

# THE DAWN OF DAY



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[NEW SERIES.



## Merrilands Farm.

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

### PART II.

MRS. DEW WANTS A NEW CARPET.

FARMERS, as everyone knows, have their ups and downs, their good and their bad years. Indeed, according to themselves, many more of the bad than of the good; and Farmer Dew, at the time our little story opens, after a long course of prosperity, had experienced the usual reverse.

"LEAVE MERRIELANDS FARM?"

"It seems to me, wife, that the place is too big for us. I've looked this way, and that way, and I don't see it clear on ahead, unless, to be

sure, the weather takes a turn, which is just what it won't do, and what all the barometers in the world won't make it do—I am saying, I don't see how the farm's going to pay this year. And if it doesn't pay," and here the old man looked around him uneasily, "it would be a sore blow to me to quit Merrieland's Farm," he murmured under his breath.

Not so low, however, but that both Mrs. Dew and Lettice caught the words. "Leave Merrieland's Farm!" cried they, looking first at him and then at each other (no one else was present, Sarah, the servant, being upstairs). "Leave Merrieland's Farm!" and simultaneously the eyes of all three went round the large hall kitchen with its panelled walls, and black-beamed ceiling, its vast fireplace, and roomy window niches,—feeling that no other apartment would ever be to them like it, not only for its present ample comfort, but because of many an association with the past.

The farmer, who was sitting in his favourite corner of the oak settle, well under the shelter of the overhanging chimney-piece, laid down his pipe, and rubbed his knee nervously with the disengaged hand.

"I'm getting an old man now," he said, "and things take hold on me; if I had a son at home, maybe it might be different. I wouldn't think so much about every shower of rain; but I've no one to give me a helping hand, I've only you two women," with a gentle, involuntary contempt.

But the contempt, mild as it was, stirred his wife's spirit.

"And supposing we are only two women," she cried, "that's not to say our hands mayn't be as good to help as men's, if we choose to set to and make 'em of use! I've had an idea in my head this long time past, only I didn't know what you'd say to it—you and Lettice. I'll help you to make the farm pay, old man"—laying her broad hand on his shoulder, and bestowing on him a smile of conscious strength and goodwill combined; "I can't go out and plough the fields; and I can't make the seeds come up; nor the grazing land grow sweet and fine grass, but I'll help you to stay in Merrieland's Farm, all the same. Shall I tell you how?"

"Aye, indeed, tell me how," retorted poor Dew, ruefully. "I'll be main obliged to anyone who'll tell me how. For when I come home of an evening, and look at this big house, and wonder how I'm ever going to keep on in it—"

"Oh, Tilly-vally, tilly-vally!" Mrs. Dew cheerily patted the shoulder. "We're going to keep on in it, sure enough. And now isn't it a queer thing, Lettice, that your father should

have said that about 'this big house,' just when it was the very bigness of the house that put my idea into my head? You see, John," turning again to her husband, "when you and I come here, nigh upon thirty years ago, we had such a pack of youngsters round us, and more a-coming—to say nothing of those two boys of your sister's, that you would take in and look after as if they was your own, till they went out into the world,—having, say I, such a number of them one way and another, the house was no way too big, and indeed sometimes it was hardly big enough! You remember when we wanted to have poor cousin Joe and his wife down from London to give 'em a bit of a change after his fever, there was nowhere to put 'em, until I had turned over two of our own to sleep in the barn, which, being summer time, they was glad enough to do, and get up as soon as it was light, and go a-fishing in the ponds, naughty lads that they were."

"Now mother, mother, don't go off like this," Lettice had been drumming with her fingers on the table, until she really could wait no longer; for it must be owned that Mrs. Dew was apt to find the difficulty of sticking to her point a very serious one when launched on the full tide of reminiscence.

She was, however, always good-humouredly willing to be brought back.

"I do declare I had almost forgotten what it was I had to say," she laughed at herself. "Thinking of old times set me off; but now I know; it was about the rooms. Don't you remember, John," shaking him gently to enforce her words, "don't you remember how pleased poor cousin Joe was with that bedroom over the porch, opening out into the round turret, which I said he was to have for his own sitting-room, being as he was weakly, and not able to bear the noise downstairs? I would have put the boys into it, only for having no beds, nor washing-things; but there's the old table in it now, and the couch, and the chairs just as it was when cousin Joe came; and he said, 'Well, if I was the first prince in the kingdom I couldn't wish for a pleasanter room to sit in; nor, for that matter, a prettier bedroom.' And his wife, Mary Jane, being rather one as picked holes, you know, though, poor body, she's dead and gone, so 'tis a shame to mention it, but all she said was, 'If you had a new carpet, and some muslin curtains, and some pictures on the walls, it would really be a nice room, and you might take in a gentleman or two as lodgers.'" There now, that's exactly what Mary Jane said; and though I tossed up my head then, and wasn't above half pleased with her for

hinting at such a thing, I've thought more than once about it since. Lettice, *you* know; I've said to you more than once, 'I do wish I had a new carpet for the turret room.'"

Lettice was looking intelligently at her mother. She had grasped the new idea.

Now, truth to tell, pretty Lettice, who was of a lively, sociable disposition, had for some time past felt herself rather short of company. She might have many things that her elder sisters had lacked; she might be better off than they had been in various ways. But they had possessed that luxury of companionship which the young so dearly prize, and which they miss so terribly when they have it not.

As a little child, Lettice had not wanted playmates, for her schoolfellows had been abundant, and had been made free of the farm and its precincts at all times, under Mrs. Dew's kindly reign. Every holiday and half-holiday had seen Lettice in the midst of her little troop, either swinging in the orchard, paddling in the stream, playing "hi-spy" among the trees, or

clambering about on the tops of the walls and various roofs of the barns and out-houses.

In the midst of the play, a call would be heard, and all would hasten to collect, full well guessing what it meant. Mrs. Dew would be standing in the sun, wrinkling up her face, and holding in her hand a plate of good things to be divided among the little party. She would call to them, as though they were her chickens, to come and be fed. She generally managed to have her baking days on such occasions; and a cheese-cake apiece, or an apple-turnover, or a hunch of well-browned sweet cake would be appreciated by every hungry little mouth.

But as years passed, such merry days fell into the background.

One by one, each little girl went off into the world to earn her own living, all but Lettice, the fortunate Lettice, who had no need to quit her parents' roof on such grounds; so that by the time she was seventeen, exactly two years before the date at which this little story opens, Lettice Dew found herself absolutely alone as regarded her contemporaries, and would have been fain to welcome even those she had liked least in her days of plenty.

In the proposition which she now beheld on the tip of her mother's tongue, she divined the satisfaction of her sorest want.

To be sure, no one could prophesy what sort of person—or persons—would be likely to fancy a stay at Merrielands Farm, should they decide to prepare the rooms admired by cousin Joe, for summer lodgers. They might be old folks—or dull folks—or folks too grand to have anything to do, except in the way of business, with the family of their landlord,—but on the other hand, they might be young, sprightly, and friendly?

It was worth the trial.

"Oh, do consent, father!" cried she; Mrs. Dew having laid her scheme at length before the slower wits of her husband; "do let us get the rooms ready, and put them in the papers. There is no harm in it, father; there's no *come down* in it. Lots of folks, who have houses too big for them, as this is, have 'Apartments to let' in the summer-time; and it would be such fun. Mother and I would wait upon them, and supposing we got someone nice, someone I could make friends with—"

"D'ye hear the lass? 'Make friends with' indeed! She do think herself fit company for anybody, I believe," chuckled the farmer, not displeased. "Gentry or not, Lettice thinks she



"IT'S A REAL GOOD CHAIR."

is as good as any of 'em. Lor, what a thing it is to have conceit!"

"They needn't be *gentry*," Lettice bridled, "but I do say that whoever they might be t'would put some life into the place. Well, mother, that's settled. It is settled, isn't it? 'Apartments to let at Merrieland's Farm.' How well it sounds. Now how are we to do it, and when are we to begin?"

It was, after much discussion, agreed that the matter was to be taken in hand without loss of time, and accordingly, the next day saw the two women, all excitement, drive through the blossoming lanes into the ancient and picturesque city of Chester, and put up at the old "Bell" Inn, whose yard the farmer's mare knew as well as she did her own.

Down stepped worthy Mrs. Dew clad in her best, her ample form well sheathed in a warm shawl—for the spring breeze was cool—and a comfortable bonnet firmly tied on beneath her overflowing chin.

Lettice, in somewhat smarter raiment, was on the ground beside her mother in a moment, and, having delivered over Molly, the mare, to the charge of the grey-headed ostler, away went the pair into the midst of the shops and streets.

"Now, we're not going to look at anything *here*, Lettice," pronounced Mrs. Dew with decision, as they hurried past the handsome warehouses of Eastgate Row. "It's no use wasting our time looking at things we can't buy. When we've got the carpet, and the stuff for the curtains, and the chest of drawers and the fire-irons and the table-cover—and I know where to go for them all—then, if we have time, and if you have a fancy to see the fashions, we can step back this way and look in at these windows. But business first."

