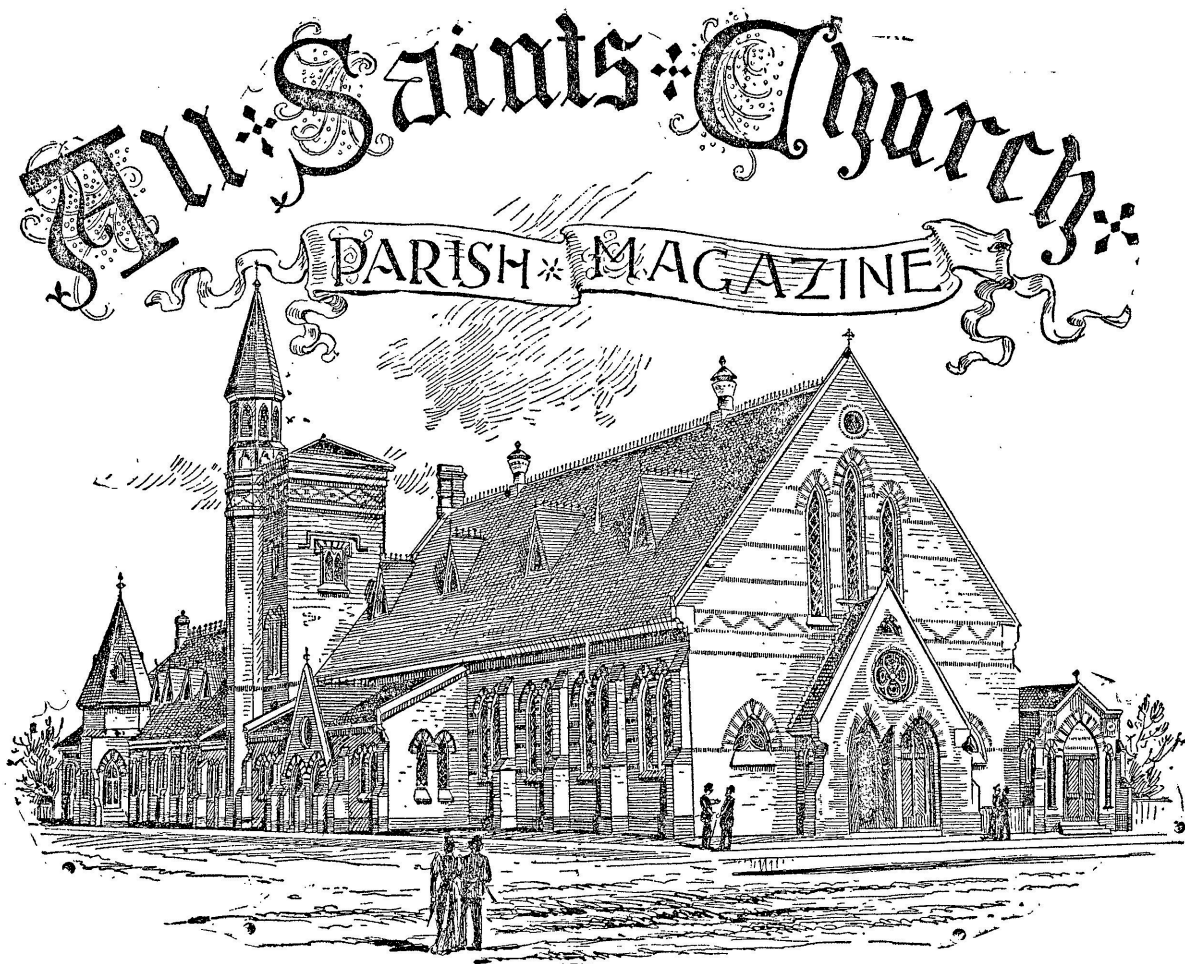




VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 9.

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Tuesday—Women's Auxiliary, 2.30; Dorcas, 2.30 p.m.;  
Willing Workers, 2.30 p.m.; Flower Mission, 2.30  
p.m.; District Visitors' Society, first Tuesday in  
the month, 3.30 p.m.; Ch. Boys' Brigade, 7.30 p.m.;  
Orchestra, 7.30 and 8 p.m.

Wednesday—Evening Service, 8 p.m.; Christian Endeavour  
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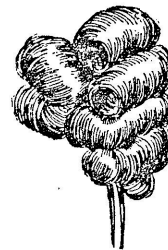
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# All Saints Church Parish Magazine

VOL. V.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 9.

## THE Parish Magazine.

Subscription price for Magazine 40 cents  
per annum in advance.

### Editor.

REV. H. B. GWYN, M.A.

### Secretary-Treasurer.

GODFREY F. SHAW, 236 Sherbourne St.

### Business Manager.

WILLIAM MAUDE, 141 Shuter St.

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## CHURCH REGISTER.

### AUGUST.

#### BAPTISMS.

- 3.—Cyril Adolphe, s. of Adolphus  
and Frances La Venture.  
6.—Muriel, d. of William and  
Margaret Jay (private).  
21.—Olive Winnifred, d. of Edward  
and Elizabeth Freeman.  
28.—John Gordon, s. of Richard  
and Emily Lonsdale.

#### MARRIAGES.

- 8.—John Irwin Baker and Maggie  
Louisa McCurry.  
9.—Frank Ogilvie and Viola Hin-  
dee Peatman.  
13.—Louis John Walker and Mary  
Margaret Fraser.  
17.—George Leslie James and  
Fanny Henthorn.  
17.—James Stanley McKenzie  
Snowball and Laura Emily  
Marguerite Beckett.

- 20.—Gurney Ewart Still and Eva  
Josephine Shenstone.

#### FUNERALS

- 3.—Jay, Margaret (Mrs).  
11.—Davy, John.  
12.—Bonner, Wm. (inf.).  
13.—Morgan, Margaret.  
13.—Beatty, Margaret (Mrs.).  
17.—Saunders, George Josiah (inf.).  
27.—Coates, George Reed.

Baptisms are held *every* Sunday  
at 4.15 p.m., and on Wednesday  
evenings by appointment. There is  
no fee nor gratuity.

## THE CHOIR PICNIC.

All envious, and profane away,  
This is the choir's holiday.

*Ben Jonson.*

The summer season of "outings"  
in connection with the several or-  
ganizations attached to All Saints'  
Church were brought to a very suc-  
cessful termination with the holding  
of the choir picnic at Victoria Park  
on August 11th. "The tuneful  
quire" were favored with an ideal  
summer's day. The proceedings  
throughout were not marred by a  
single discordant note, all were in  
perfect unison, and everyone seemed  
to thoroughly enjoy what undoubt-  
edly was the best picnic of the sea-  
son. The choir boys proceeded to  
the park early in the forenoon and  
had a lively time to themselves, in  
bathing in the lake or hunting  
"coons." Mr. R. Stiver, the assist-  
ant organist, had the "trebles"  
under good control, and with Mr. G.  
Shaw, looked well after their enjoy-  
ment. The youngsters were regaled  
with a good, substantial dinner, and  
then the games and all the fun of  
the day commenced. There were  
all kinds of races, flat races, wheel-  
barrow, obstacle, three-legged and  
pig-a-back races, all of which were  
keenly contested, and while the  
winners were applauded, the losers  
didn't "kick" much. The older  
members of the choir and friends  
now began to arrive, and the boys  
evinced the *esprit de corps* that pre-

vails in All Saints' choir by hearty  
cheers and the additional "he's all  
right," when Mr. Tom Brighton ap-  
peared on the festive scene. Among  
the visitors were Rev. H. B. Gwyn,  
Mr. Chas. Dewey from Hamilton,  
who, although absent in the Ambit-  
ious City, is still a comrade with  
All Saints'; Mr. and Mrs. Trees, Mr.  
Kerman, and others. The event of  
the day was a baseball game between  
the men and boys belonging to the  
choir. It was exciting, interesting  
and enjoyable. The boys played a  
manly and plucky game, and al-  
though they were a little over-  
matched by such veterans as  
Schoales, Harry Wilson, Crighton,  
Kerman and Dick, the youngsters  
did some splendid work, especially  
Jim McKeown. At the finish of the  
game the boys were again feasted  
with good things, including water-  
melons, bananas, etc., and then the  
choir men and friends sat down to a  
substantial repast of cold meats, tea  
and coffee, etc., which enjoyable pas-  
time was concluded with "a few  
words" from the leading choir voices  
and guests. The party finished up  
the day's fun by witnessing the show  
in Munro Park.

A tribute of praise is due to the  
Committee of Management, and es-  
pecially to Mr. E. B. Dewey, who so  
successfully financed the picnic  
funds. The ladies who so kindly  
looked after the creature comforts of  
the choir and their friends are also  
deserving of the warmest thanks.

The following is a list of the suc-  
cessful prize winners:—

*First prizes*—B. Darlington, Jas.  
McKeown, G. Whitesides, B. Clewlo,  
A. Hutchins, W. McCormick, A.  
Sargent, Thos. Noble, Thos. Cole.

*Second prizes*—A. Prouting, K.  
Sargent, B. Phipps, T. Sargent, A.  
Laroche, L. Mackenzie, C. Noble,  
A. Bragg, H. Dunn.

*Third prizes*—W. Wright, A.  
Matthews, W. Haddon, T. Hutch-  
inson.

The prizes were distributed to the  
winners by Mrs. Cook at the school-  
room after the boys returned from  
the picnic.  
M.



SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.—100 YARDS DASH.

### CAMP VICTORIA, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE, 1898.

It was an excited crowd of boys, eagerly anticipating the delights of historic Niagara, which embarked on the 2 p.m. boat on the 18th ult. The excitement was intensified when land hove in sight took another jump at the sight of their canvas homes, and the many novelties of the situation kept it at the boiling point the whole night through, so irrepressible a thing is the genus boy. The camp of this year was more or less of an experiment, it being the first time that it had been held outside the suburbs of Toronto. This fact no doubt accounted for the smaller numbers. In all, six companies were represented, All Saints', St. Stephen's, St. Simon's, St. Thomas', St. Mary's (Dovercourt), and Christ Church. Including the staff, the force aggregated slightly over the hundred, All Saints, heading the company list with 35 of all ranks. The Commandant, the Rev. G. L. Starr, now of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, an officer of long standing in the militia, and the best of instructors and disciplinarians, and the Rev. C. H. Shortt, Chief Warden, were the field officers. They were assisted by a staff of eleven wardens, sub-wardens and drill instructors. Strict discipline

was brought to bear from the start, and the second day saw everything in good order and the boys well under control. The day began at 6.30 a.m., breakfast at 7.30, camp inspection (at which each company's tents and lines were thoroughly examined) at 9, prayers and drill at 9.15, 10.30 saw the Brigade dismissed for their swim, and 12.30 p.m. brought the hungry ones back to dinner, which the good and popular cook, Nicholson, never failed to supply. Inspection again at 2, and after this the rest of the afternoon was the boys' own, and was spent in the delights of ball and in the many attractions of beautiful Niagara. Tea at 6.30, final inspection at 7, prayers and drill at 8, and lights out at 10.15. That the boys enjoyed themselves there can be no question. A spirit of contentment and happiness pervaded all, and no case of sickness or accident marred the whole outing.

Three especially pleasant features are to be noted. First, the Church parade on the evening of the 24th to St. Mark's, where the boys were addressed by the Commandant; second, the visits of several members of our congregation during the week, to joy the boys' hearts, and to replenish their larder. And the third, a trip to the Falls on the 25th. On this latter occasion three large bus

loads, accompanied by sundry members on bicycles, set off for a day of it, and a most delightful and profitable time was spent at Brock's monument and at the mighty cataract, which many of the little fellows saw for the first time. The last parade was held on Tuesday morning, the Chief Warden commanding. After reading the orders for the day, and the results of the camp exercises, which showed All Saints' well to the fore, Mr. Shortt complimented the boys on their appearance and behaviour, and congratulated them on the best camp since the inception of the Brigade under his régime. Tents were struck by noon, and all reluctantly embarked on the 2 p.m. boat.

In conclusion we must not fail mentioning the prominent part taken by Chief Warden G. F. Shaw, and Warden F. Brigden. The former was, as usual, most unselfish and indefatigable in the boys' interests, and the latter was specially mentioned by the Commandant as being the best officer of the day. Again, we wish, on behalf of No. 14 Company, to thank our many kind friends for their interest and donations to the camp funds. Better and healthier in every respect the boys of "Camp Victoria" certainly are and those who have helped them so to be are certainly doing a great part in this important branch for the spreading of Christ's kingdom.

### A VISITOR TO THE CAMP.

TORONTO, July 28th.

