

THE DAWN OF DAY



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[NEW SERIES.



Merrielands Farm.

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

PART XII.

CONCLUSION.

IN the first agony of her grief and disappointment a little tenderness on the part of Philip, or even a consciousness of his sympathy, might have created a renewal, in some sort, of Lettice's

first feelings towards her husband. Apparent as his indifference had been so far, she had cherished a hope that in his secret soul there lurked some nobler emotions which would—which *must* be called forth by the birth of his firstborn; and it had seemed to her that

though the Philip Saxby she had once believed in and bowed down before had no existence—though her idol had shown himself to be made of very common clay—still, should he be but ordinarily kind to her, and fond and proud of his child, she would still have some happiness in this dreary new life, which had hitherto been one of almost unrelieved gloom and monotony. She had hugged this hope to her heart, and it had cheered many a lonely hour.

Then came the blank shock of amazement and despair when the truth could no longer be hid; and, as we have said, had Philip at this juncture shown one spark of natural tenderness, or any sense of loss, Lettice, in her grief and weakness, would have turned to him, and drunk in every word of consolation, and clung to every caress.

But Philip shrank from the sick-chamber.

The door was open and he and the doctor were standing close behind it, within a few yards of Lettice's pillow.

"Won't you go in and see your wife?" suggested the latter. "I have been obliged to tell her, poor girl, that the child was still-born, and she takes it very hard. We kept it from her as long as we could, but it had to come out at last. If she could be got not to fret—I am really afraid of its doing her harm. I should not have looked in again this morning but the nurse did not like the job of telling her, and I thought perhaps you would be rather cut up yourself. But I am glad to see——"

"Oh, I can bear it, doctor." It was Philip's voice now,—Philip's voice, light and easy as ever. "I am philosophical on the point, I assure you. Babies are not in my line; but of course, it's different with women. Did you—did you say she takes it hard?"

He had been absent since morning, and the baby had been born about midday. It was now six o'clock. "If you had told her sooner she might have had time to get over it by this," added the husband, with something of reproach in his tone. "I wish you had told her at the first."

"It would have been inhuman to do so," said the doctor, shortly.

"Unprofessional, I suppose you mean. I can't see the inhumanity."

"At any rate I took the trouble to come round here a second time in order to break it gently to my patient, and also to give you a chance of—to tell you before you went in to her."

"Much obliged, I'm sure." And then followed a few more remarks lost to the involuntary listener, until all at once, clear and cruelly distinct, a single sentence reached her

ear and struck like a knell upon her suffocating heart, "I can't say it is any disappointment to me; for a man in my position children are only a nuisance."

When, a few minutes after this, the husband somewhat reluctantly approached the bedside of the wife and dropped a careless kiss upon her forehead, uttering the while some commonplace expressions of condolence and encouragement, which had in them neither the ring of true affection nor of sorrow, Lettice with a shudder buried her face from his sight, and buried with it the last traces of a love forever dead within her own breast. After a brief pause Philip uneasily left the room.

Nor did he visit it except at long intervals and for a few minutes at a time, day by day, thereafter.

He had learned to dislike the perfunctory ceremonial—for such it was—as much as Lettice dreaded it. By instinct he knew that he had lost all the slight hold on her regard which until now, through sunshine and storm, he had still maintained, and though unaware of the precise moment at which the final disillusionment took place, or of the agency through which it had been effected, he was none the less discomfited, and for a passing moment affronted. He had ceased to care for Lettice, but it was highly improper for Lettice to have ceased to care for him.

And what in the name of common sense did Lettice mean by saying she would not try to get better, and did not see any use in being anxious to be up and about again?

Even the nurse grew vexed and cross with her patient at last, when the latter showed no interest in her advancement and no appetite for her food. "It's not as if you mightn't have a dozen yet!" cried she, bustling about vigorously. "A young thing like you. But it's not the way to get up your strength to be lying there moping and miserable. For your husband's sake, you ought to pluck up spirit and make a push. Eat your meals like a sensible girl, and do a bit of nice fancywork to amuse yourself between whiles. I mean to get you on to the sofa to-morrow."

It was only Jane—little, ignorant, tender-hearted Jane—who had the real key to the locked door within Lettice's frozen soul. Jane knew; Jane could understand; and, one day, Jane, drawing near to the wan face, whose large eyes looked so pathetically, so yearningly towards her for sympathy, suddenly broke out into tears and sobs herself, while Lettice caught her round the neck, and felt the torrents fall like healing balm upon her own cheek.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" sobbed poor Jane. "To think of you and me looking over all them beautiful things together, just a week ago this very day, and now we ha'n't no baby——"

"What's all this?—what's all this?" cried the nurse sharply, pushing in. "I can't have none of this. What are *you* doing here, I'd like to know?" to the intruder. "Stealing into my room while I'm out"—and Jane was hustled off.

But the comforting outcry of honest affection and fellow-feeling did Lettice good. She had now a purpose in getting well. This was to get rid of the nurse, a harsh, tyrannical woman, who had but one hard-and-fast rule of life for every patient, and whose sole aim was that she should herself obtain credit and advancement from them as "cases"! To see her replaced by the faithful Jane—to have Jane handling her, nursing her, ministering to her wants, and showing her feelings, would in itself be something to struggle for, Lettice thought; and from that day forward she began to take hold of life with something of a firmer grip.

And in truth, Philip Saxby's wife had need of all the consolations she could get; more need even than before, as months passed on. Perhaps Philip was himself ashamed of the depth of selfish heartlessness to which he had drifted, and of the complete neglect he now evinced for his hearth and home—certain it is he did not care to have witnesses to it.

Had Lettice brought him money, the portion on which he and his sister had foolishly counted when first contemplating the marriage, it might still have been worth his while to maintain an outward show of proper behaviour long after any real affection had ceased to exist; but in his heart Philip never ceased to owe the Dew family a gratitude on this head.

True, they supplied him liberally with hampers of country produce, which he was always ready to consume with relish, long after he had ceased to enquire whence came such abundance on his table without any increase of weekly bills, and true also that a substantial sum had been forthcoming out of which had been purchased the now unnecessary equipment over which poor Lettice had so often fondly hung. The doctor and nurse had also been paid by cheques on the farmer's bank, and Philip had affected to take this as a matter of course. But with all that was done for him and his he found this fault in secret: it none of it benefited himself personally. He was saved extra expense—some extra expense—but his own future was in nowise secured, as he had intended it to be.

That he had this grievance was his first



excuse for feeling free to neglect his wife—after a while no excuse was required.

Even Harriet, before she left London, became vaguely uneasy and disconcerted by the extended license her brother permitted himself; license which, in her day, had not been felt the need of. "He never was inclined to go after other women in my day," muttered she to herself; "not in the way he does now, at all events; and he never took too much—except on occasion. It is all this unfortunate marriage"—and even her hardened nature would feel a thrill of remorse as she remembered to whom the "unfortunate marriage" was due.

If she had only left Lettice alone, running about her father's meadows in her pink cotton frock, left her to become in due time such another as her happy, thriving, contented mother, well suited by home and husband; and if she had left Philip to pursue his bachelor life, guided, and in a measure controlled by her

prudential tact and discretion—how much, how infinitely better it would have been for both!

She did not like the look of things as they were, she would confess to herself. It was not only Lettice, who was to blame for being a tiresome, feeble creature, who had no strength to hold her own and compel her husband to behave himself; it was Philip, who, point blank, refused to allow Harriet herself any knowledge of his affairs, and all but forbade her the house at last.

She had offered herself when the dark, chill October days of an unusually cheerless autumn began to make her long for a little of the bustle and stir and lively din of city life: she had felt that even Philip's house would be endurable if she could make it a foothold whence to gad about by omnibus and District Railway, and that Philip was sure to be glad to have his old companion to theatres and music-halls.

But the hint had been coldly met. As he had refused his wife permission to invite her own people, he did not see how he could ask his, Philip wrote. He did not add that Lettice had pleaded almost with tears to have Bertha—the gentle, unoffending Bertha,—and that he had met the entreaty with a cold negative, based solely on a reason he dared not allege. Previously, he had entertained for his sister Bertha the one pure emotion of his shallow, selfish heart, and had for her sake abstained from much, and secreted still more, which would, if known, have lowered him in her eyes.

Now he did not choose abstain, and concealment would be impossible; wherefore Bertha, still more than Harriet, must be henceforth a stranger to his life.

Harriet tried a second time: suggested that her visit need not transpire at Merrielands Farm, and showed some of her old determination to have her own way on the point. It proved a failure: Philip was neither to be cajoled nor coerced. He brusquely retorted that the thing could not be done, and threw the letter into the fire. "She is not coming to spy upon me, if I know it," he vowed as he did so. After a fashion, Harriet had ruined his life—but he meant to work out his ruin to suit himself.

Oh! he was having a jolly time enough. He had lots of friends—one particular friend. She was expensive, and kept him rather short of money, but he was earning it pretty easily, and somehow, whatever supper parties and jollifica-

tions he was let in for at night, he could generally manage to do his work by day. His hand had not yet learned to shake.

