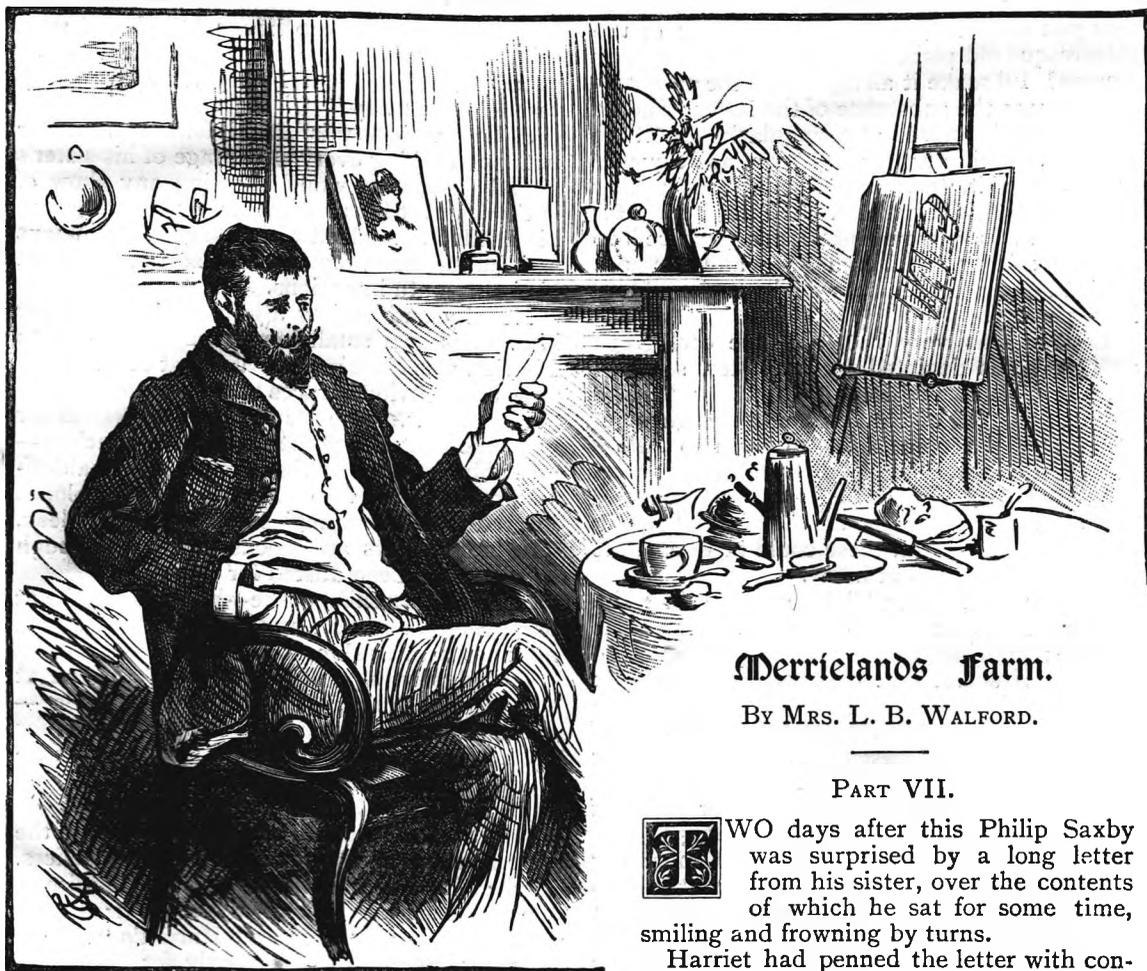




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[NEW SERIES.]



Merrielands Farm.

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

PART VII.

TWO days after this Philip Saxby was surprised by a long letter from his sister, over the contents of which he sat for some time, smiling and frowning by turns.

Harriet had penned the letter with considerable cleverness. She had made up

her mind that it should be written, even while she was to all appearance wholly engrossed with the gay scene beneath the tent on the Squire's lawn. She perceived that there was not a day to be lost if she would turn aside the dawning inclinations of Richard Elder for Lettice

Dew, in the hope of finally securing them for herself.

The easiest way of doing this, and that which presented itself in a doubly favourable light to her view, was to introduce upon the scene a rival, who by winning favour in the eyes of the farmer's young daughter should make her throw cold water upon advances from any other quarter.

Without saying anything to Bertha therefore, she sat down and with much care and pains wrote, as we have said, a very clever letter to Philip.

"I have found the very girl for you, so pretty and bright, and everything that you will admire. It will do you good to come down and get some country air; and what can be more natural than that you should want to make a picture of the picturesque old place and the picturesque young woman? I'll make it all right with the parents."

This was the substance of the letter; and as it chanced, it arrived at a singularly opportune moment, Philip Saxby had been, as he would have phrased it, "enjoying himself" pretty freely since his sister's departure. We need not enter into what this "enjoyment" meant; suffice it to say that it had left him pale and languid, inclined to feel work a bore, and exertion of any kind a worry.

London was very hot, and the cool green pasture lands depicted by his sister, sounded in every sense inviting. He might take a fancy to this girl of Harriet's, or he might not; but at any rate it could do no harm to take a run down to Merrieland's Farm and recruit upon milk and eggs for a week or two. He had several small sketches on hand, and by a curious piece of luck, these could be done quite as well elsewhere as at home.

"By Jupiter, I'll go!" he exclaimed; "the odds are I'll make it pay somehow. Harriet is no fool; and she would never have put it so strongly if she hadn't been pretty sure of her ground. I wanted to go off with them at the first, for I have been feeling beastly out of sorts for some time past; but she wouldn't hear of it because of the expense. *Expense* indeed! As if I oughtn't to be the most proper judge of that, considering that I not only pay my own way, but theirs into the bargain. I must say it was confoundedly cool of Miss Harriet to keep me slaving on in town, whilst she and Bertha are kicking up their heels driving and dancing about the country"—(Harriet had laid great stress on the farmer's gig, and the tenants' ball)—"on account of the expense!"

Then he took up the letter again, and read it through carefully for the third time.

"I'll go," he concluded; "be hanged I if don't! Let me see, this is Saturday. I suppose it wouldn't do to go to-night? She says she has got to pave the way. Now why couldn't she have done that before?" peevishly. "She might have known I could get away on a Saturday night, and in this roasting weather I shouldn't have minded a long Sunday under the trees at all. I suppose I can't wire? And she wouldn't be pleased if I appeared without warning. But hang it all, why should she be pleased? I'm not to be at her beck and call—I'm not a school-boy to be tied to her apron-string. She wants to manage everything and everybody, and I'll be hanged if she shall! She may manage this old farmer and his wife, and take all the trouble of them off my hands, but she must learn to keep hands off when I've a mind to look after my own affairs. It will be a good lesson for her if I obey her letter in my own time and way."

Saying which, this pitiful fellow, who was not above taking every advantage of his sister's worldly prudence, while resenting any show of authority over his movements, or control upon his freedom, chuckled with a sense of malicious satisfaction, and prepared with zest to carry out his impromptu intentions.

Novelty and variety always had charms for him. His own small home, which, thanks to Harriet, was cleanly and orderly at other times, now bore obvious traces of the absence of any guiding spirit. The ashes of his cigarettes lay upon the hearth from day to day untouched—probably unseen—by the careless little maid-of-all-work. His torn letters and envelopes littered the mantelpiece and writing-desk. The newspapers and books looked as though they had not been dusted for a month.

Then his morning coffee—he drank coffee at breakfast—was weak and cold; and the boiled milk had a thick skin upon its surface.

It had been agreed that he was to dine at a restaurant during the period of his solitude;—and this he had been willing enough to do, for indeed it not infrequently happened that he found a restaurant convenient at other times, the little house at Chelsea being a long way off when he had made an engagement for the evening in parts resorted to by pleasure-seekers. He had been rather pleased than otherwise at the prospect of feeling absolutely free from Bertha's pleading eyes and Harriet's "I don't care for myself, but it's lonely for Bertha to have nothing to look forward to at the end of the day."

Philip, who was not an unkind brother, had been brought home by the above remark on

many occasions when any other kind of appeal would have been made in vain. But it was not this, it was actually a dim sense of loneliness, as well as of discomfort, which moved him.

Not that he would own as much—not he! It was not like Philip Saxby to give a sixpence more than he was asked for; ever to bestow a commendation that was not claimed. If Harriet said, "Have not I done well?" he would make answer, "Oh, certainly, very well," with a short laugh of superiority, or an air of patronising condescension. If she produced some little luxury as the fruits of her quick-sightedness and cleverness, he would eat it and smile over the recital. But he had no generous, spontaneous word of approval for any human being, and such affection as he possessed was reserved for his sister Bertha, who indeed was the one softening influence in the household.

When packing his portmanteau for the



morrow's early start there was one moment when the pale, sensual face of the young artist wore an almost tender expression, and that was when he said to himself, "I shall like to have a look at Bertha and see if she has got any colour in her cheeks yet!"