*To the Editor of the Magazine :*

SIR,—Being on a visit to the historic town of Niagara-on-the-Lake, I had the pleasure of inspecting the Camp of the Church Boys' Brigade, and am pleased to say that it was a credit to the officers in whose charge the boys were.

It was on Saturday evening, the 23rd, I first called to see the Camp, and after finding Mr. Gwyn and Mr. Shaw, I was informed that Drum Head Service was to take place at 9.30 a.m., Sunday, and so made up my mind to attend. Next morning, after a walk of about thirty minutes from the opposite side of Niagara from where the Camp was, my wife and myself found every one getting ready for the service, and contrary to the general rule, the males were



in very much of a majority, in fact, Mrs. Pearson was the only representative of her sex. The boys and young men were brought into position in a truly military fashion, and a masterly address delivered to them by the Rev. C. H. Shortt, which interested and enlightened us very much. I am sure had the critics of institutions such as this been present and heard Mr. Shortt's address, they would have come to the conclusion that the officers are doing a work which has a tendency to elevate the young in many ways, and to fit them to battle with life, as true and noble men. I think the public in general should take more interest in the Church Boys' Brigade, and should visit, if possible, their annual Camp to see for themselves.

To my questions as to how the Commissariat department was conducted, the boys' answer was that it was the best they had ever had, and that cooks and quartermaster had given the greatest of satisfaction. I hope to have the pleasure of again attending the Church Boys' Camp, and wish the officers every success in their work.

Yours sincerely,  
W. T. PEARSON.

WE take great pleasure in publishing extracts from a letter of Mr. W. T. Pearson, one of our many visitors at "Camp Victoria." He but echoes the general opinion of other visitors, and we hope his remarks will bear good results in a still greater interest in the Brigade. Space forbids our publishing the communication in full.

MR. GEO. BRIDEN kindly supplied us with cuts of the different scenes at the recent picnic, another of which we publish this month. We wish to thank him heartily for one more of many acts of generosity.

THE *Canadian Churchman*, in its last issue, has the following interesting remarks with reference to the second convention of the S. S. teachers of the Rural Deanery of East York, held at St. Paul's Church, Uxbridge, on August 2nd: "There is a strong feeling in the deanery that its example might be followed by other deaneries in the Diocese with very great profit to their Sun-

day School work. \* \* \* Mrs. Draper, of All Saints' Sunday School, Toronto, read an excellent paper on 'Infant Class Work,' illustrating it with various models, and showing to all the secret of her success with the little ones of the flock." The *Uxbridge Journal*, on the same subject, says: "Mrs. Draper astonished not a few when she said her class in Toronto embraced three hundred infants. One speaker remarked after hearing her address, that he wondered it was not five hundred."

THE boys of Mr. Gwyn's and Mr. Freer's classes held a combined outing at Island Park on the 24th ult. Owing to a recent bereavement, Mr. Freer was unfortunately unable to be present, and Miss Hall kindly took charge of the boys and directed their ways during a most enjoyable afternoon. A programme of races helped to while away the time, and a substantial tea wound up a good day's fun.

As announced on Sunday last, all Bible Classes will resume on the 4th inst., no doubt with an increased attendance and redoubled interest in this great work.

The following is a list of those confirmed in May last, which should have been inserted some time ago, but was for some reason overlooked:

Ettie Lawson, Mrs. Ann Corbridge, Mrs. Hannah Coniam, Arthur John Coniam, William Tidy, Charles H. Walden, Robert Griffin Persse, George Kilmer, Florence Grace Polson, Essie Watson, Kate Winnifred Hutchins, Mary Elizabeth Phillips Thompson, Martha Garde, Jane Brennan, Elizabeth Brennan, Ella Beamish, Alice Barlow, Edith Maud Coniam, Ellen Jane Coniam, Sarah Gilpin, Sadie Fullerton, Lily Hutchinson, Florence Hutchinson, Ethel Hunt, Thomas Kinley, Albert Frederick Lowry, Frederick Dewey, Frederick Burt, Leonard Bourne, Harry Fullerton, Margaret Kean, Frances Langley, Florence Langley, Mabel Mulhern, Norman Peters, Ernest Peters, Elizabeth Rennick, Fanny Snaith, Wentworth Henry Smith, Frederick Thayer, Edith Turner, Catharine Turner, Orilla Williamson, Annie Woodhouse, Frank Woodhouse, Henry Whiteside, Charles Weddel, James Coulter, Albert Bennyrworth, Ethel Kerrison, Laura Shaw, Edith Boddy, Edith Bayley, Lilian Cresswell, Mrs. Eliza Hill, Mrs. Waitie Mann, William Charles Meredith, Mark Hill, Gertrude Ellis, Reginald Godson, John Gibson, Frederick Dance Hunt, John Lumbers, George Morgan, Thomas W. Snaith, James Thompson, Violet M. R. Lee, Olive Melhuish.

THE clergy in charge have been relieved on three occasions during the past month, on each of which the congregation were favored with excellent and profitable sermons. On the morning of the 21st, the Rev. H. C. Dixon, who needs no introduction to All Saints' people, delivered a strong appeal from S. Matt. xxviii. 6, in which the old truth of the Resurrection as the keystone of the Christian religion was beautifully set forth.

At the morning service on the 28th, the Rev. Lewis Nicholls, of Lock Haven, Penn., and formerly a worker in our Sunday School, gave a very clever and practical sermon from S. Luke xvii. 14. In the evening of the same day the Rev. J. W. Tenyck, assistant at the Memorial Church, London, gave a most instructive exposition of Daniel vi. 3. The character of Daniel was held up as an example for men of the present day, and as one of the best of the Old Testament types of our Blessed Lord.

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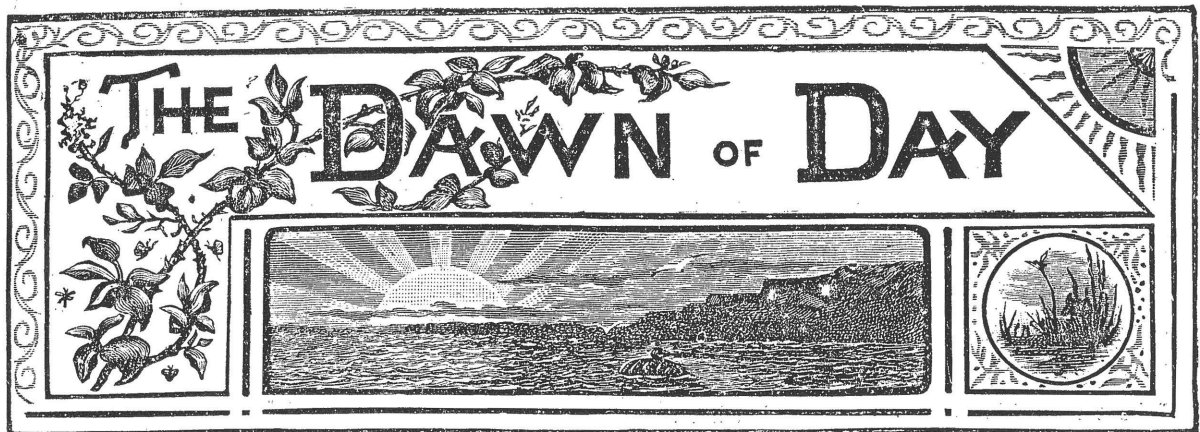
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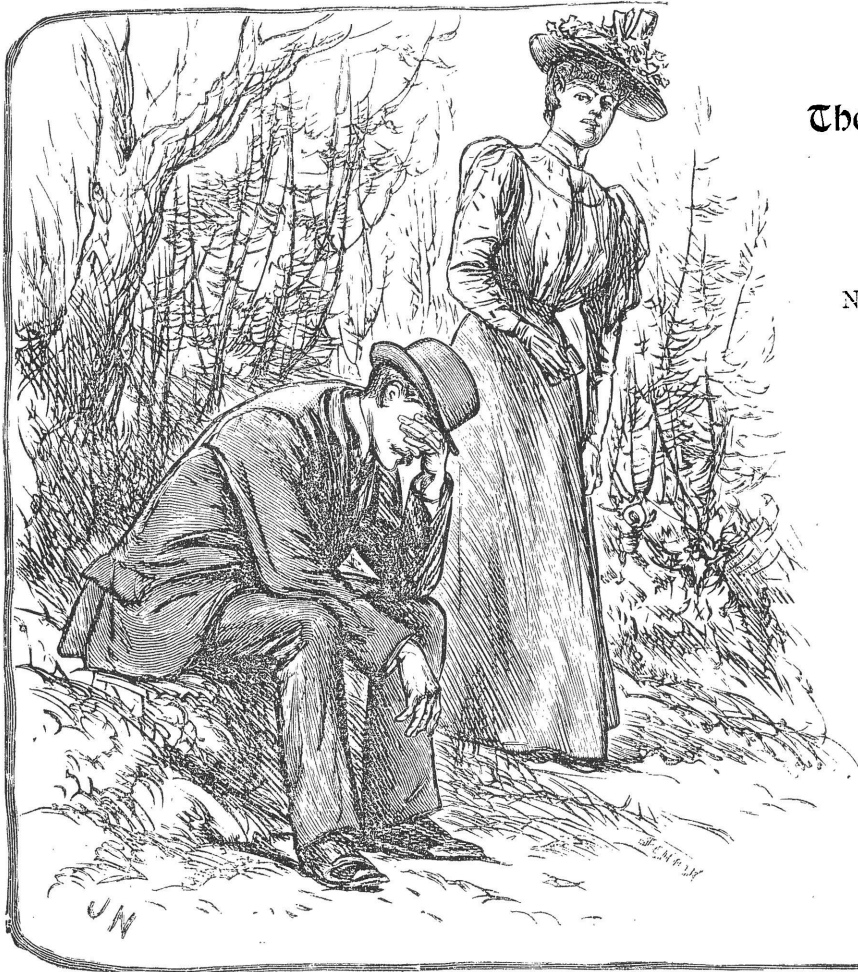
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No. 249.]

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

[NEW SERIES.



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NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

EDITED BY

AUSTIN CLARE.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### LOOKING BACK.

I DID not go to my work at the Red Farm for the next two days. A headache and the sulks kept me at home.

Nor did anyone come to see me.

Nancy Bates was out in the hayfield from morning till night, and it was dull

work lying in bed, as I did at first, and sitting by my window—which was the later development of my laziness—watching the coming and going of busier folk.

I had to get my meals as I could; and, altogether, I felt myself an extremely ill-used young man.

I was angry with William Alder for his rough treatment of me. I was hurt by his sister's coolness in refusing me a second dance. I was vexed with them both for not sending to see why I was not at work. And yet—and yet I longed for a sight of Alice as for a draught of cold water in a day of heat.

When Nancy Bates came back the second night, I bent my pride so far as to question her as to whether the Alders had said anything about my absence from the field. She answered, rather shortly, that they had not. And, from her looks and manner, I guessed that she, at least, was fully aware of the reason. The knowledge nettled me, and instead of saying anything more I took my cap and strolled down the village and into a lane which bounded the lands of the Red Farm on the side nearest the Manor House.

The little green passage—it seemed to me all green: overhead, underfoot, and on each side—was very quiet. Not a leaf was stirring on the branches of the trees, which leaned forward and clasped each other closely from the steep, fern-hung banks to right and left. Here and there a bit of late hawthorne broke the green roof as with a moulding of white. Here and there a tall hyacinth, still unwithered, gave a faint blue tinge to the ferns and grass.

As I strolled through the hollow way, the air was so quiet that I could distinctly hear the cows browsing in the pasture which lay to my left.

Then a thrush broke out into a snatch of song in the leafage overhead, and filled all the empty air with music.

I stopped to look up and to listen to the hidden songster, and then—why I did not know—I felt the tears rush to my eyes, and my heart ached so that it felt fit to burst. I sat down on the bank and buried my face in my hands. What with the hiding of my eyes and the sound of the song in my ears, I neither saw nor heard that somebody came round the far turning of the lane and walked towards me over the mossy floor. True, her step was light and the moss was soft; but still, as it seemed to me afterwards, it was strange that I was so long in discovering her presence.

It was her quickened breathing that betrayed her at last—a sort of breathlessness of pity, I think it was, at the sight of my dejection.

“Poor fellow!” she said very softly, not as though she were speaking to me, but rather breathing a thought aloud.

Then I looked up suddenly, and saw Alice Alder standing before me. She was still in pink—her every-day cotton again—she wore a dainty sailor hat, and she was carrying a little prayer-book. I wondered why; for the day was not a Sunday, and church-going on week-days was a thing beyond my wildest thoughts.

Her soft colour deepened a little as she met my eyes, but she showed no other sign of embarrassment.

