

# THE DAWN OF DAY



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## Merrieland Farm.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

### PART V.

**T**HE next two days passed quietly at Merrieland Farm; the weather continued fine, and the London visitors were delighted to spend most of their time out of doors.

Harriet, with commendable forethought, had provided herself with abundance of plain needlework, which, as she remarked, had "got to be done," and "might as well be done outside as in," while Bertha was busy with her sketching block and colour box.

An offer of assistance in the sewing having been made by Lettice, she also joined the small encampment in the meadow.

"It's too bad to fag you like this," quoth Harriet at the close of the third morning's work; "but you see it is so much pleasanter when two work together; and Bertha and I are glad of your company, and—what are you going to do now?" for Lettice was muttering something about "following them into the house," and was turning off at the garden gate.

"Cut the asparagus for supper," said Lettice. "You should have had it for dinner," laughing, "if you hadn't tempted me to take a morning off. But as it is, I think I'll cut it now, for I shall have to change my frock afterwards for choir practice at the schools."

"You sing in the choir?" said Harriet, with an intonation understood only by her sister.

"I have sung ever since I was twelve years old," replied Lettice, shaking out her apron full full of snippings, "and now I help to teach. Miss Calderon does the real teaching, but she won't be able to be present to day, because her sister is to be married next week."

"That's the wedding you told us about." Harriet had taken in everything. "I suppose we may go and look on?" added she. "It will be fun; I have never seen a country wedding. It will be very grand, I suppose?"

"Yes, it will be very grand. There has not been one at the Hall for seven years; but we have talked about the last ever since. My sisters went to the dance on the lawn."

"The dance on the lawn?" cried Harriet, with sparkling eyes. "Will there be a dance this time?"

"I am afraid there is no use hoping for it," Lettice mournfully shook her head. "I am afraid Mr. Elder has gone and said he's too old to look after the young folks, and see they don't get wild. Susy—that's my eldest sister—she knows about most things, and when she was here the other day, she told me she was afraid I must not build upon it. She says that Mr. and Mrs. Calderon are such particular people that they won't have any dancing if there's the least fear of its getting to *romping*. I'm sure they needn't be afraid. We all know how to behave ourselves," holding up her head; "and considering that it would only be for their own people, and that Mr. Elder would know every man and girl in the tent, one would think it was safe enough."

She did not, however, pursue the subject further, for reasons of her own. It had just struck her—something in the eager expression of Harriet Saxby's eye had given rise to the idea

—that Miss Saxby would certainly expect to be included in any invitation that came to Merrieland's Farm. And if Mr. Elder made a point of personally knowing everyone to whom such an invitation was sent, Harriet might find herself disappointed. She therefore prepared to cut the asparagus without reverting to the topic of the wedding dance.

In a few minutes the sharp-sighted Miss Saxby had learned how to select and cut asparagus heads, and was practising her knife as deftly as Lettice herself.

"About three inches above the ground, and then plunge the knife into the earth, and cut the stalk as low down as ever you can," commented Harriet, drawing out a long, juicy stalk of a purplish green at the exposed end, and white at the other, which had been beneath the soil. "There, that's a beauty! I have often wondered what made the ends white, when I saw the little bundles tied up at the greengrocer's? Now I know, I shall never see those little bundles again without thinking of this dear old farm, and this delightful garden with its quantities of things. You must sometimes send me up a single asparagus stalk, Lettice, just to remind me, you know."

"That would be a very poor reminder," said Lettice laughing. "I am sure you would always be welcome to some. Every year we have more than we can eat ourselves."

"But you have relations in the neighbourhood. Your sisters, don't they come over and sponge upon you? I should, if I were them."

"There's plenty for all," said Lettice, indifferently. "We never grow things in little bits. That's not our way."

"It really is a wonderful place!" cried Harriet Saxby to herself. "What luck that we heard of it! And this girl—"

And then she fell to ruminating about this girl! How if Lettice Dew should prove to be the very wife of which she was in search for her brother Philip? It would not do, of course, for Philip to marry while his sisters were dependent on him for their maintenance. But, supposing that Harriet had the good fortune to find a suitable husband for herself in this new world into which she had been thrown, Philip might certainly do worse than ally himself with such a well-to-do family as the Dews. Lettice was obviously a clever, capable girl of the kind she had always desired for Philip. His artist's eye would be pleased with her looks, and he could not find any fault with her speech or manner. And what a place Merrieland's Farm would be for Philip to come to when fagged out betwixt work and pleasure in London. "He

burns the candle at both ends," Harriet told herself, "and it would be no use *my* saying anything; but a wife might teach him better ways."

With these thoughts in her mind, she essayed another cast as she and her companion moved solemnly along the ridges of the asparagus beds.

"Do you never have any goings on down here?"

"Goings on! Plenty." Lettice gave a little reassuring nod. "We've harvestings, and tea-parties at the Volunteer camp, and school-feasts, and there is always a Christmas treat, and Mr. and Mrs. Calderon sometimes get down people to give readings and concerts."

"Oh, yes; very gay, no doubt." Her town-bred companion could scarcely repress a sneer. "School feasts and penny readings!" she was saying to herself. "But what I want to know is," demanded she, coming to the point at last, "haven't you any fun with young folks like yourself? Young men, of course, I mean," with a little laugh. "Isn't there such a thing as a young man in the place?"

"Well, no; I really don't think there is," said Lettice, laughing in return. "They all seem to go away directly they're big enough. To be sure, Richard Elder is come back," she added, after a minute's pause.

"And who may Richard Elder be?"

"Mr. Elder is the Hall bailiff, you know."

"The man who wants to stop the dance? And Richard is his son?" And why didn't you tell me before about Richard Elder?"

"Because I forgot him," said Lettice, frankly. "I haven't seen him since I was so high?" indicating knife in hand, "and we only heard he had come back a few days ago."

"And weren't you interested?"

"Not particularly, why should I be?"

"Goodness gracious, what a question! Why should she be?" mimicking. "You *are* innocent my dear, if you'll excuse my saying so. What is this Richard Elder like?"

"Like? Let me think. He was exactly like my brother George. They were as like as two great, big, brown lads could be; and they went away about the same time too. That was ten years ago. Richard must be nigh upon five-and-thirty now, for he was only a year younger than George, and George was thirty-six last

October. So maybe you hardly count Richard a young man," she suggested as an afterthought.

Harriet Saxby, who was herself over thirty, laughed aloud. "The very best age a young man could possibly be," she exclaimed gaily. "Now tell me more about this Richard Elder—"

"Oh, there is really nothing to tell," said Lettice straightening her back, which had begun to ache from stooping in the hot sun. "You'll see him for yourself at church on Sunday. And if you like to think of him as a young man, I'm sure you're very welcome for me," with the comical disdain of early youth for any but its own contemporaries. "I think we have got enough now," shaking her basket, "and it's getting on to dinner time. There's mother

looking out for us; that's to say dinner's ready," and she hurried in, leaving Harriet much better pleased with the close of the conversation than with its commencement.

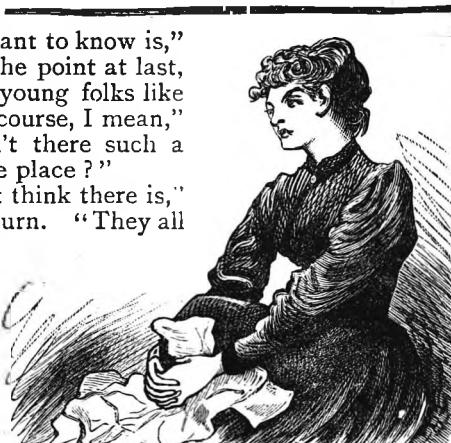
On Saturday afternoon she took a long walk by herself, and announced at supper that she had chanced to pass the Hall, walking through the right-of-way footpath, of which Mr. Dew had told her; and that it had brought her out at such a delightful house, on the edge of the park.

"That's Mr. Elder's house," cried Lettice, all unsuspecting. "That's the house I was telling you about, Harriet."

"Was it, indeed?" said Harriet, demurely. "Well, I will say that for it, 'tis as nice a house as anyone need wish. Very nearly as nice as Merrields Farm," she added with a flattering smile.

"Hoot's! it's a far better house than this." Honest Dew was by no means inaccessible to the flattery, but he was a great stickler for truth. "This may be a *pretty* place; I'm not saying it isn't; I'm not saying you'd see a prettier place in all England than Merrields Farm, when the blossoms are on the trees, and the young lambs lying in the meadows; but come to talk of a *house*—and here he shook his head.

"Did you see any of the Elder family?" enquired Mrs. Dew. "Not that there's many to see. There's just themselves—the old man,





and the young—for he lost his wife a good while back, and his last daughter couldn't bear to stay at home, and went off to be assistant-teacher at a school somewhere.”

“Leaving the poor men all by themselves!” cried Harriet Saxby, with affected commiseration. “What a cruel thing to do!”

“Oh, Richard must take a wife,” said Mrs. Dew. “There's my married daughter was over here early in the week, and she says all the girls will be pulling caps for Richard

“And ten to one he's got his own girl in the place he's come from,” interrupted her husband, rising from the table eager to get once more outside before darkness set in,—and as no one else seemed disposed to renew the conversation, Miss Saxby deemed it prudent to let it drop also.

