

THE DAWN OF DAY



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Merrilands Farm.

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

PART III.

MISS HARRIET SAXBY was a very important person in her own estimation. She was the managing partner in the household, which consisted of herself, her brother and sister, and one little maid-of-all-work. The house was maintained by the brother, a clever young artist, whose facile pen was in

"SHE MEDITATED HOW BEST TO PLUMP THEM."

some demand by weekly illustrated papers, through which he earned an income sufficient for the wants of all.

It was Harriet's part, however, to see that every penny went as far as a penny would go; and to this task she devoted all her energies, and much practical common-sense.

How her dear brother and sister would ever have got on without her she really did not know. Philip, after the manner of his kind—for artists are proverbially a thriftless race—would have spent as fast as he made money, and Bertha, while she had not yet learnt to earn, was equally unable to save.

They had, it is true (this was Harriet's view of the subject), a little odd talent of their own. They could cover innumerable scraps of paper with absurd little sketches of men and things; and since Philip had contrived to turn this faculty to account, she had no fault to find with him. It was all he was good for—and she had never expected in bygone times that he would be good for so much.

As Bertha took after her brother, and persisted in her disinclination for any other mode of life, by which she might have obtained an independence, Harriet had resigned herself to letting her sister attend a school of art in the hope that one day it would yield fruit, and place her on the same level with Philip.

After she had seen each of them off every morning, and got the house clear, she felt that the real business of the day had begun; and to do her justice, by the time they returned home, were it early or late, she had conscientiously swept and dusted, and put to rights all the small domain, had prepared comfortable food, and was ready to partake of it.

The weekly allowance Harriet received from her brother was never exceeded by so much as a penny, nay, there was a small store quietly growing in a drawer which was always locked, and of which she, alone, kept the key, and this store was added to with more or less liberality, but with steady punctuality, every Saturday night.

But when we have said this much for Miss Saxby it is to be feared we cannot say much more. Economy is an excellent thing; but when economy becomes a god before whose worship every better and nobler ambition has to give way, it eats out the very soul of its devotee.

Harriet Saxby would do anything, and go anywhere, to save a sixpence. As for giving one away, whether in kindness, or in charity, she would have laughed the very idea to scorn.

It was all very well, she said, for Philip to grumble at her for a "screw." She knew what she was about; and she did not mean them

all to be landed in the workhouse, if she could avoid it.

It was a terrible day for Harriet when, one February afternoon, her sister returned to the house some hours before she was expected and owned that the headache, and "*all-overishness*" from which she had been suffering for some days, had become so bad that she had been forced to leave the class-room, and had fainted outside the door. A friend had seen her home, and recommended sending for the doctor without delay.

This, however, Harriet had declined to do, a doctor was so expensive, and then he would be sure to order medicines, and medicines were ruinous. She could treat her sister as well as any doctor; she would put her to bed, and give her a warm drink. She was quite sure that Bertha would be all right in the morning.

But when morning came Bertha was by no means all right; indeed she was so much worse that Harriet herself was frightened—as well she might be, for the poor girl was sickening of typhoid fever, and two weary months of anxiety, and constant and arduous nursing had to be gone through ere the invalid once more stood upon the doorsteps of the little house up which she had dragged herself on the day of her unfortunate breakdown.

There could not have been a more affectionate or devoted nurse than her sister throughout the whole trying period of a most anxious illness, but when it was over, and she had time to draw a breath and think of the *expense*, Harriet shuddered.

And now the doctor said that Bertha must go away somewhere for a change, must be got out of London—out of the little narrow house which was not in the most healthy part of the metropolis to begin with, and which would become unbearably hot and stuffy in another few weeks. Bertha must not be allowed to run down now that she had got so far on her road to recovery; she must go right away, either to the seaside or to some country place, where the air was pure and exhilarating.

It chanced that this decree had just been passed, and Harriet was meditating ruefully upon it—(the while she endeavoured to keep the ruefulness out of her countenance, for Bertha's sake—Bertha, whose eyes had lit up with a sort of ecstasy at the very mention of green fields and hedgerows)—it chanced, we say, that Harriet was casting about in her mind for ways and means of carrying out the doctor's orders with as little outlay as possible, when a letter was handed in at the door from a relation who had married a Liverpool clerk,

and who, as it happened, had seen the advertisement headed "Rooms to let at a farmhouse," in a local paper a few days before.

"I couldn't help thinking of you," thus ran the letter, "for I knew that Bertha would be sure to be ordered a change. And some of John's people, who live down that way, say that Merriellands Farm is the most lovely old place in the world, and that the folks who live in it are very much respected. You would be quite safe with them. There would be no fear of your being cheated, and their terms, you see, are most wonderfully moderate—a guinea a week each in May and June, if you board with the family—you would not get in anywhere for less. It would be worth the journey."

The writer had understood how much the latter consideration would carry weight with Harriet Saxby, and, indeed, after making divers enquiries on the subject throughout the day—the practical young woman was so far wrought upon by what she heard as to seize a pen and write to Mrs. Dew on the spot. A farmhouse sounded alluring, even to her matter-of-fact mind, while Bertha was on tenter hooks until a reply had been received, and an agreement made.

The Dews, on their part, were, as we have seen, no less gratified. To have London folks thinking it worth their while to travel all the way to Cheshire for the sake of being lodged at Merriellands Farm was a compliment in itself.

Then it appeared that there were to be only females of the party, and that these were young, or at any rate sufficiently young to prove companionable for Lettice. This was another point upon which Mrs. Dew, no less than her daughter, could dwell with satisfaction.

For although the worthy matron might for her own sake have preferred lodgers of the other sex, being, as she frankly owned, "partial to men folks," and well understanding them and their ways, she could not but own that there was some sense in Susy's admonition on the subject.

Susy had come over to the farm directly she heard what was about to take place there, and thus delivered herself: "Well, it's good news, and it's bad news. It's a risk, isn't it, mother, to take folks into your house that you know nothing about, and that'll have to be there for who knows how long, with such a pretty girl as Lettice in their way all day and every day? Supposing it's young men that come—I say supposing they come, for of course it isn't likely, there being nothing to bring them—you wouldn't like it yourself if they were to begin making a fuss with Lettice just for the fun of the thing,



"HE DO LOOK NICE, TO BE SURE."

and to amuse themselves. That's what's happened before now, and may happen again. So do be sharp, and particular; and don't be in too great a hurry, or you may live to rue it."

Now Mrs. Dew did not set up to be a model of sense or wisdom; she was a simple-minded, modest woman—but the most unassuming of parents do, in their hearts, protest against being instructed and corrected by their own children. Ready as she was to acquiesce in the truth of what young Mrs. Hopkins said, she secretly resented having it supposed that she would never have thought of such a thing for herself.

"Can't I see that my own lass has a pretty face, and that it wouldn't do to have chance young men come fooling after it?" she said to herself; and her rejoicing was great in proportion when the first demand for her spare rooms came from a "Miss" and made no mention of a

"Mr." "That will shut Susy's mouth, anyhow," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

Whereupon she had to explain to Lettice Susy's doubts and apprehensions, on hearing which Lettice laughed outright, not in the least affronted, only wondering what could have put such a notion into anybody's head.

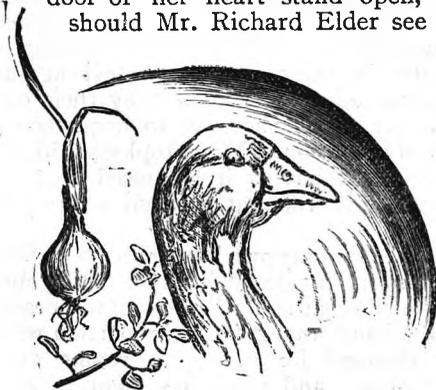
It was like Susy to be bothering her head about what was no concern of hers. Just because she was a married woman and had got a husband to her liking she must needs be always harking about marriage. Rhoda wouldn't be so keen, and even poor little Jenny, though she was well enough off, seemed to think sometimes she might have waited on a bit longer at her old home, and fared none the worse for it afterward.

But Susy appeared to fancy that every young man who set his foot upon the threshold of the farm must be after Lettice, and, further, that Lettice must be watched and guarded if she were not to be thinking of every stray youth in return.

There was Richard Elder, for example. Lettice stopped short in the midst of reading Miss Saxby's letter aloud to tell her mother about Richard Elder. She had not seen Richard, but Susy had, and had learnt all about him—why he had returned home and what were his prospects there.

He had returned because the old farm bailiff, his father, was getting so terribly rheumatic that he could no longer undertake the supervision of Mr. Calderon's large estate, being obliged to stay at home four days out of the five when the weather was changeable. Richard had been appointed his assistant and successor, and Susy was quite excited over the arrangement.