During the rest of the operation his thoughts, as usual, centred upon himself. He saw himself passing lazy days out in the sunshine, pursuing his art, which would be easy and pleasant under such conditions. He saw his white umbrella pitched beside a purling brook, or in the midst of murmuring woodlands, and himself ensconced beneath its shade during many fleeting hours of sumptuous ease. His wants would be ministered to; he would not be required to trudge to and fro when once he had settled down for the day. Harriet would help him to carry his pack; and subsequently she would, of course, be at his service in case of any requirements being needed. Bertha, being an invalid, might be admitted to share his own lazy ease. He would like poor Bertha to have a good time

as well as himself, provided hers detracted nothing from his,—that was the utmost extent to which Philip Saxby's benevolence ever went.

Then the third feminine figure entered on his mental canvas; this pretty Lettice Dew, of whom his sister Harriet seriously thought as his future wife. For himself he did not much incline to matrimony. It was a check on a man's liberty, and a drain on his resources. To be sure, if Lettice brought him money, that would do away with the latter objection; a wife who could provide for her own maintenance, and leave him free to spend what he made upon himself; but then, bother it all! he had never been able to spend what he made upon himself; he had always had those two sisters of his hanging on to him. That would have to go on, he supposed? And if so, how did Harriet propose that he should spend half his time away from London, where alone he could earn sufficient income for the wants of three people? Moreover, did she intend that the old order of housekeeping should still continue? If so, what was to be gained?

At this point he suddenly stood still, as though confronted by a new and sudden idea.

He knew Harriet. It was altogether unlike Harriet to be making a plan into which economy did not enter. After a few seconds' deliberation he looked about for his sister's letter, and read it through with fresh eye. Having done so, he drew in his lips and emitted a long, low whistle. He had detected the double arrangement.

"So that's what you're after, my good lady, is it? Ho, ho! I begin to perceive. Miss Saxby has spotted a good billet for herself as well as for her dear brother. She means to work the two conjointly, and if I carry out my part of the scheme, and she can manage hers also, our present partnership will be dissolved forthwith. That might suit me very well. One woman instead of two. One rich wife instead of two penniless sisters. Come, this looks better and better. Oh yes, I will obey you very readily now that I understand the whole, my dear Harriet; indeed, I will carry out your instructions, or at anyrate the first part of them, in the spirit rather than in the letter. By mid-day to-morrow you shall bid me welcome to Merrieland's Farm, and the rest must work out as best it may."

Accordingly the little party were just sitting down to their early dinner at the farm on the following day, when Lettice, who chanced to be glancing through the window, exclaimed in some surprise, "Why, there's a gentleman at the gate, and looking up at the house as if he meant to come in."



"Lost his way, mayhap," quoth the farmer, stolidly taking his seat and beginning to sharpen his knife and fork; but Harriet Saxby's heart gave a sudden throb. As by instinct she divined what was meant by such an apparition. She glanced across to Bertha, and Bertha also understood.

"Who can it be?" proceeded Lettice, looking innocently out. "He's coming up to the door. Shall I go out and see, father?"

By this time all eyes were turned to the window.

"Dear me, I believe—why, Bertha—it's—it's Philip. It's our brother, Mrs. Dew. Dear me, what has he come for? I do hope nothing's wrong. Let me go out and open to him," and Harriet hastily rose, leaving the rest looking in each other's faces.

"Oh, Mrs. Dew, I'm afraid this will put you out," murmured poor Bertha, with an uneasy sense of her sister's not being quite so innocent as she appeared. "I can't think what can have sent Philip here."

"I'm sure he's very welcome." Good Mrs. Dew had by this time recovered herself, and her hospitable instincts were awake. "He's come down to see you and your sister, no doubt, and very natural that he should. Lettice, just lay another knife and fork. He'll be hungry after his journey, and a good dinner will be the best sight we can show him," casting a beaming glance over the well-piled dishes. "I hope Miss Saxby's telling him he's very welcome," she subjoined hastily, as a murmur of voices from without seemed to indicate that some argument or discussion was going on.

"I hope nothing is wrong," murmured Bertha again, looking timidly round.

"Sakes alive, my dear, what can be wrong? You're all three here, as you can see for yourself;" the worthy dame patted her encouragingly on the shoulder. "That's right, Lettice;" as Lettice with heightened colour arranged another place upon the table. "Father, shall I draw some more ale, or is there plenty in the jug? Well, it is a good thing we hadn't sat down before! I do like to see a meal all ready waiting when I first go into a house. Just cut the loaf a little more down, Lettice; and now they might as well come in. Suppose you step out, father, and tell the young man he's kindly welcome?"

But at the same moment Harriet Saxby opened the door.

"I'm really quite ashamed, Mrs. Dew," began she, having made the most of her time outside, and impressed upon Philip in energetic whispers the necessity of following her lead, whatever face she might put upon his sudden appearance on the scene. "It seems my poor, stupid brother took it into his foolish head to be anxious about Bertha and me, and to want to satisfy himself with his own eyes that we were all right. He won't allow that," laughing affectedly, "but declares that he was tempted down by my description of Merrieland's Farm and its inhabitants, and the neighbourhood generally; and that finding he could contrive a week's holiday he resolved to take us all by surprise. At any rate, here he is. He has left his portmanteau at the station and walked across. He had no idea, of course, of intruding upon you just at dinner time—"

"Well I'm sure, and why shouldn't he?" cried Mrs. Dew, amazed at such a suggestion. "Sure you've never left him in doubt about coming in on *that* score? Run, Lettice, and bring him in. I'd run myself, but you'll go quicker."

And Lettice, the blush still upon her **cheek**, hesitatingly obeyed.

"She shouldn't have looked like *that*,"

muttered the simple-minded parent to herself. "It wasn't like Lettice to seem reluctant to bid folks to enter her father's house." Alack, the speaker had little understood the meaning of such reluctance!

When Lettice returned shyly, conducting the brown-bearded stranger through the doorway, and glancing at her mother as though anxious to be relieved of all further responsibility concerning him, Mrs. Dew only saw in this a little tiresome want of manners on her daughter's part, and resolved upon a private admonition.

Meantime, all she could do was to make up by her own warmth of greeting for any lack of geniality on the part of others.

Nor was the farmer behindhand in seconding her efforts.

"Glad to see ye, sir; glad to see ye," cried he heartily. "You're just in time to make play with the knife and fork; and that's the best hour of the day at Merrieland's Farm. We don't often have visitors of a Sunday, unless it be my son or my daughters, as are established in the neighbourhood,—so you're all the more welcome, being as I suppose obliged to travel on this day, having no other of your own," he added suggestively.

"Could not possibly get away before," replied Philip Saxby, quickly perceiving the drift of the last observation, and meeting Harriet's warning eye at the same moment. "I am obliged to travel upon a Sunday occasionally, Mr. Dew."

"Quite so, sir; quite so; 'a work of necessity' we know. Many things are a necessity to you city folks that we country people know nothing about," sitting down, and repossessing himself of the carving-knife and fork. "Wife, I don't know if we've said grace or not. I've clean forgot; but anyhow we'll say it again to make sure, and then the sooner you let me cut into this prime joint of beef the better," and he proceeded to do as he had said, and the repast began.

Lettice was an unsophisticated girl with a narrow experience and quick imagination. It was perhaps natural that with her, outward appearance should be everything, or almost everything, when forming an opinion of a new acquaintance. Moreover, that she should view the outward appearance of Philip Saxby from her own standpoint. From that, as we have said, Philip appeared a gentleman. His slight figure to her mind was graceful and agile. His pale face with its somewhat pointed features, carefully trimmed moustache and beard, and artistically cut hair, appeared the embodiment of refined and delicate beauty. While his thin

white hands and long fingers formed a strange and most agreeable contrast to those she usually met with, sunburnt from exposure, and rough from hard and heavy toil. Even his clothes, with their town cut, his tie and collar, the sleeve-links in his cuffs, and the ring upon his finger, all went into the scale to prove him a superior mortal. None such had ever before appeared at the farm.

His manners too were so polite, so easy. He had something to say which pleased everybody. He would not allow her to help him to salt, making a little joke about it which, threadbare as it might be to other ears, was new to hers. He could not eat quite as freely as his hosts would fain have had him to do—(indeed Philip was suffering from the somewhat late revel of the night before)—but he declared that if anything could have tempted him, it would have been the excellence of the fare; and when the meal was over, he drew back Lettice's chair as well as his own, and with a glance which was meant to convey volumes, assured them all that he considered his having come off when he did and found himself where he did, the greatest piece of luck which had ever befallen him.

He had heard about the neighbourhood, he had heard about Merrieland's Farm, and he had heard about his sisters' new friends, but—with another bow and another meaning glance, it had needéd his own coming to make him understand the full extent of their good fortune.

He could not, of course, hope to be accommodated at the farm—but even as he spoke the wily fellow caught a glance between Lettice and her mother, and knew that Harriet's and his own triumph was complete.