“I hope, mother, she's not taking any foolish

idea into her head about me and Richard,” said Lettice, the sisters having retired to their own sitting-room. “She talks of nothing but the Elders. As if Richard or I would ever think of each other!”

(“I don't think it's of *you* that Miss Harriet Saxby's thinking.”) Mrs. Dew did not utter the remark aloud, for she was one of those true-hearted women who are slow to expose the foibles and weaknesses of others, but she looked at Lettice curiously for a moment as the girl spoke, and she gave a little sigh as she turned away.

The next day was Sunday, and a more beautiful Sunday could not have been imagined. An unusual quietness pervaded all the precincts of the farm. To be sure cocks crew, and ducks quacked, and the soft ‘Baa’ of young lambs was heard at intervals from the surrounding fields, but there was no rattle and clatter of busy work; no voices were heard shouting in the farmyard; and no sound of wheels came up in the lane or meadow.

Within there was the same air of repose. Everything was in its place, and at its best. The farmer and his family all appeared in their Sunday clothes, and even little Sarah, the maid, turned out in a wonderful merino dress of vivid blue, with collar and cuffs, and a brooch in front.

The question was now about Bertha Saxby's getting to church? Obviously it did not occur to the inhabitants of Merrields Farm that anyone who could go to church should ever wish to stay away; and to the secret amusement of Harriet she found that her remark of “Bertha can't go, of course,” created quite a little stir in the household.

“Not go!” exclaimed the farmer. “Dear me! poor lassie! But I don't see that we can allow that, eh mother?”

Mrs. Dew coughed dubiously. “I am sure she couldn't walk, father.”

“And I am sure she will be quite happy at home.” Harriet glanced at her sister aside. But to her astonishment Bertha did not return the meaning glance.

Bertha, who had not been inside a sacred edifice for over a year, who was in the habit of spending her Sundays either sitting or walking in the parks, or in visiting her friends, was feeling a sudden longing which she had never experienced before, to join herself to the Sabbath worshippers.

“I really think I could walk one way,” she murmured.

“No, *that* I am sure you could not,” said Harriet sharply. “I am not going to have you

laid up again ; " and to herself she added, " all for nothing."

Mrs. Dew was looking at her husband, and he at her. " It seems to me it's a ' work of necessity,'" quoth the farmer, interrogatively. " To be sure, I have never taken the mare out of a Sunday, since you was churched after this girl here," nodding sideways at Lettice. " But if so be as miss can't walk, why that's another thing; she's not to be kept at home that Molly may have her day in the stables. One day's the same as another to a beast, though it makes all the difference to a human being,—so we'll not use the mare to-morrow; and you cheer up, Miss Bertha, you shan't be cheated of your church-going to-day. I'll drive you myself in the gig, and put up in the village."

Harriet was again about to protest, but her sister's eager acceptance and lively gratitude checked the words on her lips.

" I suppose she wants a bit of change, poor thing;" Harriet finally settled the matter with herself.

" If you are having out the gig, father, maybe I'll take a seat at the back myself," observed his wife. " Not that I need it—to call needing it—for, thank God, my old limbs will still carry me the length of His House, and when I've had a rest there, they're able to carry me back again. But I'm a bit stiffer in the joints than I used to be, and I'll not deny that a lift would be comfortable; I should be able to give more attention to the beginning of the service if I go in fresh."

" And yet she never thinks of staying away because of stiff joints and old age coming on," murmured Bertha Saxby to herself. What would she think if she knew about us, and our ways! Perhaps I have been sent here that I too may learn to be a Christian," and she ran upstairs to make ready, her heart full of the dawnings of a new emotion.

They were in good time, for the bells were still ringing as the whole party walked up the church path, the walkers having been overtaken a little before they entered the village, and having agreed to wait outside until Molly and the gig should have been safely disposed of.

Lettice now disappeared, to enter by another door, and take her place in the village choir.

It was but a small rustic church full of plain country folks, and the service and singing were of the simplest order, but Bertha Saxby thought she had never enjoyed anything so much, and as she came away she secretly registered a resolution never again to absent herself voluntarily from such assemblies.

From where she sat, she could see Lettice's

bright face, and hear her sweet voice; and wondered that she should ever have thought it must be a dull thing to go to church, and a poor way of spending a part of her weekly holiday. It jarred upon her to feel Harriet nudging her arm as they came out, and to hear her sister's loud whisper, " Did you see that fine man in front not three seats from us? I'll answer for it that was Mr. Richard Elder!"

Was that all Harriet had been thinking about? She had been hoping that Harriet, like herself, had been touched and subdued, perhaps like herself had been smitten with a sense of shame for past neglect, and a desire to make amends for it in the future. But here was Harriet all on the alert to see who was coming out, shaking out her skirts, unfurling her parasol, and obviously unmoved by any feelings but those of curiosity and vanity.

" There, he's coming now!" was Harriet's next excited whisper. " Do, Bertha, look. Why don't you look? You're all in a dream. I told you you were not fit to come to-day," she appended with a sudden thought. " Everyone knows church is not the place for sick folks."

" If I could travel from London, and drive from Chester,"—began poor Bertha, goaded to irritation.

" Oh, fiddlesticks! You're tired out."

" I am not in the least tired."

" Then why can't you look about you? It's your only chance of seeing people; that was why I came. There! That's the Calderon family, I suppose?" eyeing a party of ladies and gentlemen in the distance. " They have their own door, Lettice says. Oh! here comes Lettice."

At the same moment, Mr. Richard Elder stepped forward, and shook hands with Lettice Dew.

" Now that's what I call luck," muttered Harriet Saxby to herself. " If I hadn't held Bertha here, and made Mr. Dew say he'd bring the gig round to the gate, he was for walking us all off to the stable-yard, and Mr. Richard Elder would never have known that such a person as I existed, at least for to-day!" Whereupon without more ado, she stepped up to Lettice, and looked from her to her companion, boldly challenging an introduction.

Lettice could not but name them to each other; and, as she did so, a new thought struck her. Harriet was looking very well, very handsome, and smart; Richard might do worse than think of her as a possible wife. Supposing that Richard were on the look out, as people said.

*(To be continued.)*



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

By Miss C. J. Wood,

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### Clothing.

THERE are three characteristics of suitable clothing whether for the mother or her child: 1. Warmth. 2. Lightness. 3. Freedom. Our clothes are necessary for the purposes of decency, and of protection from the cold. In the material and style of clothing there has been much improvement of late years, bringing the clothes more into harmony with these characteristics: wool has taken the place of linen or cotton, and the tight, close-fitting dresses have given way to loose, elastic blouses, and overalls. The infant's dress when it is in long clothes, has, however, seen little change; mothers still rejoice in the fine texture and elaborate work of the long robe, and if the material underneath is warm and light, we will not quarrel with the outside decoration.

#### "The Binder."

But there is one article of baby's wardrobe that seems to us to be justified neither by common sense nor by fitness: we mean the *binder*, a piece of calico, or sometimes flannel, of a sufficient length to wind round the infant's body two or three times, the poor little mite being rolled round and round during the process. We have asked several authorities as to the object of this garment, but can receive no satisfactory reply: there appears to be some idea that it holds the child together, or perhaps saves it from coming to pieces. Undoubtedly some winder is necessary for a short time to give support to the little weak muscles of the back and abdomen; but a piece of light soft flannel, elastic and warm, long enough to go round the child's body with a little to overlap, will answer far better.

#### The Rest of the Clothing.

For the rest of the clothing we want the little shirt, the long flannel gown and then the robe to cover all. The long flannel gown should

overlap and be doubled up over the child's legs to exclude all draughts; and round the loins, over the napkin, we have the square of flannel, which will require to be frequently changed and washed, to keep it wholesome. If pins are used, let them be the safety-pin, but a well-dressed baby like a well-dressed woman does not use pins.

#### The Great Thing to Remember.

When the short-coating comes, the great thing to remember is to keep the loins, and all that important part of the body, warm; flannel drawers, and gaiters when the child goes out, even if they are not worn at home. We have to be careful not to overdo the flannel—the reaction tends that way—with the result of making the child too warm, rendering it sensitive to cold, and relaxing the proper action of the skin. A very useful material may be found in flannellette; it has all the characteristics given above.

#### Stays.

As we recommended the disuse of the calico binder, so, now, we recommend the disuse of the stays. Let the child grow and develop the figure in natural lines, giving the muscles of the back their own work to do, allowing free play for the lungs, and other internal organs of the body; so will the child have less tendency to a delicate chest, indigestion, or some of the other evils that follow the use of stays. The growing child requires plenty of space for the free exercise of its limbs, and every part of the body; and its clothes should not hinder this exercise. Especially see that the waist is not pinched, for that means the constriction of important organs inside; we are not hollow, like india-rubber dolls, but a carefully packed and complex machine. For out-door clothing we need to bear in mind the same rules, that it be such that whilst keeping the child warm, it does not encumber by weight, or check free action of the limbs. The child does not want to *wrap up* even in coldest winter, but it will require an extra garment of some sort to maintain the body heat.

