

NOVEMBER, 1883.

# Parish of S. John in Bedwardine.

WORCESTER.

"I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME, LET US GO INTO THE  
HOUSE OF THE LORD."—*Psalm cxxii.*, 1.



## Hours of Divine Service.

DAILY—10 a.m., Matins (11 a.m. Wednesday and Friday).  
7.15 p.m., Evensong.

SAINTS' DAYS—8 a.m., Holy Communion.  
11 a.m., Matins.  
7.15 p.m., Evensong with Address.

SUNDAYS—8 a.m., Holy Communion.  
11 a.m., Matins, Sermon (Holy Communion 1st and 3rd Sundays).  
3 p.m., Service for the Young.  
6.30 p.m., Evensong and Sermon.

## S. JOHN'S BANNER OF FAITH.

### S. JOHN'S CHURCH AND VICARAGE

#### ENLARGEMENT.—FOURTH LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Total of amount already announced	1739	7	0
Mr. Greswolde Williams	100	0	0
Mrs. Carr Gomm	20	0	0
Mr. W. Knott	20	0	0
Mr. Quarrell	10	0	0
Canon Butler	5	0	0
Colonel Carmichael	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Carr	5	0	0
Captain Domville	5	0	0
Mrs. Treherne	2	2	0
Mr. G. Fitzer	1	1	0
Mr. G. James	1	1	0
Rev. F. H. Richings	1	1	0
Mrs. Bevan	1	0	0
Rev. C. J. Hamilton	1	0	0
Miss Fildes	0	10	6
Mrs. Keeling	0	10	6
Miss Keeling	0	10	6
Mrs. Cook	0	5	0
Mr. G. Farnsworth	0	5	0
Mr. S. Haynes	0	5	0
Mrs. Birchley	0	2	0
Mr. W. Webb	0	2	0
Mr. T. Hill	0	1	0
Mrs. Vobe	0	1	0
Mr. B. Vobe	0	0	6

#### THE SCHOOLS.

The Diocesan Inspector, Rev. C. Glynn, has made the following reports of our schools:—

**BOYS' SCHOOL.**—"The general results of the examination, both oral and written, bear testimony to much earnest work during the year. In Division I. a few cases of deficiency in the text of the Catechism was the only weak point of an otherwise highly satisfactory examination."

**GIRLS' SCHOOL.**—"Throughout all Divisions very good work is being done, and an excellent tone pervades the whole school. In Division I. the Creed was not altogether verbally correct, and in Division III. the Prayer Book, and in a less degree the Catechism, fell short of the standard reached in Holy Scripture: in other respects the results are highly satisfactory."

**INFANTS' SCHOOL.**—"The babies are being well and suitably instructed, and passed a good examination. Division I. is in all respects very good, and reflects much credit on the teacher. In Division II. the children acquitted themselves very well, but a little more brightness is wanted in their picture lessons. The repetition generally shew signs of great care. Throughout the school the tone and discipline are all that can be desired."

### PAROCHIALIA.

Some of our readers may be interested in hearing that Messrs. Bennett took an excellent photograph of S. John's Church as it appeared at the time of the Harvest Festival. Copies of this may be had from the Magazine distributors, or from Mr. Hayes, Hon. Treasurer of the Guild, for 1/6 for the large mounted size, and 1/- for the small.

Sermons will be preached in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel on Sunday, November 25th, and there will also be a Public Meeting in the Infants' School, on Tuesday, November 27th, to advance the cause of mission work amongst the heathen.

#### BAPTISMS.

- Oct. 1st.—Herbert John, son of George and Edith Peart (privately).  
 „ 2nd.—Elsie May, daughter of Charles and Mary Healey (privately).  
 „ 14th.—John, son of John Thomas and Mary Ann Phipps.  
 „ 14th.—Herbert William, son of Francis Badham and Elizabeth Derry.  
 „ 20th.—Ada Jane, daughter of William and Mary Bullock.  
 „ 20th.—Harvey James, son of James and Annie Harrison.  
 „ 21st.—Willoughby Bertrand, son of Henry and Emily Wharton.  
 „ 22nd.—Frederick, son of Albert and Sarah Ann George (privately).  
 „ 29th.—Ellen Louisa, daughter of John and Deborah Summers.

#### MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 10th.—George Freeman and Eliza Mitchell.  
 „ 21st.—George Hambling and Eliza Gittins.

#### BURIALS.

- Oct. 6th.—Chrissie Morris, aged 24 years.  
 „ 13th.—Charles Smith, aged 43 years, at Leigh.  
 „ 20th.—John Allen, aged 31 years, at Powyke.  
 „ 24th.—John Badham, aged 82 years.  
 „ 26th.—Eliza Harriet Flint, aged 46 years.

#### OFFERTORY.

Oct. 4th.—At Holy Communion	£0	14	9½
„ 4th.—Harvest Festival	3	5	0
„ 7th.—	16	11	5½
„ 14th.—At Holy Communion	0	5	6
„ 14th.—For Medical Charities at Crown East	4	17	2
„ 21st.—At Holy Communion	1	4	0
„ 28th.—For Medical Charities	27	3	10½
„ 28th.—At Holy Communion at Crown East	1	5	8

#### CHURCH HYMNS.

	Matins.		Evensong.	
Nov. 4th.....	255	308	300	283 21
„ 11th.....	3 (part 1)	259	273	264 232
„ 18th.....	169	256	267	302 38
„ 25th.....	358	359	217	363 386



THE  
**Banner of Faith.**

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NOVEMBER 1883.

[No. 11

**Short Sermon.**

“ Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.”—1 Cor. xvi. 2.

**T**HE Weekly Offertory is of the remotest antiquity. It traces its origin back to the days of the Apostles, and claims its authority in the pages of Scripture. It is a principle, which, lost sight of indeed from time to time, has never been abandoned by the Church of Christ—a principle which lies at the root of her system.

1. And first we may notice that the claim upon the alms of the Corinthian Church, made by the Apostle in our text, was a claim based upon an already recognised custom. In the days when the Lord walked upon earth, with but a handful of followers, a common purse, possibly supplied by the voluntary offerings of all, ministered to the wants of the little community.

After His Bodily Presence was withdrawn, and those followers had banded themselves into a distinct and separate Society, this simple system expanded into a well-regulated central fund under the direction and control of the Apostles themselves.

The rapid increase in the numbers of the Society brought a corresponding increase in its duties and responsibilities, and seven men were appointed to preside over this special work, that the Apostles might give

themselves “continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word.”

The system of contributing to a common fund was not, however, confined to the Church at Jerusalem. Wherever the Christian Society established itself, there the common fund existed also. Out of this fund the various necessities of the Church were provided for. From it the clergy received their stipends: for when S. Paul waived his own claim to a portion, as he did in the case of Corinth, for peculiar reasons (1 Cor. ix. 6), he intimates that he was giving up a *right*. And from some of the churches he did receive a stipend (2 Cor. xi. 8).

Then, too, there was generally a college of widows supported out of the fund, in some respects similar to our almshouses for infirm poor; and the needs of the Church in one place were often relieved by the alms of a wealthier neighbour. Out of this same fund the expenses of the messengers travelling from one Christian community to another had no doubt to be defrayed, besides many other things. Possibly with a view to relieve the pressure upon the fund, a spirit of hospitality is much encouraged in Scripture. A bishop was to be “given to hospitality,” and the widow to whom preference was shown was to be the one who had “lodged strangers.”

It is not, therefore, surprising that the first Christians were in the habit of devoting

a very large proportion of their private property to the wants of the Society; that a landowner in Cyprus should be found to sell his land and give the proceeds to the Apostles, and that even an Ananias and a Sapphira should desire the credit of a like sacrifice to the great cause.

2. But if the system of "voluntary offerings" is an unquestionable duty laid upon all Christians, as we see it is, we are met by the further question, "On what principle shall we give?" And the answer we have ready to hand, "*As God hath prospered us.*" The system of tithes, *i.e.* of giving back to God a tenth part of what He gives to us, is as old as the Jewish religion. It became a regular recognised system in the Christian Church in the fourth century. Whether we thus give a tenth of our property to the special service of God, or whether, with the early Christians, we are not content without we give a great deal more, yet one thing we learn clearly from the words of our text—that our almsgiving, no less than our lives, will be subject to a searching examination. Alas! how few, who in other respects live conscientiously, have ever learned "to lay by in store *as God hath prospered them.*"

But the offerings of the Christian are to be guided by another principle. He is to give "not grudgingly or of necessity." Nay, the condition of his alms going up before God is that it be a spontaneous and willing offering; otherwise, like Cain's sacrifice, God will not "have respect unto it."

There is still one further point to secure the acceptance of our alms—a point of such moment that our Lord gives it a prominent place in His sermon on the mount—the need of "secrecy." The Christian's alms to be worth anything before the throne of God are not to be done "before men to be seen of

them" (S. Matt. vi. 1–3). They are to present a marked contrast to those of the worldling, who in effect sends a trumpeter down the streets to proclaim what he is going to do. They are even to be so secret, that the left hand is not to know what the right hand has given.

3. Lastly, *when* shall we give? The Apostle answers, "*On the first day of the week.*" The time, at the week's end, when you settle up with your brother-man is the time to settle up with God also. If this is done regularly and conscientiously there will be little trouble in arriving at God's portion. There will be a growing disinclination to allow ourselves to run into debt, arising from an increasing sense of responsibility to God in these matters, and there will be an awakened sense of the peace of Sunday coming from the consciousness of duty done to Him.

Many and varied, and maybe unblameable, are the ways in which we may devote our substance to the relief of suffering and the promotion of good works; yet let us remember none are so excellent, none so Scriptural, none so sure of undying reward as the way of the weekly offertory. By this system, as by no other, are secured the Apostle's charge as to the time, and the Lord's charge as to the way, to give. Alms given at the offertory are presented at the most solemn time and in the most solemn way before God, and His blessing is invoked upon their use. We ourselves also realise the meaning of what we have been doing. We become sensible of the honour God confers upon us in allowing us to give back to Him of His own, and our hearts are taught to exclaim—

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.



