

Children's Column.

LEFT ALONE; OR, THE ORPHANS OF
PINWOOD COTTAGE.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

DICK THE POACHER.

"No, no!" said the man, bitterly, "no one loves or cares for me. I am cast off and alone in the wide world."

"Oh, yes, there is someone who loves you," said Peter, a bright, glad look passing over his face. "Someone loves you very, very much. Someone far, far better than poor little Peter—One who can make you, oh, so happy!"

The man looked at the boy with an incredulous smile as he asked, "Who do you mean?"

"God," said the boy, sweetly and reverently.

A wild oath broke from the man's lips, while his face was convulsed with rage and hate.

"Don't mention that name to me," he shouted to the terrified boy, "for He hates me. Yes He hates me—ay, and I hate Him. Yes, I do! Why did He take away my wife and my little babe, tell me that? What have I done that He should leave me wretched and alone?" And the man wiped away the great drops of perspiration that had burst out on his forehead, while his eyes glared with an almost maniac light.

"Poor man, poor man!" said the trembling boy, trying to soothe the poor, wild, broken-hearted creature. "Did you love your baby so much?"

"Ay, I loved him, I loved him!" said the man, his anger fading away, and speaking in a strangely tender tone, "and baby as he was, he loved me so that he would cry to come to me, and would lie for hours on my bosom; but he faded away like his mother; he faded away and I am left all alone."

"Do you think, poor man," said Peter timidly, "do you think you could have given up that baby boy for anything on the earth?"

"Could I? No," said the man, "I would have given my life to save him."

"Then don't you think God must have loved you very much to have sent His only Son who was in His bosom—sent him right away to be killed by cruel men that He might die for you?"

"What do you mean?" said the man, while a strange questioning look passed over his face.

"Oh, poor man," said Peter, earnestly, "don't you see how God loved you? Would He have given His Son who, the Bible says, 'was in the bosom of the Father,' if He had not loved you? You never loved your baby boy as He loved His only Son; yet He spared him not, but freely gave him up for you."

With the same strange questioning look on his face, the man gazed for some minutes into the loving eyes that were looking earnestly and beseechingly into his, and then, dropping the little hand, he turned, and without a word bounded away into the pine wood.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROLAND'S POCKET-MONEY, AND WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

The spring breeze was playing lovingly round the wan cheeks of our little Peter, as he sat on his accustomed seat near his cottage door. A gentle smile was on his lips as he drank in with delight the fresh morning air and inhaled the pleasant odours of shrubs and flowers.

Some days had elapsed since he and Sall had met Dick the poacher, but, although he had often looked for him, he had never seen him since.

"Why, Peter, how are you this morning?" said a merry voice, and Peter looked up to see Roland, with a strap of school-books in his hand, leaning over the gate.

"I'm pretty well this morning thank you, Master Roland," said Peter with a bright look, called up at the sight of Roland. And truly the boy, in his youthful strength and careless beauty, was a fair sight to look upon.

To little Peter, so fragile and ailing, he seemed the embodiment of all that was beautiful in boyhood, as he stood there with the ruddy glow of health on his cheeks, and with beams of merriment dancing in his eyes.

But the fun faded from Roland's lips as he gazed for a time on the wan features of the little invalid, and a look of pity took its place as he noticed the uncomfortable wooden seat on which he reclined.

"I say, Peter," he began, "don't you grow dreadfully weary of sitting here alone so much? I should just die of weariness."

"I do grow rather tired sometimes, Master Roland—when mother has to leave me all day," he answered. "She doesn't do it very often, but sometimes she must, you know, when she gets a day's work out."

"How lonely you must be! What do you do all the day?"

Peter did not answer; but Roland noticed his fingers strayed lovingly over the pages of the Book that was on his knee.

"What do you do for your food?" he asked again, after a moment's silence. Roland followed the direction of Peter's eyes, and he noticed on a little table near him a slice of bread and some water.

"Do you mean," said Roland, with a burst of indignation, "that is all the food your mother has left you for the day?"

"It wasn't mother's fault, Master Roland," said Peter quickly. "It was all she had until she gets her day's money to-night; she gives me all she can, and robs herself to do it, but she has had so much to pay for my medicine, and for the doctor lately, that it leaves her very short at times. But don't trouble about it, Master Roland," he went on, as he saw the look of sadness on Roland's face. "I haven't much appetite, and I can wait till mother comes to-night with something nice for my supper."

Roland did not speak, but a pang that almost brought the tears to his eyes went to his heart as he thought of the difference between himself and this gentle, patient, suffering boy. He thought of his own impatience and anger at any little trifle that disturbed his comfort. He felt how utterly careless he had been of the sufferings of those around him; how little he had ever tried to alleviate those sufferings; how wrapped up he had been in his own pleasures; and then he wondered what it could be that enabled the boy beside him to endure with such meekness his pain, weariness, and sometimes, perhaps, even hunger. But he should not suffer hunger to-day—of that he was determined.

Throwing his pile of books down with a bang that loosened the strap and sent them flying in all directions, he bounded away, leaving Peter gazing after him with astonishment.