(To be continued.)



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.



BY THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

#### IV.—The Jewish Basis to Christian Worship.



HAT we read about Worship in the Gospels and in the Acts scarcely modifies it at all as it issues from the Old Testament. In all its main principles it still stands as it was at first revealed.

We see our Lord participating in the services of the Synagogue and the Temple. When in Galilee, He went into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, as His custom was; to the last, He was daily in the Temple (S. Luke iv. 16; xxii. 53). He attended the Passover to the very end. He was present at the Feast of the Dedication (S. John x. 22), an Ecclesiastical institution of later date, not resting on any Divine enactment.

We observe His recognition of the Jewish priesthood. He sends the cleansed lepers to them to offer the gifts which Moses commanded (S. Matt. viii. 4; S. Luke xvii. 14). He said, "The Scribes and Pharisees 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). He emphatically declared that He came not to destroy, but to fulfil the Law (S. Matt. v. 17, 18).

S. Paul.

In like manner, we see in S. Paul's case a marked adhesion to the old Worship. We recall his vows at Cenchrea, and at Jerusalem (Acts xviii. 18; xxi. 26), his observance of Jewish Feasts (xviii. 21; xx. 6, 16), and his confident claim, when on his defence, that neither against the Law of the Jews, neither against the Temple, had he offended anything

at all (xxv. 8). Nor was he singular in all this. Full nineteen years after the Day of Pentecost, it could be represented to him by S. James and the Elders at Jerusalem. "Thou seest, brother, how many thousands (*Greek, 'myriads'*) of Jews there are which believe, and they are all zealous of the Law" (Acts xxi. 20), and he is, on this ground, appealed to, to give some proof that he also "walked orderly."

##### A Growth not a Revolution.

All this can only be explained by the fact that the Jewish Worship was to pass into the Christian. It was not to be a destruction, but a transition; not a revolution, but a growth. There was no Word of Christ that repealed the Old Worship. There was nothing in the New Testament to correspond to the Book of Leviticus in the Old. That is to say, there was no specific revelation of Christian Services. The new Worship would grow up side by side with the old, and on the same lines.\* The first Christians were daily in the Temple, and they also held their own distinctive Service of the Breaking of Bread "at home" (Acts ii. 42, 46, R.V.). The same persons observed both without any sense of incompatibility.

"The old is better."

We can therefore only assume that the pattern which God showed to Moses in the Mount, and to David at the building of the Temple (Heb. viii. 5; 1 Chron. xxviii. 11, 12, 19) still stood, but it was now receiving its further and fuller interpretation. Our Lord seems to have deprecated the idea that His religion was intrinsically new; "No man having drunk old

\* "It would surely be natural, that when distance from the Temple, and other causes, gradually threw the Christian body entirely upon their own resources for their ordinary ritual, that ritual should bear some impress of the influences by which it had at the first been cradled and fostered."—Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv.", I. 62; cf. 69, 190.

wine straightway desire the new; for he saith, "The old is better" (Luke v. 39.) And yet it was not less true that the old ordinances of Judaism had to be replaced by their new counterparts in the Christian Dispensation. The new wine would have burst the old bottles; it had to be put into new bottles. An ordinance like the Passover, which was merely typical and prophetic, had to be replaced, as we have seen, by the Holy Communion, which was a means of grace.

We see now the meaning of our Lord's deep saying:—"Every scribe who hath been made a disciple to the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." (St. Matt. xiii. 52, R.V.) That is to say, those who were to form the new worship were to be those who had been instructed in the old; and the worship itself was to be *old* in its principles, *new* in its grace and power.

This explanation harmonises with the attitude of the first Christians towards the Jewish Religion. They had evidently no sort of idea that they were breaking with the Jewish Church.\*

#### So strong was this feeling.

So strong was this feeling of allegiance to the old revealed religion, that St. Peter and others, for a time, resisted the very suggestion that the Gentiles could be admitted into Covenant with God (Acts x. 28; xi. 2, 3; Gal. ii. 12). When at length it is made manifest that the Gentiles also are to be received, the thought is that those who "in time past were Gentiles . . . being aliens from the Commonwealth of Israel" are now "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God" (Eph. ii. 11, 12, 19). So marvellous is this deemed that it is proclaimed to be "the mystery of Christ" that "the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body" (Eph. iii. 4, 6). Any other conception would have been impossible in the face of our Lord's own words, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I must bring . . . and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd,"

\* "The first church at Jerusalem continued in religious and national fellowship with Judaism, and took part in the Temple service as Christ had set the example. The Christians came daily to the morning and evening Sacrifice, they assembled gladly in Solomon's Porch, and out of Jerusalem, attended the Synagogue Service on the Sabbath, which consisted of reading and expounding of the Scriptures, prayer and psalmody (Acts iii. 1, 11; v. 12, 20, 42; xiii. 14; xviii. 4, 19). In all these portions of the legal worship they, with their gaze rendered keen by faith, recognised a typical and prophetic reference to the Lord, and saw the fulfilment in Him."—Döllinger, "First Age of the Church," p. 327.

(St. John x. 16,) and "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven" (St. Matt. viii. 11).

The question as it presented itself to the first Christians, who were Jews by race, was not whether the Jews could be received into covenant with God, but whether this was open to the Gentiles: "Is He the God of the Jews only? Is He not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also" (Rom. iii. 29).

Then the idea begins to gain ground that the Jews are forfeiting their place by their rejection of Christ. The children of the Kingdom are to be cast out (S. Matt. viii. 12); God's Vineyard is to be given to others (S. Mark, xii. 9). Those which had been the original branches on the Divine stock "because of unbelief were broken off," while others were being grafted in (Rom. xi. 19).

Consequently, we observe a process under which the Jewish terms are being insensibly transferred to the Christian Religion.

For example, it is Christians who are now "the Israel of God" (Gal. vi. 16); "they which are of faith are the children of Abraham." (iii. 7.) "Mount Sion" (Heb. xii. 22); "the New Jerusalem" (Rev. iii. 12; xxi. 2), "Jerusalem which is above" (Gal. iv. 26), "an Holy Temple unto the Lord" (Eph. ii. 21). These are terms applied to the Church of Christ.

Particularly is this the case with the phrases of Jewish Worship. "Thus," writes Archdeacon Freeman—"the expressions 'the Lamb that taketh away sin,' 'the offering of a Body' 'the shedding of blood for the remission of sin,' or 'to make atonement'; 'an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet savour'; 'to bear or take' (upon the person) 'the sins of another,' 'to cleanse or purify by blood'; 'redemption,' 'priesthood,' and countless others, employed to convey to us ideas of Christ's sacrificial work, are derived solely and entirely from the old system. They are simply an inspired application of its nomenclature to the Christian subject. Apart from the knowledge of that system they convey no information whatever. In a word, the New Testament, in the matter of Christ's sacrificial and priestly operation, is throughout *written in cipher*; and the key to that cipher is only to be found in the old sacrificial economy."\*

All this points to the conclusion that Christian Worship was being cast in a Jewish mould.

Two principles seem to present themselves in

\* Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv." II. ii. 9, cf. Willis, "Worship of Old Cov." 16—18, 19 n.

this process. I. That the Old was being fulfilled in the New. II. That the New was being formed by reference to the Old.

#### I.—The Principle of Fulfilment.

**A**S the Passover was to be "fulfilled" in the Kingdom of God, or Church of Christ (S. Luke xxii. 16), so would it be with all the ordinances of Divine Service belonging to the Old Covenant. It was the purpose of Christ's coming to fulfil the law, whether in its letter as given by Moses (S. Matt. v. 17, 18), or in its more spiritual interpretation by the prophets (S. Matt. ix. 13; cf. Hos. vi. 6; Mic. vi. 6—8).

For example, such a baptism as John could administer under the terms of the Old Covenant, is raised to something far higher after it had been applied to Christ. So it became Him to fulfil all righteousness (S. Matt. iii. 15). This is the interpretation put upon it in the Office of Holy Baptism, "*Almighty and everlasting God . . . Who by the Baptism of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ, in the river Jordan, didst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin.*"

Every ordinance under the Old Covenant has over against it its counterpart under the New. The Judaizer was one who would still cling to the old after it had been made manifest that its place had been taken by the new. As a system Judaism had waxed old and was ready to vanish away. It had its weak and beggarly elements whereunto such desired again to be in bondage (Heb. viii. 13; Gal. iv. 9).

#### The Shadow and the Body.

It would not be difficult to draw up a table in which the Jewish and the corresponding Christian rite, the shadow and the body, are placed over against each other. The following instances will suffice to illustrate this principle.

Jewish.	Christian.
Plan of Tabernacle and Temple (Heb. viii. 5; 1 Chron. xxviii. 11, 12, 19; 2 Chron. iii. 3).	Plan of Church.
Circumcision.	Holy Baptism (Col. ii. 11, 12; 1 S. Pet. iii. 21).
Passover.	Holy Communion (S. Luke xxii. 15-21).
Morning and Evening Sacrifice.	Morning and Evening Prayer.
The Sabbath.	The Lord's Day (Rev. i. 10).
"Son of the Commandment" (Edersheim, <i>Jesus the Messiah</i> , i. 235).	Confirmation.

