Mrs Jewell
" Waterloo House

KINGSLAND

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In Memoriam.

ON the 19th of October "fell asleep" JANE BRAY. We say a few words specially of her departure as she was the first of our S. Michael's Society of Young Communicants the Master has called to His rest. Twelve-months ago last spring she was confirmed. And since then she has been a regular attendant at the Great Feast. And now she has left us. Now she has entered on the other side of that thin curtain which separates with so slight a separation the life that now is from that which is to come.—Now she has substituted labour here for rest above. She has done her work, she has fought the fight, she has run the race, and Death has been to her but the messenger sent to take her to Christ. Her end was peace. Her *end* here peace, her continuance *there* peace. We may borrow David's words and say of her, she laid her down in peace to take her rest. Just as morning was breaking here to us, the great continual morn broke for her, that morn which has no night. May God help us to follow her: may we so live here in expectation that when we are summoned we may be able to say "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word." May it be said of us as of All Saints "He served his generation by the will of God, and then" as a necessary consequence "fell on sleep."

The Choir.

There are vacancies in the Choir for six probationers. They must be able to read fairly well. Boys from 7 to 9 will have the preference.

To the Subscribers to the School Building Fund.

The Treasurer to the above Fund (Rev. W. Goss) will be much obliged if those who have not as yet paid their subscriptions will kindly do so *at once* either to himself personally or to the account of the "Kingsland School Building Fund" at the City and County Bank, Leominster.

Cottage Lectures.

The Rector wishes to give, on Thursday Evenings during the winter, Cottage Lectures. Who, living *in the Village*, will lend him a room for this purpose? He proposes to take the Parables of our Lord one after another, to explain them in easy language, and then to give practical exhortations thereon. Prayer and singing would precede and follow.

Offertory Account for October.

		£	s.	d.
Oct. 4.	For Schools	0	19	5
„	do.	0	8	7
„ 11.	Church Expenses	0	13	8
„ „	Evening Service...	0	2	1
„ 18.	Church Expenses	0	11	0
„ „	Evening Service...	0	2	5½
„ 25.	Church Expenses	0	10	11
„ „	Evening Service	0	3	6½
		£3	11	8

Baptisms.

Oct. 11th.— William, son of Thomas and Sarah Smith, of Becknill.

„ 18th.— George, son of William and Elizabeth Vernall, of Lugg Green.

Burials.

Oct. 3rd.—Mary, Edwards, of Kingsland, aged 32 years.

„ 24th.—Jane Bray, of Kingsland, aged 17 years.

Children's Corner.

Collect and Gospel for All Saints Day.

Why does the Church observe Saints Days?
What Saints does she remember on this day (1st Nov.)?
What is a Saint?
Give me the names of six you read of in the Old Testament and of six about whom you read in the New.
"Hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship."
What is the name of the *communion*? What does the Creed say about that communion?
Where are the Saints now who have "departed this life?"
What grace do we ask of God in the Collect?

In the Epistle we read about *a sealing* of God's Saints. Give me another passage which speaks of a sealing.
What is the use of a seal?
Have you ever been sealed? If so, when? And why were you sealed?
What tribe is omitted from those sealed?

'The Galley-slave sank on his knees and wept like a child.'

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.

The Galley-Slave.

A TRUE STORY.

ONE day a travelling priest arrived in the city of Marseilles, in the South of France. His cassock was worn and shabby, and he had the appearance of poverty. His figure was bent, and his cheeks were pale and sunken. But holy love and warm compassion beamed from his eyes. He looked like one of God's messengers, one of those who desire to take upon themselves the misery of the poor and the oppressed, and to bring consolation and peace to the abodes of sorrow. Scarcely had the priest reached Marseilles than he proceeded to the port, and inquired for the ships in which the galley-slaves were to be found. These unfortunate men were criminals, who in those days had to undergo their punishment on board old hulks. The punishment of the galleys was one of the severest it is possible to imagine; it either lasted for life, or for a certain number of years. The convicts were branded on the arm with a hot iron, so that in case of flight they could be recognised by this mark; their heads were shaven, and they were dressed in the coarsest material. These wretched men were always bound together in twos by an iron chain. They had to perform the hardest labour, in which they had always to drag their chains with them. The slightest insubordination of which they might be guilty drew upon them the severest punishment, often indeed death.

The priest had reached the harbour, and asked one of the overseers whether he might visit the prisoners.

'Oh yes!' he replied; and added immediately, 'But take care you don't let them see any money. They will beg of you directly; and if you gave anything to one, all the rest would all the more greedily plague you.'

'Don't trouble yourself about that, good friend,' replied the priest, with a painful smile. 'If money could help the poor fellows, my visit would indeed be in vain, for the small sum I carry with me would afford them very little assistance.'

The overseer turned away with cold indifference, and the priest now went from galley to galley. It was a sad sight which met him everywhere. The prisoners, burdened with their heavy iron chains and with their disgrace, looked miserable and wretched. Most of them performed their work with a wild, gloomy defiance. Despair and desire for vengeance were apparent in their manner. Only a very few bore their misery with quiet patience, and cast down their eyes full of shame and penitence before the priest as he passed by.

Among these few was a young man of about thirty, who struck the priest's attention at once. Misfortune and hard labour had left their sorrowful traces upon his thin and emaciated countenance. But in his expression there was a touching patience and humility, while a gentle mildness beamed from his dark eyes. It was evident that this poor prisoner repented of his sin, and bore the hard punishment which it had drawn upon him with Christian resignation. The good priest was deeply moved with compassion, after contemplating for a while this unhappy man; and his compassion was increased when he perceived how one tear after another rolled down the pale cheeks of the galley-slave, on to the deck of the ship.

The clergyman, approaching the young man with love and sympathy, asked him, 'My friend, you are weeping! What is it, then, which so troubles and oppresses you?'

The prisoner looked up silently and sadly at his questioner. He said not a word; but only shook his head, as if he wished to imply that no one could help him in his distress.

'Only speak then,' said the priest, imploringly. 'Perhaps I can do something to ease your sorrow and alleviate your misery. If I can help you with money, take all that I have; I will give it you willingly: and if it is not enough—for it is but a small sum—I can soon obtain assistance for you through rich and benevolent friends.'

The galley-slave again shook his head with a painful smile. But at last he said, 'Alas! Reverend Sir, my misery cannot be alleviated with money, much less taken away. It is indeed a lamentable life which I lead here. Still I have all that I need in food and the common necessaries of life. No, it is not that which makes me so sad. It is another, a heavier burden, which weighs upon my heart, and threatens to crush me altogether, if it is not removed.'

'Confide in me,' said the priest in a gentle voice to the unhappy man. 'Perhaps it is still possible to alleviate your misery, or at all events to comfort you in your trouble. We have a merciful God and Saviour, and His Word is medicine and balm in all the pains and trials of our poor lives.'

'You may be right, Reverend Sir,' replied the prisoner; 'but in our misery we do not hear this blessed Word. I have now been four years in this place of sorrow and shame. Day by day we have to perform the most degrading and difficult work. The overseers have no compassion for us. They regard us as the scum of mankind; and are very far from thinking of improving us, or of making our sad fate more endurable. From these monsters we only have insults and injuries, we receive from them only threats and blows. No friendly, no comforting word is ever said to us. Since four years you are the first who has spoken to me humanely and compassionately, and your kindness has fallen like a comforting ray of light into the dark night of my soul. May God reward you, Reverend Sir! Now that I know and have experienced that there is such a thing as compassion on earth, I can and will also hope for compassion in Heaven.'