## Stephen Fetherstone.

### CHAPTER XI.

**I**N the chilly darkness of a March night, Stephen Fetherstone made his steady way to Crab Hall. The moment had come he had longed for all these six past years.

It was midnight; close upon the very hour when Stephen, a free man, had paced that road last.

How changed now was his lot! Parents, home, character, all gone; and Lettice dead too! And Martin had done it all. So the wretched man really believed in the depths of his sore heart. Well, he would clear that score off to-night! He would go straight up to Crab Hall, and knock to be let in. It should be all fair and open even with a cur like Martin, but all the same he would have his revenge. Stephen was unarmed, save for a hedge-stick which he carried, more from habit than from any intention of using it as a weapon of attack.

He skirted the village, coming out by the quarry—only a bit of rising ground and a copse now between him and the miser's dwelling. Here it was—— Stephen paused in surprise, a short cry escaped his lips. A brilliant light shone through every chink of the shuttered lower windows, and gave lustre to the fanlight over the hall-door. What had happened? Was Martin entertaining company so late? Not much like his way, thought Stephen.

And then the truth flashed across his brain. The house was on fire!

The whole of the lower storey was in flames. As he stood there he heard the cracking of glass, saw the smoke wreathing out of the tall narrow building.

And Martin was sleeping in that upper storey, would be suffocated in a few minutes like a rat in its hole.

For one moment, Stephen felt a pang of disappointment at the thought that revenge could not be his, that it was taken out of his hands.

He stood and watched, fascinated by the dreadful sight. Would Martin wake, he wondered, wake and see him—and cry to him for help?

Perhaps so, and then it would be Stephen's turn not to see, not to speak, but to stand unmoved by, while the wretched man met his doom.

Ah! he might take his revenge so. Yes, it was coming—that moment he had panted for. Some one was stirring now, an upper window was opened, and that terrible cry for help rang out in the silent air.

No one could possibly hear but Stephen, and we know what he meant to do—nothing.

After all this was not a bad way of taking revenge, he thought.

And then swifter than lightning came another thought to the wretched man—the child, Lettice's child, that must be saved!

Three strides brought him to the farm gate; there was a ladder against a rick there. He carried it to the side of the house most protected from the wind and smoke, and called loudly to attract attention.

He was heard; Martin heard him and answered, but he was alone.

"The child! Bring the child!" shouted Stephen; he could not reach the side window, but a self-possessed man could drop a light weight like that into his arms.

There was a delay of some seconds, it seemed like hours to the man on the ladder. Martin had evidently gone in search of his boy, he had forgotten him on the first alarm. He came now to the front with the little white creature clinging round his neck.

"Save us! Save us!" cried Martin in an agony. "The staircase is on fire!" He was on the window-sill already, scrambling hastily out—meaning to drop down on the ladder in his blind terror.

"The child!" said Stephen sternly. "You are a dead man if you put foot outside that window till I have him safe; hand him down to me quick—quick!"

He swore a terrible oath as he stood clinging to the ladder with one hand, holding out the other towards Lettice's child.

Martin knew him now.

"Stephen—Stephen Fetherstone!" he shrieked; "there's the boy—take him, and, oh, save me—save me! You know me, Martin Shore."

"Aye, I know you," said Stephen.

He had caught the little lad now by his night-dress, the rickety ladder swayed for a moment, then settled itself; he made his way safely to the ground with his burden—Martin's cries above rising louder than the crackling of the flames.

Then a burst of thick smoke forced its way through that side window, and there was silence. Martin must have fallen backwards into the room; he was done for.

In that second's lull, Stephen's conscience woke up and spoke to him clearly, unmistakably—

"You have suffered once as an innocent man; you will walk the earth now a murderer, if you leave Martin Shore to his fate."

And Lettice's innocent child broke out into a frightened cry: "I want father—where's father?"

The devil of revenge in Stephen's breast was worsted now. There was no time to be lost, though, if Martin was to be got alive out of the smoking pile. Stephen never saw that other men now crowded the farm premises, never knew that he put the child into someone's outstretched arms, never heeded that strong hands steadied the ladder as he made his way up again towards the open window.

There were cries and questions that no one answered, followed by a hush as the desperate nature of Stephen's attempt became evident. He was standing on the topmost rung, and, with one hand round a waste-pipe, was endeavouring to gain the window-sill above.

"He'll never do it!"

"He'll be choked with the smoke!"

"He's in—he's climbed in!"

Yes, that was the last announcement. Then came a fearful time of suspense. All knew that Martin Shore must be some-

where in that suffocating chamber, and that Stephen Fetherstone was risking his life to save him.

Those who never guessed the share that Martin had had in ruining Stephen's life yet felt that a grand deed was being done at that moment—something over and above the laying down of a life for a friend.

It was known to all that Martin had married the girl that Stephen loved; her little child had just been lifted out of Stephen's arms, unhurt, untouched by the flames.

No one for a moment remembered that its preserver was an escaped convict; he was a hero now.

"I doubt we'll never see either of them again," was the disheartened cry. "No one could live in that place over a minute."

"Steady the ladder, men, quick! He's here, and, oh, it's afire! the flames are through the lower window!"

Yes, there was a fresh danger to combat now; they all saw it. The greedy tongues of fire were wreathing themselves round the ladder. And there above was Stephen dragging with him the almost helpless body of Martin.

Bravery is catching. One of the bystanders, a strong, active young fellow, dared to venture on the burning ladder, and, clinging as Stephen had done to the pipe alongside, called out to have Martin lowered into his grasp. Again the crowd watched in awful silence the result of the hazardous enterprise. Mills, the young blacksmith, had got Martin on his back, and was cautiously descending the ladder. All went well till the two were within a few feet of the ground, when the ladder cracked, and both fell with some violence to the ground.

A cry of horror went up to heaven—not for Martin Shore, senseless—as he lay stupefied by the smoke, and now bleeding from a wound on the head; not for George Mills, with his broken right arm, but for Stephen Fetherstone, standing aloft on the burning sill, flames behind him, an awful death staring him in the face.

There was a rush for another ladder—a vain search—cries of "Try the pipe! Throw

yourself down!" Someone more ready of expedient than the rest fetched a tarpaulin used to cover ricks, and in a second this was held out beneath the window on which all eyes were centred. Not a second too soon, for Stephen, breathless and half-suffocated, could maintain his position no longer; he fell heavily, fell into the tarpaulin, and was taken up as senseless as the man for whom he had risked his life.

There was no one else in the building. Crab Hall might burn itself out now for the second time in the memory of the villagers. The farm man and his wife, sleeping in a distant loft over a barn, had been the last to be aroused by the terrible events of the night, and they stared stupidly around as if in a dream.

The whole country-side seemed awake and about now. Engines came (too late) from Morleigh and Tilston. Two or three lads had fetched doctors and police. Dearston was astir all night long.

The schoolhouse was the centre of attraction. There Stephen and Martin had been carried, and beds hastily made up for them below stairs. Both lived and breathed. Martin, with his gaping wound, presented the most ghastly appearance, but the doctor shook his head over Stephen's case. He was now perfectly conscious, but badly burned, and suffering from other injuries.

Sir Robert and several of his brother magistrates were on the spot at daybreak. Lady Langton and Patty Blair hovered outside the schoolhouse gate, mutual anxiety bringing the two together after a moment's pause. There was so much to be said, so much to be heard, so much to be hoped for.

"Poor Stephen!" The two words were in everyone's mouth. Martin Shore might have lost house and property, but Stephen had given his life for another. No one thought of saying, "Poor Martin!"

(To be continued.)

## No Time for Religion.

**I** SHOULD like to be religious, but I have no time. I'm a poor man, working all day for my bread; I've two miles to walk before I get to my work, and when I come home I'm so tired, I can't take up a book, and I can hardly keep awake to say a bit of a prayer."

"I should like to be religious, but I've no time. I'm just a poor widow woman with a handful of children. I'm out all day striving for them, and at night when I come in, it's all I can do to cobble their clothes so as they shall turn out decent in the morning for school. I've not a minute for book-learning, or anything of that sort; and I'm so tired of a Sunday that, if I do get to church, I'm apt to drop off in sermon time."

"I should like to be religious, but I'm only a poor servant in a busy lodging-house. It's run here and run there every moment of the

day, at everyone's call. I never get to church, and I'm such a poor scholar I could hardly spell out a text if I'd the time. I don't get to bed till twelve or one o'clock, and as often as not I'm too dead asleep to kneel down and say my prayers. I just drop my head on the pillow, and before I can turn round it's morning and work again."

Such is the often-repeated "complaint of the poor." Let us look into the matter for a moment, and see if religion is really a thing beyond their grasp.

Of course it is only the poor man or poor woman honestly desirous of serving God to whom these words are addressed. There are many, we all know, who use the plea of being "too busy" as a mere idle excuse for neglecting the service of God. Such people, if set at liberty to-morrow, would still find in their lives "no time for religion."

First, then, remember that God never asks

of a man that which he has not got. Therefore, He will not ask time, long prayers, or money, of the labourer, the charwoman, or the lodging-house servant.

Does He ask nothing, then, of the poor? Oh, yes, the poor are very dear to Him. He longs to have them for His own, so He asks of them two precious things—their heart and their will, their love and their service.

How can these busy people give Him such gifts?—for, indeed, love and service constitute the religion they speak of. Can they learn to love and serve God while their time is all given to earthly masters?

You do well to speak of *learning* to serve God—for religion is as much a thing we have to learn and practise as is an earthly trade. The bricklayer and the servant-girl do not begin at once with being master-builders or housekeepers; they have many a long day of toil before they reach such high places, nay, they may never attain them. But still, day by day, if they are good honest workers, they get nearer the mark, becoming better workmen and workingwomen—wiser, cleverer, more worthy.

And so with religion. We may never in this world be perfect Christians, but we ought every day to be growing better—more earnest, more devoted. If not, we need to look to our lives to see what is wrong in them.

And no one, neither day-labourer nor hard-pressed servant, need say they have no time to learn to be a Christian, if they have time to live and breathe.