Purification, comprising Offering and Praise, (S. Luke ii. 22-25.)

Reading of the Law from Ebal and Gerizim (Deut. xxvii.).

Dedication of the Temple (2 Chron. vi.; S. John x. 22).

Three Orders of the Jewish Ministry—

High Priest.

Priests.

Levites.

Its Transmission in the line of Nature (Num. xvi. 40; xviii. 2).

High-priestly vestments (Ex. xxix. 5; Num. xx. 28; Zech. iii. 3-6).

The Mitre (Ex. xxix. 6).

Dress of the Priests and Levites (Ex. xxxix. 27; 2 Chron. v. 12).

Jewish Marriage—

Prohibited Degrees (Lev. xviii.).

Accompanying Virgins (Ps. xlvi. 14; S. Matt. xxv. 1).

Bracelets, &c., in token of betrothal (Gen. xxiv. 22-53).

It will be perceived that in every case the continuity is maintained. The same principle of worship underlying the earlier Revelation is carried on into the later, and "fulfilled." But the name and form of the ordinance is varied. New wine is put into new bottles.

(To be continued.)



A very pleasing incident occurred after the yearly S.P.G. meeting at Torquay. The principal speaker—Dr. Kennion, Bishop of Bath and Wells—had told the simple story of the spiritual loneliness of our fellow-countrymen in our Colonies, who, but for the timely aid of grants from the Society, would have no religious privileges. A lady, who herself had been similarly placed abroad, came forward and gave a cheque for £50 to show her practical sympathy with this welcome and gracious work.



**MEAT AND TOMATO PIE.**—Take any cold mutton or beef, mince it, stew in a little water for half an hour; put the meat and gravy at the bottom of a large pie-dish, then take a tin of tomatoes and nearly fill the dish. Cut an onion very finely, and spread over the tomatoes; cover up with a thick layer of mashed potatoes, and bake one hour or until the potatoes are nicely browned.

**MACARONI AND COLD MEAT.**—Wash 4 ozs. of macaroni. Put it in a pan of boiling water and boil fast for twenty minutes. Take it from the pan and drain. Chop 8 ozs. of cold meat as finely as possible, mix a little flour with a little cold water, put it into a pan, and stir until it boils. Add a little pepper and salt, draw the pan from the fire and allow it to cool, then stir in the macaroni and meat. Pour the mixture into a greased basin and cover it with a greased paper, and steam for half an hour. Turn out on to a hot dish, and serve.



Scarlet runners and French beans must be sown at once, though it is as well to make two or three sowings of both. The rows of scarlet runners should always run north and south, with as much space as possible between each. In the case of the dwarf kinds this is not of so much consequence, but if convenient the lines are on the whole better to run in this direction than any other.

Finish planting late potatoes, and, as soon as the young tops of those planted earlier begin

to peep through, draw up a little earth on each side with the hoe, and, should frost appear imminent, throw some dry litter or fern over the tops at night.

Sow a good batch of cauliflowers for use in September, October, and perhaps later still. Sow a last lot of savoys, kale, broccoli, and other winter greens. Pot off and harden plants of ridge cucumbers, vegetable marrows, &c., raised under glass last month, and sow more seed on mounds or ridges of rich soil. Prepare trenches for early celery.



### Mission Notes.

IT is gratifying to note that the income for the S.P.G. was £122,000 for 1894, as against £113,000 for 1893. Churchmen's means may be less or more uncertain than they were, but they have nobly shown that the cause of Foreign Missions shall not suffer in consequence.

A NATIVE AFRICAN LAD is now a telegraph operator. A Mission Priest put this boy under one of the Sikhs who was acquainted with the working of the telegraph, and in six weeks the Sikh had imparted sufficient knowledge to the boy to enable him to send messages with extraordinary correctness and to become the telegraph operator at Blantyre. This is the newest and furthest station on the line which is intended to stretch right across Africa.

THE recommended week of Self-denial for Missions was observed throughout the Auckland diocese by special services, lectures, and meetings. In many parishes there was a great stimulus to the interest in missionary work. Though the offerings did not amount in the aggregate to very much (£300) they represent a very considerable amount of self-denial on the part of many Churchmen.

THE Rev. A. Brittain had a most successful cruise and series of visits to the Aurora and Leper's Islands. "For the first time," he writes, "my adult baptisms this year reached one hundred. I have had the greatest joy from one place on Raga, where fifty-seven adults received baptism, most of them married couples; fifteen of their children also received the rite—seventy-two altogether. I do not care for numbers as a rule, but in this case they are useful as signs of a general movement instead of individual conversions."



## Father's Boots.

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

### Chapter III.

Five o'Clock in the Morning.

MARY GOODMAN had not gone very far. She had only gone as far as the Vicarage. The Vicarage stood very near the church; a square, dull-looking brick building, with some tall iron railings separating it from the road.

It didn't look at all like a Vicarage; at least the kind of place that people picture to themselves when they speak of a Vicarage: a goodly house, set in green lawns, with overshadowing trees. It was a dingy-looking house outside, in a shabby street, surrounded by mean, shabby houses. The only thing to distinguish it from its poorer neighbours were the tall iron railings in front. There were no sunny lawns—there was not a single blade of grass behind the railings, and there were no trees. It was a poor living, in a very crowded, populous neighbourhood. The Vicar had fifteen thousand souls in his parish, and they were all poor.

He was a poor man himself—a poor man living among poor men. Whatever help, material help, he gave his poorer neighbours, he gave out of his own pocket. People were coming to that shabby Vicarage all day long for help of one kind or another, and they seldom went empty away. He could not always give money; he had not always money to give; he was not at all singular among London parish clergy in that particular; but he gave what he could, —advice, help. Always the best advice that he could give; always the best help so far as it lay in his power. He gave of his best; he could not give more.

There were already two people waiting for him when Mary Goodman knocked at the door.

He was out at a meeting, a temperance meeting and he was not expected back till late.

There was nothing to be done, if she would see him that night, but to wait for him with the rest. She had not to wait in the cold, draughty passage; the servant took her into a plainly-furnished room, leading out of the hall, where there was a fire burning, and the gas was lit. There were coloured texts on the wall, and several books and magazines on the table, that people could look at while they were waiting; and there was a picture of "The Good Shepherd," over the mantel-piece. It was much better than waiting for two hours, on a cold night, in a draughty passage.

Mary Goodman read the texts on the walls over a dozen times while she sat there; she could not help reading them, and the other people who were waiting read them too. She knew them by heart when she came away; she will not be likely to forget them as long as she lives.

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in man." "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden." They seemed specially addressed to her; they met her case exactly.

The Vicar did not come back from the meeting until past ten o'clock. He was tired and worn out; he had been at work since eight o'clock that morning, fourteen hours' work, with only a brief interval for meals between, but that did not prevent him listening, late as it was, to Mary Goodman's sad story.

She uncovered, by intention or accident, the face of the sleeping child in her arms while she stood speaking to him, and he looked down at the sweet, innocent face smiling in its sleep, while he listened to her.

How could he help her? he was asking himself all the time he was looking down at it. It was such an old, old story; so many men were out of work, but they did not often pawn

their boots. It was like giving up hope. He pictured the weary, hopeless man and the children in the garret, as he looked down at the sweet, sleeping face.

"What will your husband do if he gets his boots back?" he asked, interrupting the woman's story. He knew it already by heart; he had heard so many versions of it.

"He will be able to go out and look for work," she said, but she did not say it very hopefully.

The Vicar smiled. "He has been looking for work a long time," he said, "and he does not seem to find any. There are so many in the same case. Why does he not start in some work on his own account? Why does he not do, as many others are doing, hire a barrow, and go early to the market and buy vegetables and sell them in the streets? It is quite as honourable a trade to sell vegetables on a costermonger's barrow as to grow them."

"He would have done it long ago, sir, but he had no money to start with; no money to buy the things, and no barrow."

"And no boots it appears," said the Vicar, smiling. "If he could get over that difficulty about the boots, I think the rest could be managed. We have a barrow mission attached to our temperance club, and we lend out barrows to the members. The only condition we impose is, that the borrower shall belong to the club. We will give your husband a trial; we will lend him a barrow."

Mary Goodman murmured a feeble word of thanks. She could not express any deep

gratitude; she did not see what Robert would be able to do with an empty barrow, and without boots.

