

Children's Column.

JENNY'S GERANIUM;

OR

THE PRIZE FLOWER OF A LONDON COURT.

CHAPTER II.

A MOTHER'S LAST WORDS.

She is not here: but far away,
The noise of life begins again,
And, ghostly, through the drizzling rain,
On the bald street, breaks the blank day.

For several years John Sandford did well, in his occupation of foreman to a builder. He had received a good education, was well up in "quantities," and handy at working drawings. He was a reliable and an obliging, and always a good-tempered man, and had the gift—a rare endowment for a man whose life was spent amidst cross tempers and headstrong wills—of making crooked things straight, of quelling quarrels, and keeping things right among the men. He had early married the girl of his choice, and blessed with one little girl, the Jenny of our story, his home was as bright as peace and contentment could make it, for about ten years. Jenny's mother was a gentle, Christian woman, and had early learned the secret of making those about her happy. Quiet in speech, cheerful in look, and a quick discerner of those little things which either make or mar the serenity of a household, she went through her domestic duties with a noiseless ease and regularity which made work appear like so much music. Her greatest charge by day was her child, and in the evening the delight of her life was to make for her husband, in his home, a thorough contrast to the work of the day. The education of Jenny was an unfailing source of pleasure to her, and it was with a joy too big for words, that she saw the child's mind opening like a flower in the sunlight, beneath the good and holy influences which directly and indirectly surrounded her budding life.

So things went on for ten years, when the cloud of trouble, though at first no bigger than a man's hand, appeared in the peaceful horizon of John Sandford's life. He had saved a considerable sum of money for one in his position, and was looking forward to the day when he could in a small way set up in business for himself. In an evil hour, however, he was persuaded "to become surety for a friend," and in less than three months from the day he had signed his name, the "friend" had decamped to the colonies, and John Sandford was ruined, so far as his savings were concerned.

This was a heavy blow; but after staggering under it for a little while, inspired by the patient, uncomplaining courage of his wife, he set himself to work harder than ever, and recovered his spirits, if he did not recover his property. He was thus regaining cheerfulness and hope when matters went wrong in the building trade. "Strikes" became the order of the day, and ere long "hard times" set in both for masters and men. John Sandford's employers failed, and for several dreary weeks there was "nothing to do." Thinking that business might be brisker in London, after duly weighing chances for and against the step, John sold off, left his peaceful home in the country, and came to the great city. He took humble but respectable lodgings for his wife and child, and then began with unwearying industry to seek for employment. But the "lock-out" was general, and no work was to be had.

Then John Sandford gave way. He took to drinking; became a changed, sullen, and an angry man, and people who knew him in early life would hardly recognise him. His slender stock of money was soon exhausted, and gradually all the little cherished nicknacks which he had brought with him from his country home, and even articles of clothing, were sold to find him drink and his wife and child a little food. The grief of Jenny and her mother was beyond description, as they witnessed this distressing change in one who had been so long their joy and pride. With a piteous anxiety, but without uttering one word of complaint, and busily plying needle and thread to gain ever so poor a livelihood, the wife kept up for about three years; and then hunger and grief had done their work, and she laid herself down to die.

One evening John Sandford returned to his gloomy dwelling in Challenor's Court, to which place of residence they had for some time been reduced, and it happened that he was a little more sober than usual. Years afterwards he thanked God at least for that! It was a beautiful summer evening, but there was little of its peace and fragrance in that close, heated room. On a bundle of rags in a corner of the apartment the wife, in the last stage of consumption, was stretched out on the ground. It was no new sight to the drunkard, but this evening it smote him with a strange bitterness. Kneeling by her mother, supporting her head with her frail little arm, was Jenny, whose tears were falling fast. Also kneeling by that bundle of rags which formed the death-bed of his wife, John Sandford saw "Blind Maggie," as she was called, an aged widow, who occupied the back room of the floor on which his dreary room was situated. "Blind Maggie" had somewhere obtained a large bunch of wallflowers, which she was gently waving to and fro.

"Husband, dear, said a gentle voice, 'come here; I want to speak to you.'"

Oh, what a cry was that which came walling forth from the lips of John Sandford as he heard this simple appeal!

There was something in it which in a moment took him back to his marriage morning, which caused the happiness of his earlier years to flash before him with the quickness of a dream.

"Come here, dear," said his wife once more, weaker than before. John staggered to his feet, and, with a great sob, he was the next moment burying his face in the clothes which covered his dying wife.

"John, dear," she said, gently playing with his hair, "it has come at last."

"Oh! don't tell me that you are going to die, Jane. I can bear anything but that; don't tell me that."

"I am sure of it, dear," she quietly said. "I have thought so for a long time, but I am sure of it now, and I am so glad you are at home."

There was a pause, during which the child had resigned her place to her father, and it was his hand that now supported his dying wife's head.

"It seems like old times, John, to have you near me again. Oh! you were such a good, dear husband and father in those old times, John."

The tears fell down her face, but there was a serenity on it too, as the dying woman thought of the past, and seemed to be altogether un mindful of the present. Her husband could not speak, but wept as if his heart was breaking.

"We had such a pretty little cottage, with the honeysuckle growing over the porch, and Jenny used to be so fond of it. John, dear, I hope you will have another cottage soon, which Jenny, as she grows up, will make so pretty for you."

"Jane! Jane! you will break my heart, as I am afraid I have already broken yours."

"Don't say that, John; I was never meant to make old bones; and perhaps I should have died just as soon in the country. But I am not afraid to die. If I could only go out of the world feeling that things would change for the better with you, I could go away in peace."

She raised herself a little; and then, in an earnest whisper, asked him, "Shall it be so, John? It will be very hard for you to break free from the evil habit which has taken such strong hold upon you for the last two or three years; but you used to believe in Jesus, and in His power to make people victorious over themselves and their sins. Shall it be so, John?" There was no answer.

"Think of what Jenny will be by herself, John, in this sinful city."

Blind Maggie rose from her kneeling posture, gently groped her way to the head of the bed, and bringing her colourless face close to that of the dying woman, said with a trembling voice, "Jenny shall never be left alone, dear woman."

"Twas all the blind woman had to offer; no more, perhaps, than the two mites, all she had; but the offering brought a marvellous comfort to the dying mother's heart."

"Oh, thank you, Maggie, thank you a thousand times," she said, kissing her hand. "John, dear," she went on, "you don't speak to me; perhaps it is better so; but you will think of my question, and answer it when I am gone?"

"Yes! oh, yes!" cried her husband.

She kissed him, and gently asked to lie down, for she felt as if she could sleep a little. It was the sleep that in this world knows no waking. Challenor's Court was resounding with shouts and screams, but she took no notice of them, absorbed, perhaps, by a vision of the King in His beauty, and of the land which is very far off. She slept on through the close summer night, her husband still supporting her head, and Jenny watching every breath. Just after the turn of midnight she awoke, and there seemed a supernatural stillness in the room.

Fixing her large bright eyes on her husband, she said, in a voice stronger than usual, "Shall it be so, John?"

Jenny bent down and kissed her many, many times.

A smile of heavenly sweetness flashed over the features of the dying woman as she said, "Father is going to be so good, dear—so good," and then she died.

Jenny's mother had been dead about twelve months at the time when the reader is introduced to Challenor's Court, where the geranium is in full bloom.

(To be continued.)

Books.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO., London, will shortly issue the first number of a magazine, the *Beacon*, which will give information about all social and industrial subjects relating to friendly societies, trades unions, and co-operative societies. A leading feature will be "Voices from the Ranks," a series of autobiographies of working men and women, who will give a faithful and realistic picture of the daily life and needs of the working classes.

One of the curiosities of modern literature is the Braille type magazine for the blind. It is the outcome of the private endeavours of four accomplished young ladies at Richmond, the daughters of the well-known antiquary Mr. John Eliot Hodgkin, F.S.A. At first it was issued privately and gratis, at odd times, under the suggestive title of *Four-in-Hand*. About two years ago the editors changed its name to that of *Santa Lucia*, and it is now published and sold monthly.

The *Athenaeum* says that Mr. Compton Ricketts is the author of the "rather remarkable" story of the second coming of our Lord, published anonymously, under the title of *The Christ that is to Be*.

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The Australian Record.

SYDNEY, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

CADBURY'S COCOA—ABSOLUTELY PURE—CADBURY'S COCOA

The Week.

Is Football Dangerous?

This has been the subject of correspondence in one of the daily papers and was brought into notice by an injury inflicted during the progress of the game. There can be no doubt that football as at present played is a rough and tumble affair, and as shown lately has been injurious not only to the players, but to the onlookers. At a match lately in one of the suburbs, in the excitement those actively engaged rushed among the spectators (who, perhaps, had come in too near), and an elderly gentleman was knocked down and had his leg broken. In view of all the surroundings of the game, we are of opinion that it is a dangerous one.

The Constabulary.

Police-Constable Michael Thomas de Courcy O'Brien, who lately lost his life through the effects of injuries received while endeavouring to stop a run-away horse, was held in high estimation by his superior officers, and is referred to as a man of the highest character for good conduct, gentlemanly behaviour, and attention to duty. His life was sacrificed in the execution of his duty, and by his death the service has lost a valuable officer and the public a faithful and efficient servant. Every respect was paid to the memory of this brave man by officers and comrades at the funeral, which took place on Thursday last, the Inspector-General, among others, attending. The courageous action of the deceased is another instance of heroism in humble life.

The "Altar" Controversy.

The Rev. A. A. MacLaren recently preached in a North Shore Church, and during the course of the sermon is stated to have said "When I see your 'Altar,' I beg your pardon, Table I mean." This turning into ridicule the recent controversy on "We have no Altar," should lead to a distinct understanding being given by Mr. MacLaren that he will not inculcate the doctrine of its "Sacrifice of the Altar." Call the article of furniture what he may, it is the doctrine that lies behind that causes alarm to faithful Churchmen.

Useful Work in Progress.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has within the last month been forming several branches in the colony. A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children also exists in our midst, and recently many friends were invited to view the Home in Macquarie-street South, where children from one to five years of age are received. The Animals Protection Society has also published its record during the month of May, showing what need there exists of Inspector Webber's services. It is a pleasure to note from time to time the progress of these valuable agencies for good.

More Economy.

Queensland having essayed to borrow on the English money market, has met with a painful experience and one more pronounced than that suffered by Victoria. Whilst the rapid development of Australia needs capital, reckless expenditure alarms lenders. The present monetary difficulties should lead to greater economy—not only on the part of Australian governments generally, but by the people individually.

Fact and Fiction.

A great actress has set the Australian world in raptures, and there is no accounting for the lengths of admiration Sarah Bernhardt will receive. This lady does but render fiction realistic, and gathers thousands of pounds yet the tragedies that happen so frequently in our midst excite but little feeling or commiseration. A remark was recently made by a lady who tried hard to enlist the sympathies of an Australian girl in helping cases of suffering or distress, that she must give up her endeavours for the too frequent excuse was that the last ball dress had to be paid for.

Church Society.

A very useful motion was carried at the last meeting of the committee of the Church Society. Hitherto it has been possible that a grant may be obtained on written statements, which in some cases to say the least, are more imaginative than real, and the vote of money once given could not be recalled. This has now been rectified.

Leprosy.

The fact that leprosy is in our midst comes as an unwelcome surprise upon the community. The germs have evidently been derived from sources within the colony, and it would be desirable to discover how they

may have been communicated to the sufferers. It is quite possible that the licentiousness of Chinese camps may in many cases have been the source of contagion. Cannot stricter supervision be carried out over these very undesirable communities.

Persecution of Jews in Russia.

Evidence is accumulating that the persecution of the Jews in Russia has a strong religious animus to foster it. We read that the Jews are to be compelled to work on their sabbath, and that Jewish army doctors are to join the Greek Church or be dismissed. The next wholesale expulsion is to take place from Warsaw, where the Jews have hitherto congregated. If Russia really wanted to be rid of her Jewish subjects she could easily facilitate their journeying to the frontier, but like Egypt of old, she apparently will not let them go. Mr. Gladstone's suggestion that practical help was better than denunciation, may pave the way for a spontaneous outburst of Christian philanthropy to assist the suffering and much harassed people. The threatened arrival of 60,000 destitute Jews in London cannot but accelerate some such action.

Birthday Honours.

The Queen's Birthday honours have this year unexpectedly fallen upon the legal profession in this colony, and doubtless many expectant politicians will have to wait their turn. Both Sir William Windyer and Sir Julian Solomon have distinguished records of service, and the honours conferred upon them will be accepted by the public as well deserved.

An Exposure.

Gross neglect has been detected in connection with the contractors for certain forts, and the late Colonial Architect has received official censure. A fort in ruins before it has been completed is a novel experience, but better far than the misdoings of its builders exposed than that a catastrophe occur in time of war. The pity is that adequate punishment is seldom meted out to contractors who do wrong.

Moral Politics.

A new feature promises to enter into Australian politics, known as "Moral Politics," comprising Local Option, Sunday Closing, the Totalisator, the Cuy Day holiday, and the Law of Divorce. In South Australia public opinion has brought this important factor into being, through the Churches having demanded legislative action to deal with such important social questions. However much professional politicians may dislike religious people having strong opinions in the minimising of social evils, they will probably have to count upon an ever rising tide of public feeling on these and kindred questions. Unity of action on the part of the Churches in such matters may do much to purify political life.

Parliament.

