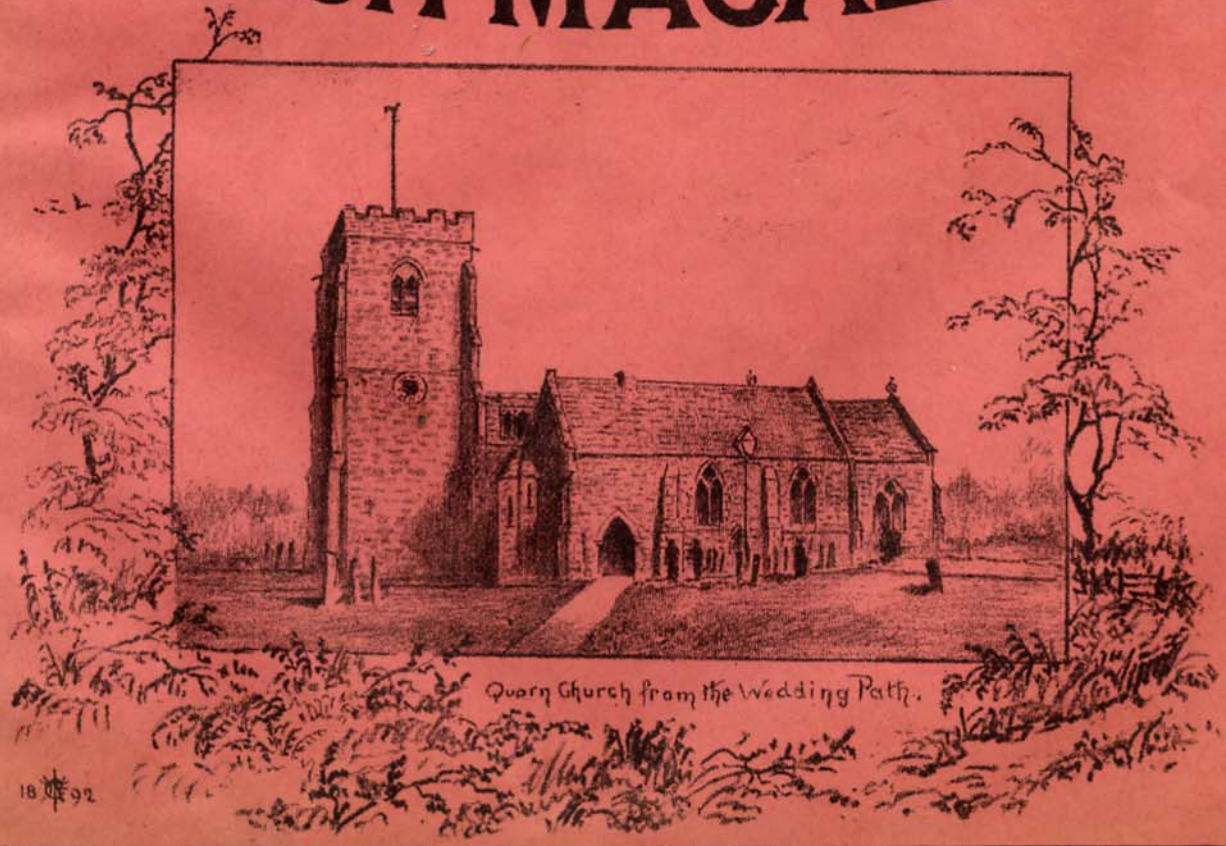
JANUARY. 1894.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

18 92

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 (with the Litany on Wednesday and Friday)
6.30 p.m. Evensong.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

We propose again during the year to give a short account of the Saints' Days and Holy Days as they come round, trying to tell something different about them than we did last year. There is a very good purpose and use in the keeping of these commemorations. They remind us that there are other purposes in life than working, earning a livelihood and amusing ourselves. They set before us men who in different ranks of life—most of them poor men—have become famous and useful—more famous than any king, or philosopher, or statesmen that ever lived—simply by their *goodness* and devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are apt to think that if we were more important than we are, richer, more learned, great public speakers, &c., we might then lead noble and useful lives. The names of the Christian Saints remind us of the fact that the noblest and most useful life of all is within reach of every man—that is the life of goodness and earnest devotion to duty. We shall try in each case to draw out this kind of lesson from the Saints' Day in the course of the year. Some of the Holy Days are set to commemorate special events in Our Blessed Lord's life which might otherwise be passed over. We have two such days this month—the Festivals of the Circumcision and the Epiphany.

Monday, January 1st.—New Year's Day is also the Festival of the Circumcision, when the infant Saviour, on the eighth day from His birth, was admitted into the Jewish Church by the same ceremony as all Jewish male children. As was the custom He then received the name by which He was to be called during His earthly life—the now Holy name—JESUS (S. Luke, ii, 21.) This ceremony in the Jewish Church corresponds with that which the Lord Jesus Himself ordained for admission into His Church, viz.: Holy Baptism, when, as in the Jewish Ceremony, the name is given to the child. At this Festival we are taught how even the Son of God, when He took our nature upon Him, obediently submitted to the ordinances of religion, even though the teachers of that time were very far from perfect, and He Himself came to do away that old religion and to found a better in its place. So we have no right to excuse ourselves from religious ordinances and duties on the ground of evils in the Church or sins in its ministers.

Saturday, January 6th.—The Festival of the Epiphany marks an important event shortly after the Saviour's birth. Attracted by a star or bright appearance in the heavens, a party of wise men (perhaps they were kings or chiefs) travelled from distant countries in the East to find out whether some great king had been born in the land of the Jews. The story is told in S. Matthew, ii., 1-12, how they came to Bethlehem, and there, though the infant was surrounded by the poorest conditions, they had faith to recognize the Great King, and to present before Him their costly presents. These were the first persons outside the Jewish people who saw the Saviour, and by their coming was shown that He was not only to be king and Saviour of the Jews, but also of all nations. It is because of this showing to those Gentiles or foreigners that the festival is called Epiphany, which means "Showing forth." Their faith is an example to us who have only known the Saviour through His humiliation that we also should so believe in Him as to be ready to give up ourselves and all our most valued things for His glory.

Thursday, January 26th.—On this day is commemorated throughout the Christian world the wonderful conversion of S. Paul as related in Acts, ix. This is certainly one of the most important facts in the history of the world, for it was through his faith and bravery that the Gospel of Christ was brought to the great centres of civilization of that day. Before his conversion he had been very zealous in the Jewish religion, and even persecuted the Christians. Every Christian should try to get some clear knowledge of his life and work as written in the Acts and his Epistles or letters, for he was one of the greatest men that God ever raised up for the good of the world.

Subjects for Sunday Morning Lessons and Catechizing at the Children's Service on Sunday Afternoons in January:—

Jan. 7th: Exod. i., 1-14.
,, 14th: ,, ii., 1-10.
,, 21st: ,, ii., 11 to end.
,, 28th: Go over the three lessons again.

Hymn to be learnt—begin 165.

Baptism.

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

December 4th—Sarah Pearson
,, 17th—Horace Leonard Burton

Burials.

December 4th—Mary Gamble, aged 67 years
5th—Ernest Fletcher, aged 10 months
14th—Ann Lambert, aged 63 years

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.			Church Expenses.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
December 3rd:	0	7	7	1	10	6½
10th:	0	3	3			
17th:	0	6	10	3	13	7
Poor Box:	0	1	9			
Totals	£0	19	5	£5	4	1½

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Jan. 7th	79	79	220
	78	165	79
	316	24	21
14th	76	78	219
	178	165	80
	82	346	25
21st	34	282	83
	172	165	170
	168	291	28
25th	—	—	261
			405
			26
28th	167	217	169
	277	165	184
	290	358	228

PARISH NOTES.

We wish to all our readers with the best meaning

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Twelve long months have come and gone since we wrote these words in our magazine last time. Both for reader and writer anything that thus reminds us of the passing of time is good. New Year's Day is like any other day. A mile stone at the wayside makes the distance no further, it only reminds us how far we have travelled and how much nearer or further we are from *home*. Does this New Year's Day tell us that we are further from or nearer to our home? Which way is our face set? Think reader! Since last January we have recorded the burials of 32 persons. That is 32 journeys come to an end. It is a common thought but always serious—Shall *we* still be on the journey of this life at another New Year?

"Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?"

January 21st is Septuagesima Sunday. This long word means "seventieth," that sunday being about the 70th day from Easter. This reminds us that Easter comes early this year. On this Sunday we read in the lessons about the Creation, and it is chosen by our Bishop for sermons on Temperance. It is a suitable subject for that Sunday because Temperance means the proper use of God's creation. That Sunday there will be collections for the Church of England Temperance Society.

We hope that the magazine has been appreciated during the last year. Great pains have been taken to make it interesting and useful, and every month it has been issued punctually. Of course this is not carried on without considerable expense, and we publish a balance sheet to show how much money has been received and how it has been expended. This year we gave up the advertisements, had a better magazine, and had a new special cover engraved, and for these reasons we have scarcely been able to make it pay its way with the balance over from last year. This year the expenses will not be quite so great, but we must appeal for more small subscriptions. We do not grudge the trouble of editing and managing the magazine if we obtain the necessary support to relieve us from financial anxiety in the matter.

MAGAZINE ACCOUNT FOR 1893.

Receipts.	£	s	d.
Balance per 1892	3	9	9
Subscriptions	4	18	9
By Sale of Copies at 1d. each	14	8	3
For inserting two accounts	0	10	0
Balance of Expenses over Receipts	0	4	4½
	£23	11	3½

Expenses.	£	s.	d
Mr. Wills, for magazine and printing local matter ...	22	13	0
Postal wrappers	0	8	7½
Carrier, &c.	0	6	9
Postage Stamps	0	2	9
	£23	11	3½

Last month we published the letter which was written to us by our dear little negro boy in Africa whom we must now call Bartholomew. The vicar has written another letter to him which we give below. We hope all our children that can read will read it as it is written in their behalf.

"My Dear Bartholomew,—I was very pleased with your "nice letter. It came a long way over the land and over the "wide sea but it reached me quite safely. I read it out to all "our children here, and they were very glad to hear about you. "I send you love from all of them and myself. We were glad "to hear that you had taken your name from the name of our "church I hope you will remember that S Bartholomew was "a disciple of Our dear Lord Jesus Christ, and you must be true "and brave as he was. I am sending you this letter at Christ-"mas time, when you are saying the same prayers and singing "the same hymns as we are. It is very different now with us "in other matters. It is very cold and we sometimes have ice "so that we can walk on the water. This you have never seen. "Bnt we see the same bright sun that you see, and the same "beautiful moon at night; and the same Great and Good "Father in Heaven sees us and you as if we were close together. "As I write these words I ask Him to bless and keep you for "Jesus Christ's sake. Will you ask Him to bless me and my "dear children here; and when you think of us, will you think "you hear us calling to you "Be true and brave, Bartholomew, "for we want to see you in heaven?" I am sending you a "pretty picture card as a token of our love.

"Your loving friend in Christ Jesus,
EDWARD FOORD KELCEY."

"Quorn, Christmas, 1893."

We can give now an exact account of money collected for the fund for the year ending November 26th:—

NEGRO BOY FUND ACCOUNT.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.
Amount collected	8	5	9
Interest paid by post office	0	1	8
	£8	7	5

Payments.	£	s.	d.
Printing Bills	0	12	0
Postage, &c.	0	1	5
Sent to Mission	7	0	0
Balance in hand	0	14	0
	£8	7	5

We want to collect another £7 before next Advent, but the account shows that we have 14s. over from last year towards this amount.

A list of the children's names and the amounts given by them will be put up in the Church Porch on the first Sunday in the New Year.

From the OLD OAK CHEST in the VESTRY.

When we gave some extracts from the Register in the November Magazine, we had only copied out as far as the year 1593, though we skipped over to 40 years later and gave some account of the years 1637-8. We have since then gone on with the copying and have now got down to the year 1620. We have made some discoveries which we hope will interest our readers. As before we shall mention names which are still known in the Village. In 1598 the name Darker appears for the first time. There was a William Darker who buried a daughter Annie, and had a son Adrian, baptized.

In 1602, Mary Bruen and Christopher Brewin were buried, though spelt differently they no doubt mean the same family. The spelling of names was very uncertain in the old times, as will be seen in the next name.

In this year (1602) William Fippes occurs—and this name comes very often year by year, but it is spelt in 5 other ways besides this—viz.; Fipes, Fyppes, Phips and Phyps. This is no doubt the family from which the late parish clerk was descended. The same year there was a Christian Dalbie buried.

In 1603 the farm called Rushall Fields is mentioned (or as we call it Rushey Fields). A family of the name of Perry lived there then. Jhoane (Joan) Perry was baptised that year, and Robert Perry of the same place was buried in 1619.

In 1604 Ales (Alice) Armeston was buried.

In 1605, the first Sculthorpe (Humphrey) is mentioned. The name occurs often in the register down to the present century, and the family seems to have been an important one in this place

In 1607 Anne the daughter of Thomas Steevenson was buried. But this is not the first mention of this family, for the name John Steevenson occurs as far back as 1589.

In 1608 the first churchwardens of Quorn that we know of are named. They were Francis Stables and Lawrence Squire—both these names occur very often in the Registers—Mr. Squire was Warden eight years later in 1616.

We think that the first occurence of the name Fewkes is in the year 1609, when Thomas Fewkes was married to Alice Chamberlain on Feb. 12th.

There is a strange entry in the burials, in October 30th this year, it is "Olde Gillam. We wonder who Old Gillam was! There are some instances where people are buried and the name does not seem to have been known—for instance, in 1612 there is "A gathering Woman from Mountsorrel," (what can this mean, does it mean a Gleaner?) and next year, one described only as "A Poore Woman" In 1610 the name Gamble first appears. Henry Gamble had two children baptized. Their next year seems to have been a sad one in this family, for in one month 4 of them were buried. About this time there seems to have been much sickness. In those days there was, of course very little medical treatment, and the way of living was much more unhealthy than now, and therefore when sickness broke out it carried people off in numbers. For instance in 1610 there were 25 burials, among them 3 named Dutton within 3 days, and 3 named Ball within a month. In 1614 there were 31 burials, 7 in the month of April alone. In 1616 there were 30, 8 being in August.

