and leave us never
Till Thine own superscription all may see!

O Lord of Hosts! The battle is before us,
The fight of faith against our subtle foes,
"Jehovah Nissi" be Thy banner o'er us,
Thine armour ours until the battle's close!

Then may the doors, the everlasting portals,
Lift up their heads to let the Victors in,
The King of Glory, with His own immortals—
Soldiers triumphant over death and sin.

CHRIST CHURCH PARSONAGE,
HARROW ROAD, W.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

II. THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

WELLS CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. LORD ARTHUR CHARLES HERVEY, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, is the fourth son of the first Marquis (fifth Earl) of Bristol, and was born in 1808. He was educated at Eton, and from thence proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829, being sixth in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, completing a distinguished career by taking his M.A. degree in 1830, at the comparatively early age of twenty-two. During the following thirty-seven years he had but one charge—viz., the parishes of Ickworth and Horningsheath, Suffolk; and there he secured alike the affection and esteem of his parishioners. The prominent subjects of the day found in him an interested and moderate advocate, in spite of the responsibilities of a country parish. During the stormy theological discussions which took place forty years ago, sermons preached by him were marked by chaste language, deep religious feeling, intense earnestness, and extreme gentleness and moderation, notably those in 1855, entitled, "The Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures." In 1866, ten years before the *First Bishopric Act* was passed, he mooted the question of "The Increase of the Episcopate"; and his suggestions for "Supplying University Lectures to the Mechanics and Other Institutes of England" will be well remembered in connection with the first efforts to take up University Extension as a practical measure.

In 1862 Lord Arthur Hervey was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Sudbury, and seven years later to the See of Bath and Wells, then vacant by the resignation of the Right Rev. Lord Auckland. For twenty-three years the Bishop has devoted the same unceasing energy to his diocese as he did aforetime to his parish. The whole of Somerset has benefited by his ministrations; and whether it be beneath the shadow of his Cathedral Church, where the prosperous Theological College receives his oversight; or in distant parts of the diocese, where all Church societies command his support, the same regard and affection is felt for the Bishop by all schools of thought, as was the case in his early days at Ickworth. Full of good works, and honoured of all men, after sixty years of

ministry, Bishop Hervey continues to take part in all questions which come to the fore, and particularly those which affect the well-being of the masses. He is the friend of Education, Temperance, and Pauperism, and by zeal, tempered with prudence, secures for these subjects wise, careful, and generous consideration.

Amongst the Bishop's published works are lectures on *Labour, Property, and Wages* (1883-4-5), *Genealogies of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ reconciled*, *Hints on Infant Baptism*, and contributions to the *Pulpit Commentary*, *Brief Commentary* (S.P.C.K.), *Dictionary of the Bible*, and *Speakers' Commentary*. The Bishop was one of the Revisers of the Authorised Version of the Old Testament, and is Visitor of Wadham College, Oxford. Our portrait has been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a recent photograph by Mr. W. J. Berryman, of Bath.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

A WORD OF CAUTION.—*Beware of a fussy, fidgety feeling* during Lent; as if the number of services you attend, or the exact plan you are following, must bring the Lenten Blessing! It is not from any special Church or Clergyman,—it is not from any outward helps,—but only from the FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, that the true Blessing can come. "I believe in the HOLY GHOST, the LORD, and Giver of Life." Therefore, look away from your Clergyman, and all outward helps, up to the FOUNTAIN OF LIFE; and then, whether through one means or another, sooner or later, the blessing *will* come. The HOLY GHOST will give you whatever you need, so far as you are *now* able to receive it.—BISHOP G. H. WILKINSON.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II. ST GEORGE'S CHURCH, JESMOND, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE FONT.

WE are this month enabled to give our readers an account of a modern parish church which has been reared in the north of England at the sole cost of Charles Mitchell, Esq., a member of the eminent and well-known firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, & Co., of Low Walker and Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This church, with its lofty campanile tower, is a conspicuous feature in the surrounding landscape, and can be seen on a clear day several miles off. While the exterior is perhaps strikingly plain and unpretentious, the interior is replete with great beauty of adornment, which is at once rich and chaste. This church was consecrated on October 16th, 1888, and provides accommodation for nearly nine hundred persons.

The style of architecture is described as early pointed, with developments, in parts,

THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

EXTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, JESMOND.

to the geometric and decorated periods. Entering the enclosed boundaries of the site through wrought-iron gates of unique design, the south porch of the church is reached. The outer gates of this are of wrought-iron, and are a choice example of the blacksmith's art. The inner doors are of oak of tasteful design and admirable workmanship. In the carving and tracing of the upper portions of the doors the emblems of Saint George, the patron saint of the church, are embodied in the sword, shield, and cross in the centre, flanked by tracery, the lines of which lead into and accentuate small patera and panels, each containing symbols of the early church. Entering the church, there is at once experienced a feeling of largeness, which the exterior view does not lead one to expect; and this arises from the simplicity of the main architectural features of the interior, the softly shadowed mouldings, a discreet reserve in the distribution of ornament, the height and simple construction of the roof, and the repeating forms of the arcading of the aisles. Still, ornament is used somewhat lavishly, but is concentrated and focussed in such parts that its full value is not only preserved, but its effect considerably enhanced. Indeed, the decorative art is a conspicuous feature of this beautiful church. The plan of the building comprises a chancel, nave, north and south aisles, baptistery, morning chapel, organ chamber, clergy and choir vestries, and south porch. The chancel, which is the full width of the nave, is a striking feature in a church which has many notable features. For wealth of rare material and fine workmanship it far exceeds the chancels of other parish churches in the north of England. Above the reredos are three arcaded recesses, united to the lancet windows above by a stone screen of carved and traceried enrichment, the centre being surmounted by a cross. In the recesses are the figures, in mosaic work, of our

THE NAVE, LOOKING EAST.