The unexpected may be said to always happen. The deadlock in Parliament having precipitated an appeal to the country, the great Federation question offers a splendid issue for candidates. The mass of the electors will probably record their votes on behalf of the Government, and however well organised the Labor party may be, it is extremely improbable that they will gain any marked advantage outside the main centres of population. The advent of social agitation can only be regarded as an unmitigated calamity.

Brief Notes.

THE Most Rev. the Primate is engaged visiting the Southern parts of the Diocese. Last Sunday his Lordship preached at Milton.

Services in connection with the seventeenth anniversary of St. Thomas, Balmain were continued last Sunday. The Rev. J. Vaughan preached in the morning and the Rev. W. Martin B.A., in the evening.

The usual monthly meeting of the Church Society was held in the Chapter House on Monday the 1st inst.

The Council of the Evangelical Alliance met at the Y.M.C.A. rooms on the 1st inst. for the transaction of business.

A Council of 12 in connection with the Women's College at the Sydney University was elected by ballot on Saturday last. It included five ladies.

It is reported that the Archbishop of Canterbury is suffering from an attack of influenza.

Three thousand Jews have been ordered to quit Warsaw the capital of Poland.

The Women's Christian Temperance Convention during its sittings at Melbourne decided to urge upon the various trades unions to refuse to recognise the liquor industry.

The London missionary societies barque, John Williams arrived at Apia, Samoa, on the 1st inst., with twelve teachers from the Hervey Group and Nine Island for mission work in New Guinea.

The annual meeting of the Kaiser Wilhelm Spende (German Charity Society) was held lately at their rooms Elizabeth-street.

The Brisbane Synod commenced its sittings on Tuesday last.

The Rev. Dr. Steel, who has for the past 25 years been the agent in Sydney for the New Hebrides Mission, and who is retiring from the office, has received by the Lusitania a handsome copy of the Scriptures, presented by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In connection with the Technical Education Branch of Public Instruction ladies classes have been established at Burwood, Hunter's Hill, and the Sydney School of Arts, to give lessons concerning sick nursing in the home.

The fourth of a series of organ recitals was given in St. Matthias' Church Paddington on Monday night.

The Rev. F. W. Clarke, incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Carcoar, has been appointed by the Bishop of Bathurst, Rural Dean for the parishes of Cowra, Guyong, Carcoar, and Blayney.

The Bishop of Riverina preached at the Church, Wilcannia, on Sunday last.

The annual meeting of the Young Women's Prayer Union was held on Thursday last at the Stanmore Wesleyan Schoolroom.

The All Saints' Petersham Branch of the C.E.T.S. held its usual monthly meeting on the 1st inst.

The Bishop of Bathurst held three services in the Church at Coonabarabran on Sunday last.

It is the intention of the Surry Hills branch of the Young Women's Christian Association to hold evangelistic services for women and girls during the winter.

Coming Events.

We shall be glad to publish in this column notices of coming services or meetings if the Clergy will kindly forward us particulars.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

Sunday, June 7.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and Mid-Day. Preachers—11 a.m., Rev. A. B. Sleicher, B.A.; 3.15 p.m., Canon Kemmis; 7 p.m., the Dean.

Wed., June 10.—7.30 p.m., the Precentor.

ANTHEMS.

Morning—"O. Come Let us Worship."—Mendelssohn. Afternoon—"Awake, Awake."—Slainer.

DIOCESAN.

Monday, June 8.—Moore College Committee, Chapter House, 4 p.m.

Thurs., 11.—"Parents' Union," public meeting in St. James' Hall, Phillip-street, 7.45. Chairman, the Primate. Speakers—Rev. Dr. Corlett, J. Fordyce, M.A., H. L. Jackson, M.A., J. W. Debenham, M.A., C. J. Prescott, B.A., W. Mathison, B.A.; Professor Anderson Stuart, M.D., and A. B. Weigall, Esq., M.A.

The Primate's engagements in the Southern part of the Diocese are as follows:—

Sat., June 6.—Jamberoo.
Sun. " 7.—Kiama.
Tues. " 9.—Campbelltown.
Wed. " 10.—Cobbitty.
Thurs. " 11.—Liverpool (Confirmation).
" 11.—Parents' Union Meeting, St. James' Hall 7.45 p.m.
Sat. " 13.—Lay Memorial Stone of new Parsonage, Seven Hills, 3 p.m. Tea and Public Meeting immediately afterwards.
Sat. " 13.—Penrith.
Sun. " 14.—Penrith.
Mon. to Fri., June 15-19.—Rural Deanery, Penrith.

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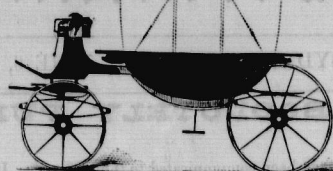
Melbourne Age, September 26, says:—"A good idea of the artistic beauty of the Sydney collection can be obtained by an inspection of Mr. J. H. Newman's exhibits. On one of the screens are three autotype enlargements of the Right Rev. Dr. Barry, Archbishop Vaughan, and Bishop Kenyon (of Adelaide). It is not too much to say of the last-named that, as an example of indirect photographic work, it is the finest in the Exhibition. The clearness and sharpness of outline, the shading tones and half tones, the method of bringing into relief by means of high lights every line in the face and every feature, indicate the work not only of a photographer, but of an artist who has a painter's appreciation of the subject. Some of the Newman cabinets have such fine peculiarities to no other exhibitor."

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Poetry.

Two or Three.

There was only two or three of us
 Who came to the place of prayer,
 Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
 But for that we did not care.
 Since after our hymns and praise have risen,
 And our earnest prayers were said,
 The master Himself was present there
 And gave us the living bread.

We know His look in our leader's face,
 So rapt, and glad, and free;
 We felt His touch when our heads were bowed,
 We heard His "Come to Me"
 Nobody saw Him lift the latch,
 And none unbarred the door;
 But "Peace" was His token to every heart,
 And how could we ask for more?

Each of us felt the load of sin
 From the weary shoulders fall;
 Each of us dropped the load of care,
 And the grief that was like a pall;
 And over our spirits a blessed calm
 Swept in from the Jasper sea,
 And strength was ours for toil and strife
 In the days that were thence to be.

It was only a handful gathered in
 To the little place of prayer,
 Outside were struggle, and pain, and sin,
 But the Lord himself was there;
 He came to redeem the pledge He gave—
 Wherever His loved ones be,
 To stand Himself in the midst of them,
 Though they count but two or three.

And forth we faced in the bitter rain,
 And our hearts had grown so warm,
 It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
 And not the crash of a storm.
 'Twas a time of the dearest privilege
 Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
 As we thought how Jesus Himself had come
 To feed us with living bread.

Jottings from the Bush.

"All in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

I hope that we shall soon hear that the £900 guarantee, which the Primate has asked for to enable Moore College to be opened, has been supplied, so that the work there may at once be begun. I have never been of the number of those who advocated the removal of the College to Sydney (although I believe that the terms of Mr. Moore's will demanded that the church should open a school at Liverpool), but now that the removal has been made it behooves us to make it a success. The decision of the Primate to make the matriculation examination the ordinary preliminary to entrance at the College will have, I think, the general approbation of members of our Church, as a happy mean between the impracticable demand that every clergyman should possess a University degree, and the unsatisfactory plans of either having no entrance examination or one whose difficulty depends on the Principal. May I be allowed to suggest that a conference between the governing bodies of our two theological Colleges would be a useful preliminary before any important decisions are made as to the relation of the two to each other.

From the perusal of a copy of the *Church of England Chronicle* of about 35 years ago—a paper which bore the same motto ("speaking the truth in love") as the *Australian Record* bears now—I learn that Moore College is a contemporary of St. Aidan's, from which our Primate so lately came. In the leader which comments on the opening of the College at Liverpool, N.S.W., the journal records the speeches made at the recent opening of the College near Liverpool, England, a report of which had been received two days after the opening here.

I have not seen any comments on that part of the Bishop of Bathurst's charge which referred to the appointment of Primate. He favours the idea that the senior Bishop should be Primate as a matter of course. But surely to do that would be to degrade the office of Primate. To an office of real importance we never appoint by mere seniority; we should never choose our Premier by appointing the senior member of Parliament; we should not choose our Chief Justice by appointing the senior Judge. The Bishop's plan would be all very well if all that were required were a chairman for the General Synod; but, if he is to be real ruler and leader of the Church, let us have him chosen because of his intellectual and spiritual qualities, not for his longevity. As it is, it is a misfortune for the Church in England that too many a veteran "lugs superfluities" on the Bench; what it would come to if the senior Bishop were always appointed to Canterbury or York, it is impossible to say.

If it were the year 2000, I should be able to tell, by switching a telephone on to the Legislative Assembly whether a dissolution of Parliament has already taken

place at the hour at which I write; but I can hardly be wrong in supposing that by the time these lines appear in print, my readers will be considering what candidate they will support for their own electorate. I don't profess to be wiser than other people in such a matter, but my advice would be:—Don't pledge your votes; vote for good men—not for the man who is "a bit of a drinker, you know, but a very clever fellow." Vote independently of any organization, religious, social, temperance, or political, using one's own judgment, like a man, not looking at things through other people's spectacles. Ask God to guide in voting as in the other affairs of life, and then one can go to the polling booth feeling that in politics no less than in other matters one can do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.

COLIN CLOUT.

Religious Life and Work.

IT'S NO USE OUR TRYING TO BE CHRISTIANS.

Some months ago, at a mission service in a parish in the county of Kent, a capital story was told by the missionary, which is well worth substantially reproducing.

The missionary told his audience that he was very much interested in two sailors he had recently seen in a certain congregation, and that he asked a brother minister to go to them after the service and say: "The missionary wishes to speak with you." They remained, and he spoke very kindly to them about Christ and salvation, and the necessity of immediate decision. "But, said one of them, 'it's no use our trying to be Christians, we are sailors; if we got right to-night, we should be sure to go wrong to-morrow.'" The missionary endeavoured to convince them that Jesus could keep them right. "But," said the sailors, "it's no use for such fellows as us to try." The preacher then took out of his pocket a gold watch. "There," said he, turning it about, "that's a good watch, isn't it?" "Yes, it seems to be," said the sailor. He opened it and they looked at the works. "It seems to work well, doesn't it?" said he. "Yes, it seems to go well enough," was the answer. "Now, said the missionary, 'if I were to tell you that the man who made this watch couldn't wind it up, would you believe me?'" "Well, no; we could hardly believe that," was the answer. "Then," said he, God made you to love and serve him; and do you think he can't wind you up?" "Do you think he cannot keep you right after he has once got you right?" "We hadn't looked at it in that way, sir," said Jack Tar. "Well now, will you begin?" said the preacher. "Yes," said they, "we'll try, by the help of God;" and they gave God their hearts, and got put right.

They attended some of the services during the next week, and, of course, there friend was glad to see them; and when he was able to speak to them, he said: "Well, how are you getting on?" "Oh," said they, "God has wound us up every day." They had to leave home the next week for a distant clime, and having told the missionary, they asked him to pray for them, which, of course, he did most readily. Six months after, the same minister was conducting a mission, and saw these sailors among the congregation. After the service he asked them how they had been getting on. "Thank God," said they, "He has kept winding us up; and we have got several of our mates to give their hearts to Him, and he has wound them up to; and we are all happy together."

This story may be helpful to some readers who desire to be genuine Christians, but who hesitate to embrace Christ by faith, because they fear that they shall be sure to go wrong again, bring dishonour upon Him and His Church, and their last state be worse than the first.

This is one of the many "wiles" of the devil, by which he deceives the unwary, and cheats them of pardon and peace. If you yield to this temptation, you will be certain to think it very hazardous to believe for salvation. But your keeping right does not depend on your strength, but on the strength of your omnipotent Saviour, who is just as willing to keep you as He is to save you. If your keeping right depended upon your will, the strength of your resolutions, or any probability that you could of yourself continue to walk in the path of life, you might well fear; but since you are "kept by the power of God through faith," you may go on your way rejoicing in His keeping power. "He is able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

It is quite right to be tremblingly alive to your dangers; but it is quite wrong if you do not trustfully remember his keeping power. "Let me not forget," said an aged Christian, "either my continual liability to fall if left by myself, or the faithful engagements of my God to keep me from falling. While I stand by faith, still the exhortation is most needful: 'Be not high-minded, but fear.'" One of the old Puritans, to remind him of his dependence upon God, used to keep on his table a wine-glass with the foot broken off, bearing this inscription: "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." We are such babes that we cannot stand alone, but when the lord's right hand upholds us, we are like brazen pillars which cannot be moved.

Myself I cannot save,
 Myself I cannot keep,
 But strength in Thee I surely have
 Whose aid I never sleep;
 My soul to Thee alone,
 Now therefore I commend;
 Thou, Jesus, love me as Thine own,
 And love me to the end.

GO AND DO IT.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly. Then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the drowsers lost.

And if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers. A man was once asked how he "accomplished so much in his life."

"My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret.

LOSING BOTH WORLDS.

It is not worth while being religious unless you are altogether religious. It won't do to be merely playing with religion, or having religion on us as a bit of veneer. It must saturate us. Some seek first the kingdom of God. Others put it in a second place. Then prayer-meetings are dull, and fellowship gatherings are uninteresting. But the moment a man begins to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all things are right. Any man who has not heartily thrown himself into the kingdom of God, but who is seeking secondly the kingdom of God, may be religious; but there is something he loves more, and both worlds are spoiled to him. He has neither the cream of the one nor of the other. The great desideratum of the present day is not more Christians, but a better band of them.

A LORD MAYOR WHO REMEMBERED.

