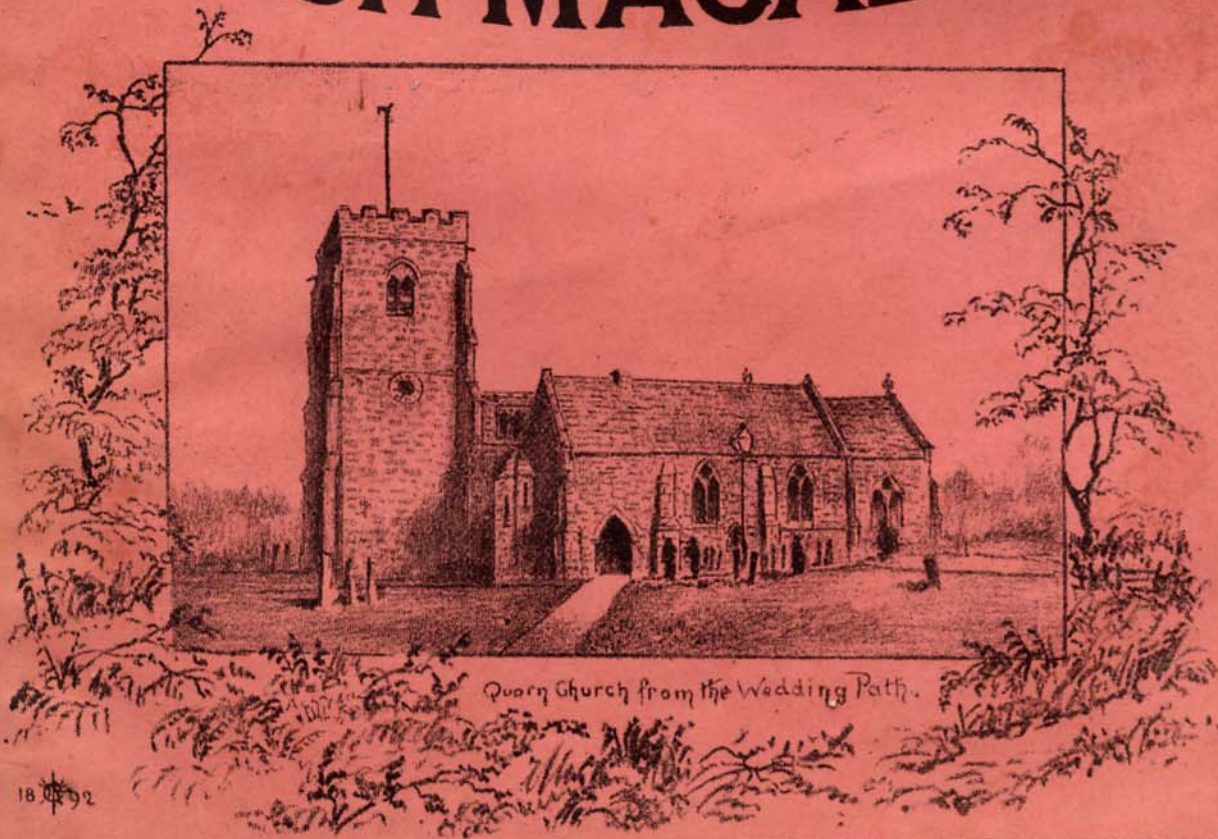


FEBRUARY.

1894.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



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.

Friday, Feb. 2nd. Festival of Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Presentation of Christ in the Temple.—This day commemorates the second religious ceremony to which the infant Saviour was brought by His pious Mother. As a first-born male child she presented Him in the Temple according to the law. This was done at the same time as the Mother came to give thanks, 40 days after the birth. While this ceremony was being performed the aged and pious Simeon coming to worship recognized in the little Infant the promised Saviour and King, and he broke forth into that beautiful hymn which is sung or said every day at Evening Service: "Lord now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." (S. Luke, ii., 22-40.) It is well to observe how carefully throughout our Lord's earthly life all the ordinances of religion were observed. The corruption of the priesthood, the evils in the Church were not made a pretext for neglect. This is one way in which He left us an example that we should follow His steps. This Feast year by year is a special reminder to Christian women neither to neglect to bring their new-born children to present them to the Lord in Holy Baptism and at the same time themselves to return thanks for their own safe deliverance.

(The Choral Evensong and Sermon will be on the night before Thursday, Feb. 1st.

Wednesday, Feb. 7th. Ash Wednesday.—The first day of the season of Lent. The Church intends this to be a day of great solemnity—a day of recalling and confessing of sins and beseeching of God's mercy. The tone of the teaching is well set forth in the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle—one of the most solemn appeals of the prophets to God's people to repent, Joel, ii., 12-17. The collect for this day is said in service every day till Easter.

Saturday, Feb. 24th. Feast of S. Matthias, Apostle and Martyr. We read in Acts, i., 15, &c., how in the place of the Traitor Judas, Matthias was chosen to fill the gap in the number of the xii. Apostles. The Bible tells us no more of him after his selection. Tradition relates how he shared the missionary work of the Apostles and met a martyr's death. On such a case we may reflect how with far the largest number of holy men their great and good deeds have been forgotten or perhaps never known to men, but are remembered and treasured by their Lord and Master.

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

Feb. 4.	Exodus iii.	} Hymn to be learnt 91.
11.	(Special) Gospel, S. Matt. iv. 1-11.	
18.	Exodus iv. 1-23.	
25.	" v.	

Baptism.

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

Dec. 31st: Wilfrid Henry Chapman
Percy James Ottey
Jan. 6th: Gertrude Lilian Lakin
7th: Rosie May Flanders
9th: Arthur Howes
14th: John Rennocks
20th: Nellie Heap
21st: Eliza Minnie Turlington
William Heap

Marriages.

Dec. 26th: John Henry Winterton and Mary Elizabeth Tuckwood

Burials.

Dec. 30th: William Joseph Dalby, aged 45 years
Jan. 13th: Walter Rennocks, aged 10 years
Arthur Howes, aged 14 months
22nd: Isabella Greenhough Thompson, aged 31 years

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor.	Church Expenses.	Special.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Dec. 24th:	0 4 4	—	—
25th:	4 3 8½	—	—
Jan. 7th:	—	2 1 9	—
14th:	0 6 6	—	—
21st:	—	—	4 7 0
Poor Box:	0 1 0	—	—
Totals	£4 15 6½	£2 1 9	4 7 0

Church of England
Temperance Society

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S—continued.

Hymns.

	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
Feb. 1st	—	—	261 450 24
4th	317 197	332 91 17	160 290 23
7th	—	—	92 279
11th	84 92 269	254 91 26	184 91 25
18th	194 238 264	255 91 27	254 277 25
25th	3 255 224	165 91 27	240 193 28

TO THE INHABITANTS OF QUORN.

Dear Friends and Neighbours,

The Season of Lent which begins on Ash Wednesday, (Feb. 7th,) comes each year to recall to us very solemnly one important part of our holy religion.

The Gospel teaches us of God's love for us, shown above all things in the Life and Death of our Lord JESUS Christ, and for this we rejoice and give thanks. But we need to be constantly reminded that in order to obtain the benefit of that love, we must be striving after holiness. Sin, if it be ever so secret, unless it be repented of, must separate us from God's presence. It is still true

"WITHOUT HOLINESS NO MAN SHALL SEE
THE LORD."—(Heb., xii., 14.)

Some people hope for heaven at last, and yet go on in their sins and take no count of them and even take pleasure in them—and they forget that if they take pleasure in sin *they could not be happy even in heaven*, in the presence of God and of His angels and saints.

Lent comes to us all then to make us solemnly consider whether we are living in sin, so that heaven shall be impossible for us—that God's love is wasted upon us and the work of Christ for us shall be in vain. God will not save us against our wills.

What then? Must we be perfect—free from temptation, and free from sin to be accepted through Christ? No, certainly not; as long as we are in this life Satan will tempt us. Those who are in earnest he will try again and again to drag from the path of holiness; and those who are careless he will lead from one sin to another and make them forget God—care nothing for holiness, and go on from sin to sin till they are more and more like himself.

To all of us then Lent brings this warning word REPENT!

The earnest and godly must repent more and more earnestly. You must examine your life every night more and more carefully, and then note some duty which you are neglecting—some sin which you are going on in that is keeping you back from holiness and giving Satan a hold over you.

To the careless and godless I say Repent while you *can*. Would you like to *die* as you now are? Do you think there will be time for repentance some day? There may be no time for you, and if you go on in sinful ways you will lose even the *wish* and power to repent.

You can see now how you are losing the thought of sin that you once had. You do things now that you once thought very wicked. That shows that your heart has become hardened. If you do not stop you will become more hardened still. Would you like to die a hardened sinner? If not repent *while you can*!

Perhaps there are some who are religious in a way and yet do not think much of sin or repentance. They go to God's House, they are ready to join in prayers and to sing hymns heartily, and yet are living in sinfulness which they would be ashamed for people to know. If our religion does not give us a hatred of sin, if it is not making us holier our religion is the wrong sort.

People may come to think that sins are not so bad after all, that God will easily overlook them, that God is easy-going. Not so; the Bible declares above all things that God is holy, and we must be like Him if we wish to be with Him. There is no hope held out in the Bible for anyone who goes on in his sins; but for those who repent and turn from their sins there is every hope and promise.

When S. John the Baptist came to prepare the way for Christ his message was "Repent"!—(S. Matt. iii. 2.) When the Lord JESUS began to teach the people His first message was the same "Repent"!—(S. Mark, i. 15.)

And I will take this word of my Lord and Master to myself, and pass it on to you at this time and say to all alike the godly and the godless, the earnest and careless REPENT!

I need hardly say that Repentance though it is the first step is not the last. If we repent in truth we shall use all the means which God has given us through Christ to keep us from sin and lead us to holiness. We shall pray at least morning and night—we shall be regular in our worship in God's House and attentive when there, we shall be very strict to keep ourselves out of the way of temptation.

All this I hope many will set themselves to do at this time as I myself hope to do. If I can help any others how glad I shall be for I want to prove myself always

Your faithful friend and Servant in Christ,

Quorn,

Feb. 1st, 1894.

EDWARD FOORD-KELCEY.

There will not be a Confirmation held in Quorn this year, but there will be one in April at Loughborough and several at Leicester in March. This is mentioned to afford an opportunity for special cases; for instance when quite grown up people have never been confirmed. It should not be put off in such cases from year to year—with them the matter is urgent and they should be zealous of every year that passes without their humbling themselves by coming to this holy ordinance. The Vicar will be glad to give private help or instruction suitable to each case and will arrange for them to be confirmed in the most convenient place and time. He would be glad to hear of all cases as soon as possible.

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S—continued.

On the Wednesday Evenings in Lent there will be Prayers and Addresses as last year, beginning at 7.30 and lasting three-quarters of an hour. The first will be on Ash Wednesday.

Missionary Boxes will be put in Church for people to take and keep during Lent to be given up at Easter. This is to give people an opportunity for secret alms-giving.

PARISH NOTES.

Our mention of the 32 burials in last month's Magazine was not quite accurate for the whole year 1893. There was one after the Magazine was printed making 33 for the whole year. This does not represent the number of deaths in the parish, only of those buried in the Churchyard. So far as we can recollect there have been 4 who were buried elsewhere. Looking at the Registers at the same time we counted the baptisms of which there were 42, and the marriages 11.

On Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 7th, the Sunday School Prizes for last year were presented at the Schools by Mrs. Hayward of Quorn Place. The books were unusually handsome; someone said that they were too good but the children who received them would probably not think so. We give below the prize list this month instead of our extracts from the old Registers (which will be continued next month.) Perhaps some people will rather see the names of living children than those of villagers who have been dead and gone two hundred years and more.

The Lecture on Temperance on the 31st February was not fixed soon enough to be mentioned in the last Magazine, and it comes too late in the month for any account to be given in this. We are glad to notice that the collections for the Church of England Temperance Society on Septuagesima Sunday this year came to rather more than last.

There were two mistakes in the Magazine account which we published last month. One was ours and the other the printers. We made the mistake of putting Mr. Wills' bill at 5/- too much—so that we are 7½d. in hand instead of 4¼ out of pocket. The printer made the mistake of adding up the figures wrongly, but perhaps no one noticed that! Now we are speaking of the funds we ought to say another word of request for subscriptions. We cannot make the Magazine pay without considerable help. We have received some liberal contributions, but there are surely some more, who read the Magazine with interest who could afford half-a-crown at least, towards keeping it up. Some people wait until they are asked personally, forgetting how much trouble this entails and that it is not at all a pleasant job.

We have been asked by several persons how they can best get their Magazines for last year bound up into a volume. The publishers in London will do the binding handsomely and cheaply, but they will not do less than 25 sets on an order. As it is not probable that 25 people would wish to have their Magazines bound—we tried to ascertain for how much they could be done in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wills, Market Place, Loughborough, will bind single sets for 1/6 each and if a dozen are sent together 1/3 each. If any person has lost or spoilt any of his numbers a fresh one may be supplied by the Vicar.

Our readers will remember the letter to our little Negro Boy Bartholomew, which was published in last month's Magazine. This was sent in answer to one written by him on Sept. 2nd. Just as our letter was sent off at Christmas another short letter arrived from the poor little fellow, (which we give below,) which shows how he values a letter from us. He does not understand how far we are off from him and how many thousands of miles a letter has to come by sea and land. He thought because a reply had not arrived in six weeks that we had not received his letter, or did not mean to send him another. His eagerness after a letter from us shows that it is a great pleasure to him to receive them and that he will think a great deal of what we say to him. The gentleman who is in charge at Newala where Bartholomew is, also says that he is very glad of letters to his boys and that they carry them about with them as a great treasure.

This is a translation of Bartholomew's last letter—

“Newala, Oct. 27th, 1893.

“My beloved Sir,

“Best wishes to you after which let me say that I wrote to you a letter and never had a reply. This is the reason that I write to you again. You began to write to me and I am afraid you did not receive my letter. I hope to have an answer to this, that I may know that you have received it. Then I will write again to you.