"How jolly it is that father sent me that money lately," he thought. "I was getting dreadfully hard up. What a selfish pig I have been, spending every penny of money on myself, and never thinking of those who are needing even necessary food around me!"

Away he bounded until he came to the only row of shops in the village. First he went to the fruiterer's and bought some luscious grapes and oranges, then to the confectioner's for some sponge cakes and light buns, such as he thought would suit the delicate appetite of an invalid. "I must have some nice new milk," he muttered as he looked into a cool, clean dairy; and soon he returned with arms loaded with good things for Peter.

"Here, you chickens," said Roland to some hungry fowls close by, "take this for your dinner," and seizing a slice of dry bread he threw it amongst them, and then he watched with merry delight Peter's astonishment, as paper after paper of good things were set out on the little table before him.

"Oh, Master Roland," cried Peter, "how could you spend such a lot of your money on me!"

"Why, Peter," said Roland, "I never felt so much pleasure in spending money in my life. Just taste these grapes, aren't they delicious?"

Oh, how grateful to the favored lips of the boy were the luscious grapes! He could only look his thanks, for when he tried to speak, the tears would come.

With a tender, gentle hand, which was wonderful to see in the noisy, frolicsome schoolboy, Roland stood for some time ministering to the sick boy's wants, and with pleasure he soon saw a faint pink glow coming to the white cheek, and a new light to the eye.

"Why, Peter," he exclaimed, with delight, "you look a world better already, and now I must be going, or old Buffer—that's our schoolmaster, you know—will be in an awful wax at me for being so late. But I say, old fellow," he said, as he stooped to arrange his books, "I was going to ask you, what makes you so awfully patient and cheerful when you have so much to bear? I can't think how you do it; I should be rampaging all over the place if it were me."

With a soft light in his eyes, and with a gentle smile on his lips, Peter's gaze passed from Roland's face to the calm hills, and beyond, where there were things visible to Peter's ken, that Roland could not see.

(To be continued.)

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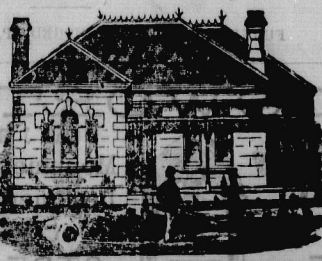
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The Australian Record.

SYDNEY, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

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The Week.

Prayer. The Hon. Sec. of the Evangelical Alliance has written a letter to the daily papers suggesting that the meetings of the Federation Convention should be opened with prayer, and at the Presbyterian General Assembly the subject was alluded to. The Convention is without doubt one of the most important meetings that has ever been held in the colony, and much wisdom will be needed to carry on the business with discretion. There is a special command, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy path." If this plan be adopted by those who are assembled now in our city, then we may hope that a right judgment will be given to them in their deliberations.

Rusticus and I.H.S. We have been wondering ever since last Saturday whether Rusticus who in a contemporary dodges among the spirals, is a "literate" or the graduate of a University, because the day may come when the Synod of his Diocese may elect him as their Bishop. "Rusticus" has dived deep into classic lore, with the result that he finds the letters I.H.S. are Greek capitals, said to be the initials of Jesus Hominum Salvator. Of course a "literate" could not accomplish such a feat, and we now find that a greater than, the "Liddon of Australia" is amongst us, and we knew it not. No wonder the Warden said no more. The wonder would have been if he had.

The Wesleyans. On March 2, 1791, John Wesley died as he had lived—a member of the Church of England. The great religious body that has resulted from his Evangelical labours, had it remained in the Church of England would have added elements of great strength, yet as a separate organization it has quickened the spiritual life of the English speaking peoples. The disuse of the liturgy has done much to differentiate the Wesleyan position, and in this they have departed from their founder's ideal. Not only would its more extended use enrich greatly the existing form of Wesleyan service, but it would strengthen the kinship that ought to be felt between this Protestant body and the Church of England.

The Railways. A sad accident occurred at the Liverpool station lately. A young man named Harry Lock, a night officer, and one deservedly esteemed, was run over by a train when in the discharge of his duty. He was terribly mutilated. It is stated that his duties were arduous and irksome, and that he had made frequent applications for an assistant, but his request had not been complied with. Probably the application referred to never reached the Commissioners, but went through the usual routine office; but now that public attention has been drawn to the fact of some of their officers being overworked, it is only right to suppose that the subject will receive their most serious consideration.

Old World Feuds. Why should Australians be worried with old world feuds. The Irish patriots are split up into Parnellites and others, and each section proposes to exploit the colonies for subscriptions. It might probably do immense benefit for old Ireland if all the sections would start for some unexplored wilds, and remain for good.

A Challenge. The judgement of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Lincoln case was based on the supposed "new light" of the recent research, but the Church Times on one hand and Mr. Tomlinson on the other claim that the historical omissions are fatal to its acceptance. The last-named gentleman has verified many of the learned quotations, and finds that frequently only that is embodied which makes for the preconceived opinion of the compilers, whilst entirely adverse statements are wholly omitted. His conclusion is, "Never before was a Judgment published containing so many inaccurate quotations, so many mis-statements of fact, or so many unverifiable vouchers, and perversions of history." The challenge thus thrown down to the Archbishop can scarcely be ignored.