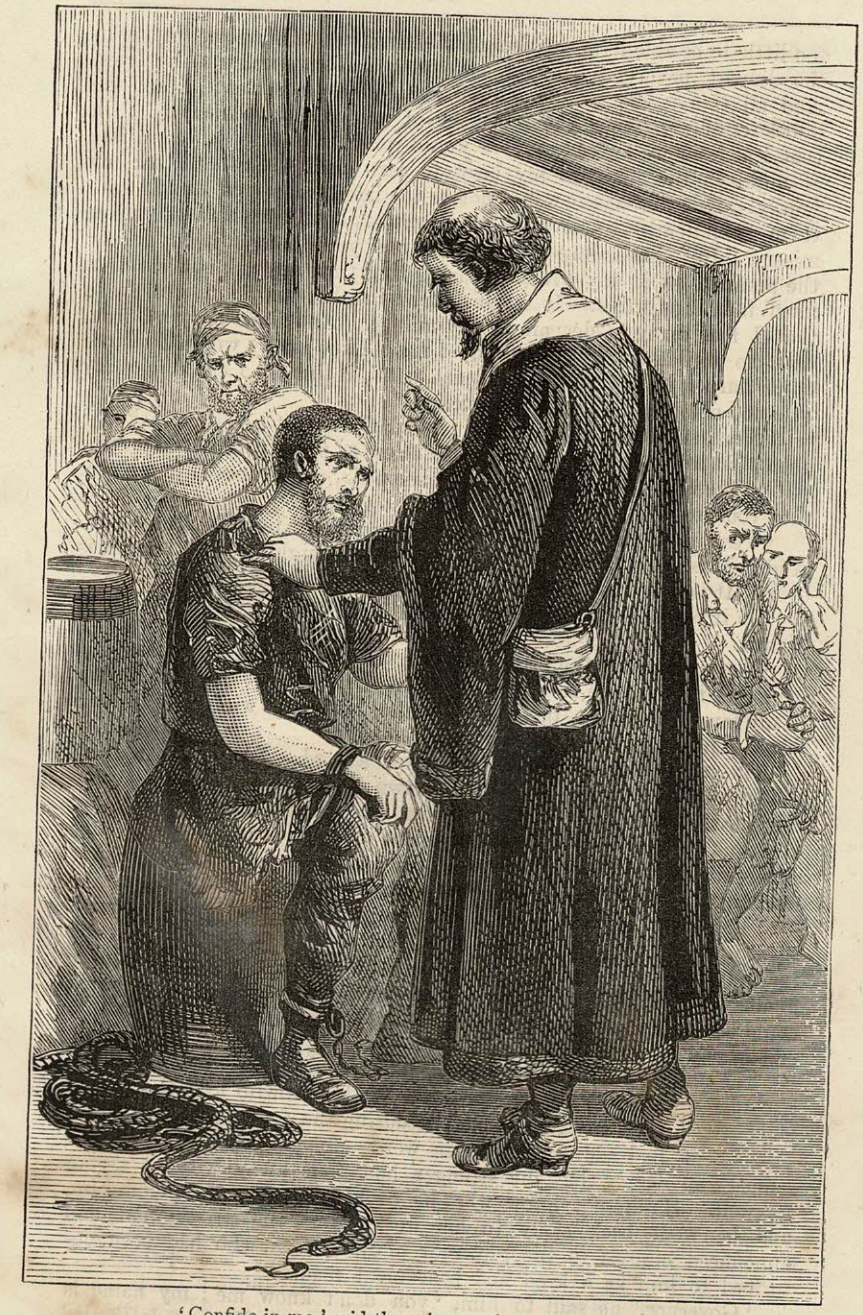
'How gladly would I do still more for you, my poor man,' replied the priest with hearty sympathy; 'but you must be open with me. You must tell me your sorrow and your misfortune. Perhaps it is possible for me to help you in some way or other.'

'Well, then,' replied the galley-slave, 'I will tell you, as you ask me. It is a comfort for me to be able to confide my grief and penitence to a compassionate soul. My name is Armand, and I am the son of an honest farmer of Hyères. My old father was a respected and pious man, who not only gave me the best education, but also set me an excellent example. I possessed a good, profitable farm; a faithful wife shared my labours, my joys, and my sorrows. God had given me three dear children, who were the joy of my heart. I was a happy man, and would to God I had valued my happiness as I now feel that I ought to have done! But it was sin that destroyed the peace of my house and the happiness of my life. Two dissolute, ungodly men, had become my

friends, and enticed me to follow the wicked and dangerous deeds of a poacher. Day and night I roamed with them through fields and woods, round the mountains and valleys, to satisfy my foolish passion. Consequently I neglected my home and business. The entreaties and representations of my venerable father could not dissuade me from those evil ways in which I was walking. And the tears of my poor wife, which she shed in silence, only embittered and hardened my proud heart. When I came home I was morose and ill-tempered. No one received a kind word from me; no one, not even my own children, a friendly look. But I read in their faces, I heard from their most indifferent words, the grief which they suffered on account of their son, their husband, and father, and the just reproaches they made use on my conduct. One day my father represented to me the wrong I was committing, and the misery I was thereby bringing upon my family; in kind and heart-touching words my poor wife came in at the same time, and begged me with the warmest entreaties, and with many tears, to give up my ruinous mode of life. At this I flew into a violent rage. It seemed to me as if my father and my wife had conspired together against me. An evil spirit came over me and filled my heart with fury and pride. With hard words I exclaimed that I was not a stupid boy, who was afraid of the tears of a woman or the entreaties of a childish old man, and seizing my gun I ran away into the mountains. Here I met a gamekeeper, whose duty it was to oppose the poachers and arrest them in their evil work. Enraged and excited as I was, I struck the man with a violent blow from the butt-end of my musket to the ground. He was found in his blood, but he survived. His wounds bore witness against me, and after a long trial I was condemned to six years at the galleys. But this was by no means the heaviest affliction which I had drawn upon myself by my wickedness. The trial with its costs consumed the remainder of the little property which remained to me after my wild and irregular mode of life. My poor wife and my dear children were sunk in the bitterest poverty. And just as I was being led out of my prison I met the funeral of my father. He died of grief at the conduct of his undutiful son, and of the shame he had brought upon his honourable name. I have brought my wife and children to misery and my father to the grave!' And again hot tears of deep shame and penitence streamed down over the unhappy man's face, and his weeping choked the words he wished to speak.

The compassionate priest stood quite overcome beside the poor galley-slave. He did not say a word, for he did not wish to stop the flow of tears which, in spite of all their bitterness, seemed to alleviate the pain of the unhappy man; but his eyes looked down in pitying love upon the prisoner. After he had wept for a while silently and abundantly, he tried to soothe and comfort him with kindly words. But the galley-slave had now succeeded in mastering his grief, and continued:—

'But this is not all which now so tortures and crushes me: this morning I learned that my poor wife and my three children, not only through grief on my account, but from real and bitter want, are likely to perish. My wife, through the sorrow and anxiety which I have brought upon her, has become weak and sickly. She cannot earn enough to support herself and her children, and my poor children are



'Confide in me,' said the priest to the unhappy man.

too little to be able to do anything for themselves. Thus they are now in the deepest poverty. Hunger and want are consuming their lives. And all this is due to my wicked and godless conduct! I am the murderer of my father, the murderer of my wife and children! Oh that I at least were free now! I would work from early dawn till late at night in the sweat of my brow to earn their daily bread for my family. And perhaps it would not be too late! Perhaps I could save them from death by starvation, and protect them from the extreme of misery. But that is impossible. For two years longer must I bear the punishment of my crime. During that time my wife and children must infallibly perish. It is this which crushes me to the earth, so that I feel ready to despair in my misery. And here no word from man, no word from God, can comfort me. How gladly would I endure much harder punishment, even death itself, if thereby I could save my wife and dear children from destruction!'