Harriet had told him that there was a room, a snug little room, at the end of the passage upstairs, which was always kept ready in case the farmer's son, who was a clerk in Chester, cared to occupy it for a day or two at a time, as he not infrequently did. There was now a murmured sound of "Bob's room," which was music to Philip Saxby's ears, and he turned away on the pretext of addressing his sister Bertha with a remark on her improved looks, in order to allow a hurried consultation to take place between his hosts, which he full well guessed would result in its offer for his acceptance.

Harriet also stood carelessly regarding the outside scene through the open window, and affecting to chase a humble bee from the panes with her pocket-handkerchief, as though quite disengaged in mind, and perceiving nothing of what was passing aside.

So that when the proposition was made, and the difficulties raised for form's sake by the

brother and sister overcome, Lettice Dew's little foolish heart was not the only one present which beat with a sense of exultation; and the quick flash of joy in her blue eyes was responded to on the instant by an answering gleam in those of another person to the full as well pleased as herself.

(To be continued.)

Food Adulteration.—III.

Milk.

SINCE writing the last article we have had a Tell-Tale Milk Jug* sent to us, and very useful it proves itself to be, and quite a necessary jug you will say when you have used it. In Fig. 1 we give a drawing of it. The quantity marks are at one pint, three quarter-pint, half-pint, and quarter-pint, so when milk is supplied in any of these quantities you can see that you get good measure. There are also quantity marks below each of these, so that the thickness of a layer of cream can be read off, as average, good, very good. Here is an instrument at once which fulfils all the conditions of the graduated tubes we mentioned in our last paper, and we have not the least doubt this jug will soon be a general favourite, except with the milkmen, who do not like it at all.

Cream.

This is pure if you raise it from the new milk you buy; bought samples of cream are sometimes thickened. Notice the colour, it should not be too white.



FIG. 1.

Should starch be used for thickening it, you can detect it by taking a small portion of cream, adding a little hot water shake it up well, and; put in a drop of iodine tincture. It will turn a deep blue if starch is present. Boric acid is sometimes added in small quantities to keep it fresh.

The examination with the microscope, as we mentioned in our last paper, affords a ready method of detecting substances that ought not to be in cream.

Butter.

This is the solid fat of the milk, and it is the most digestible of fats, so that if other fats are employed to adulterate it the food value of the butter is very much diminished. Every trace of buttermilk should be washed out of it, so that there is nothing to make it go rancid. Only

a trace of salt should exist in fresh butter, and only 5 or 6 per cent. in salt butter. Lard and margarine are the substances generally employed for adulterating; other fats are sometimes used, but not often. These fats are rather difficult to detect with certainty. Butter has a melting point of about 95 deg. Fah.

Margarine melts at a lower point than this.

Put a small piece of butter into a narrow test-tube; place it in a deep tin saucer or bath of warm water, at about 70 deg. Fah. Raise the temperature of the water till it reaches 90 deg. Fah.—this temperature you must test by a thermometer. If no liquid shows itself in the tube till this temperature is reached there is no margarine; if all is not melted when it reaches 97 deg. Fah. some other fats are present. When all in the tube is melted, hold it up to the light; a nice clear, bright, yellow liquid fat is a type of pure butter. Salt will go to the bottom if a little water be added. If water is present it will gradually sink to the bottom of the tube.

Margarine, of course, may in itself be adulterated. Much prejudice exists against this fat, but for making pastry and many purposes it is always preferable to badly-made butter. Margarine in butter cannot be detected by cutting, for it does not stick to the knife any more than butter does. We mention this because some persons imagine that margarine sticks to the knife. Fig. 2 is a microscopic sketch of pure butter, and Fig. 3 of margarine.

Cheese

is not open to much adulteration beyond a little colouring matter, which is sometimes used. This remark applies specially to home-made cheeses, for sometimes foreign cheeses contain substances which do not come from milk. To a careful observer, smell and the act of tasting is the best test for cheese.

(To be continued.)

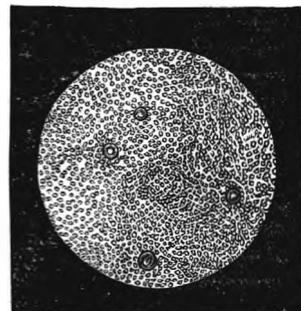


FIG. 2.

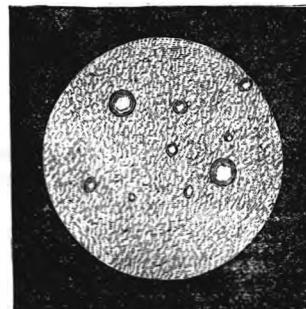


FIG. 3.

* The inventor of the "Tell-Tale Milk Jug" is Mr. I. Lawrence, 56, Fulham Road, London, S.W.



BY THE REV CANON GARNIER

V.—Validity of Christian Worship.

CHRISTIAN Worship, both in form and character, has sprung, as we have seen, out of Jewish worship by natural growth. This, in itself, accounts for the all but total silence of the New Testament on this vital subject; the truth being that Christian Worship, like Christian Doctrine, was firmly established long before there were any Christian Scriptures to appeal to.¹

But our Lord had given utterance to one memorable saying which the Church has recognised as of the utmost importance in its bearing upon worship, for she recites it at the end of both Morning and Evening Prayer, in the Prayer of S. Chrysostom. This, in full, is as follows:—

"I say unto you that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." (S. Matt. xviii. 19, 20.)

This has been called *the Charter of Public Worship*. If the worship is valid, it is solely because of this covenanted Presence of Christ, and this Presence is dependent on the fulfilment of the condition attached to the promise.

The Condition "in My Name."

It is, however, a passage that has been applied in the loosest possible way so as to cover any and every assemblage of worshippers that claims to meet under the sanction of that Name. But this is to interpret it by a merely

¹ "When St. Paul spoke of *the Holy Scriptures* of the Old Testament as *able to make wise unto Salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus*, he expressed what was the practical belief of the first century of the Christian Church. The Old Testament was for two or three generations a complete Bible both doctrinally and historically, when interpreted in the light of the Gospel."—Bishop Westcott, "*Canon of New Test.*," p. 55.

nineteenth-century consciousness. When interpreted by the Jewish consciousness to which it was addressed, it will be found to mean something very different.

But, first of all, we are led by other passages in the New Testament itself to distrust this unrestricted application of the promise.

On the one hand, there is the case of those sons of Sceva who called that Sacred Name over them that had evil spirits. The claim is disallowed, there is no casting out of the devil, (Acts xix. 13-16.)

On the other hand, there is the case of those who will say, "Have we not prophesied in Thy Name? and in Thy Name have cast out devils? and in Thy Name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." (Matt. vii. 22, 23.)

What is the explanation that will fit these two sets of circumstances?

If "*in My Name*" be equivalent to "*under My authority*," it will suffice.¹ It is a master-key that turns easily within the wards of the different locks.

The sons of Sceva the Jew, though born to the priesthood, had no authority to exorcise "in the Name of Jesus Christ," into which they had never been baptised. To call it over the possessed, merely as a charm or spell, would not avail.

On the other hand, those who are "baptised into the Name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts ii. 38; viii. 16) hold authority to gather together "in His Name," for worship, for prayer, for the exercise of discipline. Their life may be unworthy and inconsistent, but it does not invalidate ministerial acts in the administration of Christ's Sacraments, "which be effectual

¹ This use is familiar enough in civil affairs. The officer of a Court of Justice may demand entrance into a private house "in the Queen's name."

because of Christ's institution and promise, although they be ministered by evil men." (Art. xxvi.) The case is parallel to that of the Scribes and Pharisees, of whom our Lord said, they "sit in Moses' seat: all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do: but do not ye after their works, for they say, and do not." (S. Matt. xxiii. 2, 3; cf. S. John xi. 51.)

Addressed to a Jewish Consciousness.

And this interpretation of our Lord's saying will be confirmed when we appeal to that Jewish consciousness to which our Lord addressed His saying at the time. For God had spoken of old to the Jews on this very subject of *Worship*, in almost identical terms. It is in that memorable xxth chapter of Exodus in which the first covenant is ratified:—

"In all places where I record My Name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." (Ex. xx. 24.)

Here is the same mention of the *Name*. Here is the same promise of the *Presence*. It is attached to their gathering together in the place where the Name is recorded.

Only there is this difference. Under the Old Covenant the Name is restricted to certain places. (Lev. xvii. 8, 9; Deut. xii. 5, 13, 14; xiv. 23.) Under the New, it belongs to certain persons.

The place, of old time, was pre-eminently Jerusalem—"Jerusalem, the city which I have chosen Me to put My name there." (1 Kings xi. 36.)¹

Our Lord recognised this consciousness in the Jews of His own time. He referred to it as the great controversy between them and their rivals, the Samaritans. The Samaritan woman said to Him, "Ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship." Jesus saith unto her, "Woman, believe Me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." (S. John iv. 20, 21). He rescinds the old law as to places; He imposes a new condition which has to do with persons: "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." Instead of being attached to the place, the qualification is brought with the persons who assemble there. "His name shall be in their foreheads." (Rev. xxii. 4.)