“Good bye,

“BARTHOLOMEW MMENYANGA.

It is time now that we had a collection again for the Negro Boy Fund. Children take notice that there will be a collection on Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 14th! Children should give as before, wrapping up their pennies in paper and writing their names on the outside.

In this connection we may mention again the little weekly half-penny illustrated paper *The Church Evangelist*—which has been sold in the parish now for about a year. In the future it will be taken round by three girls and the little profits which they will make upon it they will give to the Negro Boy Fund. This will amount in the year to about £1. We hope that their efforts will be well supported and some fresh people may take the paper, not only because it provides such nice reading, but also to support those who are taking so much trouble for so good a purpose.

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S—continued.

We have often made mention of our Church-yard and hope to encourage more interest and attention to it. There are several things that make it difficult to improve its condition or keep it in order. First, it is unusually large, then the public paths are against us, for people will not keep to the paths but walk on the grass; and children going to and from school sometimes even trample on the borders, and sometimes even pull up a plant or tear a branch from a shrub for mischief's sake. We often find their little foot-prints on a border that we have taken pains with. A few weeks ago a pony got loose and wandered round—but a stranger visitor than this has made a thorough inspection of all the borders in the Church-yard within the last few days. We did not see him but found his foot-prints round and round as though he wanted to pass nothing over without careful observation. Perhaps he came from some neighbouring parish to see how we managed things at Quorn. We can hardly think that any creature born and bred in the parish could be so curious and mischievous. We can't be certain of this for we did not see him during his rounds but he plainly left his marks behind him to show that he was a pig. If there should be anyone in Quorn who has a pig that takes his walks abroad we should be much obliged if he would tell him to go another way next time, or if he does walk through the Church-yard (for we could not stop a pig even, I suppose on the public foot-path) ask him to keep to the paths and shut the gate behind him.

We are glad to give the results of all the Football Matches from the beginning of the season:—

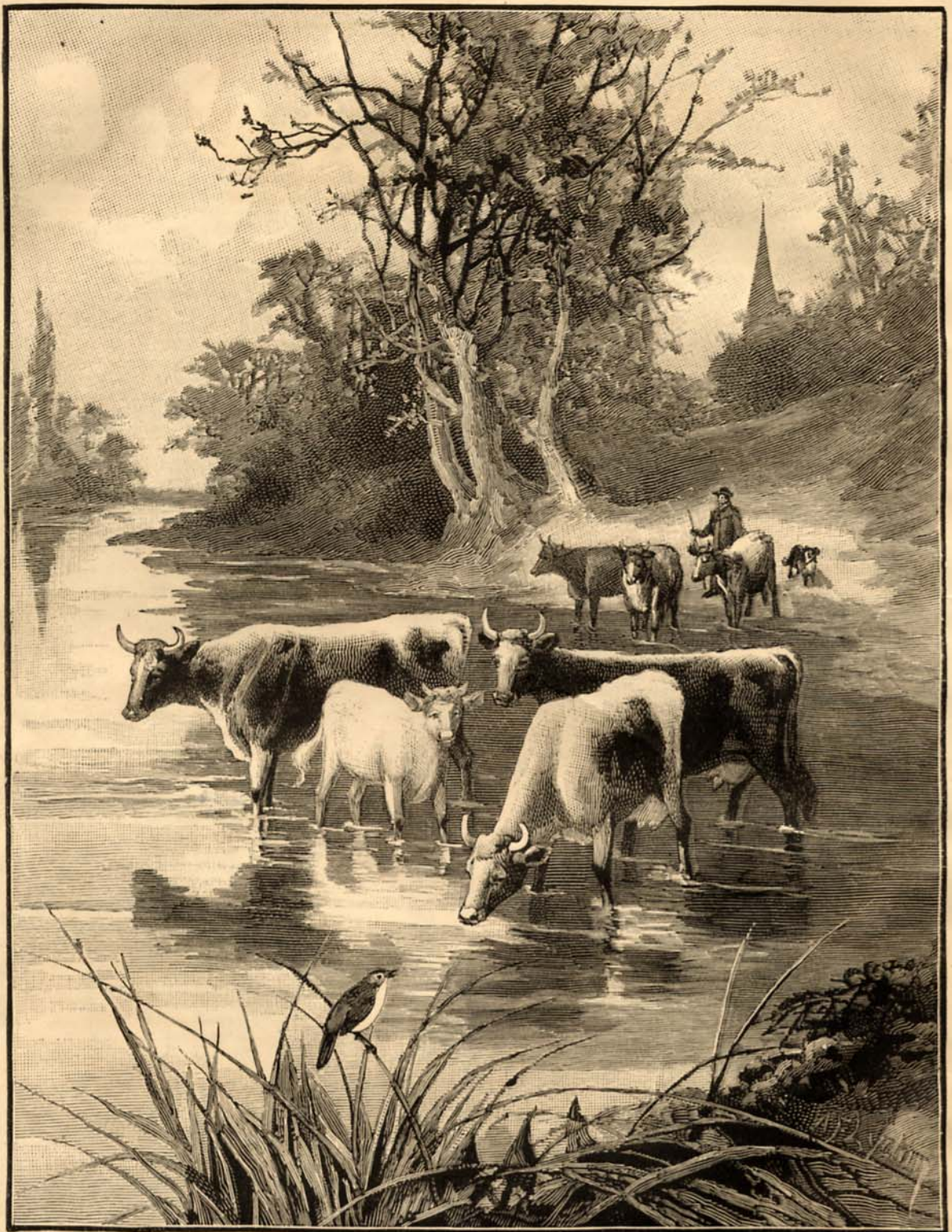
Sept. 23rd.	Hathern Victoria, draw 1-1
Oct. 14th.	Kegworth St. Andrew's, (1st round Junr. Cup), lost 1-4
21st.	London Road, (Leicester), won 3-0
	Hugglescote Robin Hoods, (1st round Shield Competition), lost 1-3
Nov. 4th.	Loughborough Victoria, lost 2-4
11th.	" Robin Hoods, lost 0-3
Dec. 2nd.	Belgrave St. Peter's, lost 0-2
	Woodhouse Reserve, won 6-2
9th.	Mountsorrel, draw 3-3
23rd.	London Road, (Leicester), lost 1-2
25th.	Barrow-on-Soar, lost 2-3
26th.	Sibley Rangers, lost 1-3
30th.	Woodhouse, draw 2-2
Jan. 6th.	" won 3-1
13th.	Loughborough Robin Hoods, won 1-0
	" Woodgate Baptists, lost 1-2

During February there is only one match fixed to be played at Quorn, on the 24th against Barrow.

QUORN CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, 1893, PRIZE LIST.

GIRLS' CLASSES.				BOYS' CLASSES.			
Class.	Order.	Name.	Marks.	Class.	Order.	Name.	Marks.
Bible	1	{Annie Herbert } equal	379	1	1	Alfred Hickling	* 371
		{Emily Gartshore }			2	Percy Moore	358
	3	Ruth Green			3	Cecil Holmes	353
	4	Maggie Taylor			1	Thomas Pepper	* 376
1	1	Rhoda Hickling	* 376		2	Ernest Thomson	567
	2	Edith Sault	358		3	George Rennocks	367
	3	Jessie Richardson	339		4	{ Philip Barnett } equal	364
2	1	Sarah Payne	* 379			{ Frederick Steele }	
	2	Annie Martin	* 375	3	1	Alphæus Herbert	352
	3	Nellie Taylor	* 371		2	Harry Hallam	342
	4	Harriet Sheffield	368		3	Frank Bale	322
3	1	Martha Heap	* 374	4	1	Walter Renhocks	* 372
	2	Mabel Sault	* 371		2	{Bertie Cragg } equal	355
	3	Clara Taylor	366			{Herbert Mee }	
4	1	Lizzie Martin	* 373		4	William Thornton	340
	2	Ethel Barby	* 370	5	1	William Sault	* 374
	3	Beatrice Strike	367		2	Arthur Platts	* 371
5	1	Annie Bancroft	340		3	Herbert Thomson	* 369
	2	Emma Squires	336		4	Frederick Sault	363
	3	Sarah Tungate	327		5	George A. Barby	356
6	1	Polly Martin	364		1	William Hallam	363
	2	Lucy Winterton	360	6	2	George Hollingsworth	359
	3	Ethel Hollingsworth	355		1	William Gartshore	262
7	1	Annie Howes	364	7	1	Walter Daft	* 372
	2	Alice Bancroft	353	8	2	Sydney Platts	360
	3	Polly Webster	324		3	Harry Hickling	359
MR. G. WHITE'S CLASS.—(BOYS').					4	Arthur Rennocks	349
	1	Henry Martin	98		1	Maude Moore	317
	2	Isaac Payne	95		2	John Martin	282
	3	John Thomas Herbert	89		3	Victor Sault	263
	4	William Ball	87				
	5	Samuel Martin	85				
	6	Walter Sheffield	84				

* Means that the child attended every time.



Drawn by A. F. LYDON.]

"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

[Engraved by G. LYDON.]



"HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THIS is the first thing our Lord teaches us to pray for. It is characteristic of His teaching that it should be so. With Him elevation of character is the highest aim. He does not seek to make men rich or prosperous, but holy. The highest aim He puts before His followers is, "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." Similarly, He teaches us to pray to Him who is our Father, and to say, "Hallowed be Thy Name." The first of all needs is the bringing of the hallowing influences of the Divine Name upon the world, or, in other words, that the likeness of the Divine and holy Father of all should be seen in the sons of men, His children.

I. It is a Father's Name which we pray should be hallowed.

The revelation of the supremest love becomes the reason for the deepest reverence. It is not a modern thought that the realisation of God as "Our Father" should be followed by a profound feeling of awe. With us (perchance too much) the sense of a relationship of love weakens the sense of reverence. We love, and the kinship of love seems to carry us away from the region of deeply respectful regard.

But from the beginning it was not so. The idea of "Father" was one which appealed with unspeakable force to the feeling of unspeakable reverence. If life was a sacred gift, with what sanctity of feeling should we not regard One to whom we owed life itself. This was in the prophet's mind. "A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a Father, where is Mine honour? and if I be a master, where is My fear?" (Mal. i. 6). There was, in olden days, a reverence first, out of which grew the affection which could develop into a passionate loyalty. The first steps were taken under the guidance of reverent fear. "The fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom."

God is our Father. We had fathers of our flesh; we gave them reverence, for they were the authors of our being. Should we not yield reverence to Him who is the Eternal Author of all life—the Father of our spirit?

In deep reverence for Him, in whom we live and move and have our being, we may pray, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

But the relationship is not merely one of origin; it

is that of the strong towards the weak. The feebleness and inexperience of the child, joined to its waywardness and frivolity, expose it to danger. With tender eyes of watchful regard the Father sees the child as it passes through the stages of its growth. He watches; He does not always put out His hand to stay the foolish act. Experience must have its share in education. But He stands near at hand. The child will learn its weakness. It will discover that the Father is wiser and stronger. It will turn to Him with a reverence born of pain and failure. The knowledge of our own folly and feebleness teaches us to pray to Him who is wise and strong, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

The relationship is one of affinity. It is fit that the child should grow up like the Father. We find how good He is who does good to the unthankful and to the unholy. We desire to be filled with the Spirit of Him whose love flows forth with such noble impartiality. We long to do good, never despairing, though no good seems to come of it. We long to be like Him. We long that His Name should be revealed in our lives—"written in our foreheads," as the Apocalypse expresses it (Rev. xx. 3, 4). This longing is a prayer, and this prayer is, "Hallowed be Thy Name."

II. It is the fitting preface of all the petitions which follow. The realisation of holiness is the needful condition of all the rest. We must realise holiness at the root of all things before we can dare to pray, "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done."

Who would desire the kingdom to come unless the King be a King of holiness? The complaints of earth, the failure and miseries of the world's kingdoms, are due to the unrighteous elements at work in them—the greed, rapacity, oppression, selfishness, which neutralise every effort after theoretical good, and frustrate every beneficial law. But there is a holy Name. He who is King is holy. We may be glad. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness." His Name is holy. "Holiness becometh His Name for ever." We may without fear, and even with joy, pray, "Thy kingdom come."

We need not dread His will if He is holy. Only those who do not hunger and thirst after righteousness need hesitate to say, "Thy will be done." Only those

who desire to feed on earthly luxuries will fear to put the sustenance of their lives in His Hand. Those who know that the Holy One will always feed them with food convenient for them will trustfully pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." It is the realisation of our Father's holiness which gives depth to our cry for pardon. We are the unworthy children who should have glorified His Name by our resemblance to Him in love, in purity, in single-mindedness, in fidelity. We are not worthy to be called His sons. We know it; and knowing it, we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Similarly because He is holy we pray to be preserved from the temptations which we know not, and to be delivered from the evil which we know.

Thus, the meaning of all the later petitions of the prayer Christ taught us comes into clearness in the light of the first. As the Lord our God is holy, and as without holiness no man shall see the Lord, so without the hallowing of His Name the prayer is stripped of its ethical force and value.

Therefore, let this first-taught petition be often in our lips and always in our hearts. Let us give thanks in this evil world at the remembrance of His holiness. Let us keep in mind that the aim of life is to be like Him. Let us seek the strength of His transforming Spirit. The fruition of life is only then when we wake up after His likeness; for then only shall we be satisfied.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

Author of "Black or White?" "Less than Kin," "Held to Her Promise," "Shattered Ideals," "Our Young Men's Club," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

FRIGHTENED AND MISERABLE.



MEANWHILE Guy Ryder's anxieties and worries were already upon the increase.

Short as had been the time that had elapsed since Jack's departure, the Clives—for so the brother and his widowed sister were popularly known—had entirely recaptured their old outposts, and were indeed

laying siege to the citadel of Mrs. Brookes' confidence and purse more openly than ever. To the watchful curate, uneasily awaiting the development of events, Kingston Villa never seemed free from their odious presence.