Indeed, for the first time in her life, the prudent elder sister had given the younger one to understand that she was free to let the door of her heart stand open, and that, should Mr. Richard Elder see fit to approach



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t h e
w h o l e

of this sisterly communication had seemed an excellent jest; and she and her mother, in the overflowing spirits induced by Miss Saxby's letter, laughed heartily at Susy's little plot, and at her obvious fears that the new scheme should in any wise mar it.

"And that was why she kept saying it would be a particular pity if there was any nonsense between you and stranger fellars just at this time," cried Mrs. Dew, rejoicing all over. "Well, I'm sure! Well, Susy will be satisfied now, I suppose! And, really, Lettice," in a more serious tone, "I'm willing to confess we ought to be downright thankful to the good Providence that has favoured us in this affair; for I'm sure you and me, when we went to get that carpet and the other things, we little thought that it wouldn't be a week before they were wanted! And going to take their meals with us, too! I was looking at the gooseberries yesterday, and there'll be a tart for Sunday week. That'll be the first Sunday they are with us; so now I really do think," continued the farmer's cheery wife, "that it's just wonderful the way this has come about. You write to these ladies, Lettice, and say that we're plain folks, but we'll do our best to make them comfortable, and that the rooms 'll be ready on Thursday next, if so be they like to engage them. I shouldn't wonder if that chicken was ready to kill by Thursday," she murmured, in parentheses, as a handsome young rooster all-unconsciously stepped into view at the moment.

Thenceforth everyone and everything in and about the farm was eyed by Mrs. Dew with reference to the auspicious Thursday. This was to be got ready, that was to be hidden out of sight, the other was to be mended and put straight by Thursday. As she assiduously fed her poultry, whose rations showed a marked increase from the moment Miss Saxby's second letter confirming the arrangement was received, as they clucked and hustled round her, Mrs. Dew took what they might have considered a fiendish survey of the proportions of each.

Of some high-stepping, rakish young cockerels, she meditated how best to plump them out with savoury stuffing; of hens whose broods were just out of the shell she cogitated how soon they might be dispensed with in their capacity of purveyors to their fledglings.

At length the eventful Thursday dawned. Although the travellers could not appear till between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Dew was up by break of day, bustling hither and thither, throwing open the windows, calling to Sarah to hurry and get the extra

steps scrubbed, and to Lettice to finish her hemming of the last window curtain, in a dread that there should be anything left to make, as she would have said, "a moil at the last"; and the consequence was that kitchen and scullery, parlour and bedroom, were in apple-pie order, and that there literally did not remain a single thing for brush or duster to do long ere the mid-day sun was at his height.

The weather was beautiful—all that could be desired.

"If I had picked and chose a day out of all the year for this Thursday, I couldn't have got a better," whispered the girl to herself, feeling a sense of "Hush!" before the peaceful scene. "It's as warm as June, and as fresh as April. There's not a speck of dust upon the hedges; and the leaves are just big enough to hide the branches of the trees. Well, if these London Misses have any fondness for *Natur*, they'll say they've never seen a prettier bit of land than that round Merrilands Farm."

Then she turned, and another thought seemed to strike her. "I wonder if they'll say they've never seen a bonnier face than belongs to the lass of Merrilands Farm?" she said with a smile.

"No fears. Depend on't they'll be bonny enough themselves;" retorted Lettice laughing, "They won't think much of *my* bonniness. And they're sure to be very fine and smart—but I don't care if they are, I'm longing to see their things, and hear about it all. I wish we had not got everything ready quite so soon, mother, 'twill make the afternoon seem so long. We have not a single thing left to do, and you told Susy not to come over, because we were going to be so busy! Suppose I go over to Susy instead? I could be back home by five o'clock easy."

This, however, was not to be thought of. Mrs. Dew became quite excited over the bare idea. Who was to say what might happen? The travellers might come by an earlier train—the train might be in before its time—she was beginning to argue a hundred possibilities when Lettice good-humouredly put her hands on her shoulders, and shook her into silence.

"That'll do—that'll do," cried the girl, "I only said it because it rose in my mind."

"Father doesn't mean to start with Molly till a quarter to four o'clock; and he has to go to the coal depot on the canal before he meets the train, and he wants to give Molly a bit of a rest too. The train gets in at five; so it will be near six before they're out here. And haven't I told you this over and over again, you tiresome old mother?" affectionately passing her arm across

Mrs. Dew's broad shoulders and marching her back into the house.

Four more hours had to be passed, four long, eventless hours—for the noonday meal was a hasty and much curtailed performance, not deserving the name of an event on this occasion, —and then, at last, it was time for the gig to be brought out of the stables, and the old mare to be put to.

For some time previously a voice had been heard in the upper regions. "Now then, John, do hurry, there's a good man. . . . If your water is not hot enough I'll bring you some more. . . . You're putting on the coat and trousers I laid on the bed? They're all brushed. . . . Have you got on your shirt? My word, I was afraid you'd forgotten it. . . . What o'clock is it by your watch? . . . I hear Sam bringing out Molly. You'll not be long now, will you?"

These and sundry other exhortations of a like nature had been continued at intervals during the whole time in which the farmer was presumably engaged making his toilet, and as soon as he emerged from his room he was subjected to a thorough examination on every point above hinted at, which, however, he luckily passed, not only without animadversion, but with flying colours.

"He do look nice, to be sure," summed up the fond wife as she finally surveyed her spouse with honest pride. "There now, Lettice, though I say it, there ain't a finer man in all the country-side than your father—when he's dressed."

With which left-handed compliment Mrs. Dew bestowed upon her husband a congratulatory clap on his back, and ran outside to where old Molly stood in the sunshine waiting for her driver.

It was precisely the hour fixed upon, namely a quarter to four o'clock, when Farmer Dew raised the reins, and set off on his way to meet the London express at Chester Station.



THE Chinese language is spoken by the greatest number of people—over 400,000,000.

THE porcupine is so called because his name comes from two Latin words meaning a thorny pig.

HOLLAND is the only country in Europe that admits coffee free of duty.

One Little Hour.

A STORY FOR LENT.

"IT'S a mean shame!" growled Liz.
"What's a mean shame?" asked Jessie.

"Why, here we belong to the Working Girls' Club, and pays our money reg'lar, and now they're doin' us out of our Entertainment just because it's Lent! and they're a goin' to put us off with a Magic Lantern, just as if we was infants!"

The two speakers were laundry girls. You can always know a laundry girl by the great fuzzy fringe hiding her forehead, and by her very smart hat, which sometimes has ribbons and flowers and feathers on it all together. She has generally a woollen crossover, and she is sure to have a spotless white apron. (If only her soul were as white as her apron it would be something to rejoice at!)

Jessie's parents were simple country folk, and they let her go into the Laundry because of the good pay, never dreaming she would be going into temptation. She had joined the Club because a good many of the girls belonged to it, and a very good thing it was for most of them to have the Club to go to, though a girl with a good home like Jessie did not need it.

Now she asked: "Why don't you like magic lanterns?"

"Cos they're for babies, and I likes acting. Give me acting, like we had at Christmas."

There was a young lady in the club-room turning down a hem for Lizzie while she was speaking. She looked up now: "There's a time for everything, Lizzie. Acting is all very well, and so are games and dancing; but you wouldn't dress up and act, or romp and laugh if a friend you loved very much was suffering."

"Who's suffering?" asked Liz. "I didn't know as any one was."

"What do we keep Lent for?"

"To remind us of our Saviour being tempted in the wilderness," answered Jessie.

"Yes; and to make us think why He was tempted, just because it helps us to know that some one else has gone through the same. He went through Temptation and resisted it; and Suffering, and made it holy; and Death, and conquered it. None of these things need hurt us now, for He endured all for our sakes. In His strength we can conquer too. It is not *much* to do, to try to keep Lent with Him."

Liz looked cross and began to turn over the work-basket to find a thimble.

"And Lent leads us up to Holy Week and Good Friday, when He suffered most of all;—suffered and died for our sakes. Oh, girls! if we love Him, surely we shan't grudge Him this one little hour!"

"It's an hour and three-quarters the entertainments lasts," said Liz; "Well, I shall go to the Temple of Varieties when this old lantern's on next Monday. You come too, Jess!"

Six or seven more girls had come in by this time, and there was coffee to make, and Liz was thirsty. She forgot her grievance for a while.

Monday evening came. Liz with three others dressed in their best, went on the top of the tram to the Temple of Varieties, eating winkies, and throwing the shells about, and passing remarks in loud tones till the conductor told them sharply to stop that, or he'd know the reason why.

At 8 o'clock the Mission Room was half-filled.