The Jew would understand that when God spoke of "placing His Name," "recording His Name," in a place, it meant a choice and con-

secration of that place, and consequently the authorisation of the worship to be offered there.

He would understand from Christ's saying that this idea is now to be transferred to persons. These also may be chosen and consecrated, and this takes place when they are "baptised into Christ," "baptised into His Name." (Rom. vi. 3; Acts viii. 16; xix. 5.) They become those "upon whom His Name is called." (Acts xv. 17.) It stands therefore for those within the covenant relation to Christ, those admitted into His Spiritual Body.

Wheresoever such are gathered together in the Name of Christ, in other words, where they meet as a part of the Spiritual Body of Christ, there He has promised to be in the midst of them.

And this we see to be independent of mere numbers. The promise holds if there be but "two or three" thus qualified, *i.e.*, if they are meeting, not schismatically,¹ but as a part of the Body, for as Hooker says, "Christ is whole in the whole Church, and whole with every part of the Church, as touching His Person, which can in no way divide Itself, or be possessed by degrees or portions."²

Nature of this Presence of Christ.

If so, what is that Presence of Christ which is covenanted to such a gathering together? To what end is it given?

In such a matter we must appeal to the later consciousness of the Christian Church after that the Holy Spirit had taken of the things of Christ and had shown them unto it. (St. John xvi. 14-15.) Evidently, it is no longer like the Pillar of Fire, the luminous cloud that descended upon the Tabernacle and on the Temple. (Ex. xiii. 21; xix. 9, 18; xxiv. 16; 1 Kings viii. 10.) Before *that* the priests could not stand to minister. Before *that* men must needs worship.

But the Presence of the Incarnate Son of God in His worshipping Church is of another nature, and to serve another end. If we search the New Testament through we invariably find that

¹ Dealing with the assertion advanced by certain, that the Presence of God is promised to all Christian meetings, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. xviii. 20), Palmer quotes "the Martyr Cyprian;"

"How can two or three be gathered together in the Name of Christ who have plainly separated from Christ and from His Gospel? For we have not departed from them, but they from us; and since schisms and heresies are born afterwards, they left the fountain-head and origin of truth, when they constituted different convocations for themselves." ("De Unit," 256), Palmer, "On the Church," l. p. 87.

² V. lvi. 10.

¹ 2 Chron. vii. 12, 16; xxxiii. 7; 1 Kings xi. 32; xvi. 21; 2 Kings xxi. 7; xxiii. 27; Ps. lxxviii. 67-69; cxxxii. 13, 14.

the thought of the worshipper is directed heavenward. (Col. iii. 1, 2.) The Lord Himself had impressed this upon them with outward signs. He looked up to Heaven when He blessed and gave thanks. He had given this thought a place in the Prayer that He taught His disciples, *Our Father which art in Heaven*. So prayer is expressed by the "lifting up of holy hands" as an appeal to Heaven. (1 Tim. ii. 8.) We are shown the prayers of the saints as they ascend up before God (Rev. viii. 4); *sursum corda*, "Lift up your hearts!" is the keynote of worship in the Church on earth.

The Presence of Christ to impart Authority.

Consequently, this Presence of Christ is not vouchsafed in order to be the *Object* of the worship going on. It is to serve another purpose, to impart a *character* to the gathering together in His Name. This it invests with His own power and authority.

The authoritative character imparted to the gathering of the Church for *discipline* is in like manner imparted to its gathering for *worship*. In both alike there is an assurance of the Presence of Christ.

It will be observed that this is again promised in the final commission given to the Eleven:—"Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost . . . and, lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." (S. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.)

It gives assurance that Baptism, seeing it is enjoined and authorised by the Word of Christ, is no longer merely the act of man. It is the act of Christ Himself; "*Lo, I am with you*" (*μεθ' ὑμῶν*) in such an act. This covers all similar acts. Men are therein "workers together with God." They go forth in His Name, and the Lord works with them. They preach at His bidding, and He confirms the Word with signs following. Christ is the real Baptizer; Christ, the Consecrator in the Holy Communion.¹ Christ bestows the "gift" in Ordination, so that S. Paul can confidently appeal to Timothy, "Stir up *the gift of God* that is in thee by the putting on of my hands." (2 Tim. i. 6.)

But to turn once more to the passage we are considering, "*Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of*

them." Here the assemblage is expressly met to make its requests known unto God—an act of worship. It is the Presence of Christ in the midst of them (*ἐν μέσῳ αὐτῶν*) that gives validity to the worship offered, just as His Presence in co-operation (*μεθ' ὑμῶν*) gives authority and efficacy to the Ministerial acts. The Ministerial acts are God's acts, by way of man, to His people. The acts of worship are man's acts towards God. In both the mediatorial office of Christ has its place. In every act of valid worship He is just as present as He was in that great archetypal act of worship which He taught them how to offer in that upper room at Jerusalem.¹

It was not likely that this great thought should be thus lightly touched and then left. We should expect it to be brought out with greater fulness and distinctness in the later Scriptures of the New Testament when we recollect the special office of the Spirit of Truth. "He shall teach you all things; and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (S. John xiv. 26); "He shall testify of Me" (xv. 26); "He will guide you into all the truth He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you" (xvi. 13-14).

The Presence of Christ as High Priest.

And so we find. The relation of Christ to the worship of His Church is brought out with great distinctness. Just as there is one central figure in the worship of the Old Covenant, so is it in the worship of the New. The very same term is applied to our Lord. He is our great High Priest, He is a Priest for ever. (Heb. iv. 14; vii. 21, 24.)

The highest worship of the Jew passed heaven-

¹ The clergy "are not delegates or plenipotentiaries of an absent, far-off Christ, nor do they come *between* the Lord and His people" (the Roman view); "but they are representatives of a *present* Christ. He alone gives the efficacy to all ministerial acts. Ministerial acts are great only because they are the acts of Christ, and there is nothing too great to look for at His hands."—WEBB, "Min. of True Sanct.," p. 20.

In the Communion Office we pray that our bounden duty and service may be accepted "through Jesus Christ our Lord, *by Whom and with Whom*, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honour and glory be unto Thee, O Father Almighty."

Compare Dr. Bright's hymn:—

"And now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,
And *having with us* Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.
Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him."

¹ Freeman, "Pr. of Div. Serv.," II. ii. p. 363. Cf. "The water came when Moses struck the rock, but it was not Moses or Aaron that brought the water forth.—"Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it" (Ex. xvii. 6.)—Bishop WEBB, "Minister of the True Sanctuary," p. 21.

ward through the personality of the high priest of God who represented the whole congregation, "for every high priest taken from among men is ordained for man in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins." (Heb. v. 1.) This is a figure of Christ for whom an eternal Priesthood is claimed. (Heb. vi. 20; vii. 21-28; viii. 1; ix. 11.)

If we ask why Christ took to Himself Priesthood, the answer may be given in the words of another; "Not for His own sake, but 'for their sakes' did He 'sanctify Himself' (S. John xvii. 19) i.e., consecrate (*R. V. Margin*), Himself as a Priest and Offering unto God, 'that they also might be sanctified' and become prevailing priests, and an acceptable sacrifice." "And what is priesthood," he asks, "but the power to offer acceptably?"

Christ, therefore, in taking His place in the midst of His people when gathered together in His Name, imparts to them His own character. He is there as *Prophet* when the Church meets in council for the discharge of its prophetic office, to declare authoritatively the truth of God. He is there as *King* when the Church is acting judicially and administering discipline. He is there as *High Priest* when the Church is gathered together for worship.

The Church a Community of Kings and Priests.

This alone explains the prerogatives attributed to the Church in the New Testament. It is a community of kings and priests unto God (Rev. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6), or, collectively, "a royal priesthood" (1 Pet. ii. 9). It is only because *the King, the High Priest*, imparts to it by His Presence the kingly and priestly character. He is in the midst of it. As King He gives authority to its discipline; as Priest, validity to its worship.

This, as it is taught in the Church, is

The Priesthood of the Laity.

It dates from the hour of baptism when "man would in his measure inherit a glorious priesthood, by his having been ingrafted into the very Body of a Divine High Priest." This priestly character with which, unconsciously in the case of infants, we have been invested at our Baptism, has to be claimed by an act of our own will, just as a man may be by birth a freeman of a city, and yet the exercise of his prerogatives may be in abeyance till he "takes up" his freedom. This is first done in Confirmation. But in ever-increasing fulness it is associated with the Holy Communion. By feeding therein on the One Great Sacrifice once offered "it becomes a state of priesthood unto God, involving functions and powers derived

immediately from the One Perfect Priesthood."

But we have further to distinguish between the priesthood of the laity and the official priesthood of the clergy.

There is, first of all, "the *personal priesthood* whereby every baptised 'man has his own separate right of access to the Father through Christ.'"

There is also the *collective priesthood* of the whole Body, laity as well as clergy. It was, we believe, to the whole Body that the promises were made. The ruling and the priestly power is vested ultimately in the whole Church as the Body of Christ.

The Official Priesthood of the Clergy.