In 1612 the Sarson family is first mentioned when John Sarson married Ann Reaves.

In 1613, there is a Richard Perkinson (Parkinson) and John Adcock; in 1616 the name Bale (John) appears, also the name Pilkinton, and in 1618 there is a William Sketchley, all of these names being still known here.

We cannot of course say that all the names we mention belong to the same families which possess them now, but some of them occur year after year, which makes it probable that these people who lived in the village about 300 years ago are the ancestors of the present inhabitants.

The first Clergyman who is mentioned is John Hill, who was buried in July 29th, 1603, He was probably succeeded by George Worthington whose child Humphrey was baptized in 1611, and another in 1615. He died in 1619, and was buried on September 10th. The next Clergyman was Thomas Whatton and he continued till 1625, when he probably removed, as there is no record of his burial.

We publish our scheme of Sunday School Lessons for the year, not only for the use of the Teachers, but also that the parents of children and others may see what care is taken that the children should have put before them a clear system of teaching for the Sundays in the year. The Bible Lessons will carry them from the first coming of the Israelites into Egypt to the death of Moses on the verge of the Promised Land. Besides the great historical interest that this course of Scripture has for anyone who will follow it, it also may be made full of useful lessons for the journey of life. We repeat again what we have said before, that is very encouraging and good for the children, that some parents and grown up people should attend the Children's Service on Sunday Afternoons. There are always some there, but there might be more.

Lessons from Advent, 1893, to Advent, 1894.

Dec. 3.	Genesis xlii.	June 3.	Exodus viii.
10.	,, xliii.	10.	,, ix.
17.	,, xliv.	17.	,, x.
24.	(Special) S. Luke ii. 1-20.	24.	Revise.
31.	,, S. Matt. ii.	July 1.	Exodus xii. 1-28.
Jan. 7.	Exodus i. 1-14.	8.	,, 28-end.
14.	,, ii. 1-10.	15.	,, xiii. 17-xiv. 12.
21.	,, ii. 11-end.	22.	,, xiv. 13-end.
28.	Revise*	29.	Revise.
Feb. 4.	Exodus iii.	Aug. 5.	Exodus xv.
11.	(Special) Gospel, S. Matt. iv. 1-11.	12.	,, xvi.
18.	Exodus iv. 1-23.	19.	,, xvii.
25.	,, v.	26.	Revise.
Mar. 4.	,, vii.	Sep. 2.	Exodus xix-xx-21.
11.	(Special) S. Mark xv. 1-39.	9.	,, xxxii.
18.	,, S. Matt. xxi. 1-17.	16.	,, xxxv. 4-end.
Easter Day. 25.	,, S. Mark xvi. 1-6.	23.	,, xl.
April 1.	,, S. John xx. 1-18.	30.	Revise.
8.	,, ,, 19-end.	Oct. 7.	Numbers xiii.-xiv.-24.
15.	,, ,, xxi. 1-14	14.	,, xvi. 1-40.
22.	,, ,, 15-end.	21.	,, xx. 1-13.
29.	Revise.	28.	Revise.
May 6.	(Special) Acts i.	Nov. 4.	Numbers xx. 14-end.
13.	,, Acts ii. 1-21.	11.	,, xxi. 1-9.
20.	,, Gospel, S. John iii. 1-15.	18.	,, xxii.
27.	Revise.	25.	Deuteronomy xxxiv.

*Revise, means—go over the lessons for the month again.

HYMNS to be learnt verse by verse each month—Dec. 47, Jan. 165, Feb. 91, Mar. 108, April, 140, May, 154, June 193, July 254, Aug. 242, Sep. 383, Oct. 3 (1st part), Nov. 19.

THE CATECHISM will be gone through during the year in the following portions—

Dec. 3—Feb. 4.	To the end of the Answer after the Creed.
Feb. 11—May 20.	To the end of the Commandments.
May 27—Aug. 26.	To the end of the Answer after the Lord's Prayer.
Sep. 2—Nov. 25.	The remainder.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

The Vicar wishes to make the following observations on the above set of Lessons.

I hope that the set of lessons which I have drawn up for the year will be helpful to the Teachers in their difficult work. I would suggest that the teachers on Sunday Mornings should first hear the verse of the hymn. Secondly hear some part of the Catechism; going through that portion which is set again and again, so that by the end of the time every child knows the words perfectly. Thirdly, read through the Scripture Lesson calling attention to the NAMES and FACTS, and asking for this again after the reading. By this means the time should be well filled up, the children occupied and attention kept, and they should be able to answer simple questions in the afternoon.

I need hardly say that a teacher cannot interest or teach a class without preparation. The lesson should be carefully read through two or three times before hand, and all the points which the children should know should be *learned by the teacher first.* I know how difficult Sunday School teaching is, but *the more pains we take with it the easier it becomes.* I take this opportunity to say what I deeply feel, that I am very much obliged to all who help in the Sunday School, for their share in that difficult and thankless work.

Drawn by PAUL HARDY.] [*Engraved by* R. TAYLOR & Co.

"FATHER'S COME HOME."

[*See page.* 4

"OUR FATHER, WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD.

IT is a wonderful thing that we should be allowed to speak to God—we so weak, so ignorant, so sinful, and God so great, so wise, so holy. And not only is it a most wonderful thing, but it is also a most blessed thing. For think what prayer is. We live surrounded by two great worlds—the world of matter and the world of spirit, or, as St. Paul calls them, "the things which are seen, which are temporal," and "the things which are not seen, which are eternal." Now the things of the unseen world are really far greater and more important than the things of the world we see. But unhappily the things we see, the things of this world (as we call it), are always hiding and shutting out from us the things of the other world, so that it is very hard not to live as if this world was the only world, and not to forget the existence of the world unseen. I do not suppose a great many people have settled it in their own minds that there is no other world but this, but I am sure a great many people live as if it were so. They think of, and care for, and live for, no other world but this, which seems so close to them, and which they cannot help seeing and hearing and feeling all day long. Now if there is anything which will open their eyes to that other world which they are in such danger of forgetting,—which will, as it were, take them into that other world,—which will draw aside the thick curtain which seems to hide that other world from them,—that thing must surely be an untold blessing. And that is exactly what prayer does. Prayer is the voice of the soul going out into the unseen world. Prayer is the spirit of man going forth to God. It is the one great act of our daily lives which makes a link between our souls and God. But this prayer must be real and true, and not a mere empty form. It must be a conscious speaking to God, a communing of spirit with Spirit. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." I need not say that when I speak of an "empty form" I do not mean that all forms are empty. Why, our Saviour Himself gives us a form of prayer in the "Lord's Prayer." And He gave us also the two great Sacraments, which are forms. Now He has blest and hallowed forms, knowing that in our weakness we need them as helps to the inward spirit. We cannot, while here in the flesh, do without forms. But God save us from *empty* forms! The form is like the cup which carries the refreshing draught to the lips. It is not the cup which refreshes, but the water. Yet it might be hard to get the draught of water without the cup. No, we will not cry down forms; but we will seek to fill them with the life and spirit of devotion.

Now when we would pray to God it is plain that, if we want our prayer to be a real and true prayer, we must know how to think of God. And this is the first thing our Lord teaches us in His wonderful prayer. We might think of God in many ways. We might think of Him as a God of power, or as a God of wisdom, or as a God of justice. But Jesus teaches us to think of Him first as a God of *love*. Is not this what is meant by calling Him "Father"? Surely "Father" is a name of love. Think of the love of any earthly father, whose love is not marred and spoilt by selfishness, or evil temper, or sin. How beautiful and tender and gracious it is! Even a bad and selfish man will often be very loving to his little child. But God is all that the best earthly father can be, and "much more." Yes, there is great comfort and happiness in that "much more." If earthly fathers will give good things to their children, *much more* will our Heavenly Father give good things to His children. Do let us always think of God as Father. Do let us believe in, and trust, His love. Do let us speak to Him as children would speak to a loving and beloved father.

But there is another thought in the little word that goes before "Father." We do not say "My Father," as if each one were praying for himself. I think there is nothing wrong in doing so. I think sometimes it is good to do so, as it helps us to feel our own separate personal relation to God. I think there are times when you do not want to think at all of others, but only want to pour out your own wants before God; and at such times I would not blame any one who cried "My Father." But the Lord's Prayer is for all to use together. That is one reason why we say "Our," and not "My." And another reason is because the Lord would teach us to think of, and pray for, one another, and so not to be selfish in our prayers. Intercession, which means praying for others, is a large part of a Christian's prayer. And in saying "*Our* Father" we are interceding for others as well as for ourselves, and calling down on them our Heavenly Father's blessing.

And now *where* shall we think of God as being, when we pray? We know that God is everywhere. The Psalmist of old asked, "Whither shall I go from His presence?" and sang of Him as present in every place. But in the Lord's Prayer God is spoken of as "in Heaven," and from all Scripture we learn that there is a home of light and glory in which God is pleased to manifest Himself in some very special and blessed manner to the holy ones who are permitted to behold His Face. I suppose our Lord would help us to feel a deeper awe and reverence by bidding us to think of God as in a special manner there where He manifests forth His glory. Besides, it is easier for us, in our weakness and ignorance, to think of God as in some special place, than to think of Him as equally present in every place. So we must try to add the two thoughts together, and, while never forgetting that God is everywhere, "about our path and about our bed," as close to us as the things we can touch, perhaps even closer to us than these outer things, nevertheless, there is a presence-chamber, as it may be called, a royal place of audience, as it were, in which He makes Himself known in the splendour of His glory, and the majesty of His greatness. Perhaps we can make this thought more real to ourselves if we remember how the light and warmth, which penetrate everywhere around us, are gathered up into a central blaze and glow in the sun from which they pour forth. Then we will think of God as our loving Father; we will think of Him in the splendour of His heavenly throne; we will think of Him in the nearness of His omnipresence; and we will think of Him as the God that heareth prayer. "O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

"FATHER'S COME HOME."

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent back by the Angels."

Six o'clock rings—
On my coat I cast,
And oh! my heart sings,
"It's home, home at last!"

There they stand—the blessed four!
A dozen of times, I'll vow, to-night
The children have run to the garden door
To see if Father were yet in sight.
There they stand! and out they burst,
And which of the pets must I kiss the first?
Ah, Dolly, I see the proud new shoes!
And, Dick, lad, what is the startling news?
"Nay, dears," says Mary, "let Father be;
Father is tired, and wants his tea."
"Ay," I say, "tired;
Tired enow to-night;
But I have what I desired—
All's bright and right."

Maybe it is blindness born of love
That gives my home its magical worth,
But I know that I rank it high above
All castles and cots on the face of earth.
Do other men's brown-ware teapots show
Quite such a broad, benignant glow?
Do other men's kettles keep chirping on
"You're welcome, heartily welcome, John"?
Do other men's dimpled darlings shine
In the dresser-covers as bright as mine?
It's not a huge place—
Twelve foot square in all;
But the gifts of dearest grace
Pack close and small.

I sit me down in my easy chair,
And dole in turn to my robins three
Crumbs of Father's delicate fare,
And sips of Father's wonderful tea.
And now at length that news is heard—
Baby has learned another word;
And (tidings of glory and vast surprise)
The kitty has opened both her eyes!
And then the wee ones' prayers are said,
And each is tucked in its sweet white bed.
Angel-wings gleam
Round your slumbers light;
Sleep, sleep, without a dream;
A sweet good-night.

And now the restful house is still;
Only that Mary's needle goes,
Keeping in bounds with patient skill
The irrepressible heels and toes.
Then, while her tender fancies stray
In her beautiful wistful mother's way,
I smoke my pipe and read my book,
And now and again an upward look—
A look that's deeper than words—will tell
Each loves the other, and all is well.
When to Heaven's bliss
Flitting fancies roam,
Oh, I picture it like this—
For Heaven is Home.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

Author of "Black or White?" "Turning the Tables." "Held to her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A SECRET.

TEN years ago, and two young men were earnestly talking together in a rather cosy sitting-room at Shingleby-on-Sea.

"Well, you know the old soul as well or better than I do. Do you think there's any danger, really? She's a shrewd ancient enough at times—too shrewd for my taste. But that Clive——"

And as he paused Jack Brookes stretched out his distinctly sturdy limbs into as comfortable an attitude as the slippery horsehair covering of the lodging-house sofa would permit, and turned on his elbow to face his friend.

Guy Ryder, the popular curate of St. Olave's, Shingleby, in whose room the conversation was taking place, and who was himself occupying an armchair which boldly advertised its family connection with the couch, shrugged his shoulders.

"Neither he nor his sister are very desirable, I fancy," he said. "As to her Countess-ship and the great wealth — least said soonest mended, Jack. I hoped that the sight of you, a lieutenant R.N.," with a pleasant laugh that extended itself to the grey eyes, "might have choked them off. But though they've been pretty quiet since your arrival they are only biding their time. At least, that's my opinion."

"And mine too, if the truth must out. Wish I hadn't to go to-morrow. Whatever could have induced my father to sign such a will? If it weren't that she can make ducks and drakes of the coin she might choose her own friends, spite of her queer taste. But as it is—well, one must draw the line somewhere."

It was undeniably both a hard and a difficult case, as the sailor implied. That Mr. Brookes, dead now for some half-dozen years, should first have married a woman with a fortune, and then, upon her decease, one without a penny, was no cause for complaint, and indeed nobody's business but his own. But since, unhappily, the earlier marriage was entered upon without a settlement, it had been within the old man's power, instead of bequeathing the property to Alice's children, to leave all, absolutely, to his second and childless wife. Which he did, with nothing more binding to guide her in its disposal than a verbally expressed wish for its equal division. The whole affair was regarded by many people as little short of a scandal—a scandal, too, which recent events seemed likely to increase.