Cruelty to Children. At the last meeting of the Committee for Preventing Cruelty to Children, the necessity of securing early in the incoming session of Parliament better protection and legislation on the subject was discussed, and a petition was signed by the members of the Committee for presentation to the Minister of Education with a view of carrying out this object. In the Institution, which is worthy of support, thirteen children are received daily, and many young lives are made brighter and happier through the medium of this excel-

lent organization. It is well to know that the vigilance officers are ever on the alert, and are fearless in the discharge of their duties.

Prayers for the Police. An appeal was put forth by the Hon. Sec. of the Christian Police Association (London) that the last week of January should be made a season of special intercession in prayer for the police. This large body of men are constantly deprived of public worship, they are exposed to peculiar temptations and extraordinary dangers to life and limb. As a body of public servants they need and deserve the help of prayer and sympathy. So much of our social security depends upon their labours, it would therefore be well if their needs were brought more prominently before Christians.

Chill. The horrors of civil war may be said to culminate in the fratricidal struggle in Chili. The bombardment of Iquique resulted in 200 women and children being killed, and the British Admiral, in the interests of humanity, was compelled at last to interfere and take on board his fleet a number of women and children lest they should suffer a like fate during the continuance of the struggle. We in Australia do not know as yet the causes which have led up to this dreadful state of affairs.

The Labour Scheme. An interesting article appears in the Nineteenth Century for January on "Labour Colonies in Germany." The Earl of Meath has made a special study of the subject, and commends the admirable system described. Public opinion is alive to the need that exists for an effectual sifting out of the hardened vagabond from the deserving poor. The alliance of Christian philanthropy and systematic labour has worked wonders in Germany, but the climate and social customs of Australia are directly conducive to professional vagabondage, so that the law should compel a man to work. Mr. Langley has thought out a similar scheme to that of Pastor Bodelschwingh, and all that is needed for its successful inauguration is the £1,000 asked for.

A Good Strike. The publicans of Balmain went out on strike on Sunday last, and the gentlest of taps at the back door could not gain the coveted admission. The example set is so worthy of imitation that we do not hesitate to commend this latest form of strike to the Trade. A complete system of pickets was established, for the publicans watched each other with eagle eye to see that no one broke the agreement.

Moral Cleansing. At the last meeting of the Australian Natives' Association attention was directed to a recent divorce case, in which Mr. Myles M' Rae was respondent, and it was decided "that he should be requested to consider the advisability of tendering his resignation as a member of the Association." We often hear the cry of "Advance Australia," and if those who are native-born, and who have banded themselves together to advance the interests of the colony, wish its truest prosperity they must set their faces against such conduct as that disclosed in the proceedings to which reference has been made. Should Myles M' Rae not fall in with the decision arrived at, there is but one proper course open to the Association, and it is to be hoped that they will not hesitate in adopting it.

Exasperating Newspapers. The chivalrous French nation has distinguished itself of late by raising a hysterical outcry against the ex-Empress of Germany sojourning in Paris. This frenzy of folly has been repaid by the German newspapers, so that the sorry spectacle is presented to the world of two great Christian nations being exasperated against each other by their respective newspaper press.

Unclean Tittle-Tattle. The Australian Workman is a Sydney paper that caters for the democracy and receives great support from that body. In its issue of last week an attack of a very disgraceful nature was made upon Mr. Ardill, the philanthropist. The statements may or may not be true, but no newspaper has any right to corrupt public morals by the shameful and unclean tittle-tattle that made up the bulk of the article complained of.

Working Men's Papers. The fact that several newspapers are catering for the working classes and give them the wildest of theories and grossest of class prejudices for their mental food, should lead to a strong effort being made to neutralise the dangerous tendency of the socialist press by offering a substitute. The power of the Press is

recognised by all classes, but surely the great masses of the people might have a special organ of elevating tendencies.

The Shearer's Struggle. The situation in Queensland remains strained to a degree. The shearers, gathered together in many spots, threaten stations, pastoralists and free labour, whilst the police, assisted by the military and special constables, have a wide extent of country to protect. The critical point at stake is the right of an individual to sell his own labour. If unionism in this struggle triumphs, the liberty of the subject may be looked upon as ceasing to exist, whilst a few union officials may be said to rule the country.

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., March 8.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and mid-day. Preachers—11 a.m., the Most Rev. the Primate; 3.15 p.m., the Rev. J. Dixon; 7 p.m., The Rev. R. J. Read.

Tuesday, 7.30 p.m.—Lecture, by the Most Rev. the Primate.

Wed., 7.30 p.m.—Bible Lecture by the Precentor.

DAILY HALF-HOUR SERVICES, 1.15 p.m. to 1.45 p.m., and Sunday Afternoon.

Rev. J. Dixon. Subject, "Deliverance from Sin."

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Mon., March 9.—The great Ocean of truth which lies unexplored—God the unsearchable.

Tues., " 10.—F-o-r-e-e spells Will—God immanent in the world.

Wed., " 11.—There is nothing natural that is not supernatural.—God the unchangeable.