“I’m so sorry,” she said more loudly, as, without speaking, I rose and stood before her. I could not have got a word out, even had I wished it, and, somehow, I felt too much shame to do anything but hang my head.

“William told me,” she went on, “and we were both so grieved. But I see you’re sorry too, so you mustn’t despair. I blame Mr. Spark more than you: I shall never speak to him again.”

Her head went up, as she said this, with a little air of pride, and her eyes gave a sudden flash. I felt glad when I saw it. I was pleased that she should lay the bigger share of blame upon the other man; even though, to me, as I then was, the blame meted out to both of us seemed out of all proportion to the offence. A glass too much, and a blow or so were, in my eyes, but trifles. I was accustomed enough to see such things in the streets of London; and though the scene of my own escapade was a gentleman’s private grounds, that did not seem to make it the worse. Yet, for all this, I felt ashamed as never before, with this girl for my reprover. I stood before her as a criminal before his judge, with hanging head, listening to what she said without finding a word of reply.

She said nothing about what had happened afterwards. I think she did not know. I kept dreading it all the time; for it seemed to me that, if the beginning were bad, the end was worse; and, from the first, the conquest of such a fellow as George Higgins had made me feel ashamed.

“Well, we’ll say no more about it, for this time,” she ended by saying. “You can come back to work on Monday, and we’ll try and forget what’s past. You’ll be more careful in future, won’t you?”

She paused, waiting for an answer.

Still I said nothing. There was a lump in my throat. I wanted to be angry; but, somehow, I could not manage it. Never, since I had been a man, had I been nearer to breaking down.

As we stood there in the soft green twilight of the lane, the silence which had fallen between us was suddenly broken by the sound of church-bells, ringing clear and silvery upon the dewy, scented air.

Alice started.



"There! I must go," she said; "I always try and get to service on Saturday evening. Do you ever go to church, Robert Holt?"

I stared at her. *I go to church?* What a strange question, it seemed to me!

"No," I said, getting my voice back at last. "Why should I?"

"Why? Surely, you needn't ask *that*," she replied, in the same grieved, shocked tone she had used on that other occasion when I had said something disrespectful about her Squire. "Are we not all God's children, you as well as I? And do we not need to go to His House, not only to pay Him honour, but to tell Him all our troubles, and ask for what we want? Don't tell me you don't believe in God—I shouldn't believe you if you did—you who learnt your Catechism along with me, when we were little children, and sat in church together! Yes, it's long ago, I know; but, surely, you remember it? *I do*, quite well, and I was a baby compared with you. Don't you recollect the low benches at the west end where we used to sit, and the old school-master, who sat behind us with his silver-headed stick and reached over our heads to poke us, with it when we fidgeted or whispered? Oh, surely, you must remember?"

I did, though these memories had grown dim with years, like a painted window when the dust and cobwebs have settled upon it; yet, as Alice spoke, everything came vividly back. It was as though her hand had swept away the dust and uncovered the picture of the past, causing it to shine out as clearly and brightly as ever.

My heart grew wonderfully soft and tender; and when she asked me to go to church next morning, were it only for the sake of those olden days, I could not say her nay.

So she left me with a smile, and I watched her go up the green lane towards the village, with her prayer-book in her hand and her pink gown brushing the ferns and flowers as she went along.

When she was out of sight I drew my hand across my eyes, and then I laughed a little: I was in the queerest mood of betwixt and between—touched to the quick, and yet scorning myself for being so. I had promised to go to church—I who had not been inside a place of worship for quite fifteen years, and had scoffed at religion and those who practised it, many a time and oft.

What would those who had listened to my Sunday oratory in Hyde Park say if they could see the orator going to his village church, like a good little Sunday-school boy, just because he remembered himself to have been one once, and because his teacher told him? Good heavens, what a fool I must be! And yet, somehow, I was not sorry I had promised: I was even a bit glad

of the excuse to re-visit the old place where I had gone Sunday after Sunday in the days of long ago.

Since Alice had conjured up the picture of those little well-worn benches under the gallery, and of her and me sitting together—or, at all events, not far from each other—the memory had become very attractive. I thought of it all that evening, amusing myself by trying to recall the details—the figures in the painted windows, the inscriptions on the memorial tablets upon the walls. Once I had known them all by heart. For, even in those days, I had not been at all a model good boy, and had spent my time in church on anything but the matter in hand. But now, though I could see the picture clearly enough as a whole, there were points which escaped my memory—it was so long, so very long since I had thought of them. Well, I should see it all again to-morrow; and, what was more to the point just then, I should see again the little companion who had directed my thoughts back into those half-forgotten channels.

"You're going to church, Mr. Holt?" said my landlady, as I took down my hat, next morning, when the bells began to chime. "Well, I'm glad of it, though I hardly thought you was one of the church-goin' sort. To tell ye the truth, I was in two minds whether I should keep you as a lodger after the way you came in t'other night. But since you're bound the right way this mornin', we'll not mention it further. No, I'm not goin' myself till evenin', so there'll be a bit of hot dinner for you when you come back."

If Nancy Bates had expected my gratitude for this last item in her speech I am afraid she was disappointed: its opening clauses had irritated me too much for that. Strangely enough, though, this was the first time she had mentioned my delinquency; and though she had not said half so much as Alice Alder, I felt much more deeply offended. There are, however, various ways of reading a lecture; and there is, also, a vast difference in lecturers. And this, as I suppose, was the reason why I felt as I did.

I went off to church without a word in reply and walked along the village street with my head up, defying all further criticism.

The bells had stopped ringing when I got to the gate and walked up the flagged path through the churchyard with the daisied graves on either side, looking so different from those I was used to see in the London cemeteries. There the dead were laid away as far as possible out of sight and sound of the living. Here they slept in the midst of those among whom they had passed their lives. The thought came to me, as I went along, that, when I was dead, I should like my grave to be in just such a country churchyard as this,

with the sound of the bells above me, and the music of the chants and hymns coming out, as now, through the open door to mingle with the buzzing of the bees in the lime-trees overhead.

When I was dead ! That was a strange thought to me, who had, hitherto, concerned myself but little about death, and professed to believe it the end of all things. If it were the end, why need a man care where his body be buried ? People throw away an old garment which they never want to wear again, carelessly enough. They do not so treat the garment of the flesh : nay, not the most unbelieving of them. Though they may say that there is no Resurrection, by their actions they belie their words. The instinct which, in all ages, has led to the reverent disposal of the body, is too strong to be resisted.

I went into church, the last of all the people, and took my place in what used to be the free seats by the door. I sat down prepared to condemn the principle which, so far as I was aware, prevailed in the Church as well as the world, by which the choicest places are set aside and reserved for the longest purses, and highest position. But I soon found that such was no longer the rule in old King's Coppice Church. Every seat was alike, and free and open to all. Though the Squire and his family sat by themselves, this was no more than a matter of courtesy extended to every family in the place. All had their accustomed seats, but none could claim them as a right, if a stranger, not knowing the customs, should step in before them.

This discovery took the stiffening out of me, so to say, and disarmed the critical mood in which I had entered the old building. Nor did anything

which I heard and saw there give me food for cavilling. On the contrary ; the sound of the old prayers, the music of the old hymns, the sight of the place where I had knelt as a boy, before ever the Pioneers had unsettled my childish faith in an unseen world—all these combined to soften my heart. I called it "sentiment" when I came to think it over ; but I cannot deny that the tears sprang to my eyes more than once, and that it

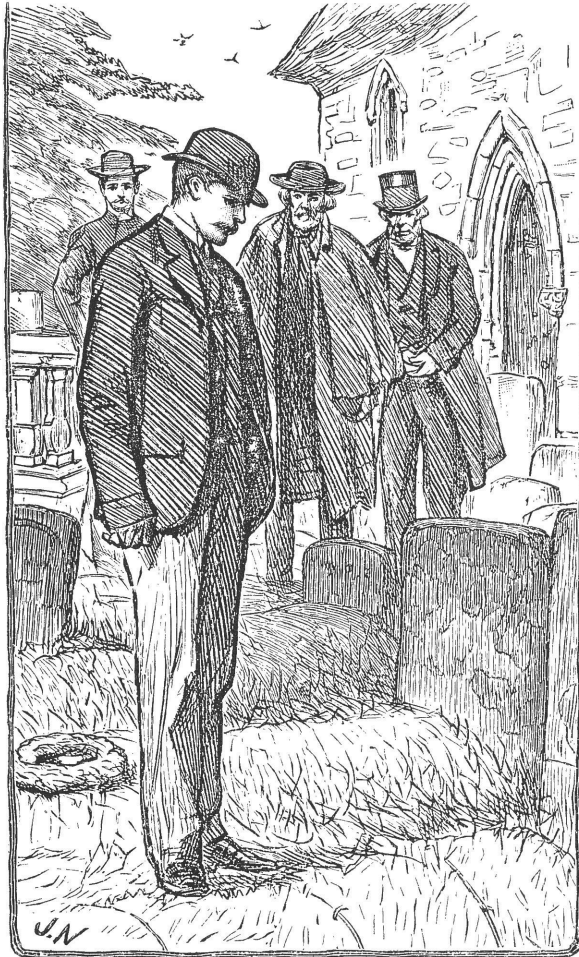
was all I could do to force them back again.

There had been an old Rector at King's Coppice, fifteen years ago, and he was there still—a white-haired, fatherly-looking old gentleman, who sat in his place, and took what small share he was able in prayers and lessons. But his youngest son, a stalwart young fellow of about my own age, whom I remembered as the leader of the village sports when I was a boy myself, took the lion's share of the work. He was his father's curate and right-hand man, I afterwards heard, and he was loved and honoured in the parish as such men as he almost always are. It was he who had made the church what it was, and his zeal and energy leavened the whole place.

My first care on entering the church had been, you may be sure, to look for Alice Alder. It was not long before my eyes found her,

kneeling with bent head, beside her brother William. She wore her pretty pink muslin, and roses in her hat, and I thought that no one in the church—no, not the Squire's daughters themselves—looked half so sweet and refined.

Having found her once, my eyes kept straying and straying to her again ; for I need not tell you that, though the service moved me as I had never



*Standing by the grave.*

expected it would, I was far from being able to join in it. It had no real meaning for me then; and it only moved me as the wind moves the leaves of an old prayer-book left open by the window, bringing out the faint perfume of dead flowers and herbs pressed flat between the pages. It could awake the recollections of what once had been, but it could not restore to life that which had long ceased to exist. Something more than sentiment is needed for that. When the curate got up into the pulpit and began to preach, however, not even Alice Alder could wholly absorb my attention. My eyes and ears were drawn again and again, almost against my will, to the tall square figure in the white surplice, whose ringing voice seemed to fill all the church. I think I never saw a more beautiful face than that which looked down on the congregation, that morning: I say beautiful, though it was a man's face, and strong and manly in every line. It was the beauty of the expression which took me, and the intense earnestness which transfigured and shone through it, as from some inward light. That man meant what he said, you could see that; he believed in every word—aye, and felt it too. And the effect on the listeners—I speak of myself—was strange indeed. Unbeliever though I was, while I was listening to him he almost compelled me to believe. It was something of the same spell which I have felt at times, when I have been looking on at some great play, with a great actor in the principal part. Though in your sober moments you tell yourself it is all imaginary, you can't, for the life of you, think so at the time. It is real enough to the man, and he makes you feel as he does. Though Bible words were but little familiar to me, I remember the text to this day, for he repeated the words many times in the course of that short, stirring address, and his ringing voice and earnest manner made them living words indeed.

*"He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live":* that was the text of this first sermon I had heard for fifteen years. I leave you who are reading my history to imagine what a man like that put into it. A chap such as I am is not fit to reproduce such words, even had my mind been then in a condition to take them properly in.

When the sermon was over I stole out. I did not feel able to stay for what followed. But I did not go away. I walked round the church and sought the spot where, as I remembered, some of my people lay buried.

I had thought to find their graves neglected and all overgrown with nettles and long grass, for none of the Holts were left alive in King's Coppice to care for the resting-places of those who were dead. But, to my surprise, of nettles and long grass there were none in the yard. Every corner of it was neat; every grave was well-kept. The sun, shining

through the branches of the limes which shaded this quiet corner, sent flickering lights and shadows on to turf as fine and closely clipped as any in the Squire's gardens. There were flowers blooming all around—white pinks, purple pansies, double daisies—hardy things, which spring of themselves, once they were planted, and need but little attention, yet are sweet and fair, nevertheless. I found the graves I was seeking easily enough, for every one had at its head a little white wooden cross with the names and dates of those who slept beneath. There were scores of them alike, and I wondered not a little who had so marked the resting-places of the poor and friendless.

