

JUNE

1894.



S. BARTHOLOMEW'S QUORN PARISH MAGAZINE



Quorn Church from the Wedding Path.

5. 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—

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

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

There are three Saint Days in June. **Monday, 11th**, is **S. Barnabas's Day**. This Saint will always be remembered as the companion of the great S. Paul, but he was converted to the faith even before his great master. We read of him first (Acts iv. 36) as setting a noble example of self-sacrifice. He was a land-owner and sold his land and gave the price into the common fund of the Church at Jerusalem. Later on, after the conversion of Paul, he joined him in his first missionary journey and shared his labours and dangers. It is for this that he is chiefly remembered, and it enough, that noble beginning in self-sacrifice, and that chosen companionship to deserve immortal fame.

The Festival of the Nativity (or birth) of S. John the Baptist will fall on Sunday, the 24th. Most of the Saints are commemorated on the day of their death, S. John on his birthday, because of the wonderful matters connected with it. We gather from Holy Scripture that the mother of John was cousin to the Blessed Virgin, mother of our Lord, and that John was born just six months before Jesus (S. Luke i. 26-36). This fact has fixed the commemoration just six months before Christmas Day. John the Baptist seems to have been a spotless soul, who, from childhood, was devoted by his parents, and devoted himself to the service of God. From his early years he shunned the world, and in the seclusion of the desert prepared himself by prayer and meditation for the great work that he had to fulfil. We may suppose that he was nearly 30 years old when he began to publicly exhort the people to repent against the coming of the King. This public life lasted only a very short time. When the Lord began Himself to teach John's work was closed, and he soon fell a victim to the anger and folly of King Herod, whom he had dared to rebuke for his immoral life. There is no other person (but One) in the New Testament of whom we have so complete an account as S. John the Baptist, and none perhaps who would stand complete knowledge so well as this brave and blameless man.

Very different is the knowledge we have of **S. Peter**, whose festival we keep on **Friday, the 29th**. Of his early life we know nothing. When he became a disciple of the Lord he was probably middle aged, and was, or had been, a married man. He was first brought to the Saviour by his brother Andrew (S. John i. 41). His name had been Simon, Peter was the name that Jesus gave to him. By what we read of him in the Gospels we can form a good idea of his character. He was evidently often moved by good impulses, but was too hasty to be able to persevere in his resolutions. He was often of all the disciples the first to speak or act, and yet he could not always stand the strain of trial as he had supposed. He affords an example of the way in which the Lord took pains to bring out the best in His servants, and to show them their own weakness. There is a beautiful story that tells how S. Peter in his old age being at Rome in time of persecution in a moment of weakness left the city so as to escape in safety, but His Master appeared to him on the road, and Peter said: "Lord, whither goest Thou?" and He said, "I go to Rome to be crucified afresh." Whereupon Peter turned back to the city and was put to death. They crucified him, head downwards, because he said he was not worthy to suffer in the same way as His Master.

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

June 3.	Exodus viii.	} Hymn to be learnt—
10.	" ix.	
17.	" x.	
24.	Revised.	
		193.

Baptisms.

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

April 29, Edith Annie Armston.
 May 13, Jack Phipps.
 Herbert Mason Moore.

Marriages.

May 14, Frederick Chapman and Ellen Ann Bagley
 Henry Edmund Murphy and Eliza Disney.

Burials.

May 2, Mary Bonser, aged 55.
 3, Edward Warner, aged 89

COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

	Sick and Poor. £ s. d.	Church Expenses. £ s. d.	Special. £ s. d.
Apl 29th:	0 6 1½		
May 6th:	0 7 0	2 8 6¾	
13th:	—	—	Foreign Missions. 6 0 6
20th:	0 4 1	3 1 3	Negro Boy Fund. 0 16 4¾
27th:	0 6 10	—	—
Poor Box:	0 1 6	—	—
Totals	£1 5 6½	£5 9 9¾	£6 16 10¾

Hymns.

	Holy Com.	Matins.	Children's Service.	Evensong.
June 3rd {	3 v. 1, 4 & 5	0 213	332 193	292 264
		323	193	215
10th {	—	4 180 255	242 193 223	261 412 431 438
17th {	—	7 299 291	290 193 292	282 51 277
24th {	261 323	261 415 50 444	50 193 291	261 270 415 31
29th {	—	—	—	261 432 23

PARISH NOTES.

May has proved a disappointing month. Having had so much beautiful spring weather we began to think that summer was close upon us, but we have been shown our mistake by having had a return to almost winter weather. Quorn always seems to us a great gardening place and therefore there will be many sufferers. We have heard on every hand of potatoes nipped off, fruit trees bared, and in the grander gardens bedding plants cut up by the frost. Thinking of flowers brings to mind a matter which we look upon as very sad. We were told of a grave in the Churchyard from which flowers had been taken. We thought at first that it was only done by little tiny children who knew no better, but when we went to see the grave we found that some cut flowers which had been brought by friends and put in among some commoner ones, had been carefully picked out and carried away. This seems to show that it was done for the sake of keeping the flowers. Unless we are quite wrong this is a case of the most heartless thieving, and if any person should be caught in such an act they ought to be punished with all the severity that the law allows. Can it be possible that any person could wear flowers obtained in such a way—go swelling about in flowers stolen from a child's grave!

The Mothers' Meeting Tea took place at the Coffee House on Wednesday, April 25th, and passed off very happily.

On Whitsunday the collections for Foreign Missions amounted to £6 0s. 6d.—at 7 a.m., £1 6s. 1½d.; at 8 a.m., £0 10s. 11½d.; at 11 a.m., £1 17s. 8½d.; at 6.30 p.m., £2 5s. 8½d. Half of this was sent to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and half to the Central African Mission. This latter is the Mission under which our little Negro Boy is being kept. A great trouble has just lately fallen upon this work. The Bishop, who has presided over the work for the last few years, has followed in the way of his predecessors. He was a man of splendid strength and vigour, but the hard work and long journeys in the terrible climate told upon him so that he was much weakened. He had just started for England to recruit his health when he was seized with fever, and died and was buried at sea. Sad! sad! but first thought of all; Thanks be to God for such noble lives to witness to the power of the living Christ! The children's collection for the Negro Boy Fund came to £0 16s. 4¾d.

We must of course put on record an account of the Tea and Entertainment on Whit-Tuesday, May 15th. It was a long time since a Public Tea had been held in connection with the Parish Church, and when the idea first occurred to the Vicar he was doubtful whether it would prove a success. All doubts were soon set at rest by the ready response which came to his appeal for help. The ladies among the Church-goers, to the number of 38, subscribed for the trays, and such an amount was obtained that a first-rate tea could be given to as many as the Village Hall would hold. As an additional attraction Mr. Meakin undertook to get up an entertainment to follow the tea, and we shall tell presently how successful he was.

The tickets for tea and entertainment were set at the low price of 9d., so that every one might have a chance. The work of selling the tickets was carried out with great energy by Miss Corlett, who sold nearly £10 worth before the day. The catering for the tea was done by the ladies under the direction of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Inglesant, and, notwithstanding the pressure of numbers, the providing was done admirably. If anyone did not have enough it must have been their own fault, for there was not only enough for all, but there was sufficient over to give a little treat the next day to the Infants (150) in the Day Schools. On account of the large number present we were sorry to see a few people who could not be accommodated at the tables, but we hope that they were not overlooked at all. The tea being over about 5.30, there was an interval of two hours before the Entertainment. When the Hall was open again at 7.15 it was soon crowded, gallery and all. The Entertainment was chiefly given by Ladies and Gentlemen from Loughborough. The first part consisting of music and singing by Mrs. E. Woolley, Miss Bright, Miss Pirr, Miss Holbeach, Miss Edith Trapp, Mr. Dearden, Mr. Frank, Mr. Hensman, and Mr. A. B. Martin. Though this part of the programme was exceptionally varied and good, yet the great attraction of the evening was the Dramatic Performance by Dr. Yorke and his Company of Amateurs. The piece represented was called "Betsy Baker," and the clever acting caused much amusement. The expenses attending the Entertainment would of course have taken a considerable sum from the receipts but for the kindness of Mrs. Hole, of Quorn Lodge, who paid them all herself. As it was the proceeds of the Tea and Entertainment amounted to over £13 0s. 0d., which with the subscriptions published last month will more than satisfy all demands upon the Choir Fund for the present year.

We call attention to the time of Week Day Services which will be at 10 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. until further notice.

The Clergy are often asked questions on the subject of the Week-day Services; sometimes some such conversation as the following will pass between the Clergyman and a Parishioner:

P. I heard the bell going just now, what does it mean?

C. It was ringing for service.

P. Do you mean to say then that you hold service every day?

C. Yes, we have service twice every day, morning and evening.

P. Oh! Now do you think that necessary?

C. I don't know what you mean by 'necessary.' I think it *right* to do so. It is one of the duties of the clergy that is most carefully laid down in the Prayer Book. You will find it in the part of the Preface "Concerning the Service of the Church," at the end of that section.

P. I didn't know that. But you don't get many people to go do you?

C. No, very few go, but that does not make any difference. You remember what our Saviour said:—"Where two or three are gathered together in My Name there am I in the midst of them." I often think that one feels the truth of this more at these quiet services than when there is a crowded congregation. No one who has not tried it knows what a pleasure the daily services may become.

P. Do you think that more will come in time?

C. Yes, but it takes a long time to break down old habits and old ideas. Of course there are many people who can never or very seldom come, but there are others who from age or position have not much to occupy their time, more of these will I hope come in time.

P. Don't you find it very discouraging to have so few for a congregation.

C. Not at all. I am very glad to have two or three to pray with me. If there were none came I should say the prayers alone, but I would rather have a few with me.

P. But don't you think you could spend your time more usefully? Don't you sometimes neglect more important duties in order to be at Church.

C. I know I sometimes neglect duties which I ought to do, but the few minutes each day which I spend in Church is no excuse for that. The regular use of the prayers helps to keep me mindful of God and my duty to Him. If I did not use them I should be afraid of becoming more and more careless of my other duties.

P. Well! Perhaps there is something in what you say.

Many of our readers will know that just lately a Bill has been introduced into Parliament for taking away the property of the Church in all the parishes in Wales. Very few people understand what a grievous blow this will be to the cause of religion in the country. Of course many who support this step are quite opposed to religion altogether, but others under the influence of political feeling profess that they are helping the cause of religion.

When such a matter as this is made a question of politics, it is very difficult for people to be quite fair to those who differ from them, and the cause of religion is not helped even by defending it by wrong methods. The Bishops have put forth a moderate and dignified declaration about this trouble that besets the Church, and they exhort all Christian congregations to pray for Divine guidance. We should not put this matter out of mind because it is not to fall upon ourselves. The clergy and people of Wales are our brethren in Christ, and a trouble to them should be a real grief to us. The Bishops ask the clergy to use in the services the Collect for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. We set it out here in the hope that some may use it in their daily prayers:—

"O Lord, we beseech Thee, let Thy continual pity cleanse and defend Thy Church; and because it cannot continue in safety without Thy succour, preserve it evermore by Thy help and goodness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Others may be glad to use the Prayers for Parliament in the Prayer Book. And in connection with this matter of opposing and defending the Church we must remember that one sham Churchman does more harm to the Church than two opponents. It is just as bad to support the Church on merely political grounds, as it is to oppose it through political feeling. If all professing Church-people were true to their principles, the Church would be safe enough.

We are very sorry that the Cricket Club have not been able to secure a ground in the village this year. We call it a matter for reproach that in such a large place a public playing field should not be secured. We know that it is a great nuisance to owners and occupiers to have crowds of people in and out of their land, but surely if an appeal had been made funds could have been raised to make it worth anyone's while to let a ground for the purpose. We think the Cricket Club should have invited the assistance of others in this matter. The present ground is on the Loughborough road, right-hand side, 400 yards from the Woodhouse turning.

The following Matches are fixed to be played there in June:—

2nd: v. Leicester Eagle Works.
23rd: v. Woodhouse United.



SOMEBODY'S HOME PETS.

BLenheim SPANIEL.

THE ALEXANDRINE PARRAKEET.

THE ROSE HILL PARRAKEET.



**"AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES; FOR WE ALSO FORGIVE EVERY ONE
THAT IS INDEBTED TO US."**

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER.

FORGIVE us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Such is the familiar liturgical form, representing exactly neither the text of St. Matthew nor that of St. Luke, by which these words of the Saviour are impressed on our memories. Older English versions, such as "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive to our debtors," were more exact; but the change is an improvement, and is likely to be lasting.

To be forgiven; to feel that the barrier of offence, of mutual misunderstanding, for the time even of mutual distrust and dislike, has been removed, and that we, who perhaps think that we on our side have also something to forgive, have had the debt which we know to have been the larger of the two freely and fully remitted, so that affection and friendship can flow once more in the old channels! Who has not had occasion both to give and to receive this forgiveness? Who has been so unhappy as never to have received it, or so hard-hearted as never to have bestowed it?