In short, eighteen months had transformed the gay, freethinking, yet on the whole fairly respectable and industrious young artist into a reckless libertine, who was fast becoming also a drunkard; and it seemed as though no hand stretched out from any quarter could or would avail to stay him on his downward course.

But there is a Hand too strong for mortal man to resist.

One raw January afternoon Philip caught a cold; a common cold; one not demanding any particular notice; certainly not worth staying at home for. He would have a glass of hot brandy and water before he went out again—and "Let it be *hot*," he shouted, as his order was obeyed,—for he had "a pain like a knife at the back of his shoulder blade," and the night was "so beastly chilly" that he was shivering even in his great-coat.

When Lettice suggested that it was hardly fit weather for him to turn out again, he wondered why the devil she had on her own hat and cloak then? Was she not going to her own cursed psalm-singing, and would she keep him from *his* music? He supposed she was carrying on her own game with someone she met at her saintly *rendez-vous*—but we need not repeat all the foul thoughts and language of a man stung by

his own corruption, and sottish with continual dissipation.

Alas! it was no new shame to Lettice that Jane should hear him now; Jane was habituated as herself to these outbursts.

But both alike had heard the last of them that winter night. Space forbids us to linger over details which all can picture. The Angel of Death had gone forth and placed his mark at the door of the cheerless home, so desecrated, so dishonoured; and he, who should have been its centre and its glory, was never more to cross its threshold till the morning dawned when he was carried down the narrow stair, and borne away for ever to his last earthly resting-place.

The day following the funeral, two girls, clad in heavy mourning, were driven through snowy lanes and by-ways to the old Cheshire farmhouse, which was in the eyes of both almost equally a paradise. Lettice had brought back with her her one friend and humble ally,



the faithful Jane; and Lettice's mother took Jane in her arms and kissed her as if she had been another child, for very love and gratitude, and thankfulness at having her darling for her own again.

A year and more had passed. It is once more May time at Merrields Farm, and the damson "rake" is white with blossoms.

"A wonderful May," says the farmer, coming in from the meadow. "Sun and rain exactly when they are wanted, and not a calf nor a lamb lost! And my rheumatics is better than I've known 'em for long. Jane's rubbing does a heap o' good. She's a rare lass, is Jane. Supposing Lettice now should ever think o' leaving us again——"

"Eh, now Thomas? Now what *be* you thinking about! Whatever set you to say that, I wonder?" And Mrs. Dew beamed upon her husband. "Poor Lettice has had enough of marrying, sure," added she, in a peculiar, sly, interrogating tone.

"Has she, indeed?" The farmer looked sly in his turn. "That's a pity, then," observed he drily,— "a pity indeed. For as I came down the Rake just now—— Hallo! there he is—there's Richard, and he's at the gate. Now what am I to say, for as sure as anything, I know what he has got to say, and who he's going to ask for? Am I to say that Lettice——"

"Lettice has taken her wash-tub to set it in the sun," responded Mrs. Dew, promptly. "You can see that bit o' pink there beneath the apple-trees? That's her. She was singing a snatch o' a song just now, bless her; and somehow I kind of fancied she might have a visitor." And the good woman coughed behind her hand, and glanced first at her husband and then at the garden-gate. "He's coming in, anyway," she added.

Reader, do we need to follow up the scene? It was not, indeed, the ruddy-cheeked, thoughtless, jocund maiden of Richard Elder's first dreams whom, a few weeks later, he led to the altar, and brought thereafter to be the presiding spirit of his peaceful home. It was a woman who had tasted of the knowledge of good and evil, who had been driven by the aching of loneliness and misery to seek a Christian's hope and a Christian's strong consolation; it was a soul purified by suffering whom he had knit to his own—an ennobled nature which held his a closer captive than it had ever done in other days.

"And though Lettice isn't just so pretty as she was, she's pinker and plumper already," cried Lettice's elder sister, radiant over *this* marriage, and unable to keep the smiles out of her honest countenance for two minutes to-

gether. "And as for Richard, I always knew what a husband *he* would make. There won't be a farmer's wife in the county set more store by; and to be sure it would have turned Lettice's head once; but now, poor dear, she'll take it all to make up for the past. And she says we're none of us to grudge the past, for that it has taught her the love of God and of her Saviour, and her need of religion as the guide and strength of her life. Indeed," added Mrs. Susy, with an unusual tear in her eye, "it does make me feel quite queer and soft myself to hear Lettice speak. She is far ahead of me,—my little Lettice that I used to scold and shake my head at,—even Rhoda hasn't a word against her now. Lettice has been speaking to Rhoda, I fancy, for they were walking about arm in arm yesterday, and Rhoda looked sort of subdued when she came in. And so you are to have Bertha Saxby now that Harriet's off to other lands, mother? Well, I suppose it's all right; though I can't say I should care, for myself, if I never set eyes on any of the Saxby crew again! But Bertha is harmless enough, and as you will be a bit lonesome without Lettice, having got used to her at home again, maybe it's a good plan."

"And we shall not even have Jane, d'ye see," responded Mrs. Dew, contentedly; "for I couldn't think of parting those two; and Jane would ha' broke her heart not to be with Lettice, though she did offer to bide here. Richard's found a place for her young man, too; and they'll be wed some o' these days, though not just yet. So you see, Bertha's coming suits us all. And oh, my dear, I do trust the Lord has forgiven that foolish marriage and all our notions that ran us into it; for now, whenever I look upon our bonny bride to be, and see how the light has come back to her eye, and the heartsomeness to her step, I say to myself, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make the light of His countenance to shine upon thee, and give thee peace.'"

"And 'deed, mother, I think He will," said Susy, simply.

THE END.



By observation of the resistance to the electric current the telegraph operator on land can locate a fault in a cable as far out as 2,000 miles and within 500 yards, so that a ship can go straight to the spot and rake up the broken or injured wire from the bottom. This work in great depths is facilitated by an ingenious grapple, which will not hold anything smaller and will not catch anything larger than the cable.



Indoor Insects.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.

IV.—The Gnat.

THE common Gnat may be fairly considered as an "indoor insect." It is quite true that all the earlier part of its existence is spent out of doors, and that many millions even of perfect gnats never enter our houses at all. But, at the same time, most of us would know nothing about the gnat if it did not so frequently find its way into our dwellings; and, when it does so find entrance, it seldom fails before very long to acquaint us with the fact. So that there is every reason why it should be discussed in the present series of papers.

Most people, no doubt, look upon the gnat as a nuisance, and nothing else. They do not like to hear the shrill trumpeting of its wings as it hovers over them in the watches of the night; they have often suffered from its bite, the irritation from which continues for days after the tiny wound is inflicted. Yet, in spite of the annoyance which it causes, the gnat is really one of the most interesting of insects. From beginning to end of its life it is equally curious and wonderful. And we cannot do better now than trace its career from the time that the egg is laid, to that in which it bursts its chrysalis skin and enters the world at last as a perfect insect.

Unless we are unfortunate enough to live in the very middle of a large town, we may often watch a gnat while engaged in laying her eggs; and a very curious and interesting occupation it is. Let us suppose that we are looking into a tub of rain-water, in which gnats passing through the earlier stages of their life are nearly always to be found. We notice a gnat resting upon a little piece of floating leaf or twig. Her long hind legs are stretched out behind her, and crossed in such a way as to look like the letter x. They are holding a small, dark object, shaped very much like a carraway seed, tightly between them. What is it? Nothing more than a mass of exceedingly tiny eggs.

But why are they fastened together? For this reason. A gnat's eggs, although they must be laid in the water, in which the future grubs

are to live, cannot be hatched properly unless the upper part of each has access to both light and air. Now they are very long and narrow—like tiny skittles—and very top-heavy, so that if they were dropped into the water one by one they would immediately fall over upon their sides, and perhaps never hatch at all. So the mother gnat, as fast as she lays them, fixes them side by side with a kind of natural waterproof glue, in such a manner that at last they form a sort of boat. This is very much like our life-boats of the present day. If you turn it over, it rights itself again. If you plunge it beneath the surface, it rises again directly, throws out the water which it has taken in, and floats as before. No doubt the inventor of the life-boat was very proud of his work; but how surprised he would have been to find that Nature had forestalled his invention, hundreds upon hundreds of years ago, in the egg-boat of the gnat!

When the mother gnat has laid all her eggs, she flies away, and leaves them floating upon the surface of the water. Not, however, for very long; for in a few days' time a little trap-door opens at the lower end of each egg, and out tumble a number of tiny grubs, which at once begin to swim about as easily and naturally as if they had been doing so for months. But, strange to say, they do not swim at all like other insects. In fact, they cannot do so, for almost all the water insects row themselves along by their oar-like hind legs, and the little gnat grubs have no legs at all. But they keep doubling up their bodies and stretching them out straight again in a very curious manner. And, somehow or other, they manage to travel along with some little speed.