A pleasing story is told of Sir William Staines, who was Chief Magistrate of the city of London when the present century came in. He had risen to his high position from the low estate of a common bricklayer's labourer. It is related that his fellow aldermen had occasion to smile sometimes at his homely words and ways; but a good memory for old kindnesses was a fine trait in his character. There had been a dark day in the Lord Mayor's early life, when he was a lad tramping through Egham with only a few pence in his pocket. He had called at a little low-browed shop, kept by a poor woman, and spent his coppers on plain fare. So keen was his hunger that he thoughtlessly consumed more than his meagre means could pay for. He was only able to tender a shamefaced apology. His manner was, however, so marked by truth that his creditor forgave him the debt, and cheered him on his way. Prosperity came to William Staines, and he did not allow this generosity on the part of a humble shopkeeper, who herself knew the pinch of narrow circumstances, to remain unrequited. There are people who close the book of the past when its pages record struggle, privation, and dependence on others. It was not so with William Staines. He sought out his benefactor, and returned the good deed with the gift of a sufficient annuity. It is a true title to honor to recall old benefactors and repay them in kind when opportunity offers. Any man's life-story blossoms into beauty when the proofs are there that he knew the meaning and recognised the duty of loyal gratitude.

We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy. And the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbol:

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains;
 Thy judgments are a great deep."

—John Ruskin.

It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go patiently down to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tenderer foliage, and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop before a new and divine bloom visits the soul.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Bestow thy youth so thou mayst have comfort to remember it, when it has forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young, thou wilt think it will never have an end; but, behold, the longest day hath its evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once that it never turns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

New Publication.—"Australian Young Folks' Illustrated Magazine" will be issued on July 1st next. Splendid reading for the young. No Home will be complete without it. Prices: Sixpence for Boys and Girls. Everybody look out for it. Send for Free. Subscription—Three Shillings per annum in advance.

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Correspondence.

NOTICE.—Letters to the Editor must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondence in which this rule is not observed cannot be inserted.

The Editor is not necessarily responsible for the opinions expressed in signed Articles or in Articles marked "Communicated" or "From a Correspondent."

Correspondence must be Brief.

REV. T. B. TRESS AND THE AUSTRALIAN GUARDIAN.

To the Editor of the Australian Record.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a paragraph contained in Mr. Tress's letter, (which appeared in your columns on the 16th instant), charging the Guardian with unfairness in not inserting matter which he sent us. The fact is at the time Mr. Tress sent his letter a very large proportion of our space was taken up by the address of the Bishop of Bathurst, which was actually then in type. Had the letter been a short one we could not possibly have inserted it that week, but as it was of undue length and calculated to occupy nearly four columns, I returned it myself to Mr. Tress stating the above-mentioned reasons for its omission, and asking him to kindly condense and return it for insertion in the next issue. From that day to this we have received no reply, the first intimation of his grievance coming through your columns.

In our fairness to Mr. Tress we have omitted publishing several letters sent to us, taking the opposite side to him, because Mr. Tress had not exercised his right of reply. Let your readers judge between us.—I am, etc.

E. PARKER.

May 27, 1891.

MISSION TO THE ABORIGINES.

(To the Editor of the Australian Record.)

SIR,—As I have learned on reliable authority that it is the intention of the Aborigines Protection Association to hand over the Mission Stations, viz. Warangesda, Cumoorongunga and Brewarrina, to the control of the Government Board, I should like to know, with many other friends of those institutions, what will become of the real missionary element if such a step is taken? Judging from the state of things obtaining at the Brungle Government Camp not far from here, the stations above-named would, in such a case, become simple depôts for the aboriginal waifs and strays; and the good work done by Mr. Daniel Matthews and his devoted wife, Mrs. Gribble and myself with others "who are not," but whose names are in the Book of Life, on purely Christian lines, would be cast aside. And we should once more be confronted with the sad spectacle of the aborigines of this colony left to their own devices, so far, at any rate, as their souls are concerned.

If the rumour is unfounded, then I would thank the General Secretary of the A.P.A. to correct the false impression. But if it should be correct and such a course is adopted, then as a friend of the blackfellow, in a Gospel sense, I shall be prepared once more to engage in the great and necessary work of his salvation.

Thanking you in anticipation.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN B. GRIBBLE, F.R.G.S.,

Incumbent of Adelong.

June 2nd.

To the Editor of the Australian Record.

SIR,—Will you kindly give insertion to the enclosed appeal. The case is an urgent one, and help from your readers will be thankfully acknowledged.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN DIXON.

St. Thomas', Balmain,
June 2, 1891.

A lady, who has become responsible for a loan to the Mission Hall, Ultimo, has been called upon to pay the sum of £60. It is felt she should not suffer this loss. The district is a very poor one, and we solicit your help to enable us to repay the amount. Cheques may be crossed "Commercial Bank," and forwarded to the undersigned.

Rev. J. D. LANGLEY, St. Philip's Parsonage, York-street, City.

Rev. J. DIXON, St. Thomas', Balmain.

Mr. J. KING, Point-street, Pyrmont.

Subscriptions already received: Mr. T. A. Dibbs, £22s.

Notices to Correspondents.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager, AUSTRALIAN RECORD, 176 Pitt-street. All other to be addressed to the Editor AUSTRALIAN RECORD, 176 Pitt-street.

LABOR.—Crowded Out.

We are pleased to notice that our old friend, Mr. A. A. BARTT, has commenced business at "The Café Australia," 112 King Street. Mr. Bartt is well known in connection with the cuisine department of the Esplanade Hotel, St. Kilda, the South Australian Club, and lately with Gunder's Café, in this city. The "Café Australia" has been elaborately fitted up, and the very best attention is paid to diners by a competent staff of waiters—the whole being under the immediate supervision of Mr. Bartt himself.

A Visit to the Chinese Mission.

(BY OUR REPORTER.)

In the month of July, 1879, there was commenced by one man, a work which, during the twelve years which have almost elapsed, has increased in a remarkable manner, viz.: the Chinese Mission. At that time there was (with the exception of Mr. George Soo Hoo Ten), not a single Chinaman in Sydney who had embraced the Christian faith. Mr. Soo Hoo Ten was born in Canton, and as he expresses it, was a heathen during the earlier part of his life. At the age of seventeen he was induced to go to San Francisco, where he entered a mercantile house. He remained for four years, and towards the end of his stay in the great western city of America was, under the mercy of God and the ministrations of a Christian minister, induced to abandon his early teaching and embrace the religion of Jesus Christ. At the end of the four years he left San Francisco for Sydney, and on his arrival commenced business in Pitt-street. At this time the Reverend Canon Moreton became interested in him, and together with other clergymen, who felt that something should be done for the Chinese in Sydney, carefully instructed him in Christian truth, and at last introduced him to the late Reverend Bishop Barker, by whom he was appointed catechist to his fellow countrymen in Sydney. The first service was held in St. Andrew's schoolroom (which had been kindly lent by the Very Reverend the Dean), on a Sunday evening in July, 1879, and from that time services have been conducted on each Sunday and Wednesday night. From the commencement of this invaluable Mission, week night classes for Religious instruction and English been held, at first under the management of a paid teacher and subsequently under the direction of Mr. George Soo Hoo Ten.

The Mission which at first confined its efforts to the city, found it necessary to extend its work, and services were commenced in St. Silas' schoolroom, Waterloo, at which the Reverend J. N. Manning, with some of his congregation gave valuable aid. In 1883, services among the Chinese of lower George-street were commenced, and have since been continued by the kindness of the Rev. J. D. Langley, in St. Philip's schoolroom. In 1885, a church built specially for the Chinese was opened by the late Primate at Botany, Mr. Soo Hoo Ten having been previously ordained to the Diaconate. The work had grown so that it became necessary for the appointment of an assistant. The choice fell upon Mr. John Yung Tchou, one of the converts by the instrumentality of the Rev. Soo Hoo Ten, and from that time he has been in charge of the Mission in lower George-street, which holds its services and classes in St. Philip's school.

Divine service is held every Sunday afternoon at the Botany Church, and Holy Communion is administered once every three months. There are from 15 to 20 communicants. During the winter months, week night services are held, which are well attended. The services at St. Andrew's school on Sunday nights, are attended by over a hundred Chinese, in fact as many as one hundred and fifty have assembled, a considerable number of these being Christians.

The mission work was considered so satisfactory that in 1888 the Rev. George Soo Hoo Ten was, at the request of the Bishop of Brisbane, sent to the capital of Queensland to organise mission work among the Chinese in that city. At the same time Mr. Paul King Tem, another convert of Mr. Soo Hoo Ten's, was sent to Brisbane to take charge of the new mission. His ministrations from the time of his appointment until the present have been most successful. For a considerable time prior to his appointment he had been carefully trained by the Rev. George Soo Hoo Ten. Last year the Bishop of Riverina applied to the Australian Board of Missions for a Chinese Catechist to be sent into his diocese. A very intelligent young convert is under training for the important work, and will be shortly sent to the Diocese of Riverina.

Eight years ago a convert from the Sydney Mission went back to China, and his earnestness and piety awakened the attention of the clergy of different denominations, from one of which the Venerable Archdeacon King, who takes a very deep interest in the work of this mission, received a letter which spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Ching Koo. He has been terribly persecuted since his return to his native land, but in a recent communication states his joy in announcing that, by God's grace, he had been instrumental in bringing the whole of his family, with the exception of his mother, to a knowledge of Christ's religion.

On Sunday evening last at St. Andrew's schoolroom, the service was attended by between eighty and ninety Chinese, and I am compelled to state that the quiet and orderly demeanour of these men, some of them still in the darkness of heathenism, would shame many of our congregations consisting for the most part of professing Christians. The service was commenced by singing the beautiful hymn "Abide with Me." The singing was reverent and hearty, and as one who has at times been unlucky enough to have been compelled to listen to Chinese songs sung to Chinese tunes, the writer must say that the musical part of the service of Sunday evening, reflects great credit upon Mr. Soo Hoo Ten, who presides at the organ and instructs the choir in music. Prayers were read by the Rev. George Soo Hoo Ten, and the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," was then sung. The minister, as is his custom,

selected a portion of the New Testament Scriptures for exposition. The text on this occasion was Ephesians iv. 14-16 verses, and the preacher carefully explained what the Apostle St. Paul intended in addressing such words to the Church at Ephesus. The congregation listened most attentively, and although the address lasted three-quarters of an hour, manifested no signs of weariness. The service closed by singing the hymn "All people that on earth do dwell."

After divine service the Christian members of the congregation remained to practice the hymns for the next Sunday. Choir practice is also held on Friday evenings in Mr. Soo Hoo Ten's house. The Mission is well supplied with books for use at divine service, a large number having been sent specially for the Chinese by the Bishop of Hong Kong.

House to house visitation is carried on by Mr. Soo Hoo Ten and his assistants, while Mrs. Soo Hoo Ten visits the Chinese ladies of Sydney. Her visits are to them most welcome, seeing, as it is said, "they are kept like birds in a cage," and a hope is expressed that some permanent good will be done in this way.

Much more could be written concerning the valuable work which is being done by the Rev. George Soo Hoo Ten and his colleagues, but our space forbids, but this we must say, that it is wide and far-reaching, and its value would be increased if funds were available. Our Chinese clergyman requires more assistance in the arduous undertaking of preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God to the heathen in our midst. This of course cannot be done with the present scanty income. We feel assured that hundreds of Churchmen are not aware of the great good which this mission is accomplishing, and we hope that the few facts now published—and which could be multiplied ten fold—will awaken a keen interest in its welfare on the part of the members of our Church. Great enthusiasm has been kindled on behalf of the Chinese Inland Mission, and we would not say one word to check it, but ought there not to be a holy enthusiasm for these sons of China whom God's providence has placed in our midst, and who appeal to us for help. They cannot have been sent to Sydney simply to grow vegetables for our consumption, and smoke opium which we sell them. God had a higher purpose in directing their steps to this land of ours, and Christians must recognise it in giving them the bread which satisfieth, and the water which shall spring up in them to everlasting life.

Missions.

The Press and Foreign Missions.

Few things are more remarkable than the recent advance of foreign missions in public interest. Once upon a time it was not always easy to get even a hearing for the cause. Now the doings of our missionaries are recognised topics of public concern. The morning papers report the home meetings, the more important news from the field, and even projected reforms, or the suggestions of arm-chair critics as to the conduct of affairs abroad. We have seen the Times devote a full-dress leading article to a chapter of missionary history, and discuss the prospects of the Christian faith in Central Africa with as much zest as the prospects of the session. The other morning journals have been quite ready to follow suit, and the country subscribers to the larger societies often hear of new plans from their morning papers long before the official periodicals are out. Surely there is much to be thankful for here. The gradual breaking down of old prejudices must lead up to a more candid examination of the claims of foreign missions, and this to a much larger measure of systematic support. At present, however, the pecuniary support has not increased in the same ratio as public interest.

The London Missionary Society have handed over their work in Tahiti, which began ninety-six years ago, to the Paris Protestant Missionary Society. The Rev. E. V. Cooper, the last of the missionaries there, has sailed for England, and is expected about May 13th.