For, about six months ago, there arrived in Shingleby, the large south-coast watering-place where the widow resided, two people, by name Caryl Clive and the Countess Helen Vasco, who gave themselves out to be brother and sister. For years they had been separated—so the tale went—and but quite recently reunited, in consequence of Helen's widowhood.

Amongst the earliest to call upon them was their next-door neighbour, Mrs. Brookes, of whom they were pleased to make much,—a fact which, added to the fascination of a title, deeply impressed the manufacturer's widow; and the friendship which immediately sprang up had since so grown and flourished, that by the time Jack Brookes arrived in England their influence outweighed all others. But to-morrow his leave was up, and next week the *Jupiter* was to sail; whilst only on Monday he learned, from an accidental slip of the tongue upon the part of his stepmother, that Caryl Clive was one of the directors of the Zarina Gold Mining Company, of which the property was situated in the Ural Mountains. Even to his unsuspicious mind the combination sounded remarkably dangerous with regard to the money, which ought one day to come to Mary and Stella and himself.

And to Guy Ryder he carried his anxiety. The Ryders—Guy and his much younger sister Wynne—and the Brookes had been friends ever since any of them could remember, and had shared many pleasures and perplexities before to-day.

There was quite a long silence after Jack's last speech. Of comfort or reassurance Guy saw his way to offer none. And it was not until the naval man began to talk again that the quiet was broken.

"I wish you'd watch, and try to advise her, old man. A parson, now, can do that sort of thing, where other chaps would be told to mind their own business."

"Yes! Mrs. Brookes does so love the clergy." At which dry remark both laughed. "Did you hear how she treated me the other day?"

"No. When?"

"Oh, before you got back it was, but not very long ago either. I went to beg for some money for our organ fund. She ought to give to parochial charities, and so I told her. And to put her into a good temper about it, I stayed and chatted with her for an hour."

Jack grinned. He foresaw something of what was to follow.

"Well, and when it came to the point?"

"Said she'd give me five shillings to get rid of me. Oh, you may roar, but she did! And not another stiver could I screw out of her, nor could Stella either. I declare, Jack, I felt downright ill!"

Jack was convulsed.

"Can't I see the whole thing!" he cried; "and imagine your reverence's air of disgust! Yet another time she'll be positively lavish. Look what she spends on her flowers. It's all impulse with her."

"A very odious impulse that one." Then, half angry at Jack's merriment, and half amused at the remembrance of a failure over which he had himself enjoyed more than one good laugh, he added, "After that, what do you think of my chance of influencing her?"

"Anyway you're the best person to put in charge that I can think of, though bad may be the best," with calm frankness. "You must watch her, old man; you must, positively. Just imagine if she were to speculate with the money, and leave the girls penniless!"

"I'll do what I can," he said, soberly.

"Yes, and more! You must downright interfere if you see her dabbling."

His countenance was gloomy enough now. Clearly his fears were no light ones.

"All that is in my power, Jack," the other assured him warmly. Then, taking up a paper-knife, and beginning to impress designs upon the blotting-pad, "You may be very certain that if I can at any time be of use to—to—any of you I will."

Jack opened his eyes to their widest extent. It

was such an extremely proper and beautiful speech! And then, perhaps because his area of vision was so much enlarged, light suddenly dawned upon him.

"If the man isn't actually blushing with devotion to our cause!" he exclaimed. "Why, Guy, my boy, it's never *that*!"

Whereupon his friend gave an awkward laugh.

"Depends what *that* is. But I've always cared for Stella more than for anybody else," he owned; "though she doesn't guess it," he added dejectedly.

"Good gracious!"

After which highly original remark silence fell once more.

"You might wish me well," muttered the curate at last.

"Wish you well? I wish you all the luck in the world," he said with earnestness. "There's nobody I'd prefer to you. Why, Mary hasn't done half as well, though she does think Walter an angel without wings! Dear old man——"

But his glance, full of affection as it was, completed the sentence better than any words.

"Holloa! Where's tea? I've only ten minutes."

The door had suddenly been flung open to admit a tall and rather good-looking girl, wearing the dress of a hospital nurse, who surveyed the empty table with a look of extreme surprise. Almost before she had spoken she had kissed Guy, and shaken hands with Jack. Then, dragging forward a chair by means of her foot twisted round one of its legs, she deposited both her elbows upon the book-strewn cloth with something of a groan. It was Wynne, Guy's only sister, who had nine months since entered the hospital as a probationer, and who was, at times, apt to find her chosen vocation irksome, and its rules and regulations exasperating.

"Tired, dear?" said her brother kindly, as he rose and rang the bell.

"Tired? Yes. Such a lot of duffers as they are up there I never *did* see. Miss Haslitt has been blowing me up again."

No uncommon occurrence that, to judge from the lack of astonishment upon Guy's face.

"What's wrong now?"

Wynne threw back her head, her bonny face lighting up with fun.

"She sent for me to tell me that she *would not* have the nurses running downstairs four steps at a time. Only she was one too many for herself there. I looked as solemn as she did—more so, if anything—and said, 'Miss Haslitt, if I could do it I should die happily. But I've tried and I've tried; and manage more than three I can't.' You should have seen her astonished look!"

Jack burst out into one of his guffaws, and even Guy smiled; though in the position that he occupied in the town it was sometimes more than a trifle trying to him that his sister should show herself thus unruly. But that was Wynne's way. The tenderest and most sympathetic of nurses, with a readiness for her work that astonished those who taught her, the most tiresome of individuals when the fit seized her, and a perfect school-girl in her love for cake, in the manners and customs of her life, and in her thoughtless expenditure. Take her all in all, a rather bewildering young person.

"Tea, at last! *And* Bath buns! Guy, you're a duck after all! Did you know I was coming? Hand them over, whilst I show you a letter that came this morning from my god-child—your niece, Jack."

Whereupon she produced a sheet of paper covered with scrawls quite unintelligible to anybody but the writer; and most probably to that pretty mite as well as to the rest of the world.

"She's a darling!" the girl cried earnestly, with a sudden quick remembrance of the blue-eyed four-year-old whose little hands had inscribed the marks. "Worth two of Ivy," nodding defiantly at Jack, who was understood to prefer his older relative, aged five.

"Look here, we'll escort you on your way by-and-by," he told Wynne. "You're coming up with me to Kingston Villa, Guy?"

"When you like. But your tea will be cold. And you won't get Bath buns to-morrow."

"Nor for several morrows," helping himself. "Such delicacies are not for jolly tars—eh, Wynne?"

"Oh, you're very well looked after. I say, Guy, do lend me five shillings. Mother sent me a sov' only last week; and it's gone, every sou—where, I don't know; except that I gave that poor chap Fleville, who went out this morning, my last double florin. Can you? I'll pay you back—really I will."

Much he believed that. But the money was forthcoming, although his account at the bank was very little indeed upon the right side, and quarter day still almost a month ahead. Guy's resources did but amount to the stipend attaching to the curacy, and Wynne's constant careless requirements, though never large in themselves, were apt to prove something of a tax upon the young cleric.

Kingston Villa, Jack's home when ashore, and at all times the residence of Stella Brookes and her stepmother, was a pretty house enough, standing rather back from the road in its own garden. It was a marvel to most people who looked through the tall iron railings in front, and beheld the beds of flowers always blooming there, how Mrs. Brookes succeeded in maintaining that gorgeous array in a spot where scarcely any shelter was to be found from the sea breezes. For nothing, except the wide level stretch of Shingleby Common, divided the irregular row of dwellings, of which the villa formed one of the most imposing, from the shelving beach. Yet, after all, there are few things which perseverance, combined with money, cannot accomplish. And if the widow supplied the latter, undoubtedly that first-rate gardener, Debarr, of whom his mistress stood in such deep awe, gave the former in unstinted measure.

In the hall, paved with alternate squares of black

and white tiles, stood Stella as the two young men came up to the open door. They were once more alone together, Wynne having left them at the nearest point to the hospital, and Stella advanced towards them eagerly. But it was upon Jack that her eyes were fixed. Never did brother and sister love each other better than those two, and his expected departure was a sore trouble to the girl.

"Well, dearest-one-of-all," she exclaimed, slipping her arm through his, and bestowing a kiss, as an appropriate accompaniment to the pet name of their childhood. "I began to suppose you had taken up your abode with Guy for good."

Jack stooped—he had not to stoop very far, for she was nearly as tall as he—and looked into her eyes in most lover-like fashion. Never in all his wanderings had he seen a girl whom he considered fit to hold a candle to this slender, pretty maiden, with the wistful hazel eyes, who was his sister. And Stella's heart was to the full as loyal.

"You've been howling," he announced, having completed that inspection. "Stella, if you cry any more," and his arm freed itself from her grasp to be thrown round her shoulders, "I'll—I'll do something desperate, so there! Where's the missis?"

"In the conservatory, with Debarr. Oh," laughing merrily, in spite of the tell-tale eyes, "I do beg your pardon, Guy. I quite forgot to say how do you do."

"THE DOOR HAD SUDDENLY BEEN FLUNG OPEN."

Whereupon she gave him her hand carelessly enough, whilst she began to tell Jack of the stores of jam, and cakes, and cheese in course of packing downstairs. Certainly if the depth of her attachment to the curate might be measured by the warmth of the greeting now offered, his prospects of winning her were not at present particularly rosy. As Jack and he exchanged glances, each with the same thought in his mind, Guy's face took a distinctly gloomy expression, and he shrugged his shoulders—a pet trick with him—disconsolately.

"I'll come and sample those cakes," decided the sailor. "Here, old chap, you come too; you've been in the kitchen before. Stella, have you made any short-bread?"

"Heaps! And toffee! You might be a schoolboy instead of an officer," she laughed. "But look here now, be grave a minute! I want to consult you."

They were all in the lower room by that time, and Jack, perched upon the dresser, was employing himself in pulling out the pins from Stella's soft hair, to which she paid no heed at all, being busily engaged in taking a letter from her pocket; whence, however, a box of fusees, treasured there for Jack's benefit, a remarkably large letter case quite empty, and a purse, also empty, persisted in first coming to light.

"This arrived to-day from Mary," she said at last, just as the first thick plait of hair tumbled down her back. "Oh, Jack, you tormentor! And the time it took me to do that up! They want me to go to Thetfield, and I can't make up my mind what to say. It would be very jolly. Only——"

"Only what?" from Guy, speaking almost for the first time. It came naturally to him to expect to share their confidences.

"Those detestable Clives," she said. "As likely as not they'd get hold of mother altogether if I left her to their tender mercies. And you remember, Jack, what you were saying yesterday?"

He nodded with energy.

"You'd better stand by a bit, my girl, and see how the land lies. Guy has undertaken to back you up, and look after things here generally. But I don't think I'd desert the ship just at this crisis."

She sighed, and returned the letter, which Jack had been skimming through, to the place from which she had taken it.

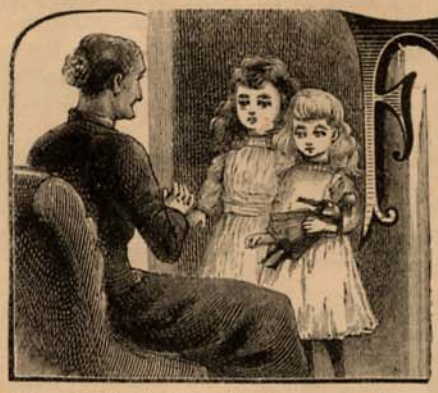
"All right. How dull it'll be here when you're gone, though."

But the dulness was a fact which the girl realised even more strongly within the next few hours. And when, in the course of the week following, the trooper sailed from Portsmouth, with Lieutenant Brookes on board, Stella felt indeed very much alone, very much also at the mercy of the step-mother, who was more of a trial to her than most people guessed,

especially just now. For already—and it was the one solitary secret which she had not imparted to Jack—she had an idea that a project was maturing in that lady's brain which it would require all her strength to oppose. And opposition was not Stella's strong point.

CHAPTER II.

A PARISH AT WORK.



FAMOUS as a Yorkshire town, though situated close to the southern boundary of that county, and within an hour's drive of lovely Derbyshire moors, was Thetfield, "smoky Thetfield," as its inhabitants justly called it. Here was the home of Mary Jaxon, the wife of the Vicar of St. Hilda's, the sister to whom Stella and Jack had more than once referred in their conversation, and the friend to whose youngest child Wynne Ryder was godmother.

A large parish, a great church, and a congregation composed of working people, who listened to his sermons and criticised all his utterances and actions, had fallen to the care of Mr. Jaxon when, two years ago, he acceded to the Bishop's invitation, and accepted the living. But the house which had at present to serve as a vicarage was very small, and scarcely a corner was free from the sound of two pairs of pattering feet and the noise of two jubilant little voices that from morning till night made music in the parents' ears. True that Mr. Jaxon—the Rev. Walter Jaxon, to give him his full title—used to declare that when the new vicarage was built he might hope for a little peace and quiet. But it is much to be doubted whether even his deepest meditations or most absorbing studies were ever much hindered by the prattle of Ivy and May, whose place in his heart was so very large.

"I'm sorry Stella can't come," Mary remarked at breakfast, a few days after the sailing of the *Jupiter*; "it would have done her good. Her letter strikes me as depressed and worried, which isn't her style usually. Mother, have some more coffee?" For Mrs. Jaxon, senior, was on a visit, a long visit, to her son and daughter-in-law, and formed one of the party at table.

"You see, Jack's going always does tell on the child," Walter remarked. "I wonder whether there is really as much need for caution in the matter of that Countess and her brother as he seemed to think? He was very low about things in general, and could talk of little else but their wiles that day he ran down here. And now for the same reason he wishes Stella to remain at home. Yet it isn't like him to look at matters through blue spectacles."