God has many ways of training His followers, of making saints of the poor, the busy, and the ignorant. This is the way He has prepared for you—the way of constant toil, of self-denial—of vexation often, and suffering.

*The way of toil.*—Have you much work to do? Do it then carefully and well—to please God as much as your earthly master. Plough your field, build your wall, wash your dishes in the best way, as in God's sight.

*The way of self-denial.*—Others around you have riches and pleasures which do not fall to your lot. Avoid murmuring, or envying them. Think—God knows best. Perhaps

if I was rich, and had time to enjoy myself, I should love this world and its poor pleasures too well; so this is a danger escaped.

*The way of vexation.*—You have always to do the will of others, your own desires are never consulted. There are two ways of serving a master and mistress: one, following their orders truly but grudgingly, sulkily; the other, by serving them briskly, cheerfully. Take this latter way; it is the one God wishes you to walk in.

*The way of suffering.*—You may have actual pain to bear in the course of your working-life; pain of body or pain of mind. You are overworked perhaps. You do your best, but your employers find fault with you. It is hard to bear. Satan says, Don't bear it; leave, give notice. God says, This is the path I have prepared for you to walk in; My path of poverty, and submission to others.

Toiling man, weary widow, hurried servant-maid, think of this—in the fields, at the wash-tub, answering the lodgers' bell: however hard or unpleasant your work may be, sweeten it by saying: This is the way God means me to serve Him; this back-aching job, this endless scramble for mere bread for hungry children, this bearing with the tongue of a sharp-tempered mistress; all these trials He orders for me, that I may work my way to rest and peace by and by.

Why I am to suffer here no man can tell me, but God is good, He loves His poor, He loves me. He sees my strivings. I will work as for Him; and when I can, I will raise my soul to Him if only in a "Lord, help me!" I shall always have time for this.

And so, plodding quietly along the dull road of your daily life, trying to do each duty well as in God's sight, you shall one day hear a voice from heaven saying to you: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And though you may answer in humble surprise, How have I pleased Thee, Lord—I, who have never had time for religion? The Lord will never recall His words, but He will make it plain to you that, in setting your heart to do your daily work well because He has bidden it, you have fulfilled all His kind and merciful laws.



## Feast of All Saints.

“And I looked, and lo a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with Him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His Father's Name written in their foreheads.”



UPON Mount Zion fair  
The Lamb of God doth stand;  
And see around His pierced Feet  
A chosen sealèd band.

His Father's Name of bliss  
Their foreheads pure doth grace;  
With joy they stand before His throne,  
They ever see His Face.

With harps of purest gold  
They sing the grand new song,  
Whose strains no tongue may ever learn,  
Save that chaste virgin throng.

Ecstatic love and joy  
Through every heart doth thrill;  
They ceaselessly adore the Lamb,  
They ever do His will.

To them in converse sweet,  
As friend doth speak to friend,  
He tells the depth of His dear love,  
Which knows no change nor end;

Shows them His dazzling Wounds,  
Redemption's price divine,  
Which brighter than ten thousand suns  
For evermore will shine.

They follow His dear steps  
Through halls of pearl and gold,  
Whose radiance and perennial bliss  
No tongue hath ever told.

Pure first-fruits unto God,  
O blest, redeemèd throng!  
May I but hear the faintest strains  
Of Thy triumphal song!

## Mr. Philip.

THE old town of Rewbury is built on a river which, after wet weather, is apt to rise rapidly and cause a flood. My parish, being in the lowest part of the town, suffers in this way more than any other. There is one street in it to which the intruding water forces its way at least once in the course of the winter, leaving behind it a plentiful deposit of mud, and a legacy of colds, coughs, and rheumatism. At the end of the street, and still nearer the river, is an old public-house, called “The Nag’s Head,” very curious to look at with its gabled roof and black timbers, and admired on that account by strangers; but, as I often thought, a worse enemy to the people living near than even the river itself.

One night in January, some years ago, the inhabitants of — Street were knocked up at two A.M. by a policeman, who brought the unwelcome tidings: “River’s rising fast; you had better get up, and look after your things.”

Oh! the excitement and confusion while the valuables in each cottage were carried upstairs, and everything was prepared against the flood. The warning had come none too soon. In a few hours the road was under water, then it crept into the kitchens and ground-floor rooms to the height of several feet, and there was the greatest flood known for years.

We organised a regular system of relief, got a flat-bottomed boat and a pitchfork, and paddled about from house to house, distributing food at the upper windows. As we came back we were hailed from a window in the public-house, and hastened there accordingly. Having supplied the needs of the family, we were rather startled by being told, “They want it down the ‘shut’ worse than we do.”

“The shut!” I said; “where’s that?”

“The passage comes out round the corner of this house, sir, but it’s too narrow for your boat.”

"I never knew there was a passage there," I said; "does anyone live there?"

"Oh, yes, sir, three families; and Mr. Philip, he's gone out to his work, but he will have a job to get back, I reckon."

"He did not go this morning," said the shrill voice of a little boy; "he's at home now, and so are the rest. I've just seen them through the top window. If you get up here, sir, you could look across at them, but you can't get at them noways, the court's that full of water."

"Getting up there" was easier said than done; but with the help of a ladder and a plank I managed it, and, guided by the child, made my way to the back of the house, and thence, through a broken window, looked down for the first time on Nag's Head Court.

Just opposite was a window at which several faces could be seen looking eagerly at us, and a young man called out, "Can you do anything for us, sir? I think the water is going down, but we've not food to last till to-morrow. If you had a long pole you might tie a loaf to the end, and I would try and catch it."

We acted on this suggestion, and soon a loaf was swinging across the court, and after a few vain attempts he successfully caught it and handed it to a child at his side, who immediately disappeared with it. Then another and another followed, till he called out, "Thank you, sir, that will be plenty," and then he too left the window.

"Who is that?" I asked of the boy, who had been watching me with keen interest.

"That's Mr. Philip," he answered; "he's a gentleman they say, and gets lots of money, but nobody knows what he does with it. Some say he's a miser, but I don't believe it; he gave me his own supper one night when father had had a drop too much, and we were crying for food."

"Has he lived here long?" I inquired, for there was something in the man's face that interested me, and I had an unaccountable feeling of having seen him before.

"Oh, yes, he's been here ever since we came, four years ago, and before that; he's always writing, and he never smokes nor has

a half-pint like other folks. He keeps his self to his self, but they don't like him down here, they say he's proud."

I departed resolving, "river permitting," I would take an early opportunity of visiting my newly discovered parishioners, and especially "Mr. Philip."

In a few days the water had gone down. Coal was to be given to the sufferers that they might dry their houses with large fires, and I penetrated into Nag's Head Court to take some coal-tickets there. A more curious place I have seldom seen. The nearly dark passage leading to it, the black and white walls ready to fall with age, the red-tiled roof, with patches of moss and stonecrop growing here and there, looked very picturesque no doubt, but hardly suited to other tenants than rats and mice.

However, I found out the three families that occupied rooms in the old building, and who were grateful enough for help; and, on asking for Mr. Philip's door, was shown some rickety stairs in a still more ruinous part of it. Having climbed to the top, I found him in a room which bore traces of extreme poverty. He greeted me with a look which might have been shame or shyness, or both, but he was very civil. He offered me a chair, remarked that he was seldom at home at that hour, but the rising of the river had made him rheumatic, and he had not been able to get out.

"You have not been idle, at all events," I said smiling, for there was a pile of paper on the table covered with writing.

He coloured, and answered shortly, "No, I can't afford to be idle."

"I am afraid you must be badly off," I ventured to say, "but I hardly like to offer you the help which the other sufferers in the flood have been receiving."

He laughed. "A coal-ticket! Well, it would not come amiss" (and I saw with dismay that there was no fire in the grate); "but it would be absurd for me to receive charity with my salary."

This very contradictory speech fairly perplexed me. Was he mad? Or was he, as the boy said, a miser? Yet he looked pale, ill, overworked, hungry, and cold. Perhaps it

was pride after all that made him shrink from "charity."

"I cannot bear to see you so uncomfortable," I said from my heart; "I am certain you have not been brought up to it. I do not want to find out your secret if you have one, but if you would let me help you——"

He interrupted me. "Wait a month, sir, and you shall know all about it. I'm not at liberty to say anything yet;" and here the tears rushed into his eyes, and he added hurriedly, "but those are kind words, too,—such as you spoke once before."

"*Before*," I said eagerly; "I thought so; then I *have* seen you before."

He drew back. "Please ask no questions now, sir. I can trust to your honour not to try and find out anything *now*; meantime, you need not fret about me, I'm quite used to the place. Good-night, sir!"

I had no choice but to go, but when I shook his hand, the icy touch and feeble grasp made me suspect that, of all the sufferers from the flood, the tenant of the attic felt its effects the most, and I could not rest till I had sent a sack of coals from my own yard, with a short note begging him to accept it "from a friend."

A few weeks passed, and I neither heard nor saw anything of "Mr. Philip." When I next entered Nag's Head Court the door at the top of the steps was padlocked, and on my inquiring where he had gone, I received the answer—"Nobody knows."

I confess I was disappointed, and all sorts of misgivings crossed my mind. Perhaps he was in debt, and had come here to hide from his creditors, or was he a criminal fleeing from justice? Had I really ever seen him before, and if so when, and where? Above all, should I ever see him again?

This last question was soon answered. On reaching my house I was told that there was a stranger waiting to see me. He rose as I entered my study, and there stood Mr. Philip in person!

But what a change! Instead of the anxious careworn expression, a look of relief and even joy had come into his face, and he

greeted me with such a bright smile that I could scarcely believe that it was he.

"I am delighted to see you," I exclaimed. "I have just found your old quarters deserted, and was afraid that I should not see you again."

"Did you not trust me," he said, "when I promised to tell you in a month? But yet," he added, as the old shadow stole over his face, "I am the last who can blame you for that."

I apologised, and begged him to stay with me for the night, and ordered some dinner to be brought up. But he declared he wanted nothing. He would tell his story, "and after that, perhaps you won't want me to stay."