In Watergate Row old furniture shops are abundant, as evidenced by the pile of second-hand tables and chairs in front of each repository; but though Lettice was fain to stand still and exclaim, "There now, mother, if there isn't the very thing we want!" more than once, as the two threaded their way along the dim, narrow archway, Mrs. Dew knew better, and refused to look to right or to left until she had reached the very furthest end of the colonnade,

where was a dealer's shop of the humblest and shabbiest description.

Pausing before the door, the dame looked round at her daughter with a twinkling eye. "The things are just as good here as yonder," she whispered shrewdly, "*every bit*." They're the same good old oak, only wanting the polish, which we can put on as well as any of 'em, and they are less than half the price, because grand customers never come so far down the Row. They would, if they knew this shop, I could tell them. Just you look about you, Lettice, when we get inside," and she stepped into the dusky interior. It was certainly worthy to be looked about in. It was piled up from floor to ceiling with what Mrs. Dew called "good, solid sticks," and in no long time she had suited herself with a quaint bureau, which she already saw in her mind's eye standing against the wall of the turret chamber, and a roomy arm-chair, whose ragged drapery covered the best of horsehair.



"PLAYING HI-SPY AMONG THE TREES."

"It's easy enough to rip off that dirty stuff," confided she to Lettice, screwing her mouth round in fond hopes of making the remark audible only to her; "and to make a nice fresh cover of chintz to match the curtains. Remind me to get a bit extra, Lettice, it's a real good chair, and," screwing her mouth round again, "uncommon cheap."

A set of fire-irons was added from this establishment, and the worthy farmer's wife, well pleased with her purchases, paid for them then and there, and promised to send a cart in for the lot on the following day.

Nor was Mrs. Dew less successful with her carpet; and though it must be owned she took leave to whisk up, impromptu, a rug or two, and add a remnant of linen for her front stairs from the same place, she obtained the whole for a sum so well within the limits prescribed by her husband, that he could find no fault when the results of the day were submitted to him. Even the chintz and muslin did not come to so much by several shillings as he had calculated. At Merrieland's Farm, calculations were always made on a generous scale.

Mrs. Dew had, however, to make one trifling confession which she kept to the last; Lettice standing by with pink cheeks.

"I did just give that girl a bit of a *parrysol*," murmured the good mother, deprecatingly. "You see, John, things was so cheap; and Lettice, promising as she does to give me a hand with the rooms—and the lodgers—I thought there would be no harm in her having something out of it all."

Whereat Farmer Dew burst out a laughing, and in his turn confessed that he had given the women more money than he knew they would need, because he was sure they would never get away from the shops without Lettice hankering after some bit of "foolery"! "And I knew the old woman would want to give it her, and I was just a fool like the rest of ye," he summed up.

A plain seamstress from the neighbouring village was called in to aid, Mrs. Dew being afraid lest they should be taken unawares some fine morning by some enquirers, attracted by the advertisement which her husband had put in the papers, under the joint direction of Mr. Elder, the farm bailiff, and Mr. Peckferton, the station-master. Both of these asserted that rooms at Merrields Farm would not be to let many days before they would be pounced upon.

The weather was beautiful, the season of the year propitious. There would be sure to be dozens of town folks anxious to get into the country just when the country was looking its best.

The rector was more cautious. He thought it not unlikely that his good friends the Dews might be able to find occupants for their charming spare chambers, and would certainly recommend any of his friends who chanced to need country air to take advantage of such an opportunity;—but he did not know—he was not sure—it was rather early in the year for most people, that was to say, for the sort of people likely to take rooms at a farmhouse. Later on, when the holidays began, there would be no sort of difficulty, there would be quite a rush for country lodgings, and Mrs. Dew, who had such delightful lodgings to offer, and who would be a host in herself as a landlady, to say nothing of having such a charming assistant as Miss Lettice, really they might pick and choose, and would have to turn away any number from the door.

Whether or not it would be successful, however, he argued that it could do no harm to let it be known the rooms were to be had; and an advertisement was accordingly placed in the county papers.

To the surprise of all, and to their no small pride, it was, however, not from the immediate neighbourhood, nor from one at all reached by

the *Chester Chronicle*, or the *Cestrian*, that the first reply came. An envelope bearing the London postmark was handed in within a few days of the first appearance of the advertisement, and proved to be from a certain Miss Harriet Saxby, who stated that she and her sister had heard of Merrields Farm through a friend, and would be glad to know particulars.

"Coming from London," exclaimed Lettice. "To think of their coming all the way from London!" And even her father and mother thrilled at the idea.

Miss Harriet Saxby was replied to by the next post.

(To be continued.)



FLOWER GARDEN.—As soon as the ground is thoroughly thawed, and not too wet, beds of carnations, pinks, pansies, and others that were planted in the autumn should be gone over, replacing any that may have been thrown out or displaced by the frost, and making the soil quite firm round the roots again. As good a plan as any of propagating pinks is to pull the old stools to pieces in September or October, and plant them singly (whether rooted or not) 4 ft. 6 in. apart, in a bed of good soil, making all firm. Nearly all of them will grow and make good plants. Old roots of carnations may be successfully treated the same way where the soil is of a sandy nature.

Look over the stock of dahlia roots, cutting away any decayed portions, and seeing that the labels are properly secured to each.

WHEN a Mohammedan was recently lying in the hospital of Aden, he was asked to read the Gospel of St. John. He replied that he did not mind reading the historical parts, but he was afraid to study the more spiritual ones, lest he should come to put his whole trust in Jesus Christ. The same man frankly said that if Christian teachers wished to make way amongst the Mohammedans, all they had to do was to increase their schools. "Through the children," he said, "you will get the parents."



## On the Management of Young Children.—II.

### FEEDING.

#### The Baby's Toilet.

**I**N most homes where one pair of hands has to do the work, it is the best management to leave the baby's toilet until after breakfast, only doing such necessary cleaning as will make the child sweet and wholesome. Take for this purpose a little warm water and a piece of flannel: do not be content with anything less; it is a little piece of dainty care which will much improve the condition of the babe. After the breakfast is cleared away, baby should have his full share of attention, the wash *all over* in warm water, the careful drying, the clothing in well-aired garments, and then his meal; a good half-hour's work, if thoroughly and carefully done. Now, if he is a well-mannered baby, he should be ready for a two-hours' sleep, allowing his mother time to do her household work. If his sleep can be taken in another room it is likely to be more sound; if this is inconvenient then a secluded corner, sheltered behind a clothes-horse to keep him undisturbed, will be a good substitute.

We are speaking of a typical babe. Experience tells us that there are exceptions to this rule, that there is the cross baby as well as the cross man; infants with that nervous, irritable nature that is so soon disturbed, and so difficult to quiet; still, it is well to remember that the nervous system of the babe is part of the animal nature, and depends upon the regular performance of the natural functions to maintain its stability.

This young animal has to eat, to digest his food, to grow and increase his bulk out of the materials which he has in his food, and then to cast out the refuse for which the body has no use: these are some of the most important of the animal functions.

#### The Proper Food

We will consider the food of infancy and young child life. The proper food is milk, the

mother's milk, if she has a sufficiency, and failing that, cow's milk, made weaker by adding one-third of *boiled* water, and made lighter by boiling before use, with the addition of one or two lumps of sugar to a half-pint of milk and water. The infant can be fed with this until the teeth begin to come. Sometimes, though rarely, this food does not satisfy the infant; then take a little of Robinson's Prepared Groats, half-a-teaspoonful to a pint of milk and water, to be given twice a day.

#### Quantity.

This is the food; now what quantity is to be taken, and how often? We ask Nature to teach us. The breast of a healthy woman secretes from 2 to 3 oz. of milk, or, in other words, from 4 to six table-spoonsful between each feed. In the first month of infancy the child wants feeding every two hours, and then the interval may be every three hours in the day, and twice at night, extending the time to every four hours as the teeth begin to come, and once at night.

This method of feeding gives us a pint and 4 oz. for the first month of life; then, as the interval is increased, the breast makes more milk, so that if the infant is fed from both breasts it may take a pint and a half, and this be increased to two pints in the 24 hours.

The reason for advising the mother not to put the infant to the breast every time that it cries is that the constant sucking from the breast does not give the organs time to secrete nourishing milk—only a thin fluid which does not satisfy the babe—so, though always sucking it is always hungry. Moreover, the stomach of the child is kept in a state of incessant activity, it misses the period of rest which is necessary for the healthy discharge of its duty, and becomes weak and easily upset. The upshot of all this mismanagement is that the child is fretful and cross, and the mother is wearied and cross—both are worn out.

#### Bottle Feeding.

If the infant is being bottle-fed, have nothing to do with the bottle with the long tube: it holds the milk inside the joints and connections, and this will turn the fresh food sour, causing gripes or diarrhœa to the poor little thing. When these disorders occur look to the food first, for there, generally, the fault lies. You cannot be too careful in the preparation of the food—that it be well cooked, quite fresh, and that all the vessels are clean. Keep the bottle (the old-fashioned boat-shaped bottle and teat) in fresh cold water between each feed, having first made it quite

clean. In feeding the child with the bottle see that it does not take it too fast.