I was standing by the grave of my old grannie, and back in thought to the days when I was a little boy, and she was still alive to pet and spoil me, as grannies are wont to do, when a voice behind me said, "It's Robert Holt, sir, son of Holt the cobbler, who used to live in Linnet Cottage. The Alders told me all about him. You'll not remember him, perhaps?"

I turned round and saw the old white-haired Rector standing beside me, leaning on the arm of his son.

"Oh, but I do!" said a kind old voice, and a hand was held out to me from under the long priest's cloak which the old Rector wore.

I took off my hat at once—not to the gentleman, not to the clergyman, but because even a Socialist acknowledges that reverence is due to venerable old age.

"I remember your eyes, my boy," went on the kind old voice, with a quaver in it like that of a cracked stringed instrument. "You used to look up at me with them when you were saying your Catechism, like a robin who defies you to scare it. 'Robin Redbreast' we used to call you. Do you recollect?"

I did. And I smiled in spite of myself at the memories of bold impudence the name recalled.

"Ah, yes! you were a sad scamp, Robin! You never would learn your tasks. But I hope you practice that duty to God and your neighbour now which you never could learn in school. Eh, my boy?"

He raised a thin hand and laid it on my uncovered head, with a smile which went to my heart.

"And do you remember how we climbed up the church tower and got the young owls?" asked the younger clergyman in his turn, and his brown eyes twinkled as I had never thought clerical eyes could do. "Yes, yes, if *you* were a scamp, Robert, I was no better. You must come and see me, some evening, at the Rectory, and we'll talk over old times. Now, good-morning. Father and I have but little spare time on a Sunday, have we, Father?"

They walked off together towards the Rectory—

gate, the young man tenderly supporting the footsteps of the old, and I went home to dinner.

Just outside Nancy Bates' gate I overtook Alice Alder. She smiled at me and said—

"I'm so glad you came."

And I felt glad as well, though I did not believe in religion, and thought one person as good as another.



*I went into church.*

*(To be continued.)*



THE term "blue stocking" is as old as the year 1400, at which date in Venice a society of literary ladies and gentlemen was organised, the members of which as a distinguishing badge wore blue stockings.



THE sensations of great cold and of great heat are the same, because the nerves can convey but one sensation; and heat is more dangerous, and, therefore, it is more necessary that the nerves should be able to give warning of it.



THE FRENCH "POT-AU-FEU."\* Time, six hours. —Take, say, three pounds of beef; place it in a thoroughly clean vessel; add four quarts of cold water. Place the pot on to a rather slow fire. When near boiling, the scum will rise; take it off. When quite up to boiling-point, make the final, careful skimming. Have in readiness a few well-washed and prepared vegetables, according to the season; carrots, turnips, onions, and celery; or any nice fresh vegetables of any description, but onions generally; or just a few cloves of garlic—not too much, though, of this very strong but wholesome root; and also, if possible, a sprig of parsley, some whole pepper, and three or four cloves. Put these things in when on the boil. Now close the lid, and set the pot aside to simmer gently,—not boil. Herein lies the secret. It must not boil up fiercely, but only simmer for six hours. Now you add salt to taste. The meat thus cooked will be deliciously tender and nutritive, and in France it is called *bouilli*, and is eaten with sauce of some kind, as tomato sauce, or with pickles,—what not. The soup will be exquisite, and will serve a small French family for some days, with plenty of bread. French people usually pour the soup over toasted or fried bread. Fresh bones of meat and scraps very often take the place of the piece of meat. Good cooks vary it, of course. Soyer, the great French cook, always put in a little sugar to give it richness, and two or three nicely fried onions will give it a very exquisite flavour, or even a mushroom or two. Also rice, sago, tapioca, vermicelli or macaroni may be added at will; but these should be well soaked for hours, and added during the last hour of simmering.

CHEESE PUDDING.—Cut up a stale roll, or nice crusts. Pour over the bread a gill of boiled milk, or otherwise boil the bread in milk. Beat it up as for a pudding; add to eggs well beaten up, a little butter, and a half-a-pound of Cheddar or Gloucester cheese, grated, or otherwise, chopped up finely. Beat altogether, and bake for half-an-hour.

\* Pot on the fire.



**CUT PUDDINGS** (very good).—Cut bread into small dice; pour boiling milk to cover it. Let it soak for a quarter of an hour. Beat the bread up with a fork; add eggs (in proportion of two eggs to every pint of milk); add sugar to taste; flavour with grated lemon-rind: add a little butter. Pour this mixture into buttered cups; bake till firm in a moderate oven. Turn upon a hot dish; sift white sugar over, and serve hot. Sometimes a sauce is poured round.



### To Intending Emigrants.

**EMIGRANTS' INFORMATION OFFICE,** 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.—The Circulars of the Emigrants' Information Office and the annual Editions of the penny Handbooks show the present prospects of emigration. There is a good opening for experienced farm hands in Canada; but the demand for mechanics is small. Only strong experienced miners or men accustomed to prospecting for minerals in wild and unsettled countries, and having at least £300 for journey and food, should think of going to the Klondike gold-fields; all others are strongly warned against going there; the local Superintendent of Police reports this year that hundreds of claims will be offered for sale on the outside markets, which will be totally valueless.

A recent Memorandum of the Local Government Board requires that Boards of Guardians sending out children to Canada, should make an additional payment varying from £1 4s. 8d. to £10 14s. 9d. per child to provide for its annual inspection in Canada till it is 16 years of age.

There is no great demand for more labour at the present time in New South Wales, but it is stated that at Sydney tailoresses can always get work, and a few first-class lithographers would find employment at 3*l.* to 4*l.* a week; men in the metal trades are fairly well employed. There is no opening for railway men from outside the colony. The total acreage under cultivation this year is considerably more than it was in 1897. A serious

dispute has arisen between colliery proprietors and their men on the coal weighing system: it is possible that all the coal mines may be shut down, unless the Mining Law be amended, or some agreement be arrived at.

In Victoria the yield of gold continues to increase. There is no general demand for more labour; but there are excellent openings for men who understand fruit growing, and for miners experienced in prospecting new country.

In South Australia there is no demand for more hands, either in town or country districts.

As regards Queensland, reports from Brisbane, Maryborough, Bundaberg, Mackay, and other parts show that there is practically no demand for more mechanics; there is, however, a good demand for farm labourers in sugar districts during the crushing season, but it must be remembered that this only lasts from June to December.

In Western Australia—with the exception of the town of Coolgardie, where the labour supply is ample—there is a good demand for mechanics, miners, general labourers, farm labourers, and female domestic servants. A considerable number of free homesteads are being taken up by settlers.

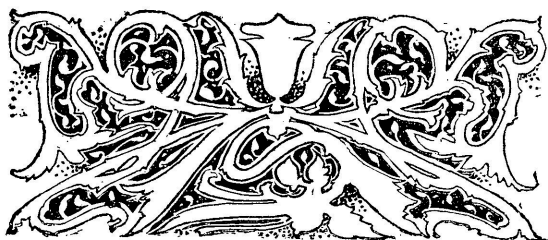
In Tasmania there is little demand for more mechanics or farm labourers; but the mining industry on the West Coast is developing, and is giving increased employment to miners, and workmen of all kinds. Extensive smelters are being put up at Zeehan, and brickfields have recently been opened.

In New Zealand plenty of work has been offering in the building trade, and in most other trades: but with some few exceptions the local supply of labour seems to be sufficient. For experienced farmers with capital, and for skilled mechanics with sufficient money to keep them for a time, and for domestic servants, there are excellent openings in this Colony.

In Cape Colony the protracted droughts have at length broken up, and the scourge of rinderpest has been to a considerable extent held in check. Prospects therefore are generally improving, and marked progress has been made in developing the important industry of fruit growing. The building trade has been very active of late at Cape Town, and there is said to be some demand for carpenters and masons at Grahamstown.

Speaking generally, however, there is at the present time no demand for anyone in the Colony except in some parts for thoroughly skilled mechanics; inexperienced hands will find great difficulty in getting work.

In Natal there is very little demand for more mechanics, and coloured labour is almost exclusively employed on farms.



## A Farmer Ant.

BY FRANCIS M. DUNCAN.

ON the slopes of the hills, and in the valleys of Texas, live communities of Ants, which from their habits have gained the name of Agricultural or Farmer Ants. They are reddish-brown in colour, about half an inch long, and wonderfully active and diligent in their labours.

### The Nests.

Though some of them construct Ant-hills similar to those of the English Red Ant, the majority make their nests below the surface of the ground, often to a depth of four or five feet, the roof being level with the ground. The exterior of these nests have the appearance of smooth flat, circular discs, in the midst of the dense vegetation which surrounds them; in fact, they most resemble miniature "clearings" of the backwoods of America. These circular clearings are sometimes from seven to twelve feet in diameter, but generally measure four or five feet, covering a space of some twenty-one to thirty-six square feet.

Three or four broad clean paths branch away from the clearing into the surrounding herbage; but where the nest be a large and densely-populated one, there will be a greater number of these paths, each having a width of about two and a half to three inches.

### Store Rooms.

A hole within the disc or clearing, leads down into the subterranean home of the Farmer Ants, where are to be seen store-rooms filled with grain, nurseries for the young, and oval, circular, and crescent-shaped rooms, which are all connected by tubular galleries.

### Quick Workers.

The amount of labour and skill required in the construction of these nests, clearing away the rank vegetation, and making the roads, must be very great, yet it is accomplished by these wonderful little insects in a remarkably short space of time.

The active, plucky little Farmers go to work with a will—biting, sawing, twisting, and hauling, with might and main, at the thick stems and leaves, carrying them all away with wonderful rapidity.

### The Search for Seeds.

When all the weeds have been cleared away, and the roads completed, the Ants start off into the wild country surrounding their Settlement, in search of plant seeds and grain. By-and-bye the Farmers may be seen returning up the paths, toiling along under the weight of the booty they have collected. The seeds and grain are all carefully husked before being taken into the nest, and there stored in the granaries, where they are piled in a heap in the middle of the floor, so as to leave a space to walk between the grain and the wall. These stores are for winter use, when the Ants cannot leave the nest in search of food.

### "Ant Rice."

As the warm summer days grow shorter, and the autumn tints grow richer and deeper day by day, a patch of ground within the clearing is seen to have a crop of grass growing on it, known as "Ant Rice." The seed of this grass is eagerly sought for by the Ants, and they often travel a considerable distance from the nest, and run great risks to their lives from numerous enemies in their search for it. When once they have found and gathered a sufficient supply of the seed, these intelligent little creatures cultivate it within the circle of their clearing, outside which nothing but the ordinary wild grasses of the neighbourhood are to be seen growing.

### The Harvest.

The "Ant Rice" appears during the autumn months, and ripens by the early spring, when the Farmer Ants come forth from their nest, where they have been shut up all the winter. They at once proceed to carefully harvest their crop, and when the grain has been husked and stored, they clear the ground of the dry stubble and any weeds that may have encroached during the winter, leaving the ground bare and ready for the autumn crop.



THE method of locomotion of the condor in air is still somewhat of a scientific mystery. This bird has been seen to circle to and fro in the sky for many hours at a time, ascending and descending, without once flapping its wings.



## Lessons in Church.

(Continued.)

BY REV. W. H. JACKSON.

IN my last paper on the Lessons I tried to show you how to turn the hearing of the Lessons to the best account. In doing so I dealt chiefly with the historical books of the Old Testament, showing (1) How our Lord and His Apostles bid us take warning by the story of Old Testament judgments, and (2) How in Old Testament history, God gives us a key to His government of the world. We now come to the Prophetical books. As to the Lessons which are read from the Prophets it is all important as we hear them read to remember that word of St. Peter that "no prophecy is of private interpretation." That is, the prophecies do not refer merely to the time and place, where they were uttered, but that they had a wider application, that they pointed far onward into futurity and had an infinitely grander fulfilment in the Lord Jesus Christ and in His Kingdom, the Church. The old prophecies were a light shining in a dark place. They were intended to keep hope alive in hopeless and gloomy times, and to awaken in men's hearts an expectation of some great mercy in store for those who hoped and believed in God. Between the ancients and the unknown and mysterious future there was a closed door. The ancients contrived, however, the best of them, to peep between the chinks and they saw enough to be aware that the sight within was rich and glorious. We, on whom the day has dawned, and who have seen so many of the dark prophecies cleared up, who have seen Isaiah's prophecies of "Immanuel" and the "Man of Sorrows" fulfilled at Bethlehem and Calvary and Joel's "pouring forth of the Spirit on all flesh" fulfilled on the day of Pentecost, and the predictions of all the Prophets as to Messiah and His Kingdom fulfilled in our own days in modern Christendom, surely we, when we hear the Prophets read shall listen with deep interest to those old prophecies of which we now possess the key. But for us, too, there are closed doors in the way of prophecies not yet fulfilled, and we must listen to them with reverent awe possessing our souls in patience till those doors are opened.

