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[NEW SERIES.



Merrilands Farm.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

PART X.

LONDON in the month of August and especially towards the latter end of the month, is not a place one would choose to be in, if one could be anywhere else.

It may indeed be endurable, provided one is rich and can live in a large house, and drive about in carriages, and wear fine, soft clothes—in short, take life easily and luxuriously.

But if one has to live in a small, cramped dwelling in a narrow street—even though it be

not a very poor and evil-smelling street,—and when one has to go about on foot or in omnibuses,—when the pavements burn the feet underneath, and the sun beats fiercely down upon the head from above,—when all the freshness has gone out of the air, and even the flowers in the parks hang heavily on their stalks, and the grass looks grey and much betrodde,—London resolves itself into one of the dreariest spots upon earth, if one can call such a vast mass of buildings a spot at all.

It was here, however, and it was under the last-named circumstances, that our young friend Lettice, now become Lettice Saxby, was spending the first portion of her married life.

Lettice had come to London full of enthusiasm. She had told everyone she knew, with pride, that her future home was to be in the great metropolis. They had envied her, and she had felt herself to be an object of envy. It had seemed a wonderful promotion for the simple country girl to be leaving behind all her rural surroundings and employments, and to be going far away to have a home of her own in the city which few of them had ever seen, but of which all had heard!

And now the wedding-day was two months old, and already, alas, the disenchantment had begun!

Already, alas! Lettice had begun to wonder how she could have been so athirst to hear from Harriet Saxby's lips, of pleasures and dissipations which, now that she had partaken of them, seemed to have lost their flavour, and to be as unlike what her imagination had pictured, as an ugly, blurred photograph is to a brilliant landscape.

Harriet, robust in health, hardy in her habits and by no means particular as to her company, or to the scenes she frequented, would have stared in genuine astonishment had she known how Lettice now often felt. Lettice would not even tell Philip that she disliked doing many things and going to many places which he expected her to enjoy as a matter of course.

In these early days of his married life, Philip was an indulgent husband; marriage was a novelty to him; his wife was pretty, smiling, well-dressed and a credit to him altogether. True, he had met with a bitter disappointment in the fact that she had come to him without a portion, it having never occurred to her parents that such would be expected of them. They provided for their children when at home, and, if all went well, would probably be able to leave something to be divided amongst them at their death; but had the Saxbys been better

acquainted than they were with agricultural life, they would have known that to expect anything in the shape of a dowry with the daughter of a small tenant farmer, who had a large family and had started them all in the world, was to expect almost an impossibility.

None of the husbands of the elder sisters but had been well satisfied with the good stock of linen and clothes, and the few pieces of solid, useful furniture which their wives had brought,—realising that such savings as Farmer Dew had been able to put by after his sons had been suitably equipped for earning their own independence must necessarily go towards making a provision for his own and his wife's old age.

This had been duly explained to the new bridegroom when the time for explanation came, and Philip had done his best to hide his dismay until he could give it vent in safety when alone with his eldest sister. Harriet had also been disappointed, but not, by any means, to the same extent. Her shrewdness had divined the true state of things before this, but she had told herself that, even with this drawback, the marriage would be a good thing for them all. She had therefore consoled her brother, and still dangled its advantages before his eyes, so that between his habitual deference to her judgment, and his real liking and admiration for Lettice, and a general idea of always finding comfortable quarters at the farm if times were bad in the future, he had been willing enough to carry out his contract.

Then, as it happened, work and money had been tolerably plentiful during the honeymoon, and he found no inconvenience from the bonds of matrimony. His friends had rallied him, it is true, but they had one and all admired his choice, while Lettice had been as gentle, amiable and accommodating a wife as man could have. Once or twice, indeed, he had been obliged to make fun of her to his companions in order to prevent their thinking that he was going to give in to old-fashioned prejudices, and scruples. He had told Lettice privately that she must take care not to show how *green* she was; that he did not want his friends to chaff him for having married a country bumpkin; that it was absurd to be scandalized when he took her to music halls where the songs were not exactly psalms, and to supper parties where the manners were not quite as precise as perhaps they would have been at Mr. Richard Elder's table.

At the mention of Richard Elder's name Lettice had coloured, and the tears had risen to her eyes. She did not like to hear her old friend alluded to in such a tone, and it seemed to her

that there was nothing to sneer at if his presence did guarantee respectability and virtue.

She found herself wishing that her husband's presence could have a like restraint.

And now we come to an afternoon exactly as we have said two months after the marriage-day. Outside, a hot, thundery haze hung over everything. Lettice had felt too languid and disinclined for any exertion to step outside the doors all day, and she was sitting idly at her open window, trying to get cool, and listening to the trilling waltzes of a piano organ in the street below, when a railway van rattled to the door, and the man jumped down, and hauled out from behind a good-sized hamper which he shouldered, and brought up the steps.

"If there isn't a hamper from mother!" exclaimed Lettice, rousing herself, and leaning over the window-sill to make sure. "Yes, it is: I must go down and take it in, as Jane is in the kitchen, and she won't answer the door for ever so long"; and down she flew.

"Please sign the receipt, ma'am, carriage paid." And the man, having civilly offered to carry the hamper to an inner room, withdrew.

For the next ten minutes Lettice was as happy as a child. She unfastened the lid, tore off the papers, rustled in the straw, and disclosed chickens, rabbits, eggs, fruit and jams with all the glee of an explorer in an unknown country. But all at once there came a reaction. The scent of a bunch of late roses—which had been popped into a corner, and which she well knew came from her own rose-tree on the garden wall—brought with it such a strange sense of confused longings, such memories of bygone days, and early associations, as made her suddenly loose her hold of the table where she stood, throw up her hands before her eyes, and burst out sobbing.

"It's nothing! It's only that I can't bear to see them here—here, where it's all so different. It's only that I'm tired and lonesome, and have been staying in the house all day—it's enough to make anyone foolish. I'm so glad Philip isn't here. He would laugh at me, or perhaps he would be angry, and that would be worse. There now," wiping her eyes, and drawing a few quick breaths, "There now, I am better, and I won't be so silly again. These roses will make the room look beautiful when Philip comes home; and he shall have a chicken for his dinner, and some pears and plums for dessert. I'll set it all out, quite a feast. Philip shall have a grand surprise. There is quite time to roast the chicken." And she hurried to the top of the kitchen stairs calling, "Jane, Jane," as she went.

It was now past five, and Philip usually came home to dinner somewhere between six and seven o'clock. If, as often happened, he had an evening engagement, whether for business or pleasure, he was sure to be in before half-past six; he would then dine and change his dress for the evening afterwards. This donning of an evening suit still had a charm for the artist's unsophisticated wife. She would put on a smarter frock herself in order not to be outshone by him, and when the two were going together to an entertainment she would often set forth in high spirits, feeling herself very gay and grand; but when she came home poor Lettice had rarely enjoyed herself.

The theatre—such theatres as Philip frequented—often shocked and distressed her. The young men who either went with them or met them there, were free and bold in their talk, and the girls somehow all reminded her more or less of Harriet. There was nothing she could exactly find fault with, but there was a noisiness, a liberty in their manner, and a levity in their notions which instinctively repelled Lettice. Some of them would try to draw her out, insisting on hearing details of her past life, and looking at one another, and laughing at her replies. If Philip were standing by there would be a shade more restraint, but in his absence, or if his attention were otherwise engaged, no secret would be made of the amusement she afforded the party.

Now Lettice was quick enough to perceive this, yet did not know how to help herself. She was one against several. They were unscrupulous, and she was truthful. They were regardless of consequences, and she had a native dignity which could be wounded and yet show no sign. She seldom came back from any party of pleasure without feeling the pricking of various stings.

Wherefore, although she could still anticipate and still hope for the best when informed by her husband that she was to make ready to accompany him upon an outing, she had begun to do so without that exuberance, that certainty of enjoyment, which had been experienced in the early days of her honeymoon.

On the afternoon in question it was quite a relief to think that she and Philip were to be alone together. He had spoken in the morning of a headache, declared himself fagged with the heat, and with the week's work, and had proposed that they should dine quietly together, and go for a walk in Battersea Park afterwards. They would walk along the river bank, he said, and cool themselves with any breeze there was to be found there. What

with this prospect and the arrival of the hamper Lettice cheered up as she ran upstairs to her little bedroom and took out one of her pretty new frocks in which Philip always admired her. He should see her looking her best when six o'clock came; and she would take him into the little back room, and show him all the good things which had come from her old home, and which would provide them with dainty meals for several days to come. She took down her hair; brushed it carefully out until it shone again; and arranged it in the artistic style approved by her husband. She put on the ornaments he had given her, a small brooch and a locket and chain. That done, she went into the parlour to wait.

Philip had said he would not be later than half-past six, but seven o'clock struck, and he had not yet come. The evening seemed to grow hotter instead of cooler, and the little house, baked through and through, felt intolerably close and stuffy. Lettice drew an impatient sigh: "The dinner will be spoilt," she said. The half-hour struck and still there was no Philip.