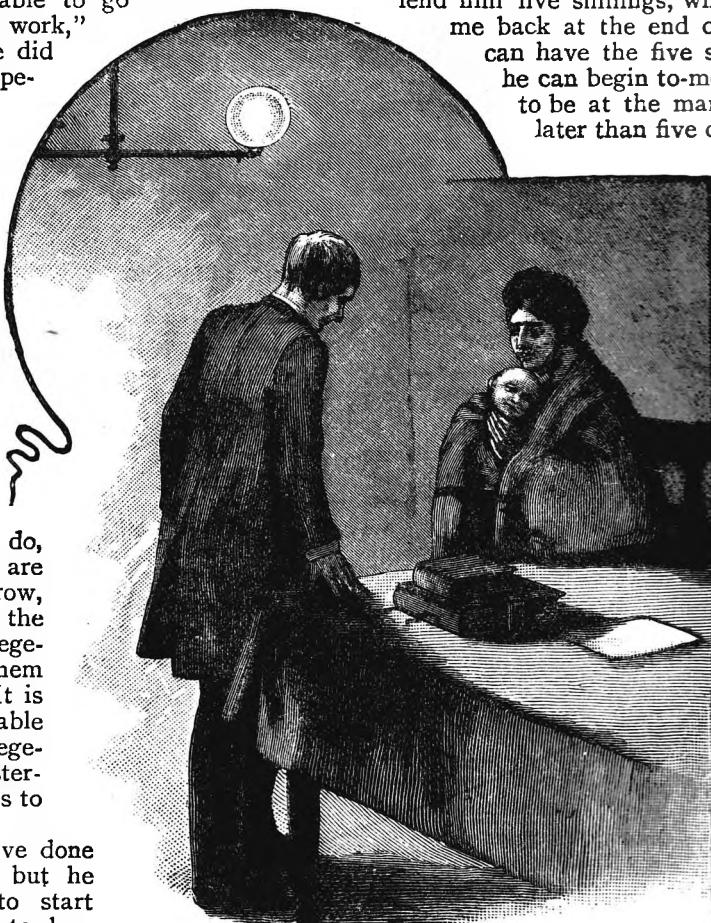
The Vicar smiled when he saw her hesitation; he was not accustomed to do things by halves.

"No," he said, answering her unspoken thought, "the barrow need not be empty, I will lend him five shillings, which he can bring me back at the end of the week. You can have the five shillings now, and he can begin to-morrow. He ought to be at the market not a minute later than five o'clock if he hopes

to secure any bargains, and I don't know what you are going to do about the boots."

What, indeed?

If Robert Goodman, who could not believe his good fortune, although he had been asking God on his knees for the last half-hour to come to his help — could not get to the market by five o'clock the next morning, Saturday morning — the loan of the barrow did not seem of much use to him, and he could not get there with-



"HE LOOKED DOWN AT THE SWEET, INNOCENT FACE."

out his boots. The boys were wild with joy when they heard about the barrow and the vegetables. They could help father now; they could cry, "Summer cabbage!" "Green peas!" "All a-blown, and a-growing!" all day long. They would never grow tired of shouting out father's wares. They wanted to begin at once, though it was nearly eleven o'clock at night, but Meg hurried them off to bed, where they practised "All a-blown and a-growing" under the bed clothes. There

was only one drawback to their happiness—father's boots. The pawnbroker did not open his shop until past seven o'clock in the morning, and Robert ought to be at the market at five.

Robert Goodman would not give up the idea of going to the market the next morning on account of his boots. He would get there an hour earlier, and then it would be too dark to see him, and he would be back before anyone was about.

He was as good as his word ; he was up and dressed the next morning hours before daylight, and when he opened the door to go downstairs he fell over his boots.

He made such a noise in falling over them that he woke the children, and they all jumped up to see what was the matter ; all but Meg, who buried her face in the bed clothes and pretended to be asleep.

It was no use pretending. She had to wake up and explain how the boots, that ought to have been at the pawnbroker's round the corner, happened to be outside the door. There was not very much to explain. She had substituted her one little warm petticoat, that the Vicar's lady had given her at Christmas, and she had kept back the boots. If her father had looked at the pawnbroker's ticket he would have found her out at once, but he didn't look at it, and Meg kept her secret.

It was very fortunate the boots were outside the door, for it was a wet morning, wet and cold, and he would have had to trudge six miles there and back to the market in the mud.

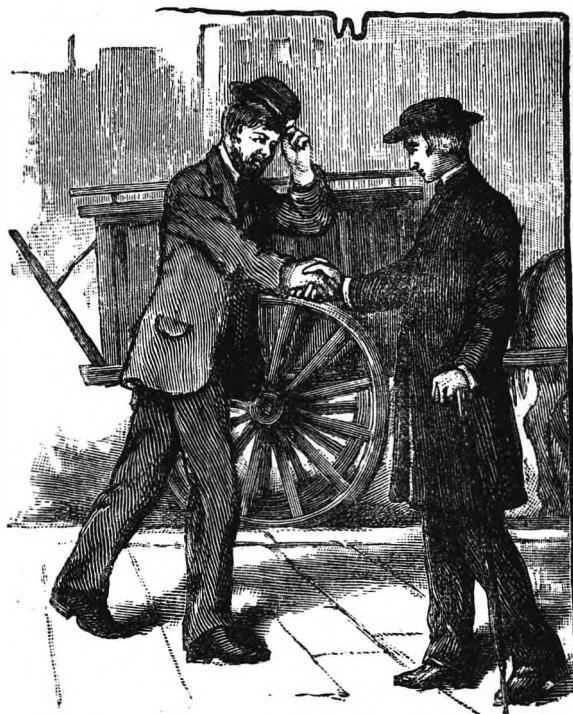
\* \* \* \* \*

Three years after that rainy March morning, when Robert Goodman found his boots outside the door, a strange thing happened.

The Vicar of St. Jude's, who was paying a brief visit to his old parish, was stopped in the street one day by a man, a stranger, who insisted on shaking hands with him. The man had been driving in a spring cart, quite a smart spring cart, and he stopped the horse, and jumped out of the cart when he saw the Vicar on the path, and insisted on shaking hands with him.

The Vicar did not know the man in the least : he could not remember to have ever seen him before. He had been away from the parish for nearly three years—he had gone away soon after that long-forgotten day, when he found Mary Goodman waiting for him after the temperance meeting—and the faces of his old parishioners had faded out of his mind. He could not be expected, among fifteen thousand souls, to remember everybody.

" You've forgotten me, sir," said the man,



"INSISTED ON SHAKING HANDS."

"but I haven't forgotten you. You lent five shillings and a barrow, the night that I pawned my boots. I had given up the fight, and owned myself beaten, and I had pawned my boots. I couldn't be lower down than I was when you picked me up, an' set me on my feet again. You wouldn't take that five shillings back, though I brought it to you a dozen times, till I could do without it—till I'd got a start. You gave me that start, sir. You lent me a barrer till I'd a barrer of my own, that five shillings of yours, sir, was the luckiest five shillings I ever had in my life. I have got a shop of my own now, and a horse and cart to go to market with, and a good home for the missis and the children. I have to thank you for all, sir. If you've forgot me, I shall never forget you, and—and I thank you again humbly—and God bless you, sir ! "

There were tears in the man's eyes as he wrung the Vicar's hands.

The Vicar himself was very much moved, and there was such an unaccountable mist before his eyes as the spring cart drove away, that he could not see the face of the man who was waving his hat to him ; he could only see the innocent face of a sleeping babe that had appealed to him long ago, from a weeping woman's arms.



## Food Adulteration.

### PAPER II.

**A**S we commenced with tea and coffee, we will now take milk.

Milk is food as well as drink, and the more water we add to it, the more we rob it of its excellent nutritive properties.

We ought to have milk pure, especially for the children, and more especially for the young children who are unable to take anything but fluid food.

The chief adulterant for milk is water, and at one time so much of this was added that in London it had the name "sky-blue."

Another point of importance is that sometimes the water added is impure and contains germs of disease, and by this means become the source of very much mischief.

#### Several Ways of Testing.

There are several ways of testing, roughly, the purity of milk; the most reliable, probably, is taking into account the quantity of cream it yields.

When you buy new milk, all the natural cream should be there with it: of course in the case of skim milk, very little cream will be there.

#### To Test for Cream.

To test the amount of cream, you should pour a portion of the milk as you buy it, into a glass tube—one about 5 inches long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch wide will do. Let it stand for twelve hours, at the end of this time all the cream will have risen to the top. Now compare the thickness of the floating layer of cream with the height of the milk in the tube. If the tube contains 4 inches of milk, and you find the thickness of the cream is  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch, then the eighth part of the milk is cream: that would be very good milk. But suppose that you have 4 inches of milk in the tube, and the thickness of the cream is only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch, then there is only one part in sixteen cream, this is a poor milk, and most likely has been watered.

Should it however contain less than this, you may be sure it has been watered.

Glass tubes properly divided for this purpose can be bought for a few pence, and the money is well laid out in getting one.

You may, however buy a test tube of the size we have mentioned, viz., 5 inches by  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch.

for a penny. You can cut a strip of paper 4 inches long and divide it into five equal parts by drawing pencil lines across it, and the top division mark into tenths. Paste this strip of paper outside and along the length of the tube. You can stand it in something that will keep it upright, while the milk is in it, and can read off the proportion of cream and milk after it has stood for the twelve hours named.