CHINA INLAND MISSION.—In a letter to the Chinese Recorder, dated 26th December, 1890, Mr. Hudson Taylor gave some very interesting figures relative to the China Inland Mission. He says that during the last twenty-six years, 539 persons have been connected with the mission. Of these, 373 became "full members." The remaining 166 are (or were) probationers, having been less than two years in China. Of the whole number, 43 have died; 17 in-validated home; 4 transferred to the home department; 25 resigned; 14 requested to withdraw; 27 left on account of marriage or family claims. Of these 130, 44 were probationers, and the remaining 86 averaged six years of service. Deducting the 130 and the 122 who are all probationers, having gone out during the last two years, there remain 287 present full members of the Mission. The average service of these is seven years, but this average is unduly lessened by the fact that so large a proportion are recent recruits. Taking the older members of the Mission, the first 50 have already completed an average of 17 years. Altogether these figures show a good record, both as regards bodily health and as regards perseverance in the work and fitness for it. The figures include wives and a large proportion of single women.—C. M. S. Intelligence.

Home Notes

The general income of the Church Missionary Society for the year ending, 31st March, 1891, exceeds that of the previous twelve months, by £15,000. This increase is regarded as most satisfactory.

The parish register of All Hallow's, London, dating back from the reign of Henry VI, has been found in an old chest. It is in good condition, and will throw much light on the relation of the City towards the ecclesiastical authorities.

Bishop Barry is now residing at the Cloisters, Windsor. He is still discharging some duties in the Diocese of Rochester.

The Palestine trouble occasioned by Bishop Blyth's antagonism to the work of the Church Missionary Society amongst Greek Christians, is to be referred to a court composed of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London, Winchester and Durham.

The Clergy Discipline (Immorality) Bill is in peril because a section of the English Clergy threaten undying hostility, the reason being that a Spiritual Court will not be recognised as the mouthpiece of justice in passing sentence on adulterers and forgers.

Strong complaint has been made of the inequitable distribution of the Irish Distress Fund. The Protestant clergy have been left out of all local committees, and the Protestant poor wholly passed over, whilst the Roman Catholics have, however, had all their wants abundantly supplied.

In view of a probably near general election to the British Parliament, the Protestant Alliance has prepared a list of questions for candidates to answer to, including no tampering with the Coronation Oath, no Diplomatic relations with the Vatican, support of Protestantism in the Church of England, Discontinuing giving preferment to Ritualists, etc.

In the Bell-Cox ritual case, some discussion has taken place with respect to the costs. Dr. Hakes, the promoter, having lost his appeal against the Rev. Bell-Cox has been taxed £875, but he claims that between 1885 and 1887, Mr. Bell-Cox has never paid his own five bills of cost.

A national subscription is to be made in Italy in order to record the gratitude of Italians to the English sailors who perished in endeavouring to save the emigrants on the Utopia. A bronze wreath is to be put on the tomb.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—There was a large attendance at the committee meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held at St. John College, when the Rev. T. J. Gaster moved that the annual grant of £300 towards the stipend of Bishop Blyth be withdrawn. After a very animated discussion, this was negatived, and amendment moved by Canon Hoare, was carried by a large majority. The Yorkshire Post says a rider which practically conveyed an invitation to Bishop Blyth to surrender the grant made to him received a good deal of support, but finally was negatived by more than two to one. The Times says, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Durham, and the Bishop of Winchester will be associated with the Archbishop of Canterbury in conducting the inquiry into the allegations made by Bishop Blyth against the Church Missionary Society. The Bishop is coming home to state his case in person, and the society will have the services of the Rev. E. R. Longley Hall, one of its Palestine missionaries.

A DANGER OF THE AGE.—A Kilburn Protestant, writes to the London Rock, that the Rev. Canon Money corroborates his statement, that there appeared a letter in the London Daily Telegraph of March 28th, in consequence of a leader in the same paper, praising the Romanists and boasting, so the letter did, that "the nightmare of the Reformation was passing away," and that "silently but surely the old religion of Great Britain is reconquering the land," and that, consequently, he wrote a letter to the Daily Telegraph challenging this grandiloquent braggadocio, but the editor would not insert his letter. This is but another instance to be added to the many which we could adduce, and to which we have frequently referred, which demonstrate the influence which Roman Catholic writers are exerting over the English Press at the present day. Their fluent and elastic pens are glib and ready for the secular press, and in numberless insensate ways are biasing it. It is one of the perils of the age against which we have to guard the young and the thoughtless. They must beware of the too common delusion, that a thing must be true because it is "in black and white."

No more machine is Nature,
Wound up and left to play;
No wind-harp swept at random
By airs that idly stray.
A spirit sweeps the music,
A hand is on the chords;
Oh, bow thy head and listen!
That hand—it is the Lord's.

—Mrs. Charles.

He who gives pleasure, meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship, and the book of love; he who sows not, reaps not.—Basil.

Hold fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbour—that is religion; that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are to come.—George MacDonald.

Most people would succeed in small things, if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

Diocese of Goulburn.

Adelong.—The anniversary of St. Paul's Sunday-school, was celebrated on Monday, 25th inst., by a picnic which was largely attended by both juveniles and adults. In the evening of the same day, a concert and exhibition of tableaux was held in aid of St. Paul's vicarage fund. The proceeds were over £18. At Adelong Crossing on Wednesday, May 27th, St. James' Sunday-school festival took place. A concert in the evening which was well attended, brought the pleasant proceedings to a close.

Diocese of Bathurst.

Kelso.—The annual meeting of the above society was recently held. There was a good attendance, the room being filled. The Ven. Archdeacon Campbell (the president of the society) presided. The secretary, (Mr. R. Smee) read the second annual report. The president, in moving the adoption of the report, said that it was gratifying to hear such a statement read. The Society was only two years old, but by the report, it would be seen that the institution was increasing in vigour as it increased in years. He was pleased to see so many visitors, and while they were glad of the support of friends from other districts, still the society belonged to Kelso. He expressed a wish that more would come forward and give a helping hand in the cause of temperance, and thereby make the society more prosperous. The treasurer's statement showed a balance in credit. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and the meeting closed.

Carcoar.—The Rev. T. N. Clarke, incumbent of St. Paul's, has been appointed by the Bishop one of his Rural Deans. The deanery comprises the parishes of Coonra, Guyong, Carcoar and Blayney.

Coonanbarabran.—The Bishop of Bathurst, held three services on Sunday last, and confirmed 15 females and eight males. The Bishop delivered an address at a public meeting on Monday night. The Bishop leaves for Coonamble on Thursday, unless prevented by the state of the roads.

Diocese of Riverina.

Wilcannia.—A conversazione was held on Tuesday to receive the Bishop of Riverina. The attendance was very numerous, all denominations being represented. The Police Magistrate presided. An enjoyable evening was spent. The Bishop thanked the people for their compliance, and made a brief reference to the affairs of the Church and the appointment of the Rev. H. Bradshaw to the incumbency of Wilcannia, closing a pleasing address with words of encouragement and advice of special reference to the rising generation. The Bishop left on Wednesday morning, per steamer Decoy for Menindie. A number of leading residents assembled at the Wharf to wish him farewell.

Diocese of Ballarat.

Ordination.—On Trinity Sunday, the Rev. A. T. D'Arcy Irvine was admitted to the priesthood, and Messrs. T. Stamp, B.A., R. Medley, Fulford and H. W. Curtis were ordained deacons.

Christ Church, Ballarat.—The first meeting of the Children's Union was held on Friday, the 22nd ult., and was a grand success.

Christ Church.—Archdeacon Green delivered a lecture on "My Fortnight around Naples."

Golden Hill.—A concert has been held in aid of the organ fund.

St. Paul's.—Canon Flowers delivered last week a lecture on "The Land of the Pharaohs."

St. Peter's.—Archdeacon Green lectured last week to a large audience on "My Visit to Norway."

Beaufort.—An interesting lecture was delivered last week by the Rev. Canon Flower on "Suggestions in Stone, or Subterranean sketches seventeen centuries ago."

Buninyong.—The rite of confirmation was administered on Thursday, the 21st ult. There were 16 candidates. The Rev. J. A. Burns delivered a lecture on "The Life of Wellington."

Practical Papers.

Grumbling.

THERE are three cases in which grumbling is futile, and therefore unjustifiable.

It is wrong to grumble at the inevitable, at the irredeemable, or at the impossible. The most common form of grumbling at the inevitable is finding fault with the weather. Nothing can be more futile, for no amount of railing can affect in the slightest degree the weather-cock or the barometer; yet most of us indulge in it at times, and some people are never satisfied. If you remark that it is a fine day, they discover that the wind is in the east. If you say how mild it is for the time of the year, they reply that it is very unreasonable. If by any chance they cannot find fault they say "It can't last." Like the old woman, who, when congratulated on her being well enough to come to a parish tea, fearful of her losing her character as a chronic invalid, replied, "Yes, I be better; but it soon'll continue!"—they won't be done out of their grumble.

If the energy thus wasted were directed to regulating their fires and their clothing by the thermometer, instead of by the almanac, it would be a relief to themselves and their neighbours.

To grumble at the irremediable, in popular parlance, to "cry over spilt milk," is also futile, and therefore wrong. You have lost a fortune, a position, or perhaps it is only a train. No amount of grumbling will bring them back. If you indulge in it, it will only enervate you, and consume energy that might be used in retrieving your loss. The commonest forms of this kind of grumbling are the querulous complaints of a chronic invalid. It may seem cruel for one who is blessed with good health to grudge to a sufferer the luxury of grumbling; but the amount of suffering cannot be gauged by the loudness of the complaints. There are sufferers whose resignation amounts to cheerfulness, and who teach a lesson of faith and patience to all who have the privilege of coming near them. But there are people who literally enjoy bad health, who would be quite sorry to be deprived of this reason for grumbling, who think their ailments the most interesting topic with which to entertain their visitors, and are mortally offended if you tell them they are looking better.

Grumbling at the impossible, or "crying for the moon," is far more common than might at first be supposed. Its most common manifestation is the fashionable complaint against servants. It is sad to hear how some people speak of servants as a class! And yet these grumblers are far too helpless to do without them! They expect perfection when they are far from perfect themselves. They expect the work to be done without any relaxation, variety, encouragement, or human sympathy, which is about as reasonable as expecting a machine to work without oil.

Half the grumbling in the world is at imaginary grievance. The fact is, as a rule, great troubles are borne with fortitude; it is the small worries that, like the sting of gnats, gnaw people into grumbling. It is far easier to bear than to bear; the one is passive, but the other demands the exercise of self-restraint. This grumbling at trifles or imaginary grievances is not confined to any class of society, and it springs from the same source in all—an unoccupied mind. This does not imply that only idle people are grumblers. Busy people, especially when their work is mechanical, may be very empty-headed. The remedy for this species of grumbling is wider interests, something to draw the mind away from its own petty concerns, to enlarge the sphere of thought, if not of action.

Is it raining, little flower?—
Be glad of rain!
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The sky is very black, 'tis true!
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?—
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches; and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

—Selected.

What we seek, we shall find; what we flee from, flees from us.—Emerson.

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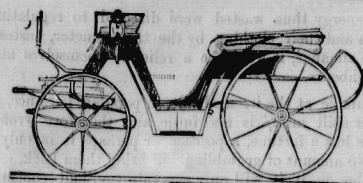
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Washstands and Sets, Toilet Tables and Glasses,
Carpets, Matting, Curtains, &c., &c.,
3000 Austrian and Wood-seat Chairs on the shortest notice.

We are prepared to Supply everything required for the various
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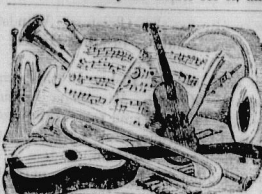
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Trams stop at the school entrance.
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A LECTURE on the above subject, by the Rev. Dr. HARRIS,
Headmaster of the King's School, has been published by the
Church of England Newspaper Company, and may be obtained at the
Church of England Book Depot, 176 PITT STREET, and from all
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COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF INCOME.

The Free Fund Receipts from January 1 to May 31 in five conse-
cutive years compare as follows: 1887, £1850 17s; 1888,
£1674 6s 1d; 1889, £1512 7s 9d; 1890, £358 9s 11d; 1891,
£1351 14s 4d.

Receipts for the Month ending 31st May, 1891.

DONATIONS.	Collection at Annual Meeting, 1890-1891.	Auxiliaries—1890.
Mr. J. M. Sandy, per Centennial Fund £10 0 0	Enfield 3 0 0	Piston 7 18 6
Mr. Sandy, per Centennial Fund .. 2 0 0	St. Philip's 4 15 6	St. Saviour's, Redfern 0 12 0
Rev. S. Hungerford .. 1 0 0	St. Saviour's, Redfern 0 12 0	St. Thomas', Balmain 5 0 0
Mr. A. A. P. Tighe .. 5 0 0	St. John's, Darlinghurst, per W. L. Docker .. 2 2 0	St. Stephen's, N. W. 2 3 9
St. Stephen's, N. W. 2 3 9	Trinity, 1891.	Berrima 13 3 3
Berrima 13 3 3	Mr. C. W. Darley .. 10 10 0	Bull 2 5 9
Bull 2 5 9	Mrs. George Lord .. 10 0 0	Coogee 12 12 2
Coogee 12 12 2	Miss A. G. Murray .. 1 0 0	Dapto 1 0 0
Dapto 1 0 0	1891—	Homebush .. 1 8 6
Homebush .. 1 8 6	Botany 1 0 0	Jamberoo .. 1 0 3
Jamberoo .. 1 0 3	Campbelltown .. 2 0 0	Kangaroo Valley .. 4 3 9
Kangaroo Valley .. 4 3 9	Dulwich Hill .. 0 12 0	Macdonaldtown .. 3 18 4
Macdonaldtown .. 3 18 4	Marrickville .. 7 8 2	Marrickville .. 7 8 2
Marrickville .. 7 8 2	Paddington .. 10 0 0	Manly 4 16 5
Manly 4 16 5	Pymont 0 15 0	Melgosa 3 0 0
Melgosa 3 0 0	St. Saviour's, Redfern 0 10 0	Piston 3 16 6
Piston 3 16 6	Woolloomooloo .. 8 3 0	Prospect 1 5 0
Prospect 1 5 0	St. John's, Darlinghurst, per W. L. Docker .. 2 0 0	Smithfield .. 2 0 0
Smithfield .. 2 0 0	Mrs. Scott (Lisgar) .. 3 0 0	St. Luke's, Burwood .. 10 8 8
St. Luke's, Burwood .. 10 8 8	donation 3 0 0	St. Mary's 2 8 2
St. Mary's 2 8 2	Mr. G. H. Hamersley .. 2 2 0	Rooty Hill 5 18 9
Rooty Hill 5 18 9	Mr. Edward Chisholm, .. 10 0 0	Woolahra 1 6 0
Woolahra 1 6 0	donation 10 0 0	Woolongong .. 6 7 2

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ALWAYS keep a small tin of ANKOR'S MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS
in the house for the children.—ADVT.