"If it were not for the night-school I'd go to Shingleby, and form my own impressions," Mary declared thoughtfully. "Now that mother is here I could leave the chicks and you in her charge for a day or two. And the Girls' Friendly Society and Mothers' Meeting would be all right; I could settle them. But my boys——"

Walter laughed.

"Those lambs of yours won't be settled in your absence," he declared. "Did you hear the tale of their misconduct on the last night she happened to be away from the place, mother?"

Mrs. Jaxon shook her head, and smiled. Mary's night-school was partly a matter of marvel and partly one of amusement to most of her friends.

"Poor Miss Radnor was in charge, but they simply wouldn't listen to her. They laughed, and shouted, and smashed a couple of chairs out of pure mischief. Then some genius got at the gas meter, and turned the place into darkness, under cover of which the whole troop bolted."

"It *must* have been Miss Radnor's fault," returned Mary, with a perplexed frown upon her forehead. "She can't laugh. I couldn't manage, either, if I didn't know how to do that. But they are all as good as gold with me. Mother, you have seen them. You remember there are a hundred and more on the books, and that they are very poor. Well, except once, when a boy was good enough to inform me what another lad had said, I've never heard a bad word uttered in my presence. They attend to me as politely as any gentlemen, bring me my chair, open the harmonium, and do everything of the sort I want. They are not so bad as some people make out."

It was quite an impassioned defence in its way, and certainly carried force. Mrs. Jaxon was convinced at once.

"Oh, my dear, people are so stupid," she said. "They don't make allowances. I daresay that Miss Radnor has no tact or determination about her."

Walter chuckled with glee. He loved quite as much to teaze his wife about her hobby as to magnify her talents in the eyes of his mother. For though he chose to scoff at Mary he was very proud of her.

"Oh, quite so, quite so," he agreed, with exemplary, and indeed suspicious, readiness. "Yet you remember Mrs. Dickson telling you the story of the night-school they attempted at St. Jude's, Mary? That was for the same class of youths, mother, but it was not altogether a success, nor did it last for long. It so happened that the third occasion was the fifth of November. And the members, desiring of course to do honour to their instructor—eh, Mary?—made up a pile of squibs and crackers in the middle of the floor, and set light to them just as the Vicar appeared. Over the consequences we draw a veil."

"Dear, dear!" from Mrs. Jaxon. "How very dreadful! And are you not afraid? Ah, here are my chicks!"

For the door had been quietly opened, and in their bright ribbons and white pinafores dark-eyed Ivy and fair-haired May stood in the doorway, forming a lovely picture to the eyes of all beholders.

"Come to me, my darling," the grandmother exclaimed, holding out her arms to Ivy, who was the joy and delight of her life. Nor did the small lady fail to return her affection, or to respond to the present invitation.

"Oh, Granny!" she cried, in her precise and very distinct tones; "such a *shocking* thing I've heard. May says she will not do any more lessons for a whole week! Isn't she a *sad* child?"

She had climbed into Mrs. Jaxon's lap, and settled herself there, entirely to her own satisfaction, by that time, all the while regarding May with the reproving eyes of a scandalised elder sister. To all of which May paid not the faintest heed, except that a little fleeting smile came and went about her lips as she listened, and at the same time on tiptoe inspected the breakfast table.

"Tan May have a owange, movvy?" she inquired with audacity, poking her doll, head foremost, under one arm. "There wasn't no owanges in the nursery."

"But Ivy will do her lessons? Like a good girl?" Mrs. Jaxon, who had taken in hand the instruction of the daughters of the house, was inquiring.

"Oh yes!" from that rather prim young person. "Ivy is a good girlie." Then, "Granny, I *do* love you," as she nestled closer to her side. No wonder that the little creature, with her quaintly grown-up ways and childish soul, had entwined herself round that widowed heart.

A big, bare, ugly schoolroom enough was that in which Mary found herself at about nine o'clock the same evening. Her own little ones were safely in bed at home, sound asleep in their small white cots. Only a short two hours or so ago they had knelt upon the quilts, with folded hands, whilst she heard them say their evening prayers before bestowing a final kiss.

"Please, God, bless father and movvy and May and everybody, and make Ivy a good little girlie, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

That was Ivy's petition. And then the mother hugged her and blessed her, and tucked her between the sheets before going to the side of May's crib. There, two blue eyes, very wide open, met her gaze, and a little mouth, on which, as usual, a smile was flickering, was lifted for a kiss.

"Movvy, see what I've done!"

With an air of pride the tiny hands drew from under the clothes a small Bible, the one which her godmother had given her upon the anniversary of her Baptism, and which May was sometimes allowed very carefully to handle. How she got hold of the volume to-night, however, Mary could not guess.

"My *p'ecious* Bible," lisped the baby tongue. "My *p'ecious*, *p'ecious* Bible. I've licked the tover all over, movvy, and see what a lot of dirt has tum off!"

Which the sheet, used as a rubber, testified.

Very tenderly was Mary thinking of those small and funny folks as she gazed round at the bright faces and strong frames of the lads, ranging in age from fourteen to twenty-two, and at this moment seated in rows upon the benches in front of her, waiting for what she had to say. For lessons—reading, writing, and arithmetic—were over for the evening, and only her final "talk" with the young men remained before the occupations of the night-school came to a close.

These, too, had all been tiny children once, with innocent minds, and pure bodies, and powers capable of cultivation for good or for evil. Yet upon the countenances, happy as many of them were at that moment, other traces than those marked by time were visible. Who had cared for these boys in those days of infancy, or tried to lead their thoughts to the children's Friend? Probably, in most cases, no one.

Yet how much better had they turned out than might have been expected of them. And Mrs. Jaxon felt her heart grow warm within her as she regarded them.

Suddenly Mary, leaning back in her chair, asked a question—

"What did our Lord Jesus Christ die for, lads?"

"T' save oos," answered two or three of the younger ones, in whose brains perhaps lingered some Sunday School teaching.

The lady nodded assent.

"Yes, to save us. From what?"

There a difference of opinion arose. One said "From poonishment." Another called out, with no idea of the awful words, "From 'ell." Whilst a third, the raggedest in the room, with red, bleared eyes, told her, "From sin." She turned to him and smiled.

"That is right, Riley, *from* sin and *for* goodness. And now who is the 'us' He came to save?"

A dead pause, which lasted until a big fellow of nineteen or so observed, "Why, oos. Oos 'ere, in this 'ere room."

Mrs. Jaxon waited. Then—

"Is that all you can tell me?" she inquired softly.

"And is it our sowls, yer manes, ma'am?" suggested a red-haired Irish lad in the front row, after a moment.

"Not quite, O'Hara. But your idea is the nearest to what I do mean." Then she stood up and looked at them. "But it isn't only our souls. Christ, the Lord, who loves us so, came to save our bodies and our brains as well. Do you understand?"

There was not a sound. But in the silence she noticed one, at least, of the listeners glancing down at his rough, toil-worn fingers with an odd little smile playing on his lips.

"It's true enough, Furniss," she said, directing the words to him in particular. And as personal addresses were the custom in that schoolroom, the mention of a name created no special surprise. "Christ came to save your fingers from doing wrong, and to set you such an example that they might always do right. Why, He died that you might even make steel all the better."

There was a general laugh, one of such real amusement, without any touch of ridicule, that Mrs. Jaxon smiled too. As she had told her mother-in-law, it was her power of laughing that enabled her to manage this rough crowd as she did.

"You don't quite take it in, I see," she said at last, "and time is up. Never mind. Next Friday I'll try to show you what that great God in Heaven wants with your bodies. Don't forget. And now let us have a hymn." And so the lesson ended.

The father of Charlie Furniss kept a small public-house just at the back of the school buildings. Charlie, therefore, had not far to walk on leaving the class; nor did he intend to go even that short distance alone.

"Coom away, Tom," he shouted to Beresford, who had, as usual, been sitting next to him. "Oos 'ave got them theer dominoes to settle yet. Bring Riley along o' tha, too."

And very speedily were the trio sitting in the bar parlour, the most comfortable retreat to which the imagination of either of the friends could soar, absorbed in the little bits of black-and-white ivory, and with never a remembrance of Mrs. Jaxon's words in their minds.

But the memory was not banished for ever.

Side by side, twice each week, were the lads, Furniss and Beresford, to be found in the night-school. Side by side, too, every day, they worked together, and earned their living literally by the sweat of their brow. For their employment lay always in the great shed, open at one side to the weather, yet filled with a scorching heat, wherein the Bessemer steel was subjected to the process which imparted to it its special qualities. Dangerous, exhausting labour was theirs, calling for all their energy and fortitude.

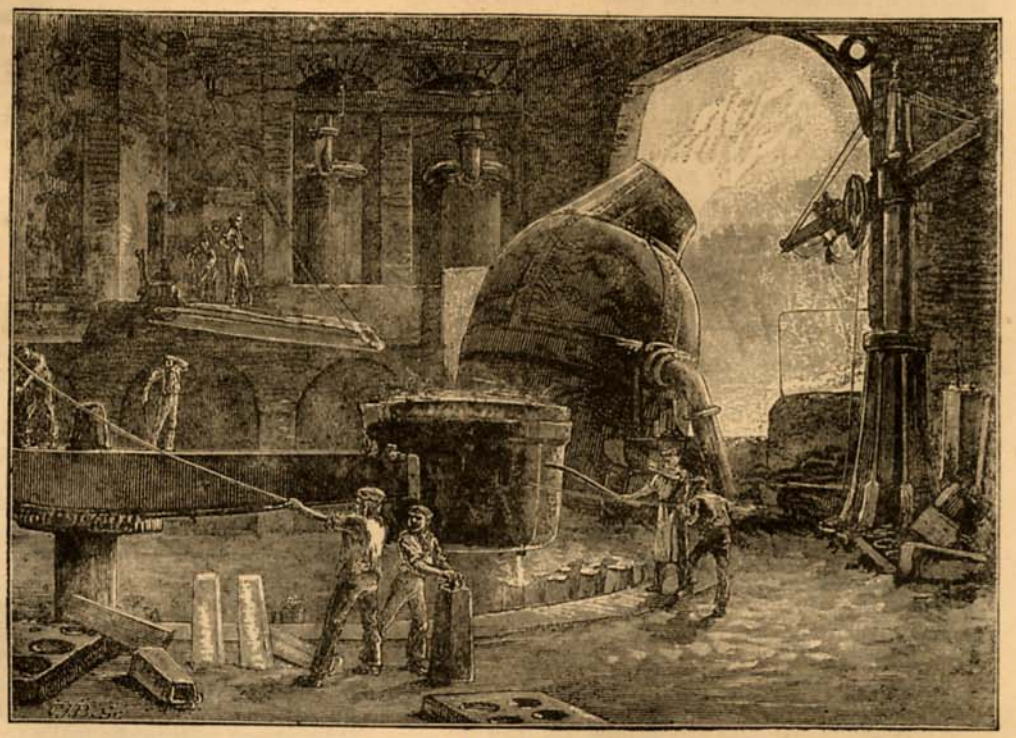
In every Bessemer shed, or "shop," the middle is dug out, to form a pit with an area of many square yards, upon a much lower level than the surrounding ground. Above hang, in some mysterious fashion, the huge converters—enormous iron vessels, lined with fire-resisting plaster, into which is poured, in a placid stream, from the cupolas, the glowing liquid iron. Then, right through the molten metal, is forced a blast of air, which rushes out again from the top of the converter in the form of scarlet flame, that gradually, as the chemical process becomes complete, changes to a white light, even in the daytime dazzling and intense. And finally, when the right moment arrives, the vessel is tilted upon its side, its contents emptied into a so-called "ladle," which having been swung into position, the manufactured steel is conveyed into prepared moulds, and the casting is complete.

The bare, grimy walls of the shed, the rugged faces of the workmen, black with dirt, the vividly scarlet flames, the intensely black shadows, the glowing ingots, form altogether a weird picture which, once seen, may never be forgotten.

And yet the hardy toilers work on amidst their strange, perilous, but picturesque surroundings, without a dream of its beauty, with only a certain dogged determination and bravery that seems to belong specially to the race.

It was whilst Furniss and Beresford were standing next day in the pit of the Bessemer shop, in expectation of the moment when they would have to guide, with long iron implements, the moulds into position, that the recollection of Mrs. Jaxon's words suddenly flashed across Tom's brain.

"I woonder," he muttered, as he dodged a spark



IN THE BESSEMER TOWER.

that seemed making direct for his eye, "I woonder what she meant aboot Christ deeing to save oor bodies?"

There had been nothing said upon the subject before, but Furniss' wits were keen.

"From gitting hurt, maybe. It 'ud be a rare job to be sure on it in this 'ere shop, nows and thens."

"Look alive, theer!" sounded from far above their heads. And slowly the strong crane began to lower the heavy utensil for which they waited, until the two were able to reach it with their long bars and direct it to the spot where it could be unhooked and left. Then the crane swung back in order to lower another.

"Maybe," agreed Beresford, though doubtfully, just as if there had been no interruption to their conversation. "Yet theer wor Wilson noo, tha minds? He'd allus bin reg'lar religious and daft loike, yit he wor killed ootreet, doon on th' nail, oney last Toosday was a week."

Furniss nodded gravely.

"From sin, she said," he observed, "and for goodness. But I'm bothered if I knaws, Tom, how thee and me 'ull 'ave oor bodies saved for goodness when it's oney this sort o' wark we kin do wi' 'un. What dost think?"

Tom shook his head, and turned his attention to the fresh mould, by this time dangling in the air.

"Maybe oos 'll understand next time," he said simply.