Lord (in the centre) and the archangels Michael and Gabriel. These figures were designed by Mr. C. W. Mitchell (son of the donor of the church), who is an artist of well-known repute. The east windows are filled with painted glass, illustrating the Nativity of our Lord, and the visit of the Wise Men and shepherds. The base of the chancel walls is covered with a deep dado of very beautifully designed mosaics and painted tiles, upon the latter being emblems of Our Lord's Passion and of the Evangelists, skilfully interlaced with ornamental foliage, and worked into the spandrial forms of sedilia arcading. The upper wall space is covered with elaborate and costly mosaic, somewhat after the manner of the famous fifth and sixth century mosaics in the churches of Ravenna.

The massively panelled wooden ceiling of the chancel must not be passed over. It is richly painted in a scheme of blue, ivory, and gold, each panel containing a separate design, embracing the legends of the Pelican, the Cross of Constantine, and ingenious arrangements of freely treated mediæval foliage, etc. The deeply moulded ribs are overlaid with gold, the combination giving a most sumptuous decorative result.

The entire scheme of decoration is the work of Mr. T. R. Spence, the architect for the church, with the exception of the Apostles, the designs for which were prepared by Mr. C. W. Mitchell.

In the westward half of the chancel are the clergy and choir stalls, of oak, with carved ends and traceried fronts. In the bay of the aisle, on the south side of the choir stalls, is placed the organ, which is a fine three manual instrument blown by hydraulic pressure; and the corresponding bay of the north aisle is the morning chapel. These two bays are divided from the chancel and the aisles by four richly carved oak screens, and the central circular panel of each screen is filled with lacquered figures of adoring angels. Adjoining the north pillar of the chancel arch is placed a richly carved oak pulpit, resting upon a base of alabaster, rouge jasper marble, and carved stone; and fitted to the pulpit is a book desk of beautifully wrought copper work. The handsome lectern is of unique design, and is made entirely of brass, the workmanship of which in all its detail is most striking.

The nave is arcaded in five bays on each side, the arches supporting a lofty clerestory and a heavily timbered pitch-pine waggon-vaulted roof, richly decorated. The baptistery extends beyond the west gable, the division between it and the nave being made of moulded piers and arches. The font, which is placed within the centre opening of the arcade, is a striking feature, on account both of the material and workmanship. The bowl is one large piece of onyx, supported upon a traceried design executed in white alabaster, resting on square-cut rouge jasper marble columns, with a base of alabaster. The cover of the font is of wrought iron and copper, of exquisite design and workmanship, said to be worthy of ranking with the best examples of mediæval Flemish work. Across the west gable, above the baptistery arcading, is an elaborate composition of niches, diapers, carved tracery, etc., executed in Caen stone. The centre canopy, in which is placed a beautifully executed bronze figure of St. George and the Dragon,—the patron saint of the church,—is surmounted by a richly carved crown. The west window

SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHOIR.

is of painted glass, the subject of which is the general resurrection, and is treated in a bold style, which, together with the richness of the colouring, does not fail to attract attention. A notable feature of the church is the great use made of mosaic, the floors of the portion of the chancel between the choir stalls, the baptistery, and all the aisles being executed in this material; and into portions of the pavements are worked ecclesiastical emblems of the resurrection, baptism, piety, fortitude, etc. All the pews are of oak, and the floor upon which they are placed is made of hard polished teak-wood blocks.

A fine peal of eight bells is placed in the tower, weighing in the aggregate 3 tons, 12 cwt., 2 qrs., 5 lbs. The tenor bell weighs 18 cwt., 2 qrs., 24 lbs., to the note of F.

The church has lately been improved by the installation of the electric light.

In front of the church are beautifully laid out grounds, flanked on the one side by a spacious Vicarage, and on the other by a Parochial Hall, Class-rooms, and Caretaker's premises, commanding an uninterrupted view of as complete a set of ecclesiastical buildings as are to be found anywhere in the country.

The Vicar is the Rev. Somerset Pennefather, M.A., Hon. Canon of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Our illustrations are from photographs expressly taken for this article by Mr. W. Parry, South Shields.

THE DUTY OF ALMSGIVING: A THOUGHT FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. F. C. STAMER, M.A.,
Rector of Keele.

