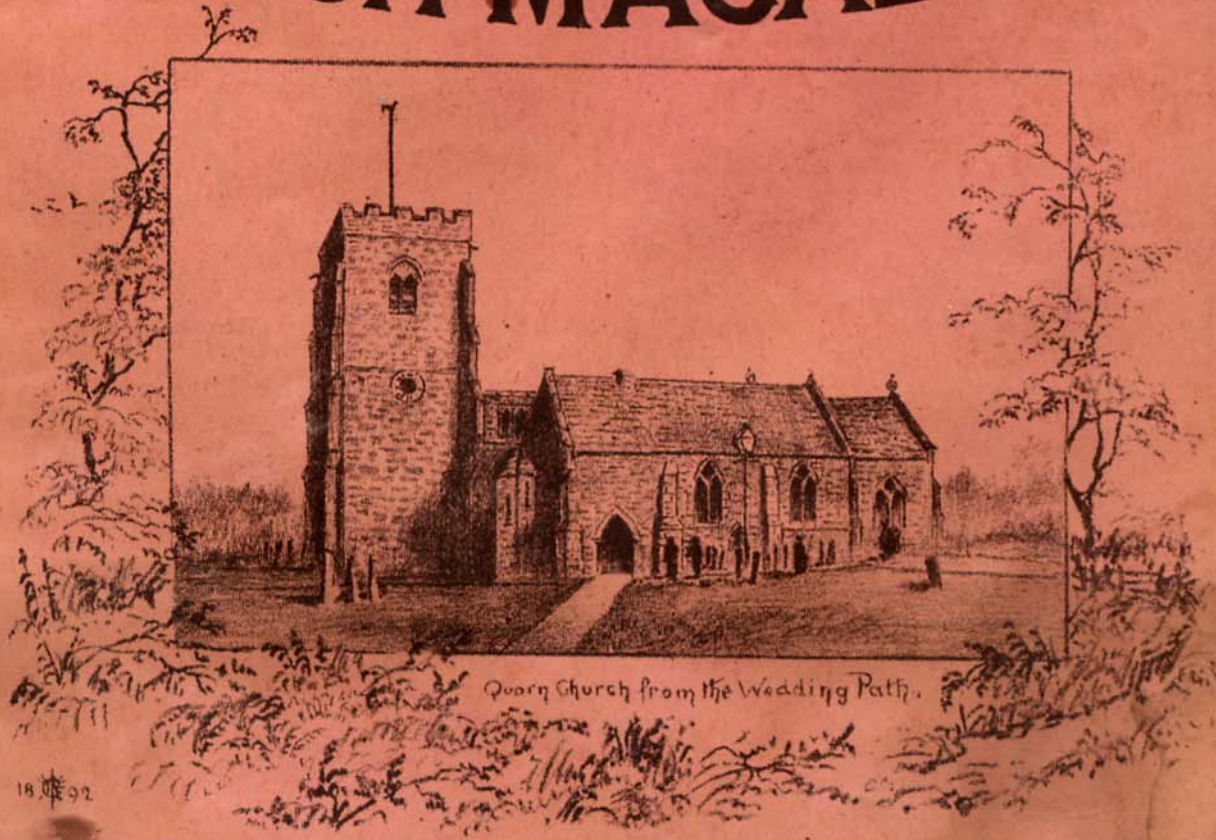
April, 1893.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

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S. Bartholomew's, Quorn.

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.
6.30 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 Evensong is at 7 p.m., and at 7.30 there is a Bible reading and explanation with prayers and hymns

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

April 1st,—EASTER EVE.—The day between Good Friday and the Resurrection, during which the Sacred Body of the Lord lay in the Sepulchre. It was the Sabbath Day with the Jews so that all was quiet and peaceful The enemies of Jesus however were active, and set a guard of soldiers over the tomb so that the disciples should not be able to steal away the Body, and say that He had risen.—(*S. Matt.* xxvii. 62, &c.)

2nd.—EASTER DAY.—As soon as this third day began the Soul of the Saviour was re-united to the Body, and He rose alive from the grave. The empty tomb was first visited by Mary Magdalene and Mary the wife of Cleopas, and then by S. S. Peter and John The Lord first showed Himself to Mary Magdalene, and during the same day He appeared five times, so that there could be no mistake as to the reality of His resurrection, and that the hearts of His disciples might be comforted.

The Resurrection is the great central fact of the Christian Faith. It was the chief fact that the Apostles preached—and staked their lives upon the truth of. Upon the truth of it still the Christian Faith rests. Happily the historical evidence for the truth of the Resurrection of Christ is very complete. This day has always been kept as the greatest festival of the Christian Church.

As at Christmas and Whitsuntide the two days following are appointed to be kept as part of the festival, having a special Epistle and Gospel set for them.

The Services at Easter are set out in a separate notice, which should have been left at every house in the parish.

25th.—**Festival of S. Mark, the Evangelist and Martyr.** He was not one of the disciples of the Lord, but we first read of him in the Acts (xii. 12) as "John whose surname was Mark" He was nephew to Barnabas, the companion of S. Paul, and he accompanied them on their first missionary journey as their 'Minister.' that is servant or helper. As, however, he left them before the journey was over, S. Paul would not take him the next time and he went with Barnabas. It is clear, however, that he was later quite restored to S. Paul's confidence (*Acts* xiii. 8, 13, xv. 36, &c.) He is the writer of the 2nd Gospel, which he probably wrote from the dictation of S. Paul. Tradition relates that he was the first Bishop of Alexandria, and was martyred there.

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

2nd—EASTER DAY. No morning school and no lesson 9th—Gospel for Easter Monday. S. Luke xxiv. 13-35. 16th—S. John xx. 19 to end 23rd—S. John xxi. 1-14 30th—S. John xxi. 15 to end	Hymns to be learnt—140.

Baptisms.

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

March 1st—Charles Sydney Backhouse.
12th—Arthur Squires.
Elizabeth Gamble.
Ernest Eletcher.
19th—Ernest William Lakin.

Burials.

March 6th—Ann Crooks, Aged 70.
9th—Mary Astill, aged 81.
24th—Richard Thompson, aged 70.

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Church Expenses.	Sick and Poor.
Feb. 26th—	———	£0 4s. 9d.
March 5th—	£2 12s. 9d.	£0 3s. 10d.
12th—	———	£0 6s. 10d.
19th—	£2 14s. 2d.	£0 3s. 3d.
Poor Box	———	£0 4s. 0¼d.
Totals	£5 6s. 11d.	£1 2s. 8¼d.

S. Bartholomew's—Continued.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
April 2nd	*	134	134
	134	140	Anthem
	138	194	133
			300
9th.	292	220	262
	137	141	Anthem
	135	330	302
	138		20
16th.	303	221	219
	136	140	140
	26	334	24
23rd	34	290	298
	301	140	240
	299	231	31
25th			261
	—	—	433
			26
30th	3	238	292
	229	140	160
	196	236	215

* Holy Communion at 8 a.m., 134, 318, 313, 193, 324.

PARISH NOTES.

The bright weather in the middle of March made us all busy in our gardens, but the frosty nights came as a warning that we should not think that spring had come yet. However we shall soon expect real spring weather now, and shall be glad to welcome it after the hard winter. There is one garden which we should like all the people to take an interest in, and that is the churchyard. Many of us have some one lying there that we remember with love, and this ought to make us glad to see it kept well and beautified Lately we hope some real improvements have been made, and it is intended to carry out others soon. Some may have been surprised to see the large piece by the wedding-path all dug up and the grass taken away. The fact is that the grass was so coarse and full of nettles and weeds that it was scarcely possible to get it into decent order, so that it was thought best to take it right away and sow fresh seed. This will be done, if all be well, within two or three weeks, and we shall watch the result with great interest. In all alterations in the churchyard no grave will be levelled or otherwise altered without the permission of friends, unless it has been altogether neglected.

We were glad to see a room full at the Temperance Lecture on Monday, March 7th. 12s. 4¼d. was collected at the door towards the expenses.

As this will be in the hands of our readers before Good Friday we may call attention to the Three Hours Service from 12 to 3, which will be held this year, we think, for the first time at Quorn. It is to afford an opportunity for those who are so disposed to spend in devotion the dying hours of the Saviour. Three of the Evangelists tell us that there was darkness on the land "from the sixth hour until the ninth hour." that is as we reckon time from noon till 3 p.m. Perhaps very few will be able to spend the whole of this time in Church without neglecting work or duty, but many should be able to come for part of the time. Each half-hour there will be an address with prayers and hymns, and then a pause when people can enter or leave—for instance during the dinner hour there will be two opportunities, either from 1 to 1.25, or 1.30 to 1.55.

Easter Day is one of the three days in the year when all Christian people should receive the Holy Communion. We call special attention to the Easter Celebration at 7 a.m., and at 8 a.m. the service will be choral with suitable hymns.

The Collections on Easter Day will be given to the Vicar as an Easter Offering.

The usual Easter VESTRY MEETING for the appointment of Churchwardens will be held in the Vestry on Easter Monday, April 3rd, at 7 p.m.

The Confirmation takes place at our Church on Wednesday' April 19th, at 11.30 a.m. We hope that the parents of those who are going to be confirmed will be able to be present. It ought to be a fresh start to them as well as their children. How hard it must be to young people if they do not get encouragement and an example from those from whom they have the first right to expect it! How hard if they have to come *alone* to their first Communion!

We are glad to see that the arrangements are completed for the Concert on Wednesday in Easter Week (April 5th), at the Village Hall,, in aid of the Funds of the Schools. We hope that Mr. Adams will be well supported in this good work.

On Sunday, April 23rd, Sermons will be preached and Collections made on behalf of the Diocesan Association. This is at the special request of our Bishop. It is a means by which we contribute towards Church Work in our own Diocese. We all club together to help in places where help is specially needed. The Bishop in a letter on the subject says:—"I know "that there are many things in your own parish which need your "support. Bnt we should not think only of the things which "immediately concern ourselves. We are Members one of "another, and the Church of Christ is a binding link between "man and man!"

FOR THE CHILDREN.—A gentleman who has been at work at our Mission in Africa has promised to come some day and tell us all about the work. This will not be till May or June. Some time in April the Vicar hopes to give an account of the Mission, illustrated by Magic Lantern views. The date cannot be fixed just yet.

Football Matches in February and March.

First Team—

Feb. 4th—Loughborough Robin Hoods	lost	3—0
March 4th—Sileby Rangers	lost	2—0
11th—Kegworth	won	2—1

Reserve—

Feb. 4th—Anstey	tie	1—1
11th—Woodhouse Reserve	tie	1—1
18th—Belgrave	won	2—1
25th—Kegworth Reserve	lost	2—0
March 11th—Syston Swifts	lost	10—1

To be played at Quorn.

April 8th—*v.* Woodhouse

Drawn by JOHN JELLICOE.] "THE SANDS OF TIME." [*Engraved by* C. A. FERRIER.

ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMB OF ST. PRISCILLA.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY THE REV. W. PRESTON, D.D.,

Vicar of Holy Trinity, Runcorn.

THE study of the Catacombs of Rome is one of intense interest. Here we meet with much that is mysterious; here we can gather instruction of an absorbing description. As one traverses this veritable "valley of the shadow of death" he is brought face to face with the primitive ages. He can learn in this cradle of Christianity the faith of the primitive Christians. He can study the pure worship and the simple rites of the infant Church. In fancy he can hear the tones of prayer, the funeral chant, and the language of hope which in bygone ages sounded through the dismal vaulted chambers. He can ascertain what was the hope that sustained the souls of those whose dust remains, as they were about to enter into the life beyond. The epitaphs of the departed proclaim their hope and faith.

THEIR STRUCTURE.