But he, Tom Beresford, would not be present next time to listen. Even as he spoke one of the chains by which the vessel above them was secured gave way, tilting the whole mass of bubbling, dazzling metal out of the perpendicular, and scattering a shower of gleaming, glowing splashes on everything below. Charlie, who had seen the catastrophe, sprang backwards with a hoarse shout. But the warning came too late for Tom.

Upon the thin cotton shirt, which—in common with his fellows—was the only covering he wore over the upper part of his person, some fiery drops of the seething metal fell. In a moment the flimsy material was in a flame. And though the fire was speedily extinguished by his mates, it was little indeed that they could do to lessen the agony of his wounds. Ten minutes afterwards the works ambulance was conveying to the infirmary a writhing form, unconscious of everything but awful, hideous suffering.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MISUNDERSTOOD PHASES OF THE PROPOSALS FOR DISESTABLISHMENT EXPLAINED TO A PARISHIONER.

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

Rector of St. Michael Royal, College Hill, and All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

I WAS asked the other day to explain what is meant by the proposals to Disestablish and Disendow the Church of England.

In attempting so to do I think it well—as the saying is—"to begin at the beginning," and to deal with all the points and aspects of the subject in order; and, while treating them briefly, to do so as fully as possible within the limited space at my disposal.

Well, naturally, the first point in order to be dealt with, is the proposed *Disestablishment* of the Church.

Do you ask, "What does that word mean and include?" Amongst other things it means and includes the passing of an Act of Parliament:—

1. Taking away from the Church all her present legal rights, liberties, and privileges.

2. Repealing all statutes, and annulling all charters enacted or granted in her favour.

3. Withdrawing from her all State recognition as the National Church of the country.

4. Dissolving and completely abolishing all her ecclesiastical corporations, courts, and administrations, and

5. Rendering null and void all existing legal relations between the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity.

But some will say, "This would be to destroy the Church of England altogether in the form in which she has historically for over a thousand years been the Church of this country, and it would be to break her up into individuals who, for the time being, would have no corporate or legal relationship to each other."

Undoubtedly it would; but these are precisely the ends which the Church's opponents seek to achieve by her Disestablishment.

In fact, if their Disestablishment proposals were passed into law, so complete would be the Church's dissolution that, if the day after her Disestablishment some one bequeathed to *The Church of England* one million pounds sterling, there would be no legal body in existence that could claim it.

"But surely," it will be said, "the Church of England never could be Disestablished in that sense."

Our reply is, that there is no proposal of Disestablishment in any other sense before the country. This is the only sense in which Disestablishment is proposed by the Liberation Society, and I am not aware that any party has proposed it in any other form.

I know the reader will be inclined to say that Disestablishment in this sense is not only improbable, but almost impossible, and that an Act of Parliament enacting such provisions for Disestablishment could never be passed.

But in answer to that, I beg to point out that any opponents of the Church who, in the future, would be strong enough to carry a measure of Disestablishment, would, in all probability, be also strong enough to dictate the form that such Disestablishment should assume.

I think I hear one say in the face of all this, But why should Disestablishment come at all? Why should the Church be Disestablished to any extent whatever? What evil has she done to merit her repudiation by the Houses of Parliament as the historical and National Church of the country? With the memory of all the Church's great services to the nation before them, and with the knowledge of the vast work for good that she is doing for the people of England, and, indeed, for the whole British Empire at the present time, how could Englishmen be so faithless and ungrateful as to permit the Church of their country, and the Church of their fathers, at the bidding of a hostile minority of the electors, to be deposed from her exalted and established historical position in the Kingdom?

Would churchmen themselves, who constitute the vast majority of the electors, permit such a wrong to be inflicted upon their Church, and such a calamity to befall their country, as Disestablishment in the sense proposed?

No. Let the relations between Church and State be modified and readjusted as may be necessary. Let all necessary reforms be carried out within the Communion of the Church herself; but if Englishmen are faithful to all that is best in the history of their nation, and if churchmen are true to their convictions, and loyal to the Church of which they are members, the day will be far distant in England's history when England's Parliament will by Disestablishment repudiate its National Church.

THE EPIPHANY.

"The unsearchable riches of Christ."—EPH. iii. 8.

NOT alone for Eastern sages
Has the Star of Jacob shone;
Glittering on Night's starry pages
Is the light which leads *us* on.

Shall we search the highest heaven,
Where the suns and planets roll,
For the riches Christ hath given
On the mystic midnight scroll?

Not above is writ the story
Of the riches of His grace,
Swift obedience and glory
Fill the utmost bounds of space.

Follow on—the Star is guiding—
Lo! the King in lowliest guise,
"God with us," in grace abiding,
In the home of Bethlehem lies!

Worship Him, O alien Gentiles,
Fellow-heirs with Israel's race,
Glad partakers of His promise,
Praise the riches of His grace!

Ancient promises unfolding
Secrets of His love reveal,
We, these mysteries beholding,
Claim the blessèd Spirit's seal.

Highest angels, as they ponder
On redemption's scheme unrolled,
Lost in glad adoring wonder,
Praise His wisdom manifold.

Through the ages, glory, glory,
To the everlasting King,
By the Church's wondrous story
Through the realms of light shall ring.

CLARA THWAITES.

Christ Church, Harrow Road, W.

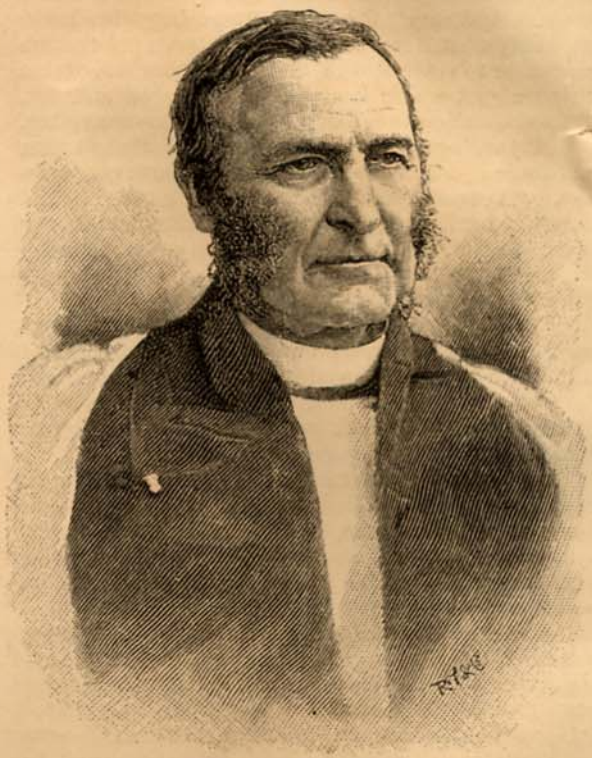
REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, is a son of an officer of the Army, and was born on November 30th, 1821. He received his early training at Tiverton Grammar School, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he became Scholar of Balliol College, and took his degree of B.A. as a Double First Class in 1842. He was elected a Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of his College, and was ordained in 1846. Two years later he became Principal of Kneller Hall Training College, Twickenham, which he resigned in 1855. He was next one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and in 1858 succeeded Dr. Goulburn as Head Master of Rugby.

He was very popular at Rugby; and it has been said



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

that "he achieved a reputation as a teacher unrivalled since the days of Dr. Arnold, and almost challenging competition with his."

In 1869 Dr. Temple was appointed Bishop of Exeter, and for sixteen years he laboured with great earnestness and fidelity in the West Country, where his name will always be remembered with affection.

Upon the death of Bishop Jackson, in 1885, Bishop Temple was called to London, where his work has been unceasing. Happily, however, his public engagements, which would tax the energies of many younger men, apparently make little inroad upon his powerful frame. The Bishop's devotion to the Temperance cause is well known, and since the retirement of Canon Ellison he has been Chairman of the C.E.T.S.

Among his writings may be named *Sermons preached at Rugby*; and *The Relations between Religion and Science*, being the Bampton Lectures for 1884.

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co., 54, Cheapside, E.C.

GOLD-FISH.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,
Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

CONSIDERED as pets, Gold-fish have many good points. They are easily procured; they are pretty, and interesting to watch; they are clean; and they give very little trouble. At the same time, however, they require some little care and attention; and it is with the hope of saving any reader who may desire to keep them from certain common errors that the following notes are written:—

I. THE VESSEL.—This is usually a glass globe, varying in size according to the number of fish which it is intended to contain. Overcrowding is a terribly common fault, and invariably leads to disease and death. I have a picture before me now, at the head of a paper which professes to tell people "how to do it"; and in this picture is a representation of no less than five huge gold-fish (each about as big as a mackerel!) in a vessel which would barely hold one of ordinary size. The fish *must* have plenty of space. A globe a foot in diameter will accommodate two, not more. If the diameter be increased to sixteen inches the number of fish may be doubled. The vessel should never be placed in the sunshine, or near a fire; and in very severe weather it must be kept in a warm room.

II. THE WATER.—This should not occupy more than two-thirds of the vessel. Nothing is gained by filling it, and the result of so doing is only to increase the difficulty of purification. And this is a most important item. It is a great mistake to suppose that fish breathe water. They breathe air just as we ourselves do; only it must be dissolved in the water before it can be extracted by the gills, which take the place of lungs. And unless the water is constantly charged with air, suffocation is the certain result.

Now there are several ways of supplying the necessary oxygen. One, very frequently adopted, is to procure a small syringe—a glass, not a metal one—and with this to squirt water forcibly into the vessel three or four times a day. A number of air bubbles, of course, will be forced down into the water, and many will be absorbed before they can rise to the surface. The chief drawback to this plan is that one is apt to forget the syringing; and a few hours' delay may prove fatal to the fish.

A better way, if it can be managed, is to place a vessel of water upon a shelf or bracket above the globe, and so to adjust the tap that its contents fall into the latter at the rate of four or five drops a minute. This plan has the further advantage of counteracting evaporation; while it of course continues in operation during the night, when attention cannot be paid to the syringe.

But a great deal can be done by the judicious use of water weeds. A spray or two of some pretty and graceful weed should always be growing in the globe; and all through the day the leaves will be covered with tiny silvery bubbles, so small that they scarcely ever seem to float up to the surface. These bubbles consist, not of air, but of pure oxygen, the life-preserving gas of the atmosphere, which is thrown off by plants just as we ourselves throw off the poisonous carbonic acid; and as fast as the leaves give them out the water absorbs them, to be again absorbed, before very long, by the gills of the fish.

Probably other water plants, of a smaller description, will introduce themselves, and the sides of the vessel will be gradually coated with a thick green slime. The best way to prevent this is to keep a few water-snails in the globe; only, as these are given to wandering, the vessel must be covered with a sheet of perforated zinc. Glass will not do, as it prevents the free admission of air.

FOUR-FOOTED ANGLERS.

The water itself should never be taken from a well, or from a tap in those places where a supply is laid on. River water is best, if it can be procured; if not, that drawn from a large clear pond will do very nearly as well. In default of both, the vessel may be filled from a rain-water butt. Needless to say, if the second of the three suggested plans for purification be adopted, the feeding vessel must be refilled from the same source.

III. THE FOOD.—Many people are under the impression that gold-fish require no feeding, just as rabbit-fanciers often imagine that their pets need nothing to drink. But this is a great mistake. Gold-fish are not voracious creatures, it is true, and will subsist for months upon very little nourishment. But food they must have, if they are not to die of starvation. The so-called ants' "eggs," which are really ants' chrysalides, may be given. A gold-fish that I once knew used to eat four of these a day. Small water insects, such as the tiny grubs to be found by thousands in every pond, will be acceptable; and if none of these can be obtained a few crumbs of bread or biscuit may be dropped into the vessel every second or third day. The worst of the latter is that, if not snapped up at once, they are very apt to turn sour and foul the water. A careful watch should therefore be kept, and any uneaten food be removed before it has time to do mischief.

IV. DISEASES.—The first sign of ill-health in a gold-fish is nearly always his appearance at the top of the water, where he may be seen poking his snout above the surface in his efforts to obtain air. This *may* only mean that the water is not sufficiently purified; and the first thing to be done is to aerate it thoroughly, either by the use of the syringe, or by dipping a cupful of water out of the globe, and pouring it back from a height. If, after this, the fish leaves the surface, and swims about as before, all that is necessary is to take care that the unhealthy conditions shall not occur again. If, however, he remains at the surface, or if a kind of cobwebby substance seems to envelop his body, he must be taken out, and placed in another vessel. The water in the globe, too, should at once be changed, lest the other inmates be infected. My own experience is, that a diseased fish seldom recovers. Some fanciers assert, however, that if the invalid can be turned for a few days into a small pond, or, better still, into a tiny stream dammed up in such a way as to prevent his escape, he will often regain his health. But very few have facilities for such treatment as this; and the best plan is to keep disease at bay as far as possible by attention to the three great conditions of health—plenty of space, pure water, and a small but regular supply of wholesome food.

GAMBLING.—A kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. It affords no equivalent to the general good; the happiness of the winner implies the misery of the loser.—HERBERT SPENCER.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

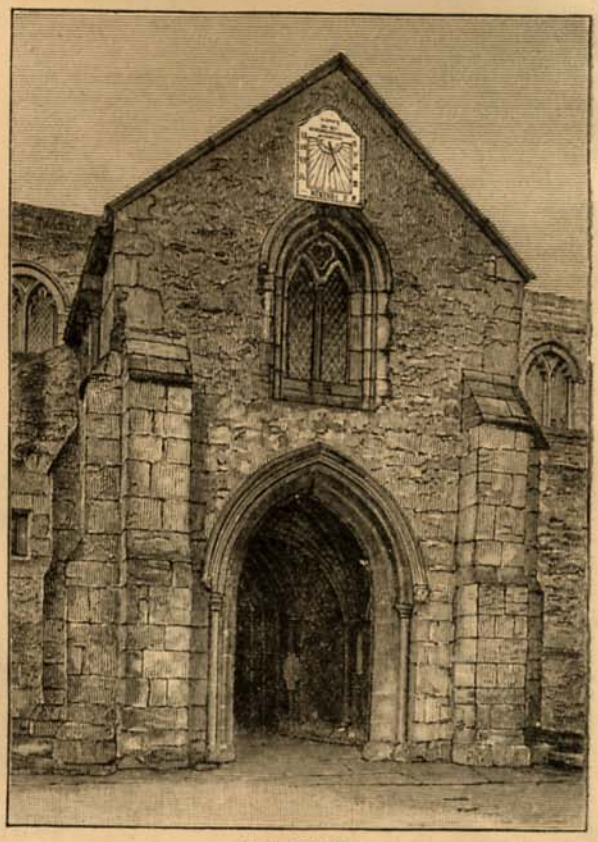
I.—ST. ANDREW'S, BISHOP AUCKLAND.