#### Bone-Forming Food.

When the teeth are coming nature tells us that the child must have more nourishing food, food in which we may find the bone-forming material for the hardening of the bones of the body. This lime is in wheat, in the coats round the grain, and is prepared for use as whole-meal flour; it is also in oatmeal, but we do not find it in white flour, corn flour, or arrowroot; these latter food-stuffs being of use to fatten the child, but they do not make bone, or muscle, and for that reason cannot be called food. The milk that has been given to the infant may be thickened by the addition of prepared wheat-flour, or prepared oatmeal. Two meals of this food may be given with advantage whilst the child is teething, paying attention at the same time to the general condition of the bowels and secretions.



SUGAR was known in England as early as the middle of the fifteenth century, but it was only used at feasts and for medicinal purposes. In France the sale of it was a monopoly enjoyed by apothecaries until late in the seventeenth century. The monopoly did not help to make it cheap. In fact it was more of a luxury than champagne and truffles now are.

By a simple rule, the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

THE air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted, to allow the occupant to sink or float, as he pleases.

CORALS of some kinds are found in all seas. Those stony formations popularly called corals are mostly produced within the tropics. Probably the variety best known is the red or pink coral, long esteemed for ornaments. This was found in the Mediterranean from a very early period. Now, however, it has become so rare as to be practically extinct.

IF the wood, say of a gate post, is placed right end up, the moisture of the soil will affect it, but the rain falling on the top will do little harm; if, on the other hand, the butt end of the tree is put uppermost, the top of the post will decay, because the moisture of the atmosphere will penetrate the pores of the wood more rapidly in this position. Many people have noticed that the staves in a wooden tub appear to absorb moisture irregularly, some getting quite sodden while others are comparatively dry, and apparently almost impervious to moisture. In this case the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew, while the saturated ones are reversed.



#### St. Matthias.

CHOSEN by lot, and after earnest prayer,  
Friend of Apostles through Christ's  
ministry,

Sudden uprising—from obscurity

The toil and glory of the eleven to share

And glad news of a risen Christ to declare:—

The traitor fell—his place was filled by thee,

And so an undiminished company

Moved to the mighty task they had to dare:

With them, anointed by the Holy Ghost,

And with them scourged before Gamaliel,

That shame thy glory, that disgrace thy boast,

We nothing know thereafter what befel,

Save that thou never ceasedst to proclaim

In house and temple the One Saving Name.





BY THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

## II.—PRIMÆVAL WORSHIP.

The first act of worship upon which we come in the sacred record is the sacrifice of Cain and Abel:—"It came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. But unto Cain and to his offering He had not respect" (Gen. iv. 3-5).

What is there of far-reaching application in this incident?

### I.—Unacceptable Worship.

It, first of all, establishes the possibility of some kinds of worship being unacceptable to God.

Here, it would seem, it was the *motive of the worshipper* that was at fault, for it is written "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain" (Heb. xi. 4).

In another case we find it is *the nature of the worship*. "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron . . . offered strange fire before the Lord . . . and there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord" (Lev. x. 1, 2).

Again, and this repeatedly, it is the *office* claimed by the offerer of worship that is not recognised. Korah, the Levite, and his company presume to offer incense—in a word, they "seek the priesthood also." "And the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up," "and there came out a fire from the Lord and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense" (Numbers xvi. 10, 32, 35). Evidently this sin has some counterpart under the Christian Dispensation, seeing that "the gainsaying of Korah" is referred to in the New Testament (Jude 11). Again, Saul, because Samuel did not come, "forced himself and offered a burnt-offering," and for this he was rejected by God (1 Sam. xiii. 12). Of King Uzziah it is said, "When he was strong his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he

transgressed against the Lord his God, and went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense," and, although warned by the priests, he persisted, and the Lord smote him so "that the leprosy rose up in his forehead before the priests in the house of the Lord, and beside the incense altar" (2 Chron. xxvi. 16-20). And, more generally, we read of those who would run without being sent (Jer. xxiii. 21). It follows that none may "preach except they be sent" (Rom. x. 15). We read of those who climb into the sheepfold another way (John x. 1), of "false prophets" (S. Matt. xxiv. 24), "false apostles" (2 Cor. xi. 13), of "those who say they are apostles and are not" (Rev. ii. 2). All this emphasizes the broad principle that pervades both Old and New Testaments, that "no man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron" (Heb. v. 4).

These things which were written aforetime were written for our learning. They point to there being "ordinances of Divine service" to which God will hold us. They are at least a solemn warning that He is not indifferent in this matter of the worship we offer.

### II. The Direction of Worship.

Another permanent principle wrapped up in this record of the first sacrifice, is that it establishes once for all the *direction* of worship.

Sacrifice is *addressed to God*. There can be no mistake about this. The servant of God knew what he was doing when he led his sacrifice to the altar. His eye was upon God, not upon self. He came to *give*, rather than to get.

The conception of "sacrifice" was that man offered a gift to God, and that God accepted the gift. He watched it as it stole up in a thin column of smoke toward Heaven.\* In token of the Divine acceptance and appropriation of the gift, the fire, on occasions, would fall from Heaven and consume the sacrifice (Lev. ix. 24 :

\* Bishop Westcott, "Hebrews" p. 283 §3.

Judges vi. 21; 1 Chron. xxi. 26; 2 Chron. vii. 1; 1 Kings xviii. 38). Such fire was carefully preserved for future use, all other being regarded as strange fire (Lev. vi. 12, 13; x. 1).

The institution of sacrifice pervades the whole Bible from end to end. Not only Cain and Abel, but Noah, and the patriarchs, and the Levitical Priesthood in the Tabernacle, and again in the Temple of Solomon, and the Second Temple of Ezra, observed this law of sacrifice.

It is sometimes confidently asserted that the old institutions of Temple, and Priesthood, and Sacrifice have been abolished under the Gospel. But this is not the language of the New Testament writers. For example, St. Peter, in his General Epistle, which is for all Christians, says: "Ye also . . . are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by (through R.V.) Jesus Christ." (1 Peter ii. 5). In other words, there is still a temple, a priesthood, and sacrifices, which are the spiritual counterparts and fulfilments of those that went before.

If so, what is the abiding principle common to all? It is this, that worship, in its essential character, is of the nature of *sacrifice*, or something to be rendered to God as his due\*: "Give the Lord the honour due unto His Name, worship the Lord with holy worship"; "Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people: ascribe unto the Lord worship and power. Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto His Name: bring presents and come into His courts. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." (Ps. xxix. 2; xcvi. 7, 8.)

How does this bear upon questions of our own time?

#### Two Types of Service.

We are confronted by two distinct types of what passes current in these days as "Public Worship."

(a). *Manward*. The one is that which avowedly proposes to itself as its primary aim the salvation of souls.

This furnishes the explanation to the whole tenour of the procedure. The *preaching* naturally assumes the first place. Its character is hortatory, with fervid appeals to the emotional side of man's nature. The *hymns*, too, are emotional in language, and subjective in their application. The *prayers* are what is called "extemporary," and are apt to slide into indirect exhortations of those present. In a word, man is the *objective*, not God. The eye of the soul is turned in upon self, and becomes absorbed in its own needs or impulses. The thought of those present is centred upon their own salvation, not upon their "bounden duty and service." They dismiss from their minds the debt they owe, to dwell upon the advantage they may secure. They openly avow that their object in going to what they still call "a place of worship" is "to get good."\* This, at least, is not *sacrifice*, not *worship* as it is revealed.

(b.) *Godward*. There is another type—Churchmen know it well. We enter some dim cathedral, and in the solemn stillness the even-song begins with ordered procession and stately movement. There is an entire absence of excitement, while a deep solemnity pervades the whole. All witnesses to the belief in a Presence. The surroundings and appointments of the building, the conduct of the service, its chastened tone, answer to the conviction, "the Lord is in this place! This is none other than the House of God, and this is the gate of Heaven!" (Gen. xxviii. 17). And as a consequence, there is *worship*.

Here, too, will be *praying*, but at least it is formed upon the great model of all prayer:—"After this manner pray ye: *Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.*" (S. Matt. vi. 9, 10). God's glory will have the foremost place in it.

And there will be *singing*, but the character of the music will be sacred, and the selected words will not travel outside that three-fold division of the Apostle, "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16). The heart will not be self-centred, but lifted up. The aim will be to join with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven in praising and magnifying God's glorious name.

And there will also be *preaching*, but the object of preaching will not be lost sight of, for

\* "The purport of sacrifice, as rendered by man, was to present a gift to God. This is manifest even from etymological considerations. The two most generic terms for 'sacrifice' in Hebrew, mean simply gift or present, whether to man or God. In the New Testament all manner of sacrifices are still called 'gifts' (S. Matt. v. 23; viii. 4; xxiii. 18), and declared to have the nature of acceptable presents; as well those of the Elder system as that which, under the New, is presented to God in Christ: and this language has passed largely into the Liturgies. And accordingly, in the old burnt-offering, when we examine its structure, we find man exhibited supremely and emphatically in the character of one making a gift, and that too the most valuable within his reach."—Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv." II. Part ii., pp. 211, 212.