The word "catacomb" signifies literally a hollow, that is, a subterranean excavation The catacombs are excavated in the volcanic rock which abounds in Rome in all directions. They consist of two chief parts—namely, corridors and chambers. The former are long, narrow passages. They form a complete labyrinth or network underground. From the main corridors, which are some five feet wide, side passages run off. These are, in many cases, so narrow that there is room for but one person to pass. In height they vary from five to eight feet. The ceilings are mostly vaulted; in places they are flat. These corridors are lined on both sides with graves placed one above the other in tiers, somewhat resembling the berths of a ship. These graves are placed closely together, and are of different lengths and sizes. There are vast numbers of children's graves. They were once closely sealed by a slab of marble or of *terra-cotta*, which was securely cemented in its place. Fragments from heathen tombs were used for this purpose. A lighted taper introduced through an opening in the face of some of these resting-places reveals the skeleton of what was, in a distant age, a man in his strength, or a female in her beauty. At the corners of different passages are to be seen niches, in which lamps were placed to illumine the gross darkness. In some quarters are chambers on either side of the galleries, with which they communicated by means of doors. These, too, are lined with graves. They are thought to have been family vaults. In area they are about eight or ten feet square. In some cases the walls have fresco paintings, and seats are hewn out of the rock. It is supposed that some of these chambers were used for giving instruction to Catechumens. The catacombs were ventilated and lighted by means of openings above, which were likewise employed for the removing of excavated material. Sometimes they are cylindrical in form; at other times they are two feet square at the top, and wider as they descend. It is not accurately known what the actual number of graves in the catacombs is, but seventy thousand have been counted. Some idea of the bewildering network which the many intersecting passages form, may be gathered from the fact that in the catacomb of Callixtus the length of all the passages combined amounts to five hundred and eighty seven miles—that is, over the length of Italy itself. The entrance to the catacomb was invariably by a low opening, somewhat resembling the burrow of a fox. From this a stairway conducted to the underground passages.

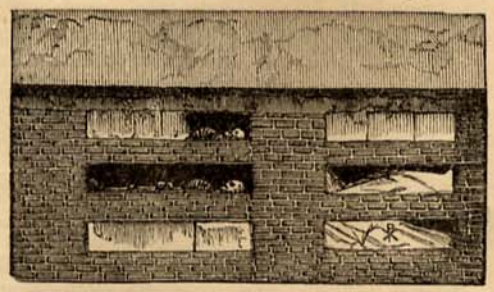
But there is not one level of corridors with their lateral passages only. Frequently, a yet lower excavation exists. There are even three or four tiers of galleries below the upper one. They are termed *piani* or storeys. They were excavated as the higher ones became filled. In the catacomb of Callixtus one story is seventy feet beneath the surface of the ground.

THEIR ORIGIN.

Some have thought, and have maintained, that the catacombs were the result of excavations made originally by the Romans, who obtained building materials from these localities. But the geological nature of the underground material is opposed to this theory. It is unsuited to building purposes. It is, for the most part, of a friable description. Further,

vast quarries from which the Romans did take building-stone exist in other directions. These in their structure are quite different to the catacombs, and they have never been found to contain a grave. It has been remarked that if the catacombs were merely excavations for building purposes, we ought to find many of their galleries destitute of tombs, and many of the quarries containing them, whereas every yard of the former is occupied with graves; but not a single grave is to be found in the latter, nor a solitary inscription.

Who, then, were the first excavators of the catacombs? Strange as it may appear, it is assumed they were Jews. In the year 62 B.C. Pompey, after his conquests in Syria, brought numbers of Jewish captives in triumph to Rome. A Jewish population soon increased. They were located in that part of the city called the Ghetto, which was for ages the particular abode of the Jew, but has recently been swept away to make room for nineteenth century improvements. The Roman custom was to burn their dead, and to collect the ashes and place them in urns. The large chamber where these were placed in niches in the walls was termed a "Columbarium." To this Roman practice of burning the dead the Jews were opposed. They, therefore, had their own burial-places. In these slabs have been found—engraved with a representation of the Seven-branched Jewish candlestick, which figured in the Temple at Jerusalem, also with the palm, the dove, and the olive branch. By whom, and at what precise date, the Christian faith was first planted in Rome is a matter of uncertainty. However, as early as A.D. 58 the faith of the infant Roman Church, on the testimony of St. Paul, was "spoken of throughout the whole world." The Roman Christians abhorred as much as did the Jew the pagan custom of burning the dead. They consequently had their own places for burial located in separate and limited areas. These areas enjoyed the protection of the law. The Christian right of burial was for a long period recognised legally by the Roman emperors, heathen though they were. Even when Christianity came under the ban of the law the right of burial was recognised. Frequently the remains of martyrs were delivered to the Christians for burial. In the third century, when persecution waxed hot against Christianity, this regard for the burial of the dead began to be infringed. It was owing to the relentless hatred of their foes, and to the merciless fury with which they were pursued, that the Christians were compelled to seek safety beneath the surface of the ground. Their holy faith spread in Rome with marked rapidity. Amongst its many converts were some of exalted rank. The jealousy of the Roman authorities was aroused; toleration came to an end; decrees against the Christian religion were published; victims soon fell before the oppressor. Amongst the first was St. Paul, who in A.D. 64 was beheaded. At times the persecution slumbered. Again it broke out with intensified fury; but, in spite of it all, the faith of the despised Jesus of Nazareth grew and spread.



PART OF THE WALL OF A GALLERY IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. HERMES.

It has been contended that it was hardly possible that the whole of the Christian community could have taken refuge at the same time in the catacombs. The difficulty of procuring regular supplies of food would seem to have been an obstacle to this. One learned authority believes that supplies of grain were laid up; another describes crypts which appear to have been employed for storing corn and wine. Wells of water occur sufficient to supply the refugees. It is probable that the religious leaders and teachers of the Christians, and the heads of Christian families, known and obnoxious to the heathen authorities, chiefly sought the protection of the catacombs. Be this as it may, it is a fact that the Christians of Rome fled to, and dwelt in, these underground crypts, and finally were laid to rest here by loving survivors. When the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, and issued at Milan A.D. 313 his decree of full toleration, the Christians, no longer a proscribed race, came forth from their hiding-places.

THEIR TEACHING.

Henceforth, the catacombs were visited from a feeling of veneration for the holy martyrs whose bodies lay there interred. They tell of their simple faith in a Crucified but living Saviour, who proclaimed, "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Those catacombs proclaim the Divine origin and the power of Christianity. The whole might of the great Roman empire, the wealth and learning of Rome, the philosophy and skill of the wise were, all combined, unable to crush it out. The despised outcasts of the catacombs, without power, without money, without many learned men, were more than a match for the greatest heathen power the world has ever seen. Notwithstanding the bitter fires of persecution the Christian faith spread. Had not Christianity been of God it never could have conquered Roman paganism. The one secret of its victorious success lay in its Divine origin. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

THE PATIENCE OF TWO.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,
Author of "Strayed East," "The Flower of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER TO RAISE.

IT was in the nature of things that Walter Anstead should give some part of that evening to the company of Mary Wakefield.

He took her by surprise, as he had taken them in Grandworthy Street, and was for a moment shocked at the tired, almost worn-out look in her face. It cleared off at the sight of him; but even beneath her smile of welcome he could still trace its whereabouts.

They were alone, and he did not defer for a moment inquiring into its cause.

"You are tired, Mary?"

"Of course; I have a right to be; it is one of our luxuries you know—the things you and I have a great store of."

"Yes, I know; but you are bothered in school?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"No more than usual."

"What amazing brevity for a woman!"

"Yes; I am learning from you."

"Well, I shall go on with my catechism. Anything else?"

"Yes."

"Home?"

"Yes."

"Oh, bother monosyllables! Tell me all about it, like a good girl."

"There is not so much to say, after all, only father seems giving way to melancholy. He has taken to saying the oddest things."

"What kind of things?"

"Well, I met the Vicar on my way home this afternoon, and he stopped me to ask if my father's health was giving way. I asked him why he put the question. He said that he met father this morning and asked if he had found a place yet. Father said no. Then Mr. James, meaning to console him, said what a comfort it was he and mother and I were all kept strong and able to bear up under our trial. Then, it seems, father muttered something about it not being for long; health was no good to him, as no one wanted him in the world; and then he went off without saying good-bye."

"Very odd," said Walter, conscious that this was a lame and feeble kind of comment, but unable to think of any other.

"Yes, indeed," continued Mary; "and the last few days he has ceased to look at the papers or to talk of finding work. He wanders about in an aimless way, and mutters to himself by the hour."

"Umph. What does Mrs. Wakefield say?"

"Mother tries to rouse him, but he doesn't seem to be moved. I'm afraid he must be settling down into melancholy, and then I don't know what may not become of him."

"Now, Mary, you really mustn't look on the worst side of things. It isn't your way. Let us think what can be done."

Mary shook her head dolefully. "I'm afraid there is nothing."

"That isn't like you, so we will consider that unsaid. Now to look the facts in the face. Mr. Wakefield's malady comes from want of employment. Can we meet that difficulty in any way?"

"Why, my dear Walter, has he not been trying to meet it himself these many months past?"

"Yes, and all to no purpose. We must help him."

"Yes; but how?"

"That's the rub," said Walter ruefully; "but we must puzzle it out somehow."

"I only wish we could; but this seems one of those puzzles to which they don't provide an answer."

"Well, I'm for trusting and trying. 'God helps those who help themselves,' so now for a try."

"He has been advertising?"

"Yes, and only got answers from some men who undertook to find him a place for a consideration. He thought that was not promising."

"Exactly. Well, he has answered advertisements?"

"Spent days in poring over the papers as soon as the Free Library opened, and all our spare cash in stationery and stamps."

"I think he tried coals?"

"For a month; but nobody wanted them then."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; he answered several advertisements for agents to sell some article everybody needed. But the things were absurd, and people were quite positive they didn't use them."

"Obstinate people; they always are when you want 'em to be easy-going. Well, what is it to be?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but we must find something."

"You don't think, do you, Mary," said Walter, after a pause, "that he could be induced to help me in writing a book?"

"Writing a book?"

"Yes, you know, I thought of writing a kind of manual for the young."

"Manual for the young?"

"Yes; young in business, you know, *The Young Clerk's Guide*, or something like that."

"Well?"

"Well, it occurred to me—don't look unsympathetic—that perhaps Mr. Wakefield, with his long business experience, might help me; and then, you know——"

"You would pay him?"

"Well, for work done, of course."

"Oh yes, of course. But, my dear Walter, you have burdens enough of your own to bear, and I am not going to let you take ours upon your shoulders."

"But the book?"

"I'm afraid *The Young Clerk's Guide* will have to be written without father's help."

"Umph. And what have you to suggest instead?"

"I'm sure I don't know. You heard what father's cousin, Mrs. Jenkinson, wanted him to do?"

"No."

"She advised him to buy a knitting machine, and set up a manufactory of socks."

"Like the Bishop."

"Like the Bishop?"

"Well, he didn't quite set up a machine or a sock manufactory, but he learnt to knit because his wife was blind, and he wanted to take up her dropped stitches."

"What a delightful old man! If I could only have told father that he might have been a little less wild."

"Then didn't he like the idea?"

"Like it? He declared that Mrs. Jenkinson only meant to insult him, and that everybody must suppose he was going back to babyhood."

"Babies don't knit."

"So I reminded him, and then he said I was in the conspiracy. Poor father! He has suffered so many things these last few months, and on the whole has borne them so patiently that no one can be cross with him. But I wish we could rouse him from this depression."

"That was how we started this talk, and we have hammered out nothing all this time."

"Well," said Mary, with a sigh, "it is not the first conference there has been over this subject, and ours are not the first suggestions."

"Any others then?"

"There were the socks, and Mrs. Jenkinson had made another before that."

"Anything in it?"

"I think she said there was an excellent income if rightly managed."

"Ah! what was it?"

"A mangle."

"Yes," said Walter, walking the room with a frown on his face; "I see that Mrs. Jenkinson is a little trying."

"I don't believe in the mangle myself."

"Neither do I. But, if I remember rightly, Mrs. Jenkinson's husband is in rather a large way of business. Couldn't he find some little post that would help Mr. Wakefield over this melancholia?"

"Mother suggested it; but Mr. Jenkinson said that he couldn't have a poor relation hanging about his premises."

"Ah! a nice, pleasant, Christian kind of man. Born to great wealth, I suppose?"

"Born of poor, but honest parents as the books say; began life as an office boy."

"Um. Go to church?"

"He used to, but the Vicar said so much one Sunday about brotherly love, the privilege of helping one another, and the duty of employers to do justice by their work-people, that he never went again. I think he said the Vicar ought to mind his own business."

"Just what he was doing. That's the beauty of being a parson; everybody's business is his business. I like the Vicar for his plain-speaking. But I think we had better drop Mr. Jenkinson. That kind of man makes me mad."

"And after all it doesn't bring us nearer our object."

"Not a bit; nothing does."