THE FONT.

WHEN William de St. Carileph, a Norman monk and subsequently Abbot of St. Vicentius in the French Diocese of Mans, obtained the Bishopric of Durham from William I. in 1081, he found, on his arrival at Durham, that the congregation of St. Cuthbert had forsaken the strict monastic discipline. This had been partly caused by the Danish invasion in 867, which effected an almost complete destruction of the monastic order in Northumbria.

The canons, Carileph found, were married men, and had families, and followed the rule of St. Benedict only so far as to sing the Psalms at the prescribed hour.

Carileph determined to remove these canons, and to establish a monastery of Benedictines in their place. On May 26th, 1083, he brought to Durham a body of monks from the monasteries of Jarrow and Monkwearmouth. This meant the departure of the secular canons, who were provided with maintenance in the Churches of Auckland, Darlington, Norton, and Heighington.



THE PORCH.

ST. ANDREW'S, BISHOP AUCKLAND.

No traces are visible in the present building of the church at Auckland to which some of these poor ejected canons came through the energy of this once Norman monk, but a church had existed here from the time of the introduction of Christianity into Northumbria. A number of Anglo-Saxon stones and portions of a splendid Saxon cross, which were found embedded in the walls during the restoration, are decisive evidences of this.

The present edifice was built about A.D. 1200, and stands on a peninsula of raised ground, round which the Gaunless, a tributary of the Wear, flows. The spot must have been originally picturesque; but the presence now of a couple of hundred houses has spoiled much of this, still the grand old pile rises nobly above the little pit village of South Church. In shape it is cruciform, and is considered the largest parish church in the diocese. Its extreme internal length is about 157 feet, and the width across the transepts about half its extreme length. The building to-day preserves, in the main, its original ground plan, and is an excellent specimen of the dignity of the Early English period. Originally it was lighted by lancet windows, which on the south side of the chancel formed a beautiful continuous arcade of eight, while the east wall contained probably three or five such windows. Bishop Antony Beck (1283-1310) is responsible for many of the alterations about 1297. In the east wall he substituted the present five-light window of plain tracery for the lancets, and in the south wall of the chancel he converted the alternate lancets into windows of two lights each, blocking up the remaining four. (These were, happily, opened out at a recent restoration.) The windows throughout the church suffered in the same way, with the exception of two in the north transept and one in the west wall of the north aisle.

Antony Beck was not content with his building operations in the Cathedral, Auckland Castle, Barnard Castle, and St. Andrew's Church, but turned his attention to the collegiate establishment of St. Andrew's. This body, which he reorganized (A.D. 1292), consisted of a resident dean and canons. The dean was to provide priests for the services of the parish church, and also a priest to officiate in the Bishop's Chapel at Auckland. The five senior canons, if non-resident, were to engage priests to perform their duty, and to pay them annually five marks. The four junior canons were to engage deacons, with stipends of forty shillings a year each. The rest of the canons were to have sub-deacons, with annual stipends of thirty shillings. Beck also gave them the land south of the church for residences, which formed the deanery, and which survive in the farm buildings still called by that name.

But greater alterations in the church took place rather more than a century later, during the episcopate of Langley (1405-1437). The chancel walls were raised, the present low-pitched roof substituted for the then prevalent high-pitched one. Langley also raised the walls of the transepts and aisles, and added the clerestory to the nave. The addition of the higher stage to the tower was

THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

OLD SAXON CROSS.

due to him, as the roll of the Bishop's Chancellor for 1416 and 1417 proves:—

> "Paid to the stewards of the church of St. Andrew, Auckland, and the parish-owners there, to build the belfry of the said church, of my Lord's gift by my Lord's letter of warrant, and by oath of Richard Bukley, made upon the account, £6 13s. 4d."
>
> (*Raine's "Auckland Castle,"* p. 46.)

The oak stalls, originally twenty-eight, now twenty-four, which agree with the general character of the building, belong to the same time as the above alterations. The misereres bear carvings of conventional foliage, with two exceptions, one of which has the arms of Langley.

The first stall on the south side was reserved for the Bishop, and the corresponding one on the north side belonged to the Dean of Auckland, whose representative, and successor, so far as the stall is concerned, is in these days the Vicar of Auckland.

There are several interesting remains of altars in different parts of the church. In the south transept and in the east wall there is a trefoil-headed piscina as well as a double aumbry, and in the south wall a double piscina.

In the north transept and in the east wall there is another double piscina. Besides those already mentioned, and the large double piscina in the south wall of the chancel, there is evidence, in the presence of a double piscina in the south jamb of the chancel arch on its west side, that an altar stood before the rood screen.

Two things yet remain to be mentioned—*First*, the nave arcades of five bays, which form, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of the church. The richly moulded arches rest upon piers, alternately octagonal, and formed of clustered shafts. *Second*, the entrance porch on the south side of the church, with a parvise above. This structure is of the same date as the church, and with its semicircular groined roof is said to be the only example of the kind in the county. The parvise is reached by a newel stair, entered from within the church. The purpose of such a chamber is not absolutely certain, but there is good reason to believe it was used as the abode of an anchorite, who would take charge of the building.

OLD SAXON CROSS.

In 1881 the church was restored at a cost of £5,000, when an organ chamber, abutting from the north side of the chancel, and a vestry adjoining the western end of the south aisle, were built.

Among the more recent names of the incumbents of St. Andrew, Auckland, are to be seen those of George H. Wilkinson, now Bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane; Robert Long, now Archdeacon of Auckland; George Rodney Eden, now Bishop of Dover. The present incumbent is the Rev. Edwin Price, Priest-in-Ordinary to the Queen, for thirteen years a minor canon of Westminster Abbey. He is assisted by five curates, for the character of the parish demands, and the zeal of the several incumbents has supplied, four churches besides the mother church. The total population numbers about 13,000, for whom church accommodation to the extent of 2,500 has been made. There are four church day schools, where 1,300 children are educated, and in the Church Sunday Schools there are 1,200 children. Last year, to Foreign Missions alone, the parish—far from rich—contributed £112 19s. 3*d*.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co. from recent photographs; those of the Saxon Cross having been kindly placed at our disposal by the Rev. Dr. Hooppell.

W. J. KNOWLDEN.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

BY THE REV. A. C. RICHINGS, M.A.,
Author of "The Church's Holy Year."

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHIL. i. 21.

THOU who stayed the tyrant's hand,
Upraised to wield the deadly sword,
Inspiring him with fervent zeal
To win new conquests for the Lord!

Incline our hearts to learn anew,
How in the darkest hour of night,
Thy gracious Spirit hovers near
On wings of pure celestial light;

And help us boldly to proclaim
The glory of Thy blood-stained Cross,
And, like this great Apostle, count
"All things for Jesu's sake as loss."

Thrice happy they, who hear that song
Which floats along the stream of Time,
Drowning the plaintive cry of care
With the sweet music of its chime;

The song of victory and peace,
Which martyrdom could not refrain,
The anthem of confiding hope—
"To live is Christ, to die is gain."

The Vicarage, Boxmoor.

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"TIME TO GET UP."

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,
Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

"A TIME to get up!" So the birds seem to sing, when the sun appears above the hill after the short summer night.

"Time to get up!" says the clock to the labouring man at another season, long before daylight has come.

"Time to get up!" Thus does a mother wake her sleepy children on a cold winter's morning, for breakfast and school.

And up they get. The children would fain lie longer, but they must obey; the labourer would rather wait till light, but then he would lose part of his day's work; to get up with the lark on a summer's morning is no hardship. So, willing or unwilling, up they get. Every day, this, or something like it, is happening to thousands.

But a day will come, different from all other days. Then it will be time to get up, not from bed, but from the grave. The call will be the sound of a *trumpet*: "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." All will hear that sound; the dead will hear it, all the dead. Hear it they must; and obey it too, the moment they hear. No refusal, no hanging back, no pleading for time; when the trumpet sounds, that very moment the dead must awake, get up, and come forth. Come forth to what? To school? To work? To play? No; to stand before God, and go where He shall appoint: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

"These": who? The wicked, the ungodly, the careless and impenitent, the unprofitable servants; all but the righteous. All will awake; but there will then be a great separation. "Before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left."

But it will be only the *body* that will thus awake and rise at the trumpet's sound; the *soul* left the body at the moment of death. Where did the soul go? The souls of the righteous went to rest with God; the souls of the ungodly went into darkness and despair. The state was fixed at death; when the body rises from the grave, it will be joined to the soul again; but the state cannot be changed then: "In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be."

Where will your place be? If you were to fall and die *now*, where would it be? And when the trumpet sounds, and wakes the dead, to what will it call you? To the right hand or the left? To punishment, or to life? To the presence of God, or to darkness and despair?

If you are not ready, lose no time. Your last hour may be nearer than you think. It must come; it may come soon.

"The righteous," who will rise with joy, are not righteous in themselves; all their righteousness is in Christ. They themselves are *sinners*; but He is their Saviour, for He died to save them; and they repented and believed, and sought Him, and came to God by Him; and God, for His sake, received and forgave them, and now reckons them righteous for His sake.

Will you not come to Jesus too? Will you not turn to God by Him? Will you not have Him for your Saviour, and so die in Him, and awake with joy?

Oh, think of these things! Do not put off this great concern. It is far more to you than anything else. And *now* is the time; and the time is short, and there is none to lose; and God calls you, and Jesus is mighty to save, and the Holy Spirit can change you and give you a new heart.

It is "time to get up." You have slept too long, slept in sin and carelessness, slept in *danger*. The trumpet-call does not sound yet; but the *Gospel-call* comes to you, the joyful sound. Listen to it, and obey: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

GARDEN WORK FOR JANUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

FOR early use sow, on hotbeds, cress, mustard, and spinach, also carrots and radishes. Thin out the latter as they come up. Cauliflowers: loosen the earth between the plants, and clear away decayed leaves. In open weather all of the above should be exposed to the air during the day, but at night and during frost great care must be taken to protect them. In frosty weather manure should be carried on to the ground to be ready for digging in during open weather.

Fruit Garden.

Early strawberries may be obtained by potting plants singly in October, or later, if the weather permit. Place them in a warm situation, and if cold weather intervenes protect them. About the end of this month place the pots close together, either in hotbeds or in the hothouse. They should be watered frequently, and in mild weather fresh air should be admitted. Mats should be placed over the glasses of the hotbeds during the night. Prune the various kinds of fruit trees, if not already done.

Flower Garden.

When the weather will admit of it dig and manure the borders. Protect auriculas from rain and frost, but let them have plenty of fresh air in mild weather. Protect hyacinth and other bulbs with mats, straw, or litter, from the frost. Place hyacinths in glasses for room decoration.

TWO BOOKS.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,
Rector of Lew Trenchard; Author of "John Herring," etc.

I.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

"I LOVES brandy-balls," said Jessie, as she stood at the window of the village shop, where were sold groceries and drapery, tobacco, bread, and shoes.

Her eyes were fixed on a large bottle of not altogether pure white glass, but glass with a greenish tinge in it, like ice. In this were what are commonly termed brandy-balls. They are, however, innocent of brandy, and are compounded of nothing stronger than peppermint.

A brandy-ball is an inviting object. It is of the size of a large marble. It contains streaks of white mingled with rich brown, of the colour of coffee, and semi-transparent. The white streaks are redolent of peppermint, the brown mass is toffee. Toffee is good in itself. Peppermint is also good in itself. But when we think of a composition of two such exquisite delicacies as toffee and peppermint—why, the mouth begins to water at once.

And Jessie's mouth watered as, with one hand clenched on some coins, she stood looking in through the window at the brandy-balls.

Jessie Driver did not hesitate long. She went into the shop, looking at the money in her palm. It was two shillings.

"I'll have a pennyworth of brandy-balls," said the girl.

"In one moment," said the shopkeeper. He was engaged at the portion of the counter devoted to the Postal Service, for he was Postmaster as well as general storekeeper. At that time he was engaged with Marianne Wicket, a poor deformed woman, who walked with a stick, because one leg was much shorter than the other. She was not old, but young; nevertheless she looked old. She was generally spoken of with laughter, and was even made the butt of many jokes, for she was not considered bright in her intellect.

"That makes five pounds," said Marianne.

"Yes," said the Postmaster; "and you have now five sixpences a year—that is, half-a-crown interest."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Marianne. "Then if I let that alone, next year I shall have five shillings?"

"Yes, and more."

"Then in four years I shall have a pound?"

"Certainly."

"That's better than the stocking," said the cripple.

"It certainly is, Marianne. When you put your money away in the stocking it was dead. Now it is in the Savings Bank it is alive, and lays eggs; every pound clucks and lays sixpence once a year."

"That's fine," said Marianne.

Jessie Driver listened in astonishment. That silly crippled creature, at whom every one laughed, had got five pounds in the Savings Bank, and she, Jessie, had not one penny laid by.

"Now then," said the shopkeeper, "I'm at your service, Miss—no, first come, first served. What is it, Tom Nayles?"