#### The Lactometer.

Another little instrument that is easily managed is the "lactometer," as it is called. It is a glass float, and should sink to a certain marked point in good new milk, in milk to which water has been added it sinks deeper, and so on in proportion to the quantity of added water. Good milk should contain from 8 to 13 parts of cream to every hundred parts of milk. For another test, take a small quantity of milk, mix it with a little water that has been boiled; pour into a glass vessel; let it stand for an hour or two, then pour it off gently, if any sediment remains behind something has been added to the milk, and ought not to be there.

Under a microscope, good new milk shows the cream particles as in the figure. B.



#### Ascension Day.

**L**O! forty days are ended. See Him rise From the fair brow of peaceful Olivet, His hands stretched out in loving blessing yet The while a bright cloud bears Him to the skies. Mute the apostles stand with steadfast eyes— Where wonder, adoration, and regret, Sweet triumph, sore bereavement, all have met, Seeking in vain to pierce heaven's mysteries. But two pure angels, clad in glistening white, Say—"Men of Galilee, why stand ye so? For this same Jesus parted from your sight Shall come again, as ye have seen Him go. Cease vain regrets! to Him be glory given In earth's far corners and remotest heaven."



## "I Believe in the Holy Catholic Church."



E have said this article of the faith aloud times out of mind. I suppose each one of us means something in saying it. It is hard to believe that anyone could stand up in God's church and make this solemn statement before God and man without meaning *something* by it. Perhaps we have not thought much about the meaning, and have come, by repeating it so often, to think little of it and of its importance in regard to our salvation. And yet it is an article of the Christian faith, and we cannot be called followers of our Lord Jesus Christ, or believers in Him, if we do not believe truly in the Church which He set up on earth.

### What do we mean by it?

What then do we mean by it? There is one word used in the Scripture to describe it—it is called "The Body of Christ," and the Head of the Body, that is, of the Church, is Jesus Christ our Lord. The word "body" will help us to understand, then, what is meant by Church.

First, we have S. Paul's application of this illustration. He shows that the various members of the body are dependent upon the head and upon each other: the eye cannot do without the ear, or the hand without the leg. The eye cannot do the work of the ear, but both can be of service to the whole body when guided by the head. "We are," in this way, "members one of another," and "one member cannot suffer without all suffering." But this illustration has been made even fuller by modern science.

The human body, as learned men have proved, is built up of millions and millions of little cells. There are muscular cells to build up our muscles, nerve cells to build up our nerves, fat cells to build up fat, and bone cells to build up bone; and the strange thing about these cells

is that each one of them is *alive*; each one has a long or short life, according to the work done by the body. Each cell has a kind of independent life, but it depends for its nourishment and good condition upon the well-being of the whole body. If the whole body is sick and weak, each cell is sick and weak. If the body is strong and vigorous, each cell partakes of its strength and vigour. The body has enemies about it ever trying to destroy it. The disease germs of consumption, for instance, are present around us, at least, in all crowded cities. If they can find a lodgment in the body the disease will be set up within it and run its deadly course. Now there are in the body, as we are told by learned physicians, cells which are ever on the watch to lay hold of such intruders. These cells, if the body is in vigorous health, are able to overcome and absorb the poison-germs of consumption. But there are cases, owing to the weakness of the body, in which the poison-germs get the upper hand and the body becomes their prey. We see from this that the body must be kept up to its fullest vigour if it is to escape the attack of its enemies.

### The One Body.

Now apply all this to that Society founded by our Blessed Lord, which is the Holy Catholic Church. Each one who is made a member of that Church in Holy Baptism becomes as it were a cell in a living body. He lives no longer to himself. His conduct is to be henceforward serviceable to the whole body of Christ, and this cannot be done except he has the Christ-life—the self-sacrificing spirit—within him. If he lives to himself, that is, thinks only of himself, and devotes all his strength to self-pleasing, he is an enemy of the whole body, and is condemned already. Need we wonder that men called Socialists are demanding a reconsideration of the relations of individuals to society, when we see what selfishness can do to make the members of human society suffer. A selfish man who has no other motive than his own satisfaction, regards human society as something from which he may get his comforts and pleasures, no matter who suffers in his doing so. If he is a gambler he wants to win, and cares not who loses; if he is a greedy speculator, he cares not who suffers if his speculations are successful. The extreme form of the selfish man is the thief or the murderer, who respect no law provided they get what their evil and covetous desires prompt them to.

E. M.

(To be continued.)





## The Massacre at Mandoliana, And a Sequel to it.

THE massacre of Lieut.-Commander Bower, and four of his ship's crew, by the natives of the Solomon Islands, is scarcely remembered save by those who were in any way affected by this deplorable occurrence. What I am now chiefly minded to relate is a sequel to this outrage that has just come to light; but to tell my story intelligibly I must recall the main features of the outrage itself.

In the autumn of 1880—as we on this side of the world call the time of the year—H.M.S. *Sandfly*, commanded by Lieut. Bower, was cruising among the Solomon Islands. In the month of October they made the Floridas, a cluster of islands lying at the N.W. end of the Indispensable Straits. And here Lieut. Bower anchored his schooner in a snug bay, and set out with five of his men in the ship's whale-boat on a surveying expedition.

In the course of this the party reached Mandoliana, a tiny islet distant about four miles from the main island of Gaeta, the largest of the Floridas, and here they landed to bivouac for the night. No more suitable spot, apparently, could be desired for their purpose. On one side of the islet a short stretch of white sand shelves gently into the pale blue water of the lagoon, while at every other point of approach a heavy surf piles itself upon a fringing reef. Mandoliana is not inhabited, but a few rough huts, and some stakes for nets, must have shown the sailors that it is used as a fishing ground by occasional visitors.

The man-of-war's men, as we heard afterwards, soon made themselves at home. They explored the bush and undergrowth, with which the islet is almost covered, and when they were sure that no foe was lurking there they hauled the whaler beyond high water mark. Then they spread the lug sail across an overhanging bough so as to form a tent; and while the blue-jackets lighted a fire and prepared for supper, Lieut. Bower got out his sketch-book and went on with his survey. Here we must leave him for awhile.

At the island of Gaeta—in close view of Mandoliana—things in general were at this time in

a very uncomfortable state. Kalekona, the chief, was sulky. Someone had stolen some money—native shell money—that he had buried for security in the floor of an empty house. And as all ordinary means of recovering his property failed, he retired to another island where he had friends, and from thence he sent word to his people that if they wanted him back at Gaeta they must either find the thief, or make good his loss. To understand the force of this expedient of Solomon Island kingcraft it should be explained that a headless tribe is in a sorry plight. It is beset by a twofold danger: from within, by dissensions among rival factions led by petty potentates; from without, by the prospect of invasion—neighbours seizing the opportunity of the country's widowhood to pay off old grudges.

At length Kalekona came back to Gaeta, but he was still in the sulks—a state of mind which some complication relating to his son and his son's wife served to make worse—and not long afterwards the departure of the *Southern Cross* his anger again broke out. Nothing would satisfy him now but a head—by no means an extraordinary demand in the Solomon Islands—and the required bribe was sought for accordingly by his followers; the Christian contingent of his people, not then a numerous body, holding aloof from the quest, and no doubt placing their own heads in considerable jeopardy thereby. There was no one in the district who could be killed without risking a formidable reprisal, and as the people declared that their money had been spent in the recent levy, they had none to buy what was wanted from another country. A constitutional deadlock was therefore imminent.

We have now, in following the story, reached the evening when Lieut. Bower and his men landed at Mandoliana.

The *Sandfly* boat was seen from Gaeta, and a hasty council held. Here, the people said, is our chance. A head, possibly heads, for Kalekona, renown for those who procure them, and the credit that such an exploit, successfully carried out, would bring to the tribe engaged in it.

The party chosen for the attack consisted of five men—their names were, Vuria, who was Kalekona's son, Holambosa, Tavu, Utumate, and Puko,—and they launched a canoe, and paddled from Gaeta to Mandoliana. What followed when they arrived there I will tell in Vuria's words as nearly as I can remember them. He described the scene to me, standing on the spot some years afterwards.

"We swam through the surf with our canoe,"

he said, "and landed on the other side of that point, just as the sun was going down. Then we crept through the bushes till we could see the sailors on the beach. Three were bathing, one was cooking, and the captain was standing over there, drawing in a book. We waited for Holambosa to give the sign, and then we all rushed out. I here, and there Utumate, and further on, Holambosa and Tavu; and we fell on the men with our tomahawks; their guns were in the boat and on the sand, but we got between them and their guns, so that they could not take them up. The captain and a sailor ran along the sand, and Utumate and Tavu followed them. We, the others, cut down the three who stayed. Presently Utumate and Tavu came back, saying that the captain had turned on Utumate with his fists, on which our friend ran away; and that the sailor who had escaped our tomahawks ran into the bush, where Tavu dared not follow. Then we cut off the heads of the three we had killed, and returned with them to Gaeta."

Years have passed since Vuria gave me this description, but I remember his words as though they were spoken yesterday, and the scene, where I heard them rises before my memory as I write:—the deep shadow of the trees where we were sheltering from the noon-day heat; the fringe of undergrowth, bordering the bush, and feathering into the strip of white, sparkling sand that edged the sea; the glowing tints of the water in the lagoon; the crisp murmur of the tide; the dull thunder of the distant

reef; the shrill chirping of the tree-crickets; the soft cooing of the pigeons in the thick canopy overhead; and on everything beyond where we were standing—on land, and sea, and sky—the glare of the tropical sun.