"If you please, you'd better let me send up the chicken," said Jane, appearing from below, "it has been done ever so long, and the vegetables too."

But Lettice would not have up the chicken. She craned her neck out of the window as far as it would go, and strained her eyes to distinguish among the figures in motion at the end of the street; she sat there till the dusk fell,—but still there was no sign of her husband.

Then Jane came up again. Would she have a cup of tea? Jane was having her own in the kitchen, and being a kindly girl, would fain have brought it in and had it in company with her mistress; but Philip had warned Lettice not to encourage such familiarity.

She accepted the tea, however, and swallowed it, making a feint of cheerfulness, and replying in answer to a note of commiseration in the little servant's voice, that you "could never tell what might hinder people," and that she was "afraid Mr. Saxby had been hindered, and must be terribly in want of his dinner."

When Jane suggested that the fire ought to be allowed to go out in the kitchen, her mistress was quite indignant.

How could Mr. Saxby be allowed to come home to half-cold chicken and tepid potatoes? But when eight, nine and ten o'clock had each successively struck a knell upon poor Lettice's sinking heart, and when Jane at length asked if she were really to keep the food ready any longer, and if she were to wait up as well as her

mistress, Lettice could only reply with dry lips and forced composure that she might go to bed when she chose, and place the dishes as they were upon the dinner table.

It was past eleven before, at length, her ear caught the sound of steps, and the opening of the front door. She had ceased to look from the window, and was sitting in a crouching attitude in a low chair within.

Philip, however, entered with a jocund air and jaunty tread.

"Why, dear me, Lettice, I am sorry you sat up. I nearly sent you a wire; but to tell the truth, I clean forgot when I was near a telegraph office. One of our fellows came for me to dine and go to a new play; and as it was one I knew you wouldn't care for, I thought it was a good chance. He wanted me to go to supper with him afterwards; but, like a good boy, I said I must go home to my wife. There now, wasn't that a model husband?" kissing her lightly on



the cheek, "I wouldn't have done as much for Harriet, I can tell you."

Lettice tried to answer, but something choked in her throat.

"Oh come, you're not going to treat me to tears," cried Philip, with a slight frown. "That sort of thing won't go down with me at all, Lettice; and I can't have it beginning. You ought to have gone to bed an hour ago, instead of sitting up here moping, and thinking you've got a brute of a husband."

"I never thought so, Philip."

"Didn't you? That's as well. It wouldn't pay, I warn you. But I say, Lettice," in a kinder tone, "I'm really sorry, now I come to think of it. I believe we were to have had a walk together somewhere; and I see you had dressed yourself up smart for it," glancing at her attire.

"I had dressed myself up for you," said Lettice, falteringly.

"For me? Very right and proper. Well, as you had dressed yourself up for me you'd best dress up your face for me too. That's right, look smiling; it's the best way. See here, I've got a jaunt for you to-morrow that'll put to-night's disappointment out of your head. We're going up the river; George Ray and his sister, you and I, and another couple, friends of George's. We'll get on board at Kingston, and pull up to Hampton Court, see the gardens and the palace, and have dinner at the tea-gardens. We're to start the first thing after breakfast, so as to have a whole day's outing."

"But—but to-morrow is Sunday, Philip?"

"Of course it is Sunday. If it were not Sunday how could I go? Or George Ray, or any of us? Sunday is the only day we have—to call a day,—and you have been before for a jaunt on a Sunday; so don't pretend it's anything new."

"Not for the whole day," murmured Lettice.

"You said you must have some recreation on a Sunday afternoon, as you were boxed up all the week."



Philip laughed scornfully. "My dear girl, I let you down easy. As you had been accustomed to the ancient Puritanical Sabbath, with its bells ringing and choir singing, I did not wish to affront your prejudices too soon, but you may as well get over them now as fast as you can. I never pretended to be a religious man. You should have married Richard Elder if you wanted that kind of a husband. Sunday is no more to me than any other day. I have got to work for my living, and when I don't work I play. The best thing we can get out of life is pleasure: that's my creed, and I don't care who knows it. Why, you little simpleton," he added, his tone softening somewhat, "not even Bertha used to think there was any harm in our Sunday trips up the river. Bertha used to enjoy them more than anyone else, poor girl; though I'm bound to confess," with an afterthought, "that she had begun to imbibe some of the Merriellands Farm notions on the subject when I spoke to her about it when I was there. However, that's her look out. You have nothing to do with that. You have left all that kind of thing behind you forever and aye, and now all you have to do is to obey my wishes and learn to think as I do."

It seemed useless to resist, and Lettice went.

She could never bear afterwards to think upon that day. As the pleasure-seekers, surrounded by innumerable others, wended their way along the winding of the sparkling river, now a scene of noisy mirth and unrestrained hilarity, they heard now and again the chimes of village churches summoning their worshippers, and Lettice, with a swelling heart, contrasted her present position and her present company with these. The loud jesting and laughter, the riotous spirits of the whole boat-load seemed to insult the peaceful scenes through which they passed, and she even fancied that other crews less aggressively hilarious, turned and looked at them. She thought of the quiet walk along green lanes to her own little parish church; of her seat in the village choir; of the well-known faces on every side; of her father's reverent attitude and her mother's bowed head; she thought of the day when Richard Elder took his place once more in the corner he had sat in as a boy. A swift pang of unutterable shame and bitterness caused her to turn her head aside, and leaning over the boat's edge, conceal her face beneath the shadow of her hat. What would her beloved parents—what would her old friends have thought if any of them could have seen her now?

(To be continued.)



IT is quite time all the early-flowering bulbs were in. Tulips should be planted not later than the middle of November.

As soon as the summer bedders are cleared off plant the beds with something that will make a good display in spring. Daisies are nice edging plants, and have the merit of being cheap. Shady borders may be filled with violas, or tufted pansies, primulas, auriculas, forget-me-nots.

A very simple way of propagating pinks is to dig them up now. Pull them to pieces so that each tuft of grass has a thick, hard stem, and plant firmly, burying all the old stems in the ground.

Put in cuttings of privet, laurels, ivies, willows, &c. Also make and plant cuttings of briars for budding in due time.



POTTED FRESH HERRINGS.—Split some fresh herrings down the back, and remove the bones. Cut into strips, roll each one up, tie round with cotton; lay them in a deep earthen dish, together with half a dozen peppercorns, three or four cloves, a teacupful of vinegar and water to cover. Bake in a hot oven, and let them stand in the vinegar in which they were baked. Serve cold for luncheon or supper. Mackerel are excellent treated in the same way.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Choose some nice large potatoes and bake them; then, when quite done, cut off an end, and scoop out some of the inside. Chop some cold meat finely, season it with

pepper, salt, mace, and a little butter. Fill the hole in each potato with this. With the aid of a little cold meat, stick the ends on again to each potato. Arrange on a baking sheet and bake for ten minutes.

SAVOURY CABBAGE.—Cook a cabbage till perfectly done, take it up and drain from it as much water as possible. Chop it finely, season it with butter, pepper, and salt, to taste. Place in a pie dish, and sprinkle grated cheese over.

LABURNUM is a poisonous plant; its attractive look renders it a source of danger in the case of children. The symptoms of poisoning (purging, vomiting, restlessness, and ultimately heaviness) are said to come on very quickly after any part of the plant has been eaten. Empty the stomach, give stimulants, and apply the hot and cold douche alternately to the head and chest. Coffee may be used as in the case of holly poisoning.



SS. Simon and Jude.

YOUR life and labours, little do we wot
Simon the Zealot, by Christ's power subdued

To patient toil and loyal servitude,
And faithful Judas, not Iscariot,
(Questioning when thy gracious Saviour taught,
And longing the whole world of sinners rude
Might own Him in His unveiled plenitude
Of perfect glory.) Well, it matters not,
Though like the deep foundation stones ye lie
Far out of sight, your record lives on high,
And firm ye are, and good to build upon

While stone by stone the new Jerusalem,
Decked and adorned with many a glorious
gem,
Grows on, a living temple for God's throne.



BY THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

VII.—THE STRUCTURE AND COMPOSITION OF DIVINE SERVICE.

IT is time that we should consider how far the conception of Worship in the English Church answers to the principles which we have found in the Holy Scriptures.

There are two witnesses to what is the Church's conception of Divine Service; the one is the *plan of her places of worship*; the other, the *Book of Common Prayer*.

In the former, we have presented to us both the structural idea of Worship as a whole, and also the relation of the several parts. It is a traditional plan, which, in its essentials, has prevailed from the first. It represents the settled consent of Christendom, recorded in stone. The Book therefore is illustrated by the Fabric, and the Fabric interpreted by the Book.