But, further, there is the official and representative priesthood of the clergy for the exercise of this power vested in the Body. It is the appointed organ of the Body for this purpose. By way of illustration, man may be described as "a speaking," or a "writing," animal. To speak, or to write, is an act characteristic of the whole man, and yet in each case it is a function assigned to a particular organ of his body. So, as Bishop Webb says in his Ordination Addresses, "the will of our Lord is that there shall be organs of His Body, the Church, having a personal relation to Himself; and these are the clergy duly called of God and commissioned. **Special ministerial acts are to be wrought by them in the power and strength of that Body. You have to bear not your own message, but the message of the Body; to teach, not your own views, but the Faith of the Body; to offer, not a worship of your own, but the worship of the Body of Christ. And it is God Who hath set the organs in the Body—not the will of man. It is not from man, but God, that you receive place and office, authority and power, to act as its ministers.**"

All this enters into the meaning of our Lord's saying, "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them."

It shows us who those are that gather together "in His Name." They are His Body, the Church, or any part of that Body.

It assures to such a gathering His Presence, and it is the presence of the Great High Priest which enables them to offer acceptable worship.

It explains the conjunction of those *Notes* of the Apostolic Church. "They continued stedfastly in the Apostles' Fellowship, and in the **Breaking of the Bread and the Prayers,**" for in **that Fellowship** would be the Presence of the **Great High Priest** which alone could give **validity to the worship offered.**

(To be continued.)



Hope.

BY MAUD CAREW.

A LOVELY April afternoon with a soft, cloud-flecked sky, and spring sunshine resting tenderly on the young green of springing grass and budding hedgerow. A party of children scattered about a wide meadow, plucking the primroses that shone like pale stars among their sheltering leaves, and a girl, presumably their elder sister, standing motionless with her hands full of flowers, listening to a lark's song.

Such was the picture that met the eyes of a young man, leaning over a stile in the background, realising for the first time in his life what Spring meant in the country.

Suddenly the peaceful calm was broken by a scream, a splash, and shrill cries from the far side of the meadow.

"Harry's in the water! Come quick! Hope! Hope! Make haste!"

The girl dropped her flowers, and ran swiftly across the long grass. The young man vaulted the stile, and raced after her with long easy strides. It was as well for her that help was at hand, for the brook ran between deep banks, fringed with brushwood, and the boy lay motionless, face downwards, in the shallow stream, just where he had crashed through the bushes, and where it was exceedingly difficult for her to reach him.

Yet Hope Grey was about to make the attempt, when a hand was laid gently on her arm, and a voice said quietly: "Allow me."

She glanced up and saw a stranger with a grave earnest face, and dark penetrating eyes, but before she had time to realize more he had plunged down the bank, and raised the insensible boy. It was with some difficulty even then that he scrambled up again with his dripping burden, and but for Hope's outstretched hand once he would have fallen backwards

into the water. The sense of mutual help and dependence served instead of introduction; the two felt quite friends by the time the young man stood safe on the meadow again.

But few words passed between them, as both were equally anxious to get the boy at once to the grey farmhouse across the meadows, which was his home.

Mrs. Grey had brought up too large a family of sons to be easily alarmed at a slight accident, and she and Hope were soon reviving Harry, while Mr. Grey attended to his rescuer.

When Hope came downstairs again with the news that Harry had quite come to, and seemed little the worse for his adventure, the two men were sitting on a bench in the sun, enjoying their pipes together, and talking politics.

"It's Mr. Franklin, Hope, the new school-master," said Mr. Grey, as the young man rose to make room for the girl.

Hope held out her hand with a bright smile, and thanked him warmly. Then she vanished into the house to get tea ready.

"She's our sunbeam," said her father, watching her go. "You see, we've no girl but her and little Dolly, so she's just everything to us. She's been away this three years as lady's maid down in Kent, but she came home this winter when mother was laid up for weeks with influenza, and I doubt if we'll ever let her go again."

Hope was the merriest, most natural girl who ever boiled a kettle, or cut thick bread-and-butter for a hungry tribe of brothers—bread that she had baked, and butter that she had churned herself. But she thoroughly enjoyed discussing books and music with Franklin presently, when she found he came from London.

"The young ladies spoil my girl taking her to concerts and picture galleries," said her father. But he was evidently proud of his superior daughter all the same.

"You must miss it all very much," Franklin said to her in a low voice.

Hope glanced round the table and shook her head.

"Home is home," she said.

Franklin sighed. "I never had a home," he said. "I was brought up by an uncle and aunt, but their house was never home to me."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Grey, catching the remark. "No home and no brothers and sisters! how sad! And it'll be but a lonely life you'll lead in Oakfield now. But you'll always be sure of a welcome whenever you like to look in on us."

Franklin looked up with a smile not less winning for its rarity, and thanked her. He should take her at her word, he said.

"There was no need to correct her," he said to himself as he strolled homewards bye-and-by. "He is never likely to turn up here, thank heaven!"

The new schoolmaster speedily became a great favourite in Oakfield. From the Vicar to the smallest schoolboy all sang his praises. His only fault, they said, was that he was a bit grave and solemn.

But there was one person who never found him solemn, and that was Hope Grey. Her heart leapt up when she saw him coming along the field path in the quiet evenings.

Once or twice a week without fail, Franklin made his appearance at Sunnymede, and on Sunday nights he always walked home from church with the Greys, and came in to supper. Father and mother guessed pretty well that it was not for the pleasure of seeing them that he came. They spoke of it to each other sometimes. "We can never spare her," her father would say. And the mother would answer bravely: "Oh, yes, I am quite strong now, and besides, she would be so near us, dear child!" And Hope knew too, though she hardly owned it even to herself, what made this summer so much lovelier than any summer she had known before, and gave its charm to the quiet home life.



One July evening, when a faint breeze was stirring after the long hot day, Franklin went over the fields to Sunnymede as usual. As he drew near he saw a saddle horse tethered to the farm gate, and then Hope came out down the garden path, between the standard roses and the tall white lilies. By her side was a young man whom he knew by sight, who seemed deeply interested in her conversation. Half-way down the path Hope stopped, she would go no farther, and, after an apparent protest, her companion left her, mounted his horse, and rode away at a ringing trot.

Hope waited till he was out of sight, and then moved on. She was leaning over the gate with a troubled look on her face when Franklin joined her. The trouble vanished in the sweet, shy

smile with which she answered his good evening: but for the first time a pang of jealousy had seized him, and he asked:

"Was that Mitchell, from Henfold, who has just ridden off?"

"Yes," answered Hope.

"I did not know you knew him," continued Franklin.

"Oh, yes! We have known him for years, but we do not make him very welcome here," answered Hope slowly.

"No? Why not?" he asked relieved, for he knew the young man's father was well off, and the whole family occupied a higher social position than the Greys.

Hope plucked a few leaves from the hedge and played with them idly. "Mother and I do not like him," she said. "He bets, and goes to all the races roundabout, and all his friends are such a wild set. Besides," and her voice sank, "father has twice seen him drunk, and they say he is often the worse for what he takes."

"And that is a sin you could not pardon?" Franklin's question was put abruptly.

"No. I have seen too much misery in the village from drink. It is a thing of which I have a perfect horror. No one who drinks shall be a friend of mine," answered Hope firmly.

Franklin was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Perhaps you do not make enough allowance for temptation. Men are so different from women."

"Right and wrong are the same for all," she said. "And I despise a man who says he cannot keep straight unless he can have circumstances just as he wishes them. He ought to be the stronger and set a good example, or how can a woman trust him?"

She was evidently thinking of something that had passed between her and Mitchell, and she paused suddenly, while a blush mounted slowly to her forehead.

"Shall we go in?" she said; "or father is in the orchard shutting up the chickens, shall we go and help?"

"It would never do to tell her now," was Gilbert Franklin's reflection over his pipe that night. "I might lose her if I did. I must wait till we are married. She will see things differently then. He has cost me enough already, he shall not cost me her love."

Yet his conscience pricked him at the thought of deceiving the girl he loved. "Be open, tell her all," said a voice within him. But Franklin would not listen. "I will not risk it," he

resolved. "If I once had her promise, she would not draw back, but I cannot tell her till we are engaged."

For engaged he hoped they might be shortly. Indeed it was with the full intention of proposing to Hope that he next took his way to the old farm. But a terrible blow awaited him there. Hope was gone. Her old mistress had sent for her in a hurry, and Hope, anxious to oblige, was going to the Highlands with her young ladies.

They were going to Scotland directly after the August Bank Holiday, which they spent in Kent. One of the other maids had

had some relations down to see her on that day, and asked Hope if she would go with her to the station to see them off. The station was crowded and noisy when they arrived: "That's the worst of being so near London on a Bank Holiday," said one of the party, as they waited for the train. "Look at those men. How disgraceful!"