\* "The idea of reflex action upon the worshipper probably never occurred to Christians in primitive times. "Annot. Book of Comm. Prayer," p. 4. Cf. Bp. Webb "Priesthood of the Laity," p. 23.

according to the old saying, "Praying is the end of preaching."

The Church, no doubt, has in addition her Mission services, which belong rather to the former than to the latter type, and these are for the gathering in of the lapsed, the awakening of the careless, the conversion of the ungodly. But the Mission Service is only a stage, not an end. It is, avowedly, preparatory only. It has never been with her, as with others, the staple of Divine Service. It is admittedly no more than occasional and provisional. Men are not only to be brought to repentance, but to be taught to worship in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

And the Church has attained to this more perfect type of worship by going back to the Old Covenant and God's earliest revelation. The institution she finds there is, as we have seen, *sacrifice*. And this is carried on into the New Covenant and perfected. It becomes then "*a living sacrifice, reasonable service*," "*Spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God*" (Rom. xii. 1; 1 Pet. ii. 5). Still, it has not ceased, in all its essentials, to be *sacrifice*.

### III.—All Worship through Christ.

There is a further principle still, of abiding obligation, to be traced in the sacrifice of Abel.

Why, we ask, was his a more excellent sacrifice than Cain's? It is not that the one being a lamb was a *sin-offering*, for there was no sin-offering as yet.\* Both alike offered of their substance. Still, it was no merit that the one was a keeper of sheep; no demerit that the other was a tiller of the ground. Why, then, had God respect unto Abel's offering, and not to Cain's?

The only clue to the answer is supplied by the record that it was "*by faith*" that Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain (Heb. xi. 4). And to all the instances of faith given in that chapter, there is the common characteristic that "these all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them" (xi. 13).

Christ, then, was the object of all those promises. It would seem that Abel's offering had reference to some kind of revelation from God, however obscure; and that his worship

expressed his persuasion of the accomplishment of this promise in the fulness of time.

This interpretation is supported by the probable suggestion that the skins in which God clothed Adam and Eve point to beasts having been slain in sacrifice.\* It is only reasonable to discern in events that occur in connection with the Fall such a religious significance. There is, apparently, an allusion to this primæval act of God in what Christ said through the Spirit to the Churches, in the last Book of the Bible, "I counsel thee to buy of Me . . . white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear" (Rev. iii. 18).

If this be so, then the offering of a lamb "*by faith*," on the part of Abel, will have been acceptable because it was ordained. His *faith* will stand for his discernment of the promises afar off, of which that lamb slain was the sign and Sacrament. He recognised, though it were only as in a glass darkly, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Rev. xiii. 8; 1 Pet. i. 18-20).†

What, then, is the application to our own case? Why, that all worship must be brought into connection with Christ. We can only offer *spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ* (1 Pet. ii. 5, R.V.). There will therefore be no worship so acceptable to God as that one Service prescribed in the New Testament, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, because in that we show, in the appointed way, the Lord's Death till He come (1 Cor. xi. 26).

Here, then, at the very commencement of God's Revelation to man, we come upon three principles of permanent obligation in the worship of God.

That worship being a *revelation*, any departure from it renders it unacceptable to God.

That worship is of the nature of *sacrifice*, something that we render to God as our bounden duty and service. God looks for it at our hands as "*Divine Service*" (Heb. ix. 1).

That all worship to be acceptable must be "*through Christ*."

(To be continued.)

\* "The first word of the *original* man was probably a prayer, and the first action of fallen man a sacrifice."—Von Lasaulx, quoted "Speaker's Comm." p. 508. For authorities see Willis, "Worship of Old Cov.," pp. 22-24.

† "The view so often expressed that Abel's bloody sacrifice resulted from a more profound religious apprehension than that of Cain, which was 'without shedding of blood' seems to agree with the general bearing of the text."—Kurtz, quoted "Speaker's Comm." p. 54.

\* "The word used signifies an unbloody oblation. It is frequently translated 'a meat offering.' Its nature is defined. Lev. ii. 1 seq."—"Speaker's Comment" Con. iv. 4. cf Willis, "Worsh. of Old Cov." pp. 58, 138; Jukes, "On the Offerings," p. 142.



### Rivals.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

"HE'S a sharp boy, that Sam Nolan—got Squire's prize t'other day for the best collection of bird's eggs. He'll be a credit to Mudborough yet!"

"Well, maybe; but I think Ben Riley has got more wits than Sam. I don't say but what Sam's sharp—but it's Ben that's clever."

"Oh, Ben'll never be a patch on Sam. He's as slow as a snail."

"Ay, ay, he's a bit slow, but he's sure. It'll be like that there story in the fable book of the hare and the tortoise."

"Oh, in books folk's can say what they like," retorted the other, "but that's not how things go now-a-day's in the world. I'd put my money on the hare in the race now, same as I'll back Sam Nolan any day against Ben Riley."

Why those two particular boys had always been, as it were, pitted against each other from their infancy, it would be rather hard, perhaps.

For one thing, perhaps clever boys in Mudborough were not common, and both Sam and Ben were clever. Schooling was not then what it is now, but both these lads went to school, and were always neck and neck, and generally considerably in advance of any of their companions of a like age. They lived in the same street too. Sam's father kept a flourishing grocer's shop. Ben lived just opposite with his grandmother, who had a small annuity to keep her. Old Mrs. Riley had been aunt to John Nolan's first wife, so that there was something of a relationship between her and the grocer. Sam and Ben had been what is called "friends" from their infancy.

Sam found this arrangement very much to his advantage. He was a sharp, quick boy, but he hated hard work. Ben didn't care how hard he worked—he loved it for its own sake. Sam only cared for the honour and glory it

brought him. Sam was a great adept at picking Ben's brains. When there was a lesson to be learned he would get Ben to master it, and then explain it to him. Ben was very unsuspecting. Again and again Sam had stolen upon him unawares, copied his exercise, borrowed his ideas, made use of him in a dozen different ways without his ever finding it out.

The boys grew out of childhood and finished their schooling creditably. Ben's grandmother died, and John Nolan, at his son's suggestion, offered a home to Ben in consideration of his paying an equivalent for his board and lodging. This the lad was able to do. He and Sam had both entered the great factory known as "Mastermann's Mills," and hoped to rise in time to be skilled mechanics there.

Mudborough was a manufacturing town, and these were the days of hand machines, when mechanics were not greatly advanced, and every year saw some fresh advance made in new combinations and labour-saving machinery.

Ben's whole thoughts were now given to machines. He worked amongst them by day, and pored over diagrams of his own drawing at night. He confided to Sam after they had been a few years in the mill that he believed he was on the eve of making a discovery which might be worth a fortune to him. He was engaged in all his spare time in making models and diagrams and when he believed his invention near its completion, he took Sam (after much eager pleading on his part), into confidence, and showed him every process and every step by which he had arrived at his present conclusion.

Sam was as quick as of old, and was as familiar with the details of machinery as Ben. Although he had no constructive talent, he was as sharp as a needle in seeing the point of any improvement or invention made by another. He recognised in a moment that Ben was on the verge of a discovery that would be worth money—that might make somebody's fortune. A light

of covetous greed shone often in his eyes as he sat watching his companion at work, and when the last link was completed, when the machine stood perfected, and only wanted to be shown to someone thoroughly versed in these matters to be "taken up" and introduced generally into all mills, there came into Sam's face a very ugly look, and he seemed for a time to be thinking deeply.

"Here, lad, you've hardly eaten or drunk since noon," he said, as, after leaving the room for awhile, he returned with a tray containing food and drink, "there's no need to knock yourself up over this. Take this and have a good sleep, and to-morrow we'll think what is to be done about it."

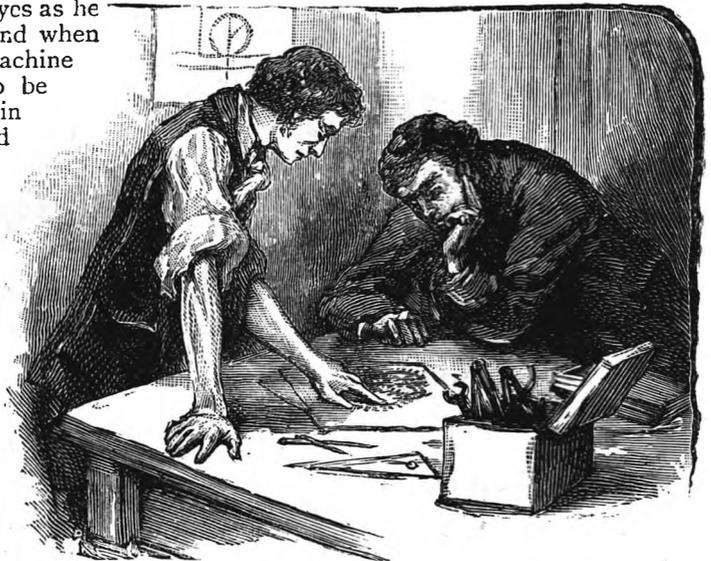
Ben was glad enough of refreshment now. With his eyes still fixed upon his machine, he took all that Sam had brought, and then, feeling excessively drowsy, pulled off his clothes and got into bed, and slept as he had never slept in his life before.