JUNE, XXX Days.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING LESSONS.			EVENING LESSONS.		
7.8.	Judges 4	John 17	Judges 5 or Judge 16 v 11	Hebrews 12	
8.9.	2 Chronicles 25	-18 to v 28	2 Chron. 30 & c 27	-13	
9.10.	28	-18 to 28	2 Kings 18 to v 9	-13	
10.11.	-29 to v 31	-19 to 25	2 Cron. 30 & c 31 v -2		
11.12.	2 Th. 33 to v 12	Acts 4 v 31	Nahum 1	Acts 14 v 8	
1.2.	2 Kings 18 v 13	John 19 v 25	2 Kings 19 to v 25	2 Kings 19	
2.3.	-19 v 20	-20 to v 19	-20	4	
3.4.					
4.5.	1 Sam. 2 to v 27	John 20 v 19	1 Sam. 3 or 1 Sam. 4 v 19	James 5	

Australians take great pride in their system of popular education. Practically it is recognised amongst us to be the duty of the State to provide for the secular education of the young, and our public schools have rendered an incalculable service in placing the ordinary advantages of education within the reach of multitudes who otherwise would have been without them. But two results have been produced which are equally harmful and deteriorating. They have largely lifted off the sense of parental responsibility of the training of the mind, and they have made the education of children in large masses a mechanical rather than a rational process. It is with the first of these evils that we would now deal. It will be admitted that one of the hardest things to do is to think. How many persons receive impressions and echo them, and mistake such a process for thinking. One of the most necessary things to develop the thinking power, is to kindle what Lord Bacon has described as "the enthusiasm of knowledge." How few parents seek to cultivate or develop this in their children. They give their children the education which the State enjoins shall be given, and their whole intercourse with those being under God they are the authors is a salutation at the breakfast or dinner table, or a hurried caress after business is done, and who never remember that a child may be stuffed with words like a parrot and all the while never have learned to use the mind which distinguishes it from the parrot as an immortal being. Education may be such as to train the legs and the hands and the tongue, and withal starve and stifle the reason. But there is something worse and deadlier even than this. Reason is God-like, but there is something diviner than reason. God has taught us by His Son's birth and childhood how sacred and holy all childhood should be. His infancy and boyhood has consecrated child-life. True it is that the civilisation of our time and when CHRIST was a child is widely different. But with the benefits of a high civilisation there comes its penalties, and amid these parents forget their duty. The innocence which should make child life attractive is not nurtured and encouraged. What is the world of to-day doing to guard and protect this highest life. As there was a murder of the "innocents," so there is a murder of innocence, and the latter is more sinful than the former. The late Mr. JOHN BRIGHT several years ago in addressing a company of teachers used these words: "Men and women hear sermons, and appeals, and addresses, and are too often astonishingly little affected by them; but the man or the woman whose office it is that of a teacher of children ministers to a congregation who, if his heart is in his work, will respond to his slightest touch." Children may be led—moulded as we will. And the appalling fact is that they are. The prayerless lives, the uncharitable speech, the unholy tempers of the household blight childhood's innocence and threaten society with peril. The carelessness, neglect, indifference and heartlessness of parents in the discharge of their parental duties is a prolific cause of much of the immorality and ungodliness which prevail. The son of a man very eminent in one of the learned professions in England, was once standing in the felon's dock awaiting sentence. Said the Judge, who knew his parentage and his history, "Do you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth, "whenever I entered his presence he said 'run away, my lad, and don't trouble me.'" The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his famous work on the law of trusts, and his son in due time furnished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged that most sacred of all trusts committed to him in the person of his own child. Alas! the agonies of the wretched parent's heart, in this world and in the next concerning whose children the record must be made, "he did evil all his life, he did evil because of his parents' neglect to teach him better." Hundreds of unhappy youths crowd our streets, destitute of religious principle and soul satisfaction. In scores of cases their condition is owing entirely to the want of early religious instruction and that careful unwearied judicious training which parents are expected to give. There are some parents who are easy, over-indulgent, and unfaithful. There are households which are ill-regulated, and where it is considered wrong to bias the minds of children in favour of any particular form of religion, and to allow them to grow up to become men and women and then choose for themselves. COLERIDGE illustrated the absurdity of this notion in a conversation with a friend who was taking the position just referred to. Pointing to a plot of ground covered with a rank overgrowth of weeds he said: "There is my botanical garden." "How so?" replied his friend in astonishment, "it is full of weeds!" "Oh," returned COLERIDGE, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries!" Just as sensible is it for a parent to permit the moral nature of his child to overrun for years with evil and expect in maturer years a harvest of love and purity. When a lady told Archbishop SHARPE that she would not trouble her children with instruction about religion until they had reached the years of discretion, the shrewd prelate replied, "If you do not touch them the devil will." The evils which are robbing our young men of their manhood and our young women of the most graceful ornaments of womanhood are rife because home training and home influence is minimised. "The family is the basis of society," and if we get wrong in the foundations the structure will be defective. And thus it is that there is to be found a "set" in society

whose function it seems to be to root among unclean things and smirch the innocence and corrupt the guilelessness of those younger than themselves, and will brush the bloom off the tender fruit of the young life with a hand as ruthless as it is expert. Parents can see the faults of other children, which they freely attribute to parental neglect, but they never seek to fulfil their duty in training their own. Parents laugh at the darkness of heathenism, but the heathen mother carries her babe to the idol temple and teaches it reverently to clasp its little hands on its forehead in the attitude of prayer long before it can utter a word. No sooner is it able to lip the names of its parents than it is taught to repeat prayers to their favourite divinity. Who ever saw a heathen child that could speak and that did not pray? And yet in a Christian land, so-called Christian parents do less for their children than heathen parents do for theirs. Some of the noblest men attribute their success in life to parental care, instruction, and prayer. St. AUGUSTINE and GREGORY of Nazianzen, BASIL the Great and St. CHRYSOSTOM. In later times SCHWARTZ, PHILIP HENRY, PAYSON, DODDRIDGE, the WESLEYS, FELIX NEUF, LEON RICHMOND, and a long line of worthies rise up and thank God for parental faithfulness. General HARRISON, not long before taking his place at the head of the Government, visited his old home in Virginia, and turned his steps at once to his "mother's room," where, as he said, he had seen her daily reading her Bible, and where she had taught him to pray. We sincerely hope the result of next Thursday evening's meeting may be the inauguration of a powerful union, and that parents may in future so discharge their duties to their children that the remembrance of a Godly parentage teaching and example may become the shield and defence, the comfort and happiness of those whom God has committed to their charge.

"My mother's voice—

It comes when thoughts unhalloved throng,

Woven in sweet deceptive song,

And whispers round my heart.

As when, at eve, it rose on high:

I hear and think that she is nigh,

And they depart."

MOORE COLLEGE.

WE believe that the appeal of the Most Reverend the Primate on behalf of a Guarantee Fund for Moore College, together with a letter from the Very Reverend the Dean, as Chairman of the Committee, has been widely circulated, and we trust, will provoke a liberal response. The Primate is anxious to re-open the College at an early date. The laity for some time have been asking that the old College—which did such good work in past years—should once more be at work training our candidates for Holy Orders. The laity have the matter in their own hands. It ought to be an easy matter to raise what the Primate asks for—three hundred pounds per year. We read the first night's entrance money to see and hear a popular actress who has made her advent in the city of our sister colony, amounted to £274. If £274 can be obtained for three hours amusement amongst men and women of the world, surely men and women who believe in the inestimable value of the Christian Religion ought to raise £300 per year for solid reproductive work. We hear that the Primate has set a noble example by promising £25 per annum for five years, and we hope to hear that the whole sum will be quickly forthcoming.

Australian Church News.

Diocese of Sydney.

Parent's Union.—The following is the text of the resolutions to be submitted at the meeting to be held in St. James' Hall, on Thursday evening next at 7.45:—

I.—That this Meeting, believing the Family to be the basis of Society, is of opinion that many of the evils which threaten Society at the present day may be traced back to the neglect, by Parents, of Parental duties.

MOVER—The Rev. J. C. Corlette, D.D.
SECONDER—The Rev. J. Fordyce, M.A.

II.—That this Meeting desires to affirm the urgent necessity for awakening Parents to a sense of their Parental obligations, and for assisting them, by every possible means, in the discharge of such obligations.

MOVER—A. B. Weigall, Esq., M.A.
SECONDER—Professor Anderson Stuart, M.D.

III.—That this meeting desires to recommend the formation of "Parents' Unions," similar in principle to those which exist in England and elsewhere.

MOVER—The Rev. H. L. Jackson, M.A.
SECONDER—The Rev. J. W. Debenham, M.A.

IV.—That the following be appointed a Provisional Committee (with power to add to their number) to take such steps as to them may seem desirable to spread the principles embodied in the foregoing resolutions, and to promote the formation of a central organisation:—

Professor MacCallum; A. B. Weigall, Esq.; the Revs. Principal Kinross, J. W. Debenham, Dr. Kelyack, W. Mathison, J. Fordyce, T. E. Owens, M.A., C. J. Prescott, J. D. Langley, H. L. Jackson; and F. W. I. Harrison, Esq.

MOVER—The Rev. C. J. Prescott, B.A.
SECONDER—The Rev. W. Mathison, B.A.

V.—That the thanks of the Meeting be tendered to the Most Rev. the Primate for his kindness in taking the chair.

MOVER—The Rev. J. D. Langley.
SECONDER—The Rev. T. Owens, M.A.

Paddington.—The fourth of a series of organ recitals was given in St. Matthias' Church, on Monday last. The attendance was meagre, but this was doubtless owing to the inclement state of the weather. Sacred vocal selections were rendered by St. Matthias' choir, assisted by friends. The selections were from "The Messiah," "The Creation," and "Saul." The initial piece was a chorus by the choir, "And the Glory" (Messiah), which was followed by an organ solo "Grand Concerto in B flat" (Handel). Miss Josephine Deakin sang from the Messiah, "Come unto Me," and the same lady later on rendered "With Verdure clad, from 'The Creation.'" Mr. Foenander gave "Thus when the Sun" (Samson). The choruses by the choir included "All we like sheep" (Messiah), "To Thee, great Lord" (Rossini), "How excellent Thy name," "The youth inspired," "Our fainting courage" (Canon), and "Hallelujah" ("Saul"). Mr. A. W. Juncker, who presided at the organ, and who occupies the position of choir-master at St. Matthias' Church, played the following selections:—Melody in C minor (Opus 10), Andante in F (Wely), Grand Offertoire in D (Baptiste), and "March Fantasia" (Guilmant). A collection was made in aid of the choir funds.

The Annual Meeting of the Collectors for the Church Society has been fixed for the afternoon of Wednesday, the 1st July.

St. Andrew's, Summerhill.—On Sunday last sermons were preached in this church in aid of the Sydney Diocesan Church Society; in the morning by the Rev. John Dixon, of St. Thomas's, Balmain; and in the evening by the incumbent, the Rev. John Vaughan. The congregations, in consequence of the wet weather, were small; but the offertory amounted to £15 14s 1d.

St. Thomas's, Balmain.—The concluding services in connection with the seventeenth anniversary of St. Thomas's, were held on Sunday, when the Rev. J. Vaughan, of Summer Hill, preached at the morning service, and the Rev. W. Martin, B.A., of St. Barnabas's in the evening. The offerings at this anniversary amounted to £48.

Church Society.—The monthly meeting of the committee of the Church Society was held in the Chapter House on Monday afternoon. The Dean of Sydney was in the chair. A grant was made towards the cost of St. James' Church, Kurrajong Heights. An application for the continuation of the grant towards the salary of a catechist parish of Prospect and Seven Hills was postponed till next month and the following applications were referred to the Finance Committee for report:—(1) Grant towards stipend, parish of Bong Bong. (2) Continuation of grant towards stipend of a curate, parish of Five Dock and Drummoyne. An application for the appointment of a Catechist to work amongst the navvies and their families at the North Shore Railway Extension was referred for consideration to the Bishop. In a case of a parish receiving a grant for stipend the parochial supplement to which was irregularly remitted it was decided on the recommendation of the Finance Committee "That in future the grant cannot be paid unless the parochial contribution towards stipend be remitted direct by and through the churchwardens." The joint sub-committee of finance and general purposes submitted a report on the proposed amendment of By-law VII., and recommended the addition of the following words to the By-law:—"And should such resolution be carried, it shall be in the power of the finance committee thereupon to give one month's notice of motion to rescind the same." The report was adopted.