Then he began. It would take too long to tell it in his own words, and indeed I cannot bear to dwell on the utter dejection and disgust with which he described his early life. He sat there, his face covered with his hand, his voice shaking, everything showing the effort it cost him to speak.

He had been an only child, and unusually clever and forward. His parents had spoiled him, the schoolmaster praised him, he carried off prizes—in short, by the time he was eighteen his head was fairly turned.

He had no vicious tastes, but picked up friends who had, and gradually took to bad company. He heard everything that he had been taught to reverence turned into ridicule, and soon learned to look upon religion as suited only for women and fools, something a man had nothing to do with. Then followed neglect of prayer, contempt of the Bible, disregard of good advice. He was by this time a clerk in a large office, and, on account of his quickness and diligence, was already drawing a large salary, and trusted to an unusual extent. But one sad day temptation came, and found him with no safeguard except the mere habit of honesty.

He had been gambling, and had lost. The companion to whom he owed the money insisted on instant payment, being himself almost bankrupt. Philip felt almost desperate, not daring to tell his father, and yet expecting to be denounced by his "friend."

A chance of escape presented itself, and

the opportunity came that very day. His natural cleverness came to his aid, and he forged a cheque with such skill that there was a prospect of his never being detected. It was for 200*l.*, the amount of his debt, and he imitated the writing of a rich man, who, he flattered himself, would never miss so paltry a sum.

But when the deed was done, and the money paid, *then* conscience began its work. He could not rest day or night, and seemed to see the word "Thief!" ever staring him in the face. At last the forgery was discovered, and he felt sure that sooner or later suspicion must fall upon him. He could bear his anguish of mind no longer, but begged to see the head of the firm, with whom he had always been a favourite, and told him the whole story.

"I shall never forget his shocked face," said Philip, "nor yet his extreme kindness. Of course he said I must go at once, but he promised to stop any inquiries, and said he should supply the deficit himself. 'Let it be a warning to you, my boy,' he said; 'and—though I'm not much used to talking of such things—remember it's not only against man that you have sinned.' I told him I knew it, for it had all come back to me, my eyes had been opened by that great fault; and then I told him I could never thank him enough, and if I worked till I died I would pay back that money.

"He only smiled and shook his head, then said 'Go,' and I never saw him again till yesterday. Then, sir, I fulfilled my vow. It was made twelve years ago, and, thank God, I'm an honest man at last!"

"You made up the whole sum?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, to a halfpenny. It has been hard work though. At first, for lack of a character, I could get nothing to do but chance jobs—such as fetching cabs to a gentlemen's club; but I got on step by step. I had copying to do for a lawyer's office; they were satisfied with me, and passed me on to do the same work for a firm here. At last I got a clerkship again, but went on copying after-hours. I did everything I could think of to scrape the money together. I made it a rule to put by something every

Saturday night. Once I could only do this by going without dinner, and then the sum was but 3*d.* But lately it has been a sovereign. It *has* been a struggle, but I was more than paid for it yesterday. I could hardly make him take it, sir, till he saw how vexed I should be if he didn't, and then he wrung my hand, and I believe he had tears in his eyes!"

"Does your father know it?" I inquired.

The look of pain came back. "No; he died a year ago. He turned me out of the house when I confessed that thing, and said he would never see me again—and he never did. I heard he was ill and wrote to ask his pardon, and told him how I was working to make up the money, but he was dying when my letter got there. They read it to him though, and they say he smiled, but could not speak. He left my mother well off, and she has had a sister with her since, but she's coming to live with me now. She did not know me at first, yesterday, but she says she's been loving me all the time just the same, and praying for me night and day."

"And now," said I, after a little further talk, "where did I meet you before?"

He mentioned a large manufacturing town where my first curacy had been, and added: "You were just leaving the place, sir, and I only saw you once; you found me ill and low, and you were the first to bring me comfort, so I could not forget *you*."

"John Grant!" I exclaimed.

"John *Philip* Grant," he answered, smiling. "I thought it best to drop the last—indeed, my father ordered it—he said I had disgraced the name."

And then it all came back to me—the sick lad I had found in such distress of mind, who had owned that he had a burden on his conscience, and that even more terrible were the doubts which he had once encouraged and could not escape from—now that he longed to do so. I remembered the hope that had come back into his face as I bade him meet such temptations by prayer, and *act* on the little light he had, for more would assuredly be given. "He that *doeth* the Will, shall know of the Doctrine whether it be of God."

Without even asking him I saw it had been so, that the struggle had resulted in victory, that the years of toil had been years of prayer, that the punishment voluntarily borne had been endured with the strength and peace of one who can say, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

He stayed with me not one day but many, while he found a comfortable house for his widowed mother, who became his chief earthly object now that the old one was accomplished. He worked as hard as ever in his office, and rose to be head clerk. He was my right hand in the parish, and had a special influence among boys, for whom he started a night-school, and for whose amusement he was constantly planning.

I have only one thing more to tell of him. We were anxious to establish a Home for destitute boys, orphans, or lads who had been utterly neglected, and who picked up their living (too often dishonestly) in the streets. In this cause Philip laboured more energetically than any other. A large meeting had assembled one night to promote it, and the Member for the borough had promised to speak in its favour. But, alas! a telegram arrived at the last moment to say that he had been prevented from coming. The meeting was likely to be very flat. I spoke myself of the good such an institution would probably do, and the need for it in a town like ours, and told a few anecdotes of the boys we wished to help. Then there

was a pause; Philip was near me, and I begged him to say a few words. That speech, none who heard it will ever forget; he began by describing the misery and degradation of dishonesty, the reproaches of conscience, the loss of character, the very hell on earth of such a life; then of the innocent children whose parents' vices exposed them to temptation, the possibility of rescue, the renewal of hope, the happiness of a godly and useful life; and then, as his voice shook and his face became ashy white, he added, "This is no fancy picture—I know it is true. I have been asked why I take so much interest in these boys; I will tell you, *Because I was a thief once myself!*"

A thrill ran through the assembly—a thrill of sympathy for the shame and sorrow, of admiration for the noble courage which had spoken out. From that moment the success of the scheme dated; the money collected in the room reached a sum beyond our hopes. Philip's brother-clerks took up the cause, and Philip's earnestness and example have left their stamp on the institution to this day.

Yes, his example—for he has left us now; he did not live to see the Home opened, perhaps the privations of those twelve years told upon his health, for he died whilst still young; but we in the parish love the memory of him who was "a thief once," but whom we may think of (like another thief) as "in Paradise to-day."

## What I See Through My Old Spectacles.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**T has been put to me lately that I might tell you young folks a little about life as I see it through my old spectacles. It is not much I can see, but I will rub my spectacles up and, with their help, I may spy out something worth talking about.

First of all, I will look at myself as far

back as I can remember. "How far back is that? How old are you, Miriam?" some of you young people ask. Well, I am not so old as some people I know. I am older by a great deal than I once was, but not so old as I shall be a few years hence if I live. However, the time I write about is a long time ago.

I lived in a pretty cottage, with green lanes before and behind it, and hedgerows

growing up to its very door—old-fashioned hedgerows, bright with many-coloured flowers; not the trim, closely-cut lines which good farming has brought them to now. Our lane was well wooded and a favourite home with the birds. Amongst the trees of the lane were an apple and plum tree, and oh, what fun there was in the summer time amongst us boys and girls when the fruit was ripe! What climbing trees—for we girls were sad romps, and I have climbed the plum tree for its delicious fruit often enough.

My mother was fond of flowers, and her garden was beautiful when the flowers were at their best. I remember well the carnations—cloves we called them then—and the cabbage roses under our bedroom window.

My father set no store by any flower but roses, nor yet by any but one kind of rose; that was a climbing one which covered our cottage walls. It had tiny leaves, and very, very small blossoms of deep red. We had a double row of double stocks, and, though my pen perhaps should not write the boast, there was not another garden in the village grew such stocks as ours.

There were no schools in my days like there are now. The principal school in our village was a Dame-school, where such a thing as a grammar was never seen. The punishments for the unruly were different, too. If we transgressed a little we were put to stand idle by the dame's chair. If we were very bad indeed there was a gallery with a coal cupboard beneath it, in which we were shut up. This was the height of our punishment. And the highest reward was to pump water for the dame, or to have a lump of sugar, or to be allowed to string and unstring some bright-coloured beads, which were kept for the purpose.

There were no such rewards as three years' free-schooling!

## CHAPTER II.

DEAR me! what a gale is blowing! Quite enough to make me feel anxious about my cottage. But I am thankful that I have a roof over my head. News has just come in that the great house at the entrance of

the market-town is a complete wreck—the windows smashed, the iron railings torn from their foundations of stone, most of the trees blown down, and those left—threatening to come down every minute. What a comfort that my crop of apples is gathered and safely stored! God pity the poor sailors, say I! What a blessing that “He holds the winds in His fist, and has bound the sea in its channel that it may not break its bounds.” He watches over those who do business in deep waters. At stormy times He is measuring the strength of the vessels, and none can be dashed to pieces without His knowing it.

'Tis wonderful to think what lessons may be learned in a storm by those who look out with “seeing eyes.” I put on my spectacles, and I will tell you what I saw through them this afternoon—huge trees, that have defied the weather for many years, uprooted, but the lowly-growing shrubs and modest violets unmoved. Meekness and humility, taught to us by the meek and lowly One Himself, will keep us safe through the storms of life.

Dear me! the wind shows no signs of abating. This *is* a storm. I stand watching it from my window, going back in memory to the days of my childhood when I watched so often from our cottage window, for I was a sickly child and saw little more of the world than could be seen from our home. I remember a storm something like this, when my father's favourite rose tree was blown from its fastenings and lay before the cottage door a tangled mass. I thought it would die, but with care it came round again, and part of it is standing firmly through the storm of to-night.

I am glad to draw down the blind, stir up the fire, light my lamp, and settle down to write.

The cat is purring on the hearth, contented enough, except for the storm which rages terribly. There now she is lifting up her head to listen as the wind sweeps past with a loud howl, making the old house rock from foundation to roof.