"You had better agree to my plan, after all."

"What, *The Young Clerk's Guide* at your expense? Never!"

"It's worth thinking of, Mary, and I'm sure he would like it."

"I wonder," said Mary, speaking with the briskness of one to whom a new idea had occurred, "whether, after all, we could make something out of that?"

"Now you are beginning to be reasonable," said Walter.

"Please don't jump to conclusions in that fashion, but listen to me. You know that I put aside a little of my income every month for clothes. I have a few pounds saved in that way over and above what they are having here at home. Now suppose you gave father the work, and I found the money?"

"What! I pretend to be spending my own money, when it was yours?"

"Now don't be unreasonable. That isn't the way to look at it. Listen to me. I am already giving them so much every week. If I offer more it will only cause them pain, and father's melancholia will get worse instead of better. So be a kind and sensible fellow, as you always are, and manage this for me somehow."

"You want to pay for my book; that is what it comes to."

"No it doesn't. What I want is that you should let father bother you over your book as a means of letting me help them a little more."

"I couldn't."

"Do!"

"You mustn't ask me."

"But I shall, and I shall compel you to answer me some questions first. Now, then; have you written any part of this book?"

"Not a line."

"When did you think of it first?"

"Well—as I came along."

"'WELL, AS I CAME ALONG.'"

"Exactly; just as I thought. So you got up this little scheme on the spur of the moment. Now don't contradict me, sir, but listen to what I say. There is something in this idea, although you have only just thought of it. Such a book might be worth printing. So you must ask father to do this book, and you must let me provide his payment; but to soothe your vanity I shall insist on the book, when finished, being regarded as half my property, and half yours. There! What do you say to that?"

"Well, of course, that puts it in another light. But," very wistfully, "I wish you would do as I want you."

"I shall not think of it. But say you will agree with me, and I will call father up."

"Very well."

Mary at once went in search of her father, with whom she presently reappeared.

There was something very pathetic in the appearance of Mr. Wakefield. But a few months before he had been a spruce, precise, brisk, and confident man of business. Now he stooped; he had grown round-shouldered; he had lost interest in his appearance; his eyes had a vacant look.

He shook hands with Walter in a mechanical fashion, and sat down as though he were a mere spectator of some little drama, and really cared nothing at all about it.

"Walter has a little plan to ask your advice about," said Mary.

"Yes?" said her father, adding after a little pause, "Nobody wants my advice now."

"Don't say that, Mr. Wakefield," interrupted Walter. "I very much want you to give me your advice on something that I think will interest you."

At this point Mary discreetly left the room, rightly believing that her father would be more readily aroused in her absence than when one of his family was present.

So Walter unfolded his plan as to *The Young Clerk's Guide*, and was delighted to see the look of vacancy fade away little by little from Mr. Wakefield's face. The arrangement they speedily came to was that Mr. Wakefield, whilst not suspending his usual hunt for work, should apply the rest of his time to the projected book. For this he was to receive one pound a month, which should be counted as so much out of his share of the profits when the great achievement was at last sold. The sum was small; but it was something!

It was pleasant, and yet in a way once more pathetic, to see the effect of this very harmless stimulant upon the man out of a place. He drew himself up, and threw his shoulders back; his eye brightened, and something of the old look of confidence came into his eye. So far, indeed, did the new spirit grow within him, that at the end of an hour's chat he became quite patronising towards his deferential colleague.

"An excellent idea, sir, an excellent idea," he said at parting; "but," and here he half closed his eyes in the way some people affect when delivering an opinion of more than usual importance, "an idea, the value of which depends on the skill with which it is worked out. Experience and observation—those are the qualities needed to make the advice of a book of this kind useful, and which, you may trust me, Mr. Anstead, to supply. I was not all those years with Snood and Merlin for nothing."

From that day a change seemed to come over Mr. Wakefield. He became once more attentive to his dress, and extremely critical about the stiffness of his collars. Even his applications for employment were in a way coloured by his new enterprise, and were couched in terms of confidence. The Vicar, meeting him in the street soon after the enterprise was launched, was amazed at the change.

"You look quite your old self, Mr. Wakefield," he remarked.

"Yes," said the other, in tones of evident importance, "I'm a good deal better."

"Have you settled down to anything, then?"

"Well, I'm engaged upon rather an important piece of work."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, a literary task which first occurred—in a very incomplete form, it is true—to a young friend of mine."

"I am delighted to hear it," said the Vicar. "You must be so kind as to let me know when it comes to publishing."

The Vicar, it must be confessed, only feared this was one more sign of his parishioner's break-up, and went away sad at heart.

So they parted. Mr. Wakefield lifted one step higher from the slough of despair in which he had

been sinking—lifted by the work of two faithful hearts who understood perfectly the truth of the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BENEFACTOR'S BUSINESS.

MARK ANSTEAD duly presented himself at the office of Messrs. Preston & Co. upon the morning agreed on.

He found the door locked, and for more than half an hour enjoyed the privilege of kicking his heels upon the landing outside. It was quite a relief when sounds of a heavy tread and laboured breathing announced the arrival of the worthy who was, so far as Mark Anstead knew, the sole representative of the firm.

"Ah, Mr. Anstead," said the newcomer, "early at your duties, I see. Nothing like it in business. Be early, and be to time. Punctuality, you know, is the thief of—no, no, not that; but what's the matter with this key?"

There was nothing seriously the matter with the key, and in another moment Mr. Preston had ushered his clerk into the office.

"No luxury here," said he, motioning Mark to an ink-stained desk and decrepit stool in a corner. "This financial business is not what it once was. There's only a bare living in it—a bare living."

Here he disappeared into a kind of inner office, leaving Mark to contemplate the surroundings at his ease. Happily for his own comfort he had provided himself with a morning paper, and, finding that his employer did not at once reappear, he composed himself to read. Mr. Preston had brought up in his hands a bundle of letters from the box at the door below, and Mark rightly inferred that he was examining these at his leisure.

More than half an hour had passed before Mr. Preston reappeared with a bundle of letters in one hand, and a number of pamphlets in the other.

"Here, Anstead"—Mr. Preston began now to be the master—"take these little books and direct one to each of the people who have sent me these letters. Let me know when you've finished 'em."

Mark sat down to his task. The letters were in many handwritings, some good and some bad; but in each case the person seemed to have enclosed the sum of 2*s.* 6*d.* From the very first letter taken up there fluttered a newspaper cutting, which furnished the information Mark's curiosity led him to seek. He picked up the slip, and read as follows:—

> EMPLOYMENT.—Easy, genteel, and needing no special knowledge. Full particulars on sending half-a-crown to Preston & Co., ———. This is genuine, and only persons of good address need apply.

The writers of the letters had all enclosed their half-crowns, most of them with some statement of their qualifications for such "genteel" employment as Preston & Co. were prepared to give. One person explained in some detail that, having been out of work for many months, he had exhausted his money before seeing the advertisement, but that he had, by the sale of superfluous garments, obtained the sum of 1*s.* 9*d.*, for which he implored Preston & Co. to put him on the highway to any kind of decent work.

"*Send the poor beggar a paper*," was the note which Mr. Preston had made across the top of this letter.

From the letter Mark, of course, turned to the explanatory pamphlet. He had just got into the opening lines when the door of the inner office opened, and Preston's bloated face peeped out. A very unpleasant grin overspread his face when he saw the nature of his clerk's employment.

"Ah, acquainting yourself with the facts of the case. Nothing like it. The sooner you understand the nature of this little business the better."

"Oh, I shall be all right!" returned Mark, as the door closed and he was again left alone.

He could now read the pamphlet, the contents of which were not by any means exciting. They merely stated that any person of "genteel appearance" might earn a "comfortable income" by hawking or by obtaining orders for Wiggins' Mammoth Stove Polish, Wiggins' Anti-Pyretic Cough Emulsion, Wiggins' Perfected Lung-healer, and Wiggins' Peptonised Peppermint Drops. Where these might be obtained, and upon what terms, was duly stated, and the pamphlet ended with a full list of testimonials from a variety of persons, most of whom discreetly gave no address, or else such delightfully vague and general statements as "London," "Manchester," and "Glasgow" It is only fair, however, to say that the fulness with which they described their symptoms, and the eulogies they heaped upon the remedies prepared by Wiggins, left nothing to be desired.

It dawned upon Mark whilst he was sending off these parcels that the business was scarcely honest. But he found consolation in a very characteristic thought.

"After all," he said, "what does it matter to me? I don't take the money."

This seemed to him positively convincing, and he slipped the rest of the pamphlets into their envelopes in quite a merry mood. Before he had finished, his employer again came out, this time with a bundle of post-office orders in his hand.

"Done the circulars?" he asked ("circlers" he called them; but we need not be quite accurate in describing Mr. Preston's speech).

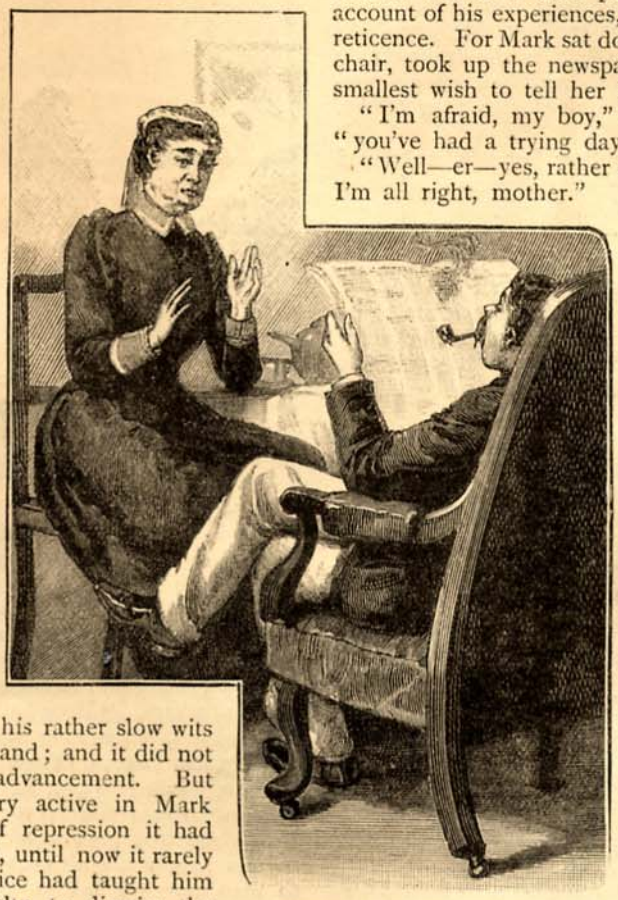
"Nearly; two more waiting."

"Then look sharp; and when you've finished take these around to the bank at the corner and pay 'em in to our account. Total, £5 11*s.* 9*d.*"

So Mark walked obediently around to the bank, discharged his errand, and came back.

He found his employer with coat and hat on sitting in the outer office.

"Going now," said Mr. Preston. "Very 'portant engagement. Back to-morrow at ten. You had better stay here till after three, and then lock up. Leave the key with the housekeeper downstairs. If anybody comes meaning business, just find out what they want, and tell 'em to call again to-morrow afternoon. Then I can see 'em if I want to, and leave 'em to you if I don't. If they only want to carry on just because they don't like me doing my best for their welfare, why, give 'em the rough side of your tongue." And with this Mr. Preston went.



"'WELL—ER—YES, RATHER SO.'"

Left to himself, Mark gave himself up to meditation. Upon the whole he was disappointed. He did not like his master; the business was of a kind his rather slow wits did not as yet fully understand; and it did not offer much prospect of advancement. But conscience was never very active in Mark Anstead. Under years of repression it had grown less and less active, until now it rarely troubled him. Long practice had taught him how with the least difficulty to dismiss the doubts or the warnings it suggested. He could not, however, but feel that his friends would be a little disappointed if he explained the true character—so far as he knew it—of the business carried on by Preston & Co.

"But, after all," said Mark to himself, "why should I tell them? Why"—he continued in a strain of virtuous thoughtfulness which for a moment almost deceived himself—"why should I inflict pain on them by letting out that Preston & Co. seem to be a curious firm? No; I'll keep it to myself. After all, I'm the chief sufferer."

It was in this spirit that Mark shut up the office, drank some beer at a neighbouring bar, and went home to Kennington on the top of a 'bus.