There were tired mothers with a few babies, not many fathers, for some were at the Working Men's Club, some were working overtime, and a good many drinking at the "Dog and Skittles." There were several little girls, all the night-school boys, and a few club girls. They were all well-behaved and knelt while the clergyman said a prayer. Then the lantern was shown, the slides represented scenes from the chief events of Our Lord's Life, and nearly all were beautiful, some very sad. Verses of Scripture were read by the clergyman to explain each slide, and then a number of children on the platform behind the sheet sang a hymn relating to the subject. Twice the audience joined in. When the slide on which was the Crucifixion appeared, they rose and sang:

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died;"

and afterwards, at the end, all joined in

"Oh happy band of pilgrims"—

Then there was another prayer and "The Grace," and it was over.

An hour or two later Liz and her friends came home in wild spirits, farther off from God than before they went. But in the hearts of Jessie and some others, who had felt hushed and grave in the Mission Room, lingered the holy and beautiful story, and not all in vain had been said the gentle words:

"Oh, girls! if we love Him, surely we sha'n't grudge Him this one little hour!"

M. E. S.



By THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

III.

LEVITICAL WORSHIP.—THE LAW OF THE OFFERINGS.

WE have had the Worship of the Old Testament before us, so far, in its most elementary form. But, none the less, it has been seen to have its permanent bearings upon what is acceptable worship. It has served to lay down certain primary principles which are to endure for all time.

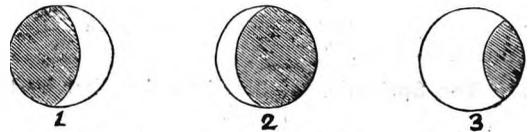
But this original system of sacrifice is now to be drawn out and regulated by God Himself, so as to give distinctness and accuracy to the act of worship. This was effected at the Giving of the Law on Mount Sinai: "Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the Tabernacle; for, see, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." (Heb. viii. 5.)

Nor are we lightly to dismiss what is there revealed. It is not merely that it was reaffirmed 500 years later at the building of Solomon's Temple (1 Chron. xxviii. 12); but we are instructed in the New Testament that the whole system of priest and tabernacle, and the ordinances of Divine Service of the First Covenant do still, "serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things." (Heb. viii. 5.) That word "shadow" or (outline), is employed again to denote the purpose for which the law has been so carefully preserved for us, "the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things." (Heb. x. 1.) By way of illustration of this principle, St. Paul mentions certain Jewish Institutions which were to give way to their Christian counterparts, saying that they were "a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." (Col. ii. 16, 17.)

To take a simple example. We should be left absolutely without guidance respecting the observance of the First day of the week or "Lord's Day," had we not "the shadow" of the Sabbath or Seventh day to instruct us.

It may be illustrated by the knowledge that

we derive of the shape, proportions and movements of our own planet from the shadow that it throws upon the moon. It is in this way revealed to be circular, non-luminous, and the direction of its orbit is indicated and much beside.



When, therefore, God showed to Moses "the pattern in the mount," it was to train men's minds for worship and prepare them for a more perfect revelation in the fulness of time, for "the law made nothing perfect." (Heb. vii. 19.)

Let us, then, gather up in outline the teaching respecting worship conveyed by the Levitical Sacrifices.

The Six Ritual Acts of Sacrifice.

Taken as a whole these comprised six consecutive stages.

I. The Presentation of the Offering.

The offerer had to lead his offering to the door of the Tabernacle. (Lev. iv. 4; xvii. 4, 9.)

The significance of this is that it was to be a voluntary act. (Lev. i. 3.)¹

II. The Imposition of Hands by the Offerer.

This was the next stage of the ritual of sacrifice. The Hebrew word signifies "to lean on for support," and the Hebrew doctors are agreed that "he must lay them on with all his strength and all the stress he can." And then, according to the unanimous tradition of the Jews, he made confession of his sins.

"This action, common to all the kinds of sacrifice, was doubtless designed to establish a real though mysterious relation between himself and

¹ Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv.," II, Part II., p. 236.

it, and to commission it, so to speak, to all its functions in his behalf (which of course varied according to the kind of sacrifice intended), but specially to its expiatory ones."¹

III. The Slaying by the Offerer.

It is an error to suppose that the priest slew the victim except when making an offering on his own account. It was the offerer himself who had to take its life.

'By killing the victim with his own hand, the offerer acknowledged in act the justice of the penalty enjoined by God upon sin. He thereby confessed openly that by his sin he had justly incurred that death which he himself inflicted upon his innocent representative, whom he had a moment before substituted for himself by the imposition of his hand. Each victim thus killed impressed the lesson that "*the wages of sin is death,*" and that "*without shedding of blood, is no remission.*"' (Rom. vi. 23; Heb. ix. 22.)²

It is said that "at the very instant when the words of prayer or confession were ended, the fatal stroke fell."³

IV. The Sprinkling of Blood on the Altar by the Priest.

It is implied by this that the altar was unapproachable.⁴ The Covenant had been broken by sin. That Covenant had been ratified by blood at the first.⁵ The sprinkling of the altar denoted the renewal of the Covenant. (Ps. l. 5.)

V. The Burning upon the Altar.

The fire, it will be remembered, might not be "strange fire," but that which descended from God upon the first burnt offering (Lev. ix. 24; x. 1; cf. 2 Chron. viii. 1.) This was never suffered to go out. (Lev. vi. 13.) The burning consequently represented God's acceptance of the offering.

VI. The Partaking by Priest and Offerer.

The participation by the priest is thus explained, "God hath given it to you to bear the iniquity of the congregation, to make atonement for them before the Lord." (Lev. x. 17.) In this he prefigured the Great High Priest, Eternal in the Heavens.⁶

The participation by the offerer with the priest, as the representative of God, denoted the union between the two in a bond of fellowship. It foreshadows the incorporation of man into Christ, through participation in an accepted sacrifice. This sharing in the common meal is the recognised scriptural figure for such an intimate association (S. Matt. xxii. 4; S. Luke xiv. 15, 16; Rev. iii. 20; xix. 9, 17).

These were the six symbolical acts common to the Levitical sacrifices as a whole, though they were not all present in every case.

We now come to

The Classification of the Sacrifices.

Putting aside the varieties in each case, they may be arranged under these three heads, i. The Sin-Offering. ii. The Burnt-Offering. iii. The Peace-Offering.

I. The Sin-Offering.

It is significant that this offering is not heard of before the Giving of the Law. This explains St. Paul's language, "By the Law is the knowledge of sin"; "Where no Law is, there is no transgression"; "Sin is not imputed where there is no Law"; "The Law entered that the offence might abound" (Rom. iii. 20; iv. 15; v. 13, 20).

The Sin-Offering had reference to the violation of the Covenant. The sprinkling of blood upon the altar by the priest marked it off from other sacrifices. In this way the priest made atonement for the offence, for "without shedding of blood there is no remission." It was a renewal of the broken Covenant.

II. The Burnt-Offering.

This (as also the Peace-Offering) was offered while the Covenant was still valid. It was therefore offered by one who came as a worshipper.

Its distinctive feature was that the whole of the victim was consumed on the altar, so that it was also known as the "*whole-offering.*" It denoted the entire dedication of the offerer in all the departments of his life.¹ This is drawn out in much detail (Lev. i. 7, 9). The meaning

the priests, to be taken away by them. From whence the sacrifice of Christ may be explained, Who is said to bear our iniquity (as the priest is here said to do), all our sins being laid on Him; Who took upon Him to make an expiation for them, by the sacrifice of Himself. For the priest hereby eating of the sin-offering, receiving the guilt upon himself, may well be thought to prefigure One Who should be both priest and sacrifice for sin; which was accomplished in Christ." Bishop Patrick on Lev. x. 17; cf. Willis, p. 143, and Freeman II. part ii. p. 247.

¹ "According to the strict meaning of the Hebrew, as

¹ Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv.," p. 237.

² "Speaker's Comment.," p. 498.

³ Willis; "Worship of the Old Covenant," p. 43.

⁴ Willis, p. 45; Jukes "On the Offerings," pp. 154, 155.

⁵ Neither the first Testament (Covenant) was dedicated without blood.... Moses.... sprinkled "the Book and all the people." (Heb. ix. 18.)