Thurs., " 12.—Ignorance is the mother of devotion. God in Light.

Fri., " 13.—The wider teleology.—The goal of evolution the purpose of God.

Sun., " 15.—(3.15 p.m.) Conquest of Sin.

DIOCESAN.

Sun., March 8.—St. Matthew's, Paddington, 7 p.m. Preacher, The Primate.

Mon., " 9.—Annual meeting British and Foreign Bible Society—The Primate to preside.

Sat., " 14.—The Primate will visit Manly.

Sun., " 15.—Cathedral, 11 a.m., the Primate. St. Nicholas', Coogee, 7 p.m., The Primate.

The Church's Year

The Fourth Sunday in Lent.

CREATIVE GOODNESS.

"You will find all this conduct of Christ pursued by that man of God who ordered ten barley loaves, which had been given him, to be distributed among the people; and when His servant, after contrasting the multitude of men with the smallness of the food, answered, 'What! shall I set this before a hundred men?' 'Give them,' said the prophet, and they shall eat." O Christ! Even in Thy newness Thou art old.—Tertullian.

"The fragments of God's store are bounteous feast
To weary souls and faint;
They gather round the greatest and the least.
The sinner and the saint.

He can refresh, and bid His servants take
The fragments that remain,
And peasant's meal, if it be blest and break,
Whole households can sustain.

Through the dark night we journey o'er the hill,
Not knowing where we go;
That food sustains us through the dark hour's chill,
Until the morning glow."

—Dean Plumptre.

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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 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 rich tints peculiar to no other artist."

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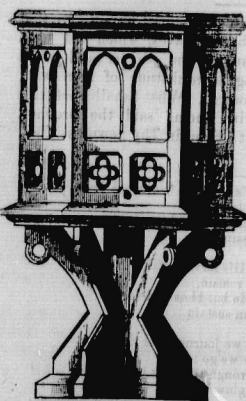
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Notes.

SPECIAL service was held during the week in various churches connected with the Wesleyan body, commemorating the centenary of John Wesley.

This Bishop of Bathurst preached three times at Holy Trinity Church, Dubbo, on Sunday last to crowded congregations. A thanksgiving harvest service was held in the morning and a confirmation service in the afternoon.

The evangelical centres in Turkey number more than 300, extending from the extreme western border to the farthest east, and from the Black Sea to the Arabian Desert.

The Universal Peace Congress has lately held a meeting in London. The previous meeting of the Congress took place in Paris and the next is to be held in Rome.

The monthly meeting of the Church Society was held at the Chapter House on Monday last. The most Rev. the Primate presided.

A meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union took place at Petersham Town Hall on the 2nd inst.

The third of the Lenten Lectures in connection with the Lay Helpers Association was preached at the Cathedral on Tuesday evening by the Primate. Subject: "Co-operation between Clergy and Laity."

The annual session of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was opened in St. Stephen's Church, Phillip-street, on the 3rd inst.

The sessions of the annual conference of the Wesleyan Church in New South Wales was opened in the Centenary Hall on Tuesday evening.

The anniversary of St. David's Day was celebrated by the Welsh residents of Sydney on Monday last.

A conference of representatives from the different temperance organizations of the principal centres of the Kiama district was held in the Protestant Hall, Jamberoo, to consider the "Publicans' License Further Restriction Bill."

GOVERNMENT has granted £50 on behalf of the funds of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children.

The Rev. J. E. Moulton, whose name is well known in connection with the Tongan Mission work, received a hearty welcome from a number of friends on his return to Sydney from London on Monday last.

A meeting of the committee of the Lay Helpers' Association was held in the Chapter House on the 3rd inst.

The Rev. T. A. Clouston has responded to a call from the Glebe Presbyterian Church.

The annual meeting of the Sydney Female Refuge was held at the Y.M.C.A. rooms on Wednesday last.

The Rev. J. Dixon was the preacher at the Cathedral during the week.

On Wednesday last at 7.30 p.m. the Precentor delivered a Bible lecture at the Cathedral.

An interesting account of the work done in connection with the Melanesian Mission is contained in the last report of the "Island Voyage," which is a summary of the labours of those engaged in the Mission field.

The Rev. Robert Collie has been elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly of New South Wales for the ensuing year.

The Rev. George Brown has been elected President of the Wesleyan Conference of New South Wales and Queensland, and the Rev. A. Rigg of the Victoria and Tasmania Conference.

A bazaar was lately held at Cudal to reduce the debt on the Parsonage.

During the week the Primate visited Katoomba and the western district and returned to day.

Jottings from the Bush.