Jessie had not observed, as she waited, that a young man was in the shop, so interested had she been in Marianne and her savings-bank book. Moreover, Tom Nayles was behind her, contemplating some of the wonderful pictures that adorned advertisements which were hung up in the shop.

"Never mind me," said Tom, "I only want half a pound of baccy, but I'll wait; attend to Jessie Driver first." He went out into the doorway.

"It s only a pennyworth of brandy-balls," said the girl.

Then Mr. Timmins reached the glass bottle from the window, and removed the stopper. When the bottle was taken out of the window, then the face of Tom Nayles was revealed looking in through the gap. Perhaps he had been contemplating the brandy-balls with watering mouth.

The shopkeeper put a certain number of the delicacies into a piece of paper, screwed the piece up, and handed it over the counter to Jessie; who, in return, paid a shilling, and received back elevenpence.

"There's one thing I should like to show you, Miss," said Timmins. "I think it *is* in your line; and there is but one left."

He drew out a white cardboard box, raised the lid, and lifted forth a stuffed bird—of rainbow hues.

"There," said he, "a 'umming bird. Do splendid for your 'at on Sunday, and be fetching, that it will. You put that there 'umming bird in your 'at, and you'll draw the hearts of the young men out of their bosoms like corks out of bottles."

"What is the price?" asked Jessie, lost in admiration.

"One shilling. It's awfully cheap; not another to be 'ad at the price. I will tell you, though I wouldn't others, that it's made up of feathers from all kinds of birds, and isn't a *real* 'umming bird. A real one would cost ten-and-six—one like this, I mean. There are 'umming birds and 'umming birds. But this is a blazer. It will draw the young men's hearts like corks."

"Cook has got a drawer full of corks in the kitchen," commented Jessie; "there's medicine phial corks, and wine-bottle corks, and there's big, fat, and flat ones—from mustard-pots, I think."

"'THAT MAKES FIVE POUNDS.'"

"Just so," said the shopkeeper. "And as the cook has got a drawer full of corks, so you'll have as many 'uman 'arts at your disposal as you like—all for one shilling. You'll take the 'umming bird, Miss? One shilling—two sixpences. It's nothing."

"I think I really must," said Jessie, and the box with the gorgeous bird was hers. "But," she faltered, "Missus won't like it, I daresay. But I can't help that. A drawer full of——" Then suddenly she stopped, and asked, "Was that a bank book silly Marianne had?"

"Yes; she puts all her savings in the bank."

"And you never offered her the humming bird?"

"Well," said Mr. Timmins, "I can't say I didn't do that, but she said she'd rather put her shilling in the bank. She didn't think the 'umming bird would draw 'uman 'arts to her; but then there's a difference, Miss, between you and poor Marianne."

Of course there was. There was a highly polished tin of biscuits opposite, and Jessie could see enough of her face reflected therein to feel that the shopman was right. Not all the humming birds in the world stuck about Marianne's head could make it equal to her own without one even in her bonnet.

"A conquering heroine you'll be," said Mr. Timmins, "when you rig up that there 'umming bird. My! the lads had better take care of themselves."

It was true that Jessie's face was very superior to that of poor Marianne; but then, Jessie could not hug herself with pride at the thought that she was Marianne's superior in every point. She had both legs of the same length; she had a straight back; but Marianne had that five pounds in the bank, "clucking and laying sixpences," as Mr. Timmins had said; and the humming bird would not do that.

She turned over the coppers in her hand; there were eleven.

Why should not she also have a book in the savings bank?

"I think, Mr. Timmins, I'll have a book."

"A shilling? No, miss, not for elevenpence. I'll tell you what you can have, a form like this, and buy penny stamps and stick them on, and so make eleven; and when next you have a penny you can buy another stamp, stick it on, and after that you will be entitled to a book."

"That's absurd," said Jessie. "I don't want to have a miserable form like that stuck over with eleven penny stamps; I want a book."

"You can't have a book for anything under a shilling. Begin with a form."

"Marianne hasn't a form, she has a book."

"Yes; but Marianne has a great deal of money in the bank."

"I heard—five pounds; and I have only elevenpence. It is ridiculous. I will have a book and begin like Marianne. I won't begin with a miserable bit of paper eleven steps below her."

"I can't help you. Put another penny, and you shall have the book."

"I haven't got another penny."

"Here; I will lend you one," said Tom Nayles, who was now back in the shop.

"No thank you," said Jessie sharply; "I don't borrow money, least of all from young men."

"Well," said Tom, "sure I'll spend the penny in brandy-balls. Mr. Timmins, one penn'orth of brandy-balls, please."

"Here," said Jessie, "I've just bought a pennyworth. I haven't sucked them. They are in this twist of paper. If you don't mind buying them of me, then I will take your penny, and so get a book."

"Agreed," said Tom. And the exchange was made.

(To be continued.)

DOWN A COAL MINE.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "Jack Marston's Anchor," etc.

DENSE darkness, flecked here and there by a few dim points of light; the noise of water, dripping, splashing, running; the distant rumble of tram waggons,—such are your first impressions of a coal mine. You feel a bit dizzy with your swift plunge down hundreds of feet from the surface of the earth; you cannot manage your "Davy" lamp yet to perceive much light from it; you stagger along, groping blindly, trying to follow your guide, whom you cannot see, but knowing from the sound that you are splashing up water at every step.

"It seems very wet down here," you venture to remark.

"Oh, we call this dry," laughs the surveyor; and he cheerfully informs you that he has often had to stride along knee-deep in water.

"Look out! Here is a door."

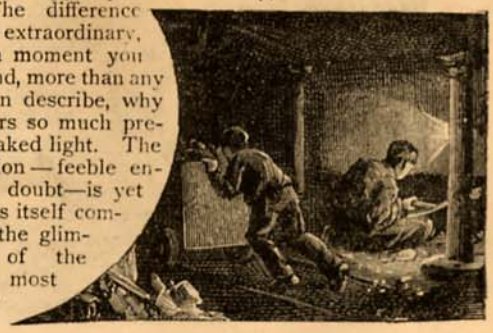
Where is the door? In this baffling blackness you can see nothing. You lift up your Davy, and then dimly discern some coal-grimed boards before you. They are opening, and you pass through.

Here is the boy! So you are told, but you cannot see him. You vaguely move your Davy about, and at last catch sight of a little chap's coal-blackened face. Then you stumble on again, and a few more lights waver before you.

Your guide has vigorously pushed you aside against the wall, and a line of coal-laden tram waggons rushes past you over the very spot on which you have just now been standing. You can just see a fleeting glimpse of more coal-grimed faces as the men who are pushing the trams hurry past.

The tram rails on which the waggons run do not add to the delight of walking, especially as at first you cannot see them. At first, we say, because after a time your eyes get accustomed to this dense darkness, so great is their power of adaptation, and you can begin to see things a little better, and to manage your light better.

And—tell it not to the Mining Inspector—your guide uncovers the upper part of his lamp, and uses the naked light. The difference appears extraordinary, and in a moment you understand, more than any words can describe, why the miners so much prefer the naked light. The illumination—feeble enough, no doubt—is yet brightness itself compared to the glimmering of the safe and most valuable Davy.



THE TRAM.

With the naked light, and with your eyes accustomed to this strange gloom, you can begin to dimly perceive that you are walking in a narrow and low-roofed tunnel bricked over above, and with tram lines and water and mud beneath your feet.

Presently the brickwork ends, and you find the roof supported by timber. Where is the coal? You approach the side, and all of the wall seems black.

Now the passage we have been following pierces the vein of coal for some considerable distance, both to right and left of the shaft or pit by which we descended. Immediately at the bottom of the shaft a space is hollowed out to form a "station," where the tram waggons can wait before being wheeled on to the cage and drawn up the mine; and the little widened space in which, after your descent, you groped blindly, seems the most spacious place in the whole mine.

The narrow passage which pierces the vein has also been driven through some of the surrounding material, in order to gain sufficient room for the trams to pass along, and for the men to walk. At certain distances little recesses are hollowed out, in which a man can take refuge, if necessary, when he hears the waggons rushing upon him. The main passage is called the level heading, and for one very sufficient reason, that it is about the only level passage in the mine.

Stay! what is that hole? It opens to a small narrow passage, sloping upward from the wall of the level heading. That is a "stall."

You peer up it, and perhaps see a little dim light at the top.

What! Is a man up that little low-roofed gully?

Yes, indeed, a miner is there, working at the "face," as it is called. He is engaged in digging or getting the coal.

From the main passage these little tunnels in the coal are driven upward. If the seam is only fifteen inches it is painful and toilsome work indeed to creep, and crawl, and work in such a confined space. This seam being four feet there is more room; but, after bending your back, and knocking your head against the timber supports of the roof, and creeping and stumbling over the pieces of coal which strew the way up the inclined ascent to the miner himself, you come to the conclusion that a four-feet seam is quite small enough.

But where is the miner? You see his dim speck of light, but where is he? Presently some part of the blackness moves, and by the combined light of the Davys you bring, you can distinguish his black clothes, and very dimly perceive his black face. He is reclining or sitting down, his sharp, long-handled pick in his hand, and he turns to take a look at you. On either side of you are the low black walls of coal, and before you is the same low black wall. You can go no farther here; you are at the "face," face to face indeed with the coal.

The miner has no room to swing his pick high above his head, as does a navvy, and perhaps the coal would not yield very well if he did. Lying on his side, he knocks the sharp point against the lowest part of the coal, and picks out very small pieces, and dust. He will continue at this laborious work—"holing" it is called—in his cramped position perhaps for an hour at a time. As he gets further in under the mass of coal the value of the long handle of his pick becomes apparent. He can reach far with it. Then, when he has undermined a large quantity of coal, a few vigorous blows with his pick above, or driving in a strong iron wedge, will speedily bring down a great heap of the precious mineral—sometimes as much as two or three tons, or even more, at a time!

The big masses have to be broken, and the whole is conveyed by means of iron boxes, or carts without wheels, drawn by a youth, to the opening of the stall in the level heading, where it is emptied into the tram waggons below.

There are two iron carts to each stall. They are attached to either end of a long chain, which runs round a sheave or wheel, fixed in the ground, near to the top of the stall where the miner is at work. As a lad draws the full box downward, the emptied one is hauled up from the mouth of the stall to the miner at the top.

After a chat, you rise up—if such a term can be applied to the movement when you are doubling yourself up into the smallest compass possible—and then you begin to slide and creep and grope your way down the stall.

Your guide stops, however, perhaps halfway down, and turns up a narrow, low little gully running at right angles to it. This is one of the crossways joining the various stalls together, and useful for ventilation. Uncover your light, and notice how the flame is blown by the current of air. Throughout the whole mine the ventilation is maintained. This is the object of the door through which we passed just now. It guides the air in the path it should go; and for this purpose, also, curtains of sacking are hung at different places in the "stalls" and crossways, the object being to direct the air from the downcast shaft, through every passage and gully, to the upcast shaft. Each mine has two shafts, down one of which the fresh air passes, and up the second the foul air departs.

All the stalls, it will be observed, slant upward. The part of the coal-seam which runs downward is reached by a "main-slant" passage, which leads to another level

DEEP IN THE MINE.

THE SHAFT.

heading parallel with the first, but lower down in the earth, from which stalls are driven upward as before. In some cases, where the roof is reliable, the sides between the stalls are all cleared away; in others, pillars are left.

When being whirled up the shaft again to the upper air you notice a large pipe beside the cage. It is for pumping the water. The big pipe plunges into a hole or "sump" at the bottom where the water collects, and is thence continually pumped up to a culvert, which carries it away. This business of pumping is really as important as is the ventilation; for, if suspended, the mine would speedily fill with water.

Once more above ground, and blinking blindly in the dazzling light, you notice the stranded wire rope running over the wheel or sheave at the top of the shaft—which is such a characteristic feature of all coal mines—and you see, in the engine-room, that the rope is wound or unwound over a large, broad wheel which the engine revolves. Near by, also, is the screening apparatus, where the coal is sifted into small, "rubbly," and large.

With all precautions mining is dangerous work; but, remembering the wise and necessary safeguards against various accidents, you can appreciate the calm bravery and the great skill which steadily strive to overcome all difficulties and neutralise every danger.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I. Decapitation.

To Flemish Town I gave a name,
And for it Worcester has a claim.
To make me warm and smooth and tight
Both silkworms, sheep, and goats unite.
Beheaded, I'm a potent spell,
And vanquish proudest beau or belle.
Without me kings are poor and sad,
With me the peasant's hearth is glad.

II. Buried Cities and Rivers.

1. It will do very well indeed.
2. Don't you see how well Henry carves?
3. Do you admire the shade of this red carpet?
4. They went in a canter, burying their hoofs in the soft sand of the shore.
5. Drive the cab right on to Dover.
6. She comes from either Whitby or Kent.

*** *We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. The winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. For example, the answers to the above questions for January must be sent in on or before February 1st. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, state their ages, and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—*

"*Sunday by Sunday*," or "*Puzzles*," Mr. Fredk. Sherlock, "Church Monthly" Office, 30 & 31, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

SUNDAY BY SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.

(N.B.—The passages referred to are from the *Prayer Book Version* of the Psalms throughout.)

First Sunday after the Epiphany. (Psalm xxxvi.)

1. In what part of the story of Jonah, and in what other parts of the Bible, do we find examples of what is stated in the beginning of the seventh verse of this Psalm?

2. In which verses of St. John iv. and vii. do we find words of our Saviour reminding us of the ninth verse?

Second Sunday after the Epiphany. (Psalm lxxi.)

1. What part of the *Te Deum* is like a quotation from the first verse of this Psalm?

2. In what respects is the teaching of verse 17 like that of Micah vii. 18; and in what respects is it unlike?

Septuagesima Sunday. (Psalm cv.)

1. In how many ways may verses 1, 2, and 5 of this Psalm remind us of certain beautiful words to be found near the end of the Litany?

2. What twice-repeated promise in St. Luke xi. may serve to show us why we ought to do as we are advised to do in verses 3 and 4 of this Psalm?