But this is as between man and man. Our Lord guarantees to us that there is also such forgiveness waiting for us from Him who can never *need* forgiveness, from God Himself; for He would not teach us to pray for that which cannot be granted. One only condition required for that forgiveness is here named. The mystery of the Atonement, the "pardon through the precious Blood"—this was not yet to be disclosed. Nothing short of that Atonement of Christ can bring that forgiveness; but once given it is complete and perfect. Man's forgiveness, it has been said, relates to quantity: "*how oft* shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" God's forgiveness relates to quality: man forgives *sins*, God forgives *sin*. More, infinitely more, even than Christ's "seventy times seven," may be bestowed by Divine compassion, not infringing on Divine justice, on the worst of human transgressors.

But there is one condition, and only one, here set before us as that on which the forgiveness of God hinges. "Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive them that trespass against us*:" for if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

VII. 6.]

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The teaching is enforced by the parable of the "unmerciful servant"—the relentless, unforgiving creditor contrasted with the large-hearted, generous master. Without this, we stop the flow of Divine mercy at its very source. An unforgiving world, could such be imagined, would close up for ever the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness," would do away with that absolute pardon for the sins of the past which the Psalmist has imaged by the remotest distances of the physical world: "Look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is His mercy also toward them that fear Him. Look how wide also the east is from the west; so far hath He set our sins from us."

The necessity, therefore, of forgiving our brother, if we are to look for forgiveness ourselves, ought, one would think, to have impressed itself on the consciences of Christians as one of those primary and foundation conditions, without which hope is vain and faith unfruitful, while love, the third and greatest of the trinity of Christian graces, is excluded by the very nature of the case. And yet is it not true that some who would be the last to consider themselves outside the circle of true Christians, often nourish an unforgiving spirit against another through life—nay, carry it with them to the grave? The story is told of a nobleman who nourished such a grudge against the heir to his title and estates, even to the leaving away from him by will the very deer in his park. At last, however, he relented and repented; but too late for restitution. He sent for the family solicitor to alter the terms of his will; but before the lawyer could arrive, the earl was dead. He carried, if not an unforgiving spirit, at least an unatoned wrong, on to the judgment of the world to come. But such are not the only instances of the unforgiving spirit. It may be shown in matters which are comparatively fleeting and small, yet which constantly affect our Christian life. Do not forget, the petition which precedes this in the great Prayer is, "Give us *this day* our daily bread"; remember the word "*and*," which links the two clauses together, "*and* forgive us our trespasses," reminds us that, as we need our daily bread, so also we daily need God's forgiveness, and must daily bestow it, if needed, on others.

It may be said, indeed, that forgiveness, to be

deserved, implies a real repentance in the person forgiven, and that we have no means of being certain that the repentance is real. True, but also we have no means of being certain that it is *not* real; and we are bound to give in all such cases what we call "the benefit of the doubt." In the most sublime prayer for the forgiveness of others ever uttered—our Lord's words on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—was there not something of a charitable hope, rather than an assured conviction, that those who abetted the greatest crime in the world's history sinned only through ignorance? Some of those who heard His words, though they knew not who it was whom they had condemned and crucified, must have known at least that they had aided in the judicial murder of an innocent Person. Yet these, too, are included in the large-heartedness of the Saviour's prayer. We must imitate that large-heartedness in not limiting our forgiveness by qualifications or conditions, nor spoiling its graciousness by the taint of a still lingering animosity. "Yes, I forgive him, but I never want to see him again," or, "I forgive, but I can never forget"—such a limitation takes away all that gives the forgiveness its value and its charm.

Forgiveness, indeed, is to many people, save on rare occasions, only too easy a virtue. First, because many of us have so *little to forgive*. The petition in the Litany, "That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts," passes us by, as it were, untouched. We have no enemies, no persecutors, no slanderers; none whose hearts, as far as we are concerned, require to be turned. And, secondly, do not some of us, simply by the natural disposition which God has given them, often *forgive because they forget*? The person who gave the offence sometimes remembers it when he to whom it was given has forgotten it. Now, to forgive without forgetting, though not in the sense in which the expression has just been used, is a Divine work. Almighty God cannot, in any strict and proper sense of the term, be said to forget the sins which He has forgiven. Our notion of the mind of God, so far as we can form any such idea at all, must include at least the potential presence in that mind of the record of the misdoings of all His creatures, even though all the trespasses, or, as St. Matthew has it, the "debts," may have been cancelled by the red line of the Blood of Christ drawn across them. That kind of forgiveness, therefore, is likeliest to God's forgiveness, which, while it does not, cannot, "blot out" the recollection of the offence forgiven, yet replaces the offending person in the former position of mutual regard or affection, and wipes out the old debts as if they had never been incurred.

To such a forgiveness, then, we are called by the very prayer which is daily on our lips. The ten thousand talents of a world's transgressions are freely condoned by the price of the Saviour's blood; it

remains for us to forgive as freely the hundred pence of our own mutual offences, that on us, too, may be bestowed the absolution of Him who alone "hath power on earth to forgive sins," and who bestows it freely on those who forgive their brethren. "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee; arise and walk."

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY,

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

CHAPTER XI.

WYNNE'S TRIALS.



BUT you know, Guy, that two hundred pounds won't last for ever! Had we not better move into a smaller house whilst there is still some money left?"

Certainly Stella had never been intended to bear the burden of business worries! True that her forehead was screwed up into a frown and her expres-

sion was as grave and serious as any one could desire. But for all that Mr. Keen and the clergyman glanced at each other and smiled. She looked like some child playing at keeping house, rather than a woman in a position of real anxiety and responsibility. Guy's heart ached to see the little furrows of weary thought that marked her white brow.

"I think you can understand what Mr. Keen has been explaining, if you try," he told her gently. "Here you have no rent to pay, so now that you have given up all the servants but Elizabeth, it is really cheaper for you to live in this house than anywhere else. When a purchaser is found for Kingston Villa it will, of course, be different."

Stella sighed. But Wynne had taken it all in, and spoke briskly enough for both.

"It was lucky that there were those notes in Mrs. Brookes' desk," she said, "else you *would* have been up a tree, Stella! Don't you bother, dear. There's heaps of cash to last for months, and before that has gone the Clives will be caught, and—and everything will be right again!"

"Suppose they should have spent all that they took away, though?"

"Suppose they shouldn't?" she retorted, "which is much the more likely of the two."

The beginning of November had arrived, and still no

news had been received of the capture of the Clives. From time to time the magistrates had, at the request of the police, remanded Guy Ryder, in spite of the opposition of his counsel. Clearly the Scotland-Yard officials yet had hope of finding the man and woman whose accomplice they suggested him to be.

The search for the criminals was at length brought to a successful issue, at Liverpool. Just as a lady with bright golden hair framing a face artistically tinted and powdered, was stepping on board the tender of a Cunarder bound for New York, a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she found herself in the custody of a man in plain clothes, who, since early morning, had stood close to the gangway, scrutinising the features of each new arrival. With the sharpness of wit engendered by constant danger, her companion in the long overcoat and with the flaxen beard and hair saw in a moment how matters stood, and made one spring back towards the landing stage. But the detective who had secured Helen was not alone, and a preconcerted signal from him to his companions waiting upon the stage settled the matter. Ten minutes later Helen Vasco and Caryl Clive were being driven rapidly through the streets, away from the river and away from freedom.

"Oh, Guy! it will all come right now!" exclaimed Stella, pale with emotion, when together they heard the news brought by Mr. Keen.

"I trust it may," from Mr. Keen. "Yet don't make too sure, my dear. Generosity is not a very common virtue with such folk. For my part, I much fear lest they should refuse to give any explanations which may exonerate Mr. Ryder."

"Oh, they can't be so base when they understand! I won't believe it of them!"

Notwithstanding which, the forecast of the lawyer proved all too correct. No confession or anything approaching to a confession passed their lips. Nor amongst the baggage which, on being searched, gave to light more than twenty of the twenty-two thousand pounds that they had stolen, did either Caryl's receipt to Guy or Guy's letter to Mrs. Brookes come to light. They must have destroyed those proofs of his innocence, Guy's friends declared. The notes of acknowledgment had never been written, said his enemies.

"I do verily believe that in Mrs. Brookes' recovery lies the only chance of clearing that poor fellow's character," Mr. Keen confided one day to Walter, who had run down south for twenty-four hours to see how affairs were progressing at Shingleby. "Ah, Miss Ryder, what are you doing there?" to the girl who, as usual wearing her nurse's costume, emerged from a corner by the bookcase. "I did not see you."

But Wynne took no notice of his half apology. Her ideas were entirely fixed upon more important considerations. Leaning upon the table, as though she really had scarcely strength to stand against the shock of that announcement, she looked up piteously into Walter's face.

"And Mrs. Brookes gets no better—not one scrap!

Oh, can *nothing* be done? I had so hoped that when the Clives were found—but this will kill Guy if it goes on much longer!"

As it happened, Guy sauntered into the room at that instant, as though to prove by his very appearance how well grounded were her terrors. He was indeed changed from the man who, only a few months before, had sat in his room discussing with Jack Brookes the affairs of the sailor's step-mother and the schemes of the Clives. His cheeks had lost their colour since then, and looked pale and sunken, the hand which he brushed across his forehead was too thin and white for perfect health, and the manner in which he moved showed a lack of energy altogether foreign to his nature.

"Any news?" he said. It was always his first inquiry on meeting Mr. Keen. And reading the reply in the solicitor's face, he asked no more. An uncomfortable silence fell upon the group.

"You were talking about me!" exclaimed Guy at last, with a little shake, as though to rouse himself from the depression into which he felt himself sinking. "Of course that's why," with a rather pathetic smile, "you can't think of anything else to say now. Come! You'd better make a clean breast of it. What is the latest?"

He glanced first at the men, and then at Wynne, with growing alarm. Was there news, after all, he wondered—news so bad that they were keeping it from him? But with the ready wit which every good nurse possesses, Wynne understood that nervous dread, and came promptly to the rescue.

"Mr. Keen was only telling us what we really knew before, that it seems as though no one but poor mother can, or at least will really clear you," she said quietly.

"Not that you can possibly be convicted, as I believe," the solicitor hastened to interpose. "At the worst it can but be a case of what in Scotland would be called 'Not proven.' And that here means acquittal."

"With a lasting stain," added Guy. "Well, God knows best!" And he was able to feel and realize it too, as two months ago he never could have done. Was not the faith worth the suffering?

"Oh! But it is hard! it is hard!" burst out rebellious Wynne, from the bottom of her heart. And she opened the door and rushed from the room in a storm of sobs, right into the arms of Dr. Jaxon.

"My dear Miss Ryder," he exclaimed, "what has happened now? Surely nothing fresh?" Then, as she stood, suddenly stopped in her wild career, and apparently without the spirit to move again, he laid his hand upon hers, with a touch that was in itself a caress. "Wynne, don't cry, dear. Come in here and tell me all about it. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

She could not have talked to any one else in that moment of misery; but it was relief unutterable to pour out her story to him, and to listen to the soothing

words that to-day he seemed to find no difficulty in uttering. Only when she had quite come to the end of the tale, there was a pause. She was waiting for him to speak, and he was evidently thinking. By-and-by he turned to her with a completely changed manner.

"Tell me the old lady's symptoms," he said, "and describe the treatment."

Wynne fell into his humour at once. Instead of a weeping girl, and a man who could only look on helplessly, the pair had become, all in a moment, the clever doctor and the observant nurse. Certainly Dr. Jaxon made a first-rate listener, for, except to ask one or two questions, he never interrupted the narrative. When it was concluded, however, he rose.

"Take me to see your patient."

Engrossed in their conversation, neither Harry nor Wynne had noticed the sound of the door-bell. When, therefore, on their arrival upstairs, they found old Dr. Baker, Mrs. Brookes' medical attendant during many years, feeling the widow's pulse and shaking his head over her vacant looks and

unmeaning answers, both nurse and doctor felt a little surprised. But the London physician was not the person to be taken at a disadvantage.

"Surely we have met before?" he exclaimed, going forward and holding out his hand. "Yes, I remember! In consultation a year ago over the baby Lord Raxton. A simple case of hydrocephalus it was. Only the parents were so frightened that they summoned all the doctors for miles round, besides telegraphing for me. You must recall the circumstances?"

Whereupon recollection suddenly awoke; and recognising in the pleasant-voiced, keen-looking visitor the man whose opinion had been specially sought upon the occasion he named—rather a great occasion in the life of Dr. Baker, whose practice did not, as a rule, lie in the homes of peers—he was, or professed to be, charmed.