In the first place, a Christian church, being divided into "nave" and "chancel," is on the same plan as the Jewish Tabernacle and Temple, both of which were formed according to "the pattern showed in the mount" (1 Chron. xxviii. 12; Heb. viii. 5).¹ On which Hooker pertinently remarks, "So far forth as our churches and their temple have one end, what should let but that they may lawfully have one form?"²

That which is common to the Worship of the Old Covenant and the New is

i.—Its Sacrificial Character.

In its more fully developed idea, as seen in our Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches, the plan of the building is cruciform. It serves to keep perpetually before us the thought of the Saviour's Cross, "where by the one oblation of

Himself once offered, He made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world." It stamps all Divine Service with the principle that

Worship is offered "through Christ."

This is a truth that has already been foreshadowed by the Sacrificial system of the Jewish Dispensation. It was shown (c. iii.) of Christ, that He is

The Sin-Offering, for the Atonement of our offences (Heb. ix. 26, x. 12; 1 Peter iii. 18).

The Burnt-Offering; He consecrated Himself for our sake, that we might be consecrated in Him (St. John xvii. 19; Heb. x. 14).

The Peace-Offering, in partaking whereof we are admitted to the full privileges of the Covenant (1 Cor. x. 17, 18).

"*Our Passover*," a Sacrifice in which are found the characteristics of the three great classes of Jewish Sacrifice (1 Cor. v. 7).

It is no less true of the New Dispensation, in which we "offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ" (1 Peter ii. 5. R.V.).

Thus, Morning and Evening Prayer have taken the place of the Morning and Evening Sacrifice of a lamb (Ex. xxix. 38-42; Num. xxviii. 1-6). This, be it observed, was a *Burnt-Offering*, or self-dedication of the worshipper to God. It serves to mark the character of our Daily Service.

And so with regard to the several parts of Divine Service.

Prayer.—We rightly speak of "offering prayer." It marks its sacrificial character: "Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice" (Ps. cxli. 2). The prophet Hosea even employs the bold figure of "the calves of our lips" (xiv. 2).

¹ "The form and arrangement of churches in primitive time was devised, in its main features, from the Temple of Jerusalem."—"Annot. Book of Common Prayer," p. xlix.

² V. xiv. 1.

But it must be offered through the merits of Christ.

This was shown in shadow, under the Levitical Law. We read of Zecharias, that "while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course, according to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord. And the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense" (S. Luke i. 8-10).

Here we are provided with a clue to what constitutes the acceptableness of prayer. Our ascended Lord stands as our great representative High Priest in the Presence of God, while the whole multitude of His people are praying without in the courts of this world. We recognise Him under the figure of that Angel,¹ a title applied to Him elsewhere (Gen. xlvi. 16; cf. Rev. x. 1; xx. 1), Who "stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto Him much incense that He should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the Angel's hand" (Rev. viii. 3, 4).

With this revelation of the course of accepted prayer before our eyes, we speak of "these our prayers which we offer unto Thy Divine Majesty . . . for Jesus Christ's sake" ("Church Mil. Pr.").

Praise and Thanksgiving.—These also are of the nature of sacrifice. "O that men . . . would offer unto Him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and tell out His works with gladness!" (Ps. cvii. 22; cxvi. 17).

And these, too, are to be consciously offered through Christ. "By Him, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His Name" (Heb. xiii. 15).

Accordingly, we do this in express terms, at the great *Thanksgiving* Service of which one of the earliest names is the *Eucharist* (from the Greek word *Eucharistesas*, "He gave thanks" (S. Luke xxii. 19). "Accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving . . . through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Pr. of Obl.)

Alms.—Our Lord's words will not be forgotten: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar . . . come and offer thy gift;" "the altar that sanctifieth the gift" (S. Matt. v. 23, 24; xxiii. 19). They point to gifts being of the nature of a sacrifice.

So, too, S. Paul: "I am full, having received

of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God (Phil. iv. 18). And, again, "To do good and to distribute forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii. 16).

And these also are to be offered through Christ as our Great High Priest, "for every high priest . . . is ordained to offer gifts and sacrifices" (Heb. iv. 14; viii. 3).

Provision is made for this also in the Church Service. The alms are described by the sacrificial term "Offertory," and they are presented with the words, "We humbly beseech Thee most mercifully to accept our alms . . . which we offer unto Thy Divine Majesty . . . for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate." ("Ch. Mil. Pr.")

Self-Oblation. This, which was foreshadowed in the Burnt-Offering, is enjoined under the New Testament, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. xii. 1).

It must be *through Christ* as the Great Burnt-Offering, for "we are sanctified (*consecrated*) through the offering of the Body of Christ once for all" (Heb. x. 10). Christ had this in view when He consecrated Himself to be a Burnt-Offering to God; "For their sakes I sanctify (*consecrate*) Myself that they also might be sanctified (*consecrated*)" (S. John xvii. 19).

So that every kind of "spiritual sacrifice" is to be consciously brought under the efficacy of the "One Sacrifice once offered." This constitutes worship acceptable to God. It may be represented comprehensively in tabular form.

All Worship offered
"through Christ"
the One Offering.

Prayer.	Praise and Thanksgiving.	Alms.	Self-Oblation.
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But over and above this, the plan of a Christian Church will suggest the further truth of

ii.—The Sacramental Basis to Worship.

Anyone who observes its arrangement will take note that at the door of the building is the place set apart for the *Font*, where the Sacrament of Entrance into Christ's Church is administered; while, at the further extremity of the building, stands the *Altar*, where, with all the surroundings of dignity, the other Sacrament is celebrated. All worship lies between these two great ordinances of Christ Himself.

This serves to keep before us an essential

¹ Freeman, "Pr. of Divine Service," II. ii., 183, 208.

truth. We have to bear in mind that there must be an acceptableness of *the worshipper*, as well as an acceptableness of *the worship*. Christ has made provision for this also. If He be the One Offering, the Lamb of God, He is also our Great High Priest. While the worship must be offered "through Christ" as the One Sacrifice, it is no less essential that the worshipper be found "in Christ."

This is the explanation of the position assigned to the Two Sacraments in a consecrated building. The worshippers present themselves not as so many units, but as members of the Church, the Body of Christ.¹ They are "as living stones, built up a spiritual house, to be a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God" (1 Peter ii. 5). Evidently there is to be a cohesion and unity of the assembled worshippers. It is to be a great corporate act of worship.

Into that Church they are admitted by the First Sacrament when they are baptised into the One Body (1 Cor. xii. 13). "In Him," says Hooker, "we actually are by an actual incorporation into that Society which hath Him for their Head (Col. ii. 10), and doth make together with Him one Body (He and they in that respect having one Name—1 Cor. xii. 12), for which cause, by virtue of this mystical conjunction, we are of Him and in Him even as though our flesh and bones should be made continue with His" (Eph. v. 30).² And this new life in Him is continued and deepened in the other Sacrament (S. John vi. 54-57).³ "The whole life . . . of a Christian was deemed of by Apostles and Apostolic men as a thing rising out of Baptism and the Eucharist, and owning no other root. That they were 'in Christ' first by Baptismal union, and next, more intimately still, by Eucharistic offering and participation—this was manifestly, as appears from the Apostolic Epistles, their entire idea of what, as Christians, they were."⁴

The Church bears witness to this her belief, when, in the consecration prayer in the Office of Holy Baptism, she proclaims that "Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of His most precious side both water and

blood," representing, according to the verdict of antiquity, the two Sacraments.¹

And Hooker develops this figure at length, showing how the Church takes her being out of Christ by means of those Sacraments. "The Church is in Christ as Eve was in Adam. Yea, by grace we are every (one) of us in Christ and in His Church, as by nature we are in those our first parents. God made Eve of the rib of Adam. And His Church He frameth out of the very flesh, the very wounded and bleeding side of the Son of Man. His Body crucified, and His blood shed for the life of the world, are the true Elements of that heavenly being, which maketh us such as Himself is of Whom we come (1 Cor. xv. 48). For which cause the words of Adam may fitly be the words of Christ concerning His Church, '*flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bones*,' a true native extract out of mine own body. So that in Him, even according to His Manhood, we, according to our heavenly being, are as branches in that root out of which they grow."²

This is the uniform language of the Old Fathers that "*Sacraments are the extension of the Incarnation*." In this way is union with Christ offered to us, and that not grudgingly, but freely, "It pleaseth Him of His mercy to account Himself incomplete and maimed without us" (Eph. i. 23).³

Consequently, the worshipper being "in Him," Who is our Great High Priest, receives himself a priestly character which qualifies him to offer worship—for "what is priesthood but the power to offer acceptably?"⁴

And this, as we have seen, comes to him mediately through the Sacraments. "Baptised into Jesus Christ," he is "baptised into His death" (Rom. vi. 3); in the Holy Communion, he receives the Body broken for us, and the Blood shed for us. So that priesthood is represented as purchased for us by the Death of Christ: "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." "Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us unto God kings and priests."⁵ (Rev. i. 5, 6; v. 9, 10.)