When Kalekona heard what had been done, he at once set out for Mandoliania, to secure, if possible, the head of the chief who had escaped the first attack. All through that night he and his men kept watch, waiting for daylight, to make a thorough search of the islet. Meanwhile the sailor who had escaped, a man named Savage, wisely considering that the sea and the sharks were less dangerous than his foes on shore, determined to swim for his life, and try to reach the island where he and his party had bivouacked the preceding night. In this attempt he was successful. And after being in the water more than half the night, and being exposed to the sharks, several of which he saw, he reached the shore, where a native took care of him, and persuaded the chief to spare his life.

But to return to Mandoliania. Lieut. Bower, after making desperate attempts to launch the



TREE IN WHICH LIEUT. BOWER TOOK REFUGE.

whaleboat, as his footsteps in the sand showed, found a hollow tree in which he probably hoped to lie hid until pursuit was over. Into this he climbed, but with daylight he did not long escape the hungry eyes, keen as hawks', that were on the look-out for him, and the end soon came.

The sub-lieutenant in charge of the *Sandfly*, waited at the anchorage till such time as he

felt justified in acting on his own responsibility, and then went to seek for the surveying party. He ran down the Florida chain of islands till he was attracted by the signals which Savage made at the spot where he had landed. And from him he learned the fate of his commander, and the name of the tribe who had committed the outrage.

Not much could be done with their little vessel and diminished numbers, but they sent a boat with a landing party to burn Kalekona's canoe-house and canoes, and the huts along the shore. The Gaeta people opposed their landing, and another man was lost—shot before the boat touched the beach—and then the enemy fled to the bush. The attack was boldly carried out, and so far successful that a good deal of Kalekona's property was destroyed; but from the native point of view it failed, because, as they said, "they didn't kill anyone." After this the *Sandfly* made sail for Sydney to report the matter to the commodore.

I was about to start to England on furlough when the news of the outrage reached Norfolk Island; and I hastened to Sydney, hoping to be able to give Commodore Wilson some information as to the places and people against whom he was about to send a man-of-war; but when I arrived in New Zealand, H.M.S. *Emerald*, I heard by telegram, had left Sydney for the Floridas.

I was greatly perplexed what to do—whether to go on to England, or to turn back to Norfolk Island for the next island voyage. Bishop Selwyn had long before arranged to take my place at Florida, during my absence, but I was naturally reluctant to allow him to encounter the extra work and anxiety that this affair was certain to entail. By the advice of the Bishop of Auckland, however, I made no change in my plans, and the event showed that this was right.

The *Emerald* steamed to the Floridas, and the bluejackets landed at Gaeta and marched inland some distance, burning houses and shooting where they saw anything to shoot at. But the people, warned of their approach, retreated into the bush, where pursuit was impossible, and the *Emerald* was obliged to return to Sydney without killing or capturing any of the murderers, or without even having held parley with the natives.

But public opinion at home and in the Colonies had been aroused by the story of this outrage, and it was determined that the matter should not be allowed to drop; so Commodore Wilson sent another expedition to the Floridas, consisting of H.M.S. *Cormorant*, a steam corvette,

and two of the small men-of-war schooners. With this our Mission vessel came in contact, and Bishop Selwyn placed his services at Captain Bruce's disposal to make his terms known to the natives.

The Bishop's first care was to hold communication with Kalekona, and the Gaeta people mustered in great force for the interview. They were drawn up in two groups—Kalekona and his following on one side, and the native Christians, headed by a Gaeta deacon, the Rev. Charles Sapibuana, and the Bishop on the other. It must have been an exciting scene, and feeling no doubt ran high—within an ace of exploding point probably; but in the end Bishop Selwyn, by firmness and tact, persuaded Kalekona, under a promise of a safe return, to accompany him on board the man-of-war, and hear what Captain Bruce had to say. This was that the four murderers, Holambosa, Tavu, Utumate and Puko, should be given up to justice, and that Kalekona's son, Vuria, should be kept as a hostage till this compact was carried out. This arrangement was arrived at only after much discussion, and the obvious objection to it is that Kalekona and his son, Vuria, escaped the more severe sentence. But it must be remembered that it was a compromise—each side had to concede something. The men-of-war had tried in vain to punish the guilty parties, but beyond driving the people into the bush, where some of the aged and weakly had died of cold and exposure, they had done nothing that touched Kalekona and his fighting men. By the course adopted, however, four of the murderers were accounted for, and the fifth, Vuria, as it turned out, was kept in exile for two years: so that although Kalekona only suffered to a small extent, yet a considerable instalment of justice was meted out.

Holambosa, Tavu, and Utumate were soon caught, and, in spite of the threats of their friends, given up to the man-of-war and executed. Puko alone escaped Kalekona's emissaries, and took refuge with a brother by name Tingé ("Tingay") who was chief of a neighbouring island called Nago. Upon hearing this, Vuria was carried away in the *Cormorant*, and placed on another island, in charge of a white trader, who made him work as a servant. There he remained for upwards of two years, during which an ineffectual search after Puko was carried on.

A. PENNY.

(To be continued.)



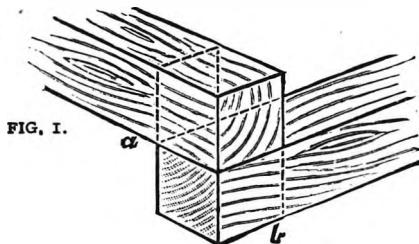


## Household Carpentry.—V.

By JOHN A. BOWER.

**I**N this paper we think it will be wise to get some practical acquaintance with joints. They have such a universal use, that we cannot do much woodwork without being called on to make a joint of some kind.

Supposing you want to make an out-house or



lean-to shed, to get the framework strong and serviceable, it must be jointed; you cannot get the same satisfactory results by simply nailing one piece of wood over another piece. A joint satisfactorily made, combines lightness and strength. In cutting the wood for joints never cut deeper than is actually required, for to do so weakens it.

Supposing you require a framework for a shed, a fowl-house, or greenhouse, the "half-lap" joint, as it is called, will be most useful. It is also the easiest to begin with. If you are going

to make this joint merely for practice you can take any wood for the purpose, from one and a half inch square up to three inches square. The last must be used if you require a ground frame for a shed or for a heavy structure. Let your "scantling," as the square pieces of timber are called, be accurately "squared," and of nice, soft, even-grained wood.

Place the end of one over that of the other, as in Fig. 1, and with a pencil or bradawl mark off in each piece where the cut will have to be made. This cut must be parallel to the end.

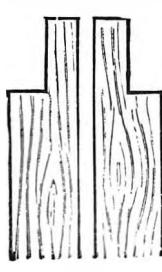


FIG. 2.

Now mark on each piece the depth of the required cut.

Place one of the pieces flat on the table or on your bench, marked side upwards; take your tenon or back saw, hold it firmly, draw it across the line along which the cut is to be made. Keep your saw level and cut down to the line marked on it—that should be half the thickness

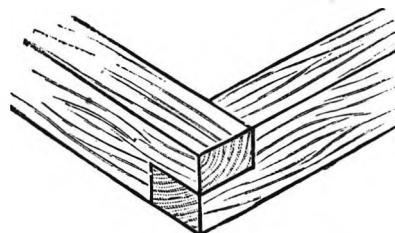


FIG. 3.

of the wood. Now serve the second piece in the same manner. The "check piece" in each case must now be taken off. If you have a bench vice, fix each piece in turn, so that you can saw downwards, cutting parallel to the edge of the wood. It is better to hold the wood upright for this operation, and it must be held firmly. If

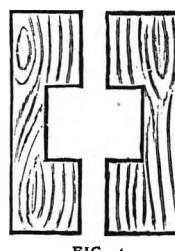


FIG. 4.

this cut is carefully made there will be but very little to pare off with the chisel. After each piece is sawn the ends should be as shown in Fig. 2. Put them together and see that they fit, the cut surfaces should come flat to each other, and the corner should be flush with the uncut portion.

Should any trimming be needed do it carefully, for there is satisfaction to be got out of making a well-fitted joint, but none out of a slovenly production. If you require to keep this as a specimen for your work, fit it together either with wooden pegs or with glue. Cut the pegs out of a dry piece of hard wood, round them off with a chisel, let them taper regularly towards one end. Bore the holes carefully with a good sized gimlet, and after well drying the pegs, drive them in. If you wish to make this joint permanent you can do so by glueing the parts to be in contact, and then putting through the joint screws or nails. Bore holes large enough to avoid the splitting of the wood.

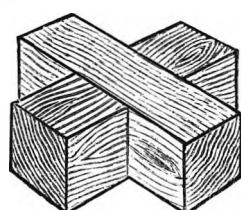


FIG. 5.

For heavy work this half-lap, or corner joint is perhaps, the strongest and most serviceable we can use. When complete it should have the appearance shown in Fig. 3.