⁶ "The very eating of the people's sin-offering argued the sins of the people were, in some sort, laid upon

has thus been set forth, "Man's duty to God is not the giving up of one faculty, but the entire surrender of all. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.* (S. Matt. xxiii. 37.) I cannot doubt that the type refers to this in speaking particularly of the parts of the Burnt-Offering, for "the head," "the fat," "the legs," "the inwards" are all distinctly enumerated. "The head," is the well-known emblem of "the thoughts"; "the legs," the emblem of the walk; and "the inwards," the constant and familiar symbols of the feelings and affections of the heart. The meaning of "the fat" may not be quite so obvious, though here also Scripture helps us to the solution (Ps. xvii. 10; xcii. 14; cxix. 70; Deut. xxxii. 15). It represents the energy, not of one limb or faculty, but the general health and vigour of the whole."¹

III. The Peace-Offering.

In this instance, the special characteristic was the meal that followed the sacrifice. Part was partaken of by the priests, part by the offerer and his household.²

The meaning has been referred to by St. Paul, "Behold Israel after the flesh, are not they which eat of the sacrifices partakers of the altar?" (1 Cor. x. 18.) It stands for admission to all the blessings and privileges of the Covenant.³

The three great classes of sacrifices can be compared when arranged in tabular form.

SACRIFICE.	DISTINCTIVE FEATURE.	IMPORT.
1. Sin-Offering ...	Sprinkling the Blood on the Altar.	Renewal of the broken Covenant.
2. Burnt-Offering	The Whole of the Sacrifice burnt.	Entire Consecration of the Offerer.
3. Peace-Offering	The Meal upon the Sacrifice.	Admission to the full privileges of the Covenant.

shewn in the name by which the burnt-offering was commonly called (*olah*), signifying that which ascends, as well as in the verb uniformly applied to the act of burning on the Altar, the flesh was spoken of not as destroyed by burning, but as sent up in the fire like incense towards heaven. It was in this way that the believer confessed the obligation of surrendering himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord of heaven and earth, Who had been revealed to him. The truth expressed then in the whole burnt-offering is the unqualified self-sacrifice of the person.—"Speaker's Comment.," p. 504,

¹ Jukes, "Law of the Offerings," p. 55.

² After the disposal of the parts, the offerer made a feast of the remainder within a fixed time and at a fixed place, to which he invited his household, his friends and the poor. (Lev. vii. 15; xix. 6; xxii. 30; Deut. xii. 6, 7.) In this case we have the completed view of the sacrifice offered in virtue of a covenant relation with God. The offering is made to God, and He returns part to His worshipper, through whom it is made a common blessing.—Westcott, "Hebrews," p. 292.

³ Willis, "Worship of the Old Covenant," p. 57, 60.

It will be perceived that the first was in regard to the restitution of the Covenant violated by sin; the other two were offered while the Covenant was still valid.

Now, all these offerings under the law found their fulfilment in Christ. He is "the sum of all the offerings."¹

I. Christ, the Sin-Offering.

He is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." (St. John i. 29.) He is also the Offerer: "Such an High Priest became us, Who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; Who needed not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifices, first for His own sins, and then for the people's: for this He did once, when He offered up Himself." (Heb. vii 26-27; cf. ix. 14.) "He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." (ix. 26.) "This Man offered one sacrifice for sins for ever." (x. 12.)

II. Christ, the Burnt-Offering.

Of the offerings in connection with the consecration of Aaron to be High Priest, it is said, "Moses . . . burnt them on the altar upon the burnt offering: they were consecrations for a sweet savour, it is an offering made by fire unto the Lord." (Lev. viii. 28.)

Our Lord made a corresponding offering of Himself when He entered upon His High Priestly office:—"For their sakes I sanctify (*consecrate*) Myself, that they also might sanctified be (*consecrated*) through the truth."²

So says St. Paul, "Christ also hath . . . given Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour." (Eph. v. 2.) The mention of a "sweet savour" disconnects it from any sacrifice of the sin-offering class³ to which this is never attributed, whereas it is ascribed to the burnt offering.⁴

III. Christ, the Peace-Offering.

The Peace-Offering was burnt upon the burnt sacrifice.⁵ (Lev. iii. 5; viii. 21). In other words, there is first the transaction between the Son and the Father, in which the Son "through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God." (Heb. ix. 14.) This offering was

¹ Jukes, "On the Offerings," p. 34. Willis, "Worship, &c.," pp. 157, 158.

² St. John xvii. 19. See Westcott *in loco*; also Edersheim, "Jesus the Messiah," ii. 528, 531, 532.

³ Jukes, "On the Offerings," p. 47.

⁴ Westcott, "Hebrews," p. 287.

⁵ "The peace-offering, through which man entered in a peculiar sense into fellowship with God, was offered after the sin-offering and the burnt-offering." (Lev. ix. 18; Num. vi. 16.)—Westcott, "Hebrews," p. 288.

something immeasurably beyond the typical sacrifices and shadowy offerings of the law which are contrasted with it; "sacrifices and offering thou wouldest not . . . Then, said I, Lo, I come to do Thy Will, O God." (Heb. x. 6, 7; Ps. xl. 8.)

Upon this dedication of Himself to accomplish the Redeeming purpose of God (answering to the Burnt-Offering), follows that part of His work which represented the fulfilment of the Peace-Offering. Of this last, we remember that the distinctive feature was that the greater part of the victim was returned to be eaten "before the Lord" by the offerer, together with his household.¹

Those who ate of it became thereby "partakers of the altar." (1 Cor. x. 18.) In this way, Christ imparts Himself to men.² He gives His Flesh for the life of the world. (St. John vi. 51.) The Flesh being mentioned apart from the Blood, has evidently discharged the penalty of a violent death. Here we see indicated that which corresponds to *the Feast upon the Sacrifice*, which is distinctive of the Peace - Offering. It admits to all Covenant blessings that we have in Christ, "life," "resurrection of the body," "indwelling in Him," in a word, to all the benefits of His passion. (St. John vi. 53, 54, 56.)

(To be continued.)



In Due Season.

"LORD, Thou hast laid me on a shelf,
A useless thing to be,
I cannot even serve myself,
Still less can work for Thee;
This sick room, like to prison walls,
Fetters both heart and limb—"
Amid the dark the answer falls,
"Wait patiently for Him."

"Oh, Lord, the wrongs I cannot right
Fill all my life with pain;
Men fall and perish in the night
And cry for help in vain;
An evil darkness fills the land,
The lamps of Faith burn dim—"
Still echoes back the same command,
"Wait patiently for Him."

"How long with weary prayers and tears,
I seek Thy Face Divine!
My soul is numb with doubts and fears
And yet Thou mak'st no sign!

Behold my bitter sorrows fill
Life's chalice to the brim—"
'Tis but the same old answer still,
"Wait patiently for Him."

Oh troubled heart, Oh storm-tossed soul,
With endless griefs opprest,
We see in part, but God the whole,
The perfected and best:
When all our strength is weakness here
Not less His might will be—
Ten thousand times to Him more dear,
Are those so dear to thee!

We dream on us alone depends
The issue, good or ill,
Yet though we cannot gain our ends
Shall God's great works stand still?
His light shall lighten each dark road,
Although we know not when—
The fulness of the time with God
Is not the haste of men.

So let us toil, give service true,
But when our hopes are dim,
There yet is something left to do—
"Wait patiently for Him;"
'Till God Himself shall change our best,
To something better, higher,
For, "He shall give thee thy request,
"Yea, all thy heart's desire."

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

² "His giving Himself to man as the life of his soul was represented by the peace-offering."—Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv.," II. part ii., p. 242.

¹ Westcott, "Hebrews," p. 292.



Father's Boots.

By the Author of "The Dean's Little Daughter,"
"With Wind and Tide," "Little Lady Maria," &c.

Chapter I.

On the Stairs.

"HUSH! there's father coming up-stairs!"

"How do you know it's father?"

"I'm sure it's father; I know his step. I wish you boys wouldn't make so much noise! I want to hear if he's got work—listen——"

"How could you tell?"

"I could tell in a moment; if he'd got work he'd come up ever so light and quick. I should know before he opened the door. He's stopped to speak to someone on the landing; now he's coming up; listen——"

The speakers were a small group of children gathered before a mere handful of fire in a bare garret in a London court. The first speaker was a girl of eleven or twelve years old, who was nursing a baby—a rather fractious baby—and there were two boys besides, little lads of eight and ten.

The children listened breathlessly as the man came up the stairs; even the baby stopped crying to listen. The heavy footsteps came nearer and nearer; there was a dull, hopeless sound in them as they came up the last flight of stairs. A voice seemed to go before them, saying as plain as words could speak: "No work—no work—no work!"

The children looked at each other, and their faces fell, and the baby again began to whine. The girl could not keep back the tears that came into her eyes, and she bent over the baby she was hushing in her arms to hide them. She was not exactly disappointed; she had not expected her father to get work; he had been out of work so long; it was no new thing for him to come home tired and footsore, day after day, after a fruitless search for work. She

was not disappointed, Meg told herself, impatiently, when the tears came into her eyes, and she had to jump up and walk the baby about the room to hide them; it was not that she was disappointed, but her heart had melted within her. She was cold, and starved and hungry; she had given the baby her breakfast to keep it quiet, and she had had nothing to eat all day.