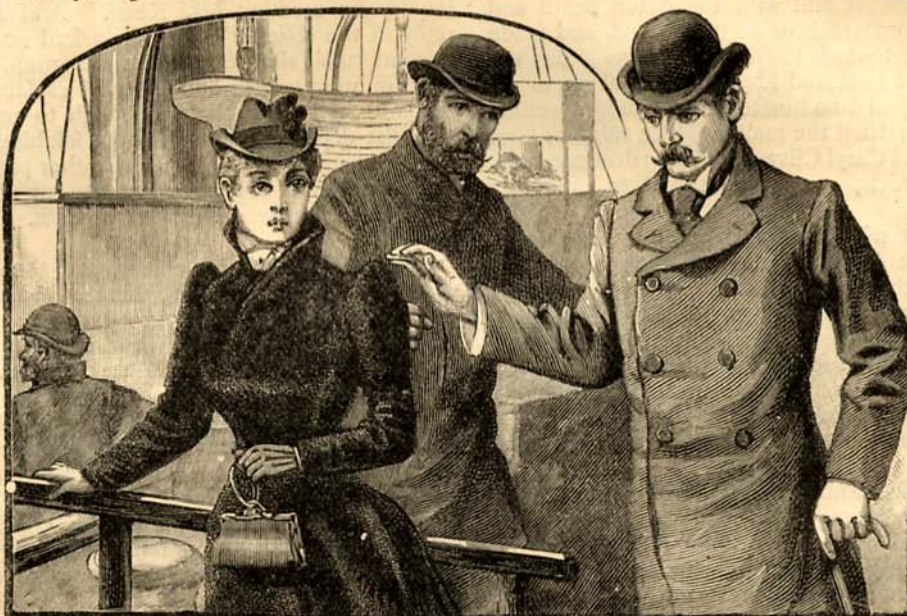
"Of course you must let me explain how I come to be here," Harry went on. "Mrs. Brookes is a

sort of connection of mine. At least her step-daughter married my brother, the Vicar of Thetfield, whom you may have met?"

"Oh, certainly. But quite unnecessary to tell me—" and so on, until all professional etiquette having been satisfied, and any professional jealousy upon the elder man's part smoothed away, he became quite confidential and talkative as to the specially sad features and circumstances of the case, and even ready to accept certain suggestions of his colleague which involved an entire change of treatment. To Wynne's combined indignation and surprise—Wynne who had, until this discovery dawned upon her, stood by in silent admiration and wonder at the tact and skill which Dr. Jaxon was displaying—the alteration of treatment included also the engagement of an additional

nurse—as though she could not do all that there was to be done, indeed!

"I shall send down a woman from London then, Dr. Baker," the specialist said as they both rose. "I have one very skilful in mental cases now disengaged. And we will meet here again this day week, shall we?"



"A HAND WAS LAID UPON HER SHOULDER."

"I am sure I am quite indebted for your assistance," the old gentleman assured him. After which they bowed each other downstairs with a great display of politeness. As to Wynne, she was standing rather disconsolately by Mrs. Brookes' chair, with hanging head and aggrieved heart, when, five minutes later, Harry returned in search of her.

"Come with me," he commanded, in the authoritative way to which in past days she had more than once yielded a ready obedience. But she felt very far indeed from obeying just now.

"I can't leave my patient—at least not until you have put that much more clever and capable person in charge. Whilst I am here I am responsible; though of course when she comes I shall go!"

Her eyes flashed and sparkled as she faced him angrily. But he only smiled at the little show of temper.

"I have told Elizabeth to come up for a few minutes. Stella gave me permission to secure her services, and here she is. Come, Wynne," was his only response.

And before she quite knew how it had happened she found herself in the drawing-room sitting upon a couch, with Dr. Jaxon by her side. Certainly no one had ever before been able to manage her like Harry did. And as the notion crossed her mind her dying anger revived. She jumped up and stamped her foot.

"I won't come! I won't!"

"But you are here!" with a look of calm surprise at her temper. And the assertion was so clearly true, that all in a moment Wynne's fury died away, and she broke into a peal of laughter. It was a little weak and shaky, perhaps; but it did her good for all that.

"Well, and now possibly you'll listen to me for a moment," said Dr. Jaxon, as soon as she was grave again. "At present I am aware that you think me the most objectionable of persons. But don't you care more for Mrs. Brookes' recovery, and the benefit it would be to your brother, than you do for your own pride?"

She had not looked at it in that light. Her head sank a little. Certainly, she meditated, Dr. Jaxon never shrank from plain speaking.

"I didn't mean to be selfish," she half-whispered.

"Yet it stands to reason that a woman who has given twenty years of her life to the tending of such cases as Mrs. Brookes', and who is besides fitted physically, in an exceptional manner, for the management of the mentally afflicted, will be better qualified to deal with the patient than a child like you. Now, doesn't it?"

At which climax of insult Wynne, seldom given as she was to crying, burst into tears for the second time that day. To be called a child indeed—she, Nurse Wynne, who had already been for months a professional character! She had never felt so snubbed in all her life.

"Oh, Dr. Jaxon! How little you think of me!" she exclaimed. "And when I've tried so hard, for Guy's sake, to do my best!"

And then, all of a sudden, he took her hand and stooped his head over hers.

"I think so little of you, my dearest, that if you will promise to accept me as your sole charge, and be my wife, it will be the happiest moment of my life!"

The proposal was so sudden and startling that it caused the astonished Wynne to take a cruel, though entirely unintentional revenge. She also could make her meaning quite distinct, upon occasions.

"Marry you! Why, Dr. Jaxon, you are shorter than I am. That would never do, would it?"

Now no man in the wide world could really enjoy such a speech as that. And if Harry Jaxon had not had a most excellent temper matters would certainly have ended there and then. Happily for them both, however, hasty resentment was not one of his failings.

But the result of their interview—it lasted considerably more than ten minutes, by the way, and proved a great trial to Elizabeth's patience—remained a secret between the two most concerned for some time.

CHAPTER XII.

"A GOOD TURN."



SUNDAY oncemore—and round Mary's chair, placed in the middle of the bare school-room, and as usual close to the almost red-hot stove, the lads belonging to her Bible-Class

were sitting in various attitudes, some bolt upright upon the backless benches staring at their teacher, some stooping over the Bibles held in outstretched hands upon a level with their knees.

"Read the verse again, please, Beresford," said Mrs. Jaxon. "There's something else in it that nobody has mentioned yet, but which means a great deal."

The young man's gruff voice sounded through the half-empty building—

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"Thank you," from Mary. "And I think we have tried to understand most of it, haven't we? Just let us go through it once more to make sure. Why have we to give our bodies to God?"

"Because He've bought 'em. Paid a price," responded Stacey; adding upon his own account, "wain't be honest, else."

"Quite true. But there are other reasons, are there not?"

"Pairt o' Him a'ready," answered Riley. "Members o' Christ', like oor legs and arms is members o' oos, you said."

"And," more slowly and thoughtfully still came the words in Charlie's accents "'cos we wain't gie oor bodies wi'oot gieing oor souls too. I mind the text you told oos in St. James. 'If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.'"

"Yours is the best answer," his teacher said, smiling at him. "Yes, the person who always speaks rightly must have the clean heart from which to speak, I am sure. Then we go on to 'a living sacrifice,' which means——"

"For allus. Lifelong," answered Wilson. "Not on'ey at nows and thens."

"And holy?"

"Trying t' be loike God," reverently answered Charlie again. He had indeed brains and memory beyond the average. "'Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy.'"

"I like the texts quoted in that way," Mary remarked. "Well, what of the next point, the most wonderful of all? Can you tell me, Palfreyman?"

"Acceptable unto God." But he spoke carelessly, and a cloud swept over Mrs. Jaxon's face. Try as she might, she could apparently produce no good result upon that rough boy.

"Acceptable—which is to say, that He will receive these bodies which He made, that He really regards them as valuable. If God Himself, the Creator, values them, surely we ought to do so, lads."

A little pause. Then Stacey looked up with an inquiry: "Is 'reasonable service' what oos 'adn't noticed?"

The Vicar's wife nodded.

"Yes. Now who can explain it?"

But in that there was clearly a difficulty. No one hazarded a suggestion until Fred Shirt muttered that "Mooother carls t' flour reasonable toimes it's cheap."

At which idea one or two smiled, including Mary herself. She had half expected some such remark.

"No, no! Let me help you. Somebody tell me what makes the difference, the real difference, between a man and those great monkeys you were telling me you saw in a caravan at the fair, Beresford?"

But it was Furniss who replied, a look of intelligence gradually stealing over his features.

"Their reason," he said. "'T' brains and notions, ain't it, Mrs. Jaxon?"

"Quite so. Now put reason and service together, and see what you get, can you?"

"A service as we understands. Is that it?" burst out Stacey. "Knowing what un's about."

"Ah, you've got it!" delightedly. "It isn't a blind, haphazard sort of thing, this gift that we should render to God; but a wide-awake body, with all its faculties and powers developed and educated to the utmost of our opportunities. Instead of being content with a stupid, ignorant doing of His Will by chance, or leaving it undone by chance, we shall feel a steady desire to study His wishes and help forward His work. But there's a great deal more than that to be understood by this word 'reasonable.' I'll tell you only one thing now, and we can talk the rest over another time more fully. Of course it is reasonable that we, for whom so much has been done, should do what we can by way of a very poor return. The masters who pay you expect you to earn the money, don't they?"

"That's on'ey reet," Furniss declared quickly.

"Only right and reasonable. So when you lads stand up in church to-morrow, those of you that are

to be Confirmed, I mean, and declare that you will try to give up what is wrong, and believe what is true, and do what is right, you will be promising to give to God a reasonable service. Think of that when you answer 'I do' to the Bishop."

Rather wearily did Mrs. Jaxon walk home that afternoon. Delightful as was her work, she found it often very fatiguing too. And perhaps she experienced even a slight twinge of impatience as a door that she was passing opened and a rough head thrust itself out.

"Mrs. Jaxon, ma'am. And if oi'd be so bowld, wid ye come in a minit, me lady?"

No mistaking O'Hara's voice. Mary tried to smile as brightly as usual in response. But she looked worn and tired.

"I mustn't stay long. But oh—what an improvement!"

She could not help the exclamation, for a more changed home she had seldom entered. The floor and windows were clean, the table scrubbed, and even the red bricks of the floor looked almost tempting, whilst O'Hara himself had a more self-respecting aspect than she had believed his weak countenance capable of assuming. Strangest fact of all, not a child was to be seen.

"It's joost hersel' as is the cliver 'un," the man declared with pride. "Oi'd the intintion to come and tell yer, ma'am, on'ey when oi saw yer passing oi had a fancy as yer should see. We've bin man and wife now this month and betther. And it's bin the happiest month o' me loife! And so it has, entoirely, ma'am."

And then, as he brought a chair, he proceeded to tell Mrs. Jaxon how he had only once during that blissful period had "a dhrop," a lapse from virtue which occurred on the wedding-day itself.

"And the very next night if she didn't take me to a Temperance meeting, and make me soign the pledge. And she soigned it too, ma'am, though she niver had a drain too much in all her born days. No beer nor sperrits nor nothing comes inside these doors now, ma'am! In me soul I belave I'll be able to kape the pledge this time. And the childher they go to Sunday School, the darlints, and—and it's all owin' to you, ma'am."

"I hope you have said a prayer about that pledge, O'Hara?" replied Mrs. Jaxon, smiling at the compliment, which she felt to be quite undeserved. And then she took her leave, meeting Mrs. O'Hara upon the doorstep, and congratulating her, with a shake of the hand, upon the wonders she had already wrought.

But if Mary herself had not altogether appreciated the pleasant duty thus brought in her way, Ivy and May were still more rebellious.

"Movvy is velly late," Ivy reiterated more than once from her stand by the drawing-room window, whence she could see down the street. "I want her to sing to me."

"And me," echoed May, with the faint smile quite

fading. Then there came a shout of "Here she comes!" and the maid opened the door to allow the babies to rush into the hall.

"Yes, I'll sing when I've taken off my hat," Mary promised. "Go and ask Sarah to get tea up, and I'll be back in a minute."

She was scarcely more. But the interval had been long enough to allow a change to come over the aspect of the scene. When Mrs. Jaxon returned to the hall it was to find her husband there taking off his hat and coat. She went up to his side and slipped her hand through his arm.

"There's a gorgeous fire in here," she said, leading him towards the drawing-room. "Why, May, crying? What is it, dear?"

The little chest was heaving, and great tears were dropping down upon the white muslin pinafore, as May, between her sobs, brought out her complaint, "May's c'ying 'cos of what Sarah sayed!"

"Poor pet. Had May been naughty then? Ah, here's Granny to hear too. What did Sarah say, dearie?"

"I don't know," gasped out the small sufferer, between her sobs. "But it was somefin drefful!"

Mary mopped up the tokens of woe, with a smile. They were such sweet little silly things, these bairns of hers, and with all her heart she loved them for their silliness. It was so charming to be able to soothe their fancied griefs, and to see the doleful faces brighten into good humour and happiness again, just as May's did now upon the recommendation that she should help Ivy to open the piano.

"And how have you got on to-day, my dearest?" Walter asked as the children obeyed.