St. James'.—The first of a series of lectures, discussions, etc., took place on Monday evening, in the St. James' Parish Hall, Phillip-street. The subject discussed last night was "A City Church, and how to use it."

The Primate in the Shoalhaven District.—The Most Reverend the Primate, accompanied by his chaplain, the Rev. J. Chaffers Welsh, arrived at Cambewarra, on Thursday, the 21st ult., and conducted service in the Union Church there, assisted by Revs. L. Parr and J. Best. There was a crowded congregation. After the service a welcome tea was tendered to the Primate of the School of Arts, the Rev. L. Parr presiding. The customary loyal toasts were honoured, and that of the Bishop was warmly received and suitably acknowledged. At 3 p.m., the Primate started for Nowra, into which town he was escorted by a cavalcade of horsemen and buggies. At 4 p.m., the Primate was tendered a welcome tea in the Brass Band Hall. The Rev. J. Best presided, and there was a large gathering. After the tea the Rev. J. Best, in a neat speech, welcomed the Primate into the district. The Rev. E. King, Wesleyan minister, also gave the Primate a hearty welcome. Speaking for the other Protestant churches, he could say that they honoured the Primate for the broad and evangelical Christian principles for which he was distinguished. The Primate in reply, after adverting to the beauty of the district and the genial weather it enjoyed, said he was pleased with the sentiments expressed by the Revs. J. Best and E. King. He recognised that no church had a monopoly of

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Christian truth as had been said. He felt that in his position as a Bishop he was observed by others outside his own Church. He was glad to see the material progress that was being made in this new land, and expressed a hope that as we grew in the commonwealth of national, intellectual, and material power, we would grow and implant as part of our national life the principles of Christian truth. With their other kind acts and hearty welcome, he would ask them to pray that he might be given grace to fulfil his position as a minister of the Gospel to the Lord Jesus Christ. On Thursday evening, the Primate preached to a large congregation, and on Friday evening, the large hall at Nowra was filled, when the Primate delivered a highly interesting lecture on "Reminiscences of India." The Primate reached Milton on Saturday, having had a pleasant trip. A heavy gale commenced on Saturday night, and continued all Sunday, which seriously interfered with the attendance at the services on Sunday. The Primate left on Monday morning for Berry, breaking the journey at Nowra, where he rested for the evening. The Primate arrived at Berry on Tuesday, and preached and administered the rite of confirmation. In the evening his lordship was entertained at a banquet, which was well attended, other denominations were well represented. Addresses of welcome were delivered by the chairman, the Revs. Robert Jackson (Presbyterian), and C. J. McCoy (Wesleyan). The Primate preached at Fox Ground, on Wednesday, and lectured at Berry.

Diocese of Newcastle.

Newcastle Christ Church.—Before commencing the practice of the choir at the pro-Cathedral, Canon Selwyn, presented, on behalf of the choir, to Miss Clack, the leading soprano, a richly chased silver on the eve of her marriage. Miss Clack had led the choir for some years, and has contributed in the greatest degree to its well-deserved success. The presentation has given great satisfaction.

Holy Trinity Church, Lochinvar.—On Friday afternoon, 29th May, the Bishop laid the top-stone of the new church. As he subsequently observed in his address he had laid foundation stones and consecrated completed buildings, but he had never laid a top-stone before. The Incumbent of Lochinvar, and the worthy members of the building committee, are to be congratulated on their having found out something new. Laying a top-stone gives an additional opportunity of keeping up interest and procuring help towards the completion of churches in the course of erection. In this case it was eminently successful and no doubt the good example set by the Bishop and the Lochinvar building committee, will be followed in future elsewhere. The Bishop arrived from the Lochinvar railway station between one and two o'clock, being driven by Mr. Doyle, of Kaloudah, and accompanied by a number of buggies. After arrival luncheon followed, to which the Bishop, clergy and visitors sat down. The tables, provided for by hospitable parishioners, were most beautifully laid out by Mrs. Tollis and her fair assistants, who also waited most assiduously and charmingly on their numerous guests. The following clergy were present: the Rev. Walter Tollis, incumbent, Canons White and Tyrrell, the Revs. J. Shaw, W. H. H. Yarrington, R. E. Goddard, A. C. Hirst, R. M. Walker, E. A. Anderson; amongst the parishioners we noticed Messrs. Holmes Doyle, Cliff, Capp, Tomkins, Boyce, Kelman, Mr. Churchwarden Brown, Dr. A. E. O. Walker, and many others. Mr. Lee, the architect of the church, was also present and rendered valuable assistance in laying the stone. The top-stone is a massive squared oblong about 4ft. 6in. by 12 by 12 inches, forming the top of a three light opening in the western gable about forty feet from the ground. The Bishop handed the handsome mallet and trowel, presented to him by the committee, to Mr. Lee the architect of the church. That gentleman immediately sped up the ladder and duly laid the stone as the Bishop's deputy. The church is a credit to the architect and the committee. It has good features, especially a principal entrance porch, with a good pitch and high gable. The east end is apsidal, well lighted, and relieved by tall narrow windows. The church has a good vestry and organ chamber. It is built of pressed bricks of a warm buff colour. These bricks are almost equal to terra cotta in quality. The outlines of the windows, which are gothic, are picked out with red moulded bricks, and under the eaves runs a line of nearly white serrated bricks. The church will hold 200 people, and is undeniably effective. While the last hymn was being sung a collection was made and the sum of £163 14s was contributed. Mr. Cliff, of Lochinvar, placed £100 in the almsdish for the purpose of thereby ensuring the completion of the roof. The whole proceedings, under the direction of the Incumbent, were capably carried out with a simple spiritual earnestness which made it good to be there. Everything was cordial and brotherly. The most distant visitor was Canon White, whose presence added much to the occasion. Our Bishop has not yet been three weeks in the diocese, and see what has already been accomplished. Synod has been held, the floating balance of £1000 has been replaced, the Superannuation Fund, which we have been busying ourselves with so many years, in a half-hearted way, is now, thanks to the Bishop, Canon White, and Mr. Walker, an accomplished fact. This handsome village church of Lochinvar is two thirds completed. The Cathedral will soon follow suit. We feel there is life in the old Diocese yet. And we thank God and take courage.

St. John's, Newcastle.—The Rev. F. D. Bode returned from Brisbane last week with his health thoroughly restored. He was warmly received by numerous friends and well-wishers at a large gathering specially assembled to welcome him. Between two and three hundred sat down to tea. The Bishop was present, joining in the welcome, as well as that old and staunch friend of St. John's and Mr. Bode, the Rev. S. Simm. The arrangements were left in the hands of Mr. A. M. Gillam, superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and they certainly reflected the greatest credit upon him and a large number of ladies who very generously assisted. The proceedings commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, with a tea for the Sabbath-school children; and Mr. Gillam took occasion, on behalf of the teachers and the little ones, to welcome the Bishop, who arrived shortly after the pupils had assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Bode were also welcomed with great heartiness. The Bishop delivered a short and appropriate address. The children were dismissed with the Thanksgiving at half-past 4 o'clock, and the tables were then re-set for the elders, who, to the number of 240, sat down to replenish the inner man under equally satisfactory conditions. When everything was prepared for this pleasing performance, the Bishop and Mr. Bode entered, and were welcomed by acclamation. At 8 o'clock the building was in readiness for the musical portion of the programme, and, as previously stated, the attendance was remarkably large. Messrs. Nicoll, Burnage and Porter, on behalf of the parishioners welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Bode. Mr. Bode followed by welcoming the Bishop to St. John's, and was supported by Mr. Burnage. His Lordship having replied, the evening was occupied with the rendition of the musical programme. The Rev. Mr. Simm, of Raymond Terrace, was then called upon by Mr. Bode, the chairman, to make a few remarks, and he complied with the request by delivering a short and humorous address, in which he congratulated Mr. Bode upon having benefited so much from his trip, and the Diocese on having a Bishop in their midst who loved his work and the people.

The Cathedral.—The people of Newcastle seemed to have excited the displeasure of the writer of a contributed article in your last issue. He objects to the phraseology used by them when, in an address to the Bishop, they expressed the hope that they would soon see rising among them, "a noble building, which shall express the dignity and unity of the Church." Your contributor says there is "nothing in the New Testament" to warrant such a feeling as this. Well, our Saviour was in the Temple in his boyhood, he taught daily in it during His ministry up to the very last, and when He had left the earth His Apostles Peter and John went up into it at the hour of prayer, and healed a man at the gate of the temple called "beautiful." Notwithstanding the article referred to it will rejoice your readers to know that there is every probability of the hope expressed being realised, as our new Bishop has already, amongst his other good works put the Cathedral Building question on a more favourable footing than it has been for years.

St. James', Morpeth.—A most successful tea meeting succeeded by a harvest thanksgiving service was held here on the evening of Thursday, 28th May. The Church was beautifully decorated, the music good, and the congregation overflowing. The Bishop's sermon went to the hearts of all who listened to it. The collection after the service, which was for the Church Extension Fund, amounted to upwards of £9. The visiting clergy were Canon Tyrrell and the Rev. C. F. Withey. At the tea meeting an address was presented to the Bishop, in which allusion was made to the question of his living at Morpeth. The desirability of his occupying Bishops Court was also strongly pressed by a subsequent speaker. A great deal has been said about the associations connected with Bishops Court, but these are not altogether of such a joyous character as to form any special inducement to a person to reside there. The Bishop's sister, a widow lady and her daughter (his niece) are on their way out from England, or on the eve of starting.

St. Matthew's, Gundy.—The Rev. T. R. Regg, late locum tenens of St. Paul's, Burwood, was induced to this cure on Trinity Sunday by the Bishop of the Diocese.

St. Alban's, Muswellbrook.—A large and successful gathering of the Church workers was held here on Monday the 25th. The Bishop, who was most desirous of being present, could not get away in time from Gundy, where he had been busily engaged in matters connected with the welfare of the clergyman and parishioners, who most warmly welcomed him.

Woolloombi.—Matters are improving here under the Rev. Mr. Tait, and the children had their loyalty stirred up on the 25th May by a service in church, and a most enjoyable festival subsequently at Rocklyn, the hospitable residence of Mrs. and Mr. Lumsdaine, the Police Magistrate of the district.

Superannuation Fund Ordinance.—My notes of matters in the Diocese have already extended to such a length that I must leave for another time the consideration of some unaccountable mistakes which have been made by the *Australian Guardian* in its account of the above Ordinance. Perhaps, however, some one else may call attention to them.

Query.—Why does the above paper so specially concern itself with asking questions about Wiceman's Ferry? Under the lachrymæ?

(For residue of Church News see page 7.)

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Household Papers.

Stephen Fleming's Picture.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Laurie, what do you think of it?"

Laurence Fleming had been standing for a long time in silence before the big easel in his father's studio. A nearly finished painting lay thereon, the subject being "The Baising of Jaim's Daughter."

"I like it, dad! I do like it!" said nine-year-old Laurie, not removing his gaze from the two principal figures in the picture: the Saviour, who stood by the bedside, holding the girl's hand in His own with what one felt was a clasp both strong and tender; the child, her white face lifted, her eyes, newly opened from their death-sleep, fixed on His with answering love. "Tell me what it means! Who is that Man? and what is He doing?"

"His name is Jesus; and the girl is supposed to be the daughter of a great man called Jaim, whom Jesus, as the story goes, raised to life again after her death. It's as good as a fairy tale, isn't it?"

"It doesn't exactly sound like a fairy tale," said Laurence, considering; "isn't it true?"

"Not more so than the fairy tales, Laurie. It is true that there once lived a Man called Jesus, a poor Man who lived in a poor town in an out-of-the-way part of the world; but it is not true that He ever raised the dead to life, or did any other of the wonderful things they have put down to His credit."

"Why have they put them down to His credit if He never did them?"

Stephen Fleming shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Human nature loves the marvellous," he said, forgetting the tender years of his interlocutor; "and the Man lived in a superstitious age. They believed in this kind of thing then, and afterwards even more blindly. But people are growing wiser now."

"Oh! I wish it was true!" exclaimed Laurence, whom the picture fascinated greatly; "for He looks so beautiful, father, so kind, as if He was so glad to make the little girl better!"

"I hope all my critics will be as easy to please as you are, my boy!" and Mr. Fleming laughed again.

"What have you put a gold ring round His head for?" Laurie asked next.

"Well, you see, Jesus—this poor Man (a carpenter he was)—fancied that He was God, or else others fancied it. The old masters always painted Him with a halo round His head, so, somehow, one falls into the absurd habit."

"Did the old masters believe Jesus was God?"

"Yes, for the most part."

"Does anybody believe it now?"

"Oh, yes! every superstition has its votaries."

"You don't, dad?"

"No, my boy."

Laurie heaved a deep sigh.

"I wish you did," he said simply, turning a pair of large, thoughtful, blue eyes up to his father's face.

"Why, dear?"

"Because He looks so sweet and kind, and I love Him. I'd like to think He was God, and could make dead people alive again. I wish it was true! Don't you think, dad, that maybe—just maybe, you know—it is true?"

"I think everything is one great Maybe! But I don't want my dear little boy to grow up credulous and superstitious. Fairy tales are all very well for the age of ignorance, but afterwards only that which can be proved should be credible."

Mr. Fleming had a way of talking, half to himself, in language of which Laurie only caught the drift. Laurie was quite used to it.

"It makes people had to believe in Jesus, does it?" he asked now. "Do you think that man that was hanged yesterday—I heard nurse telling cook about it—believed in Him?"