There are three things which I like to see in a house, and no place would be a home to me without these three things: a Bible, a clean hearth and bright bit of fire,

and a comely-looking cat. The Bible is a friend with a sympathising message and a good counsel in all your woes and doubts. If the house be ever so poorly furnished, a bright fire and clean hearth brighten it up nicely, and sure no one's good man can be expected to keep his place by the hearth if that is untidy. And a cat seems wonderful company if you are ailing, as I am, and kept indoors the greater part of the year.

But, alas me! I have been writing away, forgetting how late it is, and I never use myself to late hours. I am seldom out of bed when the clock strikes ten, unless it is when I have company, which is seldom, as I'm not one for merry-making. Now I must to bed, where I shall lie awake for a while thinking of those "in peril on the sea."

The first thing I heard this morning was the damage done by yesterday's storm. 'Tis a marvel how my little house escaped, for almost all have suffered. There is Mr. Jones, the grocer, who keeps the village shop; his cellar is completely wrecked, most of his pork and all his lard wholly spoiled, and only one dish left whole in his house. His is a sad case indeed; and I feel the more for him because he is a fair-dealing, honest man — no "ounce against the purchaser" in his shop.

And they do tell me that Mr. Johnson, the market-gardener, has been heard to say that five pounds would scarcely pay for

having his place put in repair. A kind-hearted man is Mr. Johnson; and, although he gains his living by the sweat of his brow, no one in need is sent away from his door empty-handed.

Squire Godfrey at the Great House had put off the gathering of his fine crop of fruit, and now the wind has brought down forty bushels of apples—not a pleasant windfall for him!

My neighbour has just sent me in a plate of grapes, my share in *her* windfall. The wind has cut them off and carried them away in all directions. Her vine is so much damaged that there seems no prospect of its recovery—at least for this season.

The Beacon-tree—an ancient landmark on which years ago beacon fires were lighted to warn people of the approach of the Danes from the river—had its topmost branches splintered, and is quite useless as a beacon now.

I cannot tell you one half the damage done by this storm in our village; taking a walk, one is met on every hand with proofs of its violence. The hawthorn trees are stripped of their fruit, which provides so many meals in midwinter for the multitudes of hungry birds from the sea coasts. But I doubt not they will be fed. And if our Heavenly Father cares for them, how much more will He think of, and care for us, who put our trust in His Word!

(To be continued.)

## A "Chichester" Boy.

"TAKE MY LIFE-BELT."



LAD of thirteen was taken up by the police for disorderly conduct a few weeks since. You might have seen his story in the daily papers. His parents could do no good with him, he had pushed a little brother into the canal so that he narrowly escaped drowning, and, in fact, was thoroughly reckless and unmanageable.

"I want to go to sea," was his cry.

"Let us get him to one of the training-ships in the Thames," said the magistrates; "that will be the best chance for him."

What sort of places are these training-ships, peopled with the rough wild lads out of the streets? We sometimes hear of the boys setting them on fire, of mutinies checked half-way, of other boys dropping

overboard and swimming ashore to escape the life of strict discipline; but are they any help, in the long run, in taming the wild, steadying the idle, and putting a brave, true heart into the unmanageable little roughs?

I think they do, or the *Chichester* would not have such a story to tell of one of its lads as I shall repeat here.

I do not know his name, but he had served his time on board the training-ship, and had been drafted for service on board an outgoing vessel, a passenger ship. Bound for New Zealand were passengers and ship, but while making her way down Channel she came into collision with another vessel, and sank in a few minutes, carrying with her most of the unhappy souls on board.

In the thick of the terrible confusion of that last brief moment, a lady rushed on deck crying helplessly for a boat.

"There's no boat for you," a sailor shouted with brutal plainness.

The little *Chichester* boy was standing by.

"Here, ma'am," he said, "take my life-belt—you can't swim, I can; it'll give you a chance."

And then the waves swept over child and woman. Both were saved.

Who shall say that nothing had been done for that boy? At any rate the generous heart had had fair play in his years of discipline, of decent living, and godly training on board the *Chichester*.

Let us hope that the reckless young savage of the newspaper may turn out as well! Removed from bad companions, compelled to work, and trained in good habits, at least he has a fair start in life, which, perhaps, the poor child never had before.

## Lost.

**L**OST, completely lost—gone back to darkness and heathenism! Well, it was a disheartening reflection. This Christian girl in India—who had been baptised, taught the one true faith, prayed for—now lapsed, married with heathen rites to a heathen man, and gone far away to live with him in his heathen village.

The Christian teachers sighed over their lost labours, their lamb wandered too far astray for them to bring back.

Yes, she was lost, lost!

Oh, how hopeless we Christians are when the least trouble overtakes us; we seem to think that God can do nothing without our feeble help.

Fifteen years after that girl had married against the wishes of her friends and teachers, a young English clergyman paid a flying visit to an out-of-the-way Indian village. What he said or did there is not told. Shortly after a man from the same place called on him, and begged him to come there again and open a little prayer-house he had

built. The clergyman promised to do so in the cool of the evening, but the man would not go back without him; he would not for a moment lose sight of the Christian teacher. Both at last started together, and the man proudly displayed to the clergyman the neat little house he had built of palmyra leaves. He called it a church, and truly there was a congregation of expectant heathens gathered in it.

"I want to be a Christian," said the church builder earnestly; "and I want you to bless this house of your God."

It was a purely heathen village. The clergyman marvelled what had made this man desire to be a Christian.

Soon the truth came out.

"It is my wife," he said. "You made her a Christian fifteen years ago. But she left you all, and your God, to live with me. She was happy at first, then she grew sad. She wished her children to be made Christians; she wished me to learn your religion; so she sent me to you, because she heard you speak the other day of your God."



Yes, it was the lapsed scholar of those very missionaries who had so many years since grieved over the girl marrying a heathen man. God had worked while they despaired.

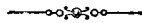
A small voice had whispered to the heathen man's wife, "You know better; you cannot worship stocks and stones now you have been baptised into the true faith." So the wife had won over the husband to desire to be taught too.

The little leaf church was crowded. The place was set apart for God's service by prayer, and there the heathen congregation

listened in silent respect to the old story of God coming down from the skies to die for them.

"I trust," says the young clergyman who conducted that service, "that before long they will all receive the rite of Holy Baptism, and become true members of Christ's Church."

Is not this true story a rebuke to desponding Christians? The true faith planted in this heathen village by means of a lost sheep. And the sheep found again at last. All working for good.



## Trial in Palestine.

**I**T is the custom of the English missionaries in Jerusalem, to escape during the hot weather from the closeness and heat of the city by encamping on some ground half a mile distant on the Jaffa road, known as the Sanatorium. Here they can go and come from their work in the hot streets. Amongst the drawbacks of their airy position, however, is the necessity of being on the watch against thieves, of which the land is full.

During the summer of 1871 a robbery took place in their encampment, but the thief was caught, and, as is the custom of the country, was brought for trial the next morning.

The missionary appeared to give evidence, but on cross-examination, the prisoner denied that he was guilty.

On this the officers of justice standing by struck him, with brutal violence, on the face with the palms of their hands, and other-

wise ill-treated him. It is a scene which often occurs at a criminal trial in Palestine, but the Englishman had never before been concerned in such a matter. Horrified and dismayed, he stood by, his thoughts leaving the poor culprit before him to dwell on that other innocent Prisoner of eighteen hundred years back, who on that same soil, probably almost on that same spot, submitted to the like humiliating insults. As a malefactor of the lowest class, He was treated, and bore all patiently for our sakes.

"The servants did strike him with the palms of their hands."

It is only now and again that we, in a small degree, realise the sufferings of our patient Lord—the sufferings He bore for our sakes. When we do, we surely must fall on our knees, adapting for ourselves His dying prayer, "Father, forgive us, for we know not what we do, when we insult, and grieve, and forsake Thee."



## Rachel's Waiting.

### CHAPTER I.

“WELL, Rachel, I'm certain no woman ever was so set in her way as you are—so obstinate and so foolish. What is to make a woman believe herself a widow, I ask you, if a telegram direct from the Admiralty won't do it?”

“I'm not wanting to do anything foolish, indeed, Bella. I only want to live with you and George for a little while, and work in your house instead of going out to service directly,” pleaded Rachel, her soft voice contrasting with her sister-in-law's shrill tones.

“I'm not so much against your doing that,” Bella Cowen answered, more mildly. “We could do without Jane then, and that would be a good riddance, I'm sure, for the girl frets me terribly with her idleness and her carelessness all day long. But we couldn't pay you wages, Rachel, and you might earn good wage elsewhere. It's nothing but right you should consider your own interest.”

“I couldn't turn my mind to going out to place just yet,” Rachel said. “And I can do without the wages if you'll let me come. I have good clothes in plenty—all I want.”

“Yes, him that's gone was good to you—I always said that. You must put on a black gown constant, Rachel, 'tis but proper; and have other things conformable. I'd advance you a pound or so for that, for I never was one to fail in proper respect. But I daresay you have enough by you to manage your mourning in a plain way.”

“Yes,” said Rachel, “I have a good black dress, and I've trimmed my bonnet as you told me, Bella. I've no wish to act unbecoming, or to make folks talk.”

“But for all that you're as obstinate in your own mind as ever obstinate can be!” Mrs. Cowen exclaimed, much aggrieved. In most cases her voluble tongue talked to some purpose; and she was naturally annoyed to find that during three days of untiring

exertion it had failed to make any impression upon her quiet sister-in-law.

Rachel Austin was a tall young woman with a sweet sensible face, and fine grey eyes which had grown very sad and wistful since the arrival of that telegram from the Admiralty, of which Mrs. Cowen spoke. The telegram was sent to the Rector of the parish, and announced briefly that Thomas Austin had fallen overboard while the *Pride of Limerick* lay at anchor in the Pacific on a certain day, and that his body had not been recovered. That was all the information yet received as to Thomas Austin's end; and Mrs. Cowen's vexation with Rachel arose from the fact that she could not be brought to believe in her husband's death, or to send in an immediate claim for the arrears of pay due to him. Rachel was not otherwise unreasonable or foolish in her actions, Mrs. Cowen admitted, but this obstinate disbelief of hers was very provoking.