How do they breathe? They *must* breathe, of course, for water insects have no gills, as fishes have, and therefore require a constant supply of air. And if you look at the body of a gnat grub, you will notice a curious little tufted organ close to the end of its tail. This organ is really a tube, and through it air enters the body. Insects have no lungs, as we have, but their bodies are traversed by a perfect network of slender tubes, which take the place of lungs, and through which air is constantly passing. So, when a gnat grub wishes to breathe, all that it has to do is to rise to the top of the water, and poke its odd little tufted breathing organ just above the surface. On a sunny day one may often see dozens of little gnat grubs so resting in a water-tub, while dozens of others will be swimming about below.

What do they live upon? Why, upon the tiny particles of animal and vegetable matter

that are always floating about in standing water. Even in a water-butt the water is more or less impure; and the gnat-grub belongs to that vast army of tiny beings which act as natural scavengers, and whose duty it is incessantly to purify earth, air and water. We owe more to these creatures than most of us know. They are Nature's dustmen; only they do not carry away the decaying matter, they eat it. And by their constant labours they save us from many of those dire diseases which arise from poisoned water or poisoned air.

So the little grub works busily on, until its growth is completed and it becomes a chrysalis. Its form is now entirely changed. The fore part of its body is very large and swollen; its tail is small and slender. It cannot take food, for its mouth is completely covered over with skin, and its breathing organ is transferred from its tail to the upper part of its back, where we may see it in the form of two projecting tubes. It can still swim; but as it has no longer to seek for food it generally rests quietly at the top of the water, with the two little breathing-tubes just poked above the surface.



GNAT EMERGING FROM PUPA-CASE.

Before long another change takes place. The skin splits along the back, and opens out on either side, so as to form a kind of natural raft; and then one sees that the perfect gnat has slowly been developing within it. Out it creeps, and takes its stand upon its cast skin, a creature of the air, now, instead of a creature of the water. Its beautiful wings are still very small and crumpled; but it waves them slowly to and fro, and as it does so the creases disappear, and the membrane stretches out. And in a few minutes' time the process is complete, and the gnat, perfect at last, rises slowly into the air and flies away.



THE cheeks become pale from fear because the mental emotion diminishes the action of the heart and lungs, and so impedes the circulation.

"Dawn of Day" for 1896.

EVERY effort will be made to maintain the *Dawn of Day* in its present position as the best and cheapest of parish magazines.

The serial story for 1896 will be entitled "The Great Gold Mine," from the pen of "C. E. M.," author of "The Silver Teapot," with illustrations by Mr. F. Barnard, and will be full of interest. In addition, a short complete story will appear in each number of the magazine, with illustrations by Mr. C. Shepperson, Mr. C. Robinson, and other well-known artists. The writers will include Miss Marshall, Miss H. Shipton, Austin Clare, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Maude Carew, Mr. C. Burke, and others.

The contributions to next year's issue will, it is hoped, also include a series of articles on Church Teaching Historically Examined, by Dr. Maclear; a series of short, simple papers on Temperance, by Miss C. J. Wood, sometime Lady Superintendent of the Great Ormond Street Hospital; a brief History of Liturgies will also appear; and some important papers by Professor Swete on "Faith in its relation to Creed, Thought, and Life." Church History will be dealt with in a series of articles on the "*Anglican Communion*," by May Cochrane; Notes on the Black Letter Saints, illustrated by original drawings, will appear monthly. The Gospels for the year will be dealt with in a series of monthly articles.

Short stories for children will appear at frequent intervals.

The programme for the year will also include Science Gossip, Notes on the Church Seasons, Festivals and Holidays, Notes on Gardening, Household and Sanitary matters.

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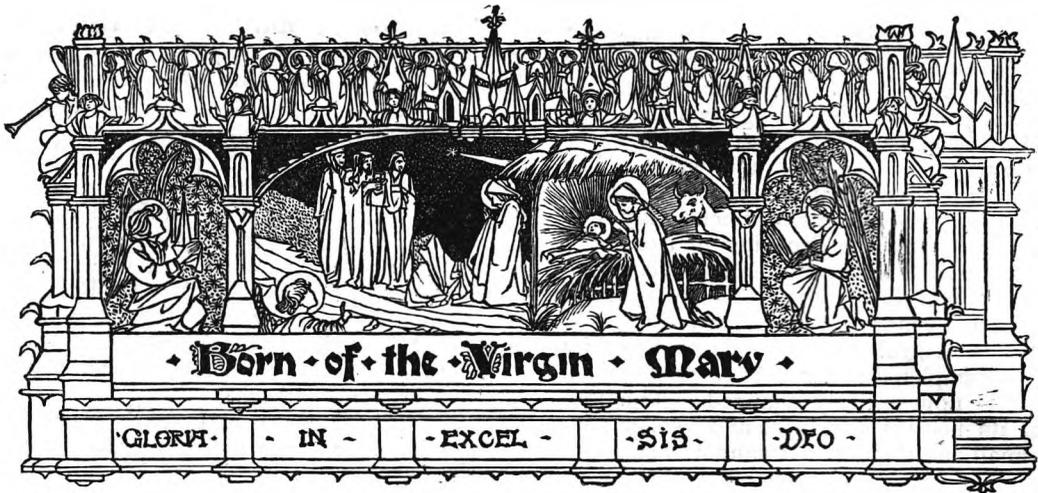
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The magazine may be localized every month, or, for economical reasons, only four times a year. The terms render it possible for the smallest parish to have its own magazine.



A Merry Christmas.

THIS is a very common wish, and will be in almost everyone's mouth at Christmas-time. Merriment, or brightness, or happiness of some kind is associated in almost all minds with Christmas. And in truth in this world of sorrow, and care, and disappointment, one is glad for all bright beams which are cast athwart the shadowed path of life. We must not despise them, we must not make little of them, but the cheering and refreshing that there is in them let us take thankfully from God. They may last but a little while; but in little whiles of happiness, or joyfulness, the wearied spirit may be graciously refreshed. We can often take up our burden again with fresh spirit, after it has been laid down, even though it were but for a little while.

But for many the joyousness of Christmas might just as well belong to any other season. It has no distinctiveness in it, as belonging to that particular season, or indeed to any religious season at all; their joyousness is that simply of the world, and not of the Church of God—it is the joyfulness of earthly happiness from one source or another, but not from a commemoration of the birth of Christ, with all the blessing which they have, and may have, therefrom.

Now, these few pages are about a merry or a happy Christmas on the Christian basis, and that is assuredly the happiest of all. I am not afraid of the word "merry"—it means sparkle and gladness of heart, it means being light-hearted and bright, depression and anxiety being removed. "It was meet that we should be merry," the father said, when the prodigal came home. "Is any merry?" says S. James, "let him sing psalms."

There is a merriment, which is of the world, the merriment that will not bear looking into, that will not bear thought while it is going on, nor memory when it has passed; and this is what most people know in connection with the word; but the world must not take possession of a good word, and we must not allow it to be taken from us, because it chooses to turn it to bad uses. The Church of God has its interest, according to its interpretation, in the word, as well as the world has its according to its meaning; and with regard to the Church's interest in the word we would speak a little now.

What is there in Christmas to make one glad? It may not be found in the outward at all: we may not have a sprig of evergreen about us. It may be a sad time as regards the facts of our life, and as regards its memories—we must look away, in another direction, and connecting our Christmas closely with the Christ, with our ruin if He had not come, with our salvation by His coming, with His manhood which He assumed as at this time, with all that He is to us now in heaven, owing to His having been man for us on earth—this is the sphere in which we shall see what there really is in Christmas to make us glad?

Now, who are the people who *may* be glad, and who they who *should* be glad, and who they who *will* be glad.

Who *may* be glad in this high aspect of gladness at Christmas-time? Thank God this Christmas-time we are privileged to say what a really big word this little word of three letters is—"may." Who is included in its three letters? Everybody. Everybody who wills. We cannot point our finger to *any* man and say, "That man *may* not be glad in Christ—he must not; there is a hedge round about Christ so far

as he is concerned, and he may not come near Him." Gladness is possible for all my readers. You may never have it, because you may never wish to have it in God's way, by giving up your sin, and coming to Christ. Then, if you never have it, the fault will lie not in an impossibility in itself, but in your not taking it in the only way in which it is to be had.

The most unexpected people may get it—stupid people, wicked people who seem too bad to be saved, ignorant people—they are all within the possibility of real Christmas joy if they seek it simply in Christ.

There was a poor Red Indian chief who used to go every day into the forest alone. There he would look up, and stretch out his hands after something. His poor heart was unsatisfied. But nothing came for a long time, and there *seemed* to be no answer. But God heard him all the while, and led him by His providence to a place where there was one of his countrymen who could tell him what he was longing to know. There the chief heard the story of God's love to sinners, and it shone into his heart and life and satisfied him, and made everything new. "I have the story in my heart," he said, when telling the tale, "it laughs all the while." The story of the cradle and the cross of Bethlehem, of Calvary, the story of his salvation, was a joy-giving story, as much for the poor, uneducated Indian as for the theologian who can go farthest in' its depths.