FIRST of all, what is almsgiving? It is the giving back to God a portion, and perhaps a fixed portion, of our worldly substance, of our income, of our wages. There are different ways in which we can give alms: in offertories in church, in subscriptions to charitable objects, in relief of the poor, in helping forward good works in the parish; but what we so give is given really to God, for His glory, and He, moreover, of His great mercy, is willing to accept it when so given. "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." There need be no lack of opportunities of giving. But is almsgiving a duty? Is it incumbent on us? Why should I give? Most certainly it is a duty; it is strongly enforced in Holy Scripture. In the Old Testament under the law it was a recognised thing; the Jews paid tithes: they put their offerings into the treasury of the Temple at Jerusalem for the maintenance of Divine worship there. And in the New Testament we find Christ enforcing the duty of almsgiving by word and example. He joined it in the Sermon on the Mount with prayer and self-denial as one of the wings by which the Christian mounts upward. He commended the widow's mite; He, though free by His right as Son of God, bade St. Peter pay the Temple tribute: "Thou shalt find a shekel: take it and pay it for Me and thee." But apart from the Bible, the duty of almsgiving appeals to our common sense. Suppose somebody has done a great deal for us, suppose we were in low circumstances and some friend came and gave us a helping hand and just the assistance that we needed, should we not feel beholden to that person for life, and look upon it as our duty, nothing less, to make him some return for what he had done for us? Should we not try and please him in every way, and feeling how good a thing his friendship was, be very careful not to offend him in word or deed? Or suppose somebody made us a handsome present utterly unasked and uncalled for, suppose somebody gave us a wedding present, and soon afterwards we heard he was going to be married himself, should we not think it mean if we didn't give our present amongst the rest? Apart from our love and respect for our friend, should we not feel this: "He remembered me; I must not forget him"? Or suppose we had to borrow a sum from a friend, and he didn't bind us down to any exact way or method of paying him back, but said generously to us, "Pay me back as you can and as it is convenient," should we not look upon it as our bounden duty to pay it back as quickly and promptly as we could, feeling we were under a great obligation to him? What do we think of the person who is all for getting and not at all for giving? Don't we despise him? What do we call a man who is always looking after his own interests and blind to any one else's, and perhaps sharp, in so doing? Why, we call him near, niggardly, a poor sort of a man. Which do we like best, which is the most useful member of society, the generous man or the miser? Well, if we once realise that every good thing of this world comes from God our Heavenly Father, that He finds us our work, that He gives us our income and pays us our wages, that He houses and clothes and feeds us, that He lends us many things, money included, to trade with and make use of, for our own good as long as we live; if, above all, we have been constrained to ask Him for these things; if we have prayed Him, in our hour of distress or weakness, to give us what we needed; if, too, we have realised at all what we mean when we speak of "His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ," then we must feel that we are beholden to Him, that we owe Him a lifelong debt, that we must in our degree give Him something back for all He has done for us, that, amongst other ways of "showing forth His praise not only with our lips, but in our lives," almsgiving is our duty. But if almsgiving is our duty, it also brings us the greatest possible blessing. It was not some lofty, high-aspiring Christian maxim, to be reached only by the few, but a world-wide truth, which Christ spoke when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is an acknowledged fact that self-denial of any sort always brings its reward; we shall be the better for it, we shall feel the happier for it, if we give something, some of our money, away. But further if it is true that God is Almighty, can do anything, and that He does show mercy unto thousands of them that love Him and keep His commandments, then be sure money given to Him is not money lost or wasted; it will be returned—returned with interest, returned in ways which we never expected. Be sure of this: we shall be richer, in the plainest sense of the word, if we, on our part, are rich towards God, if we are careful not to neglect the duty of almsgiving.

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!"

(SEE ILLUSTRATION, PAGE 26.)

"IF you please, Mr. Crinkler, mother says can you mend Tommy's boots by to-morrow morning, because he's got a place to go to, and——"

Polly Hopkins said no more, for by this time Job, that is, Mr. Crinkler, had one of Tommy's boots in his hand, and was looking at it with a fixed, steady, earnest gaze, which seemed to penetrate right through the boot, right through the floor, right through the cellar, "to ever so far away," as Polly told her mother afterwards. It was an anxious moment. Polly was afraid to add another word. She did *so* hope that the boots might be mended, and yet she greatly feared that the task was impossible; for there was still ringing in her ears the positive opinion of brother Tom, who was "quite certain that they couldn't be mended, and that he must have a new pair!" "If Job says it can't be done," thought Polly, "then Tommy will miss the chance of this new situation; for mother really cannot buy him a new pair of boots, and he must go to work to-morrow morning or lose the place." Polly sighed. She really couldn't help it, and then the spell was broken. Job looked up, and without rising from his bench gave the verdict thus:—

"Tell mother, Polly, 'It's never too late to mend! And say, that although Tommy's boots are very far gone, I'll do my best to make a good job of them and if Tommy comes across here for them at eight o'clock to-night he shall have them, for shouldn't like him to miss the chance of starting work in the morning. Who is he going to work for?"

"Mr. Cooper, at the sawmills."

"Oh, these are no sort of boots for that kind of work."

"Well, but mother thinks Tommy will manage a bit, until he earns some money to pay for a proper pair! You see, it's so hard for mother since father died!"

"Yes, yes, I know. Now run away home, and send Tommy to-night."

Oh, with what joy Polly took Job's message home, and how pleased Mrs. Hopkins was to hear that the boots could be mended! Punctually at eight o'clock, Tommy, who was a year or more older than his sister, tripped over to Mr. Crinkler's in a pair of old slippers, much too big for him.

"Are they done?" said Tommy, as he popped his head in at the open door.

"Yes, they're just done!" answered Job, as he gave the right boot another rub with his polishing brush. And Tommy could hardly believe that these beautiful boots were his own old worn-out things.

"How much?" said Tommy.

"Eighteenpence."

"Mother thought it might be more, and I have got half-a-crown."

Job took the half-a-crown, and opened a little box which he kept on a top shelf, and gave Tommy the shilling change. Then he put his hand on Tommy's shoulder, and said, 'Now Tommy, my boy, as you are starting to work to-morrow, make up your mind never to disgrace your mother All kinds of temptation will come before you, and you are going amongst a rough lot, but you will never have a better friend than your mother. How old are you now, Tommy?"

"Nearly fourteen."

"Well, your mother has worked very hard for you all these years, and your father as well, until his time for work ended. So just you remember this, and work as hard as ever you can for your mother, now you have the chance. Come and see me at the end of the week, and let me know how you get on."

* * * * * *

Old Job is now a much older man, and Tommy Hopkins, who is quite grown up, has been for some time head foreman at the sawmills. If you ask him for whom he is working he generally answers, "My mother." For he says old Job Crinkler's advice so fastened itself in his mind, that although he knows he is really working for his master, Mr. Cooper, he cannot help thinking that he is working for his good old mother too. Job has been a good friend to Tommy, and to many other of the lads of our village, and sometimes our Vicar says Job is a worthy successor of that famous shoemaker of Portsmouth Town, good old John Pounds, whose earnest labours for the children of his day were indeed the first beginning of Ragged School work. As for Mrs. Hopkins, she has adopted as her motto Job's message, "It's never too late to mend"; for she says, "It certainly was a word of good cheer for me about Tommy's boots; and as I couldn't help applying it to other things beside boots, it really has heartened me up on many dark days!" Ah! if we only speak a kind, bright, cheery word when we can, what glints of sunshine we may send streaming into the dark corners of the world. F. S.

SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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

Rector of All Hallows, Upper Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

II.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TREATS ALL HER MEMBERS ALIKE.