Hope looked, and saw some young fellows indulging in rough horse-play. They were all evidently the worse for what they had taken, and other people were giving them a wide berth, so that they were rather conspicuous. But what turned Hope's face so white, and brought on it a look



of horror, was the sight of a tall, good-looking young man among them, with dark eyes unnaturally bright, features no longer serious, but wearing a wildly excited expression, and a straw hat set far back on a dark head she knew but too well. It could not be! It was impossible! And yet—Hope's eyes were rivetted on him. It must be a strange likeness that had deceived her. Just at that moment one of his companions snatched his hat from him, and flung it on the rails. Its owner sprang after it.

"Look out Franklin, the train is coming!"

Every syllable fell clear on Hope's attentive ear. There was a rumble of the approaching train, a rush of the crowd, shouting, a commotion. It was no wonder Hope turned paler yet and clung to a pillar for support.

"It's all right, miss, he jumped up just in time, he ain't hurt," said a good natured bystander.

But Hope turned away sick and faint, whispering to her companion that she would wait for her outside.

"Why, you are quite upset!" said the other girl, when she joined her.

"It was rather a shock," answered Hope.

A shock indeed. So this was what his words had meant! He, too, had felt the force of temptation and succumbed to it! Yet Hope would not believe it even now till she got a letter from home, which said; "Mr. Franklin has been away for Bank Holiday. I don't know where he went, but he doesn't look any the better for it." Then her heart died within her, and she wished her love could die too.

It was while she was in the far north that Hope received a letter from Franklin, asking her to be his wife. It was a manly, tender letter, breathing true love for her in every word. If he had been open with her, if he had confessed his weakness and besought her help and influence, so dearly did she love him, that she might have forgiven him and held out a hand to save him. But his deception made her indignant. There was not a word of the sin she hated. She was to marry him in ignorance and discover too late what she had done.

Anger nerved Hope to write a few cold lines telling him it was impossible she could ever marry him, and giving no reason. And then, her anger being spent, poor Hope fretted her heart out in silent misery, refusing to explain her conduct even to her mother.

Hope's mistress thought the girl homesick, she seemed so sad and unlike herself. When they came south she arranged for her to go to Oakfield for a few days. Hope was unwilling to go home; she felt as if she never wished to

see Oakfield again, while Franklin was there, but as it suited the family convenience she did not like to object. Her mother exclaimed at her altered looks. Mrs. Grey could not recognize her bright daughter in the pale, quiet girl who returned to her, and, woman-like, she connected Hope's depression at once with Mr. Franklin.

But before Hope and her mother had time for confidences, the Vicar of Oakfield came to call. He was looking grave, and his greeting to Hope was unusually cold.

"I am sorry your husband is out," he said to Mrs. Grey, plunging at once into his subject. "I came to see him on a serious matter. You know there has been a report in the village lately that Mr. Franklin has taken to bad ways." He was watching Hope narrowly. Gossip said that her refusal of him had driven the schoolmaster to drinking. How gossip had got hold of that fact no one knew, but it had leaked out; and no wonder, thought the Vicar, that Hope should flush crimson, and then turn white again.

"Oh, sir, I'm sure it isn't true!" began Mrs. Grey.

"I have set it down as idle rumour till now," answered the Vicar. "But I have been told twice to-day that he was seen drunk at Horsham last Saturday. I am determined now to sift the matter to the bottom. Your husband was over there on Saturday, does he know anything of it?"

Hope's increasing agitation could not escape the notice of either spectator. Her mother went suddenly to her, and took her hand. "Hope, child, did you know anything of this?" she asked, a sudden light breaking in on her.

The Vicar's manner softened. The same idea had struck him. "Hope, if you do know anything of Mr. Franklin's habits I must ask you to tell me," he said kindly. "This is a serious matter, and I must get at the truth."

Never in her life had Hope longed to deceive as she did at that moment. To have a share in bringing disgrace on the man she loved was almost more than she could bear. But not even for his sake could she speak anything but the strict truth.

"I saw him"—she gasped rather than spoke—"on Bank Holiday—down at Helsfield—with a lot of tipsy men, and he was—"; she could not finish, but her burst of tears spoke for her. She drew her hand from her mother's and left the room. She could not stay.

"Poor child! so that was why she said him nay," said Mrs. Grey, with tears of sympathy

Faithful unto Death in Darkest Africa.

A STORY FOR WOMEN.

SHE was only a poor, ignorant black woman, living in an utterly heathen district of South Africa. She had never joined in a Christian service or listened to a hymn of praise to God; had never seen a church or a Bible, or even a native convert, but just once a travelling missionary had stopped by her kraal and tried to teach her a few simple lessons of Christian faith and duty, and then gone on his way—scarcely hoping that the poor untaught mind would take in much of what he had said, much less act upon it. But when one day not long after her big, black savage of a husband came home very noisy and excited from a drinking bout, and ordered her to brew a fresh supply of the native beer that he had already partaken of not wisely but too well, to his unspeakable astonishment, she refused. No, she said, the drink was the curse of the country, the white man had said, and she was not going to make any more of it. A Zulu does not understand that sort of thing; he keeps a wife to work for him and minister to his pleasure, not to think for herself; and he knows what arguments to use when words fail. When he found that neither threats nor commands could alter her resolve he set upon the poor creature and gave her a terrible thrashing, so terrible indeed that she did not long survive it.

Nobody seems to have interfered to protect her—not even her own son—but when her lord and master had finished his cruel work the lad crept near to hear his mother's last words.

"My boy," she said, "I want you when I am dead to go down to the coast where the white men live, and enquire for the one who came here a little while ago, and talked to me about Jesus. He said that Jesus loves me, and that He does not like us to have the beer because it makes our people wicked, so I could not make it again even to save my life. Now I am going to Jesus, and you must ask them to teach you about Him."

Then the thick lips closed, the woolly head fell back, and the brave, true soul went home to know the meaning of the promise she had never heard, though she had well-deserved its fulfilment. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

There were no tender Christian hands to lay her in the grave; no pastoral voice to give thanks for this sister delivered out of the miseries of this sinful world, but surely the angels were waiting to bear her ransomed spirit to join the noble army of martyrs.

Only a poor, ignorant, half-heathen woman, with such a tiny twinkle of Christian light to guide her, and yet how faithfully she followed it! I wonder how many Christian Englishwomen would have been as brave, as true to the sense of duty? I know some who think themselves very

good Christians, who cannot stand up against the smallest opposition for their right to obey God's commandments, and others who will not give up the slight gratification of their daily glass of beer, even for the sake of their tempted husbands. Let them take care, lest in that day when many shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with all the saints in the kingdom of Heaven, that poor, black woman does not rise up against them as a witness!



CROSSING A RIVER IN ZULULAND.



Holiday Temptations.

By M. D. K.

WITH the arrival of summer, many of us have doubtless been thinking much about going for a holiday. Some can only get away for a day or two, but others will be able to go for a week or more. We all know how thoroughly enjoyable a change of air and scene is to those who work hard, and especially to those who have to live in large towns. We know what a treat it is to stroll along the quiet, peaceful, country lanes, or to climb the breezy hill-sides, or perhaps, still better, to get to the sea side, and lie on the shore, or have a dip in the "briny," or a "sail on the ocean wave."

A real health-giving holiday is truly a great blessing, and something we ought to be most thankful for. The Bible, when it speaks about "God resting," teaches us that rest is sacred as well as labour; that it is a duty and a privilege for us now and then to rest our body and mind.

But, alas! we all know that our greatest blessings are often the occasions of our greatest temptations; that use and misuse, liberty and license, are too often confused together. Many young people, we fear, think that when they go off for a holiday, they are at liberty to do things, and to indulge in practices they would never dream of doing at home. We are all tempted to imagine that when we leave home, we may leave not only our duties, but also our responsibilities, both towards God and our fellow men and ourselves, behind us. We get to a strange place where we think no one knows us, and then comes the temptation to looseness of conduct. Many a one, we fear, could trace the first beginning of some terrible sin to a holiday time, when, from sheer thoughtlessness, or from the influence of excitement, they fell into and were overcome by temptation. The old saying is still terribly true that the devil finds mischief for both idle hands and idle minds.

How are we to guard ourselves from these dangers? By remembering that God is everywhere; that He is, and will be, as much with

us, and watching us, when we are away as when we are at home. We must remember that, though we may not be known to the people all around us, yet we are bidden to "Honour all men" (and ourselves as well). Therefore, we must set strangers as well as acquaintances a good example, and we must take care that even those who are unknown to us, and whom we may never see again, learn from us good and not evil.



AMMONIA is present in pure air in *traces* only. Perhaps one part in a million of air may be taken to represent the proper quantity, liable, however, to be much increased in the case of foul and impure air. It probably arises from the decay of animal and plant matter.

ALWAYS keep milk in a clean place, then, away from all possible sources of contamination by drains and the like. Many cases of illness, the cause of which is unknown or mysterious, have arisen through allowing milk to become spoiled by the foul gases of drains, or by keeping it in places where it becomes soured and otherwise altered in quality.

HOT water—it must be really hot, and not tepid merely—is a valuable remedy in many cases of bleeding. Bleeding from the stomach may be controlled by making the patient sip hot water, and nose bleeding may also be checked by making the patient sit with the feet in very hot water.