All his life had Guy been accustomed to come and go as he chose in the home of Jack and Stella. When, in bygone days, a brass plate, bearing the inscription "Keith Ryder, M.D.," adorned the door of a tall London house, the dwelling upon the opposite side of the way belonged to the then extremely wealthy soap manufacturer, Thomas Brookes. And though there was never much intimacy between the elders of the two families, the children walked together in the parks, played together in their respective nurseries, and grew up close friends. It was a very natural arrangement, since Jack and Guy were almost exactly the same age; and though Mary was five years the senior of either Stella or Wynne, she was adored by both, and altogether included in their vows of eternal friendship.

It was when the lads were about nineteen and the two younger girls twelve that misfortune overtook both families. Dr. Ryder died but a month before the day when Thomas Brookes was left a widower, with the knowledge—for the moment confined to his own breast—that his once huge fortune, supposed by the outside world to be as substantial as the rocks, had, like those same rocks, little by little all crumbled away. If, without touching his late wife's money, he would be able to meet his liabilities, it was as much as he could do. Happily, in spite of Mrs. Brookes' fortune having been entirely in his hands, he had safely invested the twenty-four thousand pounds which had formed her dowry outside the soap manufactory. If he could save this sum as a support for himself and his family he determined to retire upon it—a determination which the old man ultimately carried out.

Finding himself in a slightly better position than he had feared, and even able to secure out of the general wreck a few hundreds over and above this invested capital, he bought with the salvage Kingston Villa, which thus became the sole tangible result of almost half a century of toil. Thither he carried off Mary and Stella—Jack was already in the navy—and after taking up his abode in Shingleby speedily chose a second wife. Within a year he died, killed, as maliciously disposed persons were prone to declare, by the exceeding activity of the new Mrs. Brookes' tongue.

At Kingston Villa, however, the girls continued to live, with their step-mother—to whom their father had left his every possession—until Mary, in her turn, married. Then Stella would indeed have experienced solitude had not Guy, shortly afterwards, accepted the curacy of St. Olave's, with the expressed resolve to be near the too frequently absent Jack as often as he was ashore; possibly, too, with the unexpressed resolve of seeing much more of Stella than had of late been within his power.

To Shingleby also Wynne's ideas turned when the desire for independent work entered her head, although in truth the girlish friendship between herself and Stella had not proved as absorbing as the affection existing between Jack and Guy. But Mrs. Ryder,

who had passed all her life in London, and could on no account reconcile herself to living in any other place, stayed on still in the metropolis.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, the visits of Guy to Kingston Villa were not likely to cease merely because Jack had sailed. Even before enlightenment came to the sailor concerning his friend's love for Stella, the young clergyman was certainly the person to whom he would naturally have confided his fears concerning Mrs. Brookes' rashness, and to whom he would have entrusted the task of watching over the interests of his sisters and himself.

Hitherto, moreover—in fact, until after the advent of the Clives—Mrs. Brookes had herself encouraged Guy's visits, showing every sign of liking the tall, good-looking curate. Lately, however, Guy had begun to fancy that the new infatuation was giving her a distaste for his society, that Caryl Clive was exerting an unseen though perceptible influence of opposition, and that the welcome which Mrs. Brookes still extended by word of mouth was wanting in heartiness. And within one short week of Jack's farewell, suspicion changed into certainty, her civilities almost entirely ceased, and he received more than one broad hint that his calls might, with advantage, be less frequent. This was a state of things by no means encouraging to the man who, besides being conscious of the responsibility of Jack's charge, was perfectly aware that Stella regarded him merely as a brother, and that with himself it rested to win the far different position in her heart which he coveted. Were his opportunities to be curtailed just when he most desired their extension? Small wonder that he became uneasy and restless.

It was at the wedding of Dora Stanley, one of Stella's many friends, which took place in Shingleby upon the day previous to that on which poor Tom Beresford met with his accident at Thetfield, that Guy first discovered that Stella was as fully alive as he was to the treatment which her step-mother was meting out to him.

"Guy, I want to speak to you" she said, whilst they were standing amongst a group of gaily-dressed guests, upon the hall steps, watching the bride and bridegroom depart. "Don't go directly, will you?"

"All right," in the brotherly tone that he always adopted to her, and which was not half as loverlike as she had often known Jack's voice to be. But, rightly enough, Guy judged that to alarm her by any pressing forward of his own hopes and wishes would be but to hinder their fulfilment. "Come out into the garden. I declare there's enough rice scattered here to make ten puddings! I wish I'd had it for my poor people!"

"It would certainly have done more good, Mr. Ryder," laughed his hostess, who had overheard. "But see—I'll send you in quite a big bagful to-morrow, then you will think more leniently of our waste."

"You are very good," he answered, with a smile that lighted up his face, the smile that had more to

do with his popularity than he perhaps guessed. "I am taking Miss Brookes to inspect the roses."

"Then please don't. Why, my dear Stella, ours are rubbish—mere rubbish to the Kingston Villa display."

To which protest Stella only replied by a nod over her shoulder, and a merry laugh. She knew that Mrs. Stanley's gardens were well worth seeing. Added to which, she cared not at all, at the present moment, whether they were so or not. All that she wanted was a quiet word with Jack's old chum. But not yet were she and her escort to escape.

Down the centre of the path leading from the rose beds another pair were advancing, a pair who served certainly as a most perfect contrast each to the other. For the lady, short, stout, and speaking in a loud and dictatorial voice, was old, and dressed, besides, in a manner that emphasised not only her age, but the redness of her complexion, and all the little indescribable vulgarities of her appearance; whilst the man, who was stooping to listen to her, displaying a flattering air of deep attention, was tall and well dressed, with a pale face and clearly-cut features, which accorded well with his somewhat languid and careless movements.

"Mrs. Brookes and her friend," laughed Guy, though, as a matter of fact, he felt in anything but a laughing humour. Thus to be hindered at every step when he was longing to ascertain what Stella had to say was too provoking.

"If only we had gone the other way," sighed the step-daughter undutifully. "But now——" she had not time to finish the sentence.

"Ah, Stella! And where have you bin 'iding, I should like to be 'informed? 'Ere 'ave Mr. Clive and I bin 'unting for you 'everywhere!"

From which lavish displacement of aspirates Miss Brookes understood at once that wrath was brewing. The lady was not at all times equally original.

"Only in the drawing-room and the hall, mother," she answered, so quietly that Guy was conscious of a strong desire that she would be less meek. "Do you want me?"

"Not I, 'indeed!" with a toss of her iron-grey head that sent her flower-bedecked bonnet a good inch out of the perpendicular. "But Mr. Clive has been saying 'ow much 'e should like to show you the La France roses. Weren't you?" turning a much more elaborate smile upon the gentleman than that usually accorded to anybody else. But Guy replied, whilst the other was still fidgeting with his eyeglass,

"Ah! We are on our way now. But Mrs. Stanley assures us that her roses do not at all equal yours, Mrs. Brookes."

"She hasn't a Debarr," purred the lady, pacified for an instant by the compliment. Then, adroitly read-dressing herself to the charge, "But it's lucky we met you. Mr. Clive, don't let me trouble you to come further. Guy Ryder will kindly take me 'up to the 'ouse, whilst you and Stella——"

Guy interrupted very quietly, even with a smile, but very decidedly too.

"Excuse me, but I fear I must deny myself the pleasure. I am already engaged, am I not, Stella? You are not going to throw me over, I hope?" For already, though her expression had grown very blank, he saw that she was upon the point of moving towards the expectant Caryl.

"Not unless —" she began. Then stopped, scarcely knowing how she intended to end.

"Unless nothing. I shall not release you, so there! I'll bring her back in a little while, Mrs. Brookes."

With which he passed on, Miss Brookes beside him, leaving Caryl with a rather incomprehensible smile hovering about his lips, and Mrs. Brookes almost speechless with indignation.

"*Hit's* always the way with that feller," she said furiously, when she had recovered her breath sufficiently to speak. "Such cool *himpidence* I never did be'old! I'm really downright *h*ashamed, Mr. Clive, that you should see my silly daughter so bemean *erself*!"

"Miss Stella is too sweet ever to behave unkindly to any one," he answered quietly. "Pray don't distress yourself. I scarcely see how she could have done other than she did. She is not made up of fighting materials, my friend. It is for her always to yield so prettily."

He spoke, as usual, with something of a foreign accent. Whether affected or not, opinions differed, though the general impression prevailed that Mr. Clive was not quite an Englishman. The slight mystery so created rather added to the interest which Shingleby took in him, an interest not likely to be dissipated by explanations upon his part.

"It's very good of you, I'm sure, Mr. Clive," sighed Mrs. Brookes, without indicating in what direction the goodness was to be found. However, she undoubtedly looked relieved, and as they were by this time in the midst of the guests the subject dropped; more quickly, indeed, than was the case with Stella and Guy.

"There!" the girl exclaimed, with her colour rising, as soon as they were out of earshot. "Now you could see for yourself! Oh, Guy, I'm so glad you didn't give me up to him! That's always the way they are going on now, and it makes me so wretched."

Mr. Ryder had quite grasped the situation by this time, helped thereto by Stella's blush. Enlightenment came indeed as a most unpleasant shock. This was worse, far worse, than anything either Jack or he had imagined.

"You don't mean that she tries to throw you two together? To make you care for that ape?" Not quite polite language, perhaps; but then Guy was naturally annoyed, and this was a matter upon which he was likely to feel very strongly indeed.

Stella nodded and blushed again.

"Oh! Guy, don't think me horrid, but I must speak out," she exclaimed desperately. "You are almost as

good as a brother to me"—poor Guy!—"and Mary and Jack are so far away. It isn't only mother. It's Mr. Clive, too. And Helen—she's always chanting his praises, and asking me—oh! all sorts of things. It's only since Jack went; but that seems about a year. And now that mother is behaving so rudely to you you'll stay away from the house. And—oh, I'm so miserable!"

There were tears in her eyes, tears that made it doubly difficult for him to maintain the rôle of brother, which she had but that moment so innocently and frankly assigned him. But the unselfishness of his nature helped him. Not for the world would he, at such a moment, have frightened or embarrassed her.

"And then there's the money! Those two are always at mother, morning, noon, and night, trying to make her sign a big cheque for the payment of their horrid shares! And when I remember all that Jack said I get quite frightened."

"Frightened and miserable! Poor little woman!" with a cheerfulness that Stella found more reassuring than would have been the case had she been aware that it was all assumed for her benefit. "But we mustn't have that sort of thing continue, you know. I believe, after all, you'd better go and look after Mary and her babies."

The brightness of the glance with which he was rewarded showed how great would be the relief and pleasure. But she shook her head.

"After Jack telling me not to desert the ship? I scarcely think I'll be quite such a coward yet. Only don't you feel like talking to mother? At any rate, about the money, Guy. She won't listen to me in the least. I did try, but I gave it up directly, for she only laughed."

"That's what she'll do when I interfere. However," with an air of heroism, "I'll sacrifice myself, and be jeered at if necessary. Only don't be surprised if I fail."

And failure was indeed the certain result of his mission. For when, upon the following morning, he paid a visit to Kingston Villa, he could think of no better way to broach the subject and warn the intended victim than by attacks against every gold mine, sundry and particular, that ever had been started. To all of which Mrs. Brookes listened with the blandest smile, being for some unknown reason in a specially good humour, after which she herself proceeded to the root of the matter with a directness that he found actually appalling.

"Most kind of you, Mr. Ryder,"—it always used to be "Guy,"—"to take so deep a *h*interest in my business. Of course I comprehend your *disinterested*," with a sneer, "*h*objeck in all this. Come to consider though, doesn't it *h*appear to you that I am *h*able to manage my *h*own *h*affairs? I 'ope you don't suppose that I'm in my second child'ood yet, or got softening of the brain?"

The real question in his mind was whether she ever had had any brain at all. But how to say so? How—

ever, the lady proceeded, the pink rose in her cap nodding an emphasis to her words from the position it had taken up over her right ear (it was one of Mrs. Brookes' singularities that her headgear was always crooked, invariably gaudy, and very often rather dirty):

"If I 'ad, you see," with rising temper, "there are nother 'advisers to 'om I should go than you, Mr. Ryder. Clergymen ain't supposed to compe'end figures, and I don't doubt that you're 'only ekill to the rest in that. Now please take it from me once for all——"

"Good-morning! And who is it that is bothering the good friend at this time of the day, when one ought by rights to be still invisible? Surely I never overheard the commencement of a business discussion?"

And with the greatest coolness Caryl Clive slipped into an armchair, and fixed his glasses at a convenient angle for the inspection of the curate. He had altogether the air of being so very much at home that Guy experienced an unpleasant shock. But Mrs. Brookes showed no surprise. Instead, she recovered her temper upon the spot, and began to laugh.

"Oh, Mr. Clive, 'ow you startled me! But I'm glad you've come. Mr. Ryder fears that I 'am a person no longer to be trusted with the control of my 'own little money," she explained merrily. "Yet there 'ave been times when you 'aven't suspected me of squandering it?—eh, Mr. Ryder?"

The allusion was pointed. Up went Guy's shoulders in that familiar shrug.

"If parochial charities are under discussion—but pardon me, Mrs. Brookes. I see that you are determined not to listen. I only hope that all may turn out as well as you anticipate. I suppose that I shall find Stella in the drawing-room?"

And he waited for nothing further, but was already out of hearing before Mrs. Brookes could shout his name after him. "Mr. Ryder! Mr. Ryder!"

Clive, who had followed the retreating form with a frown, rose deferentially.

"You want him? Permit me to summon him."

But she shook her head.

"No, no. It don't signify now, Mr. Clive. You stop 'ere and tell me about the last returns from the Zarina. It was only that I won't 'ave 'im a-untin' 'up Stella like this. 'AFTER what you said to me a Toosday I look on 'er as 'alf your wife a'ready. So——"

"Helen is with Stella," he returned significantly. "Still I can but thank you for your great kindness. And now as to the Zarina. By the way, the shares are being snapped up in the most marvellous manner. If you really want some I should not recommend much further delay. A certain return of sixteen per cent. is not to be obtained safely every day."