“I can't believe it till there comes some proof, Bella,” poor Rachel said at first. “I've a feeling in my heart that he's alive, and will come home. If he is really dead, the feeling will go away I suppose, but I can't give up hope yet.” And then, in a few days, Rachel timidly suggested the plan she had for herself. She could not bear the thought of taking the “good place” Bella proposed to her, as upper housemaid at Colonel Dalton's; and yet she had no means to keep on her little home, and wait quietly there as she would have liked to do. She must do something for her own support, and therefore she offered to fill the place of the little maid-of-all-work in her brother's house—the girl, who always tried Bella's temper so dreadfully. Her husband, when he returned (Rachel in her thoughts said “when,” and not “if,”) would surely go first to her brother's house in London to ask news of her; and there he would find her, waiting for him.

With this idea in her head Rachel begged Bella to carry out her plan; and Bella after

a little while began to think the proposal sensible enough. Rachel had no children to tie her, the sister-in-law considered: if she did not care about earning wages, it was entirely her own affair. Of course Thomas Austin would not return—that idea was just Rachel's craze—and in time Rachel would get tired of No. 5 Sweetbriar Lane, and would go out to service again, as she had done before she married. Still a year or two's good work might be looked for from her; and Bella might enjoy a little freedom from the torment of "a girl." So it was agreed that Rachel should part with her small store of household matters as best she could, and then go up to London with her brother and his wife.

George Cowen was very glad when this was settled, although he had discreetly kept silence until he knew his wife's mind. He was a kindly man, too indolent to contest any point with Bella: but he was sorry for his sister in her calamity, and wished to be of use to her if he could.

It was not until the last evening, when the little kitchen looked stripped and bare, and Rachel, very pale and quiet, was sitting resting with the tabby cat on her knee, that Bella Cowen discovered a new feature in this great trouble of Thomas Austin's death. She had been talking on as usual, with a really kind intention of cheering her sister-in-law, and preventing her from "getting low," and among other topics of consolation, she soon touched on the nice savings which would surely come to Rachel when her husband's affairs were settled.

"You'll be short enough just at first," she said, "for I know there's always certificates wanted, and papers to be signed, and forms filled up before the least bit of money can be touched; but by and by, Rachel, you'll have it all given to you, and then, wages or no wages won't so much matter. Not that I would advise you to behave improvident; I never was one to encourage wastefulness, and, if you've health and strength, you may as well lay by for a rainy day. I don't know how much it'll be that'll come to you—do you, Rachel? But in all reason it'll be a nice bit of money. Thomas Austin was ever

a careful man, and he'd made many voyages. This was to have been his last, didn't you say? Dear me! folks should beware how they count on things. It's a warning to us all, I'm sure."

"His last voyage!" repeated Rachel; and her eyes filled with tears as the image of her husband came suddenly before her. She had married a man much older than herself, but no love could have been more true and devoted than that which Rachel gave to her middle-aged husband. They had been married eight years now, and she was but twenty-nine, while he was nearing fifty. The remembrance of this difference in age made Bella Cowen feel the more impatient of Rachel's silent grief and foolish clinging to an unreasonable hope. She spoke out something of this sort rather sharply at sight of Rachel's tearful eyes; but Rachel's heart was too heavy for any answer.

Bella went on irritably: "I asked you but just now, Rachel, how much money Thomas Austin had laid by. Dear me! you should keep your wits sharp, and answer folks when they speak to you. George must know what to look for in your behalf, you know. The gentlemen at the bank will expect that your own brother should speak up for you."

"There isn't any money there, Bella. All I have is a few pounds in the rector's hands. Thomas"—Rachel's voice faltered a little—"left what he thought I'd need with Mr. Forbes, for fear I'd be robbed in the cottage by myself; that was how he always did. He should have been back in a month from now; so the money's nearly spent. I dare say there's nigh upon ten pounds left though, for Thomas always provided more than I used to spend. Mr. Forbes told me how much there was the other day, but I don't remember exactly."

"No money in the bank!" exclaimed Bella. "Wherever are Thomas's savings gone to, then?"

"He took them with him this time," said Rachel. "He bid me make a leathern belt and then sew the money in. It was a fancy he had only this last time. The money was in the bank before. But being his last

voyage, he thought— eh, I don't know what he thought. Folks sometimes get mistrustful, and he'd heard a deal of banks breaking in the last year or two. I don't concern myself, Bella; the money's the least part of what I've got to grieve for."

"Then, Rachel, I call it downright wicked and unthankful of you not to concern yourself," Bella replied, reprovingly. "It's all of a piece with the obstinacy of your mind. Here have George and me been reckoning all these days what you'd have, and now you tell me quite cool that the money's gone along with Thomas Austin. The foolishness of people, to be sure! And you to say you don't concern yourself after giving me such a turn!"

"Bella," said Rachel, "if you didn't rightly know what had become of George, your heart would be too sore to think upon money and those things; I know it would. What good would the money do to me? I should leave it lying in the bank. I've health and strength, as you were saying; and I must have worked anyhow, however much money there might have been. I couldn't have borne to make a home with it as we planned, and he not there; but work will be good for me. I'll go back with you to-morrow, and you'll see I shall do three times as much as any girl you ever had, and only want my little bit of keep. Then as time goes on I don't doubt but that, one way or another, my mind will be settled." She bent down her head as she ceased speaking, and her tears fell fast over the thick fur of the cat on her knee, poor Thomas Austin's

pet. "Come, pussy," she said, "I'll take you in to kind Mrs. Wade next door now, to bide till the master comes home—till the master comes home, little pussy," and she went away with the cat in her arms, before Bella could say a word more.

No. 5 Sweetbriar Lane is not the rural spot its name might lead one to expect. It is nothing less than a side street in the East End of London; the roar of traffic in the crowded thoroughfare close at hand scarcely ever ceases. This roar sounded like thunder to Rachel Austin when she arrived rather tired and dazed with her journey and her grief. She thought she never should get accustomed to the ceaseless noise, or to the heat and closeness of the street.

No. 5 was a busy house. In a lower room George Cowen worked at his trade of tailoring for a West End shop, with three men under him as his assistants; and all the upper rooms that could be spared were let to shopmen and clerks who wished to hire bedrooms in the neighbourhood of their places of business. There was a sitting-room at the disposal of the lodgers, where sometimes breakfast or tea would be ordered by one of them, but in a general way they took their meals out of the house. Then there were the five children, packed away in a wonderfully small space, and requiring to be looked after and kept tidy and sent to school daily at the proper time. Certainly Bella's "girl" could have had no easy life, though Bella herself was active and took a good share of the work.

*(To be continued.)*

## Missionaries to New Guinea.

**S**OME missionaries, bound for New Guinea, were earnestly dissuaded by their friends from venturing their lives in that country.

"There are serpents there," they asserted; "there are wild beasts—there is pestilence."

"Are there men there?" was the quiet

rejoinder of one of the little band; "if so, we cannot and will not hold back."

And they went—at the risk of their lives; for, besides the dangers enumerated by their friends, the natives of New Guinea are a fierce and barbarous race, among whom it is whispered cannibalism still lingers.

## Sweet Content.

**T**HE other day, as I walked slowly along towards my district, my heart was full of sad and discontented thoughts. There were many things in my life that troubled me; it was not at all such a life as I would have chosen; it seemed that hot, oppressive afternoon as if nearly all the trials in the world had fallen to my share, and I had everything to bear, whilst others went about free and careless. I do not think my disposition is a grumbling one, but that day I was *cross*; there is no use trying to deny it.

Wearily I reached the little street where my work lay. Other days I had come there as a rest and refreshment, so happy to lose my own sorrows in trying to help others, but to-day I felt disgusted and out of heart. Even the poorest seemed better off and freer from trouble than I.

My people live in flats, and I paused at No. 1, and knocked more impatiently than usual. Mrs. Perkins was busy washing. Her little girl of three years old was minding baby in a corner, and both were crying and coughing.

I had come at an inconvenient time, and this seemed the last straw to my dispirited frame of mind. Instead of comforting the babies, and leaving them consoled and happy, as I should certainly have done at any other time, I only said rather stiffly, "I won't stop to-day, Mrs. Perkins; I just wanted to know who has come to live at No. 6, I see it is let?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am," said Mrs. Perkins; "I never bother about my neighbours. 'Keep to yourself' is my motto."

"Well, I will go up and see," returned I; and away I went without a word of help to the poor hard-worked soul.

Again I knocked, and again impatiently. No one came, but as the key was in the door I turned it after a pause, and went in. The room was very dim and very bare, it looked on to the back of another set of flats, built so close that air and light were quite shut out from the rooms. Before I could see

anyone I heard a little movement, and then I noticed a low bed in the corner opposite the small window, and saw a white face rising up to peer at me.

"I am afraid you are ill?" I began.

"Yes," was the shy answer.

"And alone?"

"Yes," again.

Then I could see plainly on the little bed the slender form of a child about eight. By degrees she told me father was a costermonger, and he and Jim, her brother, went the rounds every day, while this little sickly thing lay alone from early morning till they came back at night, for mother was dead. They had only come to the rooms a week ago because they were cheap, and they knew no one there, so little Esther had no friend to come and see her, and lay there day after day in this gloomy place.

"Poor child," I said, "and such a dark little room; are you not very lonely?"

"Oh, no," said Esther, with quite a ring of childish gladness in her weak voice. "Look, ma'am, I can see the sky!"

And sure enough, lying where she did, she caught a view of about two square feet of the summer sky. I could not speak for a minute, it seemed just the reproof I deserved. I, in the midst of light, and air, and sunshine, and so many countless blessings, to have missed the grateful heart and blessed contentment of one whose *only* enjoyment was that she could see the sky.

I have been able, thank God, to add to poor little Esther's pleasures and comforts, and wish I could do more to repay her for that timely hint. If ever again that wicked feeling of oppression comes upon me, and I am tempted to think my life too hard to bear, I will thank God I can "see the sky," and take courage. And, indeed, what else is needed for perfect contentment than to see the blue heavens, and have faith to behold Him Who dwelleth therein.