The story of the Christ who came in all the weakness of infancy for our sake is the story of God's *love*, and there is nothing that makes the heart so merry and joyful as the realization of being loved. Some of God's people are not as happy this Christmas as they might be; it is because they are thinking more of their loving Christ than of Christ loving them. They feel their own love is too poor to make them sing loud, and so they do not sing at all. But though their love is but poor, they may sing for all that, because of Christ's love to them. The source of joy is in Him, and not in themselves. There was a poor girl in the north-east of Scotland, who was not strong in her intellect, but who was able thoroughly to take in the truths of the gospel; and she actually revelled in the knowledge of God's love to her. She was constantly singing, and her favourite song was

"Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, *even me.*"

A minister meeting her one day while she was singing as usual, stopped and asked, "Jeanie, my girl, why do you always sing the same song? Could you not change it a bit and sing of your

love to Jesus?" "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, with a short laugh, "sing of my love to Jesus! No, no, my love is not worth a song." Only realize the love of Jesus to you, and you may be glad, even though, like poor simple Jeanie, you may feel that you have not the love to Him that you wish to have. You may have Christmas joy *in Him*, though you cannot find any great cause for such *in yourself*. Our poor little love, such as it is, He will not despise; and His Holy Spirit will increase it more and more—for "love" and "joy" are spoken of as gifts of the Holy Spirit. There is a verse of a hymn which teaches us how to get our love warmed to Christ; and when you think of Christ's coming in helpless infancy into this world for you, and then in manhood dying for you; and when you feel to want to love Him more—oh! ever so much more, that little verse will tell you how it is to be done:

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

His anointing will make us know more of the love of Christ to us, and make us feel more love to Him. There is a beautiful hymn in the Ordination Service, which it would be well for us now and again to sing, it is called "Veni Creator Spiritus," and this is part of what it says—

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight."

If we used these lines as a prayer, perhaps we should realize at our Christmas-time somewhat more of what the Apostle writes when he says of Christ: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in Whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter i. 8).

But we not only *may* be glad, but *should* be glad. It is honouring God. It is commending Christ, to be glad—glad in Him. Alas! partly it may be from a natural depression of constitution—partly from a deep consciousness of our unworthiness—some from one cause and some from another are not glad in their faith. But we should be; we have a right to be. Christ has removed the burden of our guilt; Christ has opened heaven to us. "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28). We are not giving

Christ His due when we are not glad in Him ; we ourselves are not taking our right when we continue sad. For everyone who has Christ as his Saviour and his friend has a right to gladness ; it was purchased for him by the sadness of his Saviour.

I wish we all commended the gospel of Christ more than we do by gladness of heart, and way, and look. In old times it used to be said, "See how these Christians love one another"; how it would commend the gospel to the people of the world, who too often think it all gloom, if they were constrained to say, "See how glad all these believers are." A poor little London flower-girl was ill one Christmas-time, and was carried to an hospital. While there she heard for the first time the story of Christ coming into the world to save us. It was all very new and strange, but she believed every word.

One day little Broomstick—that was her street name—said to the nurse, "I'm havin' real good times in here—ever such good times. 'Spose I'll have to go away just as soon as I gets well. But I'll take the good time along with me—some of it, anyhow. Did you ever know 'bout Jesus bein' born?" "Yes," replied the nurse, "but sh, sh, sh, you musn't talk now." "You *did!* why I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you all 'bout it." "How did I look?" inquired the nurse. "Oh, you look like most o' folks, kind o' glum. I shouldn't think people 'd ever look glum if they knowed 'bout Jesus bein' born." A gentleman, struck with the intelligent smile of Sematimba, a Christian native of Uganda, asked him the reason of it. "It is," said he, "because of the words of the Lord"—the same words which *we* have so often heard—and which, alas! too often, from their very familiarity, awaken in us no feelings at all.

Have any of us been long sad-faced and sad-hearted, the power of gladness in the gospel takes no note of time, and can make us glad even now. There was a Chinaman who told the missionary that he had not smiled for more than twenty years. "And," said the missionary, "I could well believe it. When that man came to us two years before, his face was the very image of despair. Trouble came into his house, and he went out of his mind; for days and nights he wandered away, and returned with his hair turned grey, and his whole face changed. He took up his abode in a ruined temple, there he fasted for many days and nights until he nearly died. His imagination peopled the whole place with demons until he was afraid to move. But he met one of the

evangelists; he heard the Gospel of Christ; he learned to pray; he gave himself up to Jesus Christ and he said, 'Now I can smile,' and he leaned back and laughed a bright, holy laugh which showed how perfectly his heart was at peace."

One day Francis of Assisi observed a novice with a sombre and fretted air, and he said to him, "Why that downcast visage? Have you committed any sin? That is the only thing that should sadden us. Go and pray. We may weep to obtain forgiveness of our faults, and recover interior joy when once lost, but before me and your brethren always wear a look of joy, for it is not befitting when in the service of God to look melancholy and scowling." Amongst the evils that Francis dreaded most was that of sadness, because sadness leads to discouragement, and discouragement to despair.

So we see there are people who *may* be glad and people who *should* be glad; and now we have space just to say a word about those who *will* be glad.

Who are these? Many who are sad now. Some are in heaviness, as the Apostle says, by reason of manifold temptations—some are weak in faith and cannot take to themselves the riches of grace in their fulness—but all who have really given themselves to Christ shall be glad, for where He is there shall His people be also—in His Father's house, where are the many mansions, and in His Father's presence, of which it is said, "In Thy presence there is the fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures evermore."

There is gladness possible for all—for the man who has tried the world's joys and found them unsatisfying—for the man who has hitherto misjudged Jesus, and kept away from Him, thinking that to be His disciple would be to become gloomy and sad. For those who are depressed because of their unworthiness, for their sin is ever before them.

Jesus is the Sun of Righteousness that has arisen with healing on its wings. Jesus is the Light of the world, and in His warmth and light we may rejoice. The little boy in the coal mine, when he got a candle end, said, "When I gets a light I sings."

O Jesus, bring light and gladness into all our hearts this Christmas-time, the joy which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away, the joy which is a fruit of the Spirit whom Thou hast sent from the Father, that, having kept our Christmas with Thee on earth, we may with Thee in Thy joy eternally in heaven. Amen.



Inclledon Farm.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

THE August night was still and hot, and dark with the darkness of Egypt.

It was late, as simple country folk count time, wanting only half-an-hour of midnight. But at the back of the farmhouse there were lights burning, doors opening and shutting, quick, stealthy steps going from room to room—stir and bustle in place of sleep and rest.

And yet there was a kind of hush and awe over it all, for the old master of Inclledon Farm lay dying. He was a man who had been feared and obeyed all his life, and he was feared still, as long as the breath was in that gaunt, powerful frame of his, though perhaps there was little real grief for him in the home that he was leaving.

He lay in the great carved bedstead, on which his father had died before him; and his thin, knotted hands, as they rested on the coverlid, looked somehow as though they had been forcibly unclasped, finger by finger, from this world's gear, that they had always held in so close a grip. His eyes were bright still, and full of fire, and *they* had given up their hold of nothing as yet.

The old man's sons were all dead before him, but his second son William's wife was there, in his death chamber—a meek, down-trodden looking woman—and with her was her son, James Inclledon, a young man not unlike her, but with a look of his stern old grandfather somewhere about him.

Further from the bed, as though he had been made to feel that he had less right there, was another grandson, Richard Inclledon.

James Inclledon had been all his life with the old man, but Dick was a newcomer—as he had often been reminded—sent for on the death of his parents, and kept, as it were, for a while on trial.

The trial would soon be over now, and no one quite knew what had come of it; but meanwhile it suited Mrs. William and her son to assume that they were at home, and that their young relation was a stranger and an interloper.

All the evil passions, envy, and hatred, and greed, and selfish fear, can be bred in narrow circumstances, just as well as among the affairs of nations.

It was only an old house, and a few ill-cultivated acres, and a few pounds in the bank, but the devil could make a bait of even less to drag a soul to perdition; and two in that room were ready to sell themselves to him for its sake, and to scheme, and lie, and cheat, to secure the prize.

The old man's eyes were keen still, and his brain was unclouded—if there were plots it was still heedful to hide them, and to keep a smooth tongue and smiling face. And after all, Mrs. William was not much afraid of young Dick, nor at all of the girl—that little insignificant creature shrinking out of sight by the window—Lucy Thorpe, who was nothing more than a cousin to the Inclledons. Dick and the girl spoke their minds, offended the old man a dozen times in the day, had no notion of managing him for their good or his own. All was well so far, thought mother and son; Mr. Inclledon had been coaxed into putting off all fresh business arrangements, flattered into feeling as though he might live for ever,—and now this attack was sudden and severe; it was but putting off a little longer, and he would make no more alterations in this world, but all would remain as it had been before Dick had been seen about the farm.

The danger was not over yet, for suddenly the old man's voice broke the silence, faint and low, but with the old accent of command in its harsh, jarring tones.

"What time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock, father,—or all but," answered the daughter-in-law, hastily.

"Well, late or early, my time's but short now, and I can't afford to wait. I want to see Meldrum, and Jim, there, must go for him."

Mother and son exchanged glances. Meldrum was the lawyer who had made the old man's will—in their favour as they knew.