And so their talk proceeded, whilst Guy was each moment becoming more and more convinced that he would have no opportunity to-day of informing Stella



"HELEN KNELT IN FRONT OF THE GIRL."

of his ill success. For the Countess Helen had entirely taken possession of Miss Brookes, and appeared by no means desirous of relinquishing the charge.

Her lank, thin arms were clasped round Stella's waist as Helen knelt in front of the girl, and her long, pale, and singularly plain face was raised towards Miss Brookes' rather disgusted visage when Guy entered the room. With a sigh of relief Stella seized the chance to free herself from that clinging embrace by rising to shake hands with the curate.

"Our dear Stella is not looking quite herself of late," the Countess remarked, as a promising opening for conversation. "You agree with me; is it not so? I have been trying to persuade her—ah, so hard!—to let me take her a little trip. Variety, alteration of air and scene, don't you call it? And the dear Madame, she thinks quite as I do."

Perhaps it was owing to her longer residence abroad that Helen's speech was even more decidedly foreign than that of Caryl. But that was a speculation that at present did not interest either Stella or Guy. She was feeling too much alarmed lest such a scheme should actually be carried out. And he was no less startled by the idea of the possibilities which it afforded. Happily, however, he was a man of resource.

"I quite think Miss Brookes needs a change," he said. "Indeed, only yesterday I was urging her to accept Mrs. Jaxon's invitation to Thetfield. Have you written yet to tell them to expect you, Stella? You know, Countess, I am a kind of relative, being so old a friend, and have to look after her in her brother's absence."

Helen's eyes, full of a look of baffled anger, were fixed upon him. But she said nothing, only subsided upon a low stool, and took up the exquisite embroidery which—as she never tired of explaining—she had learned to do in Russia.

"No," from Stella timidly. "But——"

"Then I would write to-day." And his significant smile added strength to his words. "Suppose you scribble a little note now, whilst I talk to the Countess? How soon can you be ready to start? By to-morrow? Wednesday is a very good day for a journey, I always think."

His brotherly manner was just what it ought to have been, just too what Stella needed to support her. She walked across to the writing-table with animation.

"I'll post it," declared Guy, taking possession of the note when finished. And thus the die was cast.

Only even as he walked to the pillar-box, with the envelope still in his hand, he found himself wondering whether he had done wisely in thus acting upon the spur of the moment. Certainly some sort of deliverance was necessary for Stella. But whether the visit of a friend to her might not have been a better arrangement than this virtual capitulation he could not determine.

Yet the letter travelled to Yorkshire by that night's mail. He found it impossible to suggest any disappointment which might again cause a cloud to gather upon Stella's face.

As to Mrs. Brookes when she heard, first from Helen and then from Stella, of the bold way in which matters had been brought to a crisis, her indignation rose high, higher indeed than was quite compatible with caution. For she gave Stella a broad hint of what, at present, she had not meant to tell her.

"Just when you 'ave such a chance, too, a chance that don't come twice in a lifetime," she grumbled. "To marry 'into a fambly like theirs! A countess for a sister-in-law, and a real gentleman for a 'usband! You sha'n't blight your 'own prospects, so there! You'll stay at 'ome along o' me, miss!"

But that was a speech that roused even Stella to protest.

"Nothing in the world would induce me to accept Mr. Clive," she said. "And Mary will expect me now. If I don't go I'm sure she will come and fetch me herself."

This, as Mary Jaxon was no favourite with her step-mother, had the desired effect.

When, however, only two or three days after Stella's departure, Guy's conscience imposed upon him the unpleasant duty of calling upon Mrs. Brookes and personally observing how affairs were going on at Kingston Villa, he did begin very gravely to regret the impulse which had moved him to despatch Stella to her sister. For he found that in her absence the Clive interest was flourishing fast and furiously.

"It was quite too sad to think of our dear Madame all by herself; so lonely, so *triste*!" said Helen, a malicious gleam of triumph in her expression. "So we, Caryl and myself, we have given up our rooms next door, and come to look after her. It was wise? You agree with me?"

Which he certainly did. Very wise—for them.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY'S "LAMBS."



IN the morning following her arrival at Thetfield Stella of course took the opportunity of pouring into Mary's ear the story of her own grievances, and of Mrs. Brookes' foolishness.

"Altogether you can understand how uncomfortable it has been for me," she concluded. "Without Guy, indeed, I don't know what I should have done. But he is just the same as he always was, and as good as a second brother."

"As perfect as Jack, in fact?" Mary insinuated slyly. But that was a heresy by no means allowed to pass unrebuked.

"How can you? Nobody ever has been, or ever will be, my boy's equal. And don't you think that he's growing quite handsome, Mary, lately? Really, since his moustache has come—"

"You absurd child!" her much-amused sister broke in. "You couldn't think more of Jack if he were your husband!"

"Husband indeed!" with the contempt of the unattached maiden for that, as yet, unknown article. Then, with a change of tone, as she glanced out of the window, "Here comes *your* husband, though, and his brother with him. They're not one scrap alike, Mary. What a nice man Dr. Jaxon is!"

"Thanks, dear, for the compliment to Walter." Then, seeing Stella's face of dismay, she laughed. "Silly girl! Of course I understand. For one thing, Harry isn't a quarter as good-looking as my man, are you, Harry?" as the pair entered.

"Not a quarter," he responded with readiness. "Oh yes; I distinctly caught your civil speech whilst I was in the hall," in answer to her stare of surprise. She had not bargained for such quickness of hearing. "But where are the bairns? I promised May to bring some 'shoc'let cweams' as she calls them, and I should like her to appreciate the manner in which I keep my vows."

He was already depositing various bags, each containing about half-a-pound of goodies, upon a neighbouring table, whilst Mary regarded him with smiling eyes. His was indeed a pleasant face to look at, with its broad brow, and clever, keen expression. But the features were too strongly marked for beauty, and beside the tall figure of the vicar he looked, as indeed he was, distinctly short, far below even middle height.

"I trust you don't intend to give that solid mass of indigestion and general seediness to my youngest born, Hal! And you a doctor, too, who ought to know better," remarked Mr. Jaxon, as the sound of chattering voices outside became audible. "Why, May would gobble the lot up in five minutes, and never dream of the consequences. However, you'll be on the spot to physic her for nothing, which is an undoubted consolation."

"Only he never considers any less abstruse subjects than nerves and brains worthy of men," interposed Mary. "Come, my darlings. Why, May, what's the matter?"

For that young person had paused in the middle of the carpet, with large round eyes fixed upon Stella's face, whilst every sign of trouble was written upon her own. Finally the tears rose, and began to roll silently down her cheeks.

"My pet, what is it?" from the anxious young mother. "See what uncle has for you, May. Don't cry."

The sound of rustling paper had an undeniably cheering effect, and one glance inside the packet offered readily by her devoted relative banished the yet remaining gloom. It was not until after a very large chocolate oystershell had disappeared that May was able sufficiently to disengage her mind from her appetite to remember her sadness again. Then, however, heaving a big sigh, she remarked, "May fought it was Godmovvy."

Ivy chimed in there, her silvery little tone of explanation not untinted by contempt.

"Yes! Isn't *that* May a goose, Granny?" she remarked from her post upon the grandmother's knee. "She thought that Auntie Wynne was here as well as Auntie Stella. And she *wouldn't* believe when I told her that she was entirely mistaken," pronouncing the big words with a delicious air of satisfaction.

"And I do *want* my Godmovvy!" from May, with whom Wynne was an immense favourite.

"So do I!" echoed Stella. "You wouldn't believe, Mary, how little we do see of each other at Shingleby. I *wish* you could ask her. Her holidays begin to-day, and as Guy can't get away they are not going anywhere. By the way, we could put off the Lazenby expedition until she was here, couldn't we?"

"But I haven't a spare corner. This house is as full as it will stick already, isn't it, Walter?"

"Nonsense! She shall sleep with me," declared Stella.

"And me, and dollie!" added May.

But though that final amendment was not carried, a letter was written, conveying the pressing invitation of all concerned; much to Stella's gratification.

"I'm so delighted that I'll actually be kind enough to come and take that Miss Radnor's place at the night-school this very evening, though I don't know in the least how I shall manage your ruffians, Mary. There, just as if I had not stated at breakfast that

nothing should induce me!" the girl remarked, as soon as the note had been despatched.

"Oh, I was sure you'd not hold out," said Mary, with a comfortable confidence in her own powers of persuasion. "Where are you going now, Walter?"

"It's my day for the hospital, dear. Don't wait dinner if I'm late." And with a parting glance at his wife, "Be sure that May says grace in my absence."

Mary looked up with a warning "Hush!" However, finding that May was far too much occupied with "shoc'lets," to be disturbed by anything short of an earthquake, she added explainingly to Stella, "It is brief if not satisfactory. Just 'Amen.' I'm afraid she can't be a very good child, for she does so object to more."

Walter was late, just as he had expected to be, in returning from his visits to those bed-sides of suffering, and he looked tired and worn by the time that he re-entered his home. Mary, as usual, met him upon the doorstep, and, having hung up his hat for him, slipped her arm through his in silent sympathy, to lead him to the dining-room where food awaited him. She understood a little of the hopeless, helpless feeling engendered by the sight of pain, for which there is no present alleviation, and was accustomed to the task of cheering her husband upon such occasions as the present, by talking upon any and every subject that came uppermost. But to-day, after she had attended to his wants, and filled his plate, words seemed to come less readily than was their custom.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Walter asked at last, leaning back in his chair, and looking at her grave face. He himself was already beginning to feel revived and refreshed by the food and rest.

"Am I too sedate?" with a little start and a laugh. "Well, to tell the truth, I have my lesson for to-night, my 'talk' to the boys, you understand, running in my head. Don't you think, Walter, that it is strange how little people think about Our Lord having died to save body and brain, as well as soul? One hardly ever hears a sermon about it; and I don't fancy that most folks even believe that it is true."

He nodded rather thoughtfully.

"I began to tell the lads something of it on Monday, and promised to explain more to-night. I wonder if I shall ever make it clear to them."

"At any rate, there is a tangible basis," returned the clergyman. "The body is distinctly visible, whilst as to the soul, I imagine that most of your lambs would only have the vaguest ideas concerning it. By the way, haven't I heard you mention a Tom Beresford—a young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts—who attends the class?"

"Yes, and quite one of the nicest members. He is always attentive, though not half so clever as Stacey or Furniss. Why?"

"He's had an accident this week, poor fellow," said her husband. And Mary, who comprehended a little of what that might mean, sighed and shuddered.

"What is it? Serious?"

"I'm afraid so. He was splashed with the Bessemer steel, and burnt a good deal besides. The doctors don't give much hope of him."

"Shall I go and see him this afternoon?" she asked eagerly. "I'm sure he'd like it, if he is strong enough."

"He wouldn't recognise you, dear. Wait for a day or two, and I'll be sure to tell you when it would be of use. It is such a tremendous walk for you, down that hill and up again. No good to waste your energies."

After such news it was with rather a saddened heart that Mary that evening started upon her pilgrimage to the schools, though it was pleasant enough to have Stella to enliven the ten minutes' walk by her account of Shingleby doings and sayings, as well as by various inquiries upon the subject of Mary's own work and interests.

Charley Furniss was in his place as usual when the sisters entered the schoolroom together.

The young man had his left arm in a sling, and looked paler than when last his teacher had seen him.

"Have you hurt yourself, too?" she asked, as she handed round the copybooks to her class.

"Joost a splash o' steel, ma'am. It fell on me same toime as Beresford got burnt."

No more was said then. She saw, from the change upon his countenance as he spoke, how great had been the shock to him of his friend's misadventure. Nor was that any surprise to her. She was well aware how greatly the nerves of even the strongest workmen will sometimes suffer after they have been spectators of such a calamity. But she went up to him later on, and bent to look at his writing.

"Very good, in spite of the bad arm." Then, after a pause, "Have you heard how Tom is to-day, Charley?"

"He wor main and bad yesterday," in a low tone. Then, "We wor a-talkin' o' yow joost as it coom."

"Yes? And what were you saying?"

"About oor bodies. Yow mind what yow said last Moonday? And Tom, he'd joost bin axing me ef I thowt Christ coom t' save oos fra gettin' hurt."

"Poor fellow!" with tears in her eyes. "Well, you'll hear more about it to-night, Charley, by-and-by, I hope."

She looked grave and a little troubled when the time came for her to speak, however. The lads had a very real hold upon Mrs. Jaxon's affections, and the idea of Beresford upon his bed of suffering weighed on her generally high spirits. But in the hush that succeeded to the clatter of clearing away slates, and scrambling for fresh places well in front of the desk, she began at last to speak.

"I hope that every one who has heard of Beresford's

accident has offered a short prayer for him," she said.

"Just ask the Lord Jesus to remember that poor body of his that pains him so much. Have you?"

No response, although one or two faces looked as though there were much that might be said.

"I hear that Beresford was

wondering, just before the steel fell upon him, whether Christ died to save us from being hurt. No, lads. That was not it. But I think He, the dear Lord, gave His Body for us that ours might never endure one little pang more than was good and necessary for us. What, Riley? Say it again, please."

"Can't be good to be hurted." That was Riley's opinion.

"No. But still—Fred Shirt, has your sister begun to wear that boot with the irons which the doctor ordered?"

There was a sudden surprise visible upon most of the upturned countenances. It was so queer a change of subject. But Fred, a crooked lad, with legs that went in at the knees and out at the ankles in a terrible fashion, nodded.

"Does she like them?"

"Noa; th' hurts her bad. But mother maks her



"THE SISTERS ENTERED THE SCHOOLROOM TOGETHER."

keep 'em on. T' little 'un shai'n't be loike me, if so be as oos can stop it," with the utter absence of sensitiveness as to his own deformity, so frequently to be observed in his class. But of that the listeners thought nothing. Already the keen Yorkshire wit had grasped the point of the illustration, and eyes grew bright with intelligence.