THE Church of England has one very distinctive feature by which she differs from religious bodies outside her Communion.

That distinctive feature is the equality with which she treats all classes of her members.

For sovereign, prince, peer, and peasant she provides exactly the same form for public worship, and the same religious offices, from the initiative rite of Holy Baptism to the Order of the Burial of the Dead.

In "The Ministration of Public Baptism for Infants," she regards all children of all classes alike, as "conceived and born in sin"; she prays Almighty God for each child to "mercifully look upon" him, to "wash him and sanctify him with the Holy

Ghost, that he, being delivered from Thy wrath, may be received into the ark of Christ's Church; and, being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life."

Each child is baptised by the use of the same sacred words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"; and each one is received into the Church in precisely the same manner, and signed in the same way with the sign of the Cross, "in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

The Church in her Catechism reminds each baptised person alike in the same words of the duties to be performed that were undertaken in his name in Holy Baptism, and of "the Articles of the Christian Faith," which he is "bound to believe."

And in the Catechism each one is taught what those "Articles of Belief" are, as set forth in the Creed, and what is "God's holy will," as contained in the Ten Commandments.

In the "Lord's Prayer" the Church teaches all her members to pray to Almighty God in precisely the same words, for "daily bread, forgiveness of sin, and deliverance from evil."

When the baptised have "come to years of discretion," and have "learned what their Godfathers and Godmothers promised for them in Baptism," they are all required to prepare for the sacred rite of Confirmation. In this holy rite there are two parts: the first part being the renewal, on the part of the persons to be confirmed, "in the presence of God" and in the presence of the public congregation, of the solemn promise and vow "made in their name at their baptism; and secondly, the act of the Bishop by the imposition of hands, confirming each person in the renewal before God, on his own behalf, of his obligation to believe and to do all that was promised in his name by his Godfathers and Godmothers at the time of his baptism.

So, later on in life, in the case of those who wish to enter into the "holy estate" of matrimony, the Church requires of all classes the same preliminary declarations that there is no lawful impediment to their marriage. She asks of all the same questions, requires of all the same promises, and pronounces upon all whom she unites in the bonds of matrimony the same blessing.

So, in the office for the "Churching of Women" and the "Visitation of the Sick," the Church prescribes the use of the same forms of thanksgiving, prayer, confession of sin, and absolution.

And when the Church is called to render her last great act of service, in the burial of her deceased members, she makes in her service no distinction whatsoever between the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, and the great and the lowly.

In her service the rich are not flattered nor the poor despised. All are treated as equal in the sight and presence of God.

To all present at her service she proclaims Christ to be "the resurrection and the life"; and she reminds all of the poverty and the possessionless state of human life in the presence of death in the words: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

Throughout the service the Church passes no sentence upon the eternal state of the deceased. No unfavourable rumour as to his character, and no censorious, fallible human judgment as to the life of the departed, causes her to add to or take away from or in any way modify the words of her service; while, on the other hand, no amount of noble achievement, self-sacrifice, and confessed sanctity, on the part of the deceased, which may be the themes of the most eulogistic human praise, can cause her to embody the mention of them in her service, or induce her, in consequence thereof, to give emphasis to her assurance of the eternal state of the departed. The Church never assumes the office of judge in speaking of the decease of any of her members.

She remembers that the right, and the power, and the wisdom to judge belong to God alone.

The body of each of her deceased members she commits to the ground, not "in sure and certain hope of *his* resurrection to eternal life," but "in sure and certain hope of" *the* "resurrection to eternal life."

Thus throughout all her services and offices, from Holy Baptism to the solemn service which she renders to her deceased members in the "Order for the Burial of the Dead," the Church makes no distinction of classes of any kind whatsoever. With respect to these, as well as all her other ministrations, all her members stand alike to her. To all she speaks the same words, and upon all she bestows the same rights and privileges. So far as we are aware, there is *no* other religious body in England that does the same.

Surely the Church of England has a right to call herself the Church of all classes, the Church of "all sorts and conditions of men," and not merely the Church of the "rich," nor "the Church of the poor," exclusively.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"A MAN's best friend," says Bulwer Lytton, "is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in a man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honour, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing."

LITTLE CHARLEY: A TALE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,

Author of "Denis O'Niel," "A Thorny Way," etc.

CHAPTER II.

OH, how late it was in the afternoon before the chaplain had time to pay his promised visit! However, he met the doctor hastening downstairs.

"I want to speak to you about Watson," he said.

"Well, what about Watson?" said the doctor, pausing in his rapid descent. "He is a plague to every one, and I have told the nurse that she can put him into solitary confinement, for he won't be fit to leave for weeks to come. Is that what you want to know?'

"Not quite," said the chaplain. "I want to know if I may give him that little boy who was left at the gate to take care of?"

"Why?"

"Because I think the child may soften him."

"Soften him!" burst out the doctor. "You might as well put a rabbit into a lion's den, hoping it would soften the lion! Why should you sacrifice a nice little fellow like that?"

"I don't mean to sacrifice him," said the chaplain. "The nurse and I will keep a good watch upon him, and I will promise that the child shall come to no harm if you will give me leave to try my experiment."

"Well, if you must, you must," said the doctor; "but don't blame me if anything happens."

He hurried on; the chaplain pursued his way, thoughtfully, and entered the little ward where Watson was sitting alone, with a scowl on his forehead. The man was suffering from a bad leg, and the pain he endured added to the sullenness of his already sullen temper.

"How are you to-day, Watson? Any better?" asked the chaplain.

"No," said Watson, without raising his eyes from the floor.

"I'm sorry for that, but the doctor says you are doing well, so you must not mind a little pain. Are you beginning to want to get out again?"

"Nowhere to go if I do," said Watson gruffly.

The chaplain was silent for a minute. How was it possible to raise a man like this, homeless, hopeless, friendless, with neither the power nor the desire to lead a better life? He had tried him in every way, but he had never yet succeeded in winning a smile or a responsive look from that dark, lowering face.