As to the New Testament Lessons there is less need to press the duty of attending to them, for they, especially the Gospel Lessons, seem to challenge and claim our attention. To the Gospels the saying of the old divine is specially applicable that "there are shallows in them where a lamb may wade, and depths where an elephant may swim." Even very little children can say with truth how they love

"that sweet story of old,  
"How Jesus came down among men."

And what single chapter is there where we may not "hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith to them that truly turn to Him," or hear some comfortable story of His power and His love? What comfort, for instance, do His miracles of healing supply—the healing of the blind and the cleansing of the leper! Can we not come to Him with our soul's blindness, and when He asks us "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" if the answer of our whole heart is, "Lord that I may receive my sight," are we not sure that He will open our eyes to see the things that belong to our peace? When we read how He cleansed the leper from his loathsome and incurable malady, does it not encourage us to hope that He can and will cleanse us from the soul's evil leprosy of sin, if we only come to Him with the leper's faith and the leper's words "Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean"?

I should like now to say a few words not so much on the hearing of the Lessons as on the reading of them. Augustus Hare says in one of his sermons "For myself, there is no part of my office in which I take more delight, or take greater pains to perform as well as I can, as the reading of the word of God to you in such a way that you may understand it"; and then he adds "The only thing I ask in return is that you will take as much pains to listen as I take to read." I endorse to the full these words both as to the reading and to the listening; so much so that I can rarely bring myself to delegate to a subordinate the duty of reading the Lessons. There is a good deal of Lesson reading in these days which is so far blameless that the reader "minds his stops" and produces his aspirates, but where the reading is sadly mechanical and lifeless. The actual words of the printed page are duly reproduced, but there is no sympathy in the tone and no intelligence at the back of the voice. In our high and honourable calling as priests we have few greater privileges than that of reading Holy Scripture in the great congregation. The Lessons afford to the reader an unique opportunity of doing full justice to the inspired word and we priests ought to avail ourselves of it to the full. We have every advantage,

the advantage of sacred association, the advantage of holy surroundings, the advantage of the sympathy of numbers. We have the opportunity of presenting God's truth to the least spiritual and to the most spiritual of our people, to people who live hurried lives and who come to church for refreshment after the harass of a week's work. There is one class in particular whose presence we should never lose sight of. Dr. Vaughan tells us that it is within his experience as a pastor that a man who is cherishing a known sin will do anything but read his Bible. He will read religious books, he will keep up the habit of saying his prayers, he will continue to attend Church, but he will hide himself away from his Bible. For the Bible is to such an one like the voice of God Himself come down and speaking the word of confutation and conviction. Now, is it not of the last importance for the sake of such persons as these, persons who have ceased to be Bible-readers but who continue to be church-goers that the Lessons be read with all the impressiveness and emphasis that can be given to them? We are told that the "Word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword," but it is pitiable to think of the sharpness of this heavenly weapon being impaired by vapid and monotonous reading.

Then there is the case of the poor and the unlearned, they surely require the very best reading that can be got and when it is provided they turn it to the best account. It has been said that the Bible is the only classic of the English poor, their only avenue to ancient literature and culture. It is that, but it is infinitely more than that. In years gone by, before education and the art of reading were as universal as they are now, I have known poor cottagers unable to read, who had by diligent attendance at church, on week days as well as Sundays, become possessed of the treasures of Holy Scripture, who had stored their memories not only with its words but with its truths, and thus laid hold on the hope set before them. Theirs was the faith that "cometh by hearing." These were among those of whom it was written "They shall be satisfied with the plenteousness of Thy House."

I will conclude with a story which admirably illustrates the importance of good reading. It is said that some admirers of Charles Simeon were recounting to each other the profit which they had one and all derived from his sermons. A poor and illiterate woman who was present said "I dare say you will think me very ignorant, but there was something that always did me more good than Mr. Simeon's sermons." "What was that?" they asked. "Why, those beautiful chapters from the Bible that he used always to read during the service—Lessons I think he called them."

This story shows two things. First that Mr. Simeon read the Lessons even better than he preached. And further that such reading finds its way to the hearts of the poor and the unlearned.



Finish layering carnations at once ; these seldom do much good after the end of August. Cuttings may, however, be inserted for another month or more in a cool frame or pit, or on a sheltered border.

Lose no time in getting in plenty of geranium cuttings. These had better be inserted in pots now, using any sandy loamy soil, with good drainage, and made firm. They will do well in a very lightly shaded spot in the open air, or, in case of wet weather setting in, preferably in a cool frame or pit, to keep the rain off.

Cabbages from the sowings made in July or August must be planted out, for the most part, during the present month, as they become large enough to handle. It is always best to transplant these before they become at all crowded or drawn in the seed-beds, and if they germinate thickly, they had better be pricked out into store-beds previously, but the best plan is to sow thinly. Now that the ground is moist again, the plants will go out well. Do not plant them too deeply, and if set out in shallow trenches they can be earthed up, and the stems thus supported presently. Eighteen inches apart in the rows is a suitable distance, with about two feet between these last, but it is a good plan to plant them at about half these distances, and pull or cut every other plant and row in the early spring, when about half-grown, for use as coleworts.

It is a curious fact that the best fur for felting purposes comes from rabbits which are bred near the sea. No explanation has yet been made of this singular circumstance.





## Mark's Making.

By K. E. V.

*Author of "A Wonderful Christmas and other Stories," "Benedicta's Strangers," "A Widow's Son," "The Tuckers' Turkey and other Stories," "Victory's Triumph," etc.*

"THAT is the young fellow I was telling you about; you might almost set your watch by him."

"He looks very young to have so much on his shoulders."

"Yet he is younger than he looks, he is under eighteen. I often tell my boys I wish they had some of his steadiness and manhood, but after all I should not like them to be without their youthfulness."

The subject of these remarks passed on to the station with the sober tread of a man thrice his years. And it was no wonder, for at seventeen Mark Sinclair found himself the head of a family. His father had married twice, and he and his sister Alice had but a year between them. The second Mrs. Sinclair had been a true mother to the little ones, but she died when baby Robina, generally called Birdie, was born. That was three years ago now, and these children were again in mourning, this time for their father. Through no fault of his own, the provision he was making was lost, and besides the small sum in the bank, there was only twenty pounds a year, which came to Alice through her mother.

Friends came forward with a talk of orphanages, but Mark astonished them all by saying he meant to keep the home on. His father had grieved at the thought of his children being separated. Alice had done her best to mother the little ones for three years, and was quite willing to take all the work of the household on her shoulders. Mark was earning a fairly good salary as a clerk in London, and they could let two or three furnished rooms to help with the rent. Perhaps they did not quite realize what they were undertaking, for

there were two other little girls beside Birdie, and Ralph, who was ten and a pickle.

Ralph was the difficulty; the three little girls deferred to their elders in everything, but Ralph had his times of rebellion, and could not see why he might not have his own way, and sometimes treat his brother's views with scant respect.

When Mark put his key in the door that evening, there was a scamper of feet in the hall, and the three little pinafored girls rushed to meet him. Alice stood at the kitchen fire, making toast, and presently they all gathered round the table for tea.

"You should make Ralph do the toast for you," Mark said, looking at his brother, who had not spoken.

Ralph looked sullen, and Alice spoke eagerly, "He has been out shopping for me, and the toast was no trouble."

"He knows he ought to save you all he can," Mark said severely. "Ralph, how many times have I told you not to come to the table without washing your hands?"

Ralph went into the scullery, from whence was heard a splashing, and he came back with his hands very red and damp.

"Mark," Alice said rather nervously, as she stepped about the kitchen, putting the supper away that evening (to save trouble and firing they generally sat there), "I don't feel quite comfortable about Ralph."

Mark shut his book, and looked up. "Well?" he queried.

"I can't bear to trouble you, and please don't be angry with him, it has worried me a great deal, but he kept back a penny change this morning. At first he tried to make out the things came to fivepence, and then pretended to look for the penny, but at last he owned he had spent it on sweets."

"I didn't think that of him," said Mark; "how it would grieve father."

"So I told him, and that did make him sorry; it is the first time, perhaps if we speak seriously to him that will be enough."

"And just because it is the first time, it is all the more reason to stop it there. No, he shall have a good thrashing in the morning; he has been working up to it for some time."

Alice pleaded a little more, but it was difficult to move Mark, and in the morning Ralph got the thrashing which had not lost by keeping. Doubtless he deserved it, but Mark would have been wiser had he tried to enforce his authority less severely; he was hurt and indignant, and did not stay for explanations, and Ralph really had some to give, which, though not justifying him, would have put his action in a more favourable light. So the boy went off to school with his heart aching more than his back; his little sisters looked at him awed and curious.

Edith was a prim little personage, already a help to Alice, but in some danger of becoming priggish; as they were coming home she said to Ralph, "You are going to be good to-night, aren't you? poor Mark comes home so tired."

"Mark, always Mark," burst out Ralph, who had heard something on the subject from his school-master, "I begin to hate his name."

"Oh, Ralph!" cried Edith, "I'll tell Alice."

"Tell her, I'm sure I don't care," Ralph retorted, though he had some inward qualms, feeling sure she would keep her word, which she did, and without intending to misrepresent, put it that he had said he hated Mark.

Alice looked grieved and astonished; they were just sitting down to tea without Mark, who would be detained.

"Ralph," Alice said, "did you dare to say such a thing of Mark, to whom you owe so much? Take your tea into the scullery, you are not fit to be with us."

The others went on with their meal after he had gone, but suddenly Nellie put down her bread and butter, and burst into a roar.

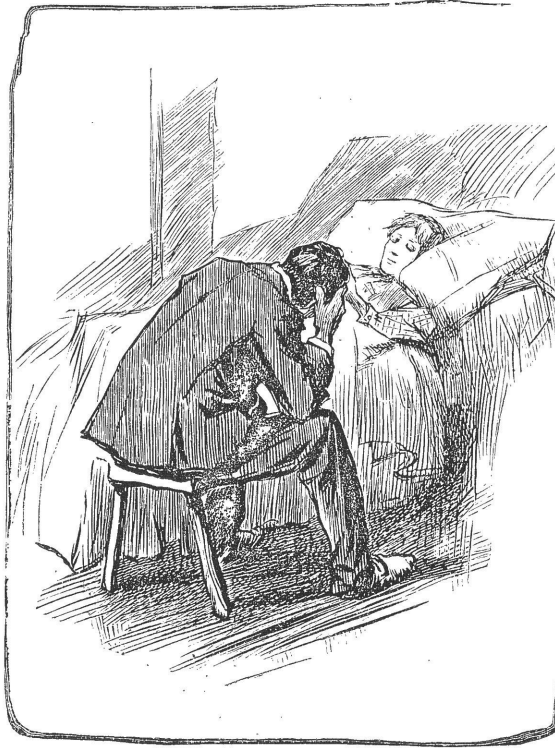
"What is the matter?" asked Alice, getting up. "This morning he was frashed, and to-day you won't let him have tea with us, and I don't like it," sobbed Nellie, "I'd like to be with him."

"Dear little Nellie," said Alice, helping her down, "so you shall."

"And he's very fond of Mark," said Nellie as she trotted off with her cup and plate.

Nellie would not leave Ralph till bed-time, and then insisted on saying her prayers beside him. They did not seem to have talked much, but the little maid looked very happy as she went up to bed after returning to give her brother a second kiss.

Alice was set thinking, she could not bear the least shadow of blame for Mark, yet could not help wondering if they were not making a mistake in their way of dealing with Ralph. The boy had looked crushed and dispirited of late, and now she thought of it, she could not but see how all his brightness had gone, and she recalled how his services had sometimes been rejected. He was trying at times, but his affection had always been so ready, that it gave her a shock to recall the look the boy's face had worn lately. Then, too, he had been such a companion to his father, that perhaps they did not realize how much he suffered from his loss. She and Mark were used to talking



*He bowed his head in sorrow.*

over matters; he liked her to turn to him for advice and counsel, so that she felt he would listen to what she had to say about Ralph now.

Mark came home tired, but after supper asked how things had gone, and whether Ralph had behaved well.

Here was the opportunity, and Alice told what had passed, only softening down what Edith had repeated.

"I don't know what to make of him," said Mark, "but I don't think Nellie should be with him too much."

"Oh, Mark, I could not help it, and really they

looked so pretty together, I think she might be a help to him."

"Still, if it is my wish," said Mark, coldly.

Alice was startled. Mark scarcely ever took that tone with her, and it made her task more difficult. "Indeed, Mark," she said, falteringly, "I do think we are making a mistake about Ralph; don't you think if we made more a companion of him it would be better; after all, perhaps it is rather hard for him to do just as we tell him, for we have all played together, and he is older than the little ones and might need different treatment."