¹ Freeman, I. 201.

² Hooker, V. lvi. 7.

³ "Baptism doth challenge to itself the inchoation of those graces, the consummation whereof dependeth on mysteries ensuing. We receive Jesus Christ in Baptism once as the first beginner, in the Eucharist often as being by continual degrees the finisher of our life." "The grace which we have by the Holy Eucharist doth not begin but continue life."—Hooker, V. lvii. 6; lviii. 1.

⁴ Freeman, "Prin. of Div. Serv.," I. 283.

¹ "These are the two blessed Sacraments of the Spouse of Christ."—Pearson, "Creed," p. 376; cf. Westcott, S. John xix. 34.

² Hooker, V. lvi. 7.

³ Hooker, V. lvi. 10; Freeman, I. 202.

⁴ Freeman, I. 209.

⁵ Bishop Webb, "Priesthood of the Laity," pp. 3, 8, 14-16.

This, then, is the account to be given of acceptable worship.

All acts of worship offered by man to God are *sacrificial*, for they rest for acceptance upon the One Sacrifice once offered.

All recognition of man by God as a worshipper is *Sacramental*,¹ for the Sacraments bring man into union with Christ, the Great High Priest.

Both these sides of the Mediatorial Work of Christ may be presented at a glance.

The Sacrificial Truth	{	The Worship acceptable as a "Spiritual Sacrifice." 1 Pet.ii.5 R.V.	} "through Christ," as Victim	The One Mediator
The Sacra- mental Truth	{	The Wor- shipper ac- ceptable as a "priest un- to God." Rev.i.5,6; v.9,10.	} "in Christ" as Priest	

If this be indeed the relation of Worship to the Sacramental system, we shall be prepared to learn that the simple *formulae* of the Sacraments have suggested the Services in which they are respectively administered; and that these Services in turn "serve for the germ, and furnish the pattern, and in some degree the substance, of more ordinary Offices of worship."²

The ground plan of a Christian Church reveals this Sacramental character of all worship. The approach to God is by way of Font to Altar. *There* is the great prescribed act of worship.

The rest falls naturally into its place. As has already been stated, the *Daily Service* is linked on to this original and central act by the prescribed use of the Collect out of the Communion Office.

It has been further shown that the *Occasional Offices* lean upon the same great Eucharistic Worship. This is witnessed to either by Rubric or by the fact of their taking place, in part or in whole, at the altar rails.

¹ "All acts of worship and intercommunion with God must spring from Sacramental roots, and our Sacramental relations; since only through Sacraments did they know of themselves as having attained to the Christian position at all."—Freeman, I. 284.

² Freeman, I. 200.



WE hear much of the medical use of oxygen nowadays, but there is no better oxygen than that which mother Nature has provided in the open fields, and if we fill ourselves with this, feasting on it as we run, every drop of our blood will thank us for the treat. Running furnishes oxygen to the blood more rapidly and abundantly than any other spontaneous exercise.

THE light of the firefly is of an electrical nature, though in what manner it is produced has not yet been determined.

THE apparent depth of water is always deceptive, because the light reflected from the bottom is refracted as it leaves the water. Water is generally about one-third deeper than it appears to be.

SOME valuable use has been found for every part of the maize plant.

THERE are insects which pass several years in the preparatory states of existence, and finally, when perfect, live but a few hours.

THE pupil of the eye contracts or expands in order to admit a greater or less quantity of light, that objects may be clearly seen.

SOME birds have a false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball, either to cleanse it, or to protect it from too strong a light.

A MOLE's home in the earth has always four or five outlets. By means of one or the other the inmate is generally able to elude any danger.

A FOLDED PAPER is an excellent lung protector; one over the chest, and another round the shoulders, under the outside garment, would often save a cold, and perhaps pneumonia.





Busybodies.

By MISS A. F. JACKSON.

“YES, yes. What a pity it is!”
 “I feel so sorry, too,” added the speaker who had drawn forth Mrs. Nash’s pity. “Think of his poor wife!”

“Yes, to be sure,” assented Mrs. Nash. “Oh! it is a pity.”

“What’s a pity?” demanded a third. It was Miss Potter. She was sitting at the other end of the room, and she shouted the question across. They were a party of seven or eight—the guests of Mrs. Nash—invited to supper in honour of the anniversary of her wedding-day. Miss Potter, the proprietress of the Berlin Bazaar, and her two sisters who assisted in the business; Mr. and Mrs. Grantley, a Mrs. Davis, and a Miss Mead, were among the first arrivals.

It was Mrs. Davis who had started the conversation, and at her the hostess looked for a reply to Miss Potter’s query.

Mrs. Davis hesitated a moment; but it was so seldom that anyone else was beforehand with news when the Miss Potters were present that she felt herself important with the possession of this tit-bit, and replied mysteriously, “We were only speaking of poor Tom Coppinger.”

“What about Tom Coppinger?” shouted Miss Potter.

“He’s been seen with his old friend—or rather enemy—Trapps, the bookmaker, who got him into that trouble four or five years ago.”

“Gambling again, eh,” said Miss Potter, settling herself comfortably for a gossip. While Miss Ellen added, “And losing to him you may be sure.”

“He’ll break his wife’s heart for all she’s so cock-sure of him,” cried Miss Ann.

Mr. Grantley said he always thought Tom had a bit of the rogue left in him, though he was said to have reformed since his marriage, and added facetiously, “That’s why he’s such

a favourite with the ladies—ladies have a weak point for a rogue.”

The Miss Potters laughed loudly, and the hostess turned to Miss Mead, who had sat silent all this while, to explain who the Coppingers were, for she had come only lately to the town.

“They live in that little red house at the corner of North Street. Tom was a handsome young rake of a fellow; but for all that could have had any girl he chose for the asking; and everyone was thunderstruck when he asked Mary Knight, a plain girl with not a redeeming feature in her face, and dowdy too. But she is a good soul. No one could cast a word at her except if it was for her homeliness, and that isn’t her fault; she is as God made her. I expect them here this evening.”

“Here they come,” cried Miss Ann from her post at the window. “Tom looking quite the gentleman, and Mary in that brown dress that she wore at the baby’s christening. It makes her look so thick in the waist.”

“Mary never had a waist to boast of even in her trimmest days. Ha! ha!” laughed Miss Potter, rolling her eyes on the company with a humorous twinkle, for she was very stout herself, and particularly substantial about the waist.

“So you can sympathise with her,” put in Miss Ellen. “Ha! ha!”

And Miss Potter echoed the “Ha! ha!” quite as good-naturedly, and was as tickled as anyone in the room.

Mr. Coppinger was presently ushered in, and Mrs. Nash went to meet Mrs. Coppinger, and assist her to take off her wraps upstairs.

“Hulloa, Tom!” came an effusive greeting from the Miss Potters, who had known him from a youth.

“Well, Miss Potter,” said Tom, shaking hands, “you look as blooming as ever. And Miss Ann and Miss Ellen haven’t grown a day older these ten years.”

Miss Potter slapped Tom on the back, and the sisters cried in a breath, "Blarney!" and "Ha! ha! ha!" and enjoyed the compliment immensely.

The host and Mr. Grantley, too, gave him a cordial greeting; and the former presented him to the only stranger in the room, Miss Mead.

She gave him a warm shake of the hand, simply because the company that had greeted him so effusively had not hesitated to believe evil, and speak ill of him behind his back, and she felt sorry for him. He was a handsome man, his beauty a little marred by the small receding chin, which gave an expression of weakness to his face, and suggested the idea of a want of strength of character.

The thought had just struck Miss Mead when Mrs.

Coppinger came in, looking very homely in her quiet, brown dress.

She was welcomed cordially, if less effusively, by the guests, and after her introduction to Miss Mead, she slipped into the vacant chair at her side, her eyes lighting up with honest pride when she saw her husband being made so much of by everyone.

"Have you any children?" asked Miss Mead, presently, when the Misses Potter's last "Ha! ha!" had died away.

Mrs. Coppinger drew her chair closer and replied, "Two, my little boy is nearly three years old, and my baby has turned six months."

Tom was standing not far from his wife's chair. He turned from the noisy company, and added, "Her name is May. She was born in the month of May." Such a tender expression leaped into his eyes that they became beautiful for the moment.

"He is so fond of the children," said Mrs. Coppinger, her eyes glowing, as Tom turned away, "and so good to them?"

"You should thank God for that, my dear."

"I do," she answered, lifting her truthful, earnest eyes. "He is so patient when baby cries at night," she added, by-and-bye.

We cannot tell why we feel attracted at once to certain persons and repulsed by others. These two were sensible of a mutual attraction; and the old maid and the young wife sat talking

together till supper-time, taking little or no part in the chatter and cracking of jokes that went on on all sides; and after supper Mrs. Coppinger begged to be excused because, said she, "I must not leave baby any longer."