"And yet," Mary went on quietly, but addressing the whole school now, "Mrs. Shirt does, I am sure, love her little girl, though she compels her to suffer. So it is because He loves us, and sees that it is needful for us, that our Father does, in the same way, sometimes give our bodies pain and discomfort to bear in order that, through bodily agony, our——"

"Souls may be made betther," suggested O'Hara in the pause.

"Yes. And our characters formed. That means that we may see that this world is not all bright and cheerful, and that, therefore, we may not grow to love it too well. A man that loves this world very much will be selfish, and do just what is easiest at the moment. But he who looks forward to a happier and better home will try to fit himself for it. He'll be honest, and sober, and industrious, and even clean, because God wants him to be so, and because that is a preparation for Heaven. I wonder if you understand now that, instead of Christ having died to prevent us from being hurt, to bear pain and suffering may be exactly one of the purposes for which He redeemed our bodies? Not the only purpose, but one of many. Do you see, lads?"

There was a hum of assent.

"And now I'm going to stop. Only I want you to tell me something. When I gave you your new copy-book to-night, Richards, what did you do with it?"

Richards, a fresh-comer, coloured and fidgeted shyly. So, at a nod from Mrs. Jaxon, Stacey replied for him.

"Wrote his name in it," he answered.

"And just in the same way when you and I were Baptised, the clergyman, in making the sign of the Cross on our foreheads, said it was in token that 'hereafter we should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified.' Lads, if we remembered that always shouldn't we sometimes behave very differently from what we do now?"

"Lots of oos niver wor Baptised," remarked Stacey aloud. "Not me nor Charley here, for two."

A remark which gave Mrs. Jaxon rather a shock, and much subsequent food for thought. She had not hitherto guessed at the utter neglect which some of those poor young men had experienced. But for the moment she said no more.

"I never supposed that our Lord died to save our bodies," Stella remarked on the way home meditatively to Walter, who had come to meet them. "I don't see how Mary gets it out of the Bible, anyway."

"No? And yet 'ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body.' That's so, isn't it?"

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ON CONFIRMATION.

"The doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands."—HEB. vi. 2.

BY THE REV. CANON BURBIDGE,

Vicar of St. Michael's-in-the-Hamlet, Liverpool.

THE Church, in the arrangements which she has made for the benefit of her members, has retained the ancient rite of Confirmation. It is the necessary consequence of her views on Infant Baptism. It is evident that she does not consider Baptism as complete without Confirmation. She regards the latter, as Dean Goulburn calls it, as "the complement of Baptism." Here are the words of the Rubric attached to the Service in the Prayer Book: "There shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed or be ready to be confirmed." None, therefore, can doubt that the Church of England attaches great importance to Confirmation.

Yet the language she uses concerning it implies the conviction, that, if not commanded by the Word of God, it is in accordance with it. After the Bishop has laid his hand upon the persons he says in the prayer he offers: "We make our humble supplication unto Thee for these Thy servants, upon whom, after the example of the holy Apostles, we have now laid our hands."

Here is a direct appeal to the Scriptures of the New Testament, reminding us of the words which stand at the head of this paper, "*The doctrine of baptisms and of laying on of hands.*"

That this is the origin of the rite there can be no doubt. Bishop Titcomb, in his *Church Lessons for Young Churchmen*, says of it: "It takes its rise from an old practice of a similar kind which we find in the Acts of the Apostles. It appears to have been a custom of the Apostles, after certain intervals of time, to revisit the infant churches which they had planted for the purpose of looking after their converts, of cheering and encouraging them, and establishing them in the faith of Christ. On such occasions they laid their hands upon them."

"*The doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands.*" This is certainly a strong passage in support of the rite of Confirmation. Calvin, the great continental reformer, thought so much of it that he said: "If there were no other text this is sufficient to prove Confirmation the doctrine of Scripture."

Be this as it may, we, who are members of the Church of England, are not afraid to appeal to the New Testament. In Acts viii. we read that Philip the Deacon went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ to the Samaritans. We further read: "When they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the Kingdom of God, and the Name of Jesus Christ, they were baptised, both men and women." Then we have the following record: "Now when the Apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the Word of God they sent unto them Peter and John, who, when they had come down, prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost (for as yet He was fallen upon none of them, only they were baptised in the Name of the Lord Jesus). Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

And it is very important to see that the practice of laying on of hands upon those who had been baptised did not cease with the Apostles. We have abundant proof of this on the page of early Church history. Thus Tertullian, who lived only about eighty years after St. John, writes: "After Baptism succeeds the laying on of

hands by prayer, calling for and inviting the Holy Ghost." Cyprian, who lived in the next century, writes concerning the record of Acts viii.: "The same thing is practised among us—that they who are baptised are presented to those who preside over the Church, that by their prayers and laying on of hands they may obtain the Holy Ghost and be perfected with the seal of Christ."

Again, in the next century, we find Jerome writing: "If you ask where Confirmation is written, it is written in the Acts of the Apostles; but if there were no authority of Scripture for it, yet the consent of all the world upon this particular would be instead of a command." We see, then, that the rite of Confirmation has its origin in a practice of the Apostles themselves, and, further, that it has prevailed from the days of the Apostles down to the present hour in a large section of the Christian Church.

Our Church—true to the spirit of moderation which distinguishes her—does not claim for Confirmation any Scriptural command, but she sees in the record of the primitive Church a practice suggestive of it; she notifies the fact that the practice was observed after the Apostles had passed away, and, therefore, claiming the right of appointing her own ceremonies and institutions, she has retained it for the benefit and blessing of her children.

But, whatever doubt may be thrown upon the position which the Church of England takes in this matter, we may safely contend that Confirmation may stand firmly on its own intrinsic merits. No sincere Churchman will be found who is not sensible of its inestimable value. We are quite sure that no conscientious clergyman could be found who could question its importance. The preparation-classes bring him into connection with the young members of his flock, and supply him with one of the most interesting engagements of his ministry.

It affords him an opportunity of dealing with souls which the public services cannot provide. And to the devout mind what can be more impressive than the scene presented on "Confirmation Day"?—"Do ye here in the presence of God and of this congregation renew the solemn promise and vow that was made for you at your baptism, ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe and to do all these things which your Godfathers and Godmothers then undertook for you?" That is the Bishop's question.

Who can listen to the brief but pregnant answer, "I do," without a thrill of joy, and the silent prayer that Divine strength may follow it? My dear readers, let me urge you to think over what I have written. Guard against all the flippant views of this ancient and most solemn rite which prevail among too many professing Christians. It is probable they have never considered it; it is probable they have never witnessed a Confirmation in their lives; it is probable they are not aware that the occasion has been the turning-point in many a spiritual history. They know little or nothing of all this, and how can they be competent judges on the question?

Surely every Christian who is witness of such a scene as a Confirmation presents will rejoice at the sight of those who early in their life avow themselves to be the soldiers and servants of Jesus Christ; and, as they see them received into full communion at the Table of the Lord, will they not pray that they may be kept by the grace of God faithful and true to their Confirmation vow onward to the end?

RICHES without charity are nothing worth; they are a blessing only to him who makes them a blessing to others.
FIELDING.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

II. THE ARCHDEACON OF LLANDAFF.



LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

THE venerable John Griffiths, B.D., Archdeacon of Llandaff, was born in the year 1820, at Parc-y-Neuadd, in the parish of Ciliau-Aeron, in the county of Cardigan. His father belonged to a Pembroke family of high standing in the history of the county, and was also connected with the well-known family of the Pictons. Placed at a very early age under the charge of a private tutor, he was sent, when thirteen years old, to Cardigan Grammar School, of

which he subsequently became Headmaster. At the age of seventeen he matriculated at St. David's College, Lampeter, where he had a distinguished career, obtaining a Scholarship and a First Class in Classics. After holding the Head Mastership of Cardiganshire Grammar School for four years, he was ordained, in the year 1843, by Dr. Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff, to the Curacy of Aberystwith, in Monmouthshire. In the following year he was appointed to the Perpetual Curacy of Nantyglo, where he remained for two years. From 1846 to 1855 he held the Rectory of Llansannor, in Glamorganshire, to which he was nominated by Sir Joseph Bailey, of Glanusk, and for a part of the time had also the charge of a neighbouring parish, St. Mary Hill. In 1855, on the nomination of the trustees of the Marquis of Bute, he was instituted into the important living of Neath, with Llantwit, of which he is still Rector. In 1877 he was appointed by Bishop Ollivant Canon Residentiary and Archdeacon of Llandaff. He is also Governor of Christ's College, Brecon, member of the Councils of Aberystwyth and Cardiff University Colleges, Welsh Examiner of St. David's College, Lampeter, and Chaplain and Welsh Examining Chaplain to the present Bishop of Llandaff. In 1877 Archbishop Tait conferred upon him the Lambeth Degree of B.D.

One of his first undertakings at Neath was to establish proper provision for the education of the young, with the result that large and commodious school buildings were erected, affording accommodation for a thousand children, and completed at a cost of more than £3,000. The right of the Welsh-speaking parishioners (of which they had been deprived for nearly a century) to religious services in their own language found in the new Rector a ready vindicator, the Parish Church being devoted to their use, while a new church, one of the largest and most imposing

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II.—ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON.



THE ARCHDEACON OF LLANDAFF.

in the Principality, was erected for the use of the English. It affords sitting accommodation for twelve hundred, and cost £11,000. It would be difficult to say in which of the two languages the Archdeacon feels most at home. He wields both English and Welsh with such consummate skill that it is interesting to watch the natural ease with which he glides from one into the other when addressing a mixed audience. At a national Eisteddfod he will play upon the emotions of his countrymen with such fervid eloquence that the vast gathering is roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

The Archdeacon has been prominently identified with the Educational movement, which has secured for Wales three State-aided University Colleges, and has been one of the guiding spirits of a movement for popularising the Welsh language in the elementary schools.

Our portrait has been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from a photograph by Moseley of Neath.

SOUTH LINCOLNSHIRE is not that section of the map of England and Wales to which, as a rule, the votaries of Cook, Baedeker, and Murray turn their attention when planning a summer holiday. Yet it has its charms, and for the archæologist these are neither few nor small. Within its limits are to be found more, and more noble, churches than within any other area of the same extent in our agricultural counties. And, imperial amongst these, rises the parish church of St. Botolph's, Boston, with its unrivalled tower—so simple in its stateliness, so stately in its simplicity—the pride and glory of all the country round.

Little is known of St. Botolph, the patron saint of this church, except that he and his brother, St. Adolph, were Englishmen, born about the middle of the seventh century. Having a desire to build a monastery, St. Botolph was commended to Ethelmund, a prince amongst the East Angles, who granted him land for the purpose. "Now," says the old chronicler, "he did not desire that for his sake any one should be driven out of his hereditary possessions, but rather that some place unpossessed and uncultivated should be assigned him, that there he might build a church, and congregate brethren to serve God, by whose pious lives and prayers his principality might be established in this world, and an eternal kingdom prepared for him in the world to come. This request the prince willingly granted, whereupon the venerable father chose a certain untilled place where none dwelt, named Icanho. Where this place called Icanho was seated is now uncertain. Some place it not far from the city of Lincoln; and, indeed, in that province, where the river Witham enters the sea, there is a town called Boston, but more truly Botolph's town, 'for,' saith Camden, 'it being formerly by Bede called Icanhoe, took a new name from Botolph, a most holy Saxon.'" He is said to have died A.D. 680, and was buried in the monastery which he had built. After the ravages of the Danes his ashes were



ST. BOTOLPH'S, BOSTON.



THE CHOIR.

removed, part to the Cathedral of Ely, part to Thorney Abbey, and part to Westminster.

A church existed on the site of this monastery in the eleventh century, and was handed over by Alan Rufus, Earl of Brittany, to the Abbey of St. Mary at York in 1090. In 1298 the taxation upon the full value of the church, as taken by Edward I., was £51 6s. 8d. The first stone of the present steeple was laid in 1309. The building of the church went on during two hundred years, and covered the reigns of ten kings. The present nave and chancel formed the first design. Afterwards the magnificent tower was added, upon the foundation previously laid, and the chancel lengthened. At present the building consists of a nave, with north and south aisles, a chancel, the great west tower, a south porch, and a chapel at the south-west angle of the south aisle. This chapel was restored in 1853 by the people of Boston, America, as a memorial to John Cotton, a former vicar of Boston.

"The great beauty of the tower of Boston Church"—we quote from Pishey Thompson's *History of Boston*, to which we are indebted for much of the information in this article—"consists in its magnificent and grand proportions, and in the true relations which it bears to the body of the church, to which it was an addition. It is divided in its height into four stories. The lightness of the second story, with its double windows canopied, cannot be too highly praised." The tower contains a peal of eight large bells, and a beautiful set of carillons.

The exterior of the church is rich in architectural beauty. The parapet of the east end of the north aisle is a lovely specimen of Perpendicular work of the time of Henry VIII., unequalled for fineness and delicacy of execution. At the apex of the parapet is an opening for the *sanctus* bell, which was formerly suspended here. There are canopied niches between the windows, in some of which the statues are yet remaining. The crocketed pinnacles on the east and west angles of the north aisle are rich in decoration—the western one having angels in canopied niches; and the eastern, figures of armed knights. On the south side

of the tower is a statue of St. Botolph.