'No, not death, not death!' replied the priest; 'rather ask the good God to grant you a long life to atone as much as possible for the evil you have done. But,' he now continued, 'did you not say, my son, that you must pass two more years at the galleys?'

'Yes,' replied the unhappy man; 'two long, terrible long years. And in this period my wife and my children might perish ten times over. It is this which drives me almost to despair.'

'Is it possible that the king would pardon you?' asked the clergyman.

'Never!' replied the prisoner: 'the petition of a galley-slave has never yet reached the Royal throne. And before the request of another in my favour could be presented to the king, my wife and children would long since have perished.'

The merciful priest did not answer a word. Immersed in deep thought, he silently walked up and down for some time. At last he remained standing before the prisoner, and asked him, 'If now any one could be found, my son, who would take your place, have your chains riveted on to him, and perform your work for you, would your freedom then be restored to you?'

'Instantly!' replied the galley-slave; and his eyes sparkled with great joy. But his face immediately after became gloomy and sad, and he said in a desponding tone, 'Fool that I was to think for a single moment of such a thing! Where, indeed, in the whole wide world could a man be found who would voluntarily choose this life with its sorrow and its shame?'

The priest had not heeded these last words of the prisoner. He had turned and gone away from him. With sorrowful look the galley-slave gazed after the man, who alone during the four years of his imprisonment had addressed him in words of compassion and love. It pained him deeply that the stranger had gone away without saying farewell. He did not know what he could have done to offend him, and he went back sadly to his work. But the priest went and announced himself to the governor of the prison, who had been described to him as a kind and benevolent man.

'Governor,' he said to him, 'you don't know me; my name is Vincent, or, if you wish to know my full name, it is Vincent de Paule.'

'What!' exclaimed the governor, in amazement, 'you are the

priest Vincent de Paule? You are the man of God who, without taking any rest or repose, travels about everywhere to do good to the poor? You are the man who penetrates the gloomy dens of misery and poverty to bring comfort and help? You are the man who, though so poor, is yet so rich in mercy and kind deeds for your brethren? You are the same Vincent who bore the chains of slavery in Tunis?'

'I am, indeed,' replied Vincent: but, he added, 'I deserve nothing less than those praises which you have just expressed. Yet I rejoice that you know me; I hope, therefore, that my request will be favourably received by you, and if it is possible, granted.'

'Speak, Reverend Sir,' said the governor; 'I will readily do all that is in my power to prove my esteem for your noble conduct and many good works.'

'You have,' said Vincent, 'among the galley-slaves a young man from Hyères, named Armand. What character do you give of this prisoner?'

'A good one in every respect,' replied the officer. 'Armand belongs to the few prisoners who do not become worse at the galleys, but really better. In the four years he has been with us, never has the slightest complaint been made against him. He performs the work allotted to him, often the most degrading and arduous, readily and industriously, and bears his sad fate with all humility and patience.'

'This character,' continued the priest, 'gives me courage to make known my request to you. Armand has still two years' imprisonment to undergo. He has just told me, that unless help is brought them his wife and children must perish of starvation. But no one can help them so well as the unfortunate husband and father himself. He can and will work to save his family and to provide for them. But to do this he must be free. I am told that a prisoner can at once be set at liberty if a substitute can be found for him. Is this true?'

'Decidedly it is true,' replied the governor; 'the law allows a galley-slave on this condition to be set at liberty. But hitherto such a substitution has never happened, and it is not likely that it ever will.'

'Yes, yes!' exclaimed Vincent; 'I have found some one who will take the prisoner's place. As far as I know he is a blameless man, at least in the opinion of men. Will Armand be set at liberty the moment that this substitute presents himself?'

'At once, Reverend Sir,' answered the governor. 'But where is the man who would of his own free will take upon himself such shame and degradation?'

'I am he,' replied the priest calmly, and then continued: 'Do not speak any more to me about it. My decision is so firm and serious that nothing you could do would shake it. Believe me, that one who has borne the chains of slavery in Tunis does not shrink from the fetters of a galley-slave.'

'But your honour?' exclaimed the officer. 'Have you reflected, too, that ten years of slavery could not outweigh the tenth part of the disgrace which the chain of a galley-slave brings upon a man in one single hour?'

'My honour!' said the priest, smiling. 'Leave that to me! I do not ask for honour before men; and if I should lose it, the happiness

and bliss of the rescued family would, in my eyes, make up for it a thousand-fold.'

The governor wanted to make further objections, but Vincent de Paule was inexorable. At last nothing further remained for him to do than to summon the galley-smith, and, with him and the priest, to proceed to the galley where Armand was.

'You are free, my son!' Vincent cried out to the prisoner; 'a substitute has been found for you.'

The galley-slave at first could not trust his ears when he heard these tidings. But when the smith, by the governor's command, really struck off his chains, and these fell clinking to the ground, a blissful ecstasy passed through his soul. And when he was really freed from his fetters he sank on his knees and wept like a child, so overwhelming was his joy. But now suddenly, and with dismay, he saw that the priest was holding out his hand and foot, and that the smith was riveting his chains on to the saintly man!

'No! no! For God's sake, no!' exclaimed Armand, trembling. 'You are about to take my place yourself, Reverend Sir? Never! At this price I will not purchase my freedom. Smith, forge my chains on me again!'

'You do not wish to destroy my pleasure, surely?' said the venerable man of God to him, with a kindly smile; 'to me these chains will be lighter than they were to you. And the mission which my God has given me to perform I can fulfil here in the galleys, perhaps even better than elsewhere.'

'Noble, great, and generous man!' exclaimed the prisoner in amazement, and with stammering voice. 'What can have impelled you to such a sacrifice?'

'Love to that Saviour in Whose service I stand,' replied Vincent de Paule. 'If I were to suffer and die ten times over for you, it would be nothing in comparison with what He bore and suffered on the Cross for you and for me. And now delay no longer, my son! Hasten to your sick wife and your hungry children! May God be with you, and may He bless the work of your hands!'

For a long time the freed galley-slave stood hesitatingly, not knowing what to do. But his desire for that liberty of which he had been so long deprived, and which was now restored to him, as well as his eager longing to help his wife and children, at last won the victory. He threw himself on the ground, embraced the knees of the venerable priest, and kissed his hand, which he moistened with his tears. Then he exclaimed, 'Above is the book of life; if God does not reject me, you shall never once find my name out of it. There, by the throne of the Saviour, shall I thank you, and He will repay you for what you have done to me!' With these words he arose and hastened away.

We will not enlarge upon the happiness and joy which returned to Armand's cottage when the prisoner so unexpectedly returned. Amid many tears he implored his wife to pardon him for all his sins against her; she forgave him with all her heart. Henceforth he became the faithful father of his family, for whom he worked with unwearied diligence. Soon want and distress vanished from his cottage. His wife recovered beneath his loving care. Joy and happiness again returned to his roof, and the fear and peace of God dwelt in his house and in

his heart. The noble priest endured the two years' servitude on the galleys calmly and faithfully. Outwardly he was bound with chains and covered with infamy, but inwardly he was still a free child of God, and worthy of the highest honour. To the poor prisoners during this whole time he was a faithful teacher and a kind comforter. And when after two years he left the galleys, many an eye gazed after him with tears of gratitude. In the world above it will be made clear and plain what blessings in his chains and bonds he wrought by his self-sacrificing, paternal love.