It was past noon the next day when he awoke. It was Sunday, and he rose feeling ashamed of having missed morning service. He looked about for his machine model, but it was gone. Probably Sam had taken it to his room to examine and admire. Ben rose, feeling heavy and languid; his head ached, and he felt dull and stupid. Sam was nowhere to be found.

The young men lived together in lodgings now. The grocer, Sam's father, had retired from business, and lived outside the town with his wife and daughters. Sam often spent Sunday with them, and Ben supposed he had gone there now. He wished he knew what he had done with his machine. But after all it was sure to be safe somewhere—perhaps it was better for him not to be continually examining it and thinking of it.

Next day there was no Sam either in their lodgings or in the mill. Ben did begin to be anxious then—anxious for Sam and more so for his model, which had utterly disappeared. His anxiety lasted for above a fortnight, growing in intensity each day. At the end of that time he heard news which explained everything.

It was all over the mill one Monday morning. Sam Nolan had been taken into partnership by the Mastermanns! Would wonders never cease? But the explanation of the mystery was not long in coming out. Sam had invented a wonderful machine that was to be so profitable to the patentees, that the Mastermanns



"HE TOOK SAM INTO HIS CONFIDENCE."

had actually secured the rights by this golden bribe to the young inventor. The new machinery was to be made in Birmingham under the eye of the clever young mechanic, and set up as soon as possible.

With a burning heart and tingling ears Ben heard all this story. For awhile he would not, could not, believe it; but alas, as days went on and he heard more and more, there could be no doubting it. Sam had stolen his model. Sam had passed it off as his own. He was clever enough to understand it just as well as though he had made it, and he would never betray himself by an awkward blunder. Ben knew him too well to hope for that. For a while he hoped that he should hear from his comrade—that some apology, explanation, some offer to share the proceeds of the stolen discovery would be made—something to show that at least Sam was ashamed of himself, that he would make amends to some extent—but not a word or a line came. Ben knew himself to be utterly powerless. Who would believe him if he declared himself the inventor of the machine, and told all his story? Had not Sam had the reputation for the greater cleverness always? Who would believe him if he spoke ever so loud? No, silence was imposed upon him by self-respect alone. But he could not remain longer in Mastermann's works, to see Sam's triumphant return. To the great surprise of the manager he gave notice to leave, without alleging any reason, and the townsfolk shook their heads and said:

"Him's jealous of Sam, that's what it is! He don't like to be only a workman, whilst Sam's a master. He always tried to make out as he were as clever as Sam, and now it won't do any longer he's got a huff, and gone!"

But Ben did not go far. A species of fascination held him to his native town. He was too good a workman to be long out of place. He was quickly taken on at a smaller mill in another part of the town. He was on the spot when Sam returned in triumph; he heard all about the erection of the new machines, the money that was saved and made by them, the favour in which the brilliant young inventor was held; but it was noted that Sam and Ben never spoke to one another now, that the old friendship was suddenly and entirely severed, and the cause of this rupture was said on all hands to be Ben's jealousy at Sam's success, his dislike to occupy a lower plane, and to being surpassed by his old comrade. Ben grew unpopular in proportion as Sam was taken up and noticed. Sam carried his new honours very well, managed, without suddenly dropping old friends, to rise gradually to a superior position, dressed differently, talked differently, and became in fact, "quite the gentleman." He made no more discoveries, which was rather a disappointment to Mudborough, who hoped to find in him a new Stephenson, but he rose steadily in wealth and prosperity, and ended by marrying the younger Mastermann's only child and daughter. Old Mr. Mastermann had died recently, and the younger brother—by no means young now—was talking of retiring and living abroad. When after another year or so he did do this, Sam Nolan and his wife came to live at the handsome house adjoining the mill, which had always been the master's, and it seemed indeed as though the summit of his ambition had been reached.

Ben, meantime, had plodded on with his habitual industry, and had worked his way up to a modest independence. He had been first made foreman in the small

mill, and after many years, when his savings had amounted to a small capital, he had purchased a share in the business, and was now its practical master.

He had never married, and he had never made any further important discovery. Somehow the shock of his friend's treachery had seemed to paralyse his faculties in some way. He often had floating ideas, but time was lacking to him now to work them out, and again and again, just as he was maturing some idea, he would hear that it had been perfected and brought out in another quarter; so he gave up the idea of competing with men of leisure and genius, and threw all his energies into his daily work. He became practical proprietor just about the same time that Sam became master at the big mill, and almost immediately he found that now the eyes of the Mastermanns were



"SAM," HE GASPED, "SHUT ALL THE DOORS."

withdrawn a difference began to come over things.

Before, the two mills, although making the same class of goods, had not interfered with each other; but now Ben found himself being undersold by Sam's wares at every turn. He obtained samples, and found that they were inferior to his own—but so slightly as to defy any but skilled analysis. Sam was beginning to see whether he could not get rich faster than ever by supplying a worse article for a better, and trusting to the long-established name of the firm to blind people's eyes until at any rate he had cleared an enormous fortune. Orders came pouring in almost faster than he could attend to them, whilst Ben found his trade growing slacker and slacker, and he had to make the greatest efforts to keep the mill going at all, selling at the very narrowest margin of profit, and feeling that if things went on so much longer, he should have either to shut up altogether or be ruined.

"And Sam knows it!" he would say bitterly to himself sometimes as he paced to and fro through the empty mills at night, "He knows it as well as I do. I see it in his face when we meet. I hear it in the way he speaks sometimes in the town hall in my hearing of 'those little mills, that are of no use—that had much better be shut up or absorbed into the bigger ones.' He wants to work me out of the place, I know he does. I can't go on like this for ever. But it'll be very hard to be turned adrift on the world—by Sam. Oh, he's been a cruel friend and foe to me. God forgive me if I find it hard to forgive him. I do try—the Lord knows that; but human nature *is* human nature, and it's hard to see him flourishing like a green bay tree, and to think that if things had all been right and square, I might have been where he is now!"

But the years that had turned Sam and Ben from boys to middle-aged men had been seeing many changes in the world, and at this juncture once again the spirit of the working classes was growing bitter against their employers, and deeds of violence and lawlessness were being committed throughout the country. The improvements in machines, going steadily on for a generation, had had wide-reaching consequences. In the long-run they were advantageous to the people, but at times there was much local distress, and then public feeling would rise hotly against one or another of those owners who had turned off superfluous hands. This had just been done to a large extent at "Mastermann's Mills," as they were still called. Nolan had not grown in popularity with his

success. It was mid-winter when at least twenty men were turned adrift—and there was ill-feeling abroad. Wild spirits were to be found without trouble ready to lead any adventure against capital and wealth. And Nolan had enemies and to spare in those days.

"It'll be done to-night—the lads will march straight to the mill and set it alight, and the house too. There'll be a ring all round, and nobody'll be allowed to save nothing. They'll burn everything he's got, and they'd as soon as not burn him in his house. He's tried his games once too often. He'll find he got to pay the forfeit to-night!"

Ben turned hot and cold by turns. He had been walking softly to and fro in his yard, and the voices of these men passing by had reached him clearly through the still night air.

To-night—to-night, the house of his enemy was to be attacked—the rival mill destroyed! Well did Ben know what that would mean for himself—more work than he could well undertake—orders pouring in, all his machinery going once more, large returns, a run of prosperity, perhaps perpetual prosperity, for it was possible that the wrecked mills would never be rebuilt.

But what else did it mean? Hundreds of workmen deprived of their daily bread, a happy home desolated, a successful career blighted—terrible crime—bloodshed perhaps. Yet it was no doing of his. Why should he care? If working men chose to ruin one another, why should he interpose? If Sam Nolan was at last to meet his reward, was it to be expected that the man he had ruined should stand in the breach, and strive to avert that ruin?

Ben stood still, the dew upon his forehead with the stress of feeling. All was intensely quiet about him, and through the clear silence of the night he seemed to hear a voice speaking—

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him! if he thirst, give him drink. Thus shalt thou heap coals of fire upon his head.....Vengeance is mine: I will recompense saith the Lord."

Ben started as if from a dream, rushed to the stable where his stout little cob was kept, saddled and bridled him as quickly as possible, and leading him out of the yard, mounted and spurred rapidly along the road which led to a town about four miles distant where a band of soldiers was stationed in readiness for any disturbance that might arise in the neighbourhood. There had been sundry acts of violence and arson which had necessitated this measure.

Ben knew as well as possible that only the presence of soldiers could stop the threatened

violence. He did not hesitate a moment what course to pursue. He only kept saying to himself as he rode through the still night air—"Shall I be in time? God grant I may be in time!"

The alarm was given, the soldiers, already retired to bed, were called up. The captain promised the excited messenger that there should be no delay. But he could not rest now that his errand was done. His thoughts were with the unguarded mill—that unguarded house. For Nolan was proverbially careless in his security. He believed himself popular as of old. He always laughed at warnings and declared that Mastermann's Mills employed far too many hands ever to be an object of attack."