"You are not going, Tom?" cried Miss Potter, as the young man rose from his seat.

"I must see my wife home," answered Tom.

"Where's the need? It's not half a mile, and the streets lighted all the way. I have to go out at all hours alone."

Tom laughed, but he said resolutely, "When you're ready Mary, I am."

When he came to say good-bye, Miss Mead held his hand for a minute, and said, "I've been hearing a lot about your little children."

"Won't you come and see them?" he asked, with the old tender look in his eyes.

"Yes, I'm coming some day. Your wife has invited me.

We're going to be friends, I think."

"I'm ready, Tom," said Mrs. Coppinger's soft voice at the door.

When the front door had shut on them, the Miss Potters began to talk of them. They always talked of the people who had just gone.

"Who'd have thought Tom would have made such a pattern husband! He never lets his wife go home alone; and they've been married four years!"

"That's Mary's doing," said Mrs. Davis. "She's been the right wife for him."

"I should think so too,"

put in Miss Mead.

"I saw you both chumming up," laughed Miss Ellen. "What do you think of her?"

"I think her a very sensible, sweet little woman. I don't wonder at all that Mr. Coppinger fell in love with her.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Miss Potters; but whether in derision or approbation, Miss Mead could not very well tell.

"I'm sorry he's begun to gamble again," said Miss Ann. "Didn't somebody say he used to drink too much before he married?"

"No, no, it must have been a mistake," cried Miss Mead, involuntarily, looking shocked and pained. It struck her that the Miss Potters, if they believed he was addicted to such sins, would have done better at their age,



"HOW PALE YOU ARE!"

to remonstrate with the young man rather than to flatter and crack jokes with him simply because they found his society amusing. It disturbed her so much that the pleasure of the evening was gone, and she rose to take her leave. Mrs. Davis said it was time for her to be off too, and as their way lay together they would be company for each other.

"My dear," began Miss Mead, as soon as they reached the street, "had you any authority for it when you told the Miss Potters that Mr. Coppinger was associating with a gambler who had led him astray before."

Mrs. Davis crimsoned. She had felt a qualm of conscience the moment after she had imparted her news, especially as the Miss Potters tossed the subject about, adding to it in their usual chatty way. Then, vexed with herself, she answered flippantly, "Authority? I suppose my own brother's word is good enough. He walked behind them over a mile, and they had their heads together as close as possible."

"Your brother may have been mistaken in the man, and even if it was the man, Mr. Coppinger may not have been with him for any bad purpose," Miss Mead said, remembering with a little flutter of

anxiety how she was struck with the thought that there was a want of strength of character in the young man's face.

"The Miss Potters talk, I know," said Mrs. Davis, "but they are so good-natured, they never mean anything; they wouldn't hurt a fly."

"And it's the good-natured people who never mean anything, but will not control their tongues, that do so much mischief in the world," returned the old maid sadly. "It's so easy to cast a blot on anyone's character."

"I'll tell you what," cried the other suddenly, "I'll run round to the Berlin Bazaar first thing

to-morrow, and tell the Miss Potters to be sure to say nothing about Tom's having been seen with Trapps, as my brother might have made a mistake."

"Do," replied Miss Mead heartily. "You won't make a mistake if you do that."

But the next morning Mrs. Davis was confined to her room with a bad cold, which turned into influenza later on, and kept her in bed three weeks.

And the Miss Potters flourished and gossiped with all their customers at the Berlin Bazaar.

To their shop came old Mrs. Coppinger, the widow of a tradesman, and aunt to our Tom—to match some wool for the socks she was making for Mary's baby.

"Seen Mary lately?" asked Miss Ellen after they had exchanged ideas about the weather.

"Saw her last night. Looked poorly I thought. Hadn't much to say. But 'twas her headache, no doubt. She said she had a bad one."

Miss Ellen exchanged a glance with Miss Ann who passed it on to Miss Potter, as she put in, "I thought her looking wretched in church last Sunday."

"I hope it won't turn to influenza!" exclaimed the old lady who lived in terror of that complaint.

"Nonsense!" replied Miss Potter. "I expect it's Tom—not influenza—that's trying Mary a bit."

"Eh?" queried old Mrs. Coppinger. "Tom? What d'you mean?" and she drew herself up resentfully as Miss Ellen and Miss Ann exchanged a "Ha, ha!" at Miss Potter's wit.

"What! Haven't you heard? Everybody's talking of Tom's having got in with that Trapps again!" *Everybody* consisted of the three Miss Potters themselves. *They* had talked so much about Tom and the probability of his being entangled with his old enemy again, that by this time they had come to believe it a fact.



"AS SHE CLUNG TO HER FRIEND."

The old lady's face paled. But she was not going to let those chattering Potters see how much she felt it, and have the gratification of pouring into their very next customer's ears how poor old Mrs. Coppinger had turned pale, and what a shame it was of Tom! So she replied, steadying her trembling voice and trying to speak as if she had heard the report before, "So you've heard it too?" and peered searchingly out of her bright old eyes.

"I wouldn't take on about it," said Miss Potter, soothingly. She had seen the sudden pallor, and marked the trembling mouth. "He'll have his fling and settle down again. I wonder Mary's kept him steady four years.

Mrs. Coppinger said nothing. She took up her parcel, and bidding them "Good afternoon," walked out of the shop.

"Poor old soul!" exclaimed Miss Ellen, feelingly. "It's better to have a good-natured neighbour break it to her gently. I'm glad we prepared her for it. She'll know the worst soon enough."

The old lady leaned heavily on her umbrella, and grasped her parcel tight. "Have his fling, will he? Not with my money though! Nothing had given his Aunt more satisfaction than when Tom brought her the news that Mary Knight had accepted him.

"I never gave you credit for so much sense. And hark ye, Tom; you know I purchased me an annuity long years ago, but I've ever been a saving body, and there's a matter of five hundred pounds put by for some one when I'm gone. It'll be all yours, Tom, if you'll settle down now, and give up your wild ways."

He had settled down, but it was Mary's influence that had helped him more than the hope of inheriting his aunt's money.

"Why, Aunt! Are you going to pass me by?" It was Mary's voice exclaiming in the old woman's ear.

"Mary! I—I didn't see you."

"Why, Aunt, how pale you are!"

"What's Tom doing with Trapps again?" demanded the old woman fiercely.

Mary flushed, though she smiled and said, "Nothing wrong, Aunt. But it's Tom's secret. He'll tell you himself some day."

"He'd better," was the grim retort. "Tell him I'm coming to see him soon."

"Very well," said Mary, taking it all in good part.

"Poor fool!" muttered the old lady as she walked away. "He's duping her. Nothing wrong, indeed! Ah! he shan't dupe me. My money was not saved to pay his wicked bets."

She was a hot-tempered old woman. She

muttered fiercely to herself. Something she mumbled seemed to give her a savage pleasure for she chuckled grimly over it.

"I'll do it. I'll do it this very day. And then I'll have my gentleman under my thumb. 'Good morning, Tom,' says I, 'So you've taken up with Trapps again? I've scratched your name out of my will, my dear. And it shan't be written there again till I hear something to the contrary.' That will settle him!" She tried to laugh; but the sound that came from her was more like a sob of bitter disappointment. She was busy the two next days, and on the third she went to call on Tom. It was market day. There was an unusual number of vehicles about. As she attempted to cross the street a pair of restive horses were upon her before she had time to get out of their way or cry out. She was knocked down and driven over, battered and bruised.

They carried her to the hospital, moaning and muttering:

"Perhaps 'twas a mistake. 'Twas only to frighten him. Tom! Tom!" Oh! how she struggled to speak—to explain. But no one could understand her or give her relief; and she died in a little while.

Her will was read after her funeral in the presence of Tom and Mary, and a few near friends. Her savings were left to some charity, "and to my nephew, Tom Coppinger, the sum of one shilling for returning to his old wild ways."

Tom sprang up from the table with a pallid face. "It's a mistake," he gasped. "Aunt promised everything to me. Somebody's been poisoning her against me."

But there was no mistake, he was told. It was her last will and testament; made, too, when in her sound mind.

Tom raved and said many things that would have been better left unsaid. Mary, shocked and distressed, at last managed to get him home.

"It was an unkind thing to do, when she led us to expect it," she said. "But please God, we'll make our own way, Tom. Thank God we owe nothing; and the £5 you helped Trapps with we'll tide over by-and-bye."

"Owe nothing!" He looked at her with wild eyes. "I'm in debt £100! And pay five per cent. for the loan. It grinds me."

It was Mary's turn to look wild. "Tom! How! What!" she almost screamed.

Her anguish quieted him.

"It was the only secret I've ever kept from you, Mary. I owed it before I met you, dear. I had been wild, you know."

"And you never told me, Tom?"

"I knew you'd never have married me till you knew that the debt had been paid. And if I hadn't had you then, I felt I should go to the bad."

She broke into a wail of agony: "£100!"