"All in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

"He preached most beautiful sermons," such is the personal testimony of two of my parishioners to the preaching of the convict Crouch, alias Keatinge, who died in prison last week. The fact should be remembered by all of us parsons as a warning. It is possible to achieve success as a preacher, to arouse good emotions in other people's hearts, and yet to be one of the most degraded of men. Oh, may we show our own personal gratitude to God for His goodness to us personally, not only with our lips or with our pens, but in our lives. May we spread the kingdom of God not only by our preaching but also by our living. We may be doing greater harm by our actions than all the good we have ever been able to do by our words. I am glad to hear that one reform which I have long advocated in these columns is to be at once introduced by the Primate: he will keep a "Black Book" to record the names of those who have disgraced their profession of clergymen, with a view to preventing them from obtaining employment in his diocese under false pretences. If he induces the rest of the Bishops to do the same, he will prevent scandals which hinder the work of God to a fearful extent. Such a case as Keatinge's cannot do much harm to the cause of Christ; his was so obviously a case of an impostor; but what shall we say of the cases which have occurred in nearly every diocese of the colonies where men have been—and alas now are—not only no helpers to the cause of Christ but are absolute hindrances. In this

matter the more sparsely populated dioceses fare worst, unless they have a Bishop who is a particularly good judge of character. Take for example a little township very far away from here, about which I have lately been hearing a good deal. It has only been in existence a few years, its inhabitants are prone to careless lives, and they especially needed a clergyman to whom they could look up. The other professional man in the place is not a good example. Every doctor of the many who have come and gone has been a heavy drinker except one, and he made up for it by foul talk. And what of their clergymen? The first one was, rightly or wrongly, looked upon by almost everyone in the town as a hypocrite. He is still at work in the colonies and I often see his name in the columns of the Record; but at this particular place he did nothing but harm. The next one was a drunkard, and at last was removed. The stipend was small, of course, but there must have been laxity somewhere, for such a person to be appointed. Fortunately the third one is working steadily and well; the only thing that keeps his work from being still more successful is the fact (let us country parsons note it) that he treats his horses as if they were machines instead of animals and so has brought upon himself the reputation, among the bushmen, of cruelty to his beasts. But he is an Englishman, only lately out, who didn't know how to ride when he arrived, so let us hope that he may improve in this respect.

The Sydney Daily Telegraph is not "run," as is its namesake at Melbourne, on a professedly religious basis, but in some ways it does as good a work for God. The stand it has taken up for morality and decency on many matters lately has been of great service in leading public opinion to a healthier state. It speaks out plainly. You have not to read a whole paragraph before you find out what it is driving at. All success to it in its crusade against immoral Members of Parliament. I wish that I felt more hopeful as to the result. But although this does not speak highly for manhood suffrage, nor for the truth of the old proverb, *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, it seems hopeless to expect some of our voters to censure the bad conduct of certain members. "The gift of the gab" is a thing so popular that if a man possesses it he is excused from following the moral law. "Dick Swiveller" may be as bibulous as he will, but he will get enough votes to be returned every time. I am glad to notice that in the municipal elections, which have, of course a different constituency, an improvement has been noticed of late; at all events, in three municipalities in which I am interested, the last election saw the "Dick Swiveller" class at the bottom of the poll. When will the day come when sins against morality will disqualify from election to all offices, not because of any written law, but because electors will refuse to allow such men their support, even if their party suffers defeat through it? The Home Rule cause will very likely suffer defeat at the next election in Britain through the action of the religious Home Rulers; but it is a thing in which they may glory rather than regret. God comes before all parties and all causes. If the right cannot win without employing irreligious and immoral men as its leaders and its advocates, it must wait awhile before its day of triumph. Our motto is the very opposite of that ascribed to the Jesuits: "We must not do evil that good may come."

COLIN CLOUT.

Commemoration Day at The King's School, Parramatta.

Thursday, the 26th ult., was Commemoration Day at The King's School, Parramatta, and, as on former occasions, the usual service was held in the chapel at 4.30 p.m. The boys having taken their places in the chapel, the remaining portion was quickly filled by visitors and friends, among which were the Ven. Archdeacon Günther, M.A., the Hon. J. P. Abbott (the Speaker), and the Revs. H. Wallace Mort, M.A., and D. E. Evans-Jones.

At the conclusion of a shortened form of evensong, the Archdeacon addressed those present, taking for his text Rom. i. 1: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ."

The preacher dwelt at some length on the Private life of Paul, as gathered from his letters and epistles, and drew special attention to his humility, usefulness, affection, and readiness to suffer for Christ's sake. He then spoke of the public life of St. Paul, referring to him as a teacher of men, an author and writer. The services of God (said the preacher) is ever the servant of humanity. To serve aright, men must study the wants of the day in which they live, for each age has its peculiar and special wants—intellectual, civil, moral, religious. We register the facts, the events, the problems of the day, the tendencies, the institutions, the plans and methods employed in carrying them out, that we may be better prepared to fulfil the responsibilities of our position. Having ascertained how we may best serve man, and exert our influence for good, courage is needed for decided action. That courage must never fail, and must be manifested regardless of the Monarch's displeasure, or the people's frown. Courage is shown not in self-assertion, but in the calm trust of the Christian warrior. To dare to be singular, to espouse an unpopular cause, to brave ridicule, the sneers, the scoffs, the contempt of man, the smiles of the world, and to show courage of a high order. What an age is this nineteenth century! This century with its discoveries, inventions, its steam and electricity, its ships and railways, its telegraphs, ocean cables, telephones, phono-