This was Vincent de Paule. He was born 24th April, 1576, at Pouy, in France. This man of God devoted his whole life to the love of his Saviour and his brethren, and abundantly fulfilled the words of the Lord, 'To the poor shall the gospel be preached.' He died 27th September, 1660, at the advanced age of 84. He was a true and devoted follower of that Saviour Who bore the chains and bands of a whole world of sinners, and thus restored liberty to the captives and set the prisoners free. The Roman Catholic Church honours him as a saint, and churches are dedicated in France to his memory. He was the father of Missions as well as the institutor of those noble bands of good women called 'Sisters of Charity.' By all Christians the memory of this good and devoted servant of God will be ever held in esteem and reverence.

J. F. C.

Consolations in Bereavement.

DEATH was full urgent with thee, sister dear,
And startling in his speed:—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end came near,—
Such was the path decreed,
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently:
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness; dearest, thou didst die,—
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded: but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore:
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown:—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves that thou wast caught away.

Death urged, as scant of time; lest, sister dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear—
The ague of delay,—
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came, and went—that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright,
With youth and loveliness:
Sorrow can claim,
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft, soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories:
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Ropes of Sand.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

I KNOW a little man who every rainy morning twists about on his chair and says, 'What shall I do?' And until he gets something to do he cannot rest, but fidgets about and seems very uncomfortable.

One morning we find some wood and some corks, and some thread and some linen, and we make a raft, and sail it in a great basin; another day we find some card-board and we make a house; another day we find a little box and some cotton-reels and some wire, and make a cart: but as soon as any of these things is finished the little man twists about again and says, 'What shall I do?'

On sunshiny mornings the little man comes with his cap in his hand and says, 'What shall I do?' And sometimes we set up a flag-staff in the garden, and sometimes play catch-ball, and sometimes pull up the weeds; but as soon as these things are ended he is sure to say again, 'What shall I do?' Just at this very moment while I am writing here he comes with the same cry. Now, however, when he says it, I tell him to go and make ropes of sand; and he laughs, for he knows what I mean.

Do you know what I mean? If not, I will tell you.

There was once—no matter when—a wise man—never mind his name—it is all a kind of fairy story, as you will soon see—and he lived no matter where. But wherever he lived, and whatever his name may have been, he did not live quite alone, for he had a little sprite constantly with him, though I think he would rather have been without him.

This little sprite was always coming to him and saying, 'Master, give me something to do!' until his master thought him a great tease, because he did not care to have to spend all his time in finding this sprite something to do; however, he had to find him something whenever he asked, because if he did not the sprite, as he knew, would tear him in pieces.

One day the sprite came to his master saying, 'Master, give me something to do!' and his master bade him go and build a castle very high, with walls very thick. 'And you must hew the stone yourself out of the quarry,' he said; 'and you must carry it all yourself, and you must build the castle all yourself, without any one to help you.'

Then the sprite went away, and the master hoped he might get a little quietness. But, would you believe it? before sunset the sprite came back again saying, 'Master, give me something to do!' for the castle was finished.

'Go away,' said the master, 'into yonder field and reap the corn; but you must not reap it with a sickle, you must gather it stalk by stalk, and you must tie it all up in sheaves, two hundred stalks in every sheaf, and pile the sheaves three and three over the field.'

Away went the sprite: but although the corn grew thickly, and the field was larger than any field out of fairy-land, before the sun had set again the poor master heard the same old cry, 'Master, give me

something to do!' for the corn was all gathered and the sheaves were all piled.

'Dear me,' thought the master, 'I wish I could get rid of you!' But, wise as he was, he did not know how to get rid of him.

Then he gave him a little wooden cup no bigger than a thimble, and bade him go and climb a certain high hill till he came to a lake, and when he came to the lake he was to dip the water out by cupfuls until it was quite dry.

Away went the sprite, and the water soon came pouring down the hill-side and flooded the valley; but as there were no houses there, and no sheep feeding, it did not much matter; and as no rain fell, it being in the summer time, all the little streams that fed the lake were soon used up, and before the sun had set more than once back came the sprite, saying, 'Master, give me something to do!'

And so the time went on; and the master was always being worried by that dangerous little sprite, so that he had no peace. At last one day, when he heard the old cry, 'Something to do!' the master looked up from his book and said,—'Go to the sea-shore and there make a rope of sand, and go on until you have used up all the sand on all the sea-shores in all the world.'

Away went the sprite very merrily to the sea-shore, where the sand stretched out beyond the shingle.

'This will be fun,' said he, as he went; 'for I like the shore and the nice, bright, dancing sea.'

'I am glad you like it,' thought the master to himself; 'for you will have enough to do, I fancy.'

And he looked very knowing and very well pleased, and you will soon see why.

The sprite never came back to worry his master; nay, they say he is still at work on the sea-shore: he never can finish his rope of sand; for as fast as he uses the sand the sea washes up more: if he clears up one shore, by the time he has been the round of the world the sea has made all the shores new again; and, I believe, there will never be an end to his rope of sand—never!

I think, between ourselves, he would be really rather sorry if there were an end to it. He has some pleasant journeys from shore to shore, and he sees many lands and many people, and many birds and flowers, on his way; and he loves the nice, bright, dancing sea very much—the grand, dark, tossing sea. And he is ever so much happier than he was when he was always saying, 'Master, give me something to do!'

Now the little man of whom I have spoken is worried by a sprite like this, always begging for something to do; and whatever can he find for him to do than to send him down to the shores of Knowledge, and bid him make ropes of its bright sands? He will never use up all those sands—no, never! The great ocean of Knowledge is very deep, and will always be bringing him new stores out of its depths; and the little sprite may find it very pleasant and very merry to work beside that grand and beautiful sea.

Now let all little people remember my story; but, furthermore, I would have them understand that the brightest strands in their rope will be whenever they have gathered and woven in a handful from the golden shores of the Sea of Life.

Longings in Sadness.

WHEN shall we come to the land of light,
And never-fading flowers?
Grey is the day, and dark is the night,
And dull are these hearts of ours.
Wearily, wearily, here we roam,
Oh! Father, call the wanderers home!

When shall we gaze on the sea of glass,
And walk in the streets of gold?
Thorny and narrow our path is here,
And the cross is heavy and cold.
Drearily, drearily, here we roam,
Oh! Father, call the sad ones home!

When shall we list to the songs of Heaven
Till our hearts with rapture thrill
No echo reaches this earth of ours,
We listen—but all is still.
Longing and listening, here we roam,
Oh! Father, call Thy children home

When shall we look on our risen Lord?
When shall we bow at His feet?
For, oh! we pine for His presence sore,
We yearn for His accents sweet.
Longing so wistfully, here we roam,
Oh! Saviour, call 'the banished home!'

A*

Lanfranc.

ARCHBISHOP LANFRANC was born 1005 years after Christ, in the city of Pavia. He began life as a lawyer, but not being successful in this he opened a school in a French town, which was attended by many pupils. Happening, on one occasion, to travel to Rouen, he fell among thieves, who robbed him and tied him to a tree. He was found next day by some poor men, and carried almost dead to the neighbouring Abbey of Bec. The monks treated him so kindly, and gave him such a taste for monastic life, that he entered their ranks, and in about three years he was chosen Prior, or chief of the Abbey. He wrote a book, or tract, on the Lord's Supper, which increased his fame; and in a while he was noticed and honoured by William, Duke of Normandy, better known as William the Conqueror. William had built at Caen, in Normandy, a great house for monks, called St. Stephen's, and he made Lanfranc the head over that house.