"I shall ride faster than the soldiers can march," thought Ben, now in a fever to save his rival, "I will go on and warn him. The great gates of the mill, if guarded, will hold out for a time, but he must be warned—he must be warned—and I will warn him!"

Setting spurs to the willing cob, Ben retraced his steps towards Mudborough. The clock in the church steeple behind him chimed eleven as he turned his back on the town. Midnight was generally the hour for attack, but suppose they had been earlier to-night?

He approached the neighbourhood of his rival's mills, and drew rein cautiously, making the horse walk upon the grass that his footfalls might not be heard. He fancied he saw dark forms crouching behind the walls and upon the ground, he thought he heard the breathing of a great concourse of people.

He was now within a hundred yards of the entrance to the house. He was almost sure he heard whispered voices close at hand. Suddenly taking his resolution, he clapped spurs to the sides of the cob, and made a dash for the entrance gate to the house, which had been opened—unless indeed, it always stood open at night.

There was a hoarse yell—and a cry—

"A spy! a spy!—seize him—knock him off the saddle—shoot him!"

Dark as it was Ben felt a rush, but the cob reared and dashed through the half-seen foes, the bit between his teeth, making straight for the gateway which appeared to him his goal. Next moment there were two sharp reports, and Ben felt a strange, numb pain all down one arm. He fell forward on the cob's neck, but he gathered himself together the next moment, threw himself off the creature's back, and staggered into the lighted hall, where frightened persons had gathered, peering anxiously out into the night.

"Sam," he gasped, "shut all the doors. Send

to the mill. The men will fire it if you don't stop them. The soldiers are on their way. Only hold them off for half-an-hour and help will be here!" and then he fell down at the feet of his former friend and knew no more as to how the mill was attacked and saved till Sam told him the story sitting at his bedside and holding his hand between his own.

There was no rivalry after that, save that of comrades and friends. Sam's repentance was deep and sincere, and Ben's forgiveness true and entire. The mills of Nolan and Riley flourished for long at Mudborough, and at many firesides the story was told of the two youths who had been famous in their day, how the one had cheated and injured the other, and had at last been saved by him from dire ruin, and how that had turned him into a different man and cemented the friendship between them into something so close and warm that it had long been a proverb in Mudborough to say, "Fond of each other as David and Jonathan, or Nolan and Riley!"



**JUGGED RABBIT.**—Take a fresh rabbit, joint it, after washing it lightly, put it in a stew jar, with a few pieces of bacon, one good-sized onion stuck with a few cloves, pepper and salt to taste, and about 1½ pint cold water, stew in a moderate oven for 1½ hour, thicken the gravy, and serve with mashed potatoes.

**BREAD PUDDING.**—Soak any dry crusts of bread in cold water over night; then squeeze the bread as dry as you can; mix with a little sugar and suet. Put in a dish with a few currants, and cover with milk; then beat an egg and pour over the top, and bake for an hour.

**HALF-PAY PUDDING.**—4 oz. of suet, 4 oz. of flour, 4 oz. of currants, 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 4 oz. raisins, two tablespoonfuls of treacle, half pint of milk. Mix all well together, and boil in a mould for four hours. To be served up with sweet sauce.

## Household Carpentry.—II.

WE left you last time with directions for planing up your shelf, and preparing the pieces to support the shelf. We hope you have succeeded fairly well with it; if it is the first piece of planing you have ever done, try the surface by running the edge of a straight lath along it. Chalk the edge of the lath, it will point out where the higher parts are, if you draw the chalked part over your shelf.

“Practice makes perfect,” so that probably your next planing will be better, and so on with each piece, if you are always careful and very patient.

Planing is a good exercise in itself, even if you do not want the wood afterwards for anything special. In cutting the ends of the shelf we said they should be square. In Fig. 5. we

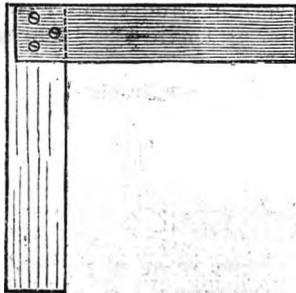


FIG. 5.

show the square. To use it, run the thin blade along the edge of the shelf to be cut, and then the broad wooden blade will slide along the back of the shelf. You can then tell if the edge is at right angles, *i.e.* square, to the length of the shelf. Now try the shelf, see that it fits the place it is intended for. Next, take off the lower edge of the pieces that are to support the shelves, *i.e.* “bevel off the edges,” as it is called. This must be done by a sharp chisel, such as is shown in Fig. 6. To do this place



FIG. 6.

one end of the strip of wood on the bench, and cut downwards, taking care to keep to a line. The front edge of each piece must be “bevelled off,” to make it look lighter, at the same time it is just as strong. This level is best taken off with a spoke-shave—if you have one, use it. Now prepare for the fixing. Mark the place in the wall where it is to go, in the height, mark the spot so that one end piece is exactly opposite to the other. Bore

two or three holes in each support, through which nails can be driven. Do this with either a gimlet, as shown in Fig. 7, or with a brad-



FIG. 7.

awl. In boring holes you must be careful to bore straight, and not to split the wood. Do it gently, and gradually. You may like to have the shelf stained, if so it must be done before it is put into its place. At the oilman's you can buy stain to imitate any wood you please, or you can make the stain for yourself. A dark stain can be made by mixing raw-umber and linseed oil, they must be well mixed by being stirred together, do not leave any lumps or dry powder among the umber. After mixing, it can be rubbed on with a brush or with a piece of flannel or old woollen cloth. Stain the small pieces as well, and let them dry thoroughly before putting them up, so that the wall is not stained. We recommend you to use French nails whenever you can, they are straight and clean, sometimes, however, to fix anything to a wall, the wrought iron nails are better, on account of their rough edges being able to get a stronger hold.

Drive in nails of a suitable length and size through the holes in the two end supports for your shelf, then put the shelf into its place. Should the shelf require to be held, bore a hole at each end, through which put a long thin nail that will drive some little way into the support, this will keep it from slipping. Now we hope you are satisfied with your work.

In giving these directions—which, we hope, are almost as clear as if we stood by your side pointing out the various steps to be taken, we are sure that with your common-sense and experience of things generally, you will catch up at once the directions we have given you. Suppose you wish to fix a shelf to a wall in your sitting-room or bed room, you want brackets for it to rest upon. Ornamental iron brackets are sold for this purpose; they are so cheap, light and pretty, that they are better than any thing we can advise you to make. Be careful in putting them up, for if the hammer strikes the bracket it will most likely break it, for it is made of cast iron. Once fixed, these brackets are very strong as well as ornamental. Corner shelves may be fixed in the same way. If you get an awkward corner where the walls

are not quite at right angles, cut a piece of paper that fits the corner, and mark its shape on the wood, and cut it accordingly, fixing it either with a bracket or with two strips of wood nailed to the walls, on which the shelf can rest. Now we will next take a peg rail.

Select a sound piece of wood, about 4 inches wide, of any suitable length for four or six pegs, leaving about 8 or 9 inches between the pegs, and about three inches beyond each of the outside pegs. Plane it up according to the directions given for the shelf. You may wish to "bevel" off the front edges all round. This you must do with a plane. Fix the wood firmly at a slope, and run the plane along the edge till you take off as much as you wish. This will make the rail look lighter than it would if the edges were left on. Now you must have a line running along the front to mark where the pegs are to be fixed. A easy plan for tracing a long, straight line on wood is to chalk a piece of thin cord, fasten it to a tack or bradawl, stuck in at one end, stretch the cord tightly to the other end, lift the centre of the cord, leave go, and it will spring back, tracing a straight line. Determine the kind of pegs you are going to use; if such as will screw into the rail, measure an equal distance from each end, mark the spot on the chalk line, then divide evenly the distance between them, according to the number of pegs you have to fix. If you are going to use pegs that have a small back plate, so that the upper peg carries a hat and the lower a coat, divide the distances in the same way, bore holes for the screws, so that when fixed the peg is upright.

Before fixing the pegs, stain the rail according to directions already given. If you want to make a mahogany stain, add a little red-ochre to the umber before mixing with the oil.

JOHN A. BOWER.

The S.P.G.—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—lost a very earnest missionary in the death of the Rev. A. Maclaran. He was the first missionary to New Guinea. When he was leaving London for his new place of work, a fellow-passenger said to him, "We shall not be on English soil again just yet." His answer was, "Ah! but it is good-bye for me." The passenger said again, "I hope not." He shook his head and replied, "Yes, New Guinea." His foreboding proved a true one. After working but a very short time in New Guinea he caught the fever which caused his death. The Rev. C. King has taken Mr. Maclaran's place.



## II.

### S. Stephen.

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

THE Festival of S. Stephen is appointed for the day following that on which we commemorate the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, or in other words, Christmas Day. This period of the Church's year is rich in Holy-days. S. Stephen, S. John the Evangelist, and the Holy Innocents are successively brought to our remembrance. It has been pointed out that there is a special meaning in such an arrangement. S. Stephen was a martyr in will as well as in act; S. John was a martyr in will, but not in act; the Innocents were martyrs in act, but not in will.