THE virtues of tar are again beginning to be appreciated. As an internal remedy, given in the form of tabloid, pill, or pastille, tar has an excellent effect in many chest ailments, while in cases of stomach disorder, accompanied by sour eructations, a tar pill will often give relief. To soothe intense skin irritation, nothing succeeds in many cases so admirably as a lotion made by adding half a teaspoonful or so of the tar liquor of the chemist—the *liquor carbonis detergens*—to a tumblerful of tepid water. The irritable parts should be bathed with this lotion.



TURNIPS should be sown, some at once, and others successively until towards the end of August. Any quick-growing kind sown at once will produce nice young roots fit for use in September and October; while any that are left undisturbed will afford abundance of useful and wholesome "turnip greens" in the spring.

PARSNIPS again will be unusually welcome during the coming winter. It is too late to sow these now, but the greatest care should be taken of any plants already up, and the growth encouraged by every possible means.

CARROTS, however, may be still sown, and will make very useful roots by the autumn even now.

CELERIAC, or turnip-rooted celery, is an excellent vegetable to sow now, but if plants can be had they will make fine bulbs by October. Leeks are also most nutritious and absolutely hardy. It is almost needless to add that plenty of brussels sprouts, savoys, kale, sprouting and ordinary broccoli, etc., ought also to be planted without delay.



FRIED CABBAGE.—Spring cabbage is very nice when it first comes into season, but after a while one tires of it. If fried, it forms a pleasant change, and seems almost like another vegetable. Take any remains of cold cabbage, and, if you have it, a little potato. Chop both together, and season highly with pepper and salt. Melt about an ounce of dripping in a frying-pan, and when quite hot place the

vegetable in it. Then mould the vegetable into a shape on one side of the pan, and leave it until brown. Turn out in a vegetable dish, and serve at once.

STEWED HEART.—Melt two ounces of dripping in a saucepan. Add to it two onions sliced, and fry until a golden brown. Dredge well with flour, stir until smooth, and then add a pint of stock or water. When the gravy is cooked, add some slices of heart, a carrot sliced, a few peas, and half a turnip. Simmer at the side of the fire until cooked. Dish the heart, place the vegetables round; thicken and flavour the gravy, and pour over. Garnish with pieces of toast, and sprigs of parsley.

A GOOD VARNISH FOR LINOLEUM.—A little glue diluted in water (a pennyworth to a pint of water) makes a splendid varnish for oilcloth.

TO WHITEN CLOTHES.—A tablespoonful of turpentine put into the water in which white clothes are to be boiled will whiten them considerably.

WHEN LOOKING GLASSES have a smeared appearance, if rubbed with methylated spirits, they will become perfectly bright and clear. The spirit takes all grease away, and dries very quickly.



Mission Notes.

BY the consecration of the Rev. Frederic Wallis to the see of Wellington, and Arch-deacon Leonard Williams to that of Waiapu, the New Zealand Church has all her leaders' ranks again filled. The third Bishop of Waiapu is the son of the first Bishop of that see—the truly venerated William Williams, one of the earliest of the pioneer missionaries. An honoured name is thus handed on, and the new bishop, for ability and devotion, seems likely to prove worthy both of the name and the office.

The captive chief—Dinizulu—sent the following letter to William, Bishop of Zululand, Eshowe:—

"I salute you," he writes, "servant of the Lord. I have heard of your letter, which was written in the month of August, the 16th day, 1894, about my people who desire to be taught about Jesus Christ our Lord. I, Dinizulu, rejoice greatly to hear this, to wit, that you the Bishop will send a teacher to teach them; I thank you very much. Because continually I send to my mother at the Usutu that she should find a teacher to teach my people."



Number 9, Church Row.

A SKETCH.



AM *only* a knocker! Bah! away with mock modesty! Once for all let me tell you I am proud of being a knocker, and still more proud of being *the* knocker of No. 9, Church Row.

Just take a look at me. Notice my brilliant (I don't like to say brazen) complexion,

my searching eyes, my wide and expressive mouth, into which is fastened the ring that serves to rouse the little waiting-maid in the kitchen, and make her run to the door, smoothing her fair hair and hastily tying on her clean apron. She is a dear little maid, is Nellie, and many a smile I give her while she cleans my face every morning of the week, for isn't it right that I should shine bright and clean on the day when so many pass me on their way to the old Parish Church? Dear little Nellie! I remember well the night my good master brought her home,—a poor sickly-looking girl with shabby clothes and, worse still, a pale face, speaking only too plainly of starvation and ill-usage. It was so like "the Master"! Called out suddenly to a dying bargeman, he learned the sad history of a wretched home, a drunken stepmother and weak-minded father. In great sorrowing pity he promised the dying man to take his child into his service, and then and there brought her home. And Nellie fully repays him for his care, serving him faithfully, and worshipping the very ground he touches.

Aye, and so do most of the people of Croxton,—most, not all? No, for "the Master" can be full of righteous wrath and can make use of scathing words to the *wilfully* wicked, and upbraid the hypocrite and the liar—and these love him not.

No. 9 is a long, low whitewashed house with gable ends and latticed windows, one of the oldest houses in Croxton. In front is a row of curiously-shaped willows, knotted with age and almost hollow. Within sight is the grand old Parish Church, with its beautiful avenue of limes.

Almost everyone going to service must pass No. 9, and because of this I have learned a great deal of Croxton affairs.

Was it a surprise to me when John Smith became engaged to Ruth Field? Why no, knockers have as good and sometimes better eyes than most people. I knew what they had been about for months.

Everyone seems so perplexed because little Miss Grey is still unmarried. Didn't I hear years ago a sad farewell spoken under the willows, when young Ralph Scott was on the eve of going "to make his fortune" in Australia. He died there, poor fellow, and Aldyth Grey has not forgotten.

I do not lead an easy life, I can tell you. It is rat-tat-tat from early to late.

Here come the poor unhappy ones creeping with faltering steps and yet longing for the help they well know will not be withheld from them. Many are the sad tales poured into "the Master's" ears. I, of course, cannot hear the full account, but I can gather much from the poor creatures' faces, and from the parting words spoken at the door as "the Master" lets them out.

Listen to some of them.

"God bless and strengthen you."

"Fight against your sore temptation and He will help you."

"Go home and count up your *blessings*; you will find they outnumber your trials."

And once, never shall I forget the mixture of sorrow and scorn on his face as he stood with a man on the doorstep saying, "And so you refuse to repair the harm you have done when you know it is in your power to do so! You deliberately choose the evil course! God help you—I can't. But I tell you this,—it is by such as you that this fair earth is cursed!"

But it is not always the sad who come to the door of No. 9. Children, happy in their innocence and feeling sure of a welcome and kind word if seen, trip up the steps and stretch their little bodies on tip-toe to reach me, and leave some flowers or fruit grown in "their own gardens" for the dear "Master."

Then in the dusk, in order to hide their blushes, come the Sams and Susans, with, "Now do 'ee go in first, Susan,"—"Nay, it's your place to speak, Sam," and I know it means banns published on Sunday and a quiet wedding before long. To these I give an encouraging wink, and they take heart and don't run away after knocking, as they are tempted to do.

Then, too, come young boys and girls with serious faces, full of good and high purposes, to listen to the "Master" as he prepares them for their Confirmation and urges them to lead good and pure lives. Ah! I know how his soul yearns towards these young ones, and how he battles for them on his knees, knowing how some even after many protestations will go astray.

I wish I could describe the "Master" to you, but I know I cannot do him justice. Let me try. Tall and muscular, with clear, honest, searching eyes, a mouth usually stern and set, but which breaks into a singularly sweet smile when talking to little children, hands large and firm, giving you the idea of strength and sympathy. He was no mean cricketer when at school and college. His bat, well worn, stands in a corner of the hall, and sometimes I see him take it up and strike at an imaginary ball, and then put it back in its place with something very like a sigh. I fancy few know what a struggle it has been for him to give up his much-loved recreation, but cricket runs away with many hours, and he has no time to spare even for that innocent and ennobling game.

There is a slight stoop now of the shoulders, for he has hardly recovered from a severe illness suffered six months ago, an illness caught in tenderly watching by the bed of a dying child. Shall I tell you how it was? The child, a little boy, was ill of diphtheria. The mother, a widow, was wearied out

with days and nights of anxious watching. Neighbours had been good in helping her with her cleaning and washing, but they were afraid of entering the sick-room because of infection. In this condition the "Master" one evening found her, and quietly insisting upon her going away for a real rest, he took charge of the suffering and unconscious child. There was little to be done; the doctor held out no hopes; the throat was better, but there was no strength in the ill-fed child to fight against the terrible weakness.

About two in the morning the change came. The boy partly raised himself in his bed, and recognising his dear "Master," consciousness returning as it often does just before death, he held out his feeble little hands and said, "Oh, Master, kiss me."

"Kiss me!" What a simple request, so easy to be complied with; and yet in this case it meant almost certain sickness, if not death itself.