When William conquered England Lanfranc was sixty-one years old, with an important life yet before him. The English bishops and clergy were all bitterly hostile to their new master; so William, in his own strong-handed way, turned them out, and filled their places with Normans, Frenchmen, and Italians. He expelled Stigand from the Bishopric of Canterbury and gave it to Lanfranc.

All those soldiers who had killed or wounded any Norman in the battle of Hastings were ordered by Lanfranc to pay certain penalties. Every archer, whether he had slain a man or not, was to fast for three Lents.

Lanfranc was courageous. When Odo, William's half-brother, took away some land belonging to the bishopric, Lanfranc would not tamely bear such a wrong done to the Church. He pleaded his cause in the open air, on a wide common, called Pinnendon, or Pennenden, Heath, near Maidstone, before the king and the great men of the State, and the lands were restored. Even then a king's brother was obliged to bow to the laws.

Lanfranc was generous. He rebuilt his Cathedral, and gave away

LANFRANC.

in charity a sum which would now be equivalent to six thousand a-year.

He was also humane. In concert with a brave old Saxon Bishop of Worcester, named Wulstan, he stopped the trade of slaves, who were then carried to Ireland. Lanfranc was also a true and God-fearing man. The following little story will show how he abhorred, and how he could rebuke, flattery :—

The Conqueror was feasting one day in a splendid hall, with his brave knights and nobles round him. The monarch was splendidly apparelled, and a foolish minstrel, singing the praises of the victor, ventured to say he looked like God. He expected, no doubt, this flattery would be well rewarded. But Lanfranc at once arose from his seat, and bade the king bring the godless minstrel to immediate punishment. The Conqueror—well for him!—did so, and his flatterer was soundly flogged. Had Lanfranc been silent, or had the king passed over the wicked words, there might have been another Herod, eaten of worms because he gave not God the glory.

Lanfranc died, full of days and honour, May 24, 1089, and after his decease the See of Canterbury remained vacant four years, nine months, and nine days. In 1093 it was given to Anselm, Abbot of Bec.

G. S. O.

Tender Words for Weary Mothers.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear,
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair:
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm moist fingers holding you so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost *too tired* to pray to-night!

But it *is* blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away!
And *now* it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I bore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You missed the elbow from the tired knee,—
This restless curling head from off your breast,—
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;—
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,—
If the white feet into their grave had tripped;—
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the foot-prints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown!
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day—
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head,—
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

Obsolete Words in Bible and Prayer-book.

BY T. LEWIS O. DAVIES, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MARY EXTRA, SOUTHAMPTON.

I MUST now take, without much order, some obsolete words that have not found a place under any of the former divisions. It is no part of my task to explain terms which are really not English, but Hebrew or Greek, such as the names of coins—the shekel, the talent, &c.; but there are two words connected with money which may be mentioned. 'Silverling' is 'a piece of silver.' 'Where there were a thousand vines at a thousand silverlings, it shall even be for briers and thorns' (Isa. vii. 23). In Tyndale's version of Acts, xix. 19, the word occurs, where we have 'pieces of silver.' In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, i. 1, we read, 'Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.' 'Mite,' also, like 'silverling,' does not seem to be the name of a particular coin. It is a contraction of 'minute.' Wiclif translates St. Mark, xii. 42, 'Sche cast two mynutis, that is a ferthing.' So brief portions of time, and short memoranda of what passes at a meeting, are called 'minutes.' The word is chiefly remarkable for the curious way in which it is often employed now, by some who seem to think that the widow was commended because her offering was absolutely so small, not because it was relatively so large. If we have regard to the origin of the expression, it argues more of presumption than humility to call our gift 'a mite.'

'Leasing' and 'jangling' are two faults spoken of in the Bible. The first of these occurs only twice in our translation, the last only once. 'How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?' 'Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing' (Ps. iv. 2; v. 6). 'Some have turned aside unto vain jangling' (1 Tim. i. 6). 'Leasing' means 'a lie.' Thus Spenser: 'But that false Pilgrim which that leasing told' (*Faerie Queene*, I. vi. 48); and Adams, 'It seems the prophet had denounced against Edom war; they deride his message as a leasing.'

'Jangling,' which to us perhaps conveys the idea of 'quarrelling,' and indeed was often so used, was originally only idle talk, such as jongleurs, *i.e.* travelling minstrels, or jesters, retailed. It appears to be employed in this sense in the text quoted above. Chaucer's Parson says, 'Jangelyng is whan a man spekith to moche biforn folk, and clappith as a mille, and taketh no keep what he saith.' It is often applied to the sound which bells make when irregularly rung :—

'Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.'—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

'Runagate' and 'vagabond' have much the same meaning, though the latter word now denotes something more than 'a wanderer,' and is often associated with 'rogue.' 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth' (Gen. iv. 12), is in Tyndale's version, 'A vagabunde and a rennagate shalt thou be upon the erth.' The 'Homily against Idleness' says, 'No idle vagabonds and loitering runagates should be suffered to go from town to town;' and Raleigh writes, 'As Cain, after he had slain Abel, had no certain abiding, so the Jews, after they had crucified the Son of God, became runagates.' 'Runagate' is a corruption of 'renegade,' which in French is *renégat*. It only occurs in the Prayer-book version of Ps. lxviii. 6, where the Bible has 'rebellious'

Adams speaks of 'runagates, renegades, that will not be ranged (like wandering planets) within the sphere of obedience.'

'Those that I have swaddled and brought up hath mine enemy consumed' (Lam. ii. 22); and in Wisd. vii. 4, 5, we read, 'I was nursed in swaddling clothes and that with cares, for there is no king that had any other beginning of birth.' In the old lectionary, by a curious coincidence, the words occurred in the first Morning Lesson for October 16, on which day the Second Lesson was St. Luke, ii., telling us how, when the King of Heaven was born on earth as a little child, His mother 'wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger.' The new-born infant's limbs were formerly 'swathed,' or 'swaddled,' in linen bandages, called 'swaddling clothes,' or 'swaddling bands' (Job, xxxviii. 9). Fuller says, that the Templars 'laughed at the rules of their first Institution, as at the swaddling clothes of their infancie.'

Job (ix. 33) exclaims, 'He is not a man as I am, that I should answer Him, and we should come together in judgment; neither is there any daysman betwixt us that might lay his hand upon us both.' 'Daysman,' is one that fixes the day as for arbitration, or hearing a cause; the margin gives 'umpire' as an alternative rendering. The word is rare, and is not found in our version, except in this one passage.

In many languages 'day' signifies 'judgment.' In 1 Cor. iv. 3, 'man's judgment' is in the original 'man's day,' and is so translated by Wiclif.

In Prov. xxvii. 22, we are warned that the strongest measures will not make a fool wise. 'Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.' To 'bray' is to 'bruise,' or 'break.' Thus in Jonson's *Alchemist*, ii. 1—

> 'If he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
> He'll bray you in a mortar.'

The 'braying of a donkey' is so called, perhaps, from the animal's breaking out into a loud, harsh sound.

A 'chapman' (2 Chron. ix. 14) is a 'merchant:'—

> 'Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
> Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.'
> *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 1.

'Cheap' comes from the same root, and was formerly used with some qualifying word, as it did not necessarily mean at 'a low price.' 'Behold, victuals shall be so good cheap upon earth, that they shall think themselves to be in good case' (2 Esdras, xvi. 21). Latimer says of extortioners, 'Such fellows are now in our time very good cheap,' *i. e.* very plentiful. To 'chop' is connected with the same word, and means to 'barter,' or 'exchange.' We speak of the 'wind chopping and changing.' 'A chapbook' is one of those popular books such as travelling chapmen, or hawkers, sold. 'The ward of Cheap in London,' says Stow, 'taketh name of the market there kept, called Westcheaping.'