"It makes them no better, as a rule," said Mr. Fleming, ignoring the question of the criminal.

"Well no; it couldn't, you know, if it isn't true! But dad, you've made him look so good! When you are out, and I wake in the dark—so frightened—I should like Him to hold my hand and look at me like that. And if I died, dad, you could have asked Him to come and make me alive again. But still, after a thoughtful pause, "there's God, Nurse says He can do anything He wants; and if Jesus isn't God, still there is God, father."

"Listen to me, Laurie. There may or there may not be a God. If there is, we know nothing of Him. Nurse is both ignorant and disobedient, for I have forbidden her to talk to you on these subjects. Be content with this: that your own loving father is here, as I am content to know my darling little son's love and trust are mine. We shall always have each other. Now, go and play with your soldiers, laddie, and don't trouble your wee head with crazy old superstitions that ere long the world will have forgotten."

When the child was gone, Mr. Fleming took his brush and began to paint. He painted industriously for a little while, then stepped back a few paces to contemplate the effect.

"Strange the attraction that still remains about this single historical figure," he mused; "that it should have such power to move hearts in this nineteenth century! I suppose there will ever be something attractive about genuine enthusiasm, however deceiving and deceived."

Again he worked a little in silence, and again lowered his brush, some new emotion breaking up the cynicism of his face.

"Oh, Laurie! Laurie! you hit your father very hard once!" he murmured aloud. "You have brought me back the memory of forgotten days—days when I too was a child, when I was taught—not to doubt, as your father is teaching you, but to believe."

As he spoke, the artist threw himself back in a chair, and covered his eyes with his hands. Before him rose another picture: a pale, sweet-faced woman with a child seated on her knee—his mother and himself. The child had been listening in rapt attention to the "sweet story of old," and in the ears of the man his mother's long-silent voice seemed sounding just as it sounded then—

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go.

"Stephen, my own dear son, never forget those words," she said; "never forget that this same Jesus loves and blesses you now. Never forget to pray!"

No it did not—make people had to believe in Jesus! For his mother had so believed with fullest, purest faith, and her life had been as nearly perfect as a human being's life can be.

His own life—the life of one far advanced beyond the age of ignorance and superstition—how black it showed against the whiteness of hers!

Stephen Fleming's heart softened involuntarily as he recalled the past. He heaved a deep sigh.

"It is impossible of course! It is past belief; but, somehow, little Laurie has made me ready to echo his childish longing—Oh, I wish it was true!"

CHAPTER II.

Stephen Fleming's gentler mood did not last long. Indeed, he fought against it, and did his best to return to his old habit of contented unbelief. A man of sense cannot be taken in by fables, however pretty they may be. The cultivated intellect cannot feed on the food which is all-sufficient for women and children. Besides, what ridicule would be heaped on him by the sceptical circle of which he was no obscure member, if he should be found kneeling, or even wishing to kneel, at the feet of the poor Carpenter whom ignorance had made into a God!

Such were some of the thoughts by means of which he hardened his heart afresh.

He resolved that his son should never pass through the struggle between faith and unfaith that he himself had experienced.

"Laurence shall grow up into a man, not a fool!" said Stephen to one of his friends, who applauded the sentiment.

He spoke with proud assurance, thinking not at all of the history of one who disposed of the future in the same positive manner, and to whom it was said—"Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Yet Stephen Fleming, the gifted artist, the logical thinker, was also to be proved a fool: was also to have his wise plans overthrown, his helplessness made apparent.

Though little Laurence was not robust, he was a healthy child, and had never known an ailment serious enough to cause anxiety. So that Stephen was not alarmed when nurse informed him, one day, that "Master Laurie was sickening for something." But when that "something" was pronounced to be scarlet fever, when the small, flushed face ceased to wear a smile in answer to his greeting, when the blue eyes looked on him as if he were a stranger, when the childish voice babbled deliciously or only moaned in pain—then the father's heart was like to break with an anguish of terror and despair—utterly helpless terror and despair! To himself it seemed an impossibility that, as he phrased it, "anything should happen" to his child—his one darling, the idol for whom he thought and toiled, and even existed. It seemed as if the very power of his love, the very passion of his anguish, must keep his treasure alive. But, alas! no love, no anguish, can do this.

Love is strong as death—and death is strong!

There is but one weapon that can be used against this enemy, and that Stephen could not use.

Day by day, and finally hour by hour, Laurie grew worse. The servants stole about their work with red eyes and bated breath. The doctor shook his head.

"It is all up with the poor little lad!" he said to the weeping nurse; "he won't last long now."

And the distracted father overheard the words.

"What—what do you mean?" he asked, seizing the doctor by the shoulder with unconscious fierceness. He is not—dying?"

"He is dying," was the brief, sad answer.

Stephen staggered back with a groan that made nurse begin to weep afresh, while the doctor's own eyes grew dim.

The father tottered to the bedside. There, on its white pillows lay the little white face, no longer moving recklessly to and fro, but deathly still, with half-closed eyelids, and parched, parted lips. Not a word, not a glance for him who would have died to save that ebbing life!

For a moment Stephen gazed in silence, then he rushed wildly from the room.

"I can't bear it! I shall go mad!" he cried beneath his breath. "Oh! is there no help—no hope?"

Up and down the house he wandered, unable to rest anywhere; into the sick room and out of it again, well-nigh frantic with the anguish that none could comfort.

The celebrated physician, who had been summoned in hot haste, came and went. He could do nothing; there was nothing to be done—but to wait for the end.

At last Stephen wandered into his studio, and there, facing him, lit up by the sunset, stood his finished picture. Almost it seemed an actual scene at which he gazed with dry despairing eyes; the child's face, bright with love and trust, even though still pale with death; the incredulous rapture of the father and mother; the calm, quiet figure "with the glory-crowned hair" so gentle, so human, so almighty to help, smiling tenderly at the young girl whom His voice had called back to earth and earthly ties.

"One only daughter, and she lay a-dying;" and the artist had only one son, who lay dying too. But there was nobody who could restore him to life!

There was a strange, passionate bitterness in Stephen's thoughts as he gazed at his picture—the picture Laurie had loved so much. Distinctly he seemed to hear a little, earnest voice saying, "He looks so sweet and kind, and I love Him. I'd like to think He was God, and could make dead people alive again. I wish it was true. Don't you think, dad, that maybe—just maybe, you know—it is true?"

A child's words only, only a child's unquestioning love and innocent, groundless faith; and yet, maybe, the pure, unworried instinct could apprehend that which worldly-wise logic had no power to grasp.

"Whoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

Maybe—just maybe—it was true.

Stephen's heart began to beat wildly.

"Oh! it all that was written of this Man were true, surely He would come now to the help of a father more desolate than the ruler of old! No help but the help of One who could control life and death could avail now. And yet—Stephen could not believe; the long habit of incredulity bound him still. No, No; it was a beautiful tale, but wholly impossible!

Once more that little voice seemed to plead: "Don't you think, dad, that maybe—just maybe—it is true?"

With a short, suppressed cry, Stephen fell on his knees, and hid his face in his hands.

"Oh! I can't, I can't believe! but if Thou canst help—if Thou hearest me—pity me! Help my unbelief! Give me back my child! Give me back my child!"

A moment longer he knelt speechlessly there; then he rose feebly, and tried to smile at his own agony. He felt curiously weak and shaken, but calmer, and almost ashamed of the momentary impulse which had broken down the philosophical reasoning, the mature decision of years, and shown him that after all, in spite of himself, he really believed in the existence of Him whom he had denied.

He went heavily back to Laurie's room. At the door he was met by Dr. Grey in a state of unusual excitement.

"I was coming to look for you, Fleming," exclaimed he, speaking below his breath, but hurriedly; "your little son has taken a turn, and, please God, he will be spared to you now. It's almost a miracle, but—"

Putting the good man aside, Stephen hastened to the bed. There lay the small, wan face, faintly smiling. The sunken eyes met his haggard gaze with all their old intelligent love, and, "Dad!" breathed a weak voice, "Dad! I'm better!"

Then once again the sceptic fell on his knees, but this time to cry, with tears, from the depths of a broken and contrite heart, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!"

Stephen Fleming neither exhibited nor sold his picture. With Laurie's glad consent, he presented it to a large public hospital, where it remains to this day, teaching its silent lesson to rich and poor, to young and old. Beneath the painting, on the lower part of the frame, these words are printed:—

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath:

To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That, whole and sick, and weak and strong,
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13

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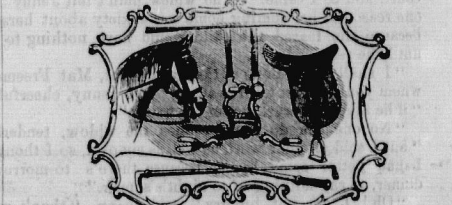
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Children's Column.

JENNY'S GERANIUM:

OR

THE PRIZE FLOWER OF A LONDON COURT.

CHAPTER III.

THE GERANIUM IN BLOOM.

Earth to earth, dust to dust, the solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now, and we seal thy narrow
bed;
But thy spirit, mother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are
at rest.

John Sandford did not keep his word. We cannot pause to enter into the casuistry by which he made it easy for himself to forget and forego the promise he had made to his dying wife. Inclination is a very powerful logician, and inclination became his guide. Shortly after his wife's death, he became a more temperate man than ever. It was with a kind of bitterness in his heart that soon after he became a widower he saw matters righting themselves in the building trade and work becoming plentiful. He took a place with an angry, bitter feeling in his soul; thinking how much he would have valued such a chance when he came to London after work, but caring little about it now that his wife was gone. He earned good wages, and he squandered them in drink, and night after night his child was left to herself while he made merry at the "Grapes," a somewhat notorious tavern in the neighbourhood of Chancery Court. So degraded did he at length become, and so lost to parental tenderness, that he not only spent his own earnings, but the few pennies which Jenny was enabled to make by the sale of her paper ornaments.

Into the mysteries of this craft the child had been initiated by blind Maggie, who earned a scant livelihood by knitting stockings, comforters, purses, and all kinds of nicknacks. Every morning Jenny conducted Maggie to her "shop," as she called the street corner where she was permitted to have a stall. Here she went on knitting and netting, selling her goods, and getting orders for others from her regular customers, remaining at her post until she was fetched home by Jenny in the evening. Maggie had kept her word to the child's dying mother, and Jenny was to her as a daughter, sharing her room by night, keeping it tidy for her by day; marketing for her, and performing numerous other little acts of kindness. Often had the aged widow hushed her to rest like an infant, when, terrified almost out of her senses, she had rushed out of the way of her father when infuriated by drink. Often did she talk to the orphan of the better country, where the eyes of the blind are opened, and the tongues of the dumb break forth in song; and at such times it somehow seemed to the child that the spirit of her dead mother was not far off, but was permitted to descend into the dingy room where she had endured so much grief and pain, and to leave a radiance in it and a sense of calm blessedness which even the bitter distractions of her young life did not wholly dispel.

A gentle step in her room made Jenny look up from her work.

"What, Maggie!" she cried, "who brought you home? you are before your time."

"Well, I had sold all out," said Maggie, "and Mat Freeman, who was passing, offered to bring me to the court, and so I came." The widow didn't tell Jenny that one reason of her coming home was anxiety about herself, because she feared the child would have nothing to eat until she returned.

"I shall get jealous of that great giant, Mat Freeman, whom you so often tell me about," said Jenny, cheerfully, "if he takes my work out of my hands."

"No one can do that," replied the widow, tenderly; "but I sold all your work as well as my own, so I thought I had better come home, because there's to-morrow's dinner, to say nothing of to-night's supper."

"Oh! I am not hungry," said Jenny, "thank you, Maggie; besides, there's Monday's rent to be thought of." It was very touching to see one so young, old enough to know what real anxiety meant about such a matter as paying rent; but if Jenny had not saved and contrived for it many times, her father would have been turned out from his room, miserable though it was.

"And how does the geranium look to-night, Jenny? I cannot see you, but I am sure you can hardly help springing up to go and see."

"Maggie," said Jenny, "I only wish you could see it! There never was such a scarlet bloom. Mat Freeman ought to come and see it. I long to thank him for the pleasure he has given me many times during the last few months by sending me this plant. It was very good of him. Oh, you pretty, pretty flower," said Jenny, standing up to have a better look at it, and speaking to it as if it were a child; "I have watched you grow from day to day. I saw you preparing for your first bud; and when one morning I saw you open almost before my eyes, I could have cried for joy. I wish all poor people kept flowers: they would do them so much good, the patient, gentle little things! Do you know what I call mine, Maggie?"

"What?" said Maggie, smiling.

"The lovely Mat," said the child.

"Mat is as good as he is big," said Maggie, laughing. "and I can't say anything better of him; but I don't think he is very lovely. He is coming to see whether your geranium can go to the flower-show. 'Who knows,' he says, 'whether it may not get a prize?'"

"It deserves a prize, Maggie, for all the comfort it has given me in attending to it and watching it; but I fear the only prize it will get will be to be sold one of these days; it has had one or two narrow escapes for twopence, I assure you."

"Twopence!" cried Maggie, indignantly. "I should like to see the person that dared to sell it for twopence."

She stopped, for a step well known to both of them now came up the court, and the next moment John Sandford entered the room.

"Oh, father!" said Jenny, springing up. "I am so glad you have come home. I will soon get tea."

His face was flushed, his eyes had an excited look, and from other signs it was evident that he had been drinking freely. Jenny was terribly afraid of him when he was in this state, but she did not retreat from the room with Maggie this evening.