"He'll be in bed by now—the house will be shut up," faltered the woman, hardly daring to speak. "Jem will go first thing in the morning."

"I'll have him fetched *now*," snarled the old man impatiently. "How do I know that I'll be here in the morning? He's paid well enough—he can get up to do my pleasure! —Ay!" he muttered half to himself.

"I'll do what's right just before I go.—Be off!" —and he turned upon the young man such a look as one might throw at a disobedient dog.

"Take the dog cart and the old mare, and see you bring Meldrum back with you."

James Inledon turned slowly to go, and his grandfather, eyeing his discomfited face, broke into what would have been a malignant chuckle but for mortal weakness.

"You're thinking that I've more need of a parson, and to be considering my latter end. Well, then, to please you, I will! Dick! get you down to Pennithorne and knock up Dr. Barry. He wanted to talk to me about my soul awhile since, when I'd plenty else to think of, and if he'll get up in the middle of the night to come to me I'll hear what he's got to say, *now*. Take the young horse, my lad, and go, and don't contradict me, nor keep me waiting, or I shall die before it will be convenient to you."

There was a sort of softening in his look as it dwelt upon Dick, and the young man swallowed down a lump in his throat as he hastily left the room. He had had little reason to love his grandfather, but after all, there was no one else so near to him in the world, and the tie that was soon to be broken went for something.

"Excuse me, father," said Mrs. William Inledon. "There's something James can do for us in the town—I must speak to him before he goes. Lucy, look to your grandfather."

She left the room so hurriedly that she did not notice that Lucy Thorpe had already stolen noiselessly out. And the old man, left alone, smiled a cunning smile, and shut his eyes, as if to shut out the spectres of the past that thronged his deathbed.

Richard Inledon had just saddled the young horse, and was riding out of the yard when a little figure appeared in the gateway and laid a hand upon his rein.

It was Lucy Thorpe, and she gave him no time to question her, but spoke first in a breathless undertone.

"Hush!" she said.

"Don't let James hear us. He is there getting out the dogcart, but he doesn't mean to go for Mr. Meldrum!"

"Why not?"

"Oh! don't you see? They think if *he* wants to alter his will to leave something to you, and they think if he doesn't do it to-night he will never live to do it at all. I heard *her* whispering to James about it, telling him to upset the cart,—to say that Mr. Meldrum wouldn't come,—anything rather than bring him."



"HE DREW REIN AND SAT STILL."

"Well!" said the young man, "it's no business of mine. I've got to go for the parson."

In the whispers in which they were speaking it was difficult to judge of tones, and it was far too dark to see his face. The girl's hand tightened on the rein impatiently, as though she could have shaken him.

"Isn't it your business?" she said. "You know my uncle wishes you well,—and yours is the best right,—and those two will ruin you if they can."

"I know! But I can't go back and make a scene where he lies dying. And you know what he is—he wouldn't believe me any more than them—only curse us all round very likely."

"Couldn't you—couldn't *you* go for the lawyer? You could pretend you had mistaken what you had to do. And I don't believe he really wants Dr. Barry. . . . Oh, Jem is coming—he will suspect something! Go!—be quick. If you don't fetch Mr. Meldrum no one will."

Young Dick rode on, letting the horse pick his way as best he could along the rough occupation road that led through the fields to the highway.

It was hardly possible to hurry, and he was glad of it, for his thoughts were in dire confusion. The parting of the ways would be reached only too soon, and then the road to the right led to the town seven miles off, and the road to the left led to the village, four miles off, and who could say which he ought to take?

The young man was not more fond of money than any generous young spirit should be; but he knew its value, as only those do who have been reared in poverty. And stronger than any care for his own prospects was the dislike to being wronged and cheated, triumphed over by those who had been his enemies ever since he came to his father's home.

It seemed to him that he would care little who had the old man's money and lands, if only he could know that James and his mother had missed what they had been scheming and lying to secure.

What fun it would be to see their faces when Mr. Meldrum appeared after all! How completely it would win them with the grandfather

if it should come out that they had played him false in that respect.

But no one in that case would fetch Dr. Barry. The old man had never shown the faintest wish to see a clergyman before,—it was hard to suppose that he would pay much heed to one now.

And yet, was he to die in as godless a fashion as he had lived?

Dick had reached the high road now, and in spite of all the need there was for haste he drew rein and sat still, waiting.

That frank selfishness that is in all our hearts, whether we ever let it speak out or no, spoke out boldly to him now.

"It is *I* who ought to be considered. He has lived his life and had his day—he has had a whole long lifetime to think of these things. If he has left them all to the very last hour, why should *I* suffer? Let him settle my business first, and then make his peace with God, if he has time. . . . Wouldn't it be better for him hereafter if he gave his last thoughts to do justice to those he left behind him—better than professing a repentance that he cannot feel, and listening to prayers that he never cared to hear before."

So the Devil angled for another soul, making the crooked way seem the only right one; while the young horse shook his head and pawed the ground, impatient to start, and the young man sat motionless in the dark, and felt his mind torn with doubt and indecision.

"If you don't fetch Mr. Meldrum no one will," Lucy Thorpe had said; and as he

recalled her words, another voice seemed to add: "And if Meldrum does not get to the farm to-night, James and his mother will have got their way, and you will be kicked out penniless into the world."

A lie stood between him and the end he meant to gain. His grandfather must not be defied while he lived, and there was no proof whatever against James. It would be needful to profess that he had been mistaken, that he had fancied that it was *he* who had been ordered to go for Mr. Meldrum. In fact, he would have to lie, and Lucy would know it. True, it was she who had suggested it, but somehow the suggestion was most unlike



"'NO!' SHE ANSWERED."

Lucy, and there was a sting in the thought that *she* would know that he had lied to gain his own ends. Well, why did she suggest such a thing? And if he was left a beggar what would become of his dream that he might offer her a home and a protector when she had lost those she now had?

Dark as it was, the young man could distinguish the two roads, white and dusty, in the August drought, and he looked to right and left, and would have given all he was worth for something to *compel* him to either road—to make the decision for him.

Suddenly he knew that he must decide at once, for a footstep was coming at a slow plodding pace up the road from the town, and he could not be found at a standstill like this. Almost involuntarily he turned to the right, towards the town; at the same moment he said to himself that this was the only sensible thing to do, and that a man must look after himself, especially in a world full of *un*friends.

A moment or two more and he was alongside the walker. They exchanged good-night, and then the other, recognising Dick's voice, turned his head to shout out an inquiry.

"How's the old gentleman, Master Dick?"

"No better—a good deal worse to-night."

"Ah! He'll not be long here, I doubt. Well, it's what us must all come to"—and the old labourer bent himself once more to the long road that lay before him.

Dick let his horse carry him a few yards in the other direction, then suddenly pulled him up. The impatient creature, tired of his master's change of mind, fretted against the bit, and plunged, but he checked it savagely, feeling as though it was in league with the Evil One to tempt him.

Surely he had known well enough before that a death-bed is what we must all come to, and yet the old labourer's words had brought home to him the thought of what was coming, the perception that he was laying up for himself this night a memory that would haunt him when his time came to die.

Clearly, as though he had had the gift of prophecy, he foresaw how the darkness of that night would be about his soul in his last hour; how, for very shame he would not dare to ask for one prayer to be offered up for him, one friendly voice to point his soul's way through the dim unknown. "I shall live unloved, as he has," he thought, "and men will cheat me as I lie dying; and I shall know it, and know that I reap what I sowed!"

To his last day that belated old wayfarer wondered why young Mr. Richard Inledon, whom he had met riding slowly towards the town, should have passed him in a few minutes in a tearing hurry, galloping towards the village. The young horse was more than willing to go, after chopping and changing and lingering about so long, and Dick let him have his head. Herod on as though evil spirits were after him—and so perhaps they were; but they did not overtake him, that night or ever.

When Dick and the old clergyman entered the farmhouse together, in the pearly light of the August dawn, they were met by Mrs. William Inledon, who smiled upon Dick with unusual graciousness, and was profuse in her thanks to Dr. Barry for coming out at such an unseasonable hour.

"James has not got back," she said. "I am afraid he has not found Mr. Meldrum so willing to put himself about—or perhaps he may be from home. Will you come this way, sir? You will find my father-in-law quite himself, and I trust he may be in a proper state of mind."

Dick turned away without waiting to hear the end of the sentence, and striding down the passage towards his own room almost fell over a little white-faced figure, waiting and listening beside his door.

"Why, Lucy! Did I frighten you? Oh! I say, don't cry so. Are you so tired, dear,—or, what is it?"

"No!" she answered through her sobs. "I am—not sorry—I don't know why I should cry. Only—it is Dr. Barry you have brought,—I heard his voice—and I was so thankful! I tried to put a wicked thought into your head—I ought to have known that you would not do it—but I wasn't sure—"

"Nor was I!" said the young man grimly, half to himself.

"I was afraid,—I am sorry I thought such a thing of you—but it would have been my fault if you had done it."

"No, it wouldn't. It was partly because of you I *didn't* do it—because I didn't like to think that you should know such a thing of me. Partly that, and—something else."