We 'tack things together' with a needle and thread, or nail them with tin-tacks, but the form 'tache' is obsolete. 'Thou shalt make fifty taches of brass, and put the taches into the loops, and couple the

tent together, that it may be one' (Exod. xxvi. 11). The word seldom appears.

'Beef' is familiar to us as the flesh of an ox after it has been killed, but we should not call the living animal 'a beef;' and indeed the word in this sense was always rare in the singular number, but it was more common in the plural, and occurs two or three times in our version. 'Ye shall offer at your own will a male without blemish of the beeves, of the sheep, or of the goats' (Lev. xxii. 19). Hutchinson says, that butchers should sell their 'beeves, muttons, and veals' at the king's price. Shakespeare speaks of 'muttons, beefs, and goats' (*Merchant of Venice*, i. 3).

In the 'Prayer of Manasses' it is written, 'Thine angry threatening toward sinners is importable.' Latimer says, 'We pray God that the common people may be relieved and eased of many importable charges and injuries, which many of them, contrary to all equity and right, sustain.' In these places we should now put 'insupportable;' indeed 'importable,' if used at all by us, would be rather understood to mean, 'capable of being imported.'

'Halt,' *i. e.* 'held,' is seldom now applied as in St. John, v. 3, to those who are literally crippled; 'a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.' Or as in *Richard the Third* (i. 2)—,

> 'And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
> On me that halt and am unshapen thus?'

Though in this last quotation 'halt' is a verb, as it is in Gen. xxxii. 32, 'he halted upon his thigh;' but it appears as an adjective in Cowper's *Task:*—

> 'Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
> Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.'

We may still speak of 'halting verse,' meaning that it is 'lame and unrhythmical;' but if we said that 'a man halted,' it would denote that he 'stopped,' not that he 'limped.' It may be remarked that in 1 Kings, xviii. 21, 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' does not signify, How long are you at a standstill between them, but how long are you so unsteady, limping, as it were, from one to the other?

'Tell,' in the sense of 'count,' is hardly ever used now. In Gen. xv. 5, we read, 'Tell the stars, if thou be able to number them.' The members who on a Parliamentary division count the votes are called 'tellers;' we also sometimes say that there was such and such a number, 'all told,' *i. e.* reckoning every one. The sum of what is thus counted is called the 'tale;' a word now generally meaning a 'narrative.' 'There shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks' (Exod. v. 18). Hooker, in the Preface to his great work, says, that the ignorant are 'apt to measure by tale and not by weight,' *i. e.* to judge of a matter according to the opinion of numbers, without stopping to inquire whether those whom they follow are competent to lead them.

To 'charge,' comes from a word signifying to 'put on a car,' and so to load. Hence a ship's load is called a 'cargo;' when she reaches her destination she 'discharges' it. Troops charge the enemy by throwing their whole weight upon them; a gun is charged when it is loaded; a

prisoner is charged when the burden of alleged guilt is laid upon him; a jury is charged when the judge sets the whole weight of the evidence before them. St. Paul was 'at charges' with the men who were under the vow (Acts, xxi. 24), when he took their burthen upon himself and was at the cost of their sacrifices. The same meaning may be traced in a word that is now quite obsolete, except as signifying a 'military horse' used in charging. 'Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger' (St. Matt. xiv. 8); that is, a large dish meant for a weight of meat, &c. Denham, in the translation of Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, writes,—

'Above the rest why is our pomp, our power,
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more?
Why all the tributes land and sea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?'

The Use of Stimulants.

SOME important evidence has been collected by Dr. Parkes on the use of stimulants. First, under great cold. If there is one popular error more common than another it is the belief in the warming power of alcohol. In the winter, what more common than to hear a friend say, 'You look cold, won't you take something to warm you?' What more common among the working classes than the taking of a glass of spirits 'to keep the cold out?' yet that this is nothing but a delusion all those who understand the subject will tell us. In Russia, when the mercury is at zero, the soldiers are not allowed to touch spirits on penalty of punishment; it causes frost-bite. All scientific men agree on this point. Dr. Parkes says, 'There is a singular unanimity of opinion on this point.' All observers condemn the use of spirits, and even of wine and beer, as a preventive against cold. In the Arctic regions we have the evidence of Sir John Richardson, Dr. King, Capt. Kennedy (in the last search for Sir John Franklin, when all the crew were tee-totalers), Dr. Rae, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and others. Dr. Hayes indeed says in his last paper, that he will not only not use spirits, but will take no man accustomed to use them.

The late Inspector-General, Sir John Hall, K.C.B., gives evidence to the same effect; he says, 'My opinion is that neither spirits, wine, or malt liquor, are necessary to health. The healthiest army I ever served with had not a single drop of any of them; and although it was exposed to all the hardships of the Kaffir war at the Cape of Good Hope, in wet and inclement weather, without tents or shelter of any kind, the sick-list seldom exceeded one per cent, and this continued through the whole of the campaign.'

In the expedition to the Red River under Sir Garnet Wolseley, intoxicating liquor formed no part of the daily rations, but all ranks had daily a large ration of tea. 'Never have soldiers been called upon to perform more unceasingly hard work; and it may be confidently asserted that no men have ever been more cheerful or better behaved in every respect.' Their health and strength were fully maintained, without that bane of a soldier's life, intoxicating drink.

Rest.

TIRED of life, art thou?
Tired alway?
Then come and rest, dear one—
Rest thee to-day.

Flee from the haunts of men,
City and mart;
Lift up thy downcast eyes,—
Courage, dear heart!

Out from a life of care,
Sorrow and dread,
Out from all doubt and pain,
Sweet soul, be led.

Out of life's battle-field,
Out of the din,
Out of the roar and strife,
O soul, come in.

Into a perfect peace,
Into a rest,
Sweet as a little child's,
On His dear breast.

Into a life of joy,
That shall endure;
Into unending bliss,
Holy and pure.

Come, then, O fainting soul,
Look thou above!
Jesus, thy Brother, calls,—
Hearken, dear love!

Answer His gentle knock,
Open the door;
Rest thou in His embrace,—
Rest evermore.