Oh, let no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

E. M. LEIGH.

## Delusions.

**S**OME people have very strange ideas on just one point, though they may be quite sane on all others. I have heard of a man who was quite convinced that he was made of glass and would break if roughly treated. Many doctors tried to argue him out of this absurd idea, but he held it for years. At last one doctor determined to prove his folly; he came to him and said, "My dear sir, this is a ridiculous notion of yours. Now I am going to give you a good hard thump just to show you that you are *not* made of glass at all." The doctor thumped hard, and his patient fell down dead; he was so sure he was broken that the shock killed him.

We call such people lunatics, and pity them heartily; but, in fact, nearly all of us have some rooted notion which makes us devoid of sense on one point at least. How often we hear of rich and luxurious people who fancy they cannot live without a particular wine, cannot sleep except on a feather bed, cannot walk any distance, cannot possibly live in one place all the year. Then comes a sudden stroke of poverty, the means of indulgence are taken away, and they find it quite possible to live without any of these luxuries, and be in very good health too.

Again, there are people who fancy their particular family, or their particular selves, are totally superior to all others, and so they give way to an idiotic kind of pride, which really is as bad in its consequences as if there were "a screw loose." We even hear people boasting of their "family temper," or "family extravagance," as if such defects became virtues because they were shared by all.

In the same manner, have we not, many of us, some little peculiar weakness, maybe a sin, which we are in the habit of cherishing because it has become dear, and seems to individualise us.

"Oh, you must not mind what I say, it is just my way," says one, after some bluntly unkind or selfish speech, and the speaker feels himself quite excused, when he ought rather, long ago, to have mended his "way." Or, another person persistently indulges in idle or untidy habits, because it is a well-known fact that she has always been untidy and idle, and she trusts to her many virtues to cover up that one small failing. The very best of us sometimes preserve "a pet blemish," and yet we have all read, and we all believe, what the stern and true Apostle says, "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in *one point*, he is guilty of all."



## Work for God at Home and Abroad.

### ABOUT A GIRLS' CLUB.



WITHIN five minutes' walk of one of the broad and airy thoroughfares in the West End, there exists as low and crowded a district as can be found in any part of the metropolis. It has a population of over 8,000 souls; the inhabitants are principally street hawkers, leading a hand-to-mouth kind of existence. The parents are generally absent from home all day, and, when they can do so, they lock up their rooms for the sake of security, whilst their children above thirteen, and especially the daughters who have passed the school standard, are thus thrown on the world to earn whatever they can by flower selling, and alas! it must be confessed, by "picking and stealing." They have thus no protection from the dangers and temptations which surround them, and it is indeed a distressing sight to see young girls sitting and lounging about the public-houses because their homes are either closed to them, or so miserable that they prefer the open streets.

To ameliorate this state of things, a club was started last October, where rest and shelter were provided for those who sought it.

Funds were found to rent and furnish a room, to defray the expenses of a caretaker, a teacher, fire, lights, and refreshments.

The teacher held a night school twice in the week; and on another evening a short service was undertaken by the lady in attendance. Once or twice a clergyman assisted. On other evenings provision was made for needlework and games, and ladies attended to teach and amuse the girls. The members, who were all freely admitted, paid in money for materials, and made their own clothes.

So far, so well, but it was felt necessary to go farther and extend the work; and as some of the girls expressed a desire to go to service, a letter was inserted in *The Guardian* newspaper which led to several of them being placed in situations, to be taught and trained as servants.

Friends have assisted in various ways. A small American organ was lent to the club; old clothes and material for outfits were given.

Entertainments on Bank Holidays are provided, and ladies give up their time to make the evenings bright and pleasant for the members. There has been a gradual but marked improvement in the manners and appearance of the girls: they come with washed faces and smoothed hair, but there is still much to contend with. The evil influences over them are strong, and very hard to combat; and there have been failures amongst those started in service, some of whom seem to prefer their old lives in the streets, with none of the restraints which must necessarily belong to domestic servants. Those, however, who are fairly started have a chance given them of leading an upright and honourable life, and it is for this part of the work that funds are most needed.

The girls generally receive no wages at first, and it is thought desirable to reward them if they remain for a certain time in their situations. It is an encouragement to them and an inducement to the parents to allow them to leave home, for frequently it is the latter who selfishly keep back their children in order that they may earn a few pence daily for them in the streets.

Any trifling contributions would be gratefully received by Miss Menzens, St. Matthew's Mission House, Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.

### THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

#### MISSIONARIES.

WE have a letter before us from one of our missionary friends which contains the following passage:—"The Aborigines of Nova Scotia, the Mic-Macs, though they hunt, fish, do a little planting, and are employed about the forests and mills by hunters and saw-millers, are yet through their squaws great beggars.

"An old squaw, Maloc, and a little squaw, Soo' San, have just gone out of our kitchen with parcels. They sell—say a little basket—and then begin to beg. 'A little brandy, ma'am,' 'a little tea,' 'a little sugar,' 'an old coat,' until they weary your patience, and then they go off to some neighbouring kitchen to repeat the operation."

Our friend goes on to tell us that he intends

to take a leaf out of their book, and then he proceeds to ask *us* for something; and we, in turn, after considering his immediate wants, think of the many wants of other missionaries, and the possibility of supplying some of them by begging ourselves!

We know that many of the readers of THE BANNER are interested in missions. Have they not given ample proof of this by sending, chiefly in small sums, no less than 50*l.* for Sandy Cove, the mission of the deserted church pleaded for in the July number of the BANNER OF FAITH?

When we have given money, along with our prayers, for the spread of the Gospel, we have taken a step towards the redemption of poor souls fast bound in misery and iron; we have done something towards purchasing for them the freedom of the children of God. We are ready to send the message of good news. Where is the messenger?

He is found. A man of calm courage, fearless faith, all-absorbing love for Christ, who counts nothing too great to be dared for Him. Hard journeyings, perils, and exposure he expects—and he has them. Hard work, weariness, discouragements, loneliness he expects, and he has *them*; but the object for which he suffers, and dares, is to win souls to Christ, and for that “labour is rest, and pain is sweet.”

Year after year goes on. The rust of anxious care for work, the hand-to-hand fight with difficulties, hope deferred, unhealthy climate tell on him; he is ordered home, perhaps as the only means of saving his life.

Now we want you to think of the home-coming (as it is) of some—of many missionaries. His parents are dead, his family scattered—gone from his reach. His means are very small. How is he to obtain the remedies needed—rest of mind and body?

Who is to provide care, comfort, and a welcome for these distant workers in God's labour-field? Are we not all called on to use some hospitality towards them?

It has been suggested to us that the Church Extension Association has an organisation peculiarly fitted to carry out such a scheme. The Society has world-wide aims, and warm sympathy with all who are working for the spread of Christ's kingdom. It is in communication with hundreds of missionaries in every part of the world, who naturally turn to it for a friendly greeting as soon as they land in England; and it can maintain such a home for about half what it would otherwise cost, because the

Orphanage of Mercy would furnish a house-keeper and “service” gratis.

We have secured a house, and are setting about the fitting and furnishing. Who will help in this good work? for surely it is a good work to care for and to build up afresh to health and life these devoted servants of God. Will every reader of THE BANNER send us 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, or 2*s.* 6*d.*, towards our Home for Missionaries? Miss Wetherell, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W., will gladly receive such contributions.

#### JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

WE are glad to have the assurance of so many of our readers that they look forward to this record of the little things of our every-day life—the little things by which we hope to lay broad and deep the foundations of our work and *their* work. Both theirs and ours, for it is not a special individual work. “Our work,” is any work for our Lord, and for the souls for whom He died.

*Sept.*—We begin with a foreign letter from New Zealand—most warm and kind.

“It was not until yesterday,” says the writer, “that I became aware of the work the Church Extension Association is carrying on. I cannot refrain from expressing my cordial sympathy with your Orphanage and Convalescent Home for Children. My heart goes out strongly to the little sufferers you are to tend at the latter, and the waifs and strays you house in the former. Enclosed you will find a post office order for 5*l.* for the Convalescent Home, and I hope to send 5*l.* yearly to the Orphanage.” This was a good beginning for the month of September.

Next in order comes a note from “Theodora,” containing 5*s.* for the Docks Food Mission, made up from halfpence received in change. Then a nice warm wrap of black wool from “Alma,” and 2*s.* 6*d.* for Sandy Cove Mission from one who signs herself “A Poor Widow.”

After these is a kind note containing 5*s.*, and a promise of another 5*s.* for the “Bun Schools.” The writer says, “I am sure I shall be able, through the coming winter, to relish my own breakfast better by feeling that on Sunday morning I am making a poor starving little one happy for a short time.” This is from “one who is herself dependent on the generosity of friends.”

Then comes one of the dear little notes we



love so well, written in the best round hand the small fingers can produce: "Dolly and I have filled our card. We send you 10s., and are very glad to help to send some little girl to the seaside. We have been to the seaside ourselves this summer, and know how nice it is."

The children again! An elder sister writes, sending the 10s. her little sisters have collected and earned, and telling us that one of these tender-hearted little ones, on her birthday, begged that she might have money instead of the usual present, so that she might give it to the Convalescent Home.

We must give special mention to the Madehurst Offertory of 4l. 16s. 1d. The population of the village is only 190, the day was very stormy, and the amount was made up by ninety-four coins given at the Offertory. We must have some very good friends at Madehurst!

Sept. 10.—"Meg" sends us a shilling because this is her birthday. We wish her many happy returns of the day, and hope that she may always have the means and the will to be generous.

On September 10 comes also 10s. as a thank-offering for recovery from dangerous illness, from E. C., who would give more if she had it. Such a gift will surely be "twice blessed."

Sept. 17.—Received a pair of shoes from a poor old man, infirm and past work. He wished to send something to sufferers, and thought that these would, maybe, be some good. So they will, and we thank him warmly for his kindness.

Sept. 20.—Received a hamper of potatoes, apples, and cabbages from two poor old women. Very valuable is help such as this. And none can know it better than the poor, to whom the question of how to fill little mouths is often a difficult one, and we thank the givers heartily.