The Master knew this; he knew well the risk he ran, but he could not refuse those trembling hands, those pleading eyes, and with an inward prayer to God for His protection he took the child into his arms and kissed him. A look of supreme content passed over the boy's face, and he died. Even then the Master's work was not done. There was the poor mother to be comforted. It was just at day-break when the Master came home, I remember it well. How tired and worn he looked!

Then came those miserable days when straw was laid down in the streets, and the parishioners came, young and old, rich and poor, to read the notice fastened just under my ring, telling them some days how near to death the "Master" lay, then how that there was a slight improvement, until gradually the news grew better, and at last came the joyful tidings, "Out of danger. Heartfelt thanks from the patient and his mother for all sympathy."

His mother! Ah, I cannot forget her face as she alighted from the cab, hurrying to nurse her son. She did not weep, but in her eyes was an intensity of suffering.

At last, after weeks of weary convalescence, the "Master" was able to go away for change, and No. 9 was almost deserted.

Many a nap did I get in the hot summer afternoons, and I was impatient with Nellie for scrubbing my face so hard every morning, till one day I overheard her murmuring, "I must keep the knocker bright. Perhaps the 'Master' may return to-day," and I was ashamed of my impatience, knowing how we should be as careful in our Master's absence as when he was at home.

Oh, the day he did return! I thought my poor mouth would be quite sore with all the pulls it had. Children bringing flowers, countrywomen eggs, and then when the fly drove up from the station there was quite a crowd of people ready to welcome their "Master." I believe I saw tears in his eyes as he grasped hand after hand of his humble friends.

"Well, I never saw the like," says Nellie. "I know it never rained in the night, and yet the knocker is all smeared, and it looks uncommonly like tears, only knockers can't cry."—Can't they!

R. D. D.



VII.

S. Lawrence (A.D. 258).

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

PASSING over fifty years from the date of the martyrdom of S. Perpetua and her companions, we find ourselves in the reign of Valerian, who began to rule in A.D. 253. His reign commenced very brightly for the Church, as there were many Christians among the Emperor's household. Four years later, however, everything was changed. Whatever may have been the influence that was brought to bear on Valerian, the result was that he issued an order, addressed to the Proconsul of Africa; (1) commanding all bishops and priests to adopt the State religion, under pain of exile, and (2) forbidding private meetings of any description, and particularly the gatherings in the cemeteries at the tombs of the martyrs. Amongst others, S. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, was banished.

As this edict failed to produce the desired effect, the Emperor followed it up by one much more severe, which enacted (1) that all the bishops, priests, and deacons should be put to death, without delay; (2) that senators, and Roman knights, who were Christians, should be degraded, and their property confiscated; and that if they refused to renounce their faith, should be beheaded; (3) that the matrons of the Church should be banished, and their property be seized; and (4) that all members of the Imperial household, who confessed Christ should be sent to work as slaves on the Emperor's property.

The first victim under this new regulation

was Sixtus II., Bishop of Rome. Sixtus had, shortly before, ordained a young man named Lawrence to be one of the seven deacons of Rome; and such was the opinion he held of, and the confidence he reposed in, the youth that he placed him at the head of the order, making him an Archdeacon, and committed to him the care of all the Church plate (which was of enormous value), and of all the money. As the old Bishop was led forth to execution, Lawrence followed him weeping, and sorrowing that he was not permitted to share the martyr's crown with his spiritual father. He was consoled by the prediction uttered by Sixtus, that he should follow him in three days. He immediately returned to the city, and proceeded to carry out a farewell command that had been given him, to distribute immediately among the poor the possessions of the Church, which had been entrusted to his care, lest the sacred vessels and other consecrated treasures should be desecrated by their heathen persecutors.

The prefect of Rome, having heard of the many valuable chalices, ornaments, &c., belonging to the Church, was extremely anxious to secure them. With this object in view he sent for S. Lawrence, and commanded him to give up all the sacred property of which he was custodian, that it might be sold, and the money applied to the maintenance of the Imperial army. The answer was:—"The Church is indeed rich; nor hath the Emperor any treasure equal to what it possesses. I will shew you what you ask; only allow me a little time in which to set everything in order, and to make an inventory." The prefect was greatly pleased at the result of the interview, as he had expected considerable opposition, and he never imagined that he would gain his point so easily. He granted an interval of three days, during which everything was to be collected, and ready to be handed over. St. Lawrence employed the time in going over the city, seeking out in every street the poor who were being supported by Church.

On the day appointed, the prefect arrived, eager to possess himself of so rich a collection of money and valuables. St. Lawrence led him into the Church, where, to his astonishment, he saw the pews filled with people. The widows and virgins (those who devoted themselves to good works, as the "sisters" and "deaconesses" and others do amongst us at the present day), were there. Besides these, there were many children, orphans, who were supported and educated by the Church. But what astonished the prefect most of all was to see hundreds of poor suffering creatures, the blind,

the lame, the deaf, the maimed, the lepers, and all who were most shunned and despised by their neighbours. Turning angrily to St. Lawrence, he asked where the gold and silver were, which he had promised to produce. The answer was:—"You demanded of me that I should hand over to you the richest treasures which the Church possesses. Nothing is more precious in the sight of God than the souls of these poor sufferers, whom He has commissioned us to guard and cherish." The governor, now beside himself with rage, commanded that St. Lawrence should be put to death by the most cruel torture that his ingenuity could devise. This was by being slowly roasted on a gridiron. The martyr, nothing daunted, allowed himself to be stripped, and fastened with chains upon this iron bed, while a slow fire of glowing coals was arranged beneath. Historians tell us that such was his earnestness, and the longing that he had to bear witness for Christ, that the fervour of his spirit made him almost regardless of the agony he was enduring. After undergoing the pain for a considerable time, he turned to the executioner with the words: "Let my body now be turned; one side is broiled enough." Meanwhile he ceased not to pray most earnestly for the conversion of Rome.

After his death, several senators, who had witnessed his fortitude and Christlike endurance, became Christians. He was buried just outside the city, on the 10th of August, 258 A.D.

We may learn from S. Lawrence that wealth is to be regarded as of small consequence, in comparison with the Divine duty of ministering to the poor and afflicted. He teaches us, too, that it is in the strength of Christ Jesus alone that we are able to endure persecution, and to remain faithful to the end.



St. James.

BRAVE Son of Thunder, child of Zebedee,
Called from thy nets beside that quiet shore,

Thenceforth to follow Jesus evermore,
What time His light shone bright in Galilee,
In homes of sorrow it was thine to see

The dead awaken, and on mountain hoar

With Moses and Elias to adore,
And thou wast with Him in Gethsemane,
For 'twas thy chiefest longing aye to be,

In grief or glory, nearest to thy Lord.

Eft soon the ruthless edge of Herod's sword
Cut short thy pilgrimage and set thee free,
Thy cup of sorrows drained, to pass to heaven
To that bright place by God the Father given.



WE, perchance, see only repeated failures where God sees many earnest efforts to stand upright. And so He approves when we condemn; for He makes no mistakes, we make many. Then, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth."



WE owe the highest and the best "liberty, equality, and fraternity" to the Church of God. And we shall do well to remember that we have our work to do that all may enjoy it. We have our responsibilities in the matter, which seem to be very clearly put before us in today's Epistle.



WORSHIP gives what nothing else can convey. "First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." We may not divorce duty from devotion. The presence of the one will not make up for the absence of the other.



THE lessons to be learned from the story of St. James's life seem to be very clear:—

1. Ready obedience to the call of Christ, to follow Him in whatever way He may point out.
2. To follow and do the will of God with an enthusiasm that never hesitates, though it may become sobered and more earnest and determined by grace as life goes on.
3. To be ready not only to lay aside pleasure and gain for duty, but to give up life itself for Jesus if that be called for.



GATHER up the fragments of time that may yet remain to you, and make the most of them, living daily nearer God. Gather up the fragments of the opportunities of showing sympathy and kindness and winning the hearts of others.

GATHER up the fragments that remain to you of the opportunities of repentance, prayer, and worship, and the use of all means of grace. Gather up all the fragments of the grace given you. Store it up for use; by use it grows and increases; by use grace is turned into virtue.

Lessons for July.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
7	F 4	Sunday aft. 1	Sam. 12	Acts 13 v. 1	Sam. 13; Matt. 2
		Trinity		26	or Ruth 1
14	F 5	Sunday aft. 1	Sam. 15 to v. 24	Acts 18 to v. 24	Sam. 16; Matt. 6 v. 7.
		Trinity			17
21	F 6	Sunday aft. 2	Sam. 1	Acts 21 v. 37 to 22 v. 23	Sam. 12; Matt. 10 v. 24; or 18
		Trinity			24
25	Th	St. James, Ap. & Mar. v. 16	2 Kings 1 to v. 16	Luke 9 v. 51 to 57	Jer. 26 v. 16; Matt. 13 to 16; r. 24 v. 53
28	F 7	Sunday aft. 1	Chron. 21	Acts 27	1 Chron. 22; Matt. 14 v. 28 to v. 13
		Trinity			21.