"Oh, I had a good number! The lads seem so impressed with the idea of the Confirmation, Walter. I am very happy about them. Your classes have done them an immense lot of good, much more than I could have accomplished in a year."

"Who sent them to the classes?" he smiled. "And didn't I see you afterwards coming from O'Hara's cottage?"

"Why, where were you?" in surprise. "There's such a change there. But—oh yes, Ivy, I'll come. Walter, you shall hear the story by-and-by."

She seated herself on the stool, and began to run her fingers over the keys. May, listening, with her blonde head on one side, nodded. Her ideas of tune were at present vague.

"That's 'Mary had a little lamb,' movvy," she said at last. "I singed that in church to-day!"

For both the tinies were most regular church-goers, and would on no account have missed the weekly treat. Whether it did them at their age much good, might, however, be open to question, especially after May's information—May, whose baby voice was apt to make itself heard in a sort of droning murmur during psalms and canticles. Until this instant her mother had not suspected that she uttered any words at all.

"But you don't generally sing that?" she said.

"No," from Ivy now. "May gen'ly sings 'I think when I read' and 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' 'cause she told me so. But she thought she'd like a change to-day."

After which, what more was there to say? With one glance at her husband Mary immediately began to play "There is a green hill far away," and in another second the children's voices were mingling with her own in the sweet strains.

The Confirmation took place next day. It was, for Mr. and Mrs. Jaxon, a happy arrangement, as upon the Tuesday they had promised to journey once more to Shingleby, where Guy was enduring, as best he might, the expectation that any day his trial might take place.

At Kingston Villa matters were not of the brightest. Stella looked weary and anxious; Guy, whenever he appeared, gave an impression of languor and weakness that almost alarmed his friends; whilst Wynne's suspense was obvious, in spite of the fact that her cheerfulness was the one sunny thing about the house. At the source of neither suspense nor cheerfulness, however, did any of the other inmates of the dwelling guess.

"I am thankful you would not let me tell Guy about Mrs. Brookes," the girl remarked one day to Harry. "If the uncertainty as to whether or not she will be able to give evidence is trying to me, it would have been torture to him."

"Exactly my idea," said the doctor. "Glad you agree at last, my dear!" For they had not always been entirely at one upon the matter. Wynne's reply was a laugh and a blush.

It had been one of the earliest pieces of evidence adduced against the so-called Countess Helen Vasco and Caryl Clive, that under these high-sounding titles was disguised the plain name of Smith. As Mr. and Mrs. Smith the police recognised them, husband and wife instead of brother and sister, a couple altogether worthy of each other, and who, for years, had been known at Scotland Yard as a pair of undoubted swindlers, whose cleverness had enabled them to evade the clutches of justice.

The shock to "good society" at Shingleby was indeed severe when the details of those two lives were made public. That they, people who had prided themselves upon their exclusiveness and power of discrimination, should have received and flattered and even run after a sometime tailor, accustomed to pursue his respectable, though not aristocratic, calling in Clapham, was bad enough. But that they—the female they this time—who turned up their noses at trade, and despised all "shop young persons," should have kissed and cajoled and copied the whilom attendant behind a milliner's counter, to whom a marriage with Mr. Smith had at one time seemed the wildest promotion, was quite too bitter a pill. In their resentment against the scheming couple, they almost began to believe that Guy Ryder might possibly have been more sinned against than sinning.

And when, very gradually and with extreme caution, Mrs. Brookes' mind was awakened to the state of affairs, when, as soon as the vacant eyes had regained an expression of sanity, and the clouded brain had been brought into a more healthy condition, the story was by degrees told her, it became apparent that she entirely agreed with Shingleby.

Very pale and sad, yet with an expression of utter calmness, which only faith in the Great Witness he had himself arraigned in his favour could have given, Guy Ryder stood on Thursday morning in the dock of the assize court at Lowchester, side by side with Mr. and Mrs. Smith. From the body of the court Stella, almost as white as he, and with her hand clasped fast in Mary's fingers, stood and watched him, wondering at his composure. It was perhaps at that moment, as the buzz of talk went on around her, and she realized how utterly apart from the pallid prisoner was all the curious crowd so eagerly gazing at him, that then and there Stella Brookes first realized that her heart, at any rate, was one with his.

One after another the witnesses for the prosecution were called. The banker's clerk who had handed to Mr. Ryder the twelve notes in exchange for the cheque, which experts swore to be a forgery, gave his evidence. The manager of the bank narrated how Guy had himself owned to the endorsement of that same forged document; whilst even Miss Brookes herself was obliged to tell the tale of her conversation with Mrs. Brookes, when the widow confided to her the fact that it was into Guy's own hands she had given the cheque of which Clive ultimately proved the possessor. It was some relief to her overcharged heart that, in the course of cross-examination, she was able to explain fully Guy's extreme desire to induce Mrs. Brookes to call in a solicitor, and so to set investigations on foot. But take it for all in all, it was for two persons the most painful episode of all their experience when Stella was compelled to give testimony, as a witness for the prosecution, against the man she trusted with all her soul, and he was obliged to behold her suffering, without the ability to offer her comfort. It was to Guy's most intense relief that he saw that the person who assisted her from the witness box was dressed in sailor's garb, and beheld Jack, regardless of all beholders, salute his trembling sister with a most emphatic hug.

"We'll get him off, old girl, never fear!" he whispered cheerily. "Why, the whole thing has been my fault, as I've just been explaining to some lawyer johnnie or another. Fool that I was, I made him promise to do just what, like a brick, he has done. It'll all be as clear as mud once I can have my say. I came home on purpose."

And though perhaps he somewhat overrated the value of the evidence he could offer, testimony for which Mr. Keen, who had heard the story from Guy, had not even considered it worth while to summon him to England, and though Stella only half understood of what he was talking, still she heaved a sigh of rapture.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come! Wynne always said you could help us if you were here."

"I wish I'd had your letter before," he went on. "But when a ship's cruising about there's no counting on posts."

After all, however, there was no need to call him, or any other person but one, to afford evidence for Guy's defence. True that his counsel by-and-by stood up and commenced with great pomp an elaborate sketch of the line he intended to pursue. True that he took occasion to mention that early morning visit paid to Guy by the other two prisoners—a visit to which both his landlady and her maid would depose, and in the course of which their examination of the valid cheque had afforded opportunity to Mr. or Mrs. Smith for the substitution of the forgery, which Guy had unwittingly endorsed. True that he showed to his own satisfaction, if not to that of the jury, that the other defendants had a particular grudge against Guy, both because he had at least secured two thousand pounds from falling into their grip, and because of his open endeavours to circumvent their wicked designs; a more probable, though less lover-like, solution of the mystery of their malice, by-the-bye, than that which Guy himself had offered to Mr. Keen. But the eminent Q.C. advanced no further in his arguments. For at that point there arose a sudden stir in the court, as the crowd round the door parted, to permit of the entrance of three or four persons whose appearance created a great sensation.

Nor was that any wonder. For there, amongst the new-comers, was not only to be seen Wynne Ryder, the prisoner's sister, who had astonished the whole family by declining to accompany them to Lowchester, but also—leaning upon the arm of her nurse and attended by Dr. Jaxon, who looked radiant with something more than professional triumph—the missing and sorely needed witness, Mrs. Brookes. She was, as of yore, attired in the most startling bonnet to be procured for money, and, except for a rather advantageous lack of colour, seemed much as usual. In a moment Sir Gregory Desson, whose eloquence had been thus unceremoniously interrupted, understood that his case was won. With prompt acuteness he wound up his remarks by there and then putting Mrs. Brookes into the witness box, to tell her own tale; which she did with a fluent directness that could scarcely have been pleasant even to such hardened evildoers as Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

She admitted, with amusing frankness, the attraction which the woman's assumed title had been, both to herself and to her neighbours. She told in detail the many little schemes by means of which "Mr. Clive," as she still persisted in calling the male prisoner, had established his ascendancy over her. She explained about the blank cheque, which had been abstracted from the book she had entrusted for some hours to Clive's care. And she set at once and for ever at rest the vexed question as to the



"HER IDEAS OF TUNE WERE AT PRESENT VAGUE."

letter of acknowledgment, and the receipt given to her by Guy, and by her, exactly as the clergyman had stated, passed on to Mr. Smith.

"Has to a conspiracy," she burst out at last, in a fit of righteous indignation, breaking all bounds, amidst the delight of the spectators, "between Guy Ryder and them wretches, why, the idea is ridiculous, puffically ridiculous. Parson has 'e is, I believe 'e 'ated Caryl Clive most as much as Caryl Clive 'ated 'im, which is saying a deal. The times and agen as 'e's warned me o' their tricks, and I wouldn't listen!"

Altogether a more complete exoneration could scarcely have been afforded. Each word seemed to lift a fresh weight from Guy's mind; and upon the conclusion of Mrs. Brookes' evidence his counsel saw his way to apply for the immediate discharge of Mr. Ryder from the case. Upon the instruction of the judge, the prosecuting counsel offering no opposition, the jury acquitted Guy, and he left the court amidst cheers, with the welcome assurance still ringing in his ears that he did so with, if possible, a higher character than if the charge had never been brought against him.

The prisoners Smith, man and wife, were rightly sent into penal servitude for a term of years.

"I think has I've done you a good turn this time, Guy," was Mrs. Brookes' greeting.

"But it is to Dr. Jaxon that you owe everything," Dr. Baker assured the truly thankful clergyman that night. "It was his idea—he's a clever fellow for so young a man; there's no doubt about it!"

"I'll go and thank him," returned the other. "I have said something, though not half enough."

"He's in the drawing-room," observed Mary. "I left him there just now with Wynne." Neither to her nor to Guy did the conjunction of the two names bring enlightenment. But that was not to be delayed for long.

Standing by the conservatory door, absorbed in each other, he came upon the lovers. And as for a

second he stood and watched them, himself unnoticed, whilst slowly a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him, he saw Wynne bend her tall head, and Harry touch her lips with his own. After that, explanations were speedy.

"I wish I were as certain of Stella," meditated Guy, when in a few moments he left them once more alone. "I am thankful even to be able to dream of it again. But still—" He gave the old familiar shrug, as, in an aimless sort of way, he wandered inside the opposite door, to find the dining-room occupied by a second couple. But this time the pair were brother and sister.

"I suppose I'd better go," Jack said. "That's the way with folks when they're engaged. They always want other people out of the way."

"Engaged!" echoed Guy, colouring to the roots of his hair.

But Stella, who had not understood where the mistake lay, only laughed. "What are you talking about now, my dearest one of all?" she inquired. Poor Jack stood aghast between them.

"Why, you don't mean to say, Guy—after what you told me, too—you surely haven't waited because of this stupid charge? And I made sure you'd settled it; though I did wonder nobody mentioned it in their letters."

Gradually, but far too swiftly for her comfort, Stella was gaining comprehension. The blood crept into her face, until she was as red as Guy; and then, as both men looked at her, she pressed her hands over her cheeks, and made a rush for the door. But some one was too quick for her. Jack caught her in his arms, and took her straight across the room again to his ancient chum.

"If you'd had somebody to look after you long ago, old chap, it would have been far better for you. You've made a regular martyr of yourself for us. And now if Stella won't have you—"

Guy rose to the occasion then.

"Oh, Stella, if you would!" he exclaimed. And though Jack promptly left them and listened to no more, the ultimate result was known to all the world.

For Stella did.

THE END.

ST. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

(JUNE 11TH.)

"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

BRIGHTLY did the light Divine
From his words and actions shine,
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,
"Son of consolation" named.

Full of peace and lively joy
Sped he on his high employ,
By his mild exhorting word
Adding many to the Lord.

DEAN ALFORD.



THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IV.—THE BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

THE RIGHT REV. ANDREW HUNTER DUNN, D.D., was consecrated Lord Bishop of Quebec on September 18th, 1892, in the Cathedral, Montreal.

The Bishop is a native of Saffron Walden, and was born in 1839. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he obtained a scholarship, and graduated twenty-ninth Wrangler in 1863. He was ordained to the curacy of St. Mark's, Notting Hill, where he remained for six years. In 1871 he took charge of the mission district of South Acton, and for twenty-one years this populous Metropolitan suburb enjoyed the advantage of his earnest and untiring ministrations.

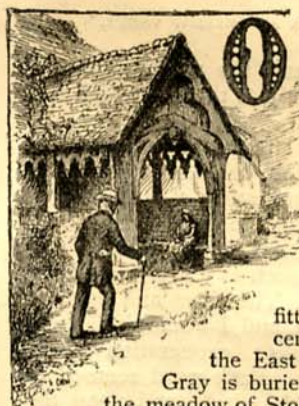
Two handsome churches were erected, one large temporary church, six mission churches, commodious schools, and a comfortable parsonage were provided at a cost of upwards of £30,000. When the Bishop commenced his work at South Acton he had thirty or forty hearers and fourteen communicants; when he retired there were fully 2,500 people attending the Sunday services, and the communicants numbered 1,350. He was frequently offered preferment, but resisted all entreaties to leave his attached people until the call to the Episcopate came in 1892.