Sexagesima Sunday. (Psalm cxxxii.)

1. What promise about God's ministers and people in the latter portion of this Psalm is like an answer to a prayer about them in the earlier portion?

2. With what two "versicles" in the service for Morning and Evening Prayer may these same verses be compared?

BURIED TRUTHS.

(Questions requiring a larger amount of thought and research, for which a Special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered extra. This competition is open to all our readers without any limit as to age.)

1. Remarkable Gatherings.—A great variety of living creatures were seen more than once by an eminent servant of God, in a region where many of them had never been seen by him previously and were never seen by him afterwards, so far as we know. Once before, however, we read of a somewhat similar gathering as remarkable in its way. This last-named gathering was connected with an event the like to which has never since come to pass and never is to again. The other gathering ultimately led the man who witnessed it to act in a manner in which he had never thought of acting before; to the great delight and benefit of many persons who did not belong to his own country and race. Also, in the end, to the great delight of many who did. How can these statements be verified from the Bible?

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

Haricot Beans with Parsley Sauce.

	d.
1 Pint haricot beans	2
1 Ounce butter	1
1 Tablespoonful parsley (chopped)	1
1 Tablespoonful flour	
1 Saltspoonful salt	
½ Saltspoonful pepper	
1 Breakfastcupful water	
	4

Soak the beans for twelve hours in cold water; drain this off, and put them on to boil covered with fresh cold water. Let them boil slowly for about two hours, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Metal will cause them to look shrivelled. Wash and

chop the parsley, making it as dry as possible, or the sauce will be green. When the beans are soft, strain off the liquid into a bowl, and put the haricots in a deep dish. Mix the flour and water smoothly together with salt and pepper, put into a small pan, stir till boiling, boil for three minutes, then add the butter, and when that is melted the chopped parsley. Pour this sauce over the beans. The water in which they were boiled makes an excellent foundation for soups of various kinds.

ON SOME COMMON ACCIDENTS.

BY MAY COCHRANE.

WHAT a large amount of preventable suffering is caused by wrong treatment of the common accidents of every-day life, which are often so apparently trivial that one hesitates to call in a doctor, but which, neglected or improperly treated, may develop into serious trouble. Yet many persons are content to be ignorant of what to do and how to do it; so that when an emergency arises the wrong thing is often done, bringing additional suffering to the patient, and sometimes sorrow to others. I am thinking now of one of my Sunday scholars, whose mother did not know how to cause immediate vomiting, and learnt too late that one teaspoonful of mustard in a teacupful of warm water would have saved his life. I remember, too, the case of a woman who died from blood-poisoning, brought on through the mismanagement of a trifling cut. The moral that I want to point by these instances is that every one should learn exactly what to do in the common accidents of life. The knowledge is easily acquired, and may be of inestimable value.

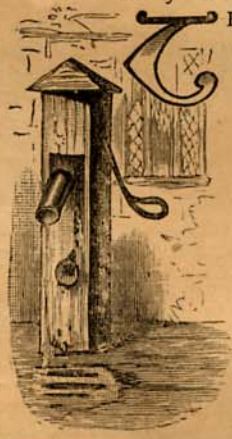
Home surgery, if applied at once, is quite sufficient for ordinary damages by fire and water; but in severe injuries, especially to the head and body, a doctor's help should be immediately sought. The great point in the treatment of burns and scalds is to protect the wound at once from the air by covering it with a dressing of some kind. Those who are much exposed to such accidents should keep a bottle of Carron oil, and a roll of soft rags, at hand. This oil is the preparation used by the men at the great Carron Ironworks, and consists of equal parts of linseed oil and limewater well shaken together. Saturate a rag with this, lay it over the injured place, and cover with a dry bandage. Do not remove the rag until the sore is healed; keep it constantly wet with the oil, and protected by the outer covering. An ordinary burn will be well in a few days. If you have no Carron oil, cover the wound thickly with flour, lay cotton-wool, if you have it, on the top of the flour, and secure with a bandage. Common whiting, mixed to a soft paste with sweet oil, makes a good dressing if put on thickly; so also does scraped raw potato, or raw onion and potato bruised together to a pulp, with a tablespoonful of sweet oil, and bandaged on the naked burn or scald. If nothing else is at hand lay several thicknesses of linen, wet with cold water, over the place, and cover with a dry cloth. Beware of bathing a burn or scald in cold water, as the reaction might be dangerous. If the foot has been scalded do not pull the stocking off, or you may pull the skin off with it; cut it up the back of the leg, and lift gently. When it is necessary to change a dressing have the fresh one ready to put on before you begin to remove the old one, and apply it instantly. Remember the chief point is to exclude the air from the injured part.

(To be continued.)

A PRICELESS PICTURE.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.



THE "picture" was about six inches square, and was certainly not much to look at. It was framed in a plain, narrow maple beading, which possibly cost eightpence when quite new; and yet its owner, as he sat back in his chair and proudly pointed out "The picture" to me, said, in a tone which was not to be misunderstood, "That picture is priceless, and is not to be sold—no, not for love or money!"

What was it? Well, it was only a pledge-card—a family pledge-card; but then it had a history. It told of a struggle, a battle, a strife, a conquest in the lives of ten souls. It was connected with a very dark, bitter, sad past; and yet here it was to-day hanging in the place of honour over the mantelpiece in George Avery's cosy parlour; and there was George himself taking his ease in his comfortable armchair, and steadily looking at his "priceless picture" with a proud look, which the owner of a whole gallery of choice paintings might envy. Some day I hope to tell the story of "the picture." Now I can only refer to its main point, which was this:—

George was a hard-working, industrious lad of sixteen, employed at a shoeing forge in Bradford. His home was a miserable place, for, unhappily, both the father and mother were drinking people. George, his three younger brothers, and two sisters, were much neglected; and, when things were at their worst, George one night attended a meeting of the Parish Church Temperance Society. The speaker that evening strongly recommended family pledge-cards; and at the close of the address George went to the front, signed the pledge, and paid twopence for a "family pledge-card." The Secretary was rather amused at George's demand for a "family" pledge-card.

"You're beginning rather early to think about the family," said he.

"Just you never mind," said George; "hand over the card, or I'll ask the Vicar."

The card was handed over; and George proudly took it home, and tacked it on the kitchen wall. First his sisters, next his brothers, and last of all his parents, became interested in the queer card; and in five months George's name on that card was supported by the names of father, mother, brothers, and sisters, until it was really in the end what it had professed to be from the first—"a family pledge-card."

No wonder that George is proud of "the picture," which brought about such a change in his home; no wonder that he still sticks to the old, old card now that he has a house of his own. Father and mother are both dead; brothers and sisters are scattered, and have families of their own to care for, and so far they are all faithful to their temperance pledge.

At the beginning of the New Year many of us might do worse than go in for a "picture" like George Avery's. An outlay of twopence on New Year's Day may possibly be the means of saving us pounds in the twelvemonth, to say nothing of the increased comfort in our homes and the peace of mind which the practice of true temperance always brings.

The Other Side of the World.

WHEN Kitty Travers is asked where she was born, she always gives a merry laugh and says, "Just at the other side of the world!" Although only six years old, Kitty is really a traveller. Perhaps the greatest surprise she has ever had was on last New Year's morning; for when she peeped out of the window and saw the ground covered with snow, and Farmer Jecks and his wife driving to market through the heavy storm, Kitty said to her Aunt Mary, "Why, this surely cannot be New Year's Day at all!" And no wonder that Kitty was surprised, for all her other New Year days had been spent in Australia. She remembers quite well walking through the fields and gathering the beautiful flowers on New Year's morning; and "besides," as she says, "we had our New Year's Eve tea out under the gum-tree, and saw the kangaroos hopping about in the sunshine." Cousin Jack knows that Kitty cannot see the kangaroos in England; but he says, if she will muffle-up and take a run with him and his sisters across the hill, he will bring her to Clifton ponds for an hour's skating.

NEW YEARS DAY IN ENGLAND.

JANUARY IN AUSTRALIA.

NEW YEARS EVE IN THE BUSH. HAVING TEA UNDER THE GUM-TREE.

WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS

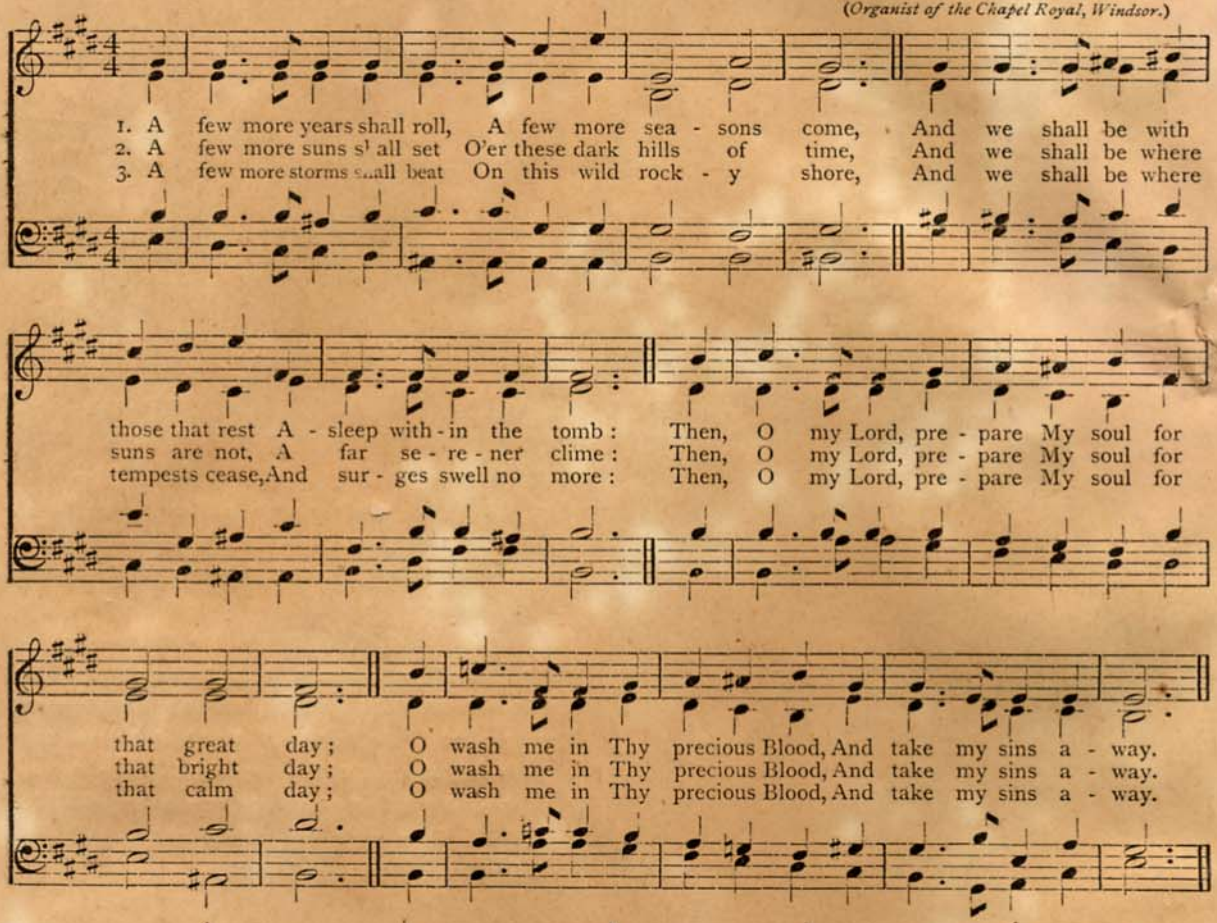
FEEDING THE BLACK SWANS

Kitty thinks things are so very strange in England; but she is so pleased that, after all, there is no difference in speech, and that kindness and love make one just as happy here as they do "at the other side of the world." Sometimes Kitty wonders if it is really the same sun and moon and stars as she used to see in her old home. By-and-by, when she gets older, Kitty will understand these things, and will know that England and Australia are only parts of the same beautiful world which was made by the One Loving Father who rules over all.

"A Few more Years shall Roll."

Words by BONAR.

Music by SIR WALTER PARRATT.
(*Organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor.*)



4.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

5.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day :
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

6.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Beautiful Answer.

WHEN Mika Sematimba, the Uganda chief, went to see the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he addressed them in his native language. A member of the Committee, Mr. George Williams, noticed the bright smile that often lighted up Mika's face, and asked pleasantly what was the cause of it. Mika answered, simply and beautifully, "It is because of the Words of the Lord."

Was it not an Answer to Prayer?

A WORKING woman in Reading sent to one of our great missionary societies for some pictures to show to the women who worked under her, so as to interest them in foreign missions. She was directed to send them on, after she had done with them, to a certain parish in West Hartlepool. The following night she could not sleep, and it was impressed upon her to pray that a blessing might rest upon that parish, and that one, at least, might go out from it to the foreign mission field. She then looked eagerly for an answer. Nineteen months passed away, and at last she saw in the magazine of the Society that the Vicar of that parish and his curate were going out together to Africa.

The Buddhist Idea of Prayer.

NEARLY all the heathen think that the oftener their prayers are repeated the more likely they are to be heard; but the Japanese Buddhists carry this idea to absurd lengths. They write a prayer on a slip of paper, fix it in a kind of hand-rattle, and consider that they have said the prayer once for every time they turn it round. They have even windmills and water-mills to turn prayer wheels. A young Buddhist Bonza or Priest thus explained their feeling to Mr. Wright, the S.P.G. Missionary: "If a little snow falls it soon melts; but if a great deal keeps falling a great heap is raised, and by-and-by it becomes ice. So if I say the prayer once or twice, Butzu (God) forgets it; but if I keep on praying, a great heap is raised, and Butzu cannot help seeing." Poor creatures! "They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."