Of S. Stephen's early life we know nothing. The first mention of him in the Acts of the Apostles is when he, together with six others, was appointed to help in distributing the money gifts to certain poor women, about which complaints had been made by the Hellenistic against the Hebrew Christians. The Hellenists were either the proselytes (or converts) to Judaism who were of Greek parentage, or else were Jews who had settled in foreign countries, and adopted the existing form of Greek civilization; so that the term refers rather to the character and life of the men than to their origin.

S. Stephen and his companions were called Deacons, and in them we have the beginning of the oldest of the three Orders of the Chris-

tian Ministry. The word deacon means, "a servant," and the primary object of the "order" was to relieve the Apostles of the routine work of giving out relief, and other details of the organization of the Church which are described as "serving tables." But S. Stephen seems from the first to have shown himself possessed of a character, and of powers, far superior to those of his fellows. Almost immediately he went beyond the exact duties of the diaconate. He arrested attention by doing "great wonders and miracles among the people." Then followed a series of discussions and arguments with the Greeks from North Africa, Alexandria, and Asia Minor. We are not told the exact subject of the dispute, though it was in all probability the questions of the Messiahship and the Divinity of Christ. We learn, however, that such was his earnestness and eloquence, that "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spoke."

The secret of his power is explained in the New Testament. He was "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost" (Acts vi. 5); "full of Grace (not faith, as in the authorised version) and power" (Acts vi. 10), and "full of the Holy Ghost" (Acts vii. 55).

It was not long before his enemies proceeded to take extreme measures. Unable to stand against his clear and forcible reasoning, they hastened to bring him before the Sanhedrim, or Council of the Jews. Being afraid that their evidence against the accused was weak, they bribed men to say that S. Stephen had spoken blasphemy, because he had said that Jesus of Nazareth would destroy the Temple, and change the customs which Moses gave.

This, as we may gather from the speech he made in his own defence before the high priest, most probably represented S. Stephen's argument, which is, after all, no more than S. Paul himself openly preached on many occasions.

It seems plain, from the whole story, that one of the most active members of the Council, who defended and upheld the strictest exclusiveness of Pharisaism, was Saul of Tarsus, afterwards S. Paul. Though a young man at the time, Saul was clearly beyond the age when youth opens out into manhood, or he would not have been entrusted with so important a mission as that described in Acts ix. How often in after years must these scenes, both the discussions in the synagogue and the savage assault upon the martyr, have recurred to the mind of the great Apostle, when, at Antioch, at Corinth, and elsewhere, he underwent the same treat-

ment which he and those who acted with him, had administered to S. Stephen.

When the trial of S. Stephen came on, there was no hesitation, no shrinking from the consequences of his loyal faith, in the breast of the champion of Christ's truth. On the contrary, as his enemies became fiercer and more vindictive, his countenance grew brighter, and seemed to become supernaturally peaceful and calm. As the writer of the Acts of the Apostles described it, "They saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." When asked by the President if the accusation against him was true, S. Stephen, his voice ringing firm and clear through the great chamber where the trial was held, proceeded, by a simple but interesting historical sketch, to show (1) that even in the previous history of the Jews, the presence and favour of God had not been confined to the Holy Land or the Temple of Jerusalem; and (2) that there had been, from earliest times, a tendency among the Jews to give way to the narrow and ungrateful spirit which they had recently shewn towards the Lord Jesus. And then, casting aside the defence of his own position, he turned in righteous wrath upon his judges, and accused them of the murder of the "Just One." Whereupon, with one savage yell, they rose and dragged him out of the city to the place of execution. Here the witnesses, those who had given their evidence against him, proceeded to strip off their outer garments, being required by the law to cast the first stones. It is a curious thing that in a small detail of this kind they should have taken such pains to act legally, when the whole trial and condemnation was an utter farce, and absolutely unjust. The clothes were deposited, for safe custody, at the feet of Saul, the bitter enemy of Christianity.

As the first volley of stones struck the suffering martyr, he, like the Master whose human form he had just before seen in the vision (Acts vii. 56), commended his life into higher hands, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." At the next shower of stones he fell upon his knees, and with one piercing cry he died, breathing out, as the spirit left the body, the prayer of forgiveness which he had learned from his Saviour, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The story, though old and familiar, is ever new. We learn a lesson, bright, and glowing of the firmness and unshakeable reality of the Christian faith, and how we must hold it, and never betray it, in face of the gravest danger. We learn, too, how the Spirit of Christ enables His followers to do that which they cannot do in their own strength, helping us to forgive our enemies and those who injure us.



## Papers on the Prayer Book.

BY THE REV. H. BICKERSTETH OTTLEY, M.A.  
*Vicar of Eastbourne.*

### I. (Continued.)—The Prayer Book: its History and Scriptural Value.

FROM the brief summary of the Scriptural evidence given in the preceding paper, it will be seen that a Liturgical Form of Worship was not only congenial to the genius of the Jewish Church, but is also indicated as having met with the sanction and approval of our Blessed Lord Himself, and as having been adopted by His Apostles in the earliest Liturgies of Christendom.

In the age immediately following that of the Apostles, definite allusion is made by Justin Martyr, Origen, and Cyprian, to these primitive "prayer books" of the Christian Church.

At the beginning of the 2nd century the regular use of these Christian forms of prayer was brought to the notice of the Emperor Trajan by Pliny, one of his own consular officials, who reported to Trajan that the Christians were in the habit of meeting together before daylight, singing hymns antiphonally to Christ as God, and binding themselves by a sacramental oath of fidelity and fellowship.

So again, writing about the year A.D. 140, Justin Martyr\* gives a stirring and graphic account of the Communion Service in his day, showing that the Liturgy or Prayer Book of that primitive age had already become a stately and imposing service.

And again, in the recently discovered "Teaching of the Apostles" which dates almost certainly not later than the very beginning of the 2nd century, we have even ampler proof of the definite Liturgical forms in which the worship and the doctrine of the Church had already taken shape.†

We can well understand how natural and necessary it would be, in the unsettled and perilous times of the early Church's history, that Liturgical forms of one sort or another should be handed down, whether in MSS.

or, as would more often be the case, by oral tradition, so as to preserve the teaching of the Master with accuracy and reverent care.

It was thus at any rate that, as a matter of history, the early Christian liturgies came into existence. And of those Liturgies, or prayer books, our own English Book of Common Prayer is the undoubted lineal descendant. Among the most ancient of these liturgies, we find one which is ascribed to St. James, called the Liturgy of Jerusalem, on which Cyril wrote a commentary early in the 4th century; another, that of St. Mark, which was used in the Church of Alexandria; St. Chrysostom's, at Constantinople, and others.

As an illustration of the way in which, if we but knew it, the language of our own Prayer Book links us with these Apostolic or sub-Apostolic Churches, let us recall the plain words from the Communion Office as given in the Liturgies of St. James and St. Mark:—"It is verily meet and right, fitting and due, to praise Thee, to hymn Thee, to bless Thee, to worship Thee, to glorify Thee, to give thanks to Thee, who madest all creation, visible and invisible"—and then the "Angels and Archangels" are quoted among other of the company of Heaven, as crying one to another, and saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and Earth are full of Thy glory.'

The same part of the Eucharistic Office runs in the Liturgy of St. Mark, as follows:—

"The Lord be with you all.

"And with Thy spirit.

"Lift we up our hearts.

"We lift them up unto the Lord.

"Let us give thanks unto the Lord.

"It is meet and right.

"It is verily meet and right, holy, and becoming," and so on.

In regard to the particular one of these ancient Service Books from which the English Book of Common Prayer was originally derived, it is believed by those who have carefully studied the matter that it has come chiefly from one used by the Church at Ephesus, which bears the name of St. John.

This Ephesine Liturgy was introduced into France at a very early age of Christianity, and from France found its way, with the earliest missionaries, pioneers of the Gospel, across the Channel to the shores, in all probability, of Sussex or Kent; and it was this which, some three or four centuries afterwards was found in the ancient British Church, by Augustine, when, in the year 596 he was sent by Gregory, Bishop of Rome, to evangelise the pagan Saxons, who on the departure of the Roman legions, had

\* Apol. c. 67. † See, e.g., Caps. vii.—x.

invaded our shores, and had driven the early British Church into Wales, Cornwall, and the North.

By the advice of Gregory, Augustine did not attempt to abolish this "goodly heritage" which the old British Church had cherished for so long; he compiled a new Service Book—which, however, never wholly supplanted the old National use; and, as Britain gradually again became Christian, each Diocese practically adopted the Service Book which happened to be the most to the taste of its Bishop,—hence there sprang up what was called the Use of Salisbury, of Hereford, of Bangor, of York, of Lincoln, and so forth.

Our space will not permit us to trace, even in barest outline, the subsequent History of our Prayer Book. It must suffice to say that of the various Diocesan Uses to which allusion has been made, that of Sarum, or Salisbury, drawn up soon after the Norman Conquest, in 1085, by Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, was by far the most prevalent.