Mark had listened in astonished silence; it was new for Alice to set up her opinion against his, or think he had made a mistake. "I have made up my mind," he said, still coldly, "when Ralph shows himself capable of being a companion he can be treated as such, and not before; I didn't think *you* would make things harder for me, Alice."

In a moment her arms were round his neck, "Indeed, Mark, there never was a brother like you," she said.

There was so much coldness and distrust shown to Ralph in the days following that after one or two rather awkward overtures to Alice he withdrew into his shell and felt it deeply. He had so thoroughly admired and looked up to Mark, not saying much, but feeling proud of him, but now that was passing away, and instead he felt indig-

nant when he heard his brother praised, and said to himself that people did not know everything. Alice was in a difficulty, she must do as Mark wished, and let Ralph feel himself in disgrace, but it hurt her to do so, especially when she caught one of the boy's grieved wistful glances. Edith was aggravatingly self-righteous, though she was getting really helpful with the little ones.

Things were in a strained uncomfortable state,

though Mark, being out so much, saw less of them. It was Nellie's little hand that did most to smooth matters. Alice could not forbid the little girl's trotting after Ralph, sitting next to him, or kissing him at odd times, and he, for his part, clung more than he knew to his little comforter.

Mark always inquired into Ralph's doing and behaviour when he came home, and there was generally something to disapprove of, and Ralph grew too hurt and proud to defend himself when he might have done it with reason.

"Did you take your full

half hour's practice?" Mark asked one evening; Ralph generally got out of it if he could.

"Not quite," Ralph answered.

"Very well, you know it will have to be made up before breakfast to-morrow."

"He left off to untie a knot in my pinny; it was a very hard knot," spoke up little Nellie, but no one attended to her, only Ralph put his hand on her shoulder as he passed.



*Alice put him in the armchair.*

Next morning Mark heard Ralph at the piano in good time, but the practice was not a brilliant performance, and the room in which it was carried on was cold and depressing.

"You have had your practice I hear," Mark said when he came down, "but you'll never get on unless you put more life in it; even Edie plays scales better."

Ralph's face, which had brightened at the first words, grew heavy again.

"You'll see that Ralph takes my boots to be mended to-day, won't you?" Mark said to Alice as he started; "they ought to have gone yesterday, but I forgot, and I want them back as soon as possible."

The children had taken their dinner to school, and when they came home Ralph looked white and tired; Alice was sorry he had to go out again, but he got up directly she told him of Mark's errand.

"You must have your tea first," she said, and she made it quickly, but Ralph did not want anything to eat, he drank two cups of tea, and then asked for milk and water.

"I've a great mind to go myself," Alice said, "you are going to have a bad cold, I am afraid, Ralph, and it is beginning to rain."

"More reason for me to go," and Ralph seized the parcel and started off at a run, though when he was out of sight the run changed to a very weary walk.

Mark worked hard and generally slept soundly, so he did not hear how his little brother tossed in bed, and coughed and struggled for breath. It was a very long night to Ralph, and he had not long fallen asleep, when Mark roused him to say it was time to rise. He dressed in a kind of dream, but managed to light the kitchen fire before Alice came downstairs.

"Why, Ralph, what is the matter?" she cried.

"I don't know, I don't feel well," he faltered out as the room seemed to go round, and he caught at the dresser for support.

Alice put him in the arm-chair, and got him some hot tea, and he was glad to be allowed to sit still with his eyes shut.

"Ralph cannot go to school to-day," Alice told Mark, "I don't like the look of him at all; do you think the doctor should see him?"

"It seems to be only a cold, no doubt he will be all right to-morrow," and Mark went off without anxiety, but Alice was in a good deal of trouble; Ralph turned from everything she offered him.

"Would you like to go to bed, dear?" she asked presently, and he was very ready, though it was as much as he could do to get upstairs alone.

When Edie and Nellie came in from school, the

latter went to Ralph directly, and did not come down till Mark came in, it being an early evening for him.

"I think Ralphie's going to die," Nellie said suddenly, putting down her bread and butter untasted, "his breath is so funny, and he has been saying his prayers, not like my prayers, but in bed, and he didn't mind me hearing."

Alice ran upstairs, in a minute or two she called Mark. Ralph scarcely noticed them, he had become much worse the last hour, and was panting for breath.

It took but a few minutes to get the doctor there. A fire was lighted, and everything done to relieve. Mark and Alice divided the night-watch between them, and in the morning they hoped Ralph was better; he was conscious, though talking was difficult, and Mark thought to go to business with a good heart.

The doctor came early according to promise, stayed some time with Ralph, then went downstairs slowly.

"I would not go to business if I could help it, Mr. Sinclair," he said, regretfully; "your little brother is sinking; I can call in other advice if you like, but frankly I see no reason; there are no complications."

Alice heard what he said, so Mark was spared the hard task of telling her, though they were both stunned with the suddenness and unexpectedness of it. Mark telegraphed to his place or business, and then outside things seemed to fade into insignificance, and they watched almost hopelessly beside the sick bed.

All day Ralph lay half unconscious, scarcely seeming to notice anything, but in the afternoon when the doctor came again he roused.

"Dr. Coe," he gasped, "am I very ill?"

"You must have taken cold and it has gone hard with you," the doctor answered evasively.

"But am I going to die?"

The clear child eyes looked into his solemnly, holding him with their gaze. "That is in God's hands," he answered almost against his will.

"But do you think so?"

"My dear little boy, I do."

There was a strange sudden lightening of the face on the pillow, a load seemed lifted, and the boy smiled quite gladly. "Thank you, doctor, that is what I wanted to know," he said as he sank back restfully.

That look was a revelation to Mark, and he bowed his head in bitter shame and sorrow; it had come to this, that the little brother left in his charge was glad and thankful to go, even through the gate of death. Once or twice during the night he could not restrain his sobs, and Ralph moved restlessly.



"Are you sorry?" he asked at last.

"Oh Ralphie, Ralphie, I would give anything if only you might stay," he cried, feeling that all he had done was a hollow mockery beside what he had left undone.

Ralph's tired hands wandered to his bowed head. "I wish I had been better to you; I do love you, Mark; shall we ask God to let me stay a little longer?"

Mark knelt with his arm round him, and a wordless cry for help and mercy went up from them both, then Ralph said, "And please let me get better because of Mark, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

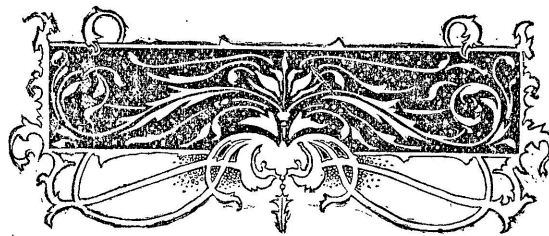
He lay back white and exhausted, but as Alice crept in to look at him he smiled up at her with the words, "I'm getting better, Alice."

And he really was; the doctor was surprised and delighted, but from that hour the little boy made steady progress. It was slow progress sometimes, but very happily made. Little Nellie sitting beside him said once that he was like "a different Ralph only the same," and Edie and Birdie agreed with her.

"There is no brother like Mark," Ralph said one day to the doctor.

"And no brother like my little Ralph," Mark said lovingly.

He has learnt his lesson, and the two grew very close together, never again to drift apart. People often said that responsibility had been the making of Mark Sinclair, but he felt that it would have been very poor and incomplete without the true making in bitter humiliation that had been done beside Ralph's sick-bed.



## Church Progress at Home and Abroad.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.

THE most interesting and important pronouncements by the Bishops during the past few months have had reference to the practice, which has been rapidly increasing in recent years, of adding to, or omitting portions of, the authorised services as contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The fault has existed in both the extreme sections of the Church, and the counsel given by the Bishops, at their Diocesan Conferences and elsewhere, has been directed to meet the evil, from whatever party in the Church it may have had its rise.

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There is no doubt that, among the great majority of the clergy, the feeling exists strongly that a greater variety of services, which might be used on special occasions, would be of immense value to the Church at large. Such a sentiment is perfectly compatible with the strongest possible feeling of devotion to, and admiration of, the Prayer Book. But since the last revision in 1662, the conditions of worship have undergone wide and far-reaching changes, so that what appeared amply sufficient provision for our forefathers is totally inadequate to meet the existing needs.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the first place, the Catholic revival in the Church of England during the past sixty years has led to a very general desire to take advantage of every opportunity for observing additional festivals, such as the Harvest Festival. The prevalent organizations of Guilds of communicants, the banding together of Sunday School Teachers, District Visitors, Bell-ringers, and the formation of Church choirs, have created the wish for special offices to be used at the periodical meetings, or at the admission of new members. Then, again, the Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday, when the Passion of Our Blessed Lord is put forward as the central object of our meditations, has become one of the most popular services amongst us.

### Lessons for September.

|    |    |                                                                           | MORNING LESSONS.             | EVENING LESSONS.                             |                                                  |                                         |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 4  | B  | 13 <i>Sunday aft.</i><br><i>Trinity.</i>                                  | 2 Kings 5.                   | 1 Cor. 14,<br><i>to v. 20.</i>               | 2 Kings 6,<br><i>to v. 24;</i><br><i>or 7.</i>   | Mark 6, <i>v.</i><br><i>30.</i>         |
| 11 | B  | 14 <i>Sunday aft.</i><br><i>Trinity.</i>                                  | 2 Kings 9.                   | 2 Cor. 1,<br><i>v. 14 und</i><br><i>3.</i>   | 2 Kings 10,<br><i>to v. 32;</i><br><i>or 13.</i> | Mark 10, <i>v.</i><br><i>32.</i>        |
| 18 | B  | 15 <i>Sunday aft.</i><br><i>Trinity.</i><br>Ember Coll.<br>daily.         | 2 Kings 18.                  | 2 Cor. 10.                                   | 2 Kings 19;<br><i>or 23, to</i><br><i>v. 31.</i> | Mark 14, <i>v.</i><br><i>27 to 33.</i>  |
| 21 | W  | <i>St. Matt., A.,</i><br><i>E., and M.</i><br>Athan. Creed.<br>Ember Day. | 1 Kings 19,<br><i>v. 15.</i> | 2 Cor. 12,<br><i>v. 14 und</i><br><i>13.</i> | 1 Chron.<br><i>29, to v.</i><br><i>20.</i>       | Mark 15, <i>v.</i><br><i>42 and 16.</i> |
| 25 | B  | 16 <i>Sunday aft.</i><br><i>Trinity.</i>                                  | 2 Chron. 26                  | Gal. 4, <i>to</i><br><i>v. 21.</i>           | Neh. 1 &<br><i>2, to v. 9;</i><br><i>or 8.</i>   | Luke 2 <i>to</i><br><i>v. 21.</i>       |
| 29 | Th | <i>St. Mich. and</i><br><i>All Angels.</i>                                | Gen. 32.                     | Acts 12, <i>v.</i><br><i>5 to 18.</i>        | Dan. 10, <i>v.</i><br><i>4.</i>                  | Rev 14, <i>v.</i><br><i>14.</i>         |

The question, however, that has arisen, and which bids fair to be satisfactorily settled, is not so much whether or not it is advisable that such additional services should be held, but whether the holding of them ought not in all cases to be subject to the approval and authority of the Bishop. Although our Fathers-in-God do not all see eye to eye in matters of ritual and practice, there is a feeling of confidence among Churchmen generally in the fair-mindedness and justice of the Bishops, in regard to those whose views do not coincide with, or even approximate to, their own. We all want to see the utmost liberty of action consistent with a true spirit of unity, but at the same time no one desires a rigid uniformity.

\* \* \* \* \*

The question has recently been revived in certain quarters as to the advantages or otherwise that would follow from an attempt to revise the Book of Common Prayer. There are some portions (notably the Baptismal and Marriage services) which might well be modified or improved. Again, when mattins and Litany, or mattins and the Communion service, are said together, there is an unnecessary repetition of the Lord's Prayer, which tends, in some minds, to induce the impression of unreality. The Confirmation service might well be improved. But—would the result be worth the cost?

\* \* \* \* \*

No one who loves the Church of England could contemplate, without the gravest misgivings, any movement in the direction of a revision under existing circumstances. Fancy the introduction into the House of Commons of a Prayer Book Bill! Think of the amendments proposed by the enemies of the Church, and the heated wranglings between them over some of the most solemn portions of our Liturgy. Whatever faults, whatever weaknesses, the book may possess, it is to us, next to Holy Scripture, the most precious and the most sacred heritage of the Anglican Church, and it would indeed be madness to throw aside what we prize with the possibility of getting something vastly inferior in exchange.