The girl dried her eyes and looked up in his face, and the young man half turned away, blushing in the rosy light that began to steal through the passage windows.

"Lucy!" he said, abruptly. "Did you say your prayers last night?"

"Not last night. But since—while I was waiting for you,—many times."

"Ah! well, I didn't say mine. Not going to bed, you see, we forget. But I thought

perhaps, you hadn't forgotten, and that accounts for a good many things."

They were both silent for a minute, and then he said in quite a different tone,

"So Master Jem has not come back? And I suppose I shall be a poor man all my days,—unless I can earn a fortune for myself. Shall you mind, Lucy?"

* * * * *

Far be it from me to preach that honesty is always the best policy in this world, but dishonesty is often very bad policy, in this world as well as the next.

Old Mr. Inledon lived till mid-day, till Dr. Barry had prayed with him and reasoned with him and taken his departure, and his grandson James had come back from town, and reported that Mr. Meldrum was away from home.

He mused upon that piece of information for a little while, and then looked up with his old malicious smile and spoke. His mind was clear enough, though his tongue lisped and stumbled as though the dumbness of the grave was overtaking it already.

"I don't believe you," he said. "If it is so the lawyer's missed a job, and your luck's been bad! Day before yesterday I burned my will—I meant to draw up another, and make some sort of a division among ye.—I shall make no more wills now—and Dick's my eldest son's lad.—I suppose he'll take it all.—If you played me false, you've cut your own throat, but it's no business of mine now,—I've done with it all. Go along with you, and send Dick to me."

The old man said but little after Dick came to his bedside, but a muttered word or two now and then told how his thoughts were running.

He evidently thought he was giving full directions about the management of the farm, though a few disjointed phrases were all that reached the young man's ears. Then some half-resentful mutterings seemed to show that he was thinking of what Dr. Barry had said to him, but at last, with a final effort, he spoke more clearly.

"He's right after all—parson's right! Dick my lad, don't let the world take hold of you. Give *them* yonder a share, if you think right—though I couldn't have done it in your place—I wish I could!—It's too late to think different now, I doubt—*God! be merciful to me a sinner.*"

And so he died, this old child, dragged unwillingly from his playthings of house and land to face the great realities of Death and the Life

beyond, and for him the lesson book of this world was closed with the lesson all unlearned.

For Dick, the book still lies open and the lesson is still to learn; but the thought of his grandfather comes sometimes as a warning, and he has never regretted the liberality that so astonished James Inledon and his mother.

They willingly accepted a share of the old man's money, and gave no sign of shame, but perhaps the coals of fire will begin to burn some day.

The old farmhouse is a cheerier place than of old, though there is much hard work there, and more health than wealth.

Dick still dreams sometimes that he stands by that cross-road in the dark, and in a kind of nightmare resolves to go one way and is dragged another by some unseen power. And, waking, he understands that that was in some sort the crisis of his life, and that, had he not turned back from the wrong way then, there would have been for him no turning back from the wrong way for evermore.



APPLE AND OATMEAL PIE.—Take three ounces of oatmeal and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Leave it to stand until it is thoroughly swelled, which will take about four hours, then add to it six apples, pared and sliced, two ounces of sugar, and an ounce of flour. Mix all well together and bake in a pie dish.

OIL IN A LAMP should not be allowed to get down to less than one-half the depth of the reservoir. The wick should be soft and completely fill the space for it, but without crowding. A lamp should be neither suddenly cooled nor exposed to the draught. In extinguishing the flame the wick should first be turned far down, and then a sharp, quick puff blown across, and not straight down upon the flame.



BY THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

VIII.—THE SERVICE-BOOK OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

THE question that will naturally arise at this stage of our inquiry is, how it can have come about that the Service-Book of the English Church has so faithfully preserved in its main features these revealed principles of Divine Service? The explanation lies in the fact that, under the overruling Providence of God, she has at every stage in her eventful history resorted to old materials when reconstructing her Liturgical Worship.

That the Prayer-Book has its roots in antiquity has been shown at length by learned men who have taken this task in hand. Briefly summarised the account is as follow :—

The original, as well as the supreme, Christian Service is, as we have seen, the Holy Eucharist or Communion Service. It was universally styled at the first "the Liturgy," or "the Divine Liturgy."

Ancient Liturgies.

Of the ancient Liturgies that have come down to us, it appears by a comparison of their points of resemblance and divergence, "that throughout the whole world there neither exist now, nor ever have existed, more than four independent forms of Liturgy; a circumstance which, of itself, gives some credibility to the supposition otherwise suggested, that these four were of Apostolic origin."¹

¹ "Tracts for the Times," No. lxiii. By J. Hurrell Froude.

[Archdeacon Freeman speaks of Palmer's great work "Origines Liturgicæ, or Antiquities of the English Ritual," and adds, "for a compendium of Mr. Palmer's view of the ancient Liturgies, see 'Tracts for the Times,' No. lxiii."]

These four Liturgies can be traced back, in the case of St. James' to the 4th, and of the other three to the middle of the 5th century. It will be asked, How is it that there is no earlier manuscript, if they are presumably Apostolic? The answer is as follows, "The Primitive

The argument of their Apostolic origin is worked out as follows by the same writer :—

"While, on the one hand, the diversity of the compositions proves that their authors, whoever they were, did not feel bound to copy, either from the other, or from any common original, so the identity of the matter proves that they were exactly agreed in sentiment, and intimately conversant with each other's habits of thought. Had these Liturgies resembled one another less, we might have attributed them to sources wholly independent, or to the influence of any four great minds, which may have arisen at different times, and acquired ascendancy in their own region of Christendom. Had they differed less, it might have been supposable that some single Saint, though not an Apostle, some Ambrose, or Athanasius, or Cyprian, might gradually have extended his religious influence still more universally.

"Though, even so, great difficulties would have attended either supposition. As it is, however, we have to look for four persons, each with predominating influence in distinct and distant portions of the world; yet, all so united in thought as to make it certain they had been educated in the same school. Nothing less than this will account at once for the resemblances and differences of the four ancient Liturgies; and this it would be vain to look for after the Apostolic age."¹

What has been urged above points to some common Apostolic observance. The germ round which this grew up would of course be our Blessed Lord's words and actions at the institution of this Holy Sacrament. Here

Liturgies were not committed to writing at first, but to memory" (Palmer i. 121). This accounts for the minor variations that occur in Liturgies that "resemble one another too much to have grown up independently, too little to have been copied from one another" ("Tract" lxiii. p. 9).

¹ "Tract" No. lxiii.

then was the fountain-head, "and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

It will assist the memory to furnish at this stage a statement of the sources of the English Church Liturgy.

Gallican Church Liturgy.

Within the limits at our disposal it is only possible to give conclusions which are worked out in detail in the standard works. Thus Palmer carries us from stage to stage. "Reflecting," he says, "that Lyons, the first Church in Gaul (*France*), derived her Liturgy from the Churches ruled by S. John, that there is no trace or tradition of any other Liturgy having prevailed in Gaul in primitive times, and this ancient Liturgy differed from the Roman, the Alexandrian (*Egyptian*), and the Oriental; it appears altogether probable that the Gallican was derived originally from instructions given by S. John to the Churches of Asia and Phrygia, and therefore that we may invest it with the dignity of an Apostolical Liturgy."¹

British Church Liturgy.

It was "almost certainly from Gaul"² that Britain received its Christianity, and at the same time its original forms of Worship.³ This would account for the differences from the Roman Liturgy which S. Augustine found in the Gallican as he journeyed through that country, and again in the British, on his arrival in this land, in 597 A.D. Having sought directions from the Patriarch of Rome as to his course of procedure under these circumstances, he received the following wise counsel from Gregory, that he "would do well if he found anything either in the Roman or Gallican Churches or any other Church more acceptable to Almighty God, carefully to make choice of the same, and sedulously to teach the Church of the English, which was as yet new in the Faith, whatsoever he could gather from the several Churches. For things were not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things."

S. Augustine's Revision.

"S. Augustine," observes Archdeacon Free-

¹ Palmer, "Orig. Lit.," I. 157. The views of Palmer and Freeman are given in the text as standard authorities. It is now, however, admitted that the Gallican Liturgy was of a composite character. While it had an Ephesine, it also had a Roman, as well as a purely local, element.

² Haddan, "Remains," p. 216; Bright, "Early Eng. Ch. Hist.," p. 5.

³ "The original British Use was apparently identical with the Gallican."—Bright, "Early Eng. Ch. Hist.," p. 29.

man, "would be fulfilling these instructions most equably, by introducing into England the Communion Office of the Roman, and the Ordinary Offices of the Southern French Churches."¹ And this he appears to have done.