It is easy for people to talk about bearing poverty bravely, but one cannot be very brave on an empty stomach.

"Where's mother?" Robert Goodman asked, when he opened the door and saw the children gathered round the hearth, before the slowly dying fire.

"Mother's got half-a-day's work; she's gone out washing, she won't be home till late," the girl said, choking back her sob. "She said we could have tea and supper together when she comes back with the money."

The story of Robert Goodman and his family was an old, old story. He had been an agricultural labourer down far away in the country; he had grown restless and impatient of the narrow life and the low wages of his class, and he had come up to London to better himself.

Thousands of men come up to London from the country every year for the same reason, and swell the already crowded ranks of the unemployed.

Robert Goodman was better off than many farm labourers; he had a cottage of his own with a bit of garden ground behind; his children were looked after, and his wife could always get a day's work at the farm; he was able to keep half-a-dozen fowls, and a pig in the sty, and to gather fuel enough for the winter, besides netting a rabbit or two now and then. These things were outside his wages, and as he was a sober, well-conducted man, the Rector always had a good word for him, and the Rector's wife looked after the "Missis" and the children. He had always a friend at the Rectory to go to in sickness and trouble.

When he threw up his place at the farm, and brought his family to London, in the hope of getting better wages, all these things were altered. Instead of finding London paved with gold, he found it paved with the hardest stones he had ever trod,—stones that wore out his boots, and blistered his feet in walking that dreary round, day after day, in search of work.

There was no room for him and his, he found, in London when he got there; and there was no work. There were hundreds, thousands around him, struggling for employment, willing to take the smallest pay and do the hardest work. It was only skilled labour that was wanted—the work of trained hands; there was no opening for the ignorant and incapable who had never applied themselves to learn a trade. There was nothing for them but the docks.

Robert Goodman learned this truth too late; when he had given up his home and found himself and his helpless little ones cast adrift in the great crowded city. Bit by bit the few tidy things he had brought up with him were pawned or sold; his boots were worn out, and his feet were blistered with walking so many miles in search of work, and day by day he saw his wife and children growing thinner and weaker for want of food.

It was a terrible trial for a man who was willing to work. He himself felt daily his chance for getting employment growing less and less. His strong, muscular frame had shrunk away from insufficient nourishment; his coat hung loosely over his poor thin shoulders, and his face was lean and gaunt. He did not look as if he could do a day's work if he got one. They pushed him aside at the docks now, and picked out stronger men; and employers shook their heads when he applied for a situation, and said he was not up to their work.

The tired, footsore man sank into a chair when he came into the room where his children were awaiting him, in an attitude of utter weariness and dejection, and covered his face with his thin hands. He could not bear to see their eager faces.

"Have you got any tea, Meg?" he asked presently.

He did not ask it very hopefully.

"No, father, not till mother comes home."

"And—no—bread?"

"N—o, father. Mother'll be back soon."

"She won't be back till eight o'clock, and—you've had nothing to eat all day?"

Meg did not answer, and the boys nodded their heads silently, and the baby whined.

It was not yet six o'clock; a chill March evening, with a bitter east wind blowing, and the dusk falling. Robert was chilled to the bone; the wind had blown through his threadbare clothes all day, and sapped all the warmth and vitality out of him, and he had not tasted food since breakfast.

He shivered as he spoke, and took up the poker and stirred the small fire burning in the grate. It was a very feeble fire, it would not bear stirring, and it went out without the slightest warning.

The children watched the sparks they had



"IN AN ATTITUDE OF UTTER WEARINESS."

been coaxing so carefully all the afternoon die out with a little murmur of regret they could not keep back.

"Is—is there anything you could take—?" the man said presently, looking round the bare room, "is there anything you could get a shilling upon?"

Meg stopped in her walk with the baby, and looked round the room too. She had often looked round before with the same question in her eyes. She had taken away, bit by bit, every article of furniture that could be spared, and every scrap of clothing to raise money upon. There was nothing left. It was always Meg who carried away the mysterious little bundles under her thin shawl, and she never brought any back.

"I don't think there's anything left, father," she said, stopping in her walk, "cept mother's boots; she couldn't go to work without her boots."

"No—o," he said, slowly smothering a sigh as he spoke, "mother must not sell her boots. She would never get any more. I don't know whether you could get anything on mine—you might try, Meg."

"Yours, father—yours! Whatever would you do without your boots?" Meg gasped; she could not help gasping, the suggestion quite took her breath away.

Father's boots!

They meant so much to his children, worn as

they were; those poor, thin soles that scarcely kept his feet off the ground, were all that stood between them and starvation. There could be no more looking for work without boots. It would be giving up everything. It would be accepting defeat in the battle of life, and giving up the struggle.

"There is nothing else left," he said

hopelessly. "You have had nothing to eat since break-fast; you cannot starve. If—if mother is in work again, we may be able to take them out to-morrow."

He began slowly pulling his boots off while he spoke, and the children stood round

and looked on. Meg shook her head: she had no faith in to-morrow. So many of the things that she had carried away were to come back the next day, or at the week's end—they had been parted with for a song—a very poor song—with that intention, and they had not come back yet, they were never likely to come back.

"Isn't there anything else, father?" she asked desperately, looking vainly round the bare room with her hungry eyes. "There's the blanket—"

"The blanket's all you've got to cover you of nights. You'd perish with the cold without the blanket. I can spare my boots better than the blanket: I don't know that they are much use. I may as well bide at home as walk the streets from morning till night in search of work," the man said bitterly.

He had drawn off his boots, and he held them out to the girl as he spoke.

"Here, take them, Meg, and get a shilling on them if you can."

They were poor, patched, shabby boots; they did not look worth a shilling. They had been strangers to blacking for months, and the mud lay thick upon them for lack of brushing. They would look better no doubt with a good coat of blacking, and well polished up; they might fetch two shillings.

"Rub the dust off them," he said as she took them away; "if they won't lend a shilling on them, you must take what they will. Don't bring them back."

Thus adjured, Meg wrapped the boots up in a ragged apron, and, with the bundle under her scanty shawl, she went out of the room and down the stairs.



"HELD THE BABY."



"WITH THE BUNDLE UNDER HER SHAWL."

Her father held the baby while she went to the pawnbroker's with the boots, and it seemed to him, as he listened to her going slowly down the stairs with those old boots under her shawl, that her light footsteps were an echo of his own; the weariness and the despair that had weighted his feet as he climbed the stairs just now, had passed into hers. It was not the light, happy footstep of childhood he heard slowly descending that dark staircase outside. A sad echo—perhaps it was the ghost of his old boots—had taken up the old weary refrain, "No work, no work, no work!"

(To be continued.)



On the Management of Young Children.—III.

By Miss C. J. Wood.

Food.—(Continued.)

IN continuing this part of the subject, I would lay great stress on simplicity of food. Having brought the child through infancy, during which time milk has formed the bulk of its nourishment, we must continue the same simple style of food. The child has to form bone, muscle, fat, sinew, and to find nerve power, all out of its food. If it is in proper health it will gain in weight and height, every day. In their manner of growth children differ as much as adults: there are some children who form fat too readily, and there are some children who will never grow fat. This is the difference of temperament: in the one case the fire, or combustion, of the food is carried on slowly, in the other case, the child burns up its food quickly. We must not fall into the mistake of thinking that because a child is fat, it is of necessity a healthy child. In the children's hospitals we see fat babes whom we call "corn-flour" babes. They are often very fat; but if the limbs are handled there is no solidity or sense of resistance. The child makes fat, but not muscle, because it is fed on a food that is rich in starch, but is

deficient in flesh-forming material. That child thus fed in the long run would starve. Corn-flour, arrowroot and white flour are not food except so far as they are mixed with milk; on the other hand, wheat-flour, oatmeal, cocoa, lentils (*revalenta arabica*), eggs, are all foods of a nourishing description. You will see that so far we have said nothing about meat,—well, that is intentional. Meat is of but little value as food for young children; it is what we call a stimulant—that is, a substance that quickens the combustion, and therefore the vital action, but does not in the same degree build up the human frame. If an adult were kept to a meat food entirely, he would waste away. The same cannot be said of a milk, or a farinaceous diet, on which an adult can live and do a full day's work. We know that there are some parents who are unhappy because they cannot give their children meat every day. If these words can reassure them by turning their attention to some of these economical, but valuable foods, they will not have been written in vain.

Methods of Feeding.