"I want you to do me a kindness," he said suddenly.

Watson looked up at him with a curious expression, and for a moment it seemed as though his face were going to brighten; then he dropped his eyes again with a sneer, "No good trying that dodge on me," he said coolly.

The chaplain took no notice of his insolence.

"I want you to take care of little Charley," he said; "he is a delicate boy, and wants a good deal of looking after, and he seems to get on best with you."

To this Watson made no answer, and taking his silence for consent, the chaplain went out, and returned in a few minutes carrying the child in his arms.

"Here he is," he said; "the nurse will show you what to do for him." He set the child down, and Charley toddled up to his new protector, as though he fully understood the nature of the arrangement.

Watson did not push him away, but he still looked down and took no notice of his little charge. This cold reception did not seem to disturb Charley, however. On the contrary, he exclaimed "Dad! Dad!" and looked up at the sullen face above him with a smile.

Seeing this, the chaplain took his departure, for he felt that the two would be best left to themselves; but he was too anxious about the result of his venture to sleep much that night, and he sent for the nurse as soon as he was down the next morning.

"I can't tell exactly how it's going to turn out," she said, "for Watson never so much as looked at him while I was in the room; but the child wouldn't take his milk from me, and held out his arms to Watson to make him lift him up."

"Well, we shall see," said the chaplain; "we must watch them as much as we can, and we shall soon find out if anything is wrong."

But though a strict watch was kept, it was very difficult to discover the exact relations between the two. Nobody ever heard Watson speak to the child, or saw him caress it; but little Charley resisted any attempts to take him out of the room, with lusty screams, and seemed always to turn to his unresponsive companion for sympathy and protection.

"He evidently mistakes the man for his father," said the nurse one day, "and he looks so much better than he did, that I believe Watson takes a great deal of notice of him, though how or when he does it is a mystery to me."

A week or two had passed away in this manner, when the chaplain was startled one morning by hearing that little Charley had been taken ill. He hurried up to the nurse's room, and was relieved by her first words, "It's not Watson's fault; I know that's what you've come to ask."

The chaplain gave a deep sigh of relief. "I should never have forgiven myself if it had been," he said.

"CHARLEY TODDLED UP TO HIS NEW PROTECTOR."

"It is an awkward business all the same," went on the nurse. "We've got a case or two of small-pox, as you know, in the infectious ward, and now this child has developed typhoid fever. How he got it the doctor hasn't found out yet; but he says he can't put him in with the others."

"It is a good thing he is in the little ward," said the chaplain; "you will have to nurse him there."

"Yes, I know, and Watson must go back into the men's ward. The doctor is with Charley now, if you want to hear what he thinks."

The chaplain entered, and found the child hot and flushed with fever in his little bed, while Watson sat silent in his usual corner.

"Here's a bother!" said the doctor. "However, we must make the best of it; it's lucky we've got this room. I must have a nurse put in to look after him."

He was suddenly interrupted at this point. Watson, who had been watching him from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, rose from his seat and, coming up to the bed, said in a low tone, "You'll never get me out of this room."

"Don't talk nonsense," said the doctor sharply; "you'll have to do what you're told."

The chaplain said nothing till the doctor had finished his examination, then following him out of the room, he asked, "Why should you not let Watson nurse the child?"

"Nurse that child! Impossible; he couldn't do it."

"Excuse me, but I think he can; with the nurse's help, of course. The child has grown so fond of him, that I believe it would be the worst thing you could do to part them now. You are short of hands owing to the small-pox cases, and if you put Watson in charge, he will give every moment, night and day, to his work."

"You speak very confidently," said the doctor; "however, I admit that I am pressed for nurses, and that it would be a great convenience; so you can try it if you like."

The chaplain turned back without another word. Watson was sitting in the same corner, his head buried in his hands, while the nurse stood by the bed vainly trying to force some medicine between the little patient's lips.

"Will you undertake to nurse Charley?" he said, going up and putting his hand on his shoulder.

The man started. "Do you mean it?" he said.

"Yes, I do," said the chaplain. "If you will promise to do all you can for him, you shall be put in charge."

Watson sprang to his feet, and moving hastily towards the bed, he pushed the nurse unceremoniously aside, and lifting the child's head upon his arm, gave him the medicine, which he swallowed obediently.

"There!" he said, turning to them with a look that made the chaplain's eyes dim; it was a look of love, of joy, and pride, such as no mortal being had ever seen on Watson's face before.

"Well, I must say you were right," said the doctor, when he met the chaplain next day; "that man makes a splendid nurse. It will be a hard fight, but if any one can pull the child through, he will."

(To be continued.)

*** *We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted from January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, state their ages, and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—*

"Bible Explorations," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS.

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

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

Feb. 5th, Sexagesima Sunday.

(Luke viii. 4-15.)

1. In which chapter of the Acts do we find three closing verses which seem to describe to us both way-side and good-ground hearers?

2. In which of St. Paul's Epistles do we read of some who appear to have been stony-ground hearers?

3. What striking statement in Rom. iii. may be illustrated by contrasting the first three classes in this parable with the last?

Feb. 12th, Quinquagesima Sunday.

(Luke xviii. 31-43.)

1. How many kinds of blindness do we read of in this Gospel?

2. What expression in the first verse of this Gospel tallies with some to be found in the story of the Good Samaritan and in the closing verses of 2 Kings ii.?

3. What special light is thrown on the character of the Saviour by comparing the earlier portion of this Gospel with the latter? (See John xviii. 4-8.)

Feb. 19th, First Sunday in Lent.

(Matt. iv. 1-11.)

1. What two words in the Epistle for to-day show that the experience of St. Paul was in one point like that of the Saviour as described in the Gospel for to-day?

2. What promise in James iv. and what precept in 1 Peter v. are enforced by this Gospel?

3. In how many ways does it illustrate what is said of the "Word of God" in Eph. vi. and Heb. iv.?

Feb. 26th, Second Sunday in Lent.