graphs, its theories of life, its problems of high civilization, what an age, when we think of its religious activities, manifestations of truth, its organisations and institutions. Treasures indeed have been received from others, and these must be handed on to others.—not diminished but increased. Think of the work being done by Christlike and Christful men and women in different departments and spheres of labour. Think of the sayings and doings of the great preachers of Christendom in art and science, in ethics and literature, in politics and religion, and in various ministries of love. Call to remembrance the work of great Churchmen not living in dreams of the future; not living as stoic philosophers, Buddhist devotees, or pessimists of our own time, but acting in the living present—statesmen, reformers, divines, confessors, martyrs, and the sacramental hosts of God's elect. Our muster-roll of noble men—aye and noble women—is no insignificant one. Think too, on this day of the great and good benefactors of this old school, with its many traditions and memories, and, above all, of one of the greatest of Christian pioneers in this great Southern land—the noble Bishop Broughton. What did our founder, what did our friends and benefactors propose? For what purpose does the school exist? Why did our dear dead founder, now enjoying the rest of the paradise of God—attach so much importance to the religious element? Why in the plan for the government of the school, is it prescribed that in addition to expositions of Holy Scripture, lectures should be given on the origin and history of the Reformation, the nature, duties and claims of the ministerial office and character, the doctrines, ordinances and discipline of our great branch of the Catholic Church? Why was worship associated with instruction, and why at our lectures is it prescribed that we should use Bishop Andrews' Devotions in Greek, and Bishop Ken's Manual for Winchester Scholars? What means the expenditure of money, of thought, of action, of power? Does not our school exist for educational purposes in the truest sense of the word—for the development of the whole man, physical, intellectual, emotional and spiritual? Does it not proclaim the Church's view of education—remind us of the old public schools of England, the high ideals of, and the work effected by such men as Dr. Arnold and others? Does it not teach how we may be the best qualified to serve God in Church and State. Our colony may well look upon this school as a nursery—a nursing mother of her legislative scholars, men of science, men adorning the learned professions. Our Church—the historic Church of England, mother of so many great scholars and theologians, may well look to this great school for a supply of men ready to adopt the noblest of professions for the greatest of masters, fired with an unearthy enthusiasm for Christianity, fatherland and humanity. Not the weakest of Australia's sons does she need but the strongest, the purest, the most self-denying, the most cultured, the most manly, the most gentle and loving—in a word the most Christlike. The preacher concluded by showing our responsibility regarding the education of humanity from age to age, and the call to greater ventures of faith and labours of love.

Church of England Association of New South Wales.

The quarterly meeting of the members of the above was held on Thursday evening the 26th ult., in the Temperance Hall, Pitt-street. The chair was taken by the president, Mr. Justice Foster. The meeting was opened with prayer. A short address was delivered by the president on the aims, scopes, and future prospects of the Association.

Mr. EDMUND BERTON spoke on the fallacies of the Lincoln judgment, and adversely criticised the action of our Bishops in refusing to consecrate Canon Barlow as Bishop of North Queensland.

Mr. W. CRANE spoke on the blessings vouchsafed to the Association, directly attributable to private united prayer, and urged its continuance in the crisis through which the Church is passing.

Mr. THOS. HUNGERFORD traced the contemporaneous growth of Ritualism and false doctrine from its earliest history to the present time, and showed that it was the priest that always led the people astray in matters of false doctrine, which was afterwards used in their subjugation, both spiritually and temporally.

Mr. J. G. CHAPMAN, organising secretary to the West Maitland branch, gave a short account of his labours in the Newcastle diocese, and urged his hearers to regard Ritualism as Jesuitism, and always to treat it as such, and that their greatest care should be to guard their wives and children from its contaminating influence since the sole aim was temporal dominion, and this was to be gained through the confessional box, which the speaker pointed out, was gaining such strength in England.

Mr. J. J. FARR addressed the meeting on his recent experience of Ritual progress in England, and urged the Association to do its best in warning the people against its seductive and pernicious principles.

Mr. ROBERT THOMSON also addressed the meeting, and reminded the people that they must read, and so master the question or it would soon master them, and urged the consideration of certain books which he mentioned and strongly recommended.

After a few remarks by the chairman, Mr. CRANE said that as before the next meeting would take place their assistant secretary would have left them, he would like to

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THE MASTER HAS NEED OF YOU

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very mother should get them.—ADVT.

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING

When Mr. Jackson came into the room with his hearty "Good morning, Mr. Morris, if you will wait a minute or

and poor, both paying the same value for and receiving the same drink as each other. Existence of private bars shall cease. Respectable hotelkeepers would not suffer, but would eventually gain by the change, and thus the question of the need of compensation would be done away with. Any person twice convicted of drunkenness shall, under the rev. gentleman's proposed scheme, be prevented from receiving any more liquor for 12 months. Thus habitual drunkenness would be an impossibility, and prohibition orders would no longer be necessary. Hotels would gradually lose their present frequently unsavoury character, they would become places to which women and children could be taken for refreshment or board without any risk of seeing and hearing most unpleasant and degrading things; and it would be to the proprietor's benefit in every way to prevent the slightest approach to intemperance or unseemly behaviour. The back slum and back block gin-shop would disappear; "shouting" and "nipping" would be checked. The sale of liquor to persons under the age of 21 years would be forbidden. Only two classes of people would, according to the rev. gentleman, suffer by the adoption of the proposed scheme, viz., publicans of ill-repute, because their licenses would be immediately cancelled; and the wholesale wine and spirit merchants, because thereafter all liquor would be supplied by the Government.