His duties were rather less arduous than those of his brother, and Mark had therefore an hour or more in his mother's company before Walter came home from the City. He lounged into the house with both hands in his pockets, and with the unfailing pipe reposing between his lips.

Kezia was out when he reached home; but Mrs. Anstead was there to welcome him. She had expected that he would at once provide a full and particular account of his experiences, and was a little hurt at his reticence. For Mark sat down in the most comfortable chair, took up the newspaper, and showed not the smallest wish to tell her how the day had gone.

"I'm afraid, my boy," said the anxious mother, "you've had a trying day."

"Well—er—yes, rather so," returned Mark; "but I'm all right, mother."

"A nice office, Mark?"

"Well, so-so."

"Oh, the way employers treat young people! I hope you were not worked too hard?"

"Oh no. But don't you trouble about me, mother; I shall be all right."

Mrs. Anstead looked at her son in amazement. Why this reticence? And towards her! Her maternal heart was sore, and her disappointment found expression in tears.

A sound of sniffing was soon audible in the room, and Mark looked up to see his mother prepared, upon the smallest provocation, to weep aloud.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed in injured tones. "If this isn't too bad! Here a fellow grinds away in a city office all day, and when he comes home for a little rest his mother goes off crying!"

Mrs. Anstead, finding herself put in the wrong by this adroit manœuvre, hastily stowed her handkerchief away, and reopened the attack.

"Poor boy! I'm afraid you have had a long and tiring day. But I hope you found your employer a pleasant man?"

"Oh, very."

"I daresay now, from all you have said, one of those quiet-mannered, considerate men, so kind and just to everybody?"

"Exactly that."

"Not likely to be hard upon any one?"

"Wouldn't harm a fly."

"Ah, what a comfort to be under such a man! And you so likely just to meet his needs! Why, you know, my boy, if all goes on well, he might see his way to take you into partnership, which of course would make it easy for you to get married, and settled down comfortably. Not, of course, but what I would gladly keep house for you, and see to your little personal comforts as only a mother can. Although it is strange how often men think that some flighty young girl can do better for them than a mother of experience. But I do hope, my boy, that when you are well-to-do, and perhaps left in the business by yourself, you will not think of marrying some girl who will know nothing about looking after your things. Now it occurs to me ——"

"Aren't you running on rather fast, mother?" said Mark, who, with no attempt at politeness, had been reading his paper during this harangue.

"Running on? No, my boy, only looking ahead. It was one of your poor father's faults that he never would look ahead. Many a time when I have talked to him about what the future might have in store, he would tell me that all my geese were swans, or make some other rude remark. And I like to think of what may be likely to happen, and the things that may soon be ready for us."

"Do you think the tea is likely to be amongst the things that may soon be ready for us?"

Mrs. Anstead was grieved, deeply grieved. Mark would tell her nothing; Mark would not take an interest in his own future. She cast a glance of sorrowful rebuke at the paper which concealed him from view, and then left the room.

Outside the door she stopped, and with a glance of affection at the room behind her exclaimed, "How like his poor dear father!"

(*To be continued.*)

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Progress of the Sioux.

"TWENTY years is not a long time in the history of any people, and yet during the last twenty years the fierce and implacable Dakota Indians have conquered many of the difficulties in the way of their civilisation. It seems proper just now to emphasise the work of these Indians under the wise assistance and encouragement that has been given them. Twenty years ago, according to Bishop Hare, these Indians were almost unanimously agreed to live in tents, and to roam about at their own sweet will. When the Government erected a few log-houses for their chiefs, to teach them something of civilisation, the enraged Indians tore them down. Now it is said on good authority that at the very least seventy-five per cent. are settled in log or other houses. It was almost impossible to find any who could speak English, even in the largest communities; now one may find English-speaking Indians even in the smallest villages, and find them in the larger places by scores. No Mission field has yielded more satisfactory results when all the difficulties are justly estimated."—*From the "Greater Britain Messenger."*

THE SOUL WAITING UPON GOD.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

"TRULY my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation!" With these words does David begin the sixty second Psalm. The marginal reading is, "My soul is *silent* unto God," and the Revised Version, "My soul waiteth *only* upon God." Dr. Kay's rendering is, "Only for God waits my soul, all hushed." This "salvation" is not *eternal* salvation; though it is the soul that is looking for it to God, yet it is not the salvation of the soul (as we generally use the words) that is here meant, but the deliverance and preservation of the *body*, of the *life*.

Thus we often find such words as "salvation" used in the Psalms. Yet, even in those passages, we may apply the words in both ways. For He Who is the Saviour of the body is the Saviour of the soul too. He cares for both; neither the one nor the other can be saved but by Him; from Him cometh our *salvation*. in every sense; and for *all* that we need (whether for soul or for body) we are to wait upon God.

David was in need and danger. It is not certain at what time this Psalm was composed, whether when he was fleeing from Saul, or (long after) when he was fleeing from Absalom. It would suit either time; but some parts seem rather to point to the flight from Absalom. At all events, he was in danger from enemies, many and strong; and his friends were few in comparison. "How long," asks David, addressing his enemies, "how long will ye set upon a man, that ye may slay him, all of you, like a bowing wall, like a tottering fence?" (v. 3, R.V.)

Hence the words "truly," and "only." Well did David see that *man* could not deliver him, for his friends were few and weak. If ever he had looked to man, now he looked to him no more. "*Truly* my soul waiteth upon GOD; from Him cometh my salvation."

With regard to the *soul*, we must be brought to this before ever we shall truly wait upon God for salvation. The question "What must I do to be saved?" shows a sense of danger, a feeling of complete helplessness, and a conscious want of all refuge. When the heart asks thus, then, and then only, is it in a state to receive the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 30, 31). Here, self can do nothing, and man can do nothing; the soul must look *only* to God in Christ.

But so it is also with regard to *all* salvation and

deliverance. None but God can deliver the *tempted* soul. Who but He can drive away evil thoughts? Who but He can quench those fiery (poisoned) darts of the wicked one? The shield of faith is said to do this; but faith is but the heart laying hold on GOD. And who but God can deliver us from *ourselves*, and enable us to resist the promptings and strivings of the old nature within us? No power but that of the Holy Spirit can give us the victory, either over those temptations which arise within us, or over those which assault us from without. 'From *Him* cometh my salvation"; salvation from every wrong desire, from every evil imagination, from every sudden attack, from every secret snare.

David's danger however was of another sort; not spiritual, but temporal; a danger arising from human enemies and outward circumstances and events. In such danger none but God could save him; and therefore upon God did his soul wait.

We, too, living in the same world, are subject to the like dangers. We are at times brought into great trouble and difficulty; all things seem against us, and worse still appears to threaten; we are without resource in ourselves, and it is little that man can do for us. At such a time our only refuge is in God. "Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from Him cometh my salvation."

We are to *wait upon God.* We are to seek Him, wait on Him, in *prayer*, as a petitioner waits on a benefactor. We have many a warrant for this. Here is one, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord" (Psalm xxvii. 14). And here is another, yet more full: "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God" (Phil. iv. 6). When we thus wait upon God as petitioners, we have not to wait at a distance, as though in an ante-room. His own Blessed Son will at once introduce us into His presence, and Himself plead our cause. We are to go to God by Him. He "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Waiting upon God in prayer implies more prayers than one. We are "to pray *always*, and not to faint"; to "continue instant in prayer." David's words, "Truly my soul *waiteth* upon God," express a continued state of prayerfulness, not a prayer now and then only. While trouble and danger last, and the Throne of Grace remains open to you, never cease to pray. Be not tired of asking for the same thing; lay your case *again* before God, again and again; and still plead your Saviour's Name.

Wait in another sense; which is still waiting upon GOD. Be not impatient, wait His time. You will be no loser by waiting His time instead of insisting on your own. Sometimes, when we ourselves have to act in anything, we must be prompt, lest by delay we lose our opportunity. Not so, when we humbly wait till God shall see fit to give. He will take care that we lose nothing by waiting *thus*. No stroke can fall unawares to Him; and, as for *opportunity*, God's time is always the best opportunity, and that is the very thing His servants wait for. Naturally we do not like waiting, we want to have things at once; but waiting is a great part of what we have to do. Let us wait *patiently*; let us wait *on the Lord*.

But let us wait *in faith*. Let us not leave out the latter part of David's words, "from Him cometh my salvation," or we shall never wait aright. There is no need that is beyond the power of God to supply, no danger from which He cannot deliver; and there are a thousand promises that He *will* deliver those who call upon Him, and send them all they are in need of. Have you never found it so—"of Him cometh my *salvation*"? Has He not often saved you, delivered you, helped you? Your safety, your welfare, always do come from Him. He keeps you every day; it is but another putting forth of His saving power that you now need, and wait upon Him for. Wait upon Him for it then, in faith and hope, taught by past experience of His love and power, relying on His word, and upheld by the thought of Him Who pleads for you continually.

"My soul is *silent* unto God"; "For God waits my soul, *all hushed*." Taking the words thus, we learn something further about this waiting. There is "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." As we are invited to pour out our heart before God, and to tell Him all our trouble; so, as regards all complaining and repining, and all impatient words, we are to be silent and hushed before Him. "I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good." Thus at one time did the Psalmist; for awhile he was silent before God. There is a waiting upon God in *prayer*; there is likewise a waiting upon Him in *silence*. When we have poured out our heart before Him, then let us wait "all hushed" for His answer. It may be that He Himself will break this silence by speaking to us by His Spirit; while we thus wait, He may send us an answer of peace. "It is good that a man should both hope and *quietly wait* for the salvation of the Lord" (Lamen. iii. 26). This quiet waiting is often full of blessing.

But in this sixty-second Psalm David speaks a second time of his soul waiting upon God, but now in a different way. In the first verse he says that his soul *does* wait upon God, in the fifth he *bids* it do so: "My soul, wait thou only upon God." What may we learn from this? That even when we are looking to God and waiting upon Him, in prayer, or in silence, or in patience abiding His time, we still need to stir up ourselves to persevere in doing so, and to do so yet more. And when we do thus call on our own soul to wait upon God, let us, at that very time, wait upon Him in prayer, to help our infirmities, and to give us grace to wait upon Him. "He only is my rock, and my salvation: He is my defence; I shall not be moved." He Himself will keep us steadfast, He will keep us waiting upon Him, He will preserve us from being moved away from our patient waiting, and from our trust in Him as our Rock.

FAIR MAIDS AND FOUL WEATHER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

IT was three pretty maids, and oh,
Such hearty maids were they!
They pinned their hats and took their bats
The tennis for to play,
"You madcap things!" their father said
(And gave them each a kiss),
"Why, bless my heart! you'd never start
In such a shower as this."
"We are not made of sugar, sir,"
Then laughed those damsels fair—
Though, curls to feet, they looked so sweet,
You'd almost say they *were*—
"We promised faithfully to go,
And, since it's rather wet,
They'll want us all the more, you know,
To help to make a set."
Each buttoned up her dreadnought coat,
Each raised her trim blue skirt,
Then, smiling back, they took the track
Through wind and wet and dirt.
Their father watched them from the hall,
And heard those maids maintain
That "tennis is not fun at all
Without a *little* rain."

It was three pretty maids, but oh,
Such fragile maids were they!
Each shook her head, and meekly said,
"Too wet for church to-day!
It's not exactly raining now,
But how those clouds do lour!
It is not wise to face such skies,
And risk a dreadful shower."
There, side by side, they sat and sighed:
"With such a cough as mine,
The end would be, I plainly see,
Bronchitis or decline."
Each viewed herself, weak, worn, and white,
Propped up with pillows tall,
And at the sight a tear did light—
Three tears, that is, in all.

"Wrap up, Papa, and don't take cold;
If any friends inquire,
You'll just explain we feared the rain—
Eliza, stir the fire."

It was the father shook his head,
More grave than was his use:
"'And all with one consent,'" he said,
"'Began to make excuse.'
You would not disappoint your friends,
And leave them in the lurch;
Then what of Rector, Curate, Choir,
Expecting you at church?
Yes, what about the empty pew?
And what, my girls," he said,
"About the Supper made for you—
The slighted Wine and Bread?
Last week no weather came amiss,
No road but might be trod;
But that was play, and this—ah, this
Is only praising God!"