"I don't want any tea," he said, sullenly; "and I only came home to say I am going out again."

"Father! father!" pleaded Jenny, with tears, "don't go out again to-night; don't, there's a good, dear father; think what we have to pay on Monday."

"I don't care about Monday. I have been at work all the week, and I must have some enjoyment in a better hole than this."

He did not pause to ask whether his child did not need a better hole than that in which to live. He did not ask whether she had had a morsel to eat throughout the day, although he knew that he had taken her last sixpence in the morning. Drink had transformed him into a sullen, selfish, cruel man.

"Have you any money?" he asked, without, however, looking her in the face.

"Oh, father!" said the child, pleadingly, "I expected that you would have brought some home. We owe more than two weeks' rent."

"I don't care about the rent," retorted the man, savagely. "I have spent what I got this week, or rather, I owed it, and I was obliged to pay it, and money I must have."

"Come," he added, fiercely, "get me what your filigree work fetched to-day—I see it's all sold; or else I know who will be glad to give me a few pence for that flower of yours."

Jenny sprang up before her favourite as if she had been pierced with a sword. The man's cruel words had indeed entered her heart like hot iron, but drink had almost destroyed his natural affection.

"Oh, don't be so cruel!" she said; "it's my only companion in this dreary room when you're away; and, as I look at it I think of poor mother, and how fond she used to be of flowers."

"Hush!" said her father, hoarsely; "give me the money."

Without looking at him Jenny left the room, and presently returned, and counted out her all into his hand. "It's all I have!" she said.

She stood with clasped hands before him, the image of despair, forcibly reminding him of her dead mother. He gazed at her for a moment as if he saw a ghost, and then turned on his heel and went out. Jenny listened to his retreating footsteps until they had completely died away, and then buried her face in her hands in utter woe. "Oh mother! mother!" she cried, "did you not say that father was going to be good? He is getting worse and worse."

Grief, however, of this kind was no new thing to her; and after some minutes of weeping she wiped away her tears, and put on her old bonnet and shawl to go out, and to do Maggie's marketing for her as usual; and so experienced had she become in this work, and such a thrifty little housekeeper was she that she made a little money go a long way. Her purchases were soon made, and presently she was again sitting in her own room and busily going on with her own work.

(To be continued.)

The mission staff of the Melanesian Mission, conducted by Bishop Selwyn, comprises eight clergy, three laymen and one now on his way from England, six native missionaries and about 200 teachers. The headquarters school at Norfolk Island averages 150 boys and 40 girls. There are 72 schools and stations on the islands, viz., in Florida, 24; Ysabel, 6; San Christoval, 6; Malanta, 2; Ulawa, 2; Santa Cruz, 4; Torres Islands, 2; Banks Islands, 41; New Hebrides, 13; total, 100. The liabilities include the cost of repairs, insurance, etc., of the Southern Cross, £2000 a year, the payment of the clergy, the maintenance of the school at Norfolk Island and the maintenance of island stations—upwards of £600 annually. The total annual expenditure is about £6500; £1750 of the income to meet this amount comes from the Melanesian Trust, and the balance has to be raised by subscriptions, collections and donations in England, Australia and New Zealand.

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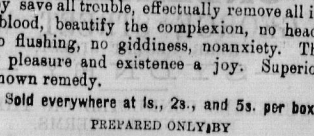
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The Australian Record.

SYDNEY, SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1891.

CADBURY'S COCOA—ABSOLUTELY PURE—CADBURY'S COCOA

The Week.

Religious Instruction. The Committee on Religious Instruction in Public Schools are making special efforts to incite renewed interest in their work at the Annual meeting, which is to be held at the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Tuesday, the 30th inst. His Excellency the Governor will preside, and he and the Most Rev. the Primate will for the first time address a public meeting on this subject. The Hon. J. H. Carruthers, Minister for Public Instruction, has also promised to attend, if possible. We trust that all our readers will use every possible effort to secure a large attendance at the meeting.

Mr. J. S. Shearston. Among the candidates for West Sydney at the approaching election is our old friend, Mr. J. S. Shearston, who has done such faithful work in Sydney among the seamen who visit our port. Without identifying ourselves with any of our political parties, we desire to give our most cordial support to Mr. Shearston, on the ground that in him we have a candidate of high moral character, and unblemished integrity combined with intelligence, and general ability above the ordinary standard. It is our solemn duty as citizens to support and earnestly work for everything that will tend to righteousness, which exalteth a nation.

Deeds, not Words. The Echo says:—"It is very gleaming to note that the new Anglican Primate is making friends among those large bodies of religionists outside his own fold. He, doing this useful and patriotic work of disseminating kindly feeling among those who profess and call themselves Christians, can afford to leave questions of precedence to others. While they are pre-occupying and protesting, the English prelate is winning men's earnest goodwill and respect."

Young Women's Prayer Union. The annual meeting of this excellent organization, held at Stanmore last week, was in every respect a most successful gathering. The chair was occupied by a Wesleyan minister. The addresses were delivered by three ladies, members of the Church of England, while those of other denominations took part in the proceedings. It is always gratifying to find that Christians, by whatever name they are called, can meet on occasions where all is harmony and goodwill, and nothing is more calculated to promote Christian fellowship than meeting together in the School of Prayer. Were the lives of Christians more concentrated less would be heard of sectarian differences and prejudices.

A Contrast. The Daily Telegraph says:—"Mr. Lewis Abramowitch has published some lectures he recently delivered on 'The Genealogy of Jesus of Nazareth,' based upon the New Testament. The object is to show that the difficulty met by those who desire to find a reconciliation between the two genealogies of St. Matthew and St. Luke can be overcome and solved, and the lectures are published for the benefit of those who either do not believe in the Gospels at all, or else believe that their faith requires strengthening." The Herald merely inserts, "The Genealogy of Jesus of Nazareth" is the title of a pamphlet by Lewis Abramowitch (Linton, Sydney) which has been sent us." Considering the number of ex-theologians on the staff of the leading paper, surely some one might have been found capable of explaining the object of the pamphlet.

Young Men's Institutes. In many parishes these excellent institutions have been formed, and if conducted on a right basis they must be productive of good to the members. For nearly five years one has been established at Petersham in connection with All Saints' Church, although the Society itself is undermanned. The subjects dealt with are debates, impromptu speaking, music and elocution, passing bills through committee; mock Parliamentary elections, etc. The chief feature, however, in the quarter's programme is the "Manuscript Journal," which consists of original correspondence, written by the members, embracing every variety of subject (except religion), and many of them are very creditable productions. The last journal contained 50 closely-written pages. The young men have improved in speaking and writing; indeed, some of them are competent to take an intelligent part in any debate. The Incumbent is President of the Society, from the ranks of which occasionally teachers for the Sunday school and members of the choir are chosen.

The Third Commandment. Mr. McMillan and Mr. Dibbs should not take in vain the name of the Supreme Being in their political speeches. There was no need for the latter to say "God help the Treasurer that

succeeds Mr. McMillan," nor for the former to retort, "God help the Treasurer who will not pray God to bless Mr. Dibbs in 1924." The Third Commandment is, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain."

The Attack on Free Speech. Organised disorder persistently attends Mr. McMillan's utterances. The description of a meeting of the Treasurer's in Sydney and the Arklow disturbances in the West of Ireland possess many features in common such as boo-hoos, frantic noise, and excited gesticulations. The lowest of the low are evidently hired to mob and howl down free speech.

The Jews. The Czar of Russia states that Jews have been concerned in every Nihilist plot, and it is his intention to continue the policy of expelling them from the country. Whatever may be the reason for the severity used against the Hebrew race, one thing is certain that their present condition is attracting attention in every civilised community. Many of the Jews expelled from Russia have returned to the Holy Land. The newcomers daily increase. Scarcely a steamer touches at Jaffa without bringing numbers of them. At the present time they are earnestly discussing this one topic—that now the last days have come, according to the "Jewish Intelligencer," nearly every Jew that one discourses with on religious subjects is sure to tell us that these are "the last days." The greater part of them steadfastly believe that the Redemption of Israel is now at hand. They regard the signs of the times, and give us proof that the time draweth nigh, the flowing of the Jews into Palestine and also the construction of the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Shipping Disasters. Sad disasters by sea have been chronicled during the past week. Temperamental gales have entombed one steam collier, and driven several small crafts on to the rocks. Widows and orphans there must be, and who can tell the dire distress that has overtaken many a family through the recent calamities. Australians have nobly responded in the past to subscribe towards the relief of the sufferers by any great catastrophe, but ought there not to be a large fund always available to give immediate aid to those who need it? Besides which a system of compulsory insurance on the part of wage-earners might be determined upon with advantage by the State.

C.E.T.S. News. The new Manual and Constitution of the C.E.T.S. here can be obtained at the Book Depot, price sixpence. It contains all the principles of the Manual of the Home Society, but is simplified and used for Colonial requirements. As the new Constitution has been duly passed, Parochial branches should work in accordance therewith.

Local Option. A general election is upon us. Friends everywhere should remember how the drink question touches vitally the body politic, and refuse to support any candidate who will not vote for full Local Option—that is for a Bill mainly on the lines of the Government measure. A thorough reform as to the drink traffic would do more real good than a new Electoral Bill, or than even Federation. General Booth has frankly said that his scheme is only necessary because of the drink. He says nine-tenths of the submerged tenth are such because of the drink. There is a "darkest Australia" as well as "Darkest England." Think of the gaols and asylums! Of the unemployed!

The Seamy Side. The Prince of Wales should be old enough by this time to give over cards and racing, since, however harmless in themselves they may be, their associations invariably lead to demoralisation. The bacarat scandal opens up the seamy side of society, and evidently shows how infatuated habitual players for money may be.

Barmaids' Union. A trades union of waitresses and barmaids now exists in Sydney, and if the organisation can but agree that the occupation the members are engaged in is derogatory to womanhood, we shall hope to see the day when men only will be employed behind the liquor bars of Australia.

The Omnibus Strike. Public sympathy is said to attend the strike of the omnibus drivers of London in their demand for a day's work of twelve hours duration. The hours are not only long but the pay scarcely commensurate. It is to be regretted that the characteristic features of social war are immediately resorted to by the men. If their cause be just public sympathy may be relied upon to support their claims.

Coming Events.

We shall be glad to publish in this column notices of coming services or meetings if the Clergy will kindly forward us particulars.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL.

Sun., June 14.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and mid-day; Preachers—11 a.m., the Precentor 3.15 p.m., Canon Sharp; 7 p.m., the Dean.
Wed., June 10.—7.30 p.m., the Precentor.

ANTHEMS.

11 a.m.—"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that through Him the world might be saved."
4.15 p.m.—"Praise the Lord, O my soul; while I live will I praise the Lord ye as long as I have any being I will sing praises unto my God."

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and peace upon thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity. Yea because of house of the Lord our God I will seek to do this good. They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as mount Zion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever." Gos.

DIOCESAN.

The PRIMATE'S engagements in the Southern part of the Diocese are as follows:—
Sat., June 13.—Lay Memorial Stone of new Parsonage, Seven Hills, 3 p.m. Tea and Public Meeting immediately afterwards.

Sat., " 13.—Penrith.
Sun., " 14.—Penrith, 11 a.m.; Ena Plains, 3.15 p.m.
Mon., " 15.—Penrith.
Tues., " 16.—Castlereagh and Ena.
Wed., " 17.—Mulgoa.
Thurs., " 18.—St. Mary's.
Fri., " 19.—Rooty Hill.

Thurs., June 11.—"Parents' Union," public meeting in St. James' Hall, Phillip-street, 7.45. Chairman, the Primate. Speakers—Revs. Dr. Corlette, J. Forryce, M.A., H. L. Jackson, M.A., J. W. Debenham, M.A., C. J. Prescott, B.A., W. Mathison, B.A., Professor Anderson Stuart, M.D., and A. B. Weigall, Esq., M.A.

Wed., June 17.—Tea and public meeting, St. Albans, Five Dock.

Tues., " 30.—Public Meeting, re Religious Instruction, Y.M.C.A. His Excellency the Governor will preside. The Primate and others to deliver addresses.

Wed., July 1.—Annual Meeting of the Collectors of the Church Society.

Wed., " 1.—Tea Meeting (Chinese) and Public Meeting, Chairman, the Primate.

Thurs., " 16.—Service in Cathedral, 4.30. Preacher, Rev. Dr. Harris. Conference of Clergy, Chapter House, 7 p.m. President, the Primate. Subject—"Ideals of Clerical work—in the Church; in the Parish; in the world."

Brief Notes.

Dr. Gott, the Dean of Worcester, has been appointed Bishop of Truro in succession to Dr. Wilkinson. The Rev. C. A. Berry, Congregational minister of Wolverhampton, will shortly visit New Zealand for the benefit of his health.

The Bishop of Bathurst conducted the service in St. Barnabas' Church, Coonamble, on Sunday last.

The usual monthly meeting of the Sydney Diocesan Corresponding Committee of the Australian Board of Missions was held in the Chapter House on Monday last.

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MASSAGE.

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J. HUBERT NEWMAN
Photographer,

Melbourne Age, September 25, says:—"A good idea of the artistic beauty of the Sydney collections can be obtained by an inspection of Mr. J. H. Newman's exhibits. On one of the screens are three autotype enlargements of the last-named that, as an example of indirect photographic work, it is the finest in the Exhibition. The clear lights every line in the face and every feature, indicate the work not only of a photographer, but of an artist who has a painter's appreciation of the subject. Some of the Newman cabinets have rich tints peculiar to no other artists."

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