(Matt. xv. 21-28)

1. What verse in Prov. xix. describes the conduct of the woman spoken of in this Gospel, but not its final result?

2. Where else do we read of one not unlike her in the same part of the world?

3. What special points in her behaviour and language show the greatness of her faith?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,

Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.

4. WORD SUPPLY.

To the blanks supply four words (*one only* for each sentence) whose *sound* will make the sentences sound intelligible.

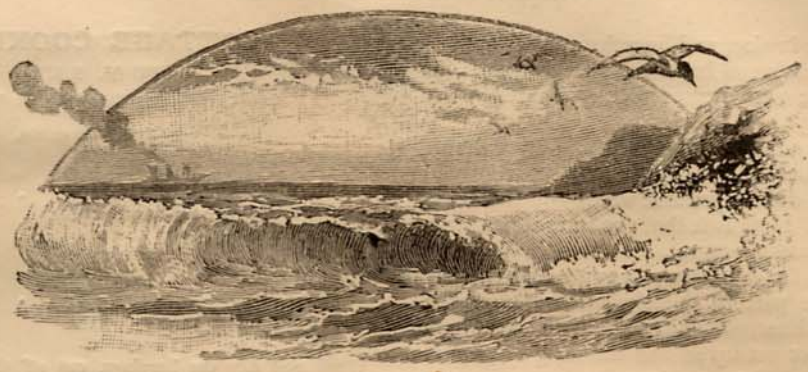
(1) The — gripped his — arm till he could not — it.
(2) As I sat on the — I saw a well-known —, who —ed at me rudely.
(3) When I —, I saw several — of — trees.
(4) I was reading —, when he offered me some —, for which, being a teetotaler, I nearly —d him.

5. SQUARE WORD.

(1) To you my season's close at hand.
(2) A chieftain in an Arab land.
(3) To tails and pins I'm oft applied.
(4) I spread my branches far and wide

6. CONUNDRUMS.

(1) What three quadrupeds do we *all* carry with us?
(2) When do two cyphers (alone) make more than five?



AWAY IN SPACE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE,

Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars"; "The World's Foundations"; "The Ocean of Air"; etc.

I. EARTH AND SKY.

THIS is a busy grinding age in which we live. People are so hard at work, either struggling to become rich, or else just striving to get along and to make money enough for daily needs, that there is danger lest the higher part of man should be swamped by the imperative demands of his lower nature.

A man's body is not all of himself; and needful though it is that the body should be fed and clothed, kept warm and exercised, other necessities beyond these exist. The mind, too, needs to be fed, guarded, used, and satisfied. Many who think a great deal of the first think hardly at all of the second. They become so full of the one aim how to take care of their bodies that they almost lose sight of the other aim: how to make their minds strong, well fed well managed, and vigorous.

The mind requires sound and nourishing food no less than the body. It requires to be used, to be taught how to exert itself. If the body has not good food to eat, pure air to breathe, abundant exercise for limbs and muscles, it grows pale and feeble; and if the mind never has anything to think about except the cares of every-day life, if it has no interests beyond what to eat and what to wear, if it never exercises itself, if it has no beautiful or grand visions to lift it up higher, then it, too, must become stunted and sickly. One who never thinks loses gradually the power of thought; one who never imagines loses the power of imagination; one who never remembers loses the power of memory. These gifts of the mind, like the limbs and muscles of the body, grow stronger through use and weaker through disuse.

Some may be inclined to suggest that there really is nothing in their lives worth thinking about beyond how to get to-morrow's dinner, how to meet this and that call, how to drag through the daily round of work; while others count that ample food for the mind is provided by an occasional paper or a chat with a friend. The first little know how much refreshment may be found in a complete change of thought; the second little know how they are starving their intellects, fitted for better and loftier food.

It is well for all of us to step out sometimes into a wider range, to think, at least a little, about the wonderful world in which we live and the vast Universe in which that world is placed,—well, not only to admire the flowers and grasses, the mountains and oceans, of Earth, but to glance away into the far distances of Space and to learn something about the countless suns and worlds floating therein.

One day from a certain parade by the seaside a fine sunset might be seen. Masses of dark cloud were grouped in the west; and the sun, "a ball of living fire," dipped slowly below the horizon, leaving trails of gorgeous light behind: crimson light at first, causing the dark clouds to glow with red; then, as he sank, the crimson faded into orange, and soon into pale gold. There were lakes of soft blue among the dark masses, and tiny cloudlets floated in them, dressed in salmon and purple tints.

All this was worthy of attention. But, looking away from sky to earth, I found a group of people near, standing composedly with their backs to the sunset. The glow was reflected on the sky and on the houses, yet it never occurred to them to turn round and to see whence the radiance came. Probably the men were too busy discussing the politics of the little town, and the women too much occupied with their own and their neighbours' dresses. If it had been a case of rockets and Roman candles, they would have gazed and exclaimed; but it was only one of Nature's illuminations, so they paid no heed to the matter.

Suppose they had turned and seen; what would the sight have meant to them? A pretty picture, probably; a rather astonishing glare of light and colour, soon over. Would that be all?

There was the sun, to begin with. What is the sun,

really,—how large in size, and how far away from us? What makes him shine so brightly? And what is his surface like, if one were nearer to it? And why are his rays so burning?

This is only a beginning of the "whys" and "whats" which might have been asked. When the sun vanished from sight, where did he go, and where did the darkness come from? How is it that the stars appear only after sunset, and what becomes of them in the daytime? Why does the sun always reappear next morning in the opposite part of the sky? You never by any chance saw him go down at night anywhere towards the east, or get up in the morning anywhere towards the west. Then, again, what keeps the sun and the moon and the earth always at about the same distances one from another? Why do they not draw nearer together or wander further apart?