In his new sphere the Bishop has fully maintained his great reputation for devotion to duty, and he has already made his mark upon the Church life of his important diocese.

The Bishop is the author of *Helps by the Way*; or, *Prayers and Praises for Various Occasions*, *Our Church Manual*, *Holy Thoughts for Quiet Moments*, and has occasionally contributed to our own pages. Our portrait has been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

IV.—ST. GILES', STOKE POGES.



ONE of the most famous literary shrines in England is Stoke Poges church. Year in year out pilgrims from near and from far make their way to the parish, which has been immortalised by the poet Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Here in this ancient fane the poet worshipped with his pious mother, and here his dust fittingly rests "in sure and certain hope." A tablet near the East window records that Thomas Gray is buried "opposite this stone." In the meadow of Stoke Park, which was long the home of the Penns, stands the monument erected by John Penn to Gray's memory. It is a striking cenotaph, and bears an inscription embodying several verses of the "Elegy."

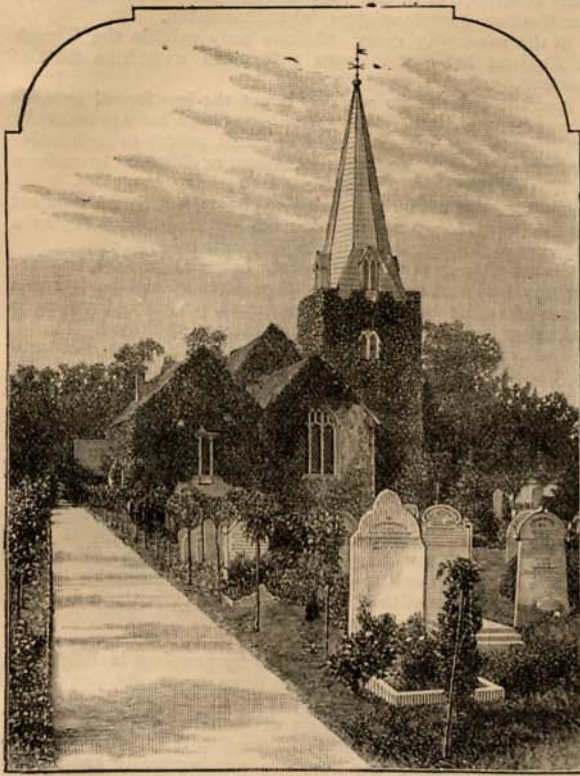
The church forms a picturesque feature in the landscape; its quaint wooden spire, tapering from "the ivy-mantled tower," rises high above the neighbouring elms. The old yew-tree still remains, recalling the well-remembered lines:—

"Beneath those
rugged limes,
that yew-tree's
shade,
Where heaves
the turf in
many a mould-
ering heap,
Each in his narrow
cell for ever
laid,
The rude fore-
fathers of the
hamlet sleep."

Mr. J. Penderel-Brodburst, in a delightfully sympathetic sketch of this historic church, writes:—



THOMAS GRAY.



ST. GILES', STOKE POGES.

"The tall gables, covered with the ruddiest of red tiles, are infinitely more grateful to the eye than the roofs of slate and lead which have been placed over so many churches. The wide South porch is a gem. It projects many feet from the church, and has a roof even more highly pitched in proportion. It is of brick and timber in massive beams, which recall the beautiful half-timbered manor-houses of the northern and western midlands. The level of the churchyard has been slightly raised since the porch was built, and it is entered now down a step or two. The heavy oaken door, unlocked by a great key nearly a foot long, could assuredly have withstood any ancient engine of war. The interior of the church does not belie in quaintness its outer promise. This is the real old-fashioned church, which has so often pointed the moral of the architectural scolder."

The same writer is of the opinion that the interior of the church is "almost entirely unchanged from the time when Gray and his mother worshipped there."

Architecturally, Stoke church is a mixture of various styles. There is a fine Norman arch to the chancel. The South chapel dates from 1557, is Perpendicular, and some of the windows are Decorated. There are several fine painted windows, and a number of monuments to descendants of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. A bas-relief, the work of the distinguished sculptor Chantrey, in memory of his friend Nathaniel Marchant, R.A., also attracts attention.

A few words about Gray may not be out of place, for it was at Stoke that his best work was accomplished. His devotion to his mother was a conspicuous trait in his character. On her tomb he speaks of her with touching

pathos as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone *had the misfortune to survive her.*" She died in 1753, and the poet survived her some sixteen years. He was buried, by his own expressed desire, at the side of his mother in the churchyard which his genius had covered with glory.

It is known that some time after Gray had written the "Elegy," he showed it round among his friends, but said nothing about publishing it. After a time he allowed copies of it to circulate in manuscript, until a copy fell into the hands of the Editor of *The Magazine of Magazines*, who immediately sent the poet word that he meant to print it, and it first appeared in this publication in February 1751. Immediately afterwards Horace Walpole, at Gray's request, arranged with Dodsley to publish the poem separately, and it appeared anonymously, price sixpence, under the title "An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the title-page being duly adorned with cross-bones, skulls, and hour-glasses.

"Had Gray written nothing but his 'Elegy,'" said Byron, "high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher. It is the corner-stone of his glory."

General Wolfe, the night before the victory at Quebec, said to his soldiers, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

Oliver Goldsmith remarks: "Gray speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed, and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited, then, to our national character is that species of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected



GRAY'S MONUMENT.

flights, where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from us; and, in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm in order to taste of his beauties."

We may take our leave of Stoke Poges church by quoting "The Epitaph," which forms the closing stanzas of the "Elegy":—

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.
"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God."

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.



NO. The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England would not result in greater clerical and congregational liberty.

Our clergy and laity have, at present, all lawful and reasonable liberty.

Indeed, practically, they have much more liberty than have the ministers and congregations of Non-conforming bodies.

The clergy and laity of the Church, within a given parish, deanery, archdeaconry, or diocese, can meet together for deliberation on, and the discussion of, any subject they please, and there is no one to hinder them from so doing.

They can, at their pleasure, devise plans and create organisations for all kinds of parochial and diocesan work, and there is no power or authority that can restrain them in their efforts.

It is difficult to imagine wherein Disestablishment and Disendowment, if carried into effect, could increase their liberty in these respects. But you ask how liberty of belief and worship can be consistent with a fixed and settled creed, and with a uniform order of public prayer and praise, such as are imposed upon her clergy and members by the Church of England?

Our answer is, that every religious body has, and must have, some written creed or form of belief, or doctrines to be held, assent to which is required as a basis of their union as individuals in one organised community. Whatever individual opinions they may hold in reserve on religious subjects, they must, at least, profess to accept the fundamental dogmas of the particular religious organisation of which they are members. So far, by their own free choice, and their own act and deed, they give up a portion of their intellectual liberty in professing, as a condition of their becoming members of that organisation, to avow themselves believers in its imposed dogmas, and in practically undertaking, during the term of

their adherence to it, that they will not profess to believe any doctrines or opinions contrary to such dogmas.

In the same way every religious body outside the Church of England has got its own written or unwritten form of worship.

And the order of its worship is not the less formal because it may be unwritten. Every member of such body is naturally required to give his expressed or silent assent to such order or form of worship, and without dissent or objection to conform to it at all times when he attends its appointed services.

Thus, so far, he, by his own free choice and by his own act and deed, gives up his individual liberty in his capacity as a member of the religious body to which he belongs.

So the Church of England, as she exists at present, has her written forms of belief in her three creeds, and her written forms of public worship and of common prayer and praise in her appointed order for Morning and Evening Prayer.

But neither her clergy nor members are in any way coerced to believe the Church's creeds nor to conform to her order of worship.

They do so by their own free choice, and by their own act and deed.

They could leave the communion of the Church to-morrow if they were so disposed, but they could not join any religious body outside her fellowship that would not require of them—practically at least—to assent to and believe its doctrines, and conform to its order of worship.

The idea that the clergy and laity of the Church of England, as she at present exists, are deprived of any reasonable liberty in the expression of their religious beliefs, or in the order and manner or method of their public worship, is perfectly preposterous.

On what grounds it is entertained by people it is difficult to imagine. While they all hold the three creeds, the fact of the existence of three or four parties in the Church—which we prefer to call different schools of thought within her communion—proves their intellectual freedom in somewhat differently interpreting her doctrines and variously expressing their religious opinions.

Again, though the order of her services is the same in all cases, still there is given to the clergy and laity a certain optional liberty not only as to when they shall be performed, but as to how they shall be rendered, whether "said or sung," or "sung or said."

And that the clergy and laity largely avail themselves of the use of this optional liberty, any one may satisfy himself by observing how different the public services often are in different parish churches; not only in the degree of their choral character, but in the measure of ritual with which they are accompanied.

No! You may be assured that Disestablishment and Disendowment would not increase the liberty of the clergy and laity as to their religious belief, nor give them greater freedom in their mode of conducting and engaging in public worship.

So far, indeed, from these revolutionary proposals, if carried into effect, producing such results, they would undoubtedly lead to consequences the very contrary.

For, given that by Disestablishment the Church were deposed from her present ancient historical and legal position as the National Church of the country, and that all her charters and statutes recognising her, and guaranteeing to her all her rights and privileges, as such were repealed, and that she were reduced to the level of the sects and left to begin her ecclesiastical life afresh in her Disestablished state, she would have to do so on the narrow basis of a trust-deed, within the four corners of which she would have to embody all her creeds and forms of worship; and once this process was completed, in case of dispute as to their meaning, she could not finally adjudicate upon their meaning without going to the civil courts for judgment; and in case she wanted to alter her doctrines set forth in her trust-deed she could not do so but by virtue of an Act of Parliament.

This certainly would not be an enlargement, but a serious curtailment of her religious and ecclesiastical liberty.

POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,

Editor of "Fowls."

EGGS! MEAT!! AND A PROFIT!!!

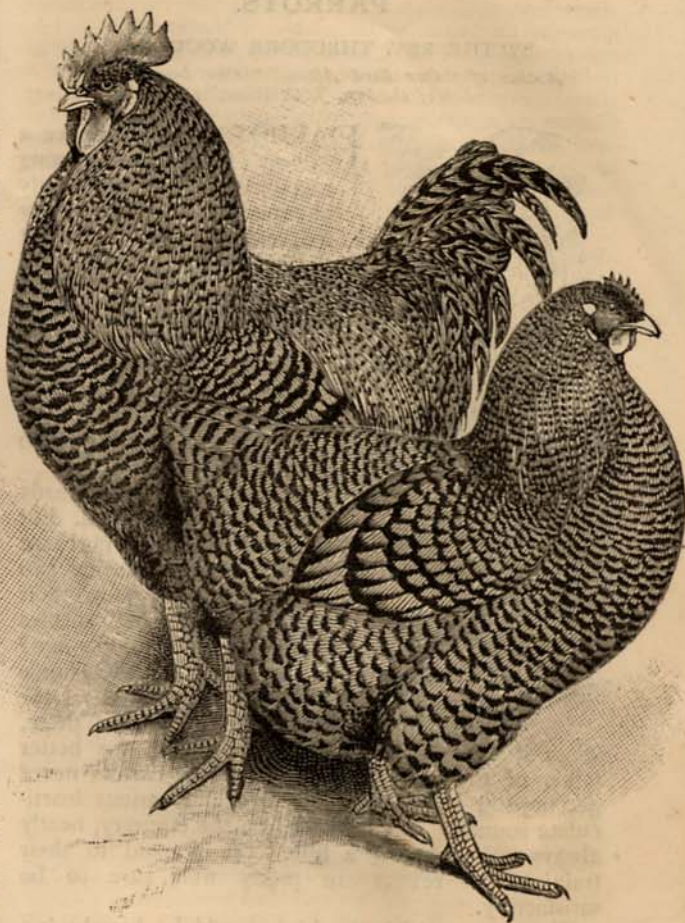


IF each reader of this headline were asked which he most fancied, eggs! meat!! or a profit!!! we are fain to believe he would experience some little difficulty in fixing his choice. An egg, perfectly new-laid, possessing that well-known bloom which bespeaks its freshness, and the introduction of the spoon which reveals a rich golden yolk, instead of now and again a half-developed chicken, is indeed a tempting morsel. To the strong, vigorous

worker, eggs prove an excellent food; whilst in the sick-ward, what food is more welcome? They can be taken raw as they are, whipped up with various fluids, or cooked in a hundred different ways to tempt the failing appetite. Used simply as an article of diet, they are invaluable, and yet they prove of immense service in many other ways. The white is used by the manufacturer for fixing the colours in calicoes, muslins, etc.; also in bookbinding, the facing of photographic papers, etc., etc. Then, further, they are used for egg-powders, etc.; and the dried yolk of egg is employed for finishing kid of the best kinds for gloves, boots, and in many other ways; whilst those who engage in party politics are aware that eggs, not new laid, but otherwise, are not infrequently resorted to at election times when argument has failed.