The "halving joint" is employed where we have beams crossing each other, and which

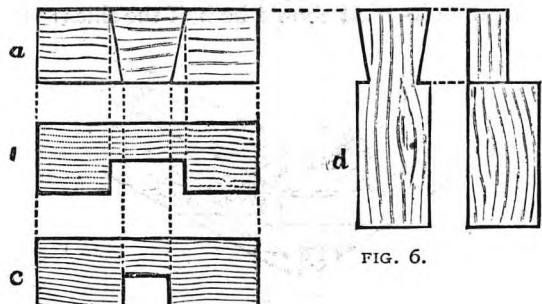


FIG. 6.

have at the same time to carry loads. It is sometimes called the "bearing joint." Here, instead of making the joint cut the end of the wood, it is made in some part of its length.

The marking and sawing across the scantling is carried out according to the instructions already given. The portions to be removed must be carefully pared off with the chisel. This being done, each piece should appear as in Fig. 4. When put together they must fit so that the notch in each piece exactly fits that in the other, so that when put together as a finished joint it should appear as in Fig. 5.

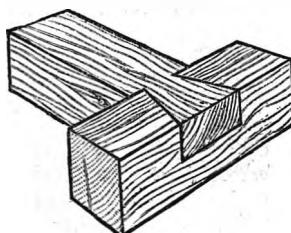


FIG. 8.

A very suitable joint by which a cross piece is let into two side pieces, is called the halving tenon joint. This is a little more troublesome than the others, but we think with a little care and study of the drawings in Figs. 6, 7, and 8, you will

manage it. In Fig. 6 *a* shows the side piece, *b* the the top, *c* the bottom; *d* the upper, and *e* the lower face of the tenon. In Fig. 7 the parts for fitting, and Fig. 8 when the joint is finished.



## V.

S. POLYCARP,  
(A.D. 166.)

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

**S**T. POLYCARP was a very old man at the time of his death. He had been a pupil of St. John, "the beloved disciple," and is supposed to have been made Bishop of Smyrna by the Apostle himself. Many people have thought that he was referred to as the "Angel of the Church in Smyrna," in the book of the Revelation. Whether this be so or not, St. Polycarp, on account of his age and his holy life, was looked up to as a father by all the Churches, and his advice was eagerly sought and followed.

When the persecution, which we have seen was encouraged by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, reached Smyrna, a large number of the Christians suffered with great constancy, and the heathen multitude, provoked at their refusal to deny their faith, cried out, "Let Polycarp be sought." The brave old man, unshaken by the terrors of martyrdom, and ready to die for his Saviour, at first determined to remain in the city; but afterwards, yielding to the persuasion of his friends, went forth to a farm a few miles distant, where he stayed for some days engaged in prayer to God, that He would send peace to His Church. At length he was traced and discovered, and, seeing the soldiers who were come to seize him, quietly exclaimed, "The Lord's will be done." Having ordered a table to be prepared with food for his

captors, he requested to be allowed one hour undisturbed for prayer; after which he was placed upon an ass, and conducted to the city. Here he was met by the magistrate, who took the aged Bishop into his chariot, and commenced to urge him to sacrifice to the heathen gods, and to renounce his faith; "for what harm is there," asked the man, "in saying Lord Cæsar, and sacrificing, and thus saving your life?" At first Polycarp made no reply; but when the question was repeated, he said, "I shall not do what you advise me." The officer, enraged at his failure, uttered the most dreadful language, and pushed the poor old man from the carriage with such violence that he sprained his thigh. Notwithstanding this, he bravely went forward to the amphitheatre, where the people were assembled, hiding from everyone how much he had been hurt. As soon as he appeared, the multitudes set up loud shouts of rage and of savage delight at the prospect of torturing their victim; but, in the midst of it all, he seemed to hear a voice whispering to him. "Be strong, Polycarp, and act manfully."

Thus encouraged, he determined that nothing should terrify him or weaken his faith. The proconsul then came forward, and tried to persuade him to renounce Christ, adding: "Swear by the genius of Cæsar. Repent; say, Away with those that deny the gods." But Polycarp, standing there alone, surrounded on all sides by his foes, looked up with a serious countenance at the faces of those who were eagerly awaiting his death, and pointing towards them said, "Away with the impious." The governor again addressed him, saying: "Swear, and I will dismiss you. Revile Christ." Whereupon the brave old saint uttered that well-known and oft-quoted answer: "Four score and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong: and how can I now blaspheme my King that has saved me?" The governor continued to urge him, but finding entreaties to be of no avail, threatened first to throw him to the wild beasts, and then to burn him alive. Polycarp's reply was as follows: "You threaten me with a fire which lasts but a short time; but you know not of that eternal fire which is prepared for the wicked." Whereupon a herald was sent to proclaim to the assembled crowds, "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian." Immediately the multitude cried out that he was that teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the destroyer of their gods, and asked that a lion might be let loose upon him. As the exhibition of wild beasts was ended, this could not be done, so they all clamoured that he should be burnt.

Immediately the crowd dispersed, eagerly collecting wood and straw, which they heaped round the stake that had been set up. The old man walked to the place with a firm step and a calm and cheerful look, and having cast off his outer garment, and loosened his girdle, stood ready for the executioners. When they attempted to fasten him with iron bands, he said: "Let me be thus: for He who gives me the strength to bear the flames will enable me to remain unmoved on the pile," and so they merely tied him to the stake with cords. He then uttered the following beautiful prayer: "Father of Thy well-beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the knowledge of Thee; Oh! God of angels and powers and all creation, and of all the family of the righteous, that live before Thee, I bless Thee that Thou hast thought me worthy of the present day and hour, to have a share in the number of the martyrs and in the cup of Christ, unto the resurrection of eternal life, both of the soul and body, in the incorruptible felicity of the Holy Spirit. Among whom may I be received in Thy sight this day, as a rich and acceptable sacrifice, as Thou, the faithful and true God, hast prepared, hast revealed, and fulfilled. Wherefore on this account, and for all things, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, through the Eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son. Through whom glory be to Thee with Him in the Holy Ghost, both now and for ever. Amen."

As soon as his prayer was ended, the faggots of wood were lighted; but, according to the story handed down to us, the flames swept round the saint, so that they seemed like the sail of a ship filled with the wind, and Polycarp remained unharmed in the midst. Whereupon, one of the executioners stepped forward, and plunged a sword into his breast; but the blood rushed forth in such a stream that it put out the fire. His persecutors, however, were determined that the Christians should not have the body of their bishop for burial; so they lighted the fire a second time, and burnt the corpse until nothing remained except a few charred bones. These were carefully and reverently collected together by his flock, and carried to the churchyard, where they received an honourable burial.

The story of this aged saint is one that may well encourage us. After a long and laborious life, spent in the service of the Master who died for him, he gratefully endured insults and torture at the hands of his persecutors, rather than, by wavering in his faith, "give occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme."



**Saint Philip · Saint James.**

OUR Epistle begins with encouragement, and ends with promise. The rich man's prize fades away in his hands; the crown of him who is tried and found faithful is an unfading one—the crown of life, which the Lord promised, doubtless in many an unrecorded saying to His disciples, to all who love Him.

**Third Sunday after Easter.**

He who finished His ministry by promising His disciples that their sorrow should be turned into joy, began it by pronouncing a special blessing upon those who mourn, for that they should be comforted. His words are true to us as to them if we will but remain true to Him.

**Fourth Sunday after Easter.**

MAY our Lord show us Himself, that we may know Him as the only refuge for sinners, the only source of sanctifying grace; so that at the last we may be found in Him, not having our own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

**Fifth Sunday after Easter.**

PRAYER, while it is in one aspect the refuge of the weak, is in another the strength of the mighty, seeing that it is the way by which we take part with Him who has overcome the world, and through whom we are more than conquerors.



IT was needful for our probation that Christ's presence should be removed from us, just as the absence of their master was a condition in the trial of those servants who were entrusted with the charge of the talents and the pounds.



ASCENSIONTIDE enables us better to see the unity and reasonableness of Christ's way of salvation, and makes us fear to neglect what He has ordained, and keeps us from the folly of those who attempt to improve upon His system.

**Lessons for May.**

		MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
1	W St. Ph. & St. Jas. A&M.	Isaiah 61	John 1 v. 43 Zech. 4. Col. 3 to v. 18
5	F 3 Sunday after Easter.	Num. 22.	Luke 23 to v. 26 Num. 23 or 1 Thess. 2
12	F 4 Sunday after Easter.	Deut. 4 to v. 23	John 3 to v. 22 Deut. 4 v. 23 to 41; v. 18 or 5
19	F 5 Sunday after Easter.	Deut. 6 to 41	John 6 v. 22 Deut. 9; or 2 Tim. 2 to 10
23	T Ascen. Day. Pr. Pss. M. 8, 15, 21; E. 24, 47, 108.	Dan. 7 v. 9 to 15. 44	Luke 24 v. 2 Kings 2 to Heb. 4 v. 16
26	F Sunday after Ascension. Aug., First Abp. of C.	Deut. 30	John 5 v. 30 Deut. 34; or Heb. 1 to 10 v. 22 Josh. 1