The interior of the church is grand in its simplicity and in the harmony of its proportions. The tower is roofed with a magnificent stone vaulting, at the height of 156 feet,—the highest vaulted roof in England. The nave is separated from the aisles by seven pointed arches on clustered pillars. In each aisle are altar-tombs, with recumbent figures, chiefly knights in armour. Here are also some magnificent brasses of almost unrivalled delicacy of execution. The *miserere* seats in the chancel, sixty-three in number, are fine specimens of old oak carving. They are in some sort reflections of the manners and modes of thought of their time, a few of them being more satirical than reverent, but all characterised by boldness and originality. Over these are canopies of beautiful modern work, mostly given

by families of the town and neighbourhood. The late Canon Blenkin, during his vicariate of more than forty years, spared no effort to restore and perpetuate the beauty of this magnificent church, over £11,000 being spent upon it during that time. The vaulted roofing of the tower, the restoration of the richly decorated west doorway, the completion of the chancel stalls, and various external repairs, remain as an enduring monument to his love for the venerable fabric in which he ministered so long. Behind the holy table has lately been placed a magnificent reredos—the gift of a lady resident in the town. It is of carved oak, executed from the design of Mr. S. Weatherley, of London, by Mr. Elwell, of Beverley. In the sanctuary are two brazen candelabra, containing over one hundred and twenty lights, also the gift of two ladies in the town.

The dimensions of the church are as follows:—

Height of tower and lantern	300 feet.
Length of church	245 "
Width	98 "
Height of nave	61 "

The different parts of the church correspond with the different periods of time—namely,

Steps to the tower, 365; corresponding with days in a year.
Windows in church, 52; corresponding with weeks in a year.
Pillars in church, 12; corresponding with months in a year.
Doors in church, 7; corresponding with days in a week.
Steps to library, 24; corresponding to hours in a day.
Stairs to chancel, 60 (each); corresponding to minutes in an hour.

Boston has sometimes been compared to Antwerp; and, indeed, it is a sort of little Antwerp on its own account, with the Witham, narrowing through level pasture lands, for its Scheldt, and the church of St. Botolph for its

cathedral. And, like its elder sister, it has its quaint old houses, many-gabled, massive, and its timbered warehouses and wharves, busy at high tide with the barges and fishing craft that cluster round them. And, planted in amongst the dwellings, quiet gardens stretch down to the river, gardens with each its water-gate and its mossy steps, and its flat-bottomed boat, fashioned for a leisurely drift towards the "deeps" of a summer evening. There is no pleasanter picture in all the Low Counties than may be seen from the sluice bridge of Boston at sunset, when the low light gleams on the red-sailed fishing boats, and tips the pennons of the Dutch vessels that lazily swing by the old town bridge; and the tower shows purple against the clear gold of the western sky, every stone of it mirrored arch for arch, pinnacle for pinnacle, in the full-tided river below.

We may conclude this little sketch with Longfellow's own words to Boston:—

"St. Botolph's town. Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard;
So may that sacred name for ever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power
That lies concentrated in a single word."

Our illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Hackford, Church Close, Boston, and have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co. E. T. S.

"MY MOTHER CHURCH."

BY M. F. MAUDE.

Author of "Thine for Ever, God of Love."

"The prayers of my mother, the Church of England, what prayers are like them?"

Life of George Herbert.

"When he called for prayers, the question was asked, 'What prayers?' 'Always the Church prayers,' was his reply. I never before realised so fully that prayer of our Church, 'Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.'"

Life of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott.

MY Mother Church! Thy holy prayers
I lisped with infant breath;
And oh! I hope that they will rise
From my cold lips in death;
For from the very Fount of Life
Thou drawest undefiled
The pure, sweet waters of the Truth
For every thirsting child.
By Thee upon my infant brow
The holy sign was set,
That marked me for the coming strife,
Unconscious babe, as yet;
But willingly, in riper years,
I heard Thy call to stand,
Grasping the Banner of the Cross
Thou gavest to my hand.
And oh! if many faithless prove
In an unfaithful age,
Let me but cling with deeper love
To my sweet heritage;
Still, though of youth and vigour shorn,
Let me that standard clasp,
Until by stronger hands 'tis borne
From my last dying grasp.

Then, in Thy fold, with "voice from Heaven,"
Oh, lay me down to sleep,
Close to the dear and faithful dead,
Where angels vigil keep;
Till the last trumpet's thrilling blast
Shall pierce the upheaving sod,
And the glad wakers rise and spring
Into the Light of God.

A THOUGHT FOR ASH WEDNESDAY.

BY THE REV. J. R. VERNON, M.A.,

Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgewater;
Author of "The Harvest of a
Quiet Eye," etc.



NCE again it comes—
a time for self-recollection; a time for self-searching; a time for repentance; a time for more special self-denial; a time for revenges upon appetites for old sinful indulgences; a time for discipline, for self-restraint; for accustoming, by controlling them in innocent things, strong passions to obedience in urgent temptations.

Prayer and Fasting. Our Lord Himself speaks of these as of utmost importance in casting out strong evil, in following after hardly attained good. No saint of God has attained to high holiness without earnest use of the former of these means. Perhaps it may be said the same of the latter also. In what degree may it be applicable to any one of us must be left to honest, prayerful self-examination to discover. But the exercise, more or less severe, of denying the unruly passions and lusts of the flesh is, believe me, a necessary thing for many—a salutary thing for all.

Training is necessary for runners in a race; and our race is one requiring all our powers of endurance. Stint of the body's fulness, in order to free the pinions of the Spirit, has been found, by those who have tried the experiment, of great value towards the increase of earnestness and undistractedness in devotion. Scoff not at it, dear friend, until you have prayerfully tried it, and then you will not scorn it.

The practice of Fasting is one belonging to no party in the Church. In our Prayer Book we find it ordered, in accordance with the teaching of the Bible; and such men as Henry Venn and John Wesley most strongly recommend this aid to spirituality, by their lips and by their practice.

In short—thou who sneerest at it—art thou in earnest in pursuing after holiness? Hast thou ever made a beginning in running the Christian race? That is the question. For all earnest runners agree in valuing a means concerning whose due performance the Saviour Himself gave rules. Deny thyself somewhat in Lent. *At least*, give more of your time from the world to God.

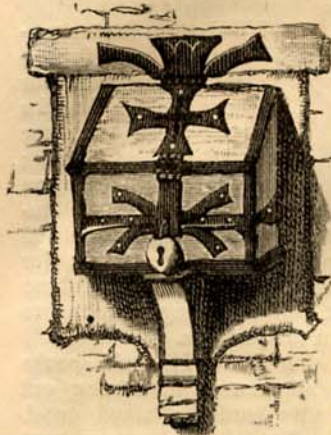
A Word about Words.

THE sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make our greatest and sweetest duties.

GOING TO CHURCH ON WEEKDAYS: A LENTEN MEDITATION.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE clergy—and in recent years their number has been rapidly increasing—who have daily prayers are often attacked by the questions: "Why do you have so many services? What is the good of them? People cannot, or will not, come to church every day. Why don't you discontinue them?" The people who ask such questions are not—as we might naturally suppose—irreligious or indifferent cavillers. On the contrary, they are often earnest and

deeply spiritual Christians.

The obvious reply is to refer them to the Rubric at the commencement of their Prayer Book, which runs as follows: "And all priests and deacons are to say *daily* the Morning and Evening Prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause."

This rule, which in past years has been almost universally ignored, gives a conclusive answer to the objections above referred to. The injunction is laid down in very clear terms; and, unless the clergy are to have the power of obeying or disregarding, at will, their "marching orders," it is certain that they have no option but to say the "Offices," either publicly or privately, when not prevented by some real cause.

But the Rubric goes farther. It adds: "And the Curate" (*i.e.*, the Rector or Vicar, who has the "cure of souls") "in every Parish Church or Chapel, being at home, and not being otherwise reasonably hindered, shall say the same in the Parish Church or Chapel where he ministereth, and shall cause a bell to be tolled there unto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word, and to pray with him."

We find, then, that the clergy are required, under ordinary circumstances, to say Prayers daily. They may say the services either privately at home or in church. Unless there is some real hindrance, they are instructed to follow the latter course, and are to remind the congregation, by the ringing of the church bell, that it is their privilege also to join in the service.

This, I think, deals with the objection to the "daily offices" on account of the smallness of the congregation. There may be many present, or there may be none. But this in no way affects obedience to the rule laid down.

The motive for the Rubric is to show that the Parish Church is the real spiritual home of all the parishioners; that provision is made for any who will to worship daily in God's House; and that, whether they are able or not to join in the prayers, they can at least feel that intercessions are being offered up by the clergy on behalf of those over whom they are appointed to have "the cure and government of souls."

We know how easy it is to find reasonable and convenient excuses for not availing ourselves of the frequent opportunities of worship which are placed within our

reach. Sometimes they are genuine, and sometimes the reverse. In many cases, no doubt, the ties of family and household duties, in many the requirements of daily work, make it an impossibility to take part in the daily services. But a favourite excuse is often made—*viz.*, that the use of the same form day after day is wearisome and monotonous. This is not altogether accurate, for the Psalms and the Lessons are different each day; while the experience of many will bear me out in saying that in the case of the Church Offices, as in the case of private prayer, familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, endears the collects and prayers to the hearts of those who offer them with earnestness and faith. If any reader of these lines doubts the truth of my statement, let him (or her) make the experiment, and attend the daily services regularly for two or three months.

The clergy are fully alive to the fact that, for the reasons given above, only a *small* proportion of the parishioners have the time or opportunity for joining morning and evening in the services. If they can attend they are heartily welcome. If they are prevented, let them at least abstain from censuring, or objecting to, those who take part therein.

But, because participation in the daily tribute of prayer and praise in God's house is impossible to many, this is no reason why occasional week-day attendance may not be practised.

There are very few churches now which are rigidly kept locked and barred from Sunday evening until the following Sunday morning. In those that are not open daily for public or private prayer there is generally one or more week-day service—usually a Wednesday evening service and sermon; and the great increase in daily services in Lent, both in town and country, has been most marked in recent years.

Here is an excellent opportunity for religious-minded people to cast aside, for a brief space, the cares and engrossments of business or pleasure, and, in accordance with Christ's command to His Apostles, in the midst of their pressing duties, to "come apart and rest awhile."

There never was a time when men needed spiritual rest and refreshment so much as they need them to-day. The worries of life—social, commercial, private—are continually on the increase. One engagement follows another with startling rapidity. People are coming and going, so that we have no leisure so much as to eat the spiritual food provided for us on every hand.

The opportunities of private communing with God—of the invigoration of the soul which comes from gathering together in the House of God in Jesus' Name, and, where possible, attending a week-day celebration of the Holy Communion—are very helpful and very strengthening.

How peaceful and happy are those who can say with the Psalmist: "Oh! how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God."

TO BE REMEMBERED.

EACH day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

IF it were not for labour, man neither could eat so much, nor relish so pleasantly, nor sleep so soundly, nor be so healthful, nor so useful, nor so strong, nor so patient, nor so noble, nor so untempted.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

AMONG a multitude of good things Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said none better than this—"The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, 'Why wasn't it done the other way?'"

A TROUBLESOME GUEST.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING,

Author of "Denis O'Neil," etc.

CONCE upon a time a great trouble was brought into a house in the shape of a new inmate.

The house was a very pretty one. Lace curtains hung in the windows; there were new carpets on the floors, and pictures on the walls; flower-pots stood on the window-sills, and a canary sang in a cage all day long, filling the house with music.

A husband and wife, whose names were George and Kate, lived there, and they thought that there was no place like it all the world over. When they went out for a walk together they used to look at all the houses they passed, but they never saw any to compare with their own little home. George went to work every day, and while he was gone Kate swept and dusted and washed and cooked, and when he came home in the evening she sat down to her needlework, while he rested in his arm-chair and read aloud to her. It seemed as if two people had never been so happy before!

But all this was quite changed when the new inmate came to take up his abode with them. George gave a start when he saw him first; he really was dreadfully ugly! He was very bald, he had a mottled red face, which he was always screwing up into all kinds of odd shapes, and, as he had no teeth, some of the grimaces he made were terrible.

Then, too, his manners were decidedly odd. When he first saw George he doubled up his fist and hit out at him, and if George had not stepped back hastily he must have had a blow right in his eye. But he did stranger things even than this. When people go out to stay they always take their luggage with them; but this queer inmate came without anything at all; and more than this, he seemed to expect that everything he wanted could be provided for him. The more trouble he gave George and Kate the better he seemed to like it, and always appeared to think that they ought to be ready to wait upon him. He used to begin shouting for his breakfast about five o'clock in the morning, and if Kate did not get up to prepare it at once he made such a commotion that you would have thought the roof must come off. He never seemed to remember that George worked hard all day, and that he ought to have a good night's rest, or that he wanted to have his breakfast before he went out in the morning.

Nor did he behave any better after George had gone. He would wait till Kate had just poured the water into the wash-tub, or till she was in the middle of making something for dinner, and then he would call for her so long and so loud that she was obliged to leave what she was doing and run to see what he wanted. It was really very tiresome.

But perhaps what was most vexing of all was the way in which he spoilt their quiet time in the evening. George would come in feeling very tired and pull off his boots, and just as he settled himself by the fire in his warm slippers and began to read aloud to his wife, there would come a shout and a scuffle in the middle of the most interesting part, and down would go Kate's work, and her thimble would go one way, and her cotton reels another, and off she would have to fly.

But there was one thing about him that was more strange than all the rest. If people are obliged to give a great deal of trouble they generally try to repay their friends for it in some way; but this curious person never seemed to think about it at all. He did not once offer to

pay for his board and lodging, nor for the many things that were got for him; not even when George had to take to working over hours to be able to pay for them. He never said he was sorry when he called them up in the night, or when he wanted things done for him in the day; in fact, he appeared to think that he had a right to all.

It seemed very strange that George and Kate did not tell him that he really must go, and send for a policeman to turn him out if he refused; but they did nothing of the sort, and, what was even more wonderful, they really did not seem to mind his way of going on. Some of the neighbours told Kate when he came that her husband would go out in the evenings now, and that he would not care to be at home if he could not be first in his own house; but their words were quite untrue, for George seemed more pleased than ever to come home when his work was done, and Kate, instead of growing cross and ill-tempered with all the extra steps she had to take, laughed and sang as she went about the house, and looked brighter and happier every day.

What could be the explanation of such a mystery?

Were George and Kate out of their minds?