This practically was the basis of the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI., issued in 1549; as to which Cranmer undertook to prove that its materials were so ancient,—so truly primitive and scriptural—that although now translated into the English tongue, it was "the same that had been used in England for 1,500 years past."\*

In compiling this Prayer Book, our Reformers had dealt with all the various "Uses" which they found throughout the kingdom—simplified and translated them into English, with a view to "the pure religion of Christ, and to the practice of the Primitive Church."

Subsequent revisions of this book brought it, in 1662, to its present shape—the "goodly heritage" of our historic Church.

Suffer me, in closing this rough sketch of the original sources of our Prayer Book, to point out its intensely *Scriptural* character from first to last. "Take away the Bible out of the Prayer-Book," it has well been said,† "and how little you have left. . . Not merely is scripture publicly read, and congregationally sung, in every part of our public worship; but the responses, collects, ascriptions, and special offices are simply steeped in Bible thought and Bible language. No man, it is not too much to say, can enter our Churches and use *intelligently* our incomparable Liturgy, without learning his need as a sinner, the way of salvation, and the outline of Christian life."

\* Quoted by Garnier, "A First Book on the Church," S. P. C. K., p. 88.

† Barnes Lawrence, "A Churchman to Churchmen," p. 84.

Breathing thus, in its every page, the spirit of Holy Scripture, the Prayer Book offers to those who accept its guidance no mean safeguard against theological narrowness—against picking and choosing among the truths of the Gospel. Step by step, in due and impartial order, the great truths of the Gospel are presented to us, in the Prayer Book, in definite outline—the events of our Saviour's earthly Life, His Miracles, His Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, His Second Advent, the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, the Foundation of the Christian Church, with its Ministry, its Sacraments, its Creeds—these are duly and prominently brought before us, each in its proper turn, each in its true and Scriptural proportion, in regard to the entire body of the truth enshrined within its pages.

As the recognised Handbook to the Doctrines and to the Devotions of the great Anglo-Catholic Communion, the Prayer Book of the English people brings their Church, to quote the words of a late Prime Minister,\* into "contact and sympathy with all the important sections of the Christian Commonwealth."

From the changes through which the Prayer Book has passed in its stirring and chequered history, it is clear that even now there is no need to claim for it any absolute *finality*, any more than the English Church herself puts forward any pretension to doctrinal infallibility. "She admitted, at the Reformation, that she had erred in matters of faith, and was willing to retrace her steps."† She is prepared now, as at any time, to "appeal back behind herself to the Scriptures and to the ancient Church."‡

As a consequence of this inherent "elasticity" of her Communion, the Church of England may well in the far future have opportunities for international religious reconciliation such as at present we dare hardly dream of,—opportunities as manifold and as far reaching as are those, in civil affairs, of the Anglo-Saxon race. Everywhere is a growing yearning after unity in religious matters; everywhere men are turning wistful eyes to the Church of England as the only possible centre of religious re-union.

(To be continued.)



No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles from the earth.

THE first wheeled vehicle was made B.C. 1486. It is said to have been a chariot.

\* Gleanings, p. 166.

† Garnier, First Book, p. 128.

‡ Gore, R. C. Claim, p. 179.



## Readings in a Parish Register.

BY THE REV. JAMES SILVESTER, M.A.

**F**EW of our parish registers are older than the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who came to the throne of England in the year 1558. But the register in which I have been reading lately dates from July, 1556, described in Latin on the first page as "the third and fourth year of King Philip and Queen Mary." Two years later the brief revival of Papal authority in the Church of England came to an end, and the Reformation was permanently established. The register in question is a well-preserved quarto volume of parchment belonging to the Church of St. Peter, H—. It is in three divisions—Baptisms (or "Christenings" as they were then more commonly called), Weddings and Burials. The last division is headed "De Mortuis," (Concerning the Dead.)

### Baptisms.

Among the entries of baptisms occurs the following record of the induction of an incumbent in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "The xiii<sup>th</sup> daie of December, 1579, was S<sup>r</sup> Clement Lewis stalled Vicare of Saint Pieters."

It is usual now for children to be a month old, or nearly so, when they are brought to baptism, but in former times they were baptised when but a few days old. Witness the following entry:—

1636, "The 14<sup>th</sup> day was baptised Agnes, the daughter of William Adams, M<sup>r</sup> of Arts and Vicar of this parish of St. Peter, and Agnes his wife. 14<sup>th</sup> Sept., 9<sup>o</sup> nata erat." Accordingly this little girl was only five days old at her baptism. There appears to have been another William Adams, vicar of the parish, whose funeral is recorded as having taken place on March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1616 "publico omnium luctu," (with universal mourning.)

### Uncommon Names.

It is a popular idea that uncommon names are an innovation. But the study of old parish registers proves that parents did not always choose "Mary" and "John" and suchlike names even hundreds of years ago. "Beatrice," "Margery," "Eleanor," "Sibyl," "Joan" are

all unusual names at the present day, but they are all found in St. Peter's register and some of them are of frequent occurrence. The spelling however, is uncertain, and Sibyl is spelt "Sibell," "Sybill," "Sible." When I came to this place I found the name Philip spelt with a double l—Phillip. That this is no mere freak of the present day is shown by 1601. Thus what must have been originally a mistake has grown into a general custom in this part of the country and the derivative surname is spelt in the same way, "Phillips." The name "Christian" recently given among others to the infant great grandson of Queen Victoria at his baptism is generally understood as a masculine name with "Christiana" for the feminine form. In St. Peter's register, however, there is a record of the burial on January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1622 of a woman whose name was "Christian."

### The Plague.

Under date July 1595 there is an entry recording a visitation of small-pox, and in 1610 the parish was afflicted with a plague of some sort. During the months of April and May the burials exceeded sixty, and all but seven of the deceased died of the plague. It subsided as the year advanced, and the record of December runs "Now the sickness ceased." There is a mystery about the following entry of March, 1623, marked by an index finger at the side:

☞ The 29 day was Buried Jones *with blood*. It appears to be the record of the burial of some murderer or murdered person. (See Gen. xi. 6.)

### An Alderwoman.

Advocates of women's rights to public duties will be pleased to see the following entry:—

1637 "The 6<sup>th</sup> day was buried Mrs. Elizabeth Morris Alderwoeman, of this Parish." If Alderwoman is a title and not a name here there were alderwomen as well as aldermen in those days, though I never heard of women in that capacity before.

There is a quaint originality about these old registers which gives them an interest such as the conventional registers of our day can never possess. Thus in St. Peter's ancient register time after time at the close of the annual record this entry is made, "Soe farre for this yeare." And once, in the first entry for the year occurs this simple prayer:—

"The year 1637 begins. May God give us blessing and prosperity therein. Amen."

BOILED water tastes flat and insipid, because the gases it contained have been driven off by heat.



"Jesus presented Himself, that we may learn how to present ourselves to God." We all belong to God by the necessity of our being, but when we dedicate ourselves to His Service, we belong to Him by the surrender of our wills.



We must ever regard ourselves as the followers of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has gone before us and finished His course, and is struggling manfully under His banner against every form of evil by which we may be assailed, and which He who was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil will enable us to overcome.



As the Holy Season of Lent draws nigh, let us ask God to give us His Grace, that in some way, or ways, we may be glad to practice during it some *real* self-denial for Christ's sake.



Faith and hope and love we see,  
Joining hand in hand agree;

But the greatest of the three,  
And the best is love.



THE place of Judas is filled by Matthias. He catches up the message of consolation, and becomes a dispenser of the Divine gifts. To be faithful in our own life is the one lesson for all God's people; for it is the "good and faithful servant" who shall at last enter into the joy of his Lord.



In the matter of fasting, as in everything else we do, let us take care that we are moved by the love of Christ. Let us take Him with us when we fast as well as when we pray or give alms.

Lessons for February.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
2	S	<i>Purif. of Mary the B. Virgin.</i>	Ex. 13 to v. 17	Matt. 18 v. 21	Hag. 2 to v. 17
3	F	<i>4 Sunday aft. Eph.</i>	Job 27	Matt. 19 v. 3 to v. 27	Job 28 or 29
10	F	<i>Septuagesima</i>	Gen. 1 & 2	Rev. 21 to v. 9	Gen. 2 v. 4 or Job 35
17	F	<i>Sexagesima</i>	10 v. 4	v. 9	or Job 35
24	F	<i>Quinquagesima</i>	Gen. 3	Matt. 26 v. 31 to v. 57	Gen. 6; or 3
		<i>Matthias A. &amp; M.</i>	Gen. 9 to v. 20	Mark 1 v. 21	Gen. 12; or 17
			1 Sam. 2 v. 27 to v. 36		Isal. 22 v. 15
27	W	<i>Ash Wed. Pr. Pss. M. 6, 32, 38; E. 102, 130, 143. Com Ser.</i>	Isai. 58 to v. 13	Mark 2 v. 13 to v. 23	Jonah 3
					Rom. 2 to v. 17
					Acts 20 v. 17
					Rev. 21 v. 9
					10 to 22 v. 6
					Rom. 2 to v. 17
					Rom. 8 to v. 18
					Heb. 12 v. 3 to 13