It was three contrite little maids
Whose cheeks were in a glow;
Each hung her head, and humbly said,
"Papa, I want to go."
Each buttoned up her dreadnought coat
Above her sober gown,
Prepared to trudge if roads were sludge,
And rain were pouring down.
And when they found a half-filled church
Each—glad that she was there—
Gave all her heart to bear her part,
And swell the praise and prayer.
Well pleased their father was, they knew—
Not hard to read his face;
They thought that other Father, too,
Was looking down in Grace.
And since that day (to close my lay),
Come weather foul or fair,
List whoso may to stay away,
Those little maids are there.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IV.—THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BASIL JONES, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. David's, is a native of the Principality, and the oldest Bishop in Wales. He was born on January 2nd, 1822, and is a son of William Tilsey Jones, Esq., of Gwyn-fryn, Cardigan. He was educated at Shrewsbury, and graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, of which foundation he was a scholar. He gained a good position in the Classical Honour List, and a Fellowship at Queen's College. He was ordained in 1848 by the Bishop of Oxford.

From 1854 to 1865 he was Tutor of University College. His first parochial charge was at Haxby, in Yorkshire. In 1863 he was appointed Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, and two years later he became Vicar of Bishopsthorpe.

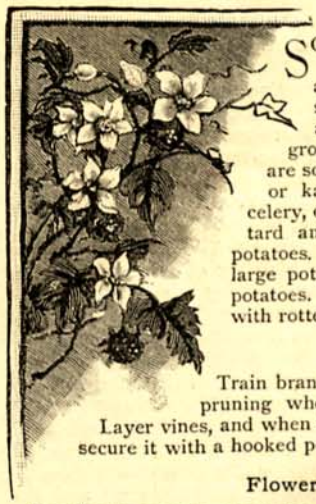
In 1867 he was appointed Archdeacon of York; in 1873 he was made a Canon Residentiary of York Minster; and in the following year, on the resignation of Dr. Connop Thirlwall, he was consecrated Bishop of St. David's. The Diocese includes the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan, Brecknock, and portions of Radnor, Caermarthen, and Glamorgan. It is in parts densely populated; and in 1890 the Bishop called to his aid Dr. John Lloyd, who was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of Swansea.

The literary work of the Bishop of St. David's has been considerable, including works on classical, antiquarian, ecclesiastical, and historical topics. He was a contributor to the *Speaker's Commentary*, and to Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*; and in conjunction with the late Archdeacon Churton wrote a *Plain Explanatory Commentary on the New Testament for Private Reading*, which has been very popular. The Bishop also joined with Mr. E. A. Freeman in writing *The History and Antiquities of St. David's*.

Our portrait is taken from a recent photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street W., and has been specially engraved by Messrs. Richard Taylor & Co.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

GARDENING FOR APRIL.



Kitchen Garden.

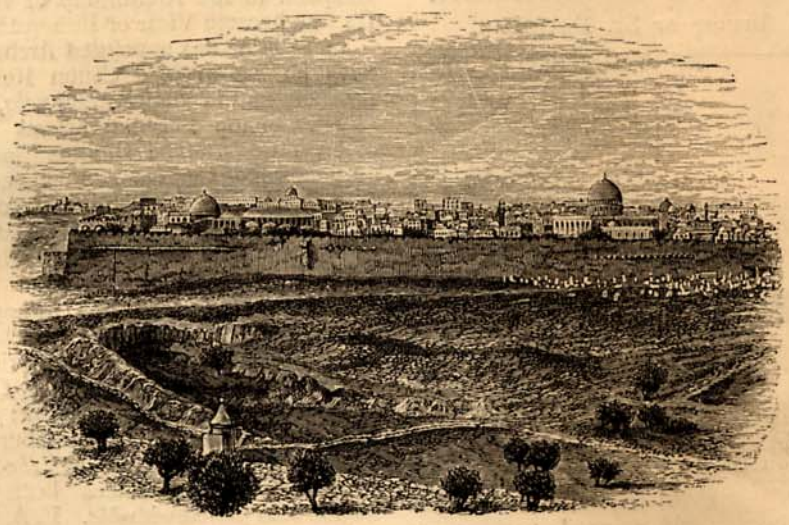
SOW Beans between rows of cabbage or other like plants, as they grow rapidly, and are soon cleared off the ground, and do not interfere with the growth of the plants where they are sown. Sow also beet, borecole, or kale, brussels sprouts, savoys, celery, onions, peas, also lettuce, mustard and cress, and radish. Plant potatoes. Use sets with one eye from large potatoes, in preference to small potatoes. The ground should be dressed with rotted manure.

Fruit Garden.

Train branches of wall or espalier trees, pruning where any have been omitted. Layer vines, and when the shoot is put in the ground secure it with a hooked peg.

Flower Garden.

Sow hardy annuals about the beginning of the month, halt hardy kinds towards the end of the month. Biennials should be planted out as early as possible. These also should be sown to be ready for transplanting in the autumn. Plant out pansies, giving a dressing of cow-dung. Plant old dahlia roots, for the purpose of starting their growth, in sheltered warm positions, protecting them at night from the frost. When the shoots make their appearance take up the roots, and cut them up, leaving an eye to each, and plant out. Protect tulips from the frost. Prune rose trees.



PALESTINE TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. R. F. G. SMITHWICK, M.A.,
Vicar of Seaforth.

JERUSALEM.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."—PSALM xlviii. 2.

JERUSALEM! What a flood of memories centre round the Holy City, dear as it is both to Jew and Christian.

To trace its chequered history from the days of its foundation to modern times would manifestly be impossible within the limits of a short paper. We must content ourselves by endeavouring to describe Jerusalem as it appears to-day.

And first of all, as to its situation. The modern city, as the ancient one, lies near the summit of a broad mountain ridge at an elevation of 2,600 feet above the sea level. It is emphatically a mountain city standing on four hills: "As the hills stand about Jerusalem, even so standeth the Lord round about His people" (Psalm cxxv. 2, P. B. ver.). Two valleys partly surround the city; one on the eastern side the valley of the Brook Kedron leading to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, the other the valley of Hinnom on the south. These two ravines form a natural boundary to the city, and isolate it from the surrounding hills. In this way it may be said that "Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity in itself" (Psalm cxxii. 3). Nothing is more remarkable than the smallness of Jerusalem as compared with other cities. Its circumference is only about two and a half miles, or a mile less than the circumference of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Its area is less than 210 acres, of which 35 acres are occupied by the Haram-esh-Sherif. Small in size, it is yet wonderful in its history and its influence; for from Zion proceeded the Law and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem, and "no voice is so potent to-day as that which spoke in its streets of the coming of a kingdom which should endure from generation to generation." The city is surrounded by massive walls which date from 1542 A.D., containing, however, much older work, notably the so-called tower of David, the only tower which now exists in anything like a state of preservation.

This tower has been attributed to Herod, and without doubt is of Jewish origin. The lower masonry is perfect of its kind, proving what splendid builders the Jews were.

"These huge fortresses," says Josephus, "were formed of great blocks of white stone, so exactly joined that each tower seemed a solid rock." Upwards of twenty gates are mentioned in the Bible and the great Jewish historian, as leading into the city; now there are only ten, and of these five are closed. The gates at present in use are the Jaffa Gate on the west, the Damascus Gate on the north, the Gate of St. Stephen on the east, the Zion and Dung Gates on the south. But we must now enter the city itself. As we pass through the streets of modern Jerusalem, we call to mind that this is not the Jerusalem of our Saviour's day. That lies many feet beneath the surface, just as modern London is not the London of the Roman period. And yet a strange fascination comes over us as we traverse those streets, for here and there we do come to spots which were undoubtedly associated with our Saviour's life. For instance, as we watch the Jews at their wailing-place outside the Temple wall, we know that without doubt we are looking upon the very stones on which the eyes of Jesus must have rested. As we stand by the ruins of the pool of Bethesda we cannot help feeling that we are on holy ground. As we turn our steps through St. Stephen's Gate and catch a glimpse of Olivet we are reminded of One who often walked and rested there. These are the things which still make Jerusalem the most interesting city in the world.

As regards the social life of the city and the manners and customs of the people they must be much the same as they always were. The people of Palestine are thoroughly conservative in their mode of life. The streets are narrow, but crowded with an ever-moving multitude. Here you see a group of camels waiting patiently until their burdens are removed. They may have come from Damascus or across the desert from the south. There you see the itinerant fruit merchant, or the vendor of bread, or the water-seller

calling upon you to slake your thirst. "Oh! cheer thine heart," he cries. Turn the corner, and you meet a company of Russian pilgrims, making their way to some sacred shrine. The "Holy Places" in Jerusalem are numerous, many of them altogether unworthy of notice, but there are two which immediately arrest our attention, the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," and the "Mosque of Omar," the site of Solomon's Temple. Proceeding down David Street from the Jaffa Gate we come in a few minutes by way of Christian Street to a church which by almost universal consent is acknowledged to be the most sacred spot in the world, for it contains within its walls the Holy Sepulchre, the resting place of the Lord. "We now approach," in the words of Dean Stanley, "the most sacred of all the holy places, in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest must sink into insignificance; the interest of which even if not genuine, stands absolutely alone in the world."

Before entering the church it would be well to gather what evidence we can to prove the authenticity of this site, the more so as in recent years another site has been suggested, which, however plausible in itself, has little to recommend it. "Can this place now standing WITHIN the city walls be the grave of the Saviour?" is the question which the Christian pilgrim would naturally ask. To which we answer, there is a consensus of tradition in favour of this site since A.D. 326. This is a Christian, not a Jewish tradition, and therefore all the more valuable, as the Christians were *never* expelled from Palestine, while we know the Jews were driven from the land by the Roman power. "It can almost certainly be proved that there were Christians always present on the spot, and the succession of Christian bishops can be made out with very tolerable certainty and completeness." It is sometimes said that the Emperor Constantine *discovered* the sepulchre. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that its position was NEVER lost sight of by those Christians who remained in Palestine? The difficulty about the sepulchre being within the walls of the present city is no real objection, and has never been considered worthy of notice until recent days. The existence of undoubted ancient Jewish tombs within a few feet of the present sepulchre proves beyond contradiction that the city walls did not always enclose the present space. This fact has been further strengthened by the discovery, two years ago, of a large part of an ancient Jewish wall, which is now enclosed and preserved in the new Russian Hospice. Little can be said in favour of the "new site," except that it is more picturesque, and is situated *outside* the present Damascus Gate. In spite of this, it is hardly likely to supplant the old site, which is consecrated by the prayers of millions of Christians and the tradition of nearly sixteen centuries. We must now enter the church and proceed to the Holy Sepulchre, which is enclosed in a chapel situated under the great dome of the building, which has served as a model for the Round churches of England.

The chapel, built of reddish limestone, sometimes called "Santa Croce" marble, is twenty-seven feet long by eighteen feet wide. The interior is divided into two parts; the first, on entering, is called the "Chapel of the Angels," and marks the spot where the angel announced the joyful news of the Resurrection to the women on Easter morn.

At the western end of this ante-chapel, we come to a much lower door than the one which we have just entered, leading to the sepulchre itself, a vaulted chamber, about six feet by seven, the whole covered with marble. To the right we see a marble slab marking the spot where the sacred body of the Lord was laid. Over this there is a bas-relief of the Resurrection. Forty-three gold and silver lamps illumine the vault. These lamps, belonging to the Latin, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic Churches, are never allowed to go out. The whole scene is a strange contrast to that upon which Mary Magdalene gazed when invited by the angel messenger to "come and see the place where the Lord lay." We might wish it had been left in its original simplicity, but it was not to be. However, if the surroundings are changed, the sepulchre still remains, and the sacred spot is *never* without its devout worshippers.

"Eighteen centuries have not made the Lord's Death and Resurrection less to the world than they were, nor did the world ever need to know their true value and import more than it does now.

"The wants of the living, the precious memory and love of the dead, the hope of a purer, stronger life here, the hope of a brighter life hereafter, alike draw our thoughts to that blessed spot where the First Begotten of the dead won His great victory."

[We are indebted to Bishop Blyth of Jerusalem for some valuable information.]

ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.

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.

(*Continued from page 46.*)

ONE who wishes to gain a clear conception of some particular object will naturally ask, "How large is it?" Other questions follow as to shape, colour, and make; but almost necessarily the first question which arises has to do with size.

If a man had never seen an elephant, and were endeavouring to picture the creature to himself, it would not do for him to start with the notion of an animal as large as a donkey. He might have tolerably correct ideas as to the solid body and thick legs, the flapping ears and tapering trunk; but still, if he thought of the elephant as matching a donkey in size, he would be far from the reality.