"Ay, £100! I had looked to Aunt's money to rid me for ever of that curse"; and he started violently. "That Samuels will be after me when he knows how I've been sold."

Mary looked scared. "We must pinch and save. We cannot live in debt."

He laughed a wild, frenzied laugh. He looked so strange, she gazed at him in terror.

"Ah! you hate me now," he cried.

She put her hand upon his arm. "No, Tom, you don't think so light of me."

But he shook it off as he groaned, "I've ruined you and the children," and rushed frantically out of the house.

He did not return to tea. He may have been with a friend. But when he did not come back to supper she grew frightened, and as the hours went on she remembered his frenzied look and wild eyes.

Ten o'clock! Eleven! Twelve! Great Heavens! Had anything happened to him? She covered her head with a shawl, and leaving her sleeping babies alone, Mary went into the dark to look for him.

But there was no trace of Tom, and he never came home all night; and the next day they brought him home upon a shutter—covered up. Tom had taken his life. He had drowned himself, it was said, while in a state of temporary insanity.

"They're saying he'd gone back to his old wild ways," said Mary, as she clung to her friend, Miss Mead, who had come to take care of Mary and the baby that was born in the month of May. "But it's a cruel, cruel lie! Yes, he had been with Trapps. Trapps had come to him in misery because his only child was dead, and the parish would have to bury her as he had no money himself. And Tom had given him a five-pound note, for Trapps had loved his girl. And he had walked to the next town six miles off to go with Trapps to the funeral. No, he was not wild, my Tom. He was growing steady and good. And after baby was born," added Mary, "I got him to be confirmed. We were looking to have our Easter Communion together for the first time." She gave a little dry sob, for no tears would come to her relief, and clasped her hands in her lap with a pathetic, hopeless sigh.

They got up a subscription for the widow and children of Tom Coppinger. Those who

knew her were surprised at the large sum Mrs. Davis put down her name for.

"If I have to pinch all the year round, I must do it," she whispered to Miss Mead, with a little break in her voice. "Oh! Miss Mead, comfort me by telling me it's not possible that my careless words had anything to do with this terrible business. They say the will was dated but two days back."

"God only knows, my dear. I cannot tell. None of us can be too careful of the idle words that drop from us so lightly; specially when it concerns another person's character."

The Misses Potter's tongues are wagging harder than ever over the counter of the Berlin bazaar. Old Mrs. Coppinger's accident and death have to be talked over—the altered will—Tom Coppinger's suicide! and this last furnishes endless gossip. Then the conjectures as to how the widow and children are going to live! They, too, have put down their names for a comfortable sum towards the subscription—they are so good natured and obliging. And their consciences suffer no qualms. They have not the faintest idea that their idle chatter has been the cause of sending a soul not called to God.

THE END.



A SIMPLE WAY TO ECONOMIZE FUEL.—Perhaps the following way of making coal-dust more useful than it generally is allowed to be, may have occurred to the thrifty during the late high price of coal. A little can always be used with the lumps, but by far the greater part is allowed to accumulate until it becomes a positive nuisance and has to be removed. Partly fill some utensil large enough, and which will not be damaged thereby, with coal-dust, and gradually mix it with water until it is moistened enough to press into balls, but not so wet that it will not adhere together. Lay them out in the cellar until required.

Another way of using coal-dust is to damp it well, and bank it at the back of a bright fire, when it slowly amalgamates with the coal, and burns for a long time.

A HAMMOCK will prove a boon to a person who has grown weary of bed. It can be strung across a room from the door frame to a window casing, and may be hung over the bed, where the patient can slip into it at will.

TO ERADICATE WEEDS OF ALL SORTS.—Take of sulphur one pound, lime one pound, water two gallons. Pour the liquor on the weeds, and it will effectually destroy them.

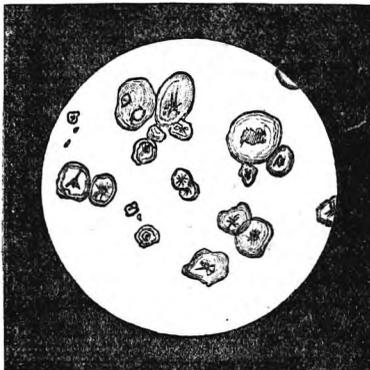
Food Adulteration.—VI.

Sugar.

THIS substance is sold at too low a price to admit of adulteration. The only form in which adulteration sometimes exists, is that the crystals sometimes hold a little more water than they should. If grit and other powders are present from accident or intent, nothing is more easy to detect. Dissolve a portion in some water that has been boiled. If any sediment remains from something that refuses to dissolve, pour off the clear liquid, collect the sediment; if it refuses to dissolve in a second trial, dry it and examine it, it should not be there. Impurities in sweets and sugar-plums may easily be detected in this way. But "sanding sugars" is very rarely adopted now. An imperfectly-dried sugar sometimes contains a little treacle; this ought to have been separated from the crystals; it adds somewhat to its weight.

Cornflour and Mustard.

These substances are frequently adulterated with starch, the former substances with an inferior starch, which does not come from the corn it professes to be; and the latter substance with potato or wheat starch, which reduces its pungency. In cases of this kind nothing detects them so readily as an examination by the microscope. You can then not only detect the kind of starch, but its quantity in the sample under observation. In Fig. 1 we give microscopic



GRANULES OF INDIAN CORN.

appearance of cornflour starch, and in Fig. 2 a sample of double superfine mustard.

Arrowroot

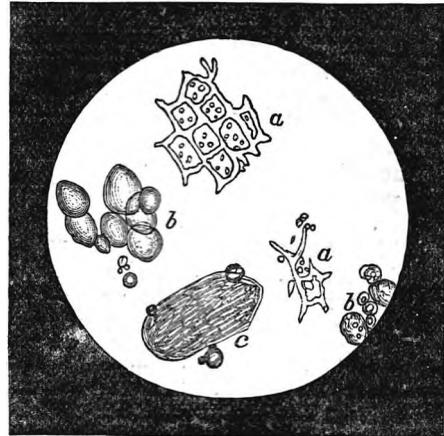
is frequently adulterated with potato starch; this is very much less digestible than the arrowroot starch, and should not therefore be given to invalids.

Honey

is frequently adulterated with starch, sugar solution, and sometimes even with chalk. Excepting the chalk, the other substances are rather troublesome to detect with certainty, without analysis. To a practised and observing eye, and a keen taste, sugar, not honey sugar, may often be detected.

Pickles.

Perhaps no articles of food lend themselves so



DOUBLE SUPERFINE MUSTARD.

a Mustard cells. bb Starch granules. cc Mucic powder.

much to adulteration as cheap pickles. They are not only indigestible but positively nasty. To begin with, much of the vegetable used is of the most inferior kind, which is put into a strong brine and then into almost crude acetic acid—not vinegar at all. Such pickles are often put into the market within two or three days of being put up. These may be distinguished by toughness, absence of the better parts of the vegetable, presence of colouring matter, keen biting acidity. Avoid such if you respect your health. In buying vinegar do not buy the cheap sort, which is often a mere mixture of vitriol and water, coloured with burnt sugar. An intensely biting, sour vinegar, avoid; good vinegars are sold in capsuled bottles, with the maker's name on them.

A small quantity of sulphuric acid is allowed to be added to vinegar, *i.e.*, to the extent of one part in a thousand. To detect sulphuric acid in vinegar, add one teaspoonful of water, and to this add about three drops of sulphate of barium; the solution will at once become cloudy if sulphuric acid be present.

This short series of articles cannot be better concluded than by urging all housewives to buy only good articles of food; those that

cost the least money are not always the cheapest.

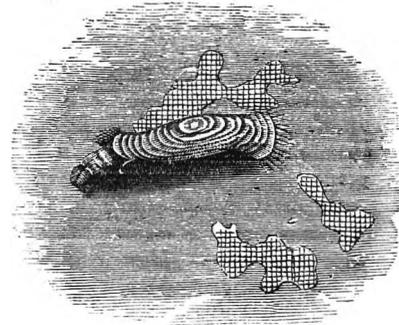
In buying fresh meat, bacon, fish, see that it is good, has been carefully prepared and has a wholesome look about it. Do not buy odds and ends that have been cut off some time, and have been handled by a score or so persons before you go to buy. Handle meat food as little as possible. The same remarks apply to vegetables and fruit; let the former be fresh and the latter ripe. Whatever you be careless about be specially careful as to the quality of the food you eat. Nothing pays better.



Indoor Insects.

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

II.—The Clothes Moth.



IN a previous paper we talked about that well-known household insect the cockroach, which we so often, but so wrongly, call the "black-

beetle"; and we saw that in spite of its undoubted mischief, and in spite of its very disagreeable odour, there is not a little in both its bodily structure, and the habits of its life, which we cannot help admiring. Now let us turn to another household insect, which is quite as well known, and perhaps even more detested, namely, the common Clothes Moth.