Not at all. And did they not grow tired of their troublesome guest? No; on the contrary, he became dearer to them every day, and they declared to all their friends that they would not know what happiness was until they had an inmate like theirs, for, in spite of all the work and the worry that he gave them, there was nothing in all the world they loved so well as their precious little baby!



RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINÉ,
Vicar of Grove Park West, London; Author of "The Battle of Belief,"
"The Sceptic's Creed," "The Voice of the Prayer Book," etc.

JOHAN STUART MILL says: "So long as human life is insufficient to satisfy human aspirations, so long there will be a craving for higher things, which finds its most obvious satisfaction in religion. So long as earthly life is full of suffering, so long there will be need of consolations, which the hope of heaven affords to the selfish, the love of God to the tender and grateful. The value, therefore, of religion to the individual, both in the past and present, as a source of personal satisfaction and elevated feelings, is not to be disputed." But the eminent philosopher and economist makes a further statement, charged with a pathos that will be best understood by those who have read the cold, sad story of his life. He points out that the man without religious faith "loses one valuable consolation"—but how many besides?—"the hope of reunion with those dear to him who have ended their earthly life before him. The loss indeed," says Mill, "is neither to be denied nor extenuated. In many cases it is beyond the reach of comparison or estimate." Yes, verily, it is so. Religion alone can speak to the life in its saddest and most necessitous hours, when, in its exceeding grief, it realises the hollowness of all earthly things, and the utter helplessness of human succour; then religion, and religion alone, can speak its Divine "Peace, be still" to troubled hearts, and cheer the face of sorrow with the brightness of immortal hope. The suffering brotherhood, with their griefs "too deep for language or for tears," may find, and often have found, in the open treasury of religion, "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness." But are we to be taught that this most sure comfort is a delusion? that this radiant hope, that "binds up the broken-hearted," renews and reinstates the life, is a mere phantom of the disordered imagination? The supposition affronts conviction, and offers dishonour to the best instincts of human life. Can he, then, be esteemed a friend of working men, and as engaged in advancing their welfare, whoever he may be, who endeavours to take from the sons of toil and the children of sorrow those consolations which even Mill says religion alone can yield, and that are, as he admits, "beyond comparison and estimate"? No, my brother, he is indeed, however good his intentions, no friend to your best interests who seeks to take from you the inspiring counsels and consolations of religion. We know that it is not, that it cannot be, in a "gospel of death," but only in a revelation of "life and immortality," that human life can find strength, solace, and inspiration:—

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
 O life, not death, for which we pant:
 More life, and fuller, that I want."

"I am come," says the Light and Life of the World, "that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."

Let us now hear two physical scientists, brilliant workers in the interesting field of natural investigation. What have they to say in respect of religion as a human need?

Professor Tyndall says: "No atheistic reasoning can, I hold, dislodge religion from the heart of man. Logic cannot deprive us of life, and religion is life to the religious. As an experience of consciousness, it is perfectly beyond the assaults of logic." His equally distinguished scientific colleague, Professor Huxley, asserts that "religious feeling is the essential basis of conduct," and he goes on to confess that he has been "seriously perplexed to know how this

religious feeling is to be maintained without the reading of the Bible." And he tells us in another place, on account of this recognised need, that he has "always advocated the reading of the Bible, and the diffusion of the study of that most remarkable collection of books among the people."

See then, my working friends, how foremost scientists, who, I regretfully confess, are not at one with us in Christian opinion, yet are constrained to acknowledge the value, the necessity indeed, of religion, and the serious importance of the use of the Bible as an essential agent in the promotion of a sound education. George Eliot, too, as her husband tells us, had a "profound conviction of the importance of the Bible in the development of the religious life."

(To be continued.)

TWO BOOKS.

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

II.



ES, Mr. Timmins," said Jessie, "I'll have my bank book."
 "Very well," said the postmaster. "Now please to state your Christian and surname."
 "Jessie Driver."
 "Occupation?"
 "Kitchenmaid."
 "Place of residence?"
 "Do you mean where mother lives?"
 "No; where you are now."
 "I'm at the Rectory."

"This must be witnessed by some one. Let me see; some one known to me, or by the minister or a churchwarden of the parish, or by a justice of the peace."

"I'm not a justice, nor a churchwarden, nor a parson," said Tom Nayles; "but Mr. Timmins knows me very well. I'll witness the signature."

He did so.

Jessie was about to depart when Tom called, "I say—one good turn deserves another. Will you witness for me? I was going to have half a pound of tobacco, but now I don't think I will. I'll have a bank book instead."

So Jessie waited in the shop.

"Name, if you please?" asked the postmaster.

"Tom Nayles."

"Tom or Thomas?"

"Well, I believe I was christened Thomas, but folks always call me Tom."

"Thomas it must be then. Occupation?"

"Farm labourer."

"Place of residence?"

"Clover Farm."

"Now, miss, please witness the signature of the new depositor."

Jessie did as required, and then was leaving the shop, when Mr. Timmins called after her—"Stay! stay! you've

forgot something. You're going off without that there 'umming bird for your 'at."

Jessie coloured and came back, took up her white card box, containing the rainbow-plumaged bird that was to corkscrew hearts out of the bosoms of all the parish swains, and departed.

Tom was going out quickly after her when Mr. Timmins shouted, "Stay! stay! you've forgot something. There's them brandy-balls you've left on the counter."

"To be sure I have!" exclaimed Tom, and came back for the little twist.

"Ah!" said Mr. Timmins, when his shop was clear of customers, "I shall give up the post-office with the precious savings bank. It don't pay; I lost a penny over them brandy-balls Nayles would have bought but that the girl repented of having took any; and I'll be bound if she'd had the savings bank book first I couldn't have got her to buy that there 'umming bird. And then I lost the price of half a pound of shag by that boy choosing to have a bank book instead. That ain't the worst of it. Saving is like drink; it grows on a party. It wouldn't be no good my laying in 'umming birds and 'baccy if all the gals went in for bank books and all the boys too. I'll give up the post-office and the savings bank; that spoils custom terrible—terrible—terrible! There ain't no call for pomps and vanities, and 'baccy, and pipes, and superfluities when folks take to savings bank books. I'll give it up."

Jessie had not gone far before she found that Tom had quickened his steps and was at her side.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked.

"I'm going back to Clover Farm. And you?"

"Back to the Rectory. I've got the peas to shell for dinner."

"Then we both go one way."

"Well, I don't know; there's the private road."

"But you are not going that way?"

Jessie hesitated.

"One way is as long as the other," argued Tom, "and I'm terrible dull by myself. You'd better come my way."

"I don't know," said Jessie; "I think I'll go by the private way."

"Then I'll go that way too."

"You can't, Tom."

"Oh! can't I? Just wait and see."

"I mean you mustn't; it is not a public road."

"I don't care."

"But I can't be walking with you on the private road as if I'd invited you to it; which I've no right to do."

"Then go with me the public way."

"If I can't help myself I must," said Jessie.

Presently they passed between high hedges full of red robin and bluebells.

"I say, Jessie, are you fond of brandy-balls?"

"Awful!" answered the girl.

"Then help me to eat mine."

"You bought them. Eat them yourself."

"I've a bad tooth. I can't take too much sweet stuff, or my tooth will ache. I wish you'd have half the lot."

"I couldn't do that."

"Well, sit down in the hedge with me, and we'll go on till my tooth begins to ache."

"I've got the peas to shell."

"Well, when is dinner?"

"In three or four hours."

"There's heaps of time for sucking brandy-balls; sit down and help me. If I eat too many my tooth will torment me all night. Do, please, save me that."

Tom leaned against the hedge, among the red robin.



"EVERY NOW AND THEN THEY SIGHED."

He opened the paper screw, took out a brandy-ball, and gave it to Jessie.

"Is it good?" he asked.

"Awful!" she replied.

"Then I'll have one," said he.

The two young people were silent for a minute, sucking brandy-balls. Every now and then they sighed. The delight was so exquisite.

Presently Jessie said: "Is your tooth jumping, Tom?"

"No, Jess. It is easy. Shall we have another?"

"I don't like to deprive you."

"Not at all. We will go on till my tooth begins."

"Tom," said Jessie, after an interval of a minute and a half, "what have you got in your book?"

"Look," said he, and extended his bank book to her.

"Two shillings! Oh my! I've only got one, and I might have had two but for the humming-bird."

"The what?" asked Tom.

"Never mind; you weren't in Timmins' shop when I——" she was blushing now at the thought of having spent a shilling over the little made-up bird.

"I say, Jess, shall we run races?"

"Oh, Tom, you can run much faster than I."

"I mean run races with our books. When shall you be putting any money in again?"

"That depends," said the girl. "I used to bang about the crockery—awful, when washing up the dinner things—and Missus said, if, at the end of the week, nothing was broke I should have sixpence. If I break nothing in next fortnight I shall put in a shilling."

"Is that your wages?"

"Tisn't wages at all; it's an extra. I get my wages every three months."

"I get mine every month," said Tom. "No, I fancy it won't be fair; our books will not run even. Have another brandy-ball; there are only two remaining."

"Is your tooth easy, Tom?"

"It's just beginning to be fidgety."

"And really I must go and shell peas."

"You will let me see your book, how it gets along?"

"Yes, Tom, and I shall like to see yours, how that gets along."

(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 Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

IN the course of conversation it is sometimes urged that the Colonial Churches and the Church in Ireland have been disestablished and disendowed, and that they not only survive these revolutionary changes, but are now in a prosperous condition. And it is asked why should not the same results follow the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in England and Wales? Let me now point out to you that the cases of the Churches in the Colonies and the case of the Church in Ireland were very different from the case of the Church in England and Wales, and that they were disestablished and disendowed in a very different sense from the sense in which it is proposed to disestablish and disendow the Church in Wales and in England.

The Churches in the Colonies were of but recent origin, had but a brief history, and were in no sense established and endowed as is the Church in England and Wales.

The Churches in the Colonies were simply recognised by the State as branches of the Church of England, and as such as possessing legal status over and legal precedence of all other religious bodies, and they received directly from the funds of the State annual grants toward their support.

Disestablishment in their case, therefore, simply meant the cessation of the State to any longer recognise them as having status or precedence over other religious bodies, and Disendowment in their case simply meant a final stoppage of the direct annual grants from the State which they had been accustomed to receive.

Disestablishment to them was thus a purely external thing, which did not in any way affect the internal or external organisation of any one of them, but simply altered the relation of each Church to the State, and left it intact, as an organised legal or corporate body.

So Disendowment, in the case of any Colonial Church, did not extend to the property which such Church had accumulated or organised, whether in lands or moneys. These they absolutely retained altogether untouched by the State.

The Disendowment of a Colonial Church, then, simply consisted in, and was limited to, the withholding from it of the State money grant which it had been accustomed annually to receive.

You will see, then, that the Disestablishment and Disendowment to which the Churches in the Colonies were subject were very different from the Disestablishment and Disendowment which it is proposed should be enforced upon the Church in England and Wales.

Then, in the case of the Irish Church, her Disestablishment assumed a very different form from the method in which it is intended, according to the Liberation programme, to disestablish the Church in England and Wales.

For, the same Act of Parliament which disestablished the Irish Church by deposing her from her ancient position as the legally recognised Church of the country, provided for, and actually secured, her re-establishment in another form under different relations to the State.

And the same Act of Parliament which disendowed the Irish Church did not withhold from her any State grants or State aid, inasmuch as the Irish Church did not receive from Parliament any grants or aid, but in disendowing her the State took away from her that which was exclusively Church property.

But even then the Disendowment of the Irish Church bore no resemblance to that form of Disendowment which, according to the Liberationist programme, it is intended to carry out in dealing with the Church in England and Wales.

In the case of the Disendowment of the Irish Church there were spared to her cathedrals, churches, and parsonages, with a capital sum of half a million sterling as the nucleus of a new endowment fund, and there were provided annuities to every bishop, incumbent, and curate, amounting to the value of their vested pecuniary interest in the Church's property, or there was offered to each a lump sum of money equal to the value of such annuities.

Moreover, by the Act of Parliament disendowing the Church, there were offered by the State considerable bonuses in money as incentives to the bishops and clergy to pay their annuities or lump sums of compensation into the common fund of the new Church body, so as to facilitate, as far as was then possible, the re-endowment in a new form of the Irish Church which had been previously disestablished from her old historical position and deprived of her ancient endowments.

But the proposed Disendowment of the Church in England and Wales, according to the Liberation programme, is not to spare even a stick or stone of the Church's property, in her ecclesiastical buildings and parsonage houses, to the new Church body of the disestablished and disendowed Church.

Indeed, it is not in any way to recognise the existence of such a body at all, nor make any reserve or provision for its endowment after the Church's Disestablishment and Disendowment.

Bishops, incumbents, and all ecclesiastical persons having vested interests in the property of the Church in England and Wales are to be dealt with and compensated for their vested interests privately and individually, and not in their capacity as bishops and incumbents of the Church previous to, or subsequent to, Disestablishment and Disendowment at all.

Thus it will be seen that neither in the case of the Colonial Churches nor in the case of the Irish Church is there any precedent for nor resemblance to Disestablishment and Disendowment as they are, by the Liberation Society's Scheme, threatened to be carried out in the Church in England and Wales.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

Certified Teacher of Cookery.

BOILED MACKEREL.



	d.
1 Mackerel	3
1 Tablespoonful vinegar	
1 Onion	
1 Tablespoonful flour	
1 Tablespoonful chopped parsley	1½
Mixed herbs	
1½ Pint water	

Put into a saucepan the water, vinegar, and herbs (1 sprig each of marjoram, thyme, and lemon-thyme), the onion peeled, with a clove put in it, a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Let all these boil one hour. Clean the fish, wash in cold water, tie in a piece of old muslin, plunge into the liquid, when just off the boil, and cook very gently from ten to fifteen minutes. When tender, remove to a hot dish, and keep it hot until the sauce is ready. First strain the broth, then return to the pan, and thicken with the flour previously mixed smoothly with a little cold water; boil for three minutes, stir in the chopped parsley, and pour over the mackerel. The onion and herbs can be used again for flavouring.