But, besides eggs, a poultry yard supplies meat, the most costly item in the poor man's food. History tells us that when the Romans under Julius Caesar invaded our shores, they found both the fowl and the goose in a state of domestication; nevertheless they were forbidden as food. That must have been very tantalising, for both form a very toothsome dish. Brillat Savarin, prominent in gastronomic taste, avers that he believed the whole gallinaceous family was made to enrich our tables—for from the quail to the turkey their flesh is a light aliment, full of flavour, and fitted equally for the invalid as for the man of robust health. Now a couple of fowls would make a very big hole in the weekly wage of a working man; but, depend upon it, if he will only set to work in a careful and intelligent way to grow his own chickens, his humble larder may be "enriched," and his table "furnished" now and again, without extravagance, with such wholesome and appetising fare.

Then last, but not least, in the eyes of most folks, there is the profit. We have enjoyed all three portions ourselves—eggs, meat, and a profit—and in this little series of articles we want to help many others to do likewise. Our experience is not an isolated experience; plenty of other people have done the same; more may still do so. Many a working man to-day, by eschewing the public-house and



A PAIR OF PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

devoting his leisure hours to his feathered friends, has found his poultry yard a source, not only of profit, but of considerable pleasure besides. Here is a self-help opportunity within the reach of all.

At a parochial tea-meeting on one occasion we seized a plate of butter in one hand and a dish of cake in the other, whilst a friend on our right followed our example with the sandwiches. Presenting them to an opposite neighbour, he cast a hungry glance at each, remarking at the same moment, "Only give me time, and I'll have some of each." That is just what we want all the readers of these lines to enjoy, not to make a choice of one item only, but to go in strongly for "some of each"—eggs! meat!! and a profit!!! As our friend at the tea-meeting found, it takes time—everything worth doing does—but it can be done, and success can be achieved by those who try.

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(JUNE 24TH.)

MAY thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound,
Lest here we sleep in night,
Till judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.—ISAAC WILLIAMS.

PARROTS.

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



PARROTS deservedly take a very high rank among cage-birds. They are easily obtained, easily kept, easily fed, and easily educated. At the same time, there is a wrong way as well as a right way of managing them; and these few remarks are intended for those who desire to avoid the former and adopt the latter.

First, for a word or two about the bird itself.

Parrots, as I have already said, are easily obtained. But those who wish to purchase one will have to decide two questions with regard to their future pet—(1) Of what species shall it be? (2) What shall be its age?

With regard to the first point, the choice practically lies between two species, the Grey Parrot and the Green. The latter of these, when it does learn to speak, is usually the better talker of the two; but many Green Parrots never get beyond ear-piercing screams and various inarticulate sounds. Grey Parrots, on the contrary, nearly always talk; and, if a little care is paid to their training, the results are pretty well sure to be satisfactory.

The age at which the bird should be bought is a more difficult matter to decide. On the one hand, young birds are easily trained, but are very apt to die; on the other hand, old birds are more hardened to our English climate, but have frequently picked up a choice collection of bad language, which they always bring out at the most inappropriate moments possible. Between these two evils I will leave the intending purchaser to judge for himself, only remarking that the eyes of an old parrot are straw-coloured, while those of a young one are grey.

Now for a little advice about the three chief conditions of the parrot's life in captivity.

1. ITS CAGE.—In the first place, this should be roomy. To keep a parrot in a cage in which it can scarcely turn round is simple cruelty. The bird likes plenty of exercise, and must have it, if it is to remain in health. So the cage should *never* be less than three feet in height and two in diameter.

In the second place, it must *not* be made of brass wire, and there should be no brass work of any kind about it. No matter how much attention may be paid to cleanliness, verdigris is sure to form upon brass sooner or later; and the parrot, which uses its beak

in climbing quite as much as its feet, is more than likely to die an untimely death by poison. Galvanized iron wire is by far the best material for a parrot's cage; but it must be very stout, in order to bid defiance to the bird's beak.

In the third place, the cage should be provided, not only with at least a couple of perches, made of hard wood, and placed at different heights, but also with a circular metal swing, suspended by a short chain from the top, and the upper part of the cage should be sufficiently wide to allow the bird to swing without damaging its tail.

This last will be a very favourite seat with the bird when once it has learned to use it; but sometimes the process of learning is amusing. I shall never forget the first time that a parrot of our own entered its swing. It was as proud of itself as possible, but at the same time terribly frightened; and there it swung, alternately screeching with terror and congratulating itself upon its boldness with divers chuckles and exclamations, while we all stood by screaming with laughter.

The best way to prevent the bird from gnawing its perches is to supply it with two or three pieces of stout hard stick from which the bark has not been removed, and to replace them as often as may be necessary.

If the bird is sufficiently tame, and on friendly terms with the cat, it will not need a cage at all, but may be kept on a "crutch perch," to which it can be fastened by a long chain attached to a metal band round one leg. This arrangement will give the bird plenty of exercise, and at the same time will reduce the labour of cleaning very considerably. But care should be taken to put the stand well out of reach of the neighbouring furniture.

2. ITS FOOD.—This must be of a strictly vegetable character. Polly will be pleased enough to pick a bone at intervals, but is sure to pay the penalty for doing so in an annoying skin irritation, which will cause her to peck and pull at her feathers, and even to pluck herself in parts perfectly bare. Hemp-seed, as a rule, is too heating, but may be given sparingly now and then, especially in winter. Of maize as much as the bird will eat, together with any kind of grain, seed, nuts, and biscuits. Bread and milk now and then, but not as a rule. Groundsel and chickweed are both very wholesome. For a treat, nothing is better than the stone of a peach or nectarine, which will give the bird occupation for beak and tongue, and keep it busily employed for a long time. The receptacles in which food and water are given must of course be perfectly clean.

3. ITS EDUCATION.—If a young bird is obtained this will present little difficulty. Take the bird into an otherwise unoccupied room, and repeat the words you wish it to learn over and over again, without varying the tone of voice. Before long you will probably notice, by the bird's intent attitude, that it is paying attention; and it may, perhaps, make an

attempt at imitation without further delay. If so, praise it (parrots are very open to flattery), and reward it with some small dainty, such as a piece of ripe fruit. More often, however, your pupil will take no apparent notice of its lesson at the time, but will suddenly come out with it weeks, months, or even years afterwards. For these birds have wonderful memories, and never seem to forget anything that they have once learned.

Herein, indeed, lies one of the chief difficulties in dealing with them; for they often pick up expressions from the sailors on board ship which are not desirable in polite society. But a parrot, to a great extent, may be broken of a bad habit by putting it into a dark cupboard, or covering its cage with a thick shawl, as often as it offends. The bird greatly dislikes darkness, and soon comes to connect the punishment with its misdeemeanour. The same plan may be pursued in cases of obstinate screaming. But tame parrots seldom scream unless they are teased; and it is scarcely necessary to say that teasing should never be permitted in the case of a domestic pet. A spoilt temper is a dear price to pay for a few minutes of passing amusement.

RELIGION AND THE WORKING MAN.

BY THE REV. NEVISON LORAINE,

Vicar of Grove Park West; Author of "The Battle of Belief," "The Sceptic's Creed," "The Voice of the Prayer Book," etc.

No. III.



MY friends, let us now consider some of those more practical popular objections to our Divine religion which I indicated generally at the outset of these papers.

"What has Christianity done for the working man? It may suit the 'classes,' but of what use is it to the every-day life of the 'masses'?"

At the outset of my reply to this objection, let me protest against the pernicious habit, growing in some quarters at the present time, of sharply separating class from class—breaking up into party divisions, and even hostile camps, the human brotherhood. This is alien to the whole spirit and aim of Christianity, which proclaims the common Fatherhood of God and the unity of the human family. The first phrase of the Lord's model prayer—"Our Father"—gathers into one the whole human brotherhood; and the New Testament is full of the fact and of the privileges belonging to that family fellowship. The message of Christianity, from its earliest days, has been a Gospel without price and without party privileges. In its first proclamation it "put no difference" between Jew and

heathen. St. Paul plainly stated "there is no difference for all have sinned"; and for this sinning "all" there is a free redemption in Christ Jesus. So this great message of the Father's all-embracing love swept across geographical boundaries and race distinctions, broke down middle walls of partition, set at nought class distinctions, in its catholic message: "There shall be neither Jew nor Gentile, free-man nor slave, king nor subject; ye are all one in the desperate need, and all one in the offered salvation." Distinctions of nation, class and condition are facts with which Christianity has no concern in carrying the music of its message of pardon, peace, and good-will among men. But let it never be forgotten that it was a special note in the ministry of Him who came by way of the peasant's home and the carpenter's shop, and a sign by which He vindicated His claim to be the Christ of God and the Teacher long foretold, that "unto the poor the Gospel was preached." This was a new thing in the world. The poor had been despised by the rich and scorned by the learned. There had been great teachers and some noble teaching; but the philosophers, gathering their select pupils in privileged schools, spoke in language not "understood of the common people"; they professed no mission of teaching, but to the "classes." Christ, it should be ever remembered, was the first great Teacher of the people. He went about teaching; and His manner, His method, His message, were all new. He had no fixed place, or select pupils. By the dusty wayside, or in some quiet spot under the shadow of the ancient temple, on the green slopes of the mountain, or by the waters of Gennesareth, He told the great story of the kingdom of God among men. With simplest language, aided by illustrations drawn from most familiar things, He enabled the simple, the poor, the unlearned, as well as scribe and scholar, to understand great things in the new kingdom of God on earth.

"He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
The sparrow and the raven,
And words so natural, yet so wise,
Were on men's hearts engraven;
And yeast and bread and flax and cloth,
And eggs and fish and candles;
See how the whole familiar world
He most divinely handles."

Hence it was that "the multitude pressed upon Him to hear the word." The "masses" were fascinated by Him. "The common people heard Him gladly."

This was no temporary work. He planted the kingdom of His Church. He left abiding command to His "ambassadors" and the "stewards of His mysteries," in unbroken succession, to carry forward His work of truth and mercy; and, in the picturesque language of His parable, He has bidden them to "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind." "And yet there is room" in the vast banquet-house of the Church of God. And His wider command is, "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in"; and "whosoever will" let him take "freely" bread of life, water of life, wine of life.

This mission of public philanthropy, of human benevolence, of Divine compassion, the Christian Church is carrying out with an energy never equalled since Apostolic days.

But to come closer to this question: "What has Christianity done for working men?" I reply, Great things. Not, it is true, all she might have done, and should have done. Yet, even so, she has done much, and is, thank God, daily doing more, and doing her level best to overtake past

deficiencies. But the blame of deficient achievement must be divided. It is not easy always to act up to the letter and spirit of a high calling. The standard of Christianity never varies, but there have been times when the Christian Church has been sluggish and sleepy. It is not so to-day; but even now, and always, if we would fully understand the aims and spirit of Christianity, we must judge them by the Master rather than by the disciples. The Church has not always represented the spirit or the teaching of her Lord; and even at her best, she is but the "earthly vessel" of His Divine "treasure."

(To be continued.)



THE SOLDIER AS A CHURCHMAN.

BY THE REV. W. SIDNEY RANDALL, B.A.,
Chaplain to the Forces.

THERE is a popular idea among people who know little or nothing of the Army, that a soldier is a most irreligious man. The youth who enlists is generally supposed to enter on a life of dissipation, drinking, and all that is bad. It is not surprising, therefore, that parents often object to their sons leaving their homes for the Army.

As I have been specially asked to write something for the CHURCH MONTHLY on the subject of our soldiers, I think I cannot do better than attempt to correct this erroneous idea.

It would be foolish to say that a soldier is exposed to no temptations, because this is not the case. As a matter of fact he is never free from temptation of some kind. But can this be said of a soldier only? Is no other young man exposed to temptation when he goes out into the world to earn his living?

When we come to compare the life of the soldier with that of the civilian, we find that the inducements to go wrong are very much the same in both cases. It is absurd to suppose that a soldier is placed in positions of peculiar difficulty, from which his civilian brother is exempt. We know, on the highest authority, that no temptation comes to any one which is not "common to man." I should,

therefore, like to impress this fact on all parents who have sons likely to enlist, that the Army does not afford a young man special inducements to lead an idle life.

In my conversations with "our recruits," I have been very pleased to discover that young men seem to think that life in the Army will help them to lead steady lives. To many people this will probably be a revelation. But it is a fact, which cannot be too widely published, that young men are enlisting now with the expectation of finding the Army a distinct help to a better life. As a recruit said to me not long ago: "The Army has been the making of my brother, and that is the reason why I have enlisted." Recruits are coming to us now from "choice," and not because they are "out of work."