A destructive little Creature.

Certainly, there are not many insects which we have better reason to dislike. We know, only too well, how this destructive little creature finds its way into our wardrobes and cupboards and drawers, how rapidly it increases and multiplies, and what dreadful mischief it does to woollen materials of every description. We have seen the holes which it has eaten in blankets and clothing; perhaps we have had new and expensive garments quite spoiled by its ravages: so that we cannot possibly regard it as anything else than a most troublesome insect.

A good deal to interest us.

But, at the same time, there is a good deal in a clothes moth to interest us. It is not very big, it is true, and it does not look very beautiful: just a little greyish-brown moth, with a couple of black spots on each of the upper



IRON bedsteads are preferable to wooden ones for various reasons; they are stronger, and do not harbour infection or insects. Every iron bedstead should have a piece of cocoanut matting laid over the laths underneath the mattress. This will prevent rust. With chain spring mattresses a piece of coarse canvas should take the place of the cocoanut matting.

FISH is singularly liable to go bad quickly in hot weather, as every housewife knows, and may become very poisonous when it is thus tainted. Tinned salmon, for instance, opened, say, one night, and again partaken of two or three nights afterwards, being kept meanwhile in a hot, close room, has caused serious illness and death. Had the whole tin been consumed at once after being opened, the chances of any illness being incurred would have been infinitesimally slight, assuming the fish was perfectly sound to start with.

A LAMP standing for some time in a cool room, and then filled full of cold oil, will run over through the expansion of the oil when taken where it is warm. Then the lamp is blamed for leaking. To obviate this, never fill the lamp quite full.

wings. But size, after all, does not go for very much. We all know that little men are sometimes better men than giants; and many creatures which are plain and soberly coloured to the unassisted eye, are really most exquisite creatures when seen by the aid of a microscope.

Mealy dust.

And such is the case with the clothes moth. Only a few hours before writing these lines, I got out my microscope and examined a clothes moth with it. And very much astonished I was at the beauties which it revealed. The moth, of course, although not a very large one, was a great deal too big to be viewed all at once; so I took a glass slide, damped it a little, and just touched the moist spot with one of the insect's wings. The consequence was that a quantity of mealy dust came off the wing and remained on the glass, just as it does on our fingers when we handle a butterfly.

A vast number of tiny Scales.

Now I knew that when I looked at this mealy dust through the microscope, I should find that it was made up of a vast number of tiny scales; for these scales entirely cover the wings of butterflies and moths. They are arranged in rows, which overlap one another just like the slates on the roof of a house; and no one who had not seen them would believe how exquisite they are in form, and how beautiful are the markings upon them. Some are shaped like battledores, some like trowels, some like fans; some have raised patterns upon them, looking as if they had been carved out by fairy chisels; and each has its little tiny footstalk by which it was fastened into its place. Then all the colour of the wing lies in these scales. If you are careful, you can rub away the whole of the scales from a butterfly's wing, and then you will find that all the bright colours are gone; nothing is left but a clear, transparent membrane, just like that of the wing of a bluebottle fly or a bee. So that the tiny scales from a butterfly's wing are among the most beautiful of all the beautiful objects that can be viewed through a microscope.

Beautiful shapes.

But I was not prepared, I confess, to find that the scales from the wing of my clothes moth were equally beautiful; and when I saw them I was greatly astounded. Thousands of little scales had adhered to the glass, and these were of two different kinds. About one half, which seemed to have come from the middle of the wing, were short and broad, each shaped very much like the head of a battledore without its long handle, and each splitting up at the

tip into six short points, or teeth. But the other half, which apparently came from the end of the wing, were altogether different. They reminded me of nothing so much as the plumes of the so-called "osprey" feathers, which it is, unfortunately, the fashion at present for ladies to wear in their bonnets. For they were very slender; they were provided with very long footstalks indeed and each was broken up at the tip, not into six short teeth, but into either five, six, or seven long spreading rays, the shortest of which was quite equal in length to the whole of the rest of the scale. And as the scales lay on the slide, these spreading points crossed and re-crossed one another in such a way as to form a network of almost indescribable beauty.

Exquisite tints.

But this was not all, for, dingy-looking as the clothes moth is to the naked eye, the scales were glowing with all manner of exquisite tints when viewed through the microscope. These glorious hues seemed to play over them in turn. All the colours of the rainbow were there, and many more besides. Each separate scale was marked with most wonderful patterns, painted with a more delicate brush than ever artist wielded. And every change of light brought change of hue, so that no shade of red, or yellow, or blue, or green seemed to be wanting. I had often looked at insect scales through a microscope before, but I do not think that I ever saw any more beautiful than these.

But the interest of the clothes moth does not lie only in the beauty of its scales, as we may see if we turn for a few moments to its life history.

The Life History of the Moth.

The moth begins life, of course, as an egg; and out of the egg, in due course, comes a little white caterpillar. Now this caterpillar is quite naked, and if he were to remain as he is, two very unpleasant consequences would almost certainly follow. In the first place, he would suffer very much from cold; in the second, he would be very easily seen by his many enemies. So he immediately sets to work to protect himself from both; and this he does by making a kind of coat, or case, for himself out of tiny shreds of cloth. His sharp little jaws enable him to cut these off without any difficulty, and as fast as he cuts them he spins them together with a kind of natural silk. So before very long he is arrayed in a warm garment, which fits him so well that one can only just see his head at one end, and the tip of his tail at the other.

Growing under difficulties.

Now, however, comes a difficulty. He has a

large appetite, and grows very fast, and before long his habitation is too small to contain him. But he knows exactly what to do. He does not come out of his case and make a new one, for then he might be seen and killed. Instead of this, he cuts a slit in the side of his case from one end to about the middle, and forces the two sides apart. The result is, of course, that a V-shaped gap is left, and this he proceeds to fill up with cloth and silk. Having done this he does the same with the other side, so that the front half of his dwelling is now very much larger than before. Next he turns completely round in his case and repeats the process at the other end, so that four separate slits are made in all. And thus he provides the necessary enlargement, without for an instant exposing himself to danger.

A striped Caterpillar.

By anyone who likes to take the trouble, a clothes moth caterpillar can be forced to make quite a prettily-marked habitation. All that is necessary is to remove him occasionally to cloth of a different colour from that on which he has been feeding. His coat in the first place, perhaps, was made of black cloth. By removing him to a piece of scarlet flannel it will soon have strips of scarlet let in. Then he may be moved again to a piece of green cloth, with the result that green strips are inserted by the side of the scarlet; and so on.

After a time the little caterpillar is fully fed; and he then fastens his case firmly to some suitable object, and turns to a chrysalis inside it. From this chrysalis the moth in due course appears.

The moth is mouthless.

As far as its own work is concerned, the insect is quite harmless now. I know that many people think that the clothes moth itself eats cloth, but that is not the case. Moths cannot eat, for they have no jaws. Some of them have long trunks like butterflies, through which they can suck up the juices of flowers, but the greater number have no properly-formed mouths at all, and take no food of any kind. Yet they do not suffer from hunger, for they ate a great deal more when they were caterpillars than they required at the time, and so contrived to stow away a supply of nourishment quite sufficient for their needs during their lives as perfect insects. The clothes moth is one of these, and the only mischief it can do when it becomes a moth is to lay eggs, from which a number of hungry little caterpillars will be hatched to repeat the work of destruction.



Strong Drink as a Food.

BY SIR B. W. RICHARDSON.



ALCOHOL does not belong to the class of foods which build up the body and form flesh.

If we fed on alcohol, or tried to feed on it, we could neither have water for the blood; nor substance for

the muscles and brain, and lungs, and skin, and other parts; nor bone for the skeleton. We should, indeed, soon be in a sad plight. Not to speak in joke, we should soon be nowhere.

Is it a heat-producer?

This question is the most important of all. Alcohol burns in the spirit lamp; does it burn in the body? If it burns in the body it is a food coming under the last class I have named.

The stronghold of those who have spoken in favour of strong drink has been that the alcohol keeps up the animal warmth and vital power; and we must all admit that it seems to warm the body, because when it is taken it produces a red face, a glow, and a sense of warmth.

But when we come to look into the facts, the evidence turns the other way round entirely.

If we take the temperature, or warmth, of the body by means of a delicate thermometer when alcohol has been swallowed, we find that, after a short flash of warmth, the body begins to cool, that it cools below what is natural, and is a long time in recovering itself.

So in persons who are intoxicated and incapable the temperature falls dangerously low, and if they are exposed to cold in that state they are apt to die.

The animal fire, so to speak, is banked out.

For this reason it has been found in very cold regions, as in the Arctic regions near the North Pole, that the sailors and others who do not drink spirits in any form bear the cold best and go through extreme fatigue the most easily.

For these reasons I venture to think that alcohol is not a food, and that there is no food in it.