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The development of British influence in different parts of China, owing to the diplomatic successes of the Government, has increased the activity of our missionary enterprises in those regions. There is perhaps no race of men more difficult to bring under the influence of Christianity than the "celestials." Even Jews and Mohammedans are more amenable to the teaching of Jesus Christ than the followers of Confucius. But because the work is difficult, and the results are statistically disappointing, there is all the greater

obligation laid upon the Anglican Church to put forward her best energies, and to use her utmost endeavours, to bring the message of salvation to those who for so many centuries have been groping in the darkness of superstition and ignorance.



### Unwise to the Allwise.



I, WHO know not what to pray for,  
Come to Thee;  
Lord, in tender love and pity,  
Look on me.

For myself, for all I love, I  
Come to plead,  
Yet my poor heart only blindly  
Knows of need.

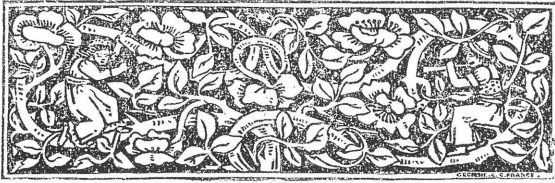
Shall I ask for joy and gladness?  
Scarce I dare;  
Earth undimmed, our hearts might fancy,  
Heaven less fair.

Pray for grief, that so heaven's brightness,  
Brightness gain?  
How can I, poor shrinking mortal,  
Pray for pain?

Yet our Father, Who hast bidden us,  
Call Thee thus,  
In Thy fatherly compassion,  
Look on us.

Mine and me, Thy helpless children,  
Father blest;  
God, most wise, most loving, give us  
What is best.

E. A. M.



## The Missionary Life of the Church.

THE branch of our Church in America sends the Gospel to the heathen as a normal and ordinary part of its organization. There are no Missionary Societies. The Church itself is the Society. A priest of that Church, who is in charge of a large district in one of the Southern States, Rev. Alban Greaves, gave the following devotional address upon the value of missionary work.

"So far as civilization has extended, it has followed, not gone before, the knowledge which Missions convey—'One is your Father, and all ye are brethren.' There is nothing to show that the world will ever be made better or mankind raised by any other means than the Gospel of Christ. Before it came, human life was oppressed with horrors that made living unbearable. It is so more or less to-day in lands which the Gospel has not touched.

"It seems strange that, until recently, scientific men should have refused to credit the Gospel with the amelioration of the world, preferring (against all the evidence) to set it down to 'civilization.' Civilization is one of the products of Christianity. The root of civilization is religion. Look at the Fiji Islands, and contrast their condition to-day with that of the early part of the present century. To-day cannibalism is unknown in these islands, and all but a small minority are habitual attendants upon public worship. A young sceptic said to one of the chiefs, pointing to a church, 'I am sorry that you have accepted a superstition which scholars are giving up.' The chief pointed to a huge stone. 'Do you see that rock? It was there that we killed human beings. Do you see that old ruin? That was where we roasted men and women and babes for feasts. You had better thank God,' he added, 'that you did not land on this island before we heard of Jesus Christ.'

"Besides this, it is a wonderful thought to realize, that by Missions we can actually hasten the Return of our Lord. Humanly speaking, the date of the Judgment is not fixed; it is depending upon the filling of the 'Net.' When the Net was full, they drew it to shore. (St. Matt. xiii, 48.)

"For many centuries the Net, which signifies in this Parable of our Lord, the Church, or Kingdom of God, has been trailing through the waters of this world, gathering in human souls every year. The Anglo-Saxon race has been particularly favoured. In Britain, the Church to which we belong has been planted, as history shows, 1,600 years, and all that time has been saving men. The present century has witnessed the opening of the seas of China and Japan (to speak of them as seas) to the Gospel Net. God wants people also from those countries. And at last the Net will be 'full.'

"What will happen then? The Net will be brought to land. The end of the world will be come; and there on the Shore of Eternity, the Net will be opened and its contents sorted—sorted and separated, and the good will be gathered into vessels and the bad will be cast away.

"Not till the Net is full, in God's sight, will its work be done, and the end of time arrive. Can we not see—do not Christ's words imply, that by hastening the extension of His Church, through our labours, prayers and offerings, we hasten our Lord's Return?

"Another parable indicates the same truth. Why was it, in the Parable of the Great Supper, that when so many invited guests declined, the servants were sent forth again and again, a second time and a third, to bring into the feast men not originally included in the invitation? 'Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.' What was the reason? '*That My House may be filled.*'

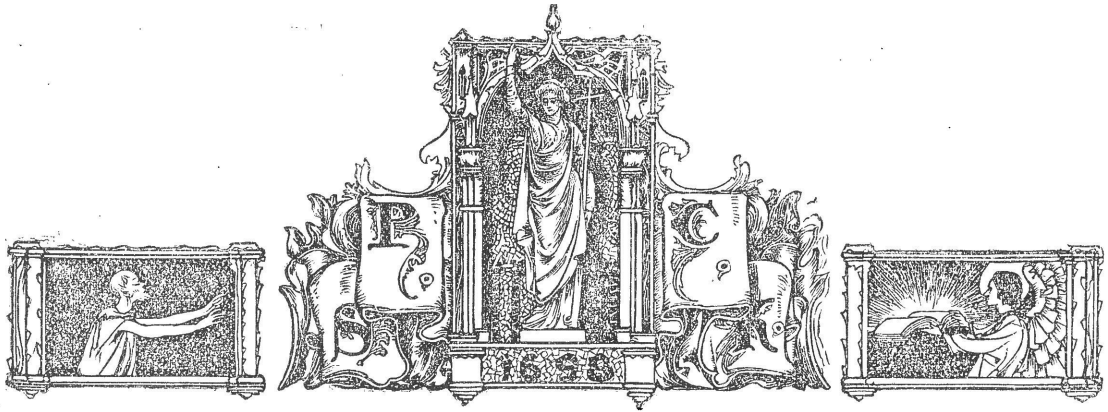
"We see here once more an indication of the gradual making up of the number of God's 'elect'—His called, His privileged—the baptized. When the vacant seats at the Marriage Feast are filled, the end will be here; the Kingdom of Christ will fully come. It is to those not called at first to whom our missionaries go to speak. For the 'Feast' is waiting; the end of the time is stayed, and the glorious consummation, when His 'House' shall be filled, is being deferred. Other lands must take the places of the renegade. Other nations and languages, not called at first, must take those vacant places. Yes, for

"He shall redeem them one by one  
Where'er the world-encircling sun  
Shall see them meekly kneel."

"As to those millions whom the invitation of Christ never reaches, they are in the hands of God; and the question is not whether the heathen can be saved without the Gospel, but whether we can be saved if we neglect to send it to them."

E. G.

Foresthill, Oxford.



## Two Hundred Years of Life and Work.

BY MAY COCHRANE.

### IX. The Work Abroad.

It is impossible to mention even a tenth of the Society's work in the colonies and missionary field. It establishes schools and colleges all over the world, endows bishoprics, builds churches and founds scholarships. From the cathedral at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to the Church Hut on the Little Umzimvubu, Kaffraria; from the tiny school amid the eternal fogs of Spaniard's Bay, Newfoundland, to the great colleges of India; from the lonely Falkland Islands to the Corea, rises the sound of grand *Te Deum* and lisped "Our Father"; the voice of children stumbling through their alphabet, and of polished scholars unfolding the deep mysteries of God, all telling of the work of this Society in Promoting Christian Knowledge. The Archbishop of Ontario says that during the thirty-six years of his episcopate he has seen 300 churches built in the diocese of Ontario, towards most of which the S.P.C.K. had given a grant. Multiply that by ten—number of the dioceses in his province of Canada—and some idea could be formed of the immense help of this branch of the Society's work alone.

#### "Bone of our Bone."

The majority of the people for whom, in Australia and Canada, the S.P.C.K. helps to build churches and schools, are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," the sons and daughters of English people who have sought new homes beneath the old flag. The prairie and the bush surround them, rich in the hope of a golden future, but it is a *spiritual* wilderness, their souls hunger and are faint, far from the Means of Grace. They long for a school where their little ones may learn the Faith they were taught "at home," they long

for a church where they may gather for the historic worship of their native land, and to be the ever-present witness of the Unseen God. But they are too poor to build them; who will help? Who, but the Committee of that Society which for two hundred years has been adding, link by link, to the chain of sanctuaries and schools that is girdling the world?

#### Does not encourage Spiritual Mendicity.

The S.P.C.K. does not encourage spiritual mendicity; it only helps those who try to help themselves. Applicants must prove their sincerity by their freewill offerings, and then the Society comes forward with a substantial grant. Touching stories are told of many of these offerings; a woman denies herself tea, a man tobacco, a girl her ribbons, that they may lay the price on God's altar.

Thus is the cross lifted in the wilderness, the little church and school become a centre from which light radiates, and the sacred fire is handed on. It is not too much to say that the larger number of these churches and schools could not have been built but for the grants of the S.P.C.K.

#### The first step.

We are coming to see more and more clearly that the first step in opening new centres of church activity is to provide an ecclesiastical chief—a bishop—who shall have perfect knowledge from the beginning of the needs of the people, and who shall, like a general in the army, direct the plan of campaign. Here again, owing to the poverty and scattered nature of the population, it is impossible to raise the funds locally, so the S.P.C.K. steps in with a grant.

**Over £95,000.**

In the last sixty years the Society has spent over £95,000 in helping to raise the number of colonial and missionary bishoprics from seven to ninety-one. But even with this help the pay of the bishops of Greater Britain cannot be considered as a living wage. Here is an instance. For the first year the bishop received nothing; for the second year £100, *out of which* (!) he had to pay £150 for house rent and about the same for the expenses of nine months' continual travelling about his diocese. Later on, thanks to the Society, he received £350 a year, of which he pays £100 a year for the salary of a clergyman in a poor district, and the rest goes in rent and travelling.

**The Conversion of the Heathen.**

Not only does the Society seek to maintain and to kindle spiritual life among our own kinsmen, but from the days of the holy Schwartz to this present time it has never ceased to labour along its own well-defined lines for the conversion of the heathen. The Society's foreign educational work falls under three heads, boys', girls' and industrial schools. The elevating character of its work in India has won the approval of the Government which recognises in it a force that makes for the solidarity and national strength of India. In the colleges of the south and at Agra the Society is educating native Christians as future evangelists and clergy. A native ministry, learned and devout, is the hope of India, for Christianity cannot enter into the fibre of a nation's being unless it be preached by the *native* born. The Society's work therefore among the boys and men of India is full of glad hope. So too are its efforts for female education. The influence of women is quite as powerful in India as elsewhere. The girls of to-day are the mothers of to-morrow, who will mould for good or evil the characters of their boys in the plastic day of childhood.

**Industrial Schools.**

In its industrial schools the Society provides technical training for the native Christians of many races. The invigorating joy that comes through consecrated and dignified labour has never touched the native mind. The aphorism *Laborare est orare* (work is prayer) which has inspired generations of men with a holy industry, and led them on to the achievement of works that are the glory of civilisation, has no message for the native races. That they may share in all the benefits to soul, and mind, and body, that come from honest toil, consecrated by Christ's example, the Society has set on foot these technical schools.

**Medical Missions.**

Very close to the great heart of the Society lies the cause of medical missions, by which so often the soul of the heathen is won through his body. Africa, India, Palestine, the Far East and British Columbia, are starred with its hospitals and dispensaries "which stand as witnesses of the power of God's redeeming love." The possibilities that lie before medical missionaries are limitless. They reach by their professional work homes that are rigidly closed against the ordinary missionary. The dispensary and the hospital are invaluable object lessons in Christianity. In them the heathen find unwearying, tender care, skilful treatment and an atmosphere of rest and peace, which they cannot fail to contrast with the barbarous treatment of the *hakim*, or the turbulent visits of the witch-doctor. Gradually the idea begins to leaven the darkened minds that "Jesus and kindness go together," and so the first step is won.

**Lesser activities.**

Such are some of the main lines of the Society's activities, but they are interwoven with a network of lesser lines which connect them with almost every need of the Church. One may truly say that there is not a department of Church work and scarcely an organisation for the welfare of the nation, which does not owe much to the strengthening, helping hands of the S.P.C.K. To it the bishops turn from all parts of the world. Have hurricanes or fire destroyed their churches, storms wrecked their mission ships, or raiding tribes demolished the schools? "The S.P.C.K. will help," they think. Is a town parson distracted for the want of a mission room and a lay helper? "I'll see what the S.P.C.K. can do," he says. Does a man or woman long to devote their lives to the active service of Christ, but poverty hinders? "Write to the S.P.C.K.," advises a friend. An invasion of hop-pickers—"Ask the S.P.C.K. to send down a thousand or two suitable tracts," says the rector. The villagers of Stick-in-the-Mud have gone to sleep, "Let us get the S.P.C.K. to wake them up with a lantern lecture," suggests the churchwarden—"and ask them to give us some new hymn books," puts in his wife, "and maps and pictures for the school, and another grant for the library." So the applications flow in daily. But the help cannot be given, the great work maintained without money. No other Society does so much work with so little money.