The CHURCH MONTHLY has a large circulation in country parishes, and must be read by many parents with sons in the Army, so I want to address my remarks especially to them. "Do not be afraid to let your sons enlist." The Army will be the "making of them" if they will give themselves a chance. Drink is generally the soldier's ruin, but it does far more mischief among civilians. A soldier cannot drink to excess without getting into trouble, and this fact has a great influence upon soldiers. At the present time, soldiers are the most sober men in the world. This is a bold statement to make, but nevertheless it is true. At a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Duke of Westminster specially mentioned the Army, and said, that "among encouraging signs was the fact that in the Army there was a vast improvement. In the recent triumphant march of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers through Wales, there were only two or three cases of intemperance, in spite of the numerous temptations to which the men were subjected." This march was distinctly a test case; and I may fairly quote it in support of my statement.

But there is other evidence: the Temperance Societies in the Army can very easily prove that there are thousands of soldiers who are total abstainers. It may be said, of course, that these men are not all Churchmen, but the majority of them are; and it is a fair statement to make, that the Churchmen among our soldiers set a very good example to their civilian brothers as regards sobriety. Excessive drinking brings many a soldier into trouble, of course. No one can deny this. It is, however, a very good thing that this is the case. We could have no better proof of the fact that the young man who enlists soon finds that all the best influences of the Army tend to induce him to lead a steady and sober life. A civilian, by his drunken habits, can make himself a curse to his parents, or, if he is married, make a hell of his home, without being punished—unless he comes under the notice of the police. A soldier, on the contrary, can do nothing of the kind. If any one in authority over him sees him intoxicated, he is put under arrest and brought up for punishment. Moreover, the fact is recorded against him on his "defaulter's sheet." If he becomes a confirmed drunkard, he is, sooner or later, discharged "with ignominy." It is, therefore, absurd to say that life in the Army encourages a young man to drink.

As regards church-going, there is no comparison between the life of the soldier and the civilian. The civilian pleases himself, and very often never enters a church at all. The soldier has no choice in the matter. He must go to church on Sunday morning, whether he likes it or not. The Army takes a man at his word, and makes him act up to his profession. The "Parade Service" has been abused, of course, but it will never be abolished as long as we retain Christianity as the religion of the nation. A soldier is, therefore, a regular church-goer. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that a great many recruits become really good Churchmen.

The "Army Guild of the Holy Standard" by its very existence, proves that soldiers can be something more than Churchmen in name. But apart from the Guild and its work, there is no doubt that soldiers form the most attentive and best-behaved congregations that it is possible to find. After an experience of eleven years, I have no hesitation in saying that I cannot remember a single instance of bad behaviour, on the part of the soldiers, during the Parade Services. In many stations, at home and abroad, I have had opportunities of forming an opinion on this subject, and the longer I preach to soldiers, the more I am convinced that there are no congregations like them.

It is not generally known that all the members of the Army Guild are communicants. As there are other soldiers besides the guildsmen who are in the habit of coming to the Holy Communion, a really good Churchman need have no fear, after enlisting, of finding himself a marked man if he continues to be a communicant. At the present time there is in every garrison a weekly celebration.

As a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that in the Army there is every inducement for a soldier to lead "a godly, righteous, and sober life."

Taking all things into consideration, I have no hesitation in saying that soldiers are, as a rule, far better Churchmen than their civilian brothers. In spite of the temptations, the trials and the difficulties of their lives, some of the best Churchmen in the world are to be found in the Army. One thing is very certain, and I speak from actual experience: no clergymen are more actively and generously supported in their work, than the Army chaplains are by the officers and men of the Army. I have served in a great many stations, at home and abroad, for about eleven years, as I have said, so I may fairly claim to know something about our men. They have their faults, their weaknesses, and their failings; but, nevertheless, I have long ago come to the conclusion that there is no truer man to be found anywhere than the real old British soldier.

CHILDREN IN PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. PATRICK WATSON,
Vicar of St. Andrew's, Earlsfield.



JACOB'S WELL.

they have returned uninjured, having journeyed scathless through the Holy Land, has been a source of gentle wonderment to our acquaintance ever since.

Well, it may have been rather a rash experiment to take to Syria a little boy aged two and a half years, and

a little girl whose experience of the joys and sorrows of this weary world only extended to five months. But from the company of our children we certainly derived distinct advantages. In the first place, their presence brought out the best side of the Syrian character. Wherever they went they received so much kindness and so many tender little attentions, that we were quite touched by the trouble people took to make them happy. In the second place, the fact that they were with us seemed to break down much of the Oriental reserve, which prevents the casual traveller from penetrating into the family life of the people through whose country he is passing. Perhaps for this reason we were permitted to observe more closely than usual the child-life of Palestine. With regard to this a sojourn of two months in Jerusalem more than sufficed to establish one fact. It was quite evident that most of the children were thoroughly out of hand. Some of the mothers, recognising the difference between the utter lawlessness of their own offspring and the obedience of the children of our American hosts, used to call and seek advice. But the causes of this defect in domestic discipline lay too deep down to be easily rooted up. The low position occupied by a wife and mother in an Eastern household, and her consequent lack of authority, contribute not a little to this result; but the source of the mischief is in the mother's want of method and self-control. Poor soul, she is usually very ignorant, and has had most inadequate training, having entered the holy state of matrimony at the age of twelve or fourteen. She pets and pampers her children at one time, and scolds them unmercifully at another, working herself up into a paroxysm of fury, shrieking in that peculiarly penetrating, ear-splitting tone which reminds one of the note produced by a slate pencil pushed backwards across a slate. Then when she has "cooled off," as the Americans say, she will probably stuff sweetmeats into the mouths of her sobbing children, and lavish upon them a most maternal caress. These sudden alternations of sweets and scoldings are not calculated to discipline their recipients, or to inspire them with reverence toward their parents; but, notwithstanding all this, the deep devotion often displayed by sons towards their mothers is a very touching and beautiful feature of Oriental family life. In a country where the rights of women are scarcely recognised, and where the widow and the fatherless are often sorely oppressed, the protection of a son is indeed invaluable. Consequently the birth of a man-child is a great subject for rejoicing.

I well remember being startled out of sleep about 2 A.M., when I was living in Jerusalem, by the firing of guns, the beating of drums, and the barking of dogs. But my alarm subsided when I heard the quick, quaint, Gregorian-like singing of a household at the bottom of our street. I knew then what had happened. A boy had been born; that was all! And so I slumbered peacefully once more. Immediately after the birth of a child it is washed in salted water (Ezek. xvi. 4), and then swathed in a long, narrow "swaddling-cloth" (St. Luke ii. 7) from its neck downwards, the arms being bound to the sides. The idea is the keeping of the bones and various organs of the infant in their proper positions. Moreover, this mummified and chrysalis-like creature is a much more portable article than his British brother of similar age. He can be safely carried by his mother on one arm, while with the other she balances a water-jar on her head, on her way from the well at night, or grinds the corn for the daily consumption of her household in the morning. Packed in these swaddling bands the Syrian infant is secured in his cradle, which is usually rocked by means of a long string attached thereto, while its occupant is diverted by the jingling of metal rings

running backwards and forwards on a piece of wood which extends from the head-board to the foot-board of the cradle.

As we passed through the country villages with our children in June 1890, we were afforded ample opportunity for inspecting the dark-eyed Syrian babies. I remember well one day, when we had pitched our little luncheon tent at Howara, near to Jacob's Well, we first had the honour of a visit from the boys of the village; but their attentions becoming too obtrusive they were speedily put to rout by our dragomen. Then came the men, who were intensely interested in my little son's toy-horse, which he had brought from London. It was the usual animal, covered with real hair, equipped with saddle and bridle, and mounted on a green board with wheels. The grave and reverend fathers of the village, with their long beards and flowing robes, passed this trumpery toy from hand to hand as if it had been some triumph of Western art. Then came the mothers, who, judging from their appearance, must have been busy with the adornment of themselves and their offspring. They crowded into our tent to exhibit their babes, and were evidently wishful that I should take them into my arms. Curiously enough the village at which this occurred was only a few miles distant from the spot where, as the hymn tells us, "the mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus"; and where, as the Evangelist records, "He took them up in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them."

ROB AND JESSIE.

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY NELLIE CORNWALL,

Author of "Tamsin Rosewarne and Her Burdens," "Hallvard Halvorsen; or, The Avalanche," "Twice Rescued," etc., etc.



UP a Devonshire lane, lovely with fern and flower, trudged two children. The soft summer "air brooded in sunshine," and in the blue spaces above them floated the melody of larks.

The boy—the elder of the two—was a handsome

little fellow of eight; and the girl was quaintness itself, in a pink cotton sun-bonnet and tippet.

At the head of the lane stood a cob-walled cottage, flanked by tall elms. Into this cottage the children entered, and, opening an inner door, passed into the kitchen, where an old woman sat mending socks. She glanced up as they entered, and said,—

"So you are home again from school, my darlings?"

"Yes, Grannie," returned the boy, taking off his cap and revealing a thick thatch of yellow hair. "I am dreadfully hungry."

"Your usual complaint, I think," said the old grandmother, laughing.

"What! we haven't got *nasty* old bread-and-milk for supper again?" he cried, seeing two small basins on the table laid for the evening meal; and his young face darkened.

The old woman rolled the socks into neat little balls and then said gently,—

"You must be thankful that you can have bread-and-milk. There are some little children who would be thankful even for a crust."

Rob, as he was called, felt ashamed of himself and hung his yellow head, but was careful, nevertheless, to watch his grandmother out of the corners of his blue eyes as she put the milk on the fire.

His little sister, meantime, had divested herself of her bonnet and tippet, and hung up and put away her own and brother's school-books and slates, and then seated herself in a big elbow chair and waited until supper was ready.

However much Rob objected to bread-and-milk, he managed, when it was set before him, to eat his share and two slices of bread-and-butter as well, and even thought he could dispose of another slice, which, however, his grandmother did not think well to give to him. "Enough was enough," she said.

After supper the old lady told the children that, as she was busy, they could give the pig his supper. This was a privilege they were not often allowed, and they jumped at it.

Behind the cottage was a large, well-kept garden, at the bottom of which was a pig-sty, and, in possession, a good-sized pig. The old grandmother and her grandchildren were very much interested in this pig, the former because she hoped he would be turned into bacon at the end of the year, and the latter because he was such a very nice pig and had such a dear little curly tail!

When the bucket was filled with such stuff as his kind relish, the old woman said to the children,—

"Now, my dears, you must be careful how you put the pail into the sty, and not move away from the door until the pig has finished his supper. You know he is fond of getting out."

"Yes, Grannie, we know, and will be very careful," said Jessie.

And Rob cried, "I won't move away from the pig's-house until the pig has eaten up every bit."

The pig heard them unlatch the gate leading into the garden, and his shrill screams seemed to rend the air; in fact, he did not cease to squeal until the boy set the bucket before him.

"The ungrateful thing!" cried Jessie, watching him snapping up his food. "He did not even look up at us as a sort of 'I thank you for bringing me my supper'; and look, Robby, he has both his feet in the pail. He is unmannerly as well as greedy."

"Oh, he is only a pig!" said Rob, looking about him.

He was tired of standing by the pig-sty, and wanted to inspect the hedge behind it, in which he heard a twittering in the ivies.

"I b'lieve there is a bird's nest in the hedge," he said to Jessie; "and p'raps there are eggs in it."

"You mustn't look until piggie has finished his supper," said the little sister, guessing his intentions. "Grannie told us we were not to leave the door until he had had his supper, and you promised you wouldn't."

"Grannie won't know, and I'll be back in a minute."

"God will know," cried Jessie, shocked at the very thought of disobeying and deceiving their dear old grandmother.

She was a dear little maid with warm brown eyes, which had the power, somehow, of making people, when

they looked into them, think more kindly of human nature. It was her own true little soul shining through her sweet eyes that impressed them. It would never have occurred to Jessie to disobey her grandmother.

"God can't see us," said Rob, still looking at the hedge.

"He can," cried Jessie again; and she lifted her dear little brown face to the great blue sky still filled with the melody of larks. "He is looking down upon us now, and —"

But Rob heard not; he was already climbing the ivy-clad hedge.

Jessie watched him with feelings one can scarcely put into words; and in her trouble at her brother's disobedience was quite unprepared for the rush of the pig, who, having satisfied the cravings of hunger and seeing only a small maiden to guard his exit into the garden, without a moment's warning sprang over the pail, knocked over the poor frightened child, and in another minute was trampling down the beds of onions, cabbages, and other things, and doing as much damage as only a pig, perhaps, could.

"Oh, Robby, Robby, the pig is out!" she screamed, picking herself up.

Rob's hand was in the warm depths of a beautifully made nest, feeling for eggs, much to the distress of a pair of sparrows, when his sister's cry fell upon his ear. He dropped on the ground, and, catching up a stick lying in the path, tried to drive the pig back into his house. But that animal having tasted the sweets of liberty, to say nothing of broccoli and young peas clinging so gracefully to the brown sticks, did not see the wisdom of being shut into that close little house. And so he kept a wide berth, not only from his sty, but from Rob's big stick. The more the children tried to get him into his dwelling, the more determined he was not to go; and then, his cunning little eyes perceiving a small gate in the hedge at the top of the garden leading out into the road an inch or so open, he made for it, and in a few minutes was wandering down the lane.