The Cheerful Man.

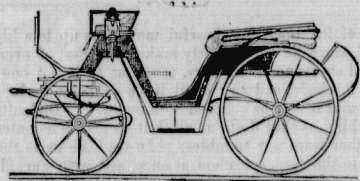
So long, we may observe, in the first place, been cheerful to have that to be so has become a habit with him, . . . And what an inestimable and invaluable habit it is! It has been remarked by one of undoubted authority that "the habit of looking at the best side of a thing is worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year." And another says that "half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them." Why do so, then? And yet another observes that "nine-tenths of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing." But the cheerful man steadfastly sets his face against worry, and can always see a sparkle in the darkest water. And if, to quote again, "there is no time in a man's life when he is so great as when he cheerfully bows to the necessity of his position and makes

And neither need those older grown fear the cheerful man's frown or his fault-findings, for he remembers that "restraint in the expression of unpleasant feelings or harsh thoughts is the foundation stone on which many a happy home and many near and dear friendships are built." It is never he who adds to the burden of the sorrowful. On

[illegible]

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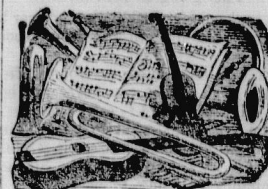
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PARALYSED GOLD.

[BY THE REV. R. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF THE "OILED
FEATHER," ETC., ETC.]

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

You have heard of a paralysed man—did you ever hear
of paralysed gold? You have heard of men who had all
the outward members, to all appearance, perfect—they
had the arms and hands with which men work, and the
legs and feet with which they move, and all the external
bodily appliances of life; but, for all this, they were in a
state of living death—they were paralysed. Poor helpless
folk! their limbs were no good to them; they were little
better than a mockery. With them life was but a living
death.

But did you ever hear of a paralysed thing?—of that
which was held in the grip of a disease which was living
death, so that, although in outward seeming it was as it
had ever been, the vitality had gone out of it—so that,
whilst in a world of life, it was really dead?

Now, I am going to tell you of such a thing, and that
thing is gold—gold! the god of many—gold! the concentra-
tion of power—gold! that which it is believed can do
anything—gold! that which men believe can never die.
They do not dispute the fact that they must die themselves
—they believe in the decay of Nature—they know that a
time must come when they must leave gold; but they
never dream that death may come on their gold before it
comes to them. Of course they know that it may leave
them; they have seen riches make to themselves wings
and flee away, too often, not to believe this; but for gold
to stay with them, a dead and paralysed thing—that this
may be, they never think.

For example, Mr. Grabstone, of whom I am going to
tell you, would not have believed this; no, not if he
had read it in the Old Testament and the New. Gold, in
his opinion, could never remain gold and yet lose all its
life and power.

Redfern Grabstone had been, of course, once a baby—
he began life, as most people do—but I am not concerned
with him at the time when, as a seedling humanity, he
first, so to speak, popped his head above ground; he had
sprouted a bit when we have first to do with him. And
he had sprouted nicely; if he had been a cauliflower,
everyone would have said that he would have come to a
good head; had he been an asparagus, people would have said
ditto; but as it was, he gave promise of being a nice lad.

And what he gave promise of becoming he did become—
he was a bright-haired, bright-eyed, bright-bearded little
lad. He was bright all round. Life was bright to him,
and he made life bright to others. He helped to make it
so to his father and mother, but he made it almost entirely
so to his little brother and sister, who were some three or
four years younger than himself.

For Redfern was the rich one of the family, inasmuch
as he was the only one who could afford to spend some-
thing now and again on what was not absolutely necessary.
He always had some pocket money. His Godfather
Roberts was a very well-to-do man, and he tipped the boy
continually; and the lad passed on the tip, in the shape of
the adored chocolate-cream and other good things besides.

And Redfern Grabstone got something in return.
Tommy Grabstone and Ruth—his little brother and sister
—reserved some of their affections for him. Was not he
the one who helped them out of all their troubles? Was
it not he who was head man in all their amusements? And
what greater pleasure could Redfern knock out of a
sixpence, more than he got when he stood treat for some-
thing they wanted? And they paid him back with all the
little resources of childish life.

But childhood's simple, happy days cannot last; the
garden cannot always be full of buds and blossoms, the
year cannot be always spring; and the time came when
Redfern Grabstone must leave home, and make his way in
the world. What he himself would blossom into, and
how he would fruit, who could tell? Alas! many a
blossom falls to the ground without fruiting at all; many
a bud is cankered, frost-bitten, nipped, before ever it
comes to leaf; the hope of youth often finds its end in the
disappointment and the failure of old age.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. John Cayley, stock and
share broker, into whose office Redfern Grabstone had
come, "so you've come from the country. Country is a
charming place, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I'm very fond of it."
"Trees, cows, strawberries and cream, bright sky, milk-
maids, little boys and girls playing on the village green—
pretty sight! pretty sight!" said Mr. Cayley, rubbing
his hands; "very pretty!"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, feeling a little moist about the
eyes, as he thought of the little brother and sister he
had left, and all the places on the village green where
they had played, and all the little loves which they had
known.