Received 20s. from two little girls for the Sunday Morning Breakfast Fund; they went without sugar for the whole of the year that they might have money to buy a higher pleasure.

Sept. 24.—From Northenden, 7s. 6d. from the school children who have lately had their yearly treat; and 2s. 6d. from two poor women.

These entries are specimens of what has come to us during the month. And now we wonder if any of our readers are interested in emigration? We think it more than likely that some are, and that they will like to read part of a letter we had from one of our missionary friends the other day.

"I will give you a brief description of the

northern part of the colony of Queensland. To Queensland emigrants are attracted in the greatest numbers. As the emigrant comes out by the British India route *via* the Torres Straits, the first port the vessel touches at is Cooktown, a pretty, healthy town, though rather hot in summer time. It is the port to the Palmer Gold Fields, an immense tract of back country, as yet scarcely opened up.

"The British India boats proceed direct to Townsville, the metropolis of the north, as they do so passing two small but thriving ports—Ports Douglas and Cairns, both of them near the centres of vast acres of sugar land, and having a large area of back country to which they are the means of communication.

"At Townsville and the other ports a great amount of labour is and can be utilised, especially are good domestic servants and single men wanted. It is no uncommon thing for 400 emigrants all to be engaged within one week of their arrival at Townsville alone.

"This district is a mining one, tin being the principal metal. But mining is very dull here, and has been for some time. There is also a large district in which farming operations might be carried on as the climate is exceptionally cool and salubrious; quite a distinct climate from the coast. The elevation is about 3,000 feet above the sea level, and though we are within 17° of the equator, yet we get ice here in winter. In fact the characteristic of the climate is bright warm days, and cold, sharp, clear nights; and even in the summer time the nights are always cool. The air being extremely clear, and evaporation taking place quickly, the direct heat of the sun passes off rapidly as soon as he retires behind the western hills. To sum up, this is a fine bracing country for our surplus population at home. All that is required in intending settlers is very sound, healthy constitutions, and a disposition to take anything that is offered to them for a start, until such time as they have become used to colonial ways. Then they can take up a homestead selection for about 2s. 6d. per acre, and settle down in a home and farm of their own, and become free and independent. It is of the utmost importance that they should be steady men, as drink is a greater curse to this colony than it is to the old country for several reasons.

"1st. The climate being warm a large quantity of liquid is required by the system.

"2nd. Good water is not easily obtained,

"3rd. Good plain wholesome beer cannot be got. In most of the places called 'hotels,' especially in the back country away from the coast, there is nothing to be obtained but spirits, and as these are adulterated and composed for the most part of deleterious spirit, it is not difficult to estimate the result of drinking such poison in a climate where the thermometer is sometimes over 100° in the shade. The best possible drink for this climate, and the most easily obtained, is the good Scotch drink of oatmeal and water. The water should always be boiled to kill any malaria germs that may be in it, especially after the 'wet season.' Oatmeal is procured here in seven pound bags.

"Wages run as high as 1*l.* per day for carpenters and artisans—that is, at certain places; but they generally average about 3*l.* or 3*l.* 10*s.* per week. The cost of living and house-rent is proportionably high. But

butcher's meat averages only 3*d.* or 4*d.* over the greater part of Northern Queensland.

"I shall be glad to give your society any information I am able from time to time about my work. My parish is a scattered one, this place being the centre of a large thinly populated district say of twenty miles round. I have to ride from place to place; the 'Blacks' are dangerous, so that one generally rides armed in case of emergency. I hope the Government will soon take steps to civilise the remaining wild blacks in the colony. They are very low in the scale of humanity. Efforts have been made, but with little success, to Christianise them. I have not had any experience with them yet. I shall be glad to try if anything can be done when opportunity offers. I hope you will not find this too long and too tedious to peruse. Again thanking you, I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. T. WILSON."



# DONATIONS

FROM

## FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION

DURING THE PAST MONTH.

A GIRL in service 2s. for an Orphan. "Meg" 1s. Breakfasts. Mrs. Davey 1s. 8d. Breakfasts. "Percy" 3d. Breakfasts. "Martha" 2s. for the Orphans. A friend at Leeds 1s. Orphanage. "M. P." 1s. Mary Ward, Convalescent Home. "Marian" 2s. Mary Ward. "E. O." 10s. Baddeck Mission, Nova Scotia, and 10s. Sandy Cove. "Spes mea in Deo" 6s. 6d. Sandy Cove. "M. A. P." 1s. Convalescent Home. A friend 1s. Convalescent Home. A reader of THE BANNER 3s. Orphanage. From Elizabeth Jane and Alice Mary, Loughborough, 15s. Convalescent Home. "Tommie" 2s. Convalescent Home. S. A. R. 6s. Convalescent Home. Mrs. Biper 3s. for the poor. S. A. M. 2s. 6d. Mary Ward. From Mrs. Lapsley "for Jemmy's sake" 10s. Breakfasts. "J. B. F." 10s. Convalescent Home. "E. R." 5s. New Wing. A reader of THE BANNER at Dunnington 5s. Mary Ward. A housemaid 5s. New Wing. From Amelia, Alice, and George 2s. 6d. Breakfasts. From two friends at Northenden 2s. 6d. Convalescent Home. From children at Northenden 7s. 6d. Convalescent Home. A servant 1s. Orphanage. Miss Buller 10s. Sandy Cove. A reader of THE BANNER 5s. Breakfasts. "J. A. G." 7s. Convalescent Home. From

F. W., R. W., J. T., and B. H. 1s. Breakfasts. A friend in Hull 2s. 6d. Orphanage. Mr. Geo. W. Hibbert 2s. 6d. Orphanage. Kytte and Pollie's monthly 1s. Mrs. Hanbury 5s. Algoma Clergy Widows and Orphans. By Mrs. Ward 6s. Convalescent Home. Mrs. Westbrook 30s. Convalescent Home. A friend 7s. 6d. Algoma Mission. A friend 10s. Algoma Mission. E. J. Smith 1s. Algoma. Rev. John Clifford 10s. Algoma. Mrs. Rumsey 1l. Algoma. Mrs. Dudley Percival 1l. Algoma. Master Cecil and Miss Hilda Watson 2s. Breakfasts. By the Rev. B. de M. Egerton 1l. 9s. 10d. "Children's Gift" Ward, Convalescent Home. A friend at Newbury 2s. 6d. Orphanage. Collected by Nurse Dann 1l. 13s. Convalescent Home. S. John's Leicester Mission Working Class, per Miss Meanley, 5l. Convalescent Home. M. C. B. 5s. Algoma. A friend at Bournemouth 5l. Algoma Mission. Miss A. Atkinson 8s. New Wing, and 2s. Mission Home. Mrs. W. Hatter 1s. 4d. for the Orphans. R. P. 5s. Algoma Mission. Emma Jane Donkin 5s. 6d. Convalescent Home. By the Rev. F. H. Freeth 2l. 16s. 7d. Convalescent Home, the result of a harvest thanksgiving offertory at Liss.

### *Gifts of Clothing, Flowers, &c.*

"L. S." some nice warm petticoats. From a little girl at Charlton a pretty pinafore. From "T. and B." at Charlton a parcel. From Mr. Cheatter a pair of shoes. "Alma" a very warm wrap. Sarah and Katie Whight two pairs of stockings. H. and G. and P. some clothes and boots for the Orphans. Miss Ella Armstrong a parcel. Four hampers of fruit

and vegetables sent by the congregation of Christ Church, Shaw, from their harvest thanksgiving service. E. Jackson, Esq., a sack of potatoes. By the Rev. L. Hinton, Semley, the offerings of his parishioners at harvest festival, viz. nine sacks and five hampers of fruit and vegetables.

# The Church Sunday School Union.

THIS Society has for its objects :—

- (1) To promote the efficiency and increase of Sunday Schools.
- (2) To draw into closer fellowship and sympathy those Schools in which the teaching of the Church is faithfully set forth.
- (3) To publish and sell Books, Pictures, and other Sunday School materials, of a sound Church type, at as low a price as possible. Members who subscribe not less than 10s. (to be paid in annually, not later than March 25) will be entitled to purchase the publications of the Society at 25 per cent. discount.

Members can at all times apply to the Committee for advice respecting Schools in which they are interested; and, as soon as funds will permit, small Grants of School requisites will be made in aid of efforts to establish new Schools in poor districts.

For any further particulars, apply to the Manager,

CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 6 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

## The Church Teachers' Union.

It is the design of this Association to unite in a common bond of fellowship and prayer those who, engaged in teaching, desire to consider God's glory as the primary object of their work; and, for this end, to use the opportunity afforded them of training the children under their care in His fear and love, and as attached members of the English Church.

This Association will be called "The Church Teachers' Union," and shall consist of Schoolmistresses and Assistant Mistresses in National or Private Schools.

Candidates for admission should apply to the Superior,

MISS WORDSWORTH, ORPHANAGE OF MERCY,

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# MONTHLY KALENDAR.

November xxx.

1 Th	<b>ALL SAINTS.</b> Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Evensong, with Address, 7.15 p.m.
2 F	
3 S	
4 S	<b>24th Sunday after Trinity.</b> { Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and at Mid-day. { Holy Baptism and Children's Service, 3 p.m.
5 M	
6 Tu	
7 W	
8 Th	
9 F	
10 S	
11 S	<b>25th Sunday after Trinity.</b> { Holy Communion at 8 a.m. { Holy Baptism and Children's Service, 3 p.m.
12 M	
13 Tu	
14 W	
15 Th	
16 F	
17 S	
18 S	<b>26th Sunday after Trinity.</b> { Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and at Mid-day. { Holy Baptism and Children's Service, 3 p.m.
19 M	
20 Tu	
21 W	
22 Th	
23 F	
24 S	
25 S	<b>Sunday before Adbent.</b> { Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, with Holy Communion, at Crown East, { 11 a.m. Holy Baptism and Children's Service, 3 p.m.
26 M	
27 Tu	
28 W	
29 Th	
30 F	
	<b>S. ANDREW, APOSTLE &amp; MARTYR.</b> { Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. { Evensong, with Address, 7.15 p.m.