It does seem a thousand pities that people in general should care so little to look into all the extraordinary things about us. We live in a most marvellous world, surrounded by an Universe of wonders; and many never trouble themselves to feel even a passing sense of curiosity as to the why and the wherefore of the simplest things that they see.

Suppose a father gave to his children a beautiful book, full of exquisite pictures and curious writing; and suppose the children were so busy with their cakes and toys that they tossed the book aside, and never gave it another thought! What would be our opinion of such children? Yet this is exactly how thousands behave towards the splendid Book of Nature, which Our Father in Heaven has given to us.

We know little as yet about the book, though that little is extraordinarily more than our forefathers ever managed to make out; and our readings are very often mistaken. Still, if once we begin to use our eyes and minds, trying to spell out even one sentence of it, we are sure to be drawn on by the fascination of what we find. It may be doubted if any life could be utterly sordid and poor which had such thoughts to fill its gaps. They help to lift us some little way out of the mire of every-day existence.

(To be continued.)

SEEDS OF THOUGHT.

THERE will be no worrying when fully trusting.

THE devil is on good terms with the ungrateful man.

IT takes something more than a growl and a mane to make a lion.

THE best time to see yourself is when God is trying to show you yourself.

THE more successful you are in business, the more religion you ought to have.

EVERY true Christian is making a "march to the sea"—the sea of eternal life.

THE only way you will ever possess Heaven will be by accepting it on God's terms.

THE devil will manage to get the big end every time you make a bargain with him.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

BAKED HERRINGS.

	Average Cost. *d.*
2 herrings	2
1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs 1 dessertspoonful herbs 1 „ parsley	1
1 small onion 2 tablespoonfuls dripping Pepper and salt	1
	4

Wash and dry the herrings, cut off the heads, split each fish open, and take out the backbone with a sharp knife. Chop very finely the onion, parsley, and herbs (thyme and marjoram), mix with the bread crumbs, pepper, and salt. Place one herring skin downwards on a greased baking tin, sprinkle over the mixture of herbs, etc., put the other fish above skin upwards. Melt the dripping, then pour it over the herrings, and bake in a hot oven half an hour, covered with a dish, or piece of greased paper. Mackerel is delicious cooked in exactly the same way, but is more expensive than herrings.

GARDEN WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

PLANT cabbage plants in the beds in which they are to remain, choosing the strongest plants. The ground should be well dug and manured. Sow cabbage and savoy seeds about the end of the month, for plants to be fit for use in summer and autumn. Sow radishes, spinach, and lettuce in a protected border. Spinach can be easily grown between rows of cabbages or other like plants, and thus save the space for other purposes, when ground is limited. Thin out lettuce which have stood the winter. Carrots and parsnips should be sown in a light soil which has been dug from a spade to a spade and a half deep. Sow small quantity of turnips. Beet may be also sown either in drills or by dibbing. In the latter case put two or three seeds in each hole, leaving only the strongest plant when they come up. Prepare ground for onions and leeks. Beans and peas may be also sown about the middle of the month. Prepare ground for shallots. Early potatoes may be sown towards the end of the month. All the foregoing is subject to the weather being open.

Fruit Garden.

Prune and plant all kinds of fruit trees. Clear beds of strawberries, digging lightly between and round the plants.

Flower Garden.

Towards the end of the month sow hardy annuals in the positions in which they are to remain, as they cannot be transplanted. Plant hardy perennials and biennials—viz., polyanthus, violets, primroses, double daisies, gentianelli, hepaticas, saxifrage, London pride, carnations, pinks, sweet-williams, canterbury bells, etc. Protect beds of choice bulbs from frost and snow. Dig and clear away weeds in flower beds and borders. Box and thrift edgings may be planted.

MOLLY'S MISTAKE.

NURSE had not left the room half a minute before Molly was in mischief. Poor Molly had one fault. Do what she might, she could never keep still, unless she was very tired, when she would just shut her eyes and fall asleep.

Molly had for some time wondered what Nurse kept in the little box with the pretty bright handle and lock, and she thought this was a good time for finding out the secret. So she hastily threw her doll down on the floor—that pretty doll which she was fondling and loving only a moment before—and climbed up on the stool and gently lifted the box off the shelf, and then carefully let herself down on the floor again one foot at a time. "Dear me! How tiresome! It's locked up!" said Molly; and she shook the box her very hardest, but it still remained tightly locked. "Oh, I know what to do!" said Molly. "How silly I am! I must get a key, of course," and she laughed quite quietly to herself, for fear that Nurse, who was in the next room, might hear her. Molly walked on tiptoe to the door and gently pulled out the big key, and then, returning to the middle of the floor, sat down as still as a mouse and did her very, very best to force the big, big key into the very tiny keyhole. Oh, what a hard task it was! Molly tried and tried and tried again, until she made herself quite hot, and the perspiration stood in great drops on her forehead. Presently Nurse returned, and there was such a "to-do." "Oh, Molly, Molly! why are you so tiresome? In mischief again, the moment my back is turned! Whatever are you trying to do?"

"I only wanted to open the pretty box," said Molly, pouting.

"Why, you'll never open it with that big key! Can't you see the key is too large?"

"No, I can't," said Molly. "The key is a most beautiful key. Can't you see it's the keyhole that's wrong? The silly man has made the hole too little—much too little!"

"Ah! just let me show you the way," said Nurse. And she took a small bright shining key from her pocket, and put it into the keyhole, and opened the box immediately.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Molly.

"Well, it is, and it isn't," said Nurse. "Remember this: every lock has its own key, and all is quite easy when you have the right key. Your own little heart is just like the little box; it is sometimes locked up very fast and tight, but there is one bright key which always fits it and always opens it. Can you tell me what this wonderful key is?"