Or again, if he wished to picture a mouse never having seen one, he would be greatly astray in supposing it to be as large as a sheep. The details of soft furry skin, slender tail, pointed ears, and gentle dark eyes, might be correct enough; but the absurdity of a mouse the size of a sheep in his mind would spoil the whole.

So, commonly, the first requirement is to gain some notion of the dimensions of a thing before we attempt to understand it further.

Size is comparative; and such terms as "large" and "small" carry no definite meaning to the mind, except in connection with other objects. Imagine a certain Feejee islander hearing an English plum-pudding spoken of for the first time in his life, and asking, "What size?" "Very large," you might naturally answer. "As big as a hill?" "No, indeed; quite small compared with a hill." "Or as large as a pig?" "Indeed, no," you would have to say; "it is only large *for a plum-pudding*. It is big, for instance, as compared with an orange." But if you had at once said, "The pudding is about twelve inches through from one side to the other," showing a foot-rule, he would thus have gained a fair idea of the pudding's dimensions.

A hollyhock is large beside a mushroom, but small beside an elm; a pond is large beside a puddle, but small beside a lake; a hill is large beside a mound, but small beside a mountain. So size is greatly a matter of comparison. That which is large to a mouse may be small to a man; and that which is large to a man may be small to an elephant.

This earth on which we live may be counted either large or small according to that with which we compare it. Viewed in one way, it is enormous; viewed in another way, it is minute. Sometimes when in travelling we unexpectedly meet a friend, or find strangers to be connected with ourselves by ties of birth, we exclaim, "What a small world it is!" But few people really feel the world to be small. We are more often impressed with a sense of its vastness, particularly in youth.

To gain a correct idea of the earth's size, we must also form a notion of its shape. This world of ours is not a boundless flat plain, reaching everywhere through space, but a ball or globe-shaped body, like an orange, somewhat flattened at the ends, and slightly bulging about the middle. It occupies a very small portion of space; and, whatever part of the earth we may be on, *downward* means always towards the centre of the ball; *upward* means always away from the surface of the ball into space. If one man stood at the North Pole, and another at the South Pole, their feet would point one towards another, their heads away from one another. "Downwards" for each would be towards the earth, and "upwards" away from the earth.

Space surrounds Earth on all sides, in every direction. We see space as a blue sky, with the sun in it; or as a black sky, with the stars in it; or else clouds float between, and cut off our view of distant space. But the farthest clouds are never many miles away. They are a part of Earth, made out of earthly vapours, floating in our earthly atmosphere, ready sooner or later to return to Earth's surface as rain or snow.

In questions of Astronomy we pass at one bound to a mighty distance beyond the outermost verge of our atmosphere, leaving earthly mists and clouds far in our rear. A great gap of airless space lies between us and the very nearest moons or planets.

Wherever we may be on Earth, whether in town or country, at sea or on land, we can see only a limited portion of Earth's surface, only so much as is contained within the horizon-line which always encircles us. That far-off line where the sky seems to stoop and touch the rising ground is seldom visible all round, except at sea, in calm weather, beyond sight of land. Trees, houses, slight risings of the ground, if not actual hills, cut off parts of it from our sight. Yet there it always is, because, the Earth being a sphere, or a ball, in shape, the rounded surface curves away, passing sooner or later out of sight. By ascending a hill we widen greatly our view, and from a mountain-top we can see enormously farther than from the sea-level; still the limit always exists.

If the world were, as men of old used to believe, an immense flat plain, then the only horizon which we could have would be due to weakness of sight. Beyond a certain distance our power to distinguish objects would fail. In that case we should stand, as we may now do, on the sea-beach, and watch a vessel on the "horizon," but we should never see it "hull down,"—the masts clearly visible, the body of the

ship entirely hidden. This curious sight is due simply to the shape of the Earth, to the rounded surface-curve rising between the ship and the observer's eye.

Now as to the size of the Earth. Suppose that a road could be made straight through Earth's centre, either from the North to the South Pole, or from one spot on the equator to the exactly opposite spot on the other side. This road would have to be about eight thousand miles in length! A carriage drawn by quick horses, going always ten miles an hour, never lessening speed night or day for rest or food, might cover the distance in about thirty-three days, or a little over a calendar month. A train travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour, never pausing at a single station, never stopping for fuel or water, might accomplish the same in less than a week.

But with horses and engines, not to speak of passengers, frequent halts are necessary. And when we romance after this fashion about going down into the Earth and out on the other side, we are talking about an almost unknown world. The surface of Earth is more or less familiar to us, not the interior. The deepest mine ever sunk did not reach to one mile and a half in depth. Imagine what it would mean to penetrate four thousand miles below Earth's surface, four thousand miles away from light and fresh air, nearly four thousand miles beneath the profoundest depth of ocean! Such a road would indeed be a marvel, dwarfing utterly the mightiest results of engineering skill hitherto accomplished by man.

Although this road is a sheer impossibility, although we cannot delve downwards through the solid ground until Earth's centre is reached, and thence ascend upward to the opposite surface, yet in other ways the size of our Earth has been again and again closely calculated. The dimensions of any ball or globe, both through the middle and round the outside, may be reckoned from measurements of *parts* of its surface, and from noting the degree of its rounded curve. These measurements have been many times made, and calculations innumerable have been worked out, with always the same result: that, as already stated, Earth has a diameter, or measure through the centre, of about eight thousand miles. And since a ball or sphere is about three times as many inches, or feet, or yards, or miles, round its outer surface as through its centre, the circumference, or measure round outside, of Earth, is nearly twenty-five thousand miles.

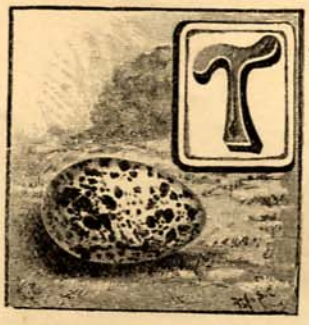
Who can truly say of such a globe as this, "What a little world we live in"? And yet there is another side to the question.

(To be continued.)

DO YOU LIVE THERE?—"Home, sweet home!" It does not matter how humble it is, nor is it less a home for being a place. It is where those we love dwell—wherever that may be—where we are valued for ourselves, and are held in esteem because of what we are in ourselves, and not because of power, or wealth, or what we can do for other people.

THE OYSTER-CATCHER.

BY F. J. S. CHATTERTON, F.E.S.



THE Oyster-Catcher or Sea-Pie (as it is sometimes called) is a very beautiful bird, and well known by people residing near the seashore. It is generally found near shingle and rocks, also on marshy ground where there is likely to be a good supply of cockles, mussels, limpets, and other kinds of shell-fish. It is also often found several miles inland, especially during the summer, making its home near a stream, lake, or river, its diet then consisting of worms, slugs, snails, and suchlike. At times when the only way of getting food is by swimming, it takes to the water, which it does with an ease that is surprising, considering the formation of its feet. As a rule, it feeds on young crabs, shrimps, small shell-fish, and several kinds of aquatic life, and is also partial (as mentioned above) to shore and common earth worms and insects; but its favourite food appears to be the limpet.

Besides being able to swim, its flying powers are strong and quick, though seldom to any height; and it can also run well over rocky and hard ground. When doing so it very often has its wings slightly raised. When flying it carries its wings well extended, and it quickly flaps them together. When settling on its feet, it holds its wings stiff in the same style as ducks.

The total length of the Oyster-Catcher from point of beak to end of tail is from fifteen to seventeen inches. The head, neck, and upper part of the breast is a deep purplish-black, also the upper part of the wings, which, however, tone off into a brownish-black towards the end and on to the back, a small white oblong spot under the eye, iris rich crimson, and orange-red edge to eyelids. The beak or bill of this bird is of a deep orange, gradually fading towards the end into a lemon-coloured tint. The bill is one of the most remarkable of any bird, and the strength of it is really marvellous. If the Oyster-Catcher gets the chance of getting this weapon (which Nature has provided him with) into an oyster or mussel, there is no chance for Mr. Shell-fish. It is very amusing to observe the Oyster-Catcher looking at the limpets and mussels, to see if they are at all open or raised from the ground or rock, and if so suddenly pushing its beak into the space, and thereby securing the animal. When extracting the contents it holds the shell by partly standing on it.

Across the wing is a broad white bar; the tail is white at the base and end black, all underparts are pure white; legs of a pinkish-flesh colour.

The female of this species is feathered in every respect the same as the male

In winter the only difference in the plumage is that the white oblong spot under the eye is larger, and they also have a bar of white on the throat.

The young Oyster-Catchers are very funny and pretty little things, and generally look most knowing. Head, neck, back, and upper part of wing of a brownish-grey, with a stripe over the eye, coming a little way down on the cheek (as shown in the illustration), also specks and lines on top of head, back, and upper part of wings of a blackish

THE OYSTER-CATCHER.

one, underparts pure white, beak and legs very pale in colour compared to adult.

The nest (if it deserves the name) of the Oyster-Catcher is a hollow scratched in the ground, or sometimes amongst the beach-stones, not very far from high-water mark, and is about three inches deep. The number of eggs is three or four, which vary a good deal in form and colour, some being round, while others are oblong and somewhat pointed, also the ground colour sometimes being pale yellow-stone colour, and at other times quite a darkish brown, the darker markings are a deep brown, and the paler ones purplish-grey. The average size is 2⅜ inches by 1⅝ inches. At the heading of this article will be seen an illustration of an Oyster-Catcher's egg.

This bird is distributed over a great area, being found on the coast of Africa, also in Asia, besides in the greater part of Europe and in Ceylon. In our own country they seem to prefer the northern parts. I have heard that they are by no means rare on the coast of Cumberland. They are seldom seen along the south coast in summer, but they are more plentiful on the east coast than along the south. It also breeds in Scotland and Ireland. In Greenland it is scarce, and only a summer visitor to Shetland, while it is common on the coast of Sweden.

This bird makes a very amusing as well as pretty addition to a poultry run (of course a grass one), and is, as a rule, quite peaceful. One or two make a handsome ornament to a lawn, especially if there happens to be a shallow pond at hand where they can enjoy themselves wading, or standing on one leg, as they are very fond of doing.

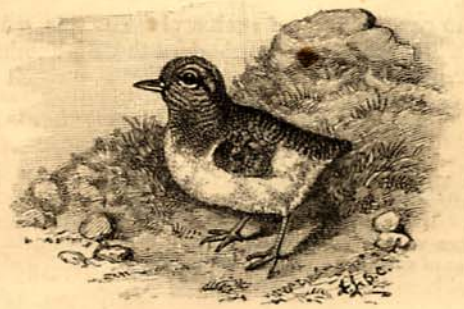
In confinement they should be fed on fresh chopped beef-steak (raw) mixed with hard-boiled eggs and bread, which should be cut to about the size of a pea; the bread must be about a day old, as new bread is as bad for birds as it is for human beings. A good quantity should be given first thing in the morning, as they like a little and often. Be sure it is fresh every day, and don't leave any about from the day before. By this means you will be doing your best to keep your pets happy and healthy. They will be very thankful for any worms out of the garden, also a few mealworms occasionally.

Should you get a fresh-caught one, I find the best way to get it accustomed to the artificial food is to put a few mealworms on the top of the chopped meat, etc.

The Oyster-Catcher is a very hardy bird, and will live a long time in a good run with fresh food. They can be kept outside in ordinary poultry or duck houses all the winter, and it is a peculiar sight to see them on ice, every now and then slipping first one way and then the other, generally flapping their wings, and uttering a shrill, sharp whistle, usually twice in succession. It also makes this noise when flying and running, and repeats it several times when frightened.

When feeding, as a rule it takes the piece of meat to the water, and washes it to and fro before swallowing it; often when doing this it stands on one leg, and has the other leg put out at an angle behind it, with its foot clasped. At night it sleeps on one leg on the ground, and usually has its head under its wing.

The scientific name of the Oyster-Catcher is "Hæmatopus ostralegus.'



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.

IV.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ALONE PROVIDES FOR THE USE OF HER MEMBERS A FORM OF PUBLIC PRAYER AND PRAISE IN LANGUAGE THAT THEY CAN UNDERSTAND.