Grannie, who had put away the supper things, and was preparing to iron Jessie's frock, happened to look up, and saw the pig running down the road, followed by Rob and Jessie.

She took in the situation at a glance, and was soon following the pig and the children.

It would fill pages to tell how that pig was got back into his sty; but it was accomplished at last. A man who kindly helped said he never had such a job in catching a pig in his life before.

The old woman was troubled at the damage done to her garden, but far more at the wilful disobedience of her small grandson. He and Jessie were the motherless children of her only son, who was a butler in a nobleman's family in the north of England; and, being in the position of father and mother to these little ones, she felt it would be very wrong to let the lad's sin go unpunished.

It was with a very sorrowful heart that she, after talking to him very seriously of the wrong he had done and how he had grieved the loving heart of the Great Father in Heaven by his disobedience, sent him to bed.

Now, to be sent to bed before his small sister, Rob thought a great indignity indeed, and would have preferred a whipping or any other punishment. Jessie was in floods of tears, and begged to be allowed to go to bed too; but this her grandmother would not hear of.

Robby, poor little man, when he got into his pretty white bed and no dear old Grannie there to tuck him up and give him a good-night kiss, thought it was awful, and he felt, for the first time that day, how naughty he had been. He was afraid of being there all by himself, and nothing to be

heard save the goldfinches in the elms singing their even-song; and when the birds and the great red sun had gone to bed and the pale moon got up and let her soft beams shine on the walls and floor of his little room, he was terrified, and pulled the bed-clothes over his head. Never before had he felt afraid of moonlight—in fact, it had hitherto given him pleasure; for he and Jessie believed it was the light shining from the wings of the white angels whom God sent to watch over them whilst they slept. *It was sin that made him afraid.* He was very miserable, and by-and-by he came to himself, like the young man did in the beautiful Bible story, and began to be sorry for having been so wicked and for grieving Grannie; and he was sobbing his heart out under the clothes when the old grandmother entered the room. "Oh, Grannie, I am ever so sorry!" he cried (she had heard the pitiful little sobs and came to him). "Please forgive me, Grannie, and make it up with a kiss; and please ask God to forgive me and make me a good boy."

What could the old grandmother do but to forgive the penitent child, and to gather him up in her arms and kiss away his tears? But he was not happy until he had made his little confession to the gentle Saviour, and asked Him to wash away all his naughtiness in His Blood; and being thus forgiven, and his little heart full of His peace, he fell asleep, and awoke the next morning to find Jessie sitting beside him.

"I am never going to be disobedient any more if *I can help it*, Jessie," he cried. "I am going to ask God to *keep* His little Rob from grieving Him."

And Robby did pray very much; and the more he sought God's help the more he was able to overcome his faults. Grannie says—and she always tells the truth—that her dear little grandson does *really* try to be a good boy and do as she tells him, and that she believes he has given his heart to God. Anyway, he is almost as sweet and loving as dear little Jessie.

THE SLEEPING CHRIST.

RESTING in the calm of sleep
While the billows rise?
Resting on the angry deep,
'Neath the angry skies?

Resting, though the tempest gloom
Shrouds their devious way?
Resting, though a briny tomb
Seems to wait its prey?

Resting, while the others bend
Toiling at the oar?
Resting, while their strength they spend,
Wishing for the shore?

Resting, while they drearily
Heavy vigils keep?
While they labour wearily,
Peacefully asleep?

Resting: for the Prince of Peace
Finds the storm a calm;
Where our foolish fears increase,
Harbours no alarm.

And when, having done our all,
We await His will,
He will to the tempest call,
Bidding, "Peace, be still!"

ALFRED PEARSON,
Vicar of St. Margaret's,
Brighton.

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.)

Second Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm xv.)

1. In which chapter of 1 Sam. do we read of a man whose conduct was like that described in the earlier part of verse 4?
2. In which chapter of 2 Kings do we read of a woman whose conduct was like that described in the latter part of that verse?

Third Sunday after Trinity. (Psalms l. and li.)

1. What references to the sacrifices of the Law do we find in both these Psalms which agree with what is told us in Heb. x. 4?
2. What references do we find in both which teach us that such sacrifices had their value and use?

Fourth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm lxxxviii.)

1. What remarkable illustration of the end of verse 13 do we find in the history of our Saviour?
2. What great Christian duty is spoken of in this Psalm as having been accomplished, and in Psalm lxxxvi. as about to be done?

Fifth Sunday after Trinity. (Psalm cxvi.)

1. What two verses in this Psalm may remind us of 1 Sam. i. 10, 11, 24, 28?
2. What verse in it illustrates the declaration that God's "service is perfect freedom"? In which of our Collects does this statement appear?

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.)

A COMPLETE DISGUISE.—Although this "disguise" was only of a figurative description, it effectually concealed a certain man in old days from the close observation of several of his nearest of kin. A celebrated King, and one especially among his servants, and certain things only seen by the eye of the mind, were all concerned in bringing this disguise into existence; but nothing, probably, did more in this way than the hand of Time by operating continuously in this direction for more than twenty years. Yet this same disguise was seen through at last, and for ever, and beyond any doubt, in a very few moments; and in consequence of that which was in one sense simply a succession of sounds. How can this description be verified from the Bible?

ST. PETER THE APOSTLE AND MARTYR.

(JUNE 29TH.)

"Lovest thou Me?"

FORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,
 The risen Lord gave pardon free,
 Stood once again at Peter's side,
 And asked him, "Lov'st thou Me?"

How many times with faithless word
 Have we denied His holy Name,
 How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
 And shrunk when trial came!

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
 Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
 Look on us from Thy Father's side
 And let that sweet look win.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XI. CHARADES.

My first on Spanish shores is found;
 In Oxford, too, we know the sound.
 My next will in your pocket go;
 But how important housewives know!
 My whole for patient strength was known
 In ancient days, as in our own,
 And though I may derided be,
 Who treats me worst? Name after me.

What's a terrible thing in a lottery to draw,
 When joined to a Latin conjunction, I saw
 Drawn close to your bosom with infinite favour
 At times when nought else proves so welcome a neighbour.

XII. DECAPITATION.

I have several meanings, both humble and high;
 I'm an emblem of might, or in grocers' shops lie;
 Am used in a game, which is really a trifle;
 For even beheaded my feelings I stifle;
 For then I become quite the chief of my order,
 And kings may not lightly o'erstep such a border.
 Although some may "cut" me, I never complain,
 As fortune will vary again and again.

ORIGINAL FABLES.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER,
Author of "Fables for You," etc.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



THE MAGPIE.

"WHAT airs some people do give themselves!" cried a tall Scotch thistle, that had grown up unnoticed among some sunflowers. "I am sure I am quite as handsome as any one here; no doubt many people would admire me more;

and yet I can see plainly they are trying to crowd me out. However, I am thankful to say I can hold my own with any one, and I have enough self-respect to show them that the royalty of Scotland is not to be trampled upon by their contemptible pride."

"If I don't make too bold, friend," said a magpie from an elm tree overhead, "I should like to know where you draw the line between pride and self-respect; I daresay it is my own fault, but I can't quite see it."

"I'm sure it's plain enough," said the thistle; "you have only to look at me and those stuck-up sunflowers."

"Ah!" cried the magpie, "I understand now. When my company looks down upon me, it's pride; but when I look down on my company, it's self-respect. As you say, it is plain enough—very stupid of me not to see it before."

GARDEN WORK FOR JUNE.

Kitchen Garden.

CUCUMBERS in frames should have fresh air every day. Shade the plants from the hot sun with mats or other covering. The frames should be closed at night. Water the plants either in the morning or the evening two or three times a week. Transplant celery into trenches, at the same time giving them a good supply of water; also leeks in rows about nine inches between each plant. The rows should be about nine inches apart. Plant cabbage, Brussels sprouts, purple and Walcheren broccoli, savoy, and red cabbage. Thin out and hoe between the rows of carrot, parsnip, and onion beds, and keep them free from weeds. If not well-thinned out the plants will not come to perfection. Sow peas, cabbage, lettuce; and mustard and cress may be sown for a succession each week. Earth up potatoes. Plant scarlet runners.

Fruit Garden.

In dry weather strawberry plants should be well watered, so that those in bloom may not be checked in fruit setting. New beds may be planted towards the end of the month, choosing the runners from good fruit-bearing plants. Protect early cherries from birds by hanging nets in front of them.

Flower Garden.

In transplanting annuals it is as well to take them up with a ball of earth round the roots. They will root much more quickly, and be less liable to be thrown back. Thin out any beds of annuals where they are growing too thickly. Tulips and other bulbs should be taken up, dried, and stored until the autumn. All the offsets should be taken away. Plant out geraniums and fuchsias. Tie up to stakes all tall-growing plants.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

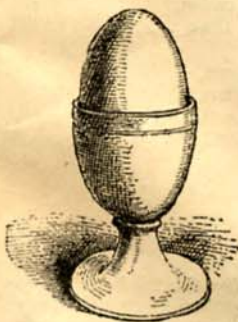
BY M. RAE,

Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

CURRIED ONIONS.

Average
Cost.

	d.
2 Onions	1
1 oz. dripping	$\frac{1}{2}$
1 Saltspoonful salt	
1 Dessertspoonful flour	1
1 Dessertspoonful curry powder	
1 Teacupful water	$\frac{3}{4}$
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice	$\frac{3}{4}$
	<u>3$\frac{1}{2}$</u>



Put a large saucepan full of water over the fire to boil. Wash the rice several times in cold water, throw into the boiling water, and let it boil fast from fifteen to twenty minutes.

When tender, drain through a colander, let the cold water tap run through it for a minute to separate the grains of rice, place the colander on a plate, put them in a cool oven, stirring the rice occasionally with a fork. Next prepare the curry. Put the dripping into a saucepan to melt, peel and chop the onions, and fry in the dripping two or three minutes. Mix smoothly in a basin the curry powder, flour, salt, and water, pour over the onions, and stew gently for three-quarters of an hour, stirring frequently. Serve very hot, with the rice forming a border round the curry.



OUR GARDENS.

HERE'S our garden, come and see
All the pretty flowers there be,—
Fragrant violets shy and sweet,
Hardy daisies trim and neat;
Pinks, sweetwilliams, scented stocks,
Candytuft and hollyhocks;
Purple pansies brave and bold,
And the sturdy marigold.

Look, in yonder shady place
Primrose lifts her dainty face;
And we always leave a plot
For the dear forget-me-not.
Down our borders we have set
Such a store of mignonette;
And perhaps, ere Summer's fled,
We'll have roses white and red.

We have other gardens, too,
Where there's always work to do.
At our lessons or our play
We are gardening every day.
Kindly deeds we have to grow,
Pleasant words and smiles to sow;
Anger, pride, and stubborn will,
Ugly weeds we have to kill.

We are only children all,
No great work to us can fall;
Yet we'll try with all our might
More and more to do what's right.
Snowdrops cheer a winter's day,
So perhaps we children may,
If we make these lives of ours
Fresh and true, and sweet like flowers.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

"For Ever with the Lord!"

Words by MONTGOMERY.

Music by the REV. R. L. ALLWORK, M.A.
(Curate of St. Ann's, Stamford Hill.)

1. *mf* "For ev - er with the Lord!" *p* A - men; so let it be; *cr* Life from the dead is
2. *mf* My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's fore -

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. *p* Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab -
- see - ing eye Thy gold - en gates ap - pear! *p* Ah! then my spi - rit faints To

- sent from Him I roam, *cr* Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
reach the land I love, *cr* The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.

3. *f* "For ever with the Lord!"
mf Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
cr Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4. *p* So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
cr And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Eighty-four Million Lives.

TO many of us the Hindu and Buddhist doctrine of the transmigration of souls perhaps appears to be chiefly a curiosity of belief. Here is an anecdote which shows the hopelessness about the future life which such a doctrine entails.

An aged Punjabi woman came one day to the Amritsar Medical Mission, imploring Dr. Martyn Clark to restore her sight. The operation was a serious one for so old a person to undergo, but she pleaded hard. "Son," she said, "since I became blind, a little grandson has been born to me. He is the only one I have, and I have never seen his face. We are Hindus, and, do you know, we believe in transmigration. I must die, and then I shall become a cat, or a dog, or a frog. We must be born eighty-four million times, and the lad will

become a cow, or a hen, or a crow. After this life he is mine, and I am his no more. If I don't see him now I never shall see him again, for through all eternity our lives will never again touch—and oh! I do want to see the laddie's face before I die." Who could resist such pleading? Dr. Clark could not. The operation was performed successfully, and in due time her longing was satisfied, and she was able to see the child. The missionary did not neglect the opportunity of telling his poor patient of a better hope for the life beyond the grave, of the many mansions in our Father's house. Her answer when she first heard the good news was sad enough: "Ah! in such words you Christians have heaven now, but for us there is no such hope."