While, however, he brought with him the Gallican Daily Offices, which were very nearly identical with the ancient British, being sprung from the same stock, he unquestionably introduced the Communion Office of the Roman Church.² "There can be no doubt that Augustine and his companions carried with them the *Sacramentary* of Gregory, patriarch of Rome, by whom they had been sent to this country. In fact the Liturgical books of the Anglo-Saxon Church in subsequent times were nothing else but transcripts of the *Sacramentary*. As however, each Bishop had the power of making some improvements in the Liturgy of his Church, in process of time different customs arose, and several became so established as to receive the names of their respective Churches. Thus gradually the

'Uses'

or customs of York, Sarum, Hereford, Bangor, Lincoln, Aberdeen, &c., came to be distinguished from each other."³

The most important of all these was

The Sarum Use,

which appears to have been adopted in various parts of the kingdom, more particularly in the South of England, and to have penetrated to the Continent, even as far as Portugal.⁴ It was drawn up by Osmund, Bishop of the See in 1085.

Reformed Prayer Book,

It was this *Use* that was the basis of the Reformation Service-Book.⁵ "It was not the design of our Reformers to introduce a new form of worship into the Church, but to correct and amend the old one;"⁷ consequently, "the English Book of Common Prayer was formed, not by a composition of new materials, but with a careful observance of the order of the several elements or parts of the earlier Services, of which large portions were translated."⁸ When

¹ "Prin. of Div., Serv." I. 253.

² "It is capable, I conceive, of demonstration, that what S. Augustine introduced was not, strictly speaking, the Roman Daily Offices at all, but only a kindred, though closely allied member of the family or stock of Offices to which the Roman belonged."—*Ibid.*, I. 41.

³ Proctor, "Prayer Book," 3

⁴ Palmer, I. 186; Bright, "Earl. Eng. Ch. Hist.," 90.

⁵ Proctor, "Book of Common Prayer," 5.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 18.

⁷ Wheatley, "Intro.," 22; Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv." I. 10.

⁸ Proctor, 28; cf. Freeman, I. 8.

it was completed, Archbishop Cranmer expressed himself ready to prove "that the order of the Church of England, set out by authority of Edward VI., was the same that had been used in the Church for fifteen hundred years past."¹

And this character was jealously preserved in its final revision in 1662, so that it is confidently asserted in the Preface of the present Book, "*Since the Reformation the Church . . . hath yielded to make such alterations in some particulars, as in their respective times were thought convenient; yet so as that the main body and essentials of it (as well as the chiefest materials, as in the frame and order thereof) have continued the same unto this day.*"

It is therefore claimed for the English Church that she "holds fast to a form of Worship possessing this one advantage, viz., that of having come down to her in an unbroken succession from primitive days. Her foot in this matter is on the rock of Apostolic practice and precedent; 'her foundations are upon the holy hills.'"²

Communion Office.

In proof of this, the Communion Office of the Church of England may challenge comparison with the four Original Liturgies.

It will be perceived that *the Kiss of Peace* and *the Prayers for the Dead* are alone omitted in the English Office. The former, as belonging to the habits and customs of another age and clime, is replaced by its equivalent in the injunctions to love and charity. While for the latter has been substituted a *commemoration* of the faithful departed in these terms:—"We bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom."

The retention of the other features in their integrity establishes the Catholic and Apostolic character of the English Office. "Such, for example," says Bishop Bull, "is the *Servus corda* in the Office of the Communion, the Priest saying, '*Lift up your hearts,*' and the people answering, '*We lift them up unto the Lord.*' There is no Liturgy in any Church of Christ to this day but hath this form."³

¹ Jeremy Taylor, "Works," VII. 292. Compare the King's message to the Devonshire rebels: "It seemeth to you a new Service, and indeed is none other but the old; the self-same words in English which were in Latin, saving a few things taken out," Foxe, "Acts and Mon.," V. 734; see Proctor, p. 29.

² Freeman, I. 161.

³ Bishop Bull, Sermon xiii.; see "Tracts for the Times," No. lxiv.

<p>ST. PETER'S. <i>Roman, Milanese, African.</i></p>	<p>1. Lift up your hearts, &c. 2. Therefore with Angels, &c. 3. Prayers for the Church on earth. 4. Consecration Prayer. 5. Commemoration of our Lord's Words. 6. The Oblation. 7. Prayers for the dead. 8. Breaking of Bread. 9. The Lord's Prayer. 10. The Kiss of Peace. 11. Communion.</p>
<p>ST. JAMES'. <i>Oriental.</i></p>	<p>10. The Kiss of Peace. 1. Lift up your hearts, &c. 2. Therefore with Angels, &c. 5. Commemoration of our Lord's Words. 6. The Oblation. 4. Consecration Prayer. 3. Prayers for the Church on Earth. 7. Prayers for the dead. 9. The Lord's Prayer. 8. Breaking of Bread. 11. Communion.</p>
<p>ST. MARK'S. <i>Egyptian, Ethiopian.</i></p>	<p>10. The Kiss of Peace. 1. Lift up your hearts, &c. 3. Prayers for the Church on earth. 7. Prayers for the dead. 2. Therefore with Angels, &c. 5. Commemoration of our Lord's Words. 6. The Oblation. 4. Consecration Prayer. 8. Breaking of Bread. 9. The Lord's Prayer. 11. Communion.</p>
<p>ST. JOHN'S. <i>Ephesine, Gallican, Mozarabic.</i></p>	<p>3. Prayers for the Church on earth. 7. Prayers for the dead. 10. The Kiss of Peace. 1. Lift up your hearts, &c. 2. Therefore with Angels, &c. 5. Commemoration of our Lord's Words. 6. The Oblation. 4. Consecration Prayer. 8. Breaking of Bread. 9. The Lord's Prayer. 11. Communion.</p>
<p><i>Anglican.</i></p>	<p>3. Prayers for the Church on earth. 1. Lift up your hearts, &c. 2. Therefore with Angels, &c. 4. Consecration. 5. Commemoration of our Lord's Words. 11. Communion. 9. The Lord's Prayer. 6. Oblation.</p>

Baptismal Office.

The same is true in respect of the Baptismal Service. To take a single illustration—in the words of the same writer, “Where the person to be baptised is obliged first to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomp and vanity of the world, &c., and then to profess his faith in the Holy Trinity, ‘God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.’ This form is to be found in the Liturgies of all the Churches of Christ throughout the world, almost in the very same words, and is therefore doubtless of primitive and Apostolical origin.”¹

Daily Offices.

The case of Morning and Evening Prayer may be briefly stated.

The Daily Offices of the East were evolved, as has been already stated, out of the Offices for the administration of the Sacraments. That which was done “compactly” in the Sacraments, was done in the ordinary worship, “in a more developed and leisurely manner, by actions of a corresponding and kindred nature.”² This is the explanation given of the origin of the Daily Offices of the East.

It was from this source that the Western Offices were derived.³ These in turn furnished the materials out of which that part of the Diocesan Uses in England was compiled which was to form the staple of the Morning and Evening Prayer as we now have them.

The Sarum *Breviary* contained the *Seven Hours of Prayer*. Of these the three first (*Matins, Lauds, and Prime*) were compressed into *Morning Prayer*; the two last (*Vespers and Compline*) into *Evening Prayer*.⁴

So that not only has the structure of the ancient Worship been maintained, but its very materials have been introduced into the new.

Such, in brief, is the account of the Service-Book of the English Church and all its branches.

To conclude in the words of a writer often quoted in this section of our subject:—

“We find, in short, in the case of ordinary Church Worship, no less than of Eucharistic, a primitive fountain-head, having its seat in the bosom of the Apostolic Church, and thence parted into several streams for the spiritual nurture of all the nations of the earth.”⁵

¹ Bishop Bull, *Ibid.*

² Freeman, “Prin. of Divine Service,” I. 200.

³ “The Eastern Daily Offices, were to the later Western ritual, nothing less than the quarry whence the materials for its stately structure were drawn.”—Freeman, I. 86, cf. 152.

⁴ Proctor, “Prayer Book,” 181.

⁵ Freeman, I. 46.



Our Lady's Bedstraw.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

[This old and beautiful legend of the flowers—obviously embodying a parable—was the product of the reverential thought of the Middle Ages.]

THE birth of the Saviour was nigh at hand,
A whisper went forth of it over the land,
And the flowers were summoned from heather
and lea,

A litter to furnish for Our Ladye.

“O, hasten, ye fairest under the sun,
To all things living the Christ is come
And not alone to men it is given
To welcome the birth of the Lord from
Heaven.”

But one and another they turned away
From that service sweet, on Christ's Birthday,
For some were too proud for so humble a call,
And some were not worthy of Bethlehem's
stall.

Too early the season by far, for one,
Its blossoms were hardly awake in the sun,
Too late for another, as all may see,
“Such drooping petals for Our Ladye!”

And is there not one on heather and lea,
Who will offer the service for sweet Mary?
Behold one coming along the way,
'Tis the little white bedstraw, who softly doth
say,

“I cannot offer the fragrance sweet,
Nor the beauteous colours which would be meet,
But I gladly come, though unworthy I be
Of Bethlehem's stall, and Our Ladye.”

And lo! from that hour of service true,
Her blossoms white took a golden hue,
And a fairer name was henceforward her own,
As *Our Lady's Bedstraw* she now was known.

And when sweet summer comes round again,
Go seek for the bedstraw in the lane,
And learn how a service high may be given,
By the humblest spirit under heaven.