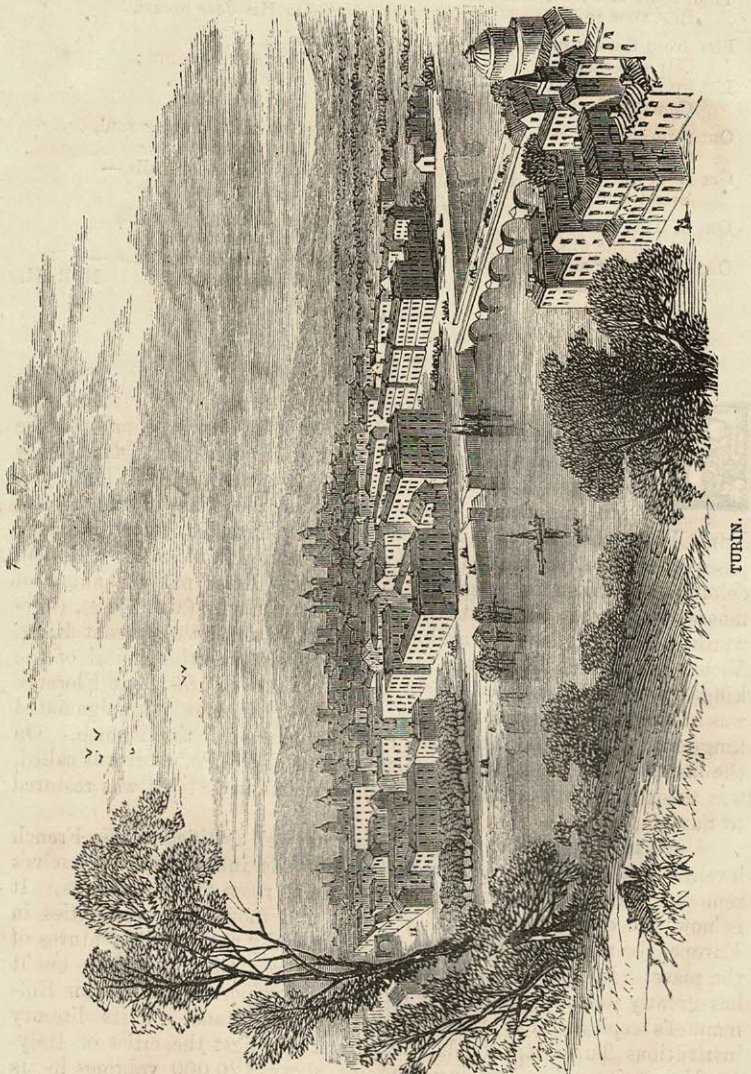
M. R. H.

Turin.

TURIN (in Italian, Torino), a celebrated city of Northern Italy, stands on the left bank of the upper course of the Po, in a wide and fertile valley between the Cottian Alps and the hills of Monferrato. It is mentioned in history as an important place so early as the time of the Second Punic War, when it was taken and sacked by Hannibal after his famed passage of the Alps, B.C. 217. Augustus made it (B.C. 166) a Roman colony, and called it Augusta Torinorum. After many changes of masters it became the capital of the Duchy of Savoy (A.D. 1418), afterwards of the kingdom of Sardinia, and finally, under the present King, Victor Emmanuel II., it was made for a short time the capital of the kingdom of Italy. A Parliament was held there in 1861, but Florence was afterwards chosen as a fitter capital for the newly amalgamated kingdom. Thrice has Turin been in the hands of the French. On the last occasion, in 1796, 'the Department of the Po,' as it was called, was made a portion of the French Empire, but in 1815 it was restored to Savoy.

Until the present century the city was well fortified. The French levelled the ramparts, and in after-times the inhabitants themselves removed the remaining fortifications to make room for new streets. It is now one of the most regularly built and most handsome cities in Europe, the many noble squares being specially noteworthy features of the place. In 1863 the population was no less than 235,000; but it has greatly decreased since the city lost its importance as Victor Emmanuel's capital. For the number and importance of its literary institutions Turin still holds a first rank amongst the cities of Italy Its University, a fine building, contains above 120,000 volumes in its library, and about 2000 MSS.; some of the latter being of considerable importance. The Royal Academy of Sciences has a museum of Egyptian antiquities, one of the richest in Europe, purchased from an Italian gentleman, who for a long time was Consul in Egypt. Turin is an Archbishop's see. Its Cathedral, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, stands in the principal square of the city, adjoining a Royal

Palace. Across the Po is, besides other bridges, a fine one of five arches, begun by Napoleon I. during the French occupation of the city, but afterwards completed by the King of Sardinia. The manu-



TURIN.

factures are principally woollens and silks, leather, china, arms, and liqueurs.

Not far from the city, on the south-west, are the valleys which, in the Middle Ages, gave shelter to the Waldenses, the pioneers of the Reformation on the Continent.

Short Sermon.

SPEECH SEASONED WITH SALT.

BY ROBERT FRANCIS WILSON, M.A., PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, VICAR OF ROWNHAMS, SOUTHAMPTON, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Col. iv. 6.—'*Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.*'

OF all the gifts with which it has pleased our Creator to endow man, there is none which is so peculiarly his own as the gift of speech. Others of the lower creation excel us in the organs and gifts which we have in common. There are many which surpass man in strength, in speed, in clearness of sight, acuteness of hearing and smelling, and in fineness of touch. But when we come to the gift of speech, man stands alone in the visible creation. Our speech is man's glory. Our tongue is the best member that we have. And as this gift is so wonderful, so glorious, so essential to our comfort and well-being, so is it a gift for the use of which we are very strictly accountable. There are sayings in Scripture concerning our speech which attach to it a weight of responsibility beyond that of other gifts which God has bestowed on us: 'By thy words,' it is said by our Judge Himself, 'thou shalt be justified: and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' And 'for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'

But it is not of the misuse of speech that I mean to speak. I wish to speak of its proper use in our ordinary social intercourse one with another. I wish to speak of the right employment of speech by Christian men, who are members of Christ, children of God; who, while they recognise the lowliness of their condition here in this life, and how of necessity a large portion of their intercourse with one another is of the earth, earthy, whose discourse is mostly of their craft, and of the passing things of the day, nevertheless look to speak out with their tongues hereafter before His throne, and in His very presence in Heaven, the praises of Him Who called them to His marvellous light.

What thoughts should such have about their ordinary discourse? How should such look upon the common use of speech? How should they set themselves to fulfil the Apostle's injunction, to 'let their speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt?' Can there be grace, can there be some savour of something better within, to be discerned in the words which pass in the usual intercourse of daily life? Can they be not only clear of offence, so as not to bring into condemnation, but can they also have in them that which is good to the use of edifying? Could there be a ruling principle of goodness even in common talk?

Yes; it might be so. There was one Man Who lived thirty years in ordinary and humble life, and never offended with the tongue; Who in every word, as well as in every act, was pleasing unto God. What believer but would be thankful had it pleased God that the Epistles should have contained some notice of the manner and conversation of Jesus Christ during those thirty years while He lived at Nazareth as the carpenter's son, and Himself, as would appear from one of the Evangelists, wrought at the same trade! There seems more mysterious interest in what the words and conversation of Jesus, the Son of Mary, may have been during that period, than about His actions. A life of

regular employment is, in the main, marked out. There are hours of work, and not much time left at a person's own disposal. It is a course of obedience, abiding by a rule; and this is the blessing and protection of a dependent life of labour. Day follows day, and week follows week, and there is little change and variety. What comes to hand has to be done. But of our words we are masters. The tongue is free, and has not the restraints of labour. Our hands may be busy, and have to do what is appointed for them, so as to leave small choice as to the disposition of our time. But words find their opportunity. They run a full course, and there is no lack of them. And since they may be so regulated as to be approved in the sight of God, what would not one give to know something of how He, Who was perfect and all-holy, and yet lived a chief part of the life of man in a humble station, behaved Himself in daily intercourse, particularly in regard to the manner of His discourse with others!