THERE is no other religious body in England of which this can be truly said. The various Nonconformist communities leave their members in their public worship, to think their own thoughts, and to express them in their own words in their public or common prayers and praise as best they may, altogether unhelped by any prepared or prescribed order or form whatsoever.

And if they were all to speak these out audibly together, what a strange mixture and babel of language and sound would be the result!

But the fact is, that in a Nonconformist place of worship during the time of prayer the congregation, for the most part, do not appear to be engaged in any religious exercise at all.

As a rule, they do not kneel at prayer, and often they do not stand during praise, but sit in silence, with their heads, in many cases, no doubt, reverently bowed in private meditation and unspoken prayer; but generally they are to be seen with restless and wandering eyes looking round about them, or gazing steadfastly up in the face of the minister, while he offers prayer to God for the people, without form or order, in the uncertain thoughts and words which on the particular occasion first present themselves to his mind.

The members of the congregation act, in fact, as if they regarded the minister as their deputy—who offers prayer to God on their behalf, and relieves them from the necessity of taking any active and audible part whatsoever, in the work of intercessory worship.

Any one who knows much of the disadvantages incidental to public worship in a Nonconformist congregation, needs not to be told that even the prayer offered by the minister on behalf of the people, is too often experienced by him, and regarded by the members of his community quite as much of a mental and intellectual exercise as of a devotional act, the matter, language, and manner of which are equally liable to criticism, and are indeed as really and as truly criticised as are the varying characteristics of his sermon.

Now in all this there can hardly be much of what may be properly called reverent religious devotion or public worship.

In all that we have said we do not for a moment question the intentional sincere devotion of Nonconformists in their public worship, and we should shrink from the very idea of seeking to disparage or depreciate the heart-service and silent spirit-worship which they earnestly desire to offer to Almighty God; but all this is very different from public worship. We simply say what many amongst themselves admit, that they suffer great religious disadvantages compared with the congregations of the Church of England, in that they have no form of public prayer and no form of public praise, in which they can unitedly and audibly join in the services of the sanctuary, but are entirely dependent upon what many of themselves call "*the one-man system.*"

They are indeed to be commiserated in that they have, without any fault of their own, inherited traditions of opposition to, and prejudices against, the use of the beautiful and precious forms of prayer and praise supplied by the Scriptural, comprehensive, simple, sublime, and truly catholic Liturgy of their mother Church of England.

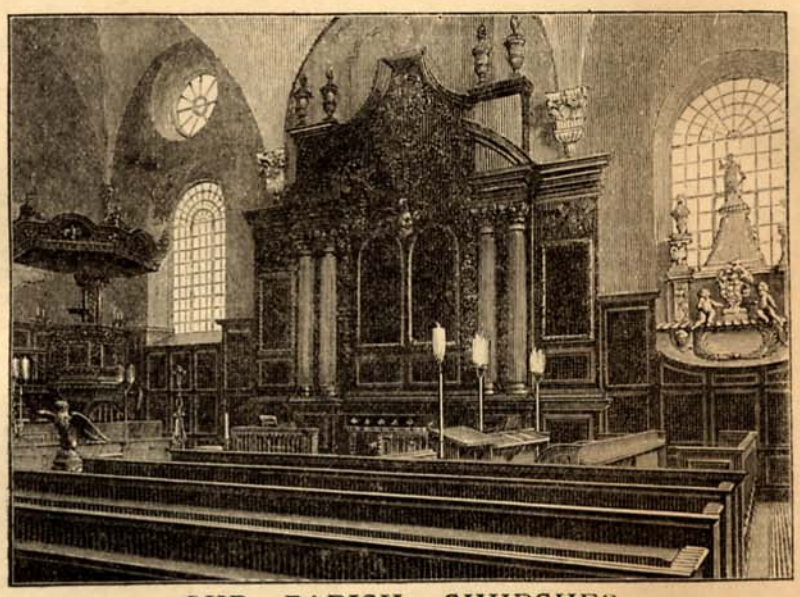
In many congregations of Nonconformity the want of a Liturgy is at present being deeply felt, and it is often a matter of observation that, none join more heartily in the public services of the Church of England, than those who during their childhood and youth have grown up deprived of such blessed privileges.

The all-comprehensive and beautiful Liturgy of the Church of England has often been misjudged by those who have mistaken it, as if it were intended as a substitute for, or designed to supply the place of, *private worship*; whereas the true theory underlying the Liturgy is, that all persons have had their private devotions and performed their private acts of worship alone with God before coming to their parish church to join in *public worship*, and that when they enter the public sanctuary, it is not to offer their own private prayers and praise to God, but publicly to join in acts of common prayer and common praise.

While the Roman body in England has its liturgical forms of prayer and praise, it differs from the Church of England in this, that its liturgy is expressed in a language not "understanded of the people"; so that it is true of the Church of England that she is the only religious body in the country that provides her members with a form and order of common prayer and praise in the language of the people and in which they all can join.

THE resurrection of Christ is the certificate of our Lord's mission from heaven, to which He Himself pointed as a warrant of His claims.—CANON LIDDON.

WE find self-made men very often, but self-unmade ones a great deal oftener.



OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III.—St. Mary Abchurch, London.

ST. MARY ABCHURCH, Abechurch, or Upchurch, so called to distinguish it from the other churches, derives its name Ab or Up from being on an eminence above the other houses on the banks of the Thames. When the original church was first founded is a matter of conjecture.

In the time of Richard II., 1383, one Simon de Winchecombe, Sheriff of London, founded a chantry at the altar of the Holy Trinity, of which chantry the rector and churchwardens of this parish were patrons. In 1437 licence was given by the rector and others unto John Wall and John Skelton of this chantry, to build a house on the west part of this churchyard, the said licence being confirmed by the Bishop, and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. In 1526 Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of London, by consent, gave authority to Richard Rogers to add other buildings to the church, joining the house of one Thomas Roche, which he gave by indenture to the church for ever, for the use of the parish; half the profits were to keep the house in repair, and the other to find the Paschal within the said church for ever; any profit that remained over was to be given to the poor of the parish on Good Friday yearly for ever.

The patronage was originally vested in the prior and convent of St. Mary's Overie, Southwark, who in 1448 exchanged it with Corpus Christi College for a house in the parish of All Hallowes the Less near the church of St. Laurence Poultney, who held it till the suppression of religious houses, when it fell to the Crown, who retained it till 1567, when Archbishop Parker exchanged Penshurst, Kent, with Queen Elizabeth for it in 1568. The earliest record that is known of presentation is that of Nicolas Woleye in 1363.

The painting and carving in this church is the work of some of the greatest men of the time. The beautiful dome is filled by the brush of Sir James Thornhill, representing the cherubic choir, some of whom are playing divers instruments of music, and the remainder in acts of adoration; in the centre is a splendid irradiation surrounding the Hebrew name of the Deity. From the centre hung the candle branches, which were taken down to spare the painting. The carving is from the hand of the master carver, Grinling Gibbons, and well justifies the story of his carving a pot of flowers with such fidelity to nature that they shook with motion of the passing traffic. The altar piece, which presents four Corinthian columns with an entablature and pediment, is grained to imitate oak, with a pelican in her piety, and filled up with tendrils, grapes, flowers, wheat, etc. They were painted after nature by Sir James. The pulpit sounding-board and gallery front are of Norway oak, and handsomely carved. The font, a marble basin, with cherub head carved around. The cover represents a square temple with a niche in each side containing a statue of the four Evangelists, with their emblems. The door porches are handsomely carved, reproducing the pelican and other enrichments; that on the north side has the monogram of James II. in lieu of the pelican. From 1774 to 1816 the duties of the parish were discharged by five curates, all of whom were educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and four of them were masters there.

Before the fire there were monuments to the memory of William Jawdrell Taylor, 1440; John Long, of Beds, 1442; William Wilkinson, alderman, 1519; Sir James Hawes, Maior, 1574; Sir John Branch, Maior, 1580 (died 1588); also to Dame Branch, his widow, who gave £50 to be lent to young men of the Drapers' Company from 4 years to 4 years for ever. And among other bequests 26 gowns for poor men and women, £26. Among the benefactions to the church after the fire in 1681, were sundry pieces of plate from Thomas and Catherine Gresham, John Poynter, and Mr. Watson. Mr. John Watson gave a brass branch and iron work for the church, value £28 7s. He also offered an organ, but the gift was rejected because he was a Roman Catholic; the church was without one till 1822, when one was erected by public subscription, costing £300. In 1719 a Jew, Isaac Franks, gave £2 to the poor; 1728, the gift of a carpe for the communion table, and other fittings. The monuments after the fire are to Sir Patience Ward, Lord Mayor, 1681 (died 1696). He married the daughter of William Hobsen; she died at Amsterdam, 1685; 1718—1727 are recorded the deaths of various members of the Tournay family of Cainby, Lincolnshire.

FAIRY DISCONTENT: A TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

BY DOROTHY MARTIN.

THERE stood in a stable-yard an old barrel. Lassie, who lived in it, had made it her home for many months. A few weeks ago she had had four little puppies. They were little darlings. The eldest was called "Rex." The others were not named, for they were given away before our story begins. Rex was about ten months old. He was now beginning to find the stable-yard and the old barrel rather dull. One day he said to his mother, "Mother, I am getting very tired of only running about the garden and the stable, and I think this barrel is a most dull and gloomy place. I should like to go out into the world, and see some one else besides you and your friend Pussy. She is very uninteresting. I should like to make friends with some other dogs like myself. I have only seen Jip the butcher's dog, and he is so rough and common. Don't you agree with me, mother?"

Lassie looked very sad, as she thought of parting with her discontented little son.

"Rex," she said at last, "I am sure you don't mean what you say. I don't think you would really like to leave your old mother, would you?"

Rex said nothing, he drooped his ears, and licked his mother's paw to show his affection; then he said,

"Mother, I don't want to leave you, but I really do want to see something of the world. I would come back to you after I had been away for a short time."

Lassie said nothing, but only answered his caress. A few days passed away, and Rex began to feel still more discontented. One day, as he was rolling about in the stall where Pussy's kittens lived, he was startled by a little scratching noise; he lay still for a minute and pricked up his ears, then he heard a squeak. "Is it a mouse or a rat?" thought he. He waited a minute, and then a large rat sprang from the manger. Rex jumped to his feet, but the rat was so big he was quite frightened. Then to his surprise the rat spoke to him as follows:—

"Rex," she said, "I have come to tell you something. I think you are very silly to stay in that old barrel. If I were you, I would do what I liked without asking my mother everything; it can't make much difference to her if you stay here or not. You see she is getting old now, and you are too young to stay moped up in an old barrel."

Rex listened very attentively, and then he said,

"I have quite made up my mind; I shall start to-morrow morning; but before you go please tell me who you are?"

"I am Fairy Discontent," was the answer, "and I came in this shape to attract your attention. I must go now, but I shall think you very silly if you mope here any longer."

Then the rat disappeared as fast as she came. Rex wagged his tail, thinking how nice it would be to start early to-morrow.

Then Pussy jumped from the heap of straw where she had been hiding.

"I have heard all," she said, "and I advise you, Rex, to think no more about what the Fairy has been saying. I am sorry to find you so discontented; you ought to be happy enough here with me and your kind mother. You have the whole garden to run about in as well as the stable-yard, and you are a great pet with the young Master, as you know, and you ought to be contented."

"That's all you know, Mrs. Pussy," he retorted, and Rex trotted away to his barrel with his tail high up in the air.

When his mother heard of his intention, she whined sadly, and begged him not to go; but the naughty, discontented doggie had quite made up his mind.

The next morning, after picking a bone and saying farewell to his poor old mother, he set out on his wanderings. For a time he trotted along the highroad feeling very grand. At noon he reached the village, and began to feel rather hungry.

THE YOUNG MASTER AND HIS FAVOURITES.

After looking about he saw a white cottage, and near it a little black dog, smaller than himself, who was eating a crust of bread. Rex darted forward, and before the little dog saw what he was about, he had snatched the crust from his paws. Rex scampered away, thinking himself very clever. For some weeks he travelled about, sometimes falling in luck's way, and sometimes totally unable to get food. He was in this sad state one day,

lying on a bank in a country lane; he had had nothing to eat for two days, he was faint and weary, and he could not move a step further. "Oh, how I wish I had stayed with my mother!" moaned the poor little doggie. "I have never been so happy as when I was playing in the old garden, and I have never slept so soundly as when I lay by my mother's side in the old barrel."