ENGLISH SHORT-HAIR CAVIES.

A TINY CHAT ABOUT CAVIES.

BY A. RUSDEN.

I THINK I hear somebody say, "What are covies?" Well, Covies (*a* pronounced the same as *a* in Cave) are nothing more or less than guinea-pigs; but as they are not pigs, and do not come from Guinea, they are now called Covies at all the leading shows.

There are at present three distinct varieties of the Cavy—namely, Peruvians, Abyssinians, and English Short Hair.

Peruvians have long, straight, silky hair, falling well over the nose in front, and straight down the sides, without any curl or twist.

Abyssinians have moderately long hair, but it is twisted and wiry and distinctly rosetted on the sides and head. The difference between the two varieties will be seen at once on referring to our illustrations.

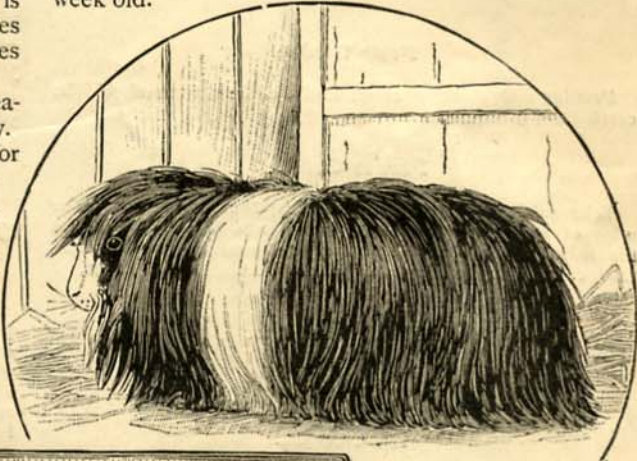
English Short Hair is the ordinary smooth "guinea-pig." The colours of each variety vary considerably.

Covies are specially to be recommended as pets for very little folks, as they do not often bite, as rabbits sometimes will, and they are not so heavy and strong to carry about. When lifting a Cavy take it up round the neck. This will not hurt it. And do not be tempted to lift it up by the tail, because if you do—well—you will soon see what will happen. The male and female and young can be left together all the year round with no risk of their fighting or quarrelling, so that one hutch will do for all the family. The young are very precocious.

They learn to walk when a few hours old, and can take care of themselves after the first day or two.

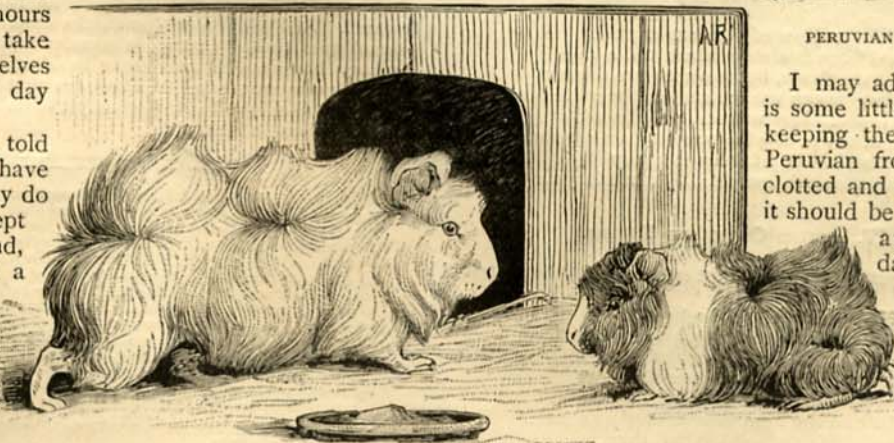
I have been told by those who have Covies that they do best when kept on the ground, and this saves a lot of cleaning out; but the run should have a roof to keep it dry. They are

very hardy little things, and will thrive anywhere and eat almost anything. In the way of green stuff they should have cabbage (not too much), carrots, dandelions, chicory, celery, cow-parsley, carrot-tops, grass, or any green stuff that can be got conveniently. They should also have oats, hay, bran, or soaked bread, to which may be added water to drink. Change the diet as often as possible. It does not do them any harm to be handled now and then; in fact, it is rather good for them; as when they are never touched Covies are apt to grow wild, so you may nurse your pets occasionally, but don't begin before they are a week old.



PERUVIAN CAVY.

I may add that there is some little difficulty in keeping the coat of the Peruvian from becoming clotted and entangled, so it should be well brushed and combed daily.



ABYSSINIAN CAVIES.

GARDEN WORK FOR FEBRUARY.



Kitchen Garden.

HOTBEDS:—Sow cucumber seed in pots, and place in hotbeds, which should be made of fresh horse dung, with about three or four inches deep of earth spread on the top. In the daytime the lights should be slightly raised to allow the steam to escape. At night cover over with mats. As the glasses should be opened a little during the night, so long as the heat continues, let the mat hang over the end of the frame where it is raised, so as to prevent the cold air from rushing in. Cauliflower plants in frames should, in open weather, have fresh air by removing the lights. Cauliflower seed should be sown for plants to follow the early crop. Admit fresh air when the plants have come up, and if the weather is open and mild take off the glasses during the day. Dig and prepare ground in open weather.

Fruit Garden.

Pruning and planting of all kinds of fruit trees should be carried out this month.

Flower Garden.

Take cuttings of geraniums, putting them close round the edge of the pots, and place in hotbeds. They should be planted in sandy leafmould. Propagate summer chrysanthemums from cuttings, by potting, and placing them in a cold frame.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

III. CHARADE.

My first is the medium of pleasure or pain,
But a "good" one is always accounted a gain.
My second *may* please, but is sometimes a snare,
Though a lawyer can use me and still be quite fair.
My whole is obnoxious wherever I'm found,
E'en when sweetest of odours encompass me round.
No quarter is yielded, I fall a swift prey
To the weapon which soonest may come in your way.

IV. BURIED CITIES AND RIVERS.

7. Before putting it in the chest ermine should be protected from moths.
8. I saw Ethel and Sybil on donkeys.
9. It was a new cast lent by the great sculptor.
10. There is a window in Chester Cathedral of great value.
11. Do not let the rain drip on your hat.
12. A poor broken dalesman is a sorry sight.
13. I put a bolt on my front door as well as a lock.
14. He fenced in burghs and fortified them.

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.)

Quinquagesima Sunday. (Psalm xix.)

1. With what expressions in Gen. i. and Isa. xl. may the language of verse 5 be compared?
2. Of what one word in 2 Tim. iii. may the beginning of verse 11 remind us?

First Sunday in Lent. (Psalm lvi.)

1. What illustrations of the second half of verse 2 may be found in Psalm iii., Psalm xxvii., 2 Chron. xvi., and elsewhere?
2. How many points of resemblance can be found between the language of this Psalm and that of Psalm cxviii.? Can anything *similar* to one of these be found twice over in Psalm xli., and once in another form in Rom. viii.?

Second Sunday in Lent. (Psalm xc.)

1. In what other Scriptures do we find men spoken of as in verses 5 and 6 of this Psalm?
2. In which verse of Deut. xxxii. do we find Moses offering a prayer like that found in the twelfth verse of this Psalm?

Third Sunday in Lent. (Psalm cxix. 33-40.)

1. What great truth is taught us both by the first verse of this portion of Psalm cxix. and by 1 Thess. iv. 9? See also Job xxxvi?
2. What reasons may be found in the Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent, and in that for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity, for offering the succession of prayers which we find offered in verses 33-37 of this Psalm?

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.)

2. REMARKABLE WOMEN.—The women here referred to were three in number, and were all famous (few persons more so) in the same excellent way. All are spoken of also—two of them with singular praise—by the greatest of men. For all this we only know the name of one of the three. There is reason to believe that two of them belonged to the House of Israel. We know that the third did not. The one named, we find, was blamed at first as much as she was afterwards praised. Also we know that in the case of one of the unnamed ones there happened a wonder which we only know to have happened in two cases besides. Where are these three women mentioned? How can that be verified which is said of them here? And what probable reference is there to one of them in Heb. xi.?

* * 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 February must be sent in on or before March 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.



A LONG TIME COMING.

IT is an old saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Few, perhaps none, of the dwellers in — Square are aware that within a stone's throw in a back room at the top of one of the old houses in the rear of the square, may be found a brother and sister who are keeping their bit of a home together on eight-and-sixpence a week, the joint earnings of the pair. They belong to a small town in Lancashire, and have seen better days, but drifted up to London after the death of their mother, whose affairs were "all in a muddle," as a consequence of her desertion by a runaway husband. How wearily the hours go by for poor Mary, while Jack is in the city going his rounds with an evening paper. Until the very, very latest special edition has been sold out he cannot think

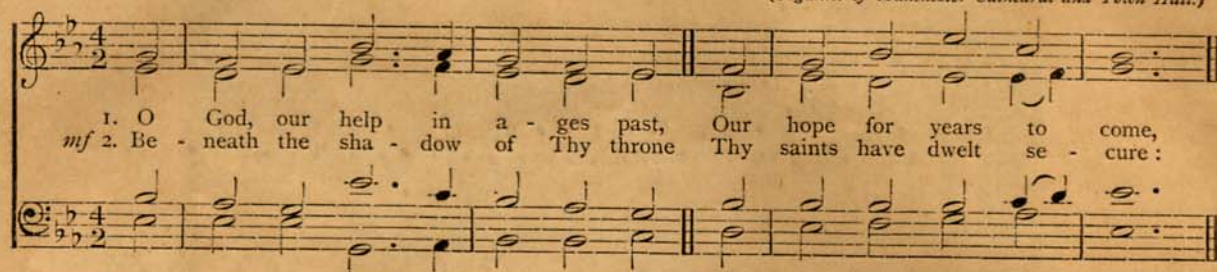
of getting home, and Mary finds it hard to be cheerful. The little bit of sewing which the landlady of the house puts in her way is certainly occupation of a sort, but no wonder Mary's thoughts are often with those far-off days with mother, dear old mother, in their happy country home. And Jack, well, he does his best to think of the future. "Cheer up, Mary; I'm sure I shall get something better to do before long."

The better work was a long time coming, but it did come at last, and Jack and Mary are now comfortably settled twenty miles outside the great city. "He is the best under-gardener we have ever had; and as for Mary, she makes an excellent nursemaid, and seems as happy as the day is long," said Mrs. Belcher to the Vicar, when he asked how they were getting on.

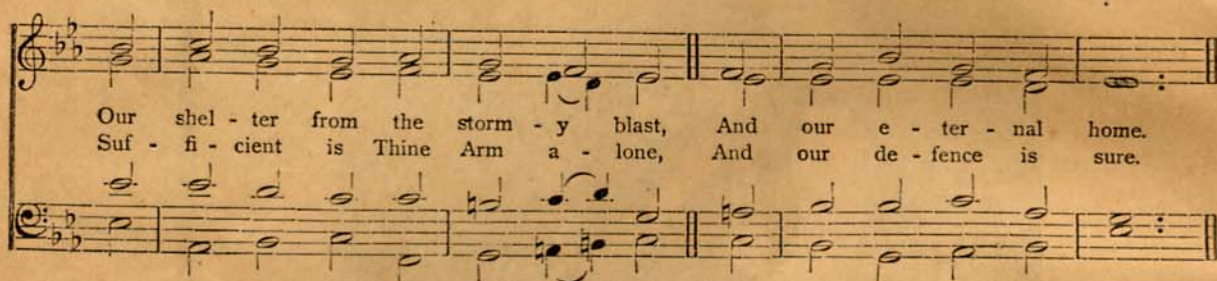
"O God, our Help in Ages past."

Words by I. WATTS.

Music by J. KENDRICK PYNE.
(Organist of Manchester Cathedral and Town Hall.)



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
mf 2. Be - neath the sha - dow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure :



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine Arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- p* 4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- f* 6. O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Service in a Kaffir Hut.

It must be a curious thing to hold service in one of those beehive-shaped huts which we have often seen in pictures. "Sometimes," says Canon Gibson, "it is almost impossible to see the words of the Liturgy, as the light that comes in at the four-feet doorway is blocked out by the crowd of worshippers who cannot find room inside. Often a dog or a fowl will force its way in, and have to be driven out again and again. The clergyman's head is bowed, not in reverence, but because the roof is so low he cannot stand upright; but as you look round at the congregation, and see this one who has walked eight miles that morning, starting before sunrise; as your eyes fall on a party who travelled fifteen miles on Saturday afternoon in order to be in good time for their Sunday communion, . . . above all, as you feel the wondrous hush—a silence that may be felt—that succeeds the consecration prayer, then you feel that 'God is in this place' as much as in the most beautiful cathedral."

A Blasphemous Edict.

THE first missionaries who went to Japan were Jesuits, who mixed themselves up with political intrigues, for which they were eventually expelled and their converts persecuted. For two hundred and thirty years every village signboard in Japan bore the following edict: "So long as the sun shall warm

the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head." In 1854 the first opening occurred, and soon afterwards the Gospel began to be preached in Japan. Now some twenty-seven missionary societies are engaged there, and more than 35,000 Japanese have become Christians.

A Service once a Quarter.

WHILE we remember the spiritual destitution of the heathen, we ought not to forget that our colonists, our own fellow-countrymen, are often in great need of the Gospel. The *Gospel Missionary* told us a little while ago of the visit of a clergyman to a pearl fishery station at Shark's Bay, Western Australia. He had to travel a long way to reach them, by steamer, sailing boat, and on horseback. He found that they had never had a clergyman before to perform Divine service or to administer the Holy Communion. They were delighted when he told them he would come *once a quarter* in future, gladly promised to pay a share of his stipend, and subscribed on the spot enough to purchase a harmonium to brighten the services. There must be great numbers of settlers in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, who are as badly off as the Shark's Bay colonists, and many, perhaps, far less able to bear the expense of helping themselves.