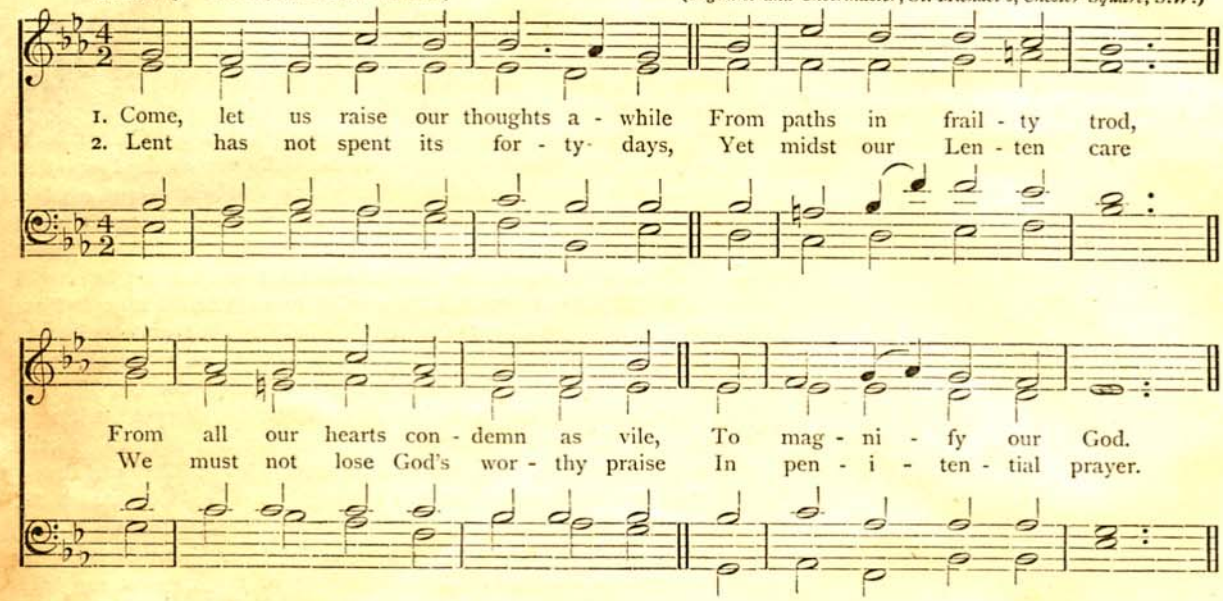
Molly turned very red, a tear glistened in her eye, and then, nestling close up to her Nurse's side, she dropped her voice to a whisper, and said, "If you please, Nurse dear, I think you must mean Love!"

And Molly was right. Love is the golden key which never wears out. It unlocks all hearts and suits all sorts of people. Every little girl and boy who tries to Love and to be loving and kind to all is sure to be loved by all in return.

Praise in Lent.

Words by the REV. CANON TWELLS, M.A.,
(*Author of* "At even, ere the sun was set.")

Music by E. W. NAYLOR, M.A., Mus.Bac.
(*Organist and Choirmaster, St. Michael's, Chester Square, S.W.*)



3. Lord! to whom all things near and far
In meek submission bow,
We lift our eyes from what we are,
To think how great art Thou.

4. Before He drained that bitter cup
Which angels bent to see,
Thine everlasting Son sent up
A paschal hymn to Thee.

5. Why should our sorrows thrust aside
The praise of Thy dear Name,
When Christmas, Lent, and Eastertide
Find Thee, our God, the same?

6. O God most holy, God most just,
Yet full of love divine,
It seems to lift us from the dust
To say—all praise be Thine!

7. The faithful dead, the angelic throng,
The music of the spheres,
Will not keep back our feebler song
From Thy all-pitying ears.

8. Lo! peace comes down as we adore,
And mercy as we bless;
We hope one day to praise Thee more,
But dare not praise Thee less.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Steadfast to the End.

"I WAS in great need of consolation and sympathy from you to-day, and little did I expect to receive any. Dear D—— was lying dead by my side almost, and I was drying his son's tears, and wanted somebody to dry mine. Now I have just come back from his funeral. We laid him under the biggest *bakhain* tree in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. He has been a thoroughly consistent Christian, and the eager gaze he fixed on me when in Amritsar at your request I first asked him about his faith has never been relaxed. He always delighted in the things of God. For the last two months he has not been able to get to church, and only yesterday he told me that he could not get across the hospital yard for prayers, and that Mohammed Ali (the Christian doctor) had arranged to move prayers across to him. I knew that he had taken a turn for the worse, but little thought that he would be so soon set free from the terrible burden of the flesh. Yesterday he said that the cancer had got fast hold of his body, but his heart was steadfast because Jesus had fast hold of his soul. I made him make a will a few weeks ago. Poor fellow, he had nothing to leave but his boy! The REV. R. BATEMAN, in *Church Missionary Intelligencer*.

"Joy in Good Deeds."

"MEANWHILE there is a language in which this silent Mission is speaking with effect—a language which cannot well be misunderstood. It is the very language of the Cross. I do not refer to the work of the Mission Printing Press, though I observe with interest that Bishop Corfe believes it already to be most usefully engaged. I refer to the work of the two medical men belonging to the Mission, now reinforced by the two ladies whose help is so necessary if the women of Corea are to share in the benefit. Few Missions have started so well equipped in this direction, and we cannot be too thankful for what Dr. Landis and Dr. Wiles have already been allowed to do. The care for men's bodies must always accompany the care for their souls, and interpret it. The 'Hospital of Joy in good Deeds'—you note the beautiful and significant name—is a Gospel in itself. Beside the scientific skill which our missionaries bring to bear upon their dreadful ophthalmia, and all the diseases of their squalid towns, the Coreans are already learning to turn from the magic to which they had recourse before; and the kindness which devotes this skill gratuitously to them is winning their hearts and preparing them for the day when the missionaries will be able to tell them why they do all this—for love of One whose visage was so marred with suffering, more than any man, and whose sufferings were endured that He might sprinkle many nations, and among others the land of Corea." From CANON MASON'S *Sermon at the Festival of the Corean Mission.*