You may perhaps say, in opposition to this view, that men who drink large quantities of beer grow very fat and bulky, and you may point to the draymen as proofs of this idea.

I repeat that there is a sad truth in the appearances derived from great beer-drinkers, and that such drinkers do get very fat.

But to get fat is not to be healthy. On the contrary, it is to be very unhealthy; for fat is deposited as an entirely inactive and cumbrous substance about the heart, and on the intestines, and in the muscles and nervous system, much to the danger of life. It is the sweet substance or sugar in the beer which causes the fat, while the alcohol tends to reduce the power of the body.

For these reasons men who get fat on beer are exceedingly bad subjects. If they meet with any shock or accident they are easily killed by it, and the great Sir Astley Cooper used to say that he dreaded, as a surgeon, to have to perform on them the slightest operation.

They are almost always short-lived, and worse or better evidences, as you like to take it, of the evil effects of beer or ale, as alcoholic drinks, could not anywhere be found.



THE oak furnishes food and home for 309 species of insects, the elm 61, and the pine for 151. In addition, these trees respectively furnish lodgings and shelter to 150, 30, and 29 species.

PIERCING the flesh with even the finest needle hurts because the nerves are so thickly matted just under the skin that not even the finest point can be introduced without wounding one or more.

THE day after a heavy snowfall is usually very clear, because the snow, in falling, brings down with it most of the dust and impurities of the air, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly pure.

A CLOSED room is bad for sleeping in, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic acid gas; air breathed six times will not support life.

WHEN TO TRY ON NEW SHOES.—There is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted for shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends also to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings.



X.

S. Agnes. (A.D. 305.)

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

THE persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Diocletian was very severe, and very far-reaching. The subject of the present article was one of the numerous company of martyrs who suffered during his reign.

S. Agnes is spoken of by many of the early Christian writers, especially by S. Ambrose, S. Jerome, and S. Augustine. The story which has come down to us is an extremely touching one, and was so widely spread during the 4th century, that S. Jerome tells how every Christian nation was acquainted with it, through the homilies and hymns which were to be found in all languages concerning her. She was the daughter of pious and religious parents, and was only thirteen years of age (or at most fourteen) at the time of her martyrdom. Her riches and beauty attracted the attention of several of the most eligible young Roman nobles, who were eager to win her in marriage. In particular, the son of the Prefect of Rome saw her as she went to and from her school, and was not long before he found an opportunity of making her acquaintance. He was so moved by her loveliness and sweetness, that he implored her to become his wife, and accompanied his declaration of love and devotion with costly presents. She rejected his love, and refused his gifts, declaring that she was already dedicated to Christ by a vow of virginity.

Her young lover was so overcome at the destruction of his hopes of winning her, that he

was taken ill, and his physicians, alarmed at his condition, urged him to acquaint them with the cause. As soon as he had, after some hesitation, confessed his trouble, they immediately informed his father Sempronius. In his capacity of Prefect, Sempronius sent for S. Agnes, and endeavoured, by the most persuasive manner he could employ, and the most inviting promises, to win her over to accept his son as a favoured suitor. But when he found that S. Agnes was firm in her resolve he changed his tactics, and threatened her with torture if she continued to resist his will. He even ordered a fire to be lighted; and iron hooks, racks, and other instruments of cruelty were displayed before her, with the assurance that they would be instantly applied. The maiden, however, showed no fear, but on the contrary, expressed her readiness to suffer martyrdom rather than be false to her vow. She was then dragged before the altar of Vesta, and commanded to offer incense, as a token of her dedication as a vestal virgin. "But," says S. Ambrose, "she could by no means be compelled or persuaded to move her hand, except to make the sign of the cross."

Finding all their efforts to shake her constancy to be unavailing, her persecutors then endeavoured to sully her purity by exposing her to the insults of the irreligious. She was exposed naked in the streets, but even profligates took pity on her and turned their eyes away. She was then tortured on the rack, but as nothing could make her renounce her faith, she was condemned to be beheaded. As soon as she heard her sentence, S. Ambrose tells us that "she went to the place of execution more cheerfully than others go to their wedding." After offering a short prayer she bent forward, and the executioner, at one stroke, severed her head from her body.

The circumstances of her death made a great impression upon the Christian world, and S. Jerome says that the tongues and pens of all nations were employed in praise of her constancy. Her memory has ever since been greatly venerated among all branches of the Church of Christ, and she is held up before us as an example of chastity and purity.

Many interesting legends have grouped themselves round the name of S. Agnes. Amongst others it is recorded that, while her parents were praying at her tomb (probably in the Catacombs), she appeared to them in vision, and spoke words of comfort to them respecting her rest and peace with the Saviour. The following quotation from S. Augustine shows the high appreciation in which her name was held during his day—about eighty years after her death.

"Blessed is the holy Agnes, whose passion we this day celebrate; for the maiden was indeed what she was called; for in Latin Agnes signifies a lamb, and in Greek it means pure. She was what she was called, and she was found worthy of her crown."

Her festival is held, both in the Anglican and Roman Churches, on January 21st. The symbolical form of her name is used by Christian art in representations of St. Agnes, with a lamb standing by her side, while she bears a palm branch or a sword in her hand.

The memory of this saint is much revered by the women of Rome, who pray at her shrine for the two gifts of meekness and chastity. There are two Churches in that city dedicated to her memory, one within and one without the walls. The former, in the Piazza Novaria, was erected upon the supposed site of her sufferings. The other, beyond the Porta Pia, was originally built by the Emperor Constantine, at the earnest request of his daughter, on the spot where S. Agnes had been buried a few years before. This Church has attained a certain historical importance from the fact that the Pope goes there annually to bless the lambs, whose fleeces are ultimately to form the palls with which he claims to invest all Archbishops. The pall consists of a strip of white woollen cloth, thrown across the shoulders, to which are attached two bands of the same material, each embroidered with a red cross—one hanging over the breast, and the other down the back. The pall forms the coat of arms of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The story of S. Agnes teaches us the need of maintaining unsullied our purity, both of body and soul; for, said Jesus Christ, "the pure in heart shall see God."

Lessons for October.

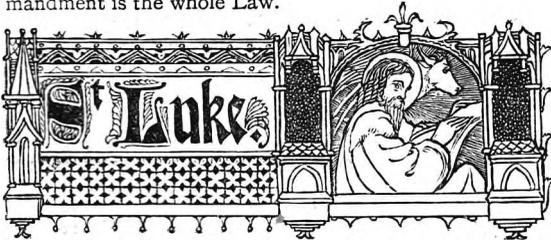
		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
6	F	17 Sunday aft. Trinity Faith, V. & M.	Jer. 5	Eph. 6 v. 10	Jer. 22 or Luke 7 v. 35 24
13	F	18 Sunday aft. Trinity Trans. of K. Edward the Confessor	Jer. 36	Col. 2 v. 8	Ezek. 2; or Luke 11 to 13 to v. 17 v. 20
18	F	St. Luke, Ev.	Isaiah 55	1 Thess. 3	Ecclus. 38 Luke 13 v. to v. 15 18
20	F	19 Sunday aft. Trinity	Ezek. 14	1 Thess. 5	Ezek. 18; Luke 14 v. or 24 v. 15 25 to 15 v. 11
27	F	20 Sunday aft. Trinity	Ezek. 34	1 Tim. 4	Ezek. 37; Luke 19 v. or Dan. 1 11 to 28
28	M	St. Simon & St. Jude, Ap. & M.	Isaiah 28 v. 9 to v. 17	1 Tim. 5	Jer. 3 v. 12 Luke 19 v. to v. 19 28



ONE and all, as God is ever calling us to higher things, let us not be disobedient to the heavenly calling, but, wherever we may have as yet attained in the Christian life, let us strive to reach higher. Wherever we are, let us "go up higher," until at length we "come in the unity of the Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."



THE Law is the expression of those great principles of right and justice, of love and purity, the perfect ideas of which exist in the Divine Mind, and the perception of which through the moral sense can alone enable men to live as those made in the image of God. The great Commandment is the whole Law.



THE medicines for the soul are treated as men often treat the medicines which are given to them for the sicknesses of their bodies. They seek the physician in all haste when driven by pain or necessity, they thankfully

hear his advice, and procure the remedies which he prescribes; but no sooner has the pain abated, or if the illness be long and wearisome, then they become careless, and the medicine is laid aside.



THERE is no blessing which can be compared with the restoration to God's favour; there is no article of our Creed which comforts and strengthens us like that which tells of the forgiveness of sins.



THINK of the everlasting home, the rest that remaineth after this feverish day, where the loved ones wait, and the Lord Jesus reigns; walk for that, live for that, use, buy up for that, the remaining time; rescue from the world and evil each moment as it flies. There is no other way to be found at last among "the wise."



ST. JUDE's appeal is addressed to ourselves, and on every anniversary of his festival there comes to us a renewed exhortation that we "should earnestly contend for the Faith which was once delivered unto the saints."