Now, to turn from the food itself to the methods of feeding, we must follow the same rules of regularity as was necessary in the case of the babe. A sensible interval between the meals, is four hours; in that period the stomach will have digested the food of the previous meal, and be ready for something more; and if the children have not been allowed to have pieces between whiles, they will come to table with a healthy appetite. Some children are always pecking at food, and they are allowed to do so, to the certain ruin of their digestion, and of their temper; the stomach being always at work becomes fatigued, over-tired, and so cannot do its work, and the child loses a good lesson in self-restraint. The drink for young children is milk or pure water, it does not want tea or coffee, wine, beer, or spirits; and if the elders are having these beverages it does not follow of necessity that the children are to have them. Above all things, parents, do not give your children little drops out of the spirit or wine glasses—they may come to curse your mistaken kindness some day. If you must drink these poisons, at least do not poison your little ones. The less fluid that a child has to drink with his meals the better, as it overloads the stomach; and for all reasons it is not well that the child should eat or drink much immediately before going to bed. This is one cause of the restlessness of children and may induce bad habits at night.

(To be continued.)



Papers on the Prayer Book.

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

II.—The Prayer Book: its Standard of Practical Piety.

Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.—Tit. ii. 18.

“That . . . we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.”

Such, then, is the Apostolic “standard” of the Christian man’s “practical piety.”

“That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name.”

Such are the familiar words—thus taken straight from the heart of Scripture—in which, day by day, every morning and every evening throughout the year, in every Parish Church throughout the length and breadth of England, our clergy, are required, and our laity, are invited to pray; and so to remind ourselves of the true end and object of all our Church’s ordinances; namely, that we Church-people may, according to the promises of our “Almighty and Most Merciful Father,” as “declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord,” be enabled, “for His sake,” to “live a godly, righteous, and sober life,” to “the glory of God’s Holy Name.”

The One Great Test.

We are all of us agreed that the one great test of Christianity is its practical effects. To be of any real use in these present-day difficulties of ours—to stand the strain of our 19th century necessities and requirements—the Gospel of Christ must, if it is to count for anything more than a cipher in the problems of our modern life, it must be able, first and foremost, to produce the evidence of practical results. It must show itself capable of contributing something to the solution of the *real* problems of *real* life; it must concern itself with our human interests, with our passions and our pleasures, with our love and with our sorrow, with our homes and with our schools, with our

market-places and our shops, with our “politics” and with our “society”; it must point to the *causes* which fill our streets with shame, our hospitals with sickness, our prisons with crime, our workhouses with despair; it must lay its healing touch upon the true wounds and sores of the world; it must wrestle with the evils, the abuses, the anomalies, the crime, the roguery—in a word, with the *sin*—the results of which our statesmen and politicians deplore, but which they are powerless to alleviate—nay, it must do more, it must illuminate the *inner life*—it must throw light upon those torturing *mysteries* by which heart and head are alike oppressed—it must prove itself a “Gospel”—good news—in the doubts, the fears, the cares, the agonies of life—nay, it must do even more than this, it must grapple with “the last enemy” that remains to be destroyed—it must overcome Death—it must open to us the gates of everlasting life.

Well, if this be so, let us see how far the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth from Scripture in the Church’s Book of Common Prayer, responds to such a test.

Two Aspects.

There are, of course, two aspects under which the practical value of the Christian religion may be put to the test; it may be viewed either in the light of its inward effects upon the *motives* of character; or in the light of its outward and visible *results*.

These two aspects of our practical religion are, in reality, identical; they correspond with that two-fold division of the Christian life which is traceable in the teaching of Holy Scripture, namely—(1) the inner, or contemplative life, the sphere of *faith*; and (2) the outer, or active, life, the sphere of *works*.

Faith and Works.

Faith supplies the motive-power of *works*; the Christian *Creed* being sincerely believed, the Christian *deed* follows as a matter of necessary consequence.

Now, in regard to the inner life, that is, the *motives* of Christian character and conduct, who can doubt that, as the saintly author of “The Christian Year” has said,* “it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess, in her authorised formularies, an ample and secure provision for . . . a *sober standard of feeling* in matters of practical religion?”

Let us Purify our Motives.

Take, for instance, the “Order for morning and evening Prayer, daily to be said and used

* Advertisement to “The Christian Year.”

throughout the year." See how, in the opening sentences at morning and evening prayer, the minister proclaims on the authority of Holy Scripture, the absolute necessity of purifying the motives of our daily life. Read those eleven texts of Scripture, and see how, throughout them all, the leading intention is, to point out the necessity for inward penitence, in order to produce the results of true Christian conduct in our outward actions and daily conversation: "When the wicked man *turneth away from his wickedness*;" when he "acknowledges his transgressions," entreating God to "hide His face from his sins," then (in the fourth sentence), with the sacrifices of "a broken spirit . . . and a contrite heart," not (as we are next reminded) with "rent garments," but with a *broken heart*, then for such a worshipper as this, "to the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness;" then may the erring son "arise and go to his father," "corrected," "not in anger," but "with judgment;" *repenting*, before daring to claim access to "the Kingdom of Heaven"; acknowledging that in God's sight "no man living shall be justified," and remembering that mere formalism and self-righteousness is of no avail; for "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," and can claim no absolution, no pardon, no peace, from our Great High Priest who alone can "cleanse us from all unrighteousness."*

Thus, as the Exhortation in its familiar words next reminds us, does the Scripture move us in "sundry places" to the confession, "before the face of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father," with a "humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient heart," of "our manifold sins and wickedness."

Thus exhorted, nay rather lovingly entreated, by the Minister as his "brethren," "dearly beloved," we are next reminded of the special objects of our united worship; namely, first, that we may "render thanks for the great benefits we have received" at God's hands; secondly, "to set forth His most worthy praise"; thirdly, "to hear His most holy word"; and, lastly, "to ask those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul." Thanksgiving, praise, instruction, prayer—all these preceded by true, humble, penitent confession—these are the principles upon which, at the outset of her services, our Church sets forth her ideal, not only of the worship we render, but of the inner attitude, the motive-power of the Christian's daily life.

* This will be seen to be a rough paraphrase of the eleven "Sentences" before the "Exhortation."

Steps into the Presence of God.

These, then, are steps upon which the devout Christian soul is invited to ascend, day by day, into the *Presence of God*; and it is thus, that, as we shall presently see, we are invited to hallow and to consecrate all the outward things—our interests, our toil, our pleasures, our cares, our sorrows—thus that we are instructed how alone a family, a Church, a nation, can become really great, or prosperous, or strong.

The Absolution.

The Absolution that follows our Confession having been pronounced, in his Master's Name, by the Minister (who had himself been acknowledging, with his flock, his own as well as his people's unworthiness)—there follows the Lord's own pattern Prayer; which ended, our penitence and our pardon turns next to praise.

Borrowing the very phrases of David's penitential sorrow, in Ps. li., we crave the grace of God in "opening our lips" to "show forth His praise;" and thus released, as it were, from the chain of our sins, standing on our feet, we "sing unto the Lord: we heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation," in the "Venite" (Ps. xcvi.), and the "Psalms for the day."



ALL vacant plots should be dug or trenched up roughly at once, so that the soil may obtain the benefit of any frost there may be. Ground intended for late peas ought to be deeply trenched and heavily manured, or a still simpler plan is to take out trenches much as for celery, dig in six to twelve inches of good manure, return part of the soil, and in this sow the seed when the right time comes, earthing the young plants up subsequently as they advance.

Broad beans should be sown at once, especially where the land is light. Ordinary farmyard, stable manure or burnt earth are the best fertilisers for this crop.

Celery for the main crop may be sown at any time now, in a gentle heat of course. Also a little celeriac for an early supply; this is a most wholesome and delicious vegetable that is not

half enough known or grown. Sow Brussels sprouts at once, in a frame or on a greenhouse shelf; also more cauliflowers and cabbage, to succeed those started in January.

Tomatoes must be pricked off, potted, and grown on as quickly as possible in a nice genial temperature, with a fair share of atmospheric moisture during the early stages. Sow cucumbers to plant out in April.

Early potatoes should be freely planted now.



Household Carpentry.—III.

How to make a Box.



OUR directions for making a box apply to all kinds of boxes generally, and if you can make one, you can make most kinds.

First, as we said in our last chapter you must have the wood, and the kind of wood and thickness of it must depend on the use you are going to make of the box. If you want a box for heavy tools, it must be thicker and stronger than for light tools. If you want a box to put pencils in, or pins or light goods, lighter wood must be used. Never use such wood as to make your work look clumsy; let it look substantial and durable, and just suited for the purpose for which it is required.

Now suppose we describe the methods of making a tool-box. The general directions will apply equally to other boxes. There is no occasion for you to keep to the measurements we give, your measurements must be according to what you want.