"Damp," said Mr. Cayley, "damp about the eyes!"
(For Mr. Cayley made it his business to read people's
faces, and he had turned a good many pennies in
life by doing so.) "Sorry to leave the trees, and the
cows, and the milkmaids, and the little children playing
on the green! I believe I was a little damp myself many
years ago—I should say, nearly fifty—when I first came
up to London; but I soon wiped up and became dry. I
like being dry," said Mr. Cayley: "especially in my feet."

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and in my eyes. If you let your feet get wet, you may have bronchitis, or even consumption at the last; anyhow a very bad cough, with no end of expense for doctors; and if you get wet about the eyes—well, you think that can be got rid of with a pocket-handkerchief; but it has had effects, my boy. It sometimes prevents one from doing justice to oneself; it makes one soft, and impressionable, and squeezable; it makes one lose money, and that's the greatest loss a man can have in the world. I heard myself once called "a dry old codger." I was delighted. I assure you; I was not angry at all. Now, my boy Redfern, I like to talk to you young lads when you first come into my office to business. I like to have you when you're fresh; you know, the soft sealing-wax easily takes the impression of the seal. I like to talk to you for your sakes, and for my own. I like to tell you that money is a very wonderful and a most desirable thing; and if you are persuaded of this, you will help to make money—first for me and afterwards for yourselves. We once had a boy who learned too fast. He was for putting the cart before the horse; he wanted to make for himself before he made for me. And I just popped him into prison," said Mr. Cayley; "I just put my thumb upon him—so; and he pressed his thumb upon Redfern's thigh until the pressure seemed to pass through the boy's flesh and squeeze in his very bone.

As the boy winced, Mr. Cayley laughed, and said, "Any marrow in there, Redfern? When I put down my thumb, I like to get at the marrow. You know, you needn't cut a man up with a dissecting knife, and a saw to get at his marrow—a bruise may be as good as a cut any day. I've done a deal of business in my lifetime with my thumb; and, do you know, now I'm getting old, I find that's something to be thankful for," said Mr. Cayley, turning up his eyes with a hypocritical look. "People say we ought to be thankful for small mercies—these, how much more for large ones? And I consider strength of thumb a very great mercy indeed, especially if you are privileged to know how and when to apply it, and have nothing the matter with your eyes to prevent your doing so; and Mr. Cayley laughed again. "Your first business in life," said Mr. Cayley, "will be to make money for me—that will be your business during the time your father has agreed that you are to be here. Did I say your first business?—I should have said your only business. After you have left me, your first business—Did I say 'first' again! Dear me! I think I must be getting old, and forgetful. Your only business will be to make money for yourself. I find that lads like you often forget poor old Cayley when they leave this office—indeed, one fellow did me out of £1,000—and I suppose you'll do the same."

"I hope not, sir," said Redfern Grabstone. Mr. Cayley had to plunge his head into his large red cotton pocket-handkerchief, and then to sneeze, or make believe to sneeze, many times; for it did not suit his purpose that the boy should see him go off into an explosive fit of laughter.

"Well, well—you'll remember Cayley—I don't doubt it; and if you can put anything in his way, you will—you'll always give him the preference. If you know of a good thing or two going, you'll always give him the straight tip. And if you know of anything bad, you'll always come to him and say, 'Mr. Cayley, take care; be cautious, I beg of you; don't be rash; don't be led away by appearances.' You'll say, 'Remember, Mr. Cayley, the kind of world you are living in.' If you like, you may say, 'Which it is the misfortune of such as you to have to live in.' I say, 'Though I know you're not given to weeping, still, Mr. Cayley, I know there are some people who'd like to "wipe your eye," and I'll never stand by and see your eye wiped.' That will be a return for all I mean to do for you while you're in this office."

"But now let me give you a word about 'money.' Our business here is to make money; we can't dig it up out of the ground, but we can dig it out of other people's pockets. (And, said Mr. Cayley to himself, "out of their hearts"). And the reason that we want money is because money is power."

"May I ask, sir," said the boy, "what the meaning of that is?"

"Certainly, certainly, my lad; for anything that teaches the value of money is useful—it may help on my interests now, as well as yours by-and-by—for if you know the value of money, you'll try to get it, and you'll try to keep it."

"I've never kept any of mine," said Redfern Grabstone simply, "I spent it all on Tommy and Ruth."

"And who may Tommy and Ruth be?" asked Mr. Cayley.

"My little brother and sister, sir."

"Ah! that was when you were a little boy in the country—that was before you knew what's what—that's before you met with John Cayley. You didn't know what money could do." ("Nor, with all your worldly wisdom, did you," I say, Mr. Cayley in an expository but a very decided way). "The doctor will get up in the middle of the night and out of his warm bed for you; the lawyer will rack his brains, if you have any business to be done; the builder, the tradesman, will all run after you for money. Money is meat