We all owe, directly or indirectly, more than we can estimate to the work of the S.P.C.K. during the last two hundred years. Shall we not therefore do our best to extend to others the benefits we have received? From all quarters of the



world the voices of our fellow-countrymen call to us to help the Society that helps them. From the lands of heathendom the "voiceless silence of despair" cries to us to speed the chariot of the Society that bids them hope.

### Help all branches.

Will not those who have read these papers resolve, in God's name, to give yearly as He has given them (pennies, shillings, sovereigns), to the grandest of all our English Societies? By giving to the S.P.C.K. we help not only one branch of Christian work, but *all* branches.



SOMETHING almost as good as intelligence is exhibited by plants. If, during a dry season, a bucket of water be placed near a growing pumpkin, in the course of a few days the vegetable will turn from its course and get at least one of its leaves in the water.

### The Power of Steam.

It is not to be wondered at, that the wealth of the world now increases at a rate to which all previous history offers no parallel, when we remember that the mere mechanical efficiency of the entire population of the globe has been more than doubled by the exploitation of steam. The power of the steam engines now at work is greater than the mechanical power that could be exerted by all the people on the face of the earth. And we must not forget that the new power, electricity, which now attracts so much attention, depends, with few exceptions, upon steam for its origin. All our electric motors and lights, and much of the other applications of electricity, depend primarily for their energy upon steam. From this point of view, therefore, the age of steam shows no signs of coming to a close: is it ever to end, and what shall be its successor?

### Erring Insect Instinct.

A PROOF that it is not always the sense of smell, but oftentimes that of sight, which directs insects to their flowers is noted by the distinguished French entomologist M. R. Blanchard. A species of sphinx moth, which entered a hotel room in the half obscurity of early morning, was found to flit

with direct intent to definite parts of the wall and ceiling. These were decorated with paintings of leaves and flowers, and to the latter the insect approached in repeated attacks, thrusting forward its proboscis as though intent upon intruding it into the opened cups of beguiling flowers. After repeated failures and the resulting discouragement, the effort was given up, and the moth escaped by the window. Another case of a butterfly which persisted in visiting the artificial flowers upon a lady's bonnet adds an instance to recorded facts of erring instinct among insects.—*Science Siftings*.



### Early Christianity in India.



IN Southern India there are a number of members of an ancient Church who are known as the Christians of St. Thomas. They claim that their Church was founded by the Apostle himself, but they have also a second founder whom they hold in honour, a certain Thomas of Jerusalem, who is said to have led a Christian colony to Malabar in A.D. 345. St. Thomas the Apostle, according to tradition, went from Malabar to Mylapur—now a suburb of Madras—where the shrine of his martyrdom stands upon Mount St. Thomas.

### Thomas Christians.

The name by which this body has ever been known—Christians of St. Thomas—seems to confirm the tradition that St. Thomas laboured in India, but some respectable authorities deny the conclusion. They may, perhaps, have originated from some early Nestorian colony. We must leave the question of the truth of the traditions crediting this interesting Church with the extreme antiquity alleged by its members, an open question; but it is clear that it had a very ancient origin: even in the sixth century its members were in regular communication with the Nestorian Church in Western Asia.

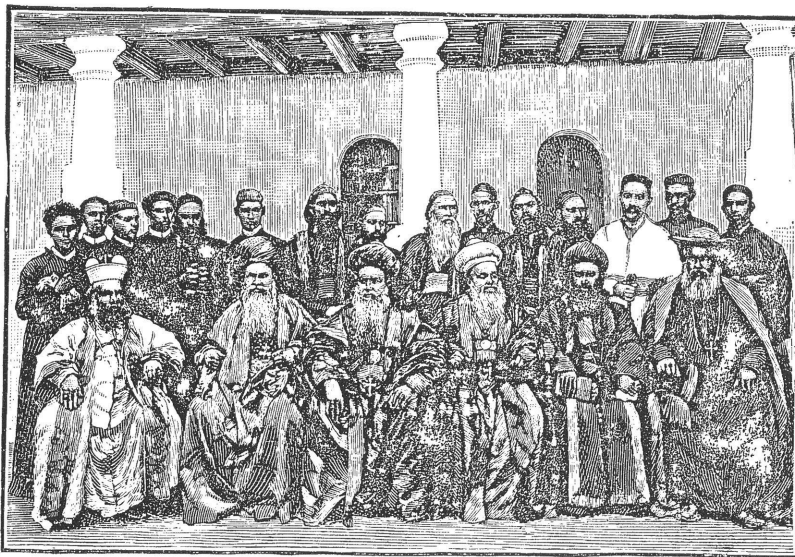
Before the middle of the sixth century there is some historical evidence that there were Christian Churches of Persian (East Syrian) origin, and

probably of Nestorian creed, in Malabar and other parts of Southern India, and even then St. Thomas—who traditionally is the apostle of Persia—may have been their special Saint.

#### A Nestorian Basis.

It is indisputable that the whole tradition of the Christians of St. Thomas rests on a Nestorian basis. It is a very interesting fact that this ancient Church through many troublous centuries managed to preserve itself from extinction, and also that its members did not lose the sense of their relationship with the mother church, as is shown by their sending, towards the end of the fifteenth century, a deputation to the Nestorian patriarch Simeon, who, as the result, supplied them with bishops. In the sixteenth century Mohammedan

unrest resulted in a secession from the Roman-Jesuit rule, when the whole 200,000 Christians of St. Thomas, except some 400, re-established their independence. Many were, however, afterwards re-won by the efforts of the Carmelites. The re-formed Church came under the influence of the Jacobite, Mar Gregorius, styled Patriarch of Jerusalem, who visited it in 1665 as an envoy from Ignatius, Patriarch of Antioch. The independent Christians of St. Thomas have since been Jacobites, and, in a sense, under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Antioch. The Church of England in recent years has cultivated friendly relations with the remnants of such ancient Churches—the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to the Assyrian Christians is a striking case in point—and only



*Metrans and Rempans and Clergy of the Syrian Christians in Travancore.*

oppression threatened their extinction, and forced them into the arms of the Portuguese, who found that they numbered about 16,000 families. in a much depressed condition. Even under such circumstances they were not at all willing to submit to the rule of Rome. Persistent efforts in this direction were, however, successful in bringing about a formal union in 1599. It was a union on conditions, for the Thomas Christians retained Syriac as their ecclesiastical language, but they had to submit their service books for revision and the elimination of error.

#### Secession from Jesuit Rule.

The Church of St. Thomas thus fell under the dominion of the Jesuits, but its members still cherished the idea of independence, and were not very tractable. In 1653 a period of ever-growing

a few weeks ago the Bishop of Travancore and Cochin, in whose diocese there are a large number of the Syrian Christians, at a meeting of the S.P.C.K., stated that he and his clergy were still holding out the right hand of fellowship to this ancient and interesting Church in accordance with the principles on which the Mission was established by the C.M.S. in 1817. How thoroughly the Church of England has succeeded in dispelling prejudices and winning the confidence of the Syrian Christians in Southern India is shown by the fact that they send their children to be educated in the Anglican missionary institutions, and the Reforming party send their deacons to the Divinity School, one of whom passed the Oxford and Cambridge preliminary examination two years ago.



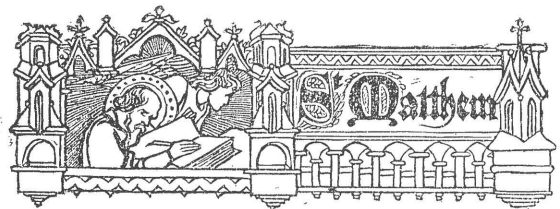
IN all God's commandments may we not perceive that guidance of which we all stand in need? These commands are like the finger-posts to guide us aright along this earthly pilgrimage on to the haven of rest and peace. If the Psalmist of old felt this, and could exclaim, "Thy commandments have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage," how much more may we, living in the clearer atmosphere of Christian knowledge and Christian privilege, rejoice in the knowledge of God's Will.



It is in the spiritual nature that man's highest life must be lived; and it is from this spirit that the tone and direction of his life must emanate. But the spiritual nature needs awakening, purifying, strengthening; and it is the Spirit of God that can accomplish this. To walk in the Spirit, therefore, is to have that spiritual nature inspired by the Spirit of God and brought into the service and likeness of Christ.



THERE is really no joy so keen as the conscious joy of loving and devoting ourselves to God. Whoever seeks God first, and makes Him the guiding motive of his life, carries about with him a fount of joy which is ever full and utterly inexhaustible.



THERE are some things which people say plainly that they must not be asked to give up for Christ's sake; and these, too, people who do not profess to have any other hope of eternal life except from Jesus Christ only. They excuse the immensely larger part which they keep for themselves by pointing to the poor, meagre portion which they set apart for God.

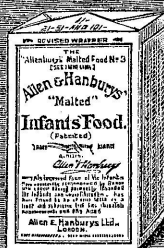


SOMETIMES the heart is dull, and the eyes of the soul are dim. Then we have to wait and trust. We are like those in pain who yet know that there is such a feeling as that of health, that it is no dream, but a reality.



TRUE greatness consists in lowly, self-forgetting service. The angels of God, who worship Him in heaven, stoop, at His commands, to minister to us men here below. As they watched around the footsteps of the Son of man in His humiliation, so, for His sake, they attend upon His suffering members.

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## HEALTH TO THIS WOMAN.

AMONG civilised nations a perfectly healthy individual is an exception to the rule. I do not now recall ever having seen a person in the whole course of my life who set up a claim to entire freedom from illness. People whose prospects of longevity seem quite as good as the average will nevertheless admit that they scarcely pass a week without some decided departure from the high level of health. How few who take an active part in the work of the world enjoy uninterrupted health. Probably none at all; while many labour hard and successfully, handicapped continually with some ailment, which they have never been able to shake off. Most of us, indeed, have to work on in spite of lassitude, or headache, or muscular or nerve pains, or indigestion, or some other discomfort, which seldom gives us a free and unfettered period for exertion.

Others again, who are considered to be in excellent health, hardly know what it is to sleep soundly and rise refreshed, with buoyant spirits and energy renewed. Men and women there are, in every class of society, poor as well as rich, hard-working as well as idle, who rarely eat without discomfort, and suffer still more if they omit their usual meals. Not one in a hundred, probably—whether in town or country—passes through life without being troubled with various derangements connected with the action of the stomach, liver, and intestines. These troubles, in frequency, and in the total sum of the mischief they do, are far and away in advance of any other combination. An eminent English physician, alluding to these facts, says that if his profession devoted more attention to such functional disturbances, and less to hunting after (or inventing) brand new diseases, they would be vastly more useful in their day and generation.

In which I have the honour to agree with him; and so, doubtless, would the lady whose letter we will now introduce as containing matter germane to what has thus far been presented:—

"For many years (nearly all my life I may say) I have suffered from indigestion and biliousness. I was troubled with nausea and sick headache, and every now and then was prostrated, being unable to leave my bed. My appetite was poor and variable, and what food I ate gave me pain.

"These attacks were so frequent that I became very weak and worn out; for I could eat almost nothing. I grew so bad that I concluded there was no cure for me.

"In this condition I continued, year after year. I consulted a doctor and took medicines but found no real relief until Sept., 1895, when I read of Mother Seigel's Syrup; and although I had no faith in advertised medicines I got a bottle from Mr. Henry, a druggist in Cookstown. After taking it I found great relief. Soon the dreadful headaches left me, and I could enjoy my meals without any subsequent distress or unpleasantness; indeed, I felt stronger and better than I ever remember. Since that time, by taking an occasional dose, I keep in good health. You can publish this statement as you like and refer anyone to me."

(Signed) (Mrs.) M. Thom.

The Poplars, Cookstown,  
Co. Tyrone, Ireland,  
Sept. 3rd, 1897.

Mrs. Thom is a schoolmistress at the Drumnamalta National School, and is widely known and highly respected. In Dec. last (1896) she applied to the proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup for a supply of their books to give out to the parents of her scholars. Before presenting them she informed her pupils of the wonderful benefit she had derived from the medicine, and asked them to tell their parents what she had said. To the poor she gives a small supply of the remedy in praise of which she is so enthusiastic. Surely no comment is required upon so plain and self-commending a case as this. Across the sea I beg to extend my hand to Mrs. Thom. May her good work continue!



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