At that moment footsteps were heard, and a boyish whistle rang out on the still summer air. Rex heard the footsteps draw quite near him, then the whistling stopped, he opened his weary eyes, and they met those of a bright village boy of about ten years old.

"Halloo!" cried Jem Raven, "poor little chap; you look ill."

Rex whined faintly.

"I'll take you home with me and give you something to eat."

No sooner said than done; and Rex felt himself tucked under a strong arm, and Jem set out at a steady trot. In a short time Rex found himself lying before the hearth in a small but very tidy kitchen. Jem was bending over him, and feeding him with bread and milk. Rex for once in his life felt thankful.

"Mother, may I keep him until he is claimed?" said Jem, addressing a stout, rosy-faced woman who had just entered the room.

"If you like, my laddie," said Jem's mother; and from that day Rex was treated as one of the family.

Time passed on, and Rex felt that he should like to see his mother once more, so one day he started off. He found his way to the old barrel without much difficulty. He went in, but there was no sign of his mother. He went to Pussy's stall, and she welcomed him with joy.

"Mrs. Pussy," said Rex, "where is my mother? I have been to the barrel, but she is not there."

"Your mother is dead and buried some time ago," sighed Pussy, wiping her eyes with her paw; "and it's all your fault, Rex, she was so unhappy about you, and she was so old, you know."

Rex waited to hear no more, but he dashed out into the night and whined sadly, "Oh, mother, if I could but have seen you once more! Oh! it was my fault; oh! mother, mother." He slept that night by the roadside, and the next day he went back to Jemmy, who was only too glad to see him again.

Rex never forgot his old mother, and in winter he would often lie by the fireside thinking of his past life.

Fairy Discontent is a very wicked fairy. She is not easy to get rid of, but perhaps this story of the discontented doggie will help you to watch against her, and drive her away when she whispers to you to be discontented with your life.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

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9. ENIGMA.

My first is in Cat, but it is not in Mouse;
My second's in Barn, but it is not in House;
My third is in Snow, but it is not in Hail;
My fourth is in Row, but it is not in Rail;
My fifth is in June, but it is not in May;
My sixth's in To-morrow, but not in To-day.

If you search for me well in these lines, I'll be bound
That in less than ten minutes I'm sure to be found.

10. DECAPITATION.

I am a word of five letters. Entire I am a part. By successive beheadings I imply (1) a swift animal, (2) existence, (3) a regiment, (4) a part of London.

11. A ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION OF SIX DIFFERENT SPECIES.

(1) A river in Derbyshire.
(2) A promontory on the south coast.
(3) A town in the Isle of Wight.
(4) A city in France.
(5) A country in Europe.
(6) A town in Germany connected with Luther.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

BIBLE QUESTIONS ON THE "SUNDAY GOSPELS" THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

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

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April 2nd, Easter Day.

St. John xx. 1-10.

1. How do the contents of this "Gospel," taken with the verses immediately following, illustrate the truth stated in the opening words of St. Matt. xx. 16?

2. What is noted in it which seems of itself to show the falseness of the "saying" spoken of in St. Matt. xxviii. 15?

3. What reasons have we for believing the Evangelist himself to be "the other disciple" of this "Gospel"?

April 9th, First Sunday after Easter.

St. John xx. 19-23.

1. What fact in the narrative of St. Luke helps to account for what we are told of in the beginning of St. John xx. 20?

2. What occurred after that beginning, according to the same authority, which helps to account in like manner for that which is told us in the end of that verse?

3. How does the whole story help to illustrate the central statement of 2 Cor. xii. 9?

April 16th, Second Sunday after Easter.

St. John x. 11-16.

1. What common truth is traceable in the closing words of both the "Gospel" and "Epistle" for the day?

2. By what other expressions in this "Gospel," and by what words in 1 St. Peter v. is this same truth confirmed and explained?

3. To what Old Testament passages does St. Peter refer to in the close of the "Epistle," and what special light do they throw on the exceeding goodness of the Saviour, when compared with what He says of Himself in the "Gospel"? (See Rom. v.)

April 23rd, Third Sunday after Easter.

St. John xvi. 16-22.

1. What special word in this "Gospel" and in Psalm iv. helps us to show the depth and reality of the joy they describe?

2. What does the joy of the true disciple depend on according to this Gospel; and in how many ways is this here set before us?

3. What statement in 1 Thess. iv., when taken in conjunction with this truth, helps to prove the truth of the closing words of this "Gospel"?

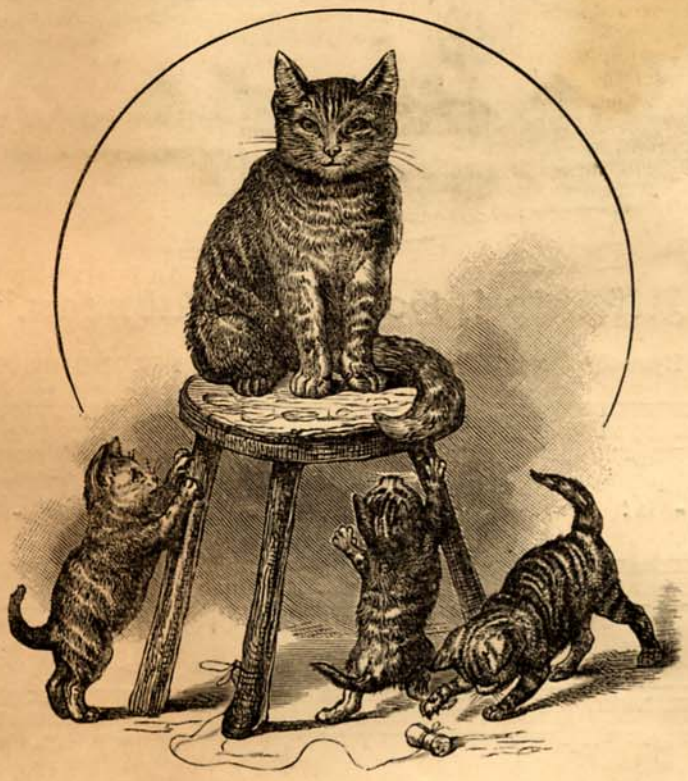
April 30th, Fourth Sunday after Easter.

St. John xvi. 5-15.

1. What twice-repeated declaration in last Sunday's "Gospel" do we find repeated in various other forms in that for to-day?

2. What is said in this "Gospel" which implies the exceeding greatness both of the Comforter and the Saviour?

3. What other passages of Scripture say much the same as this Gospel about *the* sin of the world?



THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

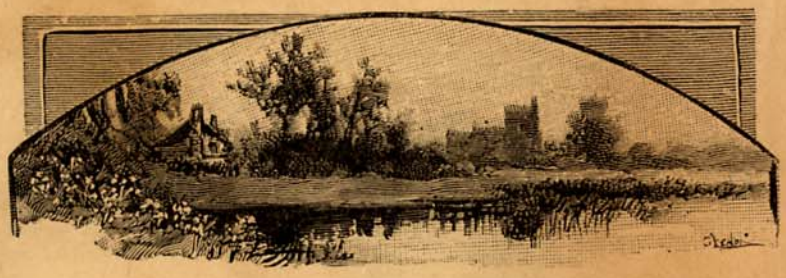
ONCE upon a time there was a cat, and she had three lovely little kittens, which were very, very, very fond of her. It was her great joy to sit in the sunshine on a three-legged stool and watch her kittens at their play. They used to frisk all round about the stool and sing their pretty songs until they were quite tired out, when they would just curl up their tails and cuddle themselves up until they were for all the world like little round fluffy balls. This is one of their songs. If I were to put it down in "kitten talk" it would only be one long string of "Mew! Mew! Mew! Mews!!" so I may as well have the kittens' song printed just like little folks talk.

There is one little song we will always sing,—
"We all love Mother!"
There is one sweet message we will always bring,—
"We all love Mother!"

Mother's nobody's Mother but ours, you see—
"We all love Mother!"
So sleeping or waking, where'er we may be,
"We all love Mother!"

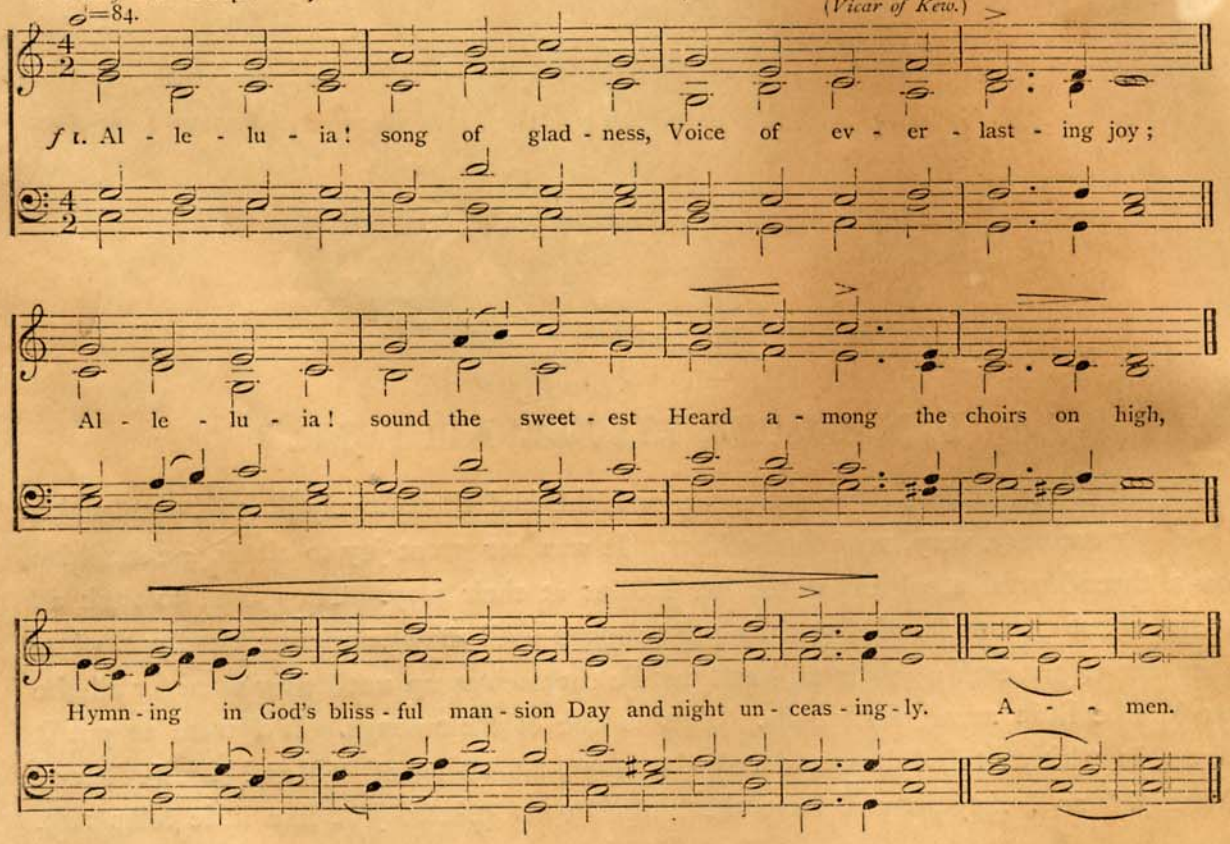
Our kindest, our brightest, our bravest, our best,
"Our own sweet Mother!"
Our very own dear!—You can guess all the rest—
"We all love Mother!"

What though we are small, every day we shall grow,
"We all love Mother!"
The longer we live, why the more folks shall know
"We all love Mother!"



"Alleluia! Song of Gladness."

Words from "People's Hymnal." *Music by the* Rev. W. H. Bliss, M.A., Mus.Bac., Oxon. (*Vicar of Kew.*)



f (*unis.*) 2. Alleluia! Church victorious,
Thou mayst lift the joyful strain;
Alleluia! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train:
p (*harm.*) Faint and feeble are our praises
pp While in exile we remain.

p 3. Alleluia! songs of gladness
Suit not always souls forlorn;
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
'Midst our joyful strains are borne;
For in this dark world of sorrow
We with tears our sins must mourn.

f 4. Praises with our prayers uniting—
Hear us, Blessed Trinity!
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
There the Paschal Lamb to see;
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. Amen.