L. M. SAUNDERS.



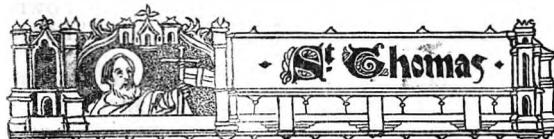
ADVENT is not only a time when we prepare to commemorate the Nativity in Bethlehem, but we should be making ourselves ready to receive our present Saviour and our King. We must, by true repentance, "cast off the works of darkness," and "put on the armour of light." We must put away sin, and imitate the virtues and obey the laws of our King.



We have a conscience which tells us when we do right or wrong, a portent of the judgment to come. The voice of conscience certainly implies that we are accountable to One for all we do. The truth that "every one of us must give an account of himself to God," finds a response, then, in our inmost being.



Every soul is living in communion with God, by the influence, by the example, by the sweetness of such a life, the inner presence will betray itself. If Christ be in you, His life will be manifested by you, and your works become witnesses to Him.



THE seat of the doubts of real Christians is not so much

in their hearts as in their intellects. The best thing to do with such doubts, is to turn our back upon them, and do what St. Thomas did—join ourselves more closely to the disciples of Christ, and give up thinking and arguing with ourselves, till we have more light.



The crooked must be made straight, the rough must be made smooth. Christianity produces gentleness. Whatever may be our position in life, it will refine us if we are faithful to its principles—thus only is the way of the Lord made straight in the soul.



MAY He who was once presented veiled in human flesh before human eyes, and who is now presented unveiled to our memories and faith in the truth and majesty of what He really is, grant us all, in His own good time, to behold Him face to face and eye to eye, where saints and angels and all the companies of the blessed rejoice for ever in the light of His countenance.



MAY Christ enable us daily to present ourselves before

Him; ready to bear any cross that He may lay upon us, that we may go from strength to strength, steadfastly looking up to heaven, and by faith beholding the glory that shall be revealed.



"SPEAKING the truth in love" should be our motto. God give us grace to unite determined zeal for the faith with tenderness; peremptory severity against error, with gentleness and humility in everything merely concerning ourselves.



THESE innocents, the earliest in His noble army of martyrs, Christ crowned without their deserts, that we might the better learn how He gives all that He crowns in those that follow in that glorious train.



WHATEVER trials, whatever temptations are before us in the unknown year; whatever it may bring to shake our faith, or to test our endurance, or to dishearten us in the daily round of duty; let us take it as our watchword that God is with us; let us trust in the great and comforting truth which this word Immanuel brings; and once more this Name of the Lord will be a strong tower, into which we shall run and be safe.



XII.

Bishop Hannington.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER (*Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury*).

THE spirit of martyrdom, that noble spirit which braves every danger and persecution for the sake of furthering the cause of Jesus Christ and promoting the glory of God, of which the early centuries of Christianity furnish so rich a record, has burnt brightly in the present age of the Church of England. The story of Bishop Patteson, of which a brief account was given last month, recounts the fearlessness and courage of one whose whole life was given to the glorious object of spreading the Kingdom of God on earth.

The life of Bishop Hannington furnishes another picture of a true saint of God. He bravely carried out the work to which, in a very special degree, he had been called, and laid a foundation, in the evangelisation of the natives of Equatorial Africa, on which his successors have been building. James Hannington, a native of Sussex, was born in the year 1847. From a child he was devoted to all outside sports and amusements, his greatest joy being to go for a sail. When only eleven years of age, he and his brother, who was only a year older than himself, experienced the delight of making a trip alone in their boat—a delight which was doubtless not shared by their anxious mother, as soon as she became aware of their doings.

He left school at the age of fifteen, and for

Lessons for December.

		MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
1	F 1 Sunday in Advent	Isaiah 1	Peter 3 v. 8 to 4 v. 7 Isaiah 2; or John 11 v. 47 to 12 v. 20
8	F 2 Sunday in Advent. Adv. Concep. of B.V.M.	Isaiah 5	John 2 to 11; or 11 v. 15; or 24
15	F 3 Sunday in Advent. Adv. Ember Coll. daily.	Isaiah 25	John 3 Isa. 26; or 28 v. 5 to 19
21	S St. Thos. A. & M.	Job 42 to v. 7	John 20 v. 19 to 24 Isa. 35 John 14 to v. 8
22	F 4 Sunday in Advent.	Isaiah 30 to v. 27	Rev. 8 Isa. 32; or 33 v. 2 to 23 Rev. 10
25	W Christmas Day. Pr. Pss. M. 19, 45, 85 E. 89, 110, 132	Isaiah 9 to v. 8	Luke 2 to v. 15 Isa. 7 v. 10 to v. 17 Titus 3 v. 4
26	Th. St. Stephen, the First Mart.	Gen. 4 to v. 11	Acts 6 2 Chron. 24 v. 15 to 23
27	F St. John, A. & E.	Exod. 33 v. 9 to v. 23	John 13 v. 23 to 36 Isaiah 6 Rev. 1
28	S Innocents' Day	Jer. 31 to v. 18	Rev. 18 Baruch 4 v. 21 to 31
29	F 1 Sunday aft. Christmas.	Isaiah 35	Rev. 19 to v. 11 Isaiah 38 or 40 Rev. 19 v. 11

the next six years he was employed in various capacities at his father's counting house in Brighton. Though, from the first, the discipline and restraint of an office life were in the highest degree uncongenial to him, they produced an excellent effect upon his character; in preparing him for the arduous career which was in store for him in later years. During that period he was enabled to make several trips abroad, visiting France, Switzerland, Norway, Italy and Russia. By this means he acquired a considerable facility in speaking and understanding foreign languages, and in dealing with men. Before he reached his twentieth year he obtained a commission in the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers.

It was soon after this that the thought of taking orders occurred to him, and the desire to dedicate himself to the ministry of the Church continued to grow, although it was some time before he was in a position to accomplish his wish. At length, in the year 1868, soon after the came of age, he obtained his father's consent to retire from the business, and to enter as an undergraduate at St. Mary Hall, Oxford. His university life was uneventful, and was not marked by any special application to study. On the contrary, he was rather addicted to enjoyment, and even to the commission of practical jokes, which occasionally got him into trouble. At the same time, in spite of his high-spirited and still boyish temperament, he invariably exerted an influence for good over his companions, and many of his Oxford contemporaries can testify to the help they derived from their intercourse with him.

Strange to say, he failed in his examination for deacon's orders. He had for some time past been devoting himself, for his own amusement, to scientific studies, and at first when the Bishop of Exeter rejected him, he was inclined to give up the idea of again offering himself for the diaconate. However, he finally decided to make another attempt, and he was ordained in 1872, and licensed to the curacy of Martinhoe where his work among the simple villagers soon began to tell. It was not long before he exchanged the quiet and easy curacy in Devonshire for the strain of town work in Derby. When his father had at length completed the erection of the new Church of St. George, Hurstpierpoint, he persuaded the future Bishop to become its first incumbent. Here he laboured for several years, and the picture of his home life, with his wife and children, as it presented itself to those who were invited to enjoy his hospitality, was a very pleasing and a very happy one. His leaning towards science inclined

him to study medicine, by acting as honorary assistant to the local doctor; and his power of rapidly acquiring knowledge in any branch of study to which he applied himself, soon enabled him to carry the healing art with him into the homes of his parishioners.

In 1878, Hannington was led to turn his attention to the desire to work in the Mission field, but it was some years before he was able to put his desire into execution. In May, 1882, he started, with several companions, for Uganda. They were warmly welcomed, on their arrival at Zanzibar, by the members of the Universities' Mission, and, after a few days' rest, they started on foot for the interior. His irrepressible spirits supported him through the trying journey, though he nearly succumbed, first to dysentery, and then to an acute attack of rheumatism. After a year's absence he returned to England, and it seemed doubtful if he could ever return to Africa. Before long, however, his health was thoroughly re-established, and on June 24th, 1884, he was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in Lambeth Parish Church, as Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa. The following January he arrived at Mombasa.

In July, 1885, he started on his journey through the Chagga district northward to Uganda, at the head of a force of 200 men. He was well aware of the difficulties and dangers of the route, in consequence of the hostility of King Mwanga to the entrance of white men into his territory. His earnest desire to carry the gospel message to the natives of the district induced him to resist all attempts to dissuade him from the enterprise. It was not long before he was seized by the Waganda soldiers, brutally dragged along the ground, and imprisoned in a hut. Here he was kept for eight days, during which he was attacked by fever, and lay almost at death's door. At length he was brought out of the hut, saw his men speared before his eyes, and almost immediately afterwards his spirit passed away. He succumbed to the injuries to which he was subjected by orders of the king.

Such was the influence of his life and teaching that sixteen lads, whom he had converted to the faith, and had baptized, were arrested on the charge of being Christians. Animated by his example, they chose to be burned alive rather than deny their Saviour.

Hannington was a brave man, and an earnest and faithful servant of his Master. His influence has had a powerful effect in winning souls to Christ, and it will be long before the results of his work are forgotten.