Our directions shall be for a box that shall measure outside, 18 inches long, 14 inches wide, and 12 inches deep, having a hollow lid of 2 inches, with a tray to fit the inside of the box and this tray to have divisions in which you

can keep screws, nails, and small tools. This must be well and strongly made, edges square and well got up. Skilled carpenters generally use what is called the dove-tailed joint in putting boxes together, but that is a little too difficult for us at present.

If you have to get wood especially for this box, get $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch stuff, and 9 inches wide. First mark off the lengths for sides and ends of the box, then cut them off very carefully with the tenon saw. Put the two sides together when cut off, see that they are the same size. Now plane them up, as we described in our last paper, get the surfaces nice and smooth. With patience and care you will do this well by this time, then cut off the pieces for the ends, test them in the same way as you did the sides, plane them up. Now stand them up on your table or bench in the position they are to take, the edges you will find must be planed smooth, to get them to fit well. It will require some patience to get a good fit, but it must be done, the whole edge must touch the flat surface of the bench. In planing the ends remember that you are planing against the grain, so that unless your plane is tolerably sharp you are likely to split the wood; guard against this.

The next thing to be taken in hand is the bottom of the box. We have supposed that your wood is only 9 inches wide, this is therefore not wide enough, you must therefore cut off two lengths, and the edges must be glued together so that you can get a piece 14 inches wide after planing and trimming. These edges must be planed so smoothly that when you slide one over the other you cannot see between them.

Now for the glueing. If you have not got a glue-pot, break up some pieces of glue, put them in a jar, cover with a little cold water, then stand it in an outer vessel—a small saucepan will do—nearly full of water, this must boil and be kept boiling for some time, till all the glue is soft, and like thin treacle. Then take a small flat, stiff-haired brush—which you can buy for a penny—take a little glue, put a very thin coating along one edge. Now slide the other edge along it, keeping the two pieces flush, so that when laid down they form one flat piece. Put it away to dry, squeezing the two pieces together, and see that nothing shifts them. When dry, the two pieces will form one slab, flat and strong, as if only one piece. The great mistake in using glue is, that most beginners take too much. Keep the quantity as small as possible, never anything but a thin layer; it will be all the stronger and of course cleaner. Now square up the edges after getting out the proper width

for the bottom. The carpenter's square we show in Fig. 1.



FIG. 1.

Get some $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nails, tack the sides lightly together, put the square at each corner, see that the whole stands upright in the slab which is to be the bottom of the box, then take a bradawl of the right size, keep it upright when boring the holes, so that there is no fear of the nails coming through the wood. Take the same care in driving the nails home with the hammer. Now the shell of the box must have a lid. Cut off the pieces for the ends and sides, of the same thickness as the box itself. The top may be of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stuff. Unless you have a piece of the proper width, two pieces must be put together, as for the bottom. After planing and squaring up, nail the pieces together, and the lid should exactly fit the box. Test this before going further. Now you must have some hinges and a suitable lock and key. Strong $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch brass or iron hinges will do. To put in the hinges, portions must be removed from the edges by means of a chisel, so that the plate comes flush with the edge; the same must be done with the under edge of the lid.

Take care not to cut deeper into the wood than the thickness of the plate, so that when the hinge is in its place, and the lid shut, it fits all round. Try it before fixing the hinges. It is not a difficult process, but requires neatness and care. Now screw the hinges on to the lid. Before screwing them to the box, make the tray for the inside, and put in the supports for the tray.



FIG. 2.

Cut and smooth up four pieces 4 inches long, which shall be the same height and fit exactly into the corners of the box as at "a" in Fig. 2. Then glue them into their places, securing them by driving a little tack through each. Use a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch board for the bottom of the tray, cut off and plane up pieces for the sides and ends, then with $\frac{3}{8}$ inch shelf, make any divisions to suit your convenience. We made our tray with divisions as shown in Fig. 3. Nail them together and see that the tray is so well made that it can easily be lifted out and

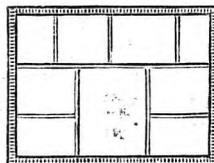


FIG. 3.

dropped into the box. In our next we hope to show how to finish the box.

(To be continued.)



III.

S. Ignatius. (A.D. 116.)

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

THE first of the Martyrs after the age of the Apostles, whose life and death will be recorded in these papers, is S. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch.

We know that before our Blessed Lord ascended into heaven, He spent the forty days after His Resurrection in speaking to the Apostles of the "things pertaining to the kingdom of God;" in other words, He was instructing them in the details of the government and organization of the Church which He had founded. We saw, in considering the martyrdom of S. Stephen, how the order of Deacons arose. When S. Paul and the other Apostles went about preaching the Gospel, and converting people to Christianity, they found it necessary to leave someone at each place where they had been working who could continue to teach, and could conduct divine worship and administer the Holy Sacraments. This led to the ordination of Presbyters or priests. As the Apostles grew old, and began to be carried off by persecution, they provided for the continuance to the Church of their powers and authority, by consecrating Bishops.

Thus we see how the three orders of the ministry arose in the Church, those of the Bishop, Priest, and Deacon. Ever since that date the Church of Christ has preserved this arrangement, so that we to-day have the same plan for providing rulers and ministers in the Church as the Apostles arranged and carried out 1800 years ago.

S. Ignatius had known S. John, the "disciple whom Jesus loved," and was made Bishop of Antioch nearly thirty years before S. John died. Antioch was the chief city of Syria and was a very large town, containing more than 200,000 inhabitants. It was there that the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians.

Ignatius had been Bishop more than forty years, when the Emperor Trajan paid a visit to the city. Trajan is generally described in Roman history as one of the best of their rulers, but he did not treat the followers of Jesus well. He was a heathen, and when disputes arose between the Jews and Christians, he sided with the former, because their religion was the oldest.

He gave instructions that the latter were not to be sought out, but if detected and convicted, they were to be punished, although a denial of Jesus was to be thought sufficient to clear them.

When Trajan arrived, Ignatius was brought before him. The Emperor accused him of breaking the laws by professing a religion contrary to the commands of Cæsar, and refusing to serve the gods of Rome. The Bishop replied that he was a servant of Christ, and that he bore Christ within him, and had in this way been led to give up and renounce the false gods and worship the true God.

When Trajan asked for an explanation of the words "bearing Christ," the old man answered: "There is but one God who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that are in them; and one Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, whose kingdom may I enjoy." Trajan knew the story of the Lord, and asked "His kingdom, do you say, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate? Dost thou, then, carry Him who was crucified within thee?"

"I do," replied the undaunted Bishop, "for it is written, 'I will dwell in them and walk in them.'" Whereupon the Emperor condemned Ignatius to be carried to Rome, and there to be thrown to the wild beasts for the entertainment of the people.

When the saint heard this terrible sentence pronounced against him, he was not in the least afraid or sad, but cried out joyfully:

"I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast vouchsafed thus to honour me."

It was a long and weary journey, partly by land and partly by sea, for even a strong man to undertake. In many places there were no roads, in others the tracks were almost impassable, and for the greater part of the way, the route was infested with robbers. Winter, too, was coming on, and it was a barbarous punishment in itself (without the cruel torture that awaited him in Rome) to which to condemn an old man of over eighty years of age. But this did not content his persecutors. He was compelled, during the months which were occupied on the road, to be chained night and day to one or other of the ten soldiers who were sent with him; and these men, utterly hardened by the brutality of the work allotted to them, behaved with the utmost rudeness and cruelty, adding to the sufferings which he had to endure.

The news soon spread that the saintly Bishop of Antioch was on his way to martyrdom at Rome, and many were the places where he found the Christians waiting for him, that they might encourage him by their sympathy, and receive his blessing. When at Smyrna, he wrote letters to many of the Churches, amongst others one to the disciples in Rome, sending it by some people who were travelling by a shorter route. In this letter he implores them not to try and save him from death. "I am the wheat of God"; he says, "let me be ground by the teeth of beasts, that I may be found the sure bread of Christ. Rather do ye encourage the beasts, that they may become my tomb, and may leave nothing of my body, so that, when dead, I may not be troublesome to anyone."

When he arrived in Rome, the sports had already begun. He was therefore hurried on to the amphitheatre, called the Colosseum, and here he was torn to pieces by the wild beasts, with most of the great ladies of the city looking on and applauding. His friends came, when all was over, and reverently collecting the bones that remained, took them back to Antioch for burial. Several of his letters have been preserved to us, which are full of interest.

Thus died the faithful and ardent martyr, S. Ignatius. His long and faithful life in the service of God led him to show an eagerness to suffer for the truth, which, while it would not be desirable for Christians generally to imitate, may well be excused in one who felt that his example would encourage others to stand firm in the hour of trial, and that his sacrifice might be the means of saving his flock, at least for a time, from being exposed to trials which they might not be strong enough to overcome.