But it has not pleased God that any account should be preserved to us of the words our Lord spoke, and of His daily acts during those thirty years. All we know is, that those years were spent at Nazareth in a condition of subjection, and that His manner of life was not such as to attract any particular attention. There was nothing to prevent His passing for what He was to all outward appearance, the son of Joseph the carpenter. But there are two or three short notices in the Gospel which seem to unfold something concerning our Lord's manner of life during those years of retirement. (1.) It would appear that our Lord, as a child, mixed freely with others. He was not strictly kept in His parents' house and apart from others. This may be gathered from the record of how the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem when his parents returned from the feast. We read that Joseph and His mother, 'supposing Him to have been in the company, went a day's journey, and sought Him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.' When they missed the child their first thought was not that He could have tarried behind, but that He must have gone on before, on the homeward journey, with some of their neighbours or relations. This thought could hardly have come into their minds unless at their home the child had been accustomed to go in and out familiarly among their neighbours. Had He been brought up as fond and anxious mothers sometimes bring up their children, particularly an only one, scarcely letting them out of sight—keeping them apart from others—His parents would scarcely have taken for granted that the child had joined Himself to some of the families from their neighbourhood and made a day's journey on their homeward way with them. (2.) And there is another Scripture incident, from which it may be conjectured that friendly intercourse among neighbours and relations continued as the child grew up and after He became a man. We read, 'There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there: And both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage.' Cana was a village in the hill country, about three hours' distance from Nazareth, where our Lord's boyhood on earth was spent. Our Lord had then scarcely entered upon His public ministry, nor had He yet worked miracles; and the mention of His mother's being there before the mention of His having been bidden rather suggests His being invited as a family friend—not as one known in a public capacity as 'a Teacher sent from God.' Had it been His habit to withdraw from all such social

meetings He would not have been bidden, nor would He have been there. In such matters it may be conjectured from this that He lived as others lived, and did as others did. This would further appear from occasional notices during His public ministry, of His joining social gatherings, and sitting at table at feasts. Our Lord also says of Himself, 'The Son of Man came eating and drinking;' and observes that this was reproachfully turned against Him. 'Ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.' In such things we may suppose our Lord was but continuing to do what, as occasions called, He had done during the years of His private life. (3.) Further, it may be gathered that neither in His manner of life nor in His conversation did our Lord draw attention as to an extraordinary person, whether in wisdom or in holiness. This may be inferred from a remark in St. John's Gospel, 'Neither did His brethren believe in Him,' and from the astonishment of those of His own country when He came and taught among them. They said one to another, 'Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son?' They had expected nothing of the kind from Him. In those many years He had lived among them they had seen no promise of His growing to be a great teacher and prophet. And so our Lord Himself said that less honour was paid Him in His own country, and in His own house, than elsewhere. Thus the recollection of His early life, of his manners and ways, when He had grown up among them, hindered his kinsfolk and townspeople from believing. They had not seen anything in Him which prepared them to believe in Him as sent by God to a great and holy work.

In the lives of those who have raised themselves to great distinction we generally read how, long before they came into public notice, they had been looked up to in their own neighbourhoods; how great expectations had been formed of them, and what influence they exercised. But He Who was greatest of all, when He took our nature, would not have it so. Rather He chose, in all points, to be made like unto the mass of His brethren, and to pass through life as most have to pass through it. He would take part in those things in which, in ordinary life, we take part; and therein He would give us the comfortable assurance, that our lowliness and earthliness need not make us sinful; and, farther, that we need not aim at separating ourselves from the ordinary course of our earthly calling, in order to be acceptable to God. The eternal and all-holy Son of God once conversed among men for many years, yet did not separate Himself from them in conversation or in manner of life. Surely there is something taught in this! Are there not earnest-minded persons, who have an idea that conversation cannot be right unless it take a directly religious turn? They appear to think that talking about religious things is being religious; and they look upon those who are not forward in such conversation as if they could not be spiritually minded. Now, so far as it is allowable to picture to ourselves anything about our Lord which Scripture does not tell us, we may think of His conversation during those thirty years as marked by a grave reserve, yet not so as to withdraw Him from social intercourse of neighbours and friends. And although all His conversation would draw others towards what was good, yet that was so done as not to draw attention to Himself; so done that He seemed to those with

whom He conversed as no other than His outward condition betokened. What lesson does this suggest on the subject of our general conversation one with another ? Surely this: that our common discourse is of more importance, and our direct religious discourse of less importance, than we are apt to think; or, rather, that it is of more consequence that we watch over and make a conscience about our common talk on ordinary matters, than that we be often using religious talk. There is no need to try to bring in religious conversation on all occasions. What is really in a man will be felt in his ordinary talk. Out of the abundance of his heart it will find expression. He who is really religious will have his 'speech alway seasoned with Divine salt.' But according to the figure in the text it will be as with the salt with which we season our meals. A little gives its savour to all the food with which we use it, though it scarce appears. It is there and we taste it, even when we do not see it. Without any direct discourse about religion, the influence will be felt of a man who has the love and fear of God at heart. It will be felt that even in the midst of social cheerfulness other thoughts are present to him, guiding him in what he says. And this will be without making direct religious topics the staple of his conversation. It will not be introduced on all occasions, and before all companies; least of all religious discourse about himself, about his own feelings, his own experiences, his own fitness to teach and guide others. There are some who in this way seem to aim at making their speech all seasoning, and nothing else. There is overmuch of their salt, so as to leave an unpleasant savour.

In conclusion, I would return to that from which I began. Since God has vouchsafed to endow us with this gift of speech, let us endeavour to use it aright, with care and watchfulness. What part and office our other members, eyes, hands, feet, will discharge for us in the Resurrection, amid the perfections of the life to come, we know not, but Scripture tells us that our tongues will be everlastingly employed in giving praise and glory and honour to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. Meanwhile, here below, our speech is of necessity taken up mainly with things of earth. Our natural weakness, and the influence of things seen, prevent our hearts from resting continually on heavenly things, or our tongues from giving utterance to them. The rather, therefore, should we be on our guard and set a watch upon our tongues, and try to exercise them here on earth in that which will be the use of Heaven. This need not hinder our taking part in social intercourse. For we may so have our conversation in matters of amusement, and of our daily calling, that the true savour may ever be in it. It may be always seasoned with Divine salt, even though bystanders scarce detect the prevailing thought which may be in all our words. At any rate let us try to hold by the Apostle's rule, 'Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good for the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.' And, to use the prayer of a good Bishop, 'May that good Spirit, which appeared in the likeness of tongues of fire, warm our hearts, direct our thoughts, and guide our tongues, in all our ways and in all our words.'

NOVEMBER HATH XXXI DAYS.

MOON.	SUN.
Last quarter, 1st 2h. 0m. morn.	Rises 6h. 55m. Sets 4h. 32m.
New Moon, 9th, 5h. 34m. morn.	Rises 7h. 10m. Sets 4h. 18m.
First quarter, 17th, 1h. 54m. morn	Rises 7h. 24m. Sets 4h. 7m.
Full Moon 23rd, 5h. 34m. aft.	Rises 7h. 34m. Sets 4h. 0m.
Last quarter, 30th, 6h. 29m. aft.	Rises 7h. 44m. Sets 3h. 53m.

1	S.	**22nd Sunday after Trinity.** Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six o'clock.
2	M.	
3	T.	
4	W.	Morning Prayer at 11—Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o clock.
5	Th.	
6	F.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock.
7	S.	Choir Practice at 4 o'clock
8	S.	**23rd Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 o'clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.
9	M.	
10	T.	
11	W.	Morning Prayer at 11— Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.
12	Th.	
13	F.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock.
14	S.	Choir Practice at 4 o'clock. F
15	S.	**24th Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 o'clock Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.
16	M.	
17	T.	
18	W.	Morning Prayer at 11—Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.
19	Th.	
20	F.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock,
21	S.	Choir Practice at 4 o'clock.
22	S.	**25th Sunday after Trinity.** Holy Communion at 8 o'clock Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.
23	M.	
24	T.	
25	W.	Morning Prayer at 11 Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o' clock.
26	Th.	
27	F.	Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock.
28	S.	Choir Practice at 4 o'clock.
29	S.	**1st Sunday in Advent.** Holy Communion at 8 o,clock, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11 o'clock, Litany and Catechizing at 3 o'clock, Evening Prayer and Sermon at half-past six.
30	M.	**St. And. A, & M.**