BY THE REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD.

Seals in the Bible.

THE seal, or stamp, in all ages, from the rudest to the most cultivated, has given the impress of validity to contracts and documents of authoritative importance. Give me, said Tamar to her unknowing father-in-law, when she tricked him into a binding relationship—thy signet ring, and the cord (bracelet in the A.V.) by which it hangs about thy neck; and when Jezebel consummated the crime from which her feebler partner shrank back, as Shakespeare makes his thane of Glamis do from the murder of Duncan—it was the possession of Ahab's seal which empowered her judicially to assassinate the neighbour whose vineyard they coveted.

And so in the present day he, who "delivers this, as his act and deed," touches a seal with his finger in addition to signing his name: while all appointments to public offices and orders by public bodies are consummated under seal—that being the necessary test of their legal completion.

The Material used.

The material used to receive these impressions has varied in process of time in different countries. The great Roman orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero, obtained one of his most conspicuous successes as an advocate by proving the authenticity of a document in favour of his client, from the circumstance of its being sealed with sealing earth or clay, as was usual in Asia, whereas the counterfeit produced by the opposing party was sealed with wax, a practice only adopted by the nations of the West.

Lead, Wax, etc.

Some of the most ancient seals are composed of lead which, while in a state of fusion, has been stamped with a device, and then cut round, after being attached to the parchment by a silken cord. This kind of seal was called a *bull*, from its resemblance to the circular boss of gold or leather worn suspended round the neck by Roman children. Hence comes the expression, Bull, as applied to a decree or pro-

clamation of a Pope or other potentate. In the present day many of the ecclesiastical seals are impressed upon paper simply joined to another sheet by paste or wafer. The most legitimate, beautiful, and, all things considered, the most durable material for seals is, however, wax, which was employed by Norman sovereigns, even before the general adoption of engraved stamps, to attest their grants of lands to their adherents and favourites, as, for instance, in the well-known rhyming charter recorded by Thomas Blount—

"To witness that this is sooth,
I bite the white wax with my tooth."

Wax, nevertheless, has been for centuries superseded as a sealing material by resin and gum-lac, of which substances, the composition known in the present day as sealing-wax is chiefly manufactured.



SEAL OF THOMAS ARUNDEL, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
1396-1414.

It will at once be clear that the Church of the United Kingdom might be expected to furnish many examples of engraved seals appendant to her charters and public documents, from a very early period of our national history—and this is the case. In the words of Mr. Spencer Perceval, F.S.A., we

may say that four different varieties of episcopal seals are to be found since 1072: first, the seal of dignity, or great seal, used for charters and other instruments affecting the rights of the See, or to authenticate important documents such as papal bulls; secondly, the secret or private seal, for deeds concerning the personal property of the bishop himself; thirdly, the signet for sealing his private correspondence; both of these being occasionally used as counterseals to the great seal. The fourth class of seals, called seals *ad causas*, were appended to copies of acts of court, letters of orders, probates (where no official seal was in use) marriage licences, testimonials, and similar instruments of a minor and passing interest.

Bishops' Seals.

Some years ago, Mr. St. John Hope read before the Society of Antiquaries a paper dealing most thoroughly with the seals of English bishops, from which may be gleaned a harvest of valuable illustration of many of the interesting points which arise in reference to the ancient historic seals, embodying points of value to the student of costume, the artist, and the herald. Professor Middleton has observed that they represent the best art of each period,



PRIVATE SEAL OF ROBERT BRAYBROOKE, BISHOP OF LONDON, 1382-1404.

and indeed a comparison with contemporary foreign seals shows that the English specimens of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries were by far the finer, both in design and execution. The finest of all were the seals of dignity, to which in the main we may confine our attention, as they usually contain those armorial insignia upon which we rely so much as indicating dates, places and names—the shorthand of history, as they have been very aptly called.

Armorial Bearings.

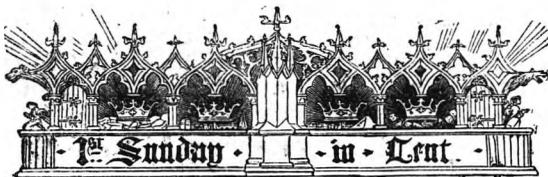
Armorial bearings are not found upon any episcopal seal until the year 1284, when the statesman and soldier, Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, is represented on his seal vested in a chasuble embroidered with his arms; and it is

interesting to know that this vestment with armorial decoration was a reality and not a conventional representation, for it appears, as above described, in an inventory of the church at Durham. The characteristic feature of episcopal seals for about a hundred years from the Conquest, was a figure of the bishop in his vestments, with mitre and crosier, and a pointed oval was adopted as the shape of the seal, from its conveniently containing a single figure—that this was the reason may be shown from the same form being used for the seals of ladies. The portion of the seal left on each side between the figure and the legend was often filled by ornamental devices, Roman gems or diapered patterns. About the middle of the thirteenth century, first the heads of saints, and then full-length figures under crocketed canopies were introduced, in connection with, but still subordinate to, the central effigy, and by the end of the fourteenth century we find the main body of the seal occupied by a group of saints, or by a subject (such for instance as the martyrdom of S. Thomas upon seals of Archbishops of Canterbury) generally with a kneeling figure of the prelate represented beneath.

The earliest seal containing a regular shield of arms is that of William de Luda, Bishop of Ely 1290, who displays below his effigy the three crowns of Ely. David Martyn, Bishop of St. David's 1296, has also a shield under his feet, but charged with his own arms. The royal arms were often introduced, especially where the prelate held some office in the State, and the arrangement of two shields, one on either side of the Bishop, continued to be the mode from 1400 to the era of the Reformation.

At that period, in addition to the doctrinal objections to some of the representations which it had been customary to place upon the seals, the influence of the Classic renaissance in art also became felt, both as to their design and the arrangement of subjects, so that in the sixteenth century much variety, with comparatively little elegance, characterises the seals of bishops, until, from 1630, their pattern dwindles to a simple shield of arms generally surmounted by a mitre. This shield usually contains the private coat of arms of the bishop impaled (that is, halved) by the coat assigned to the bishopric, this latter being for the most part prescribed as authentic by the College of Heralds established by Richard III. and consisting of a modified representation of some conspicuous feature of the earlier seals, although altered and travestied to suit the stricter rules of modern heraldry, and the changing taste of the period.

(To be continued.)



THE history of our Lord's forty days' sojourn in the wilderness is brought before us on the first Sunday in Lent, in order that it may be a guide and encouragement to us in the thoughts and discipline which belong to this solemn time. It is the great comfort of all Christians in their trials and fasting, that Christ has gone before them and passed through all their experience.



LENT is a time for prayer and fasting—prayer for ourselves and others and self-discipline; and, therefore, the Church meets us thus early with special instructions in these matters. We are reminded by the Gospel for the day that delay in answer to prayer is not denial, and that if we would pray aright we must use the humility and perseverance taught us in the story of the Canaanish woman.



WE cannot untie our tongues any more than we can change our hearts. But Christ can do it. Let us go to Him, therefore, and entreat Him, not only to open our lips, but to change our hearts also. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak.



Good habits are formed by the continual repetition of single acts of self-denial. It is not by great efforts now and then, but by daily watchfulness that we can alone perfect ourselves in holiness and prepare ourselves for heaven.



To sum up in one word the lesson of the Annunciation; is it not this? The infinite power of self-forgetting faith when exercised amid absolute purity of life.



Oh, let the earnestness of our prayer and the sincerity of our self-surrender bear some proportion to the dignity of Him who suffered for us, and to the inestimable value of the blessings which He thereby purchased for us!

Lessons for March.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
3	F 1 Sunday in Lent.	Gen. 19 v. 12 to v. 30	Mark 6 to v. 14	Gen. 22 to v. 20; or 23	Rom. 12
10	F 2 Sunday in Lent.	Gen. 27 to v. 41	Mark 9 v. 30	Gen. 28; or 32	1 Cor. 3
17	F 3 Sunday in Lent.	Gen. 37	Mark 13 v. 14	Gen. 39; or 40	1 Cor. 9
24	F 4 Sunday in Lent.	Gen. 42	Luke 1 v. 26 to 46	Gen. 43; or 45	1 Cor. 14 v. 20
25	M Annun. of V.M.	Gen. 3 to v. 16	Luke 1 v. 46	Isal. 52 v. 13	1 Cor. 15 to v. 35
31	F 5 Sunday in Lent	Ex. 3	Luke 5 to v. 17	Ex. 5 or 6 to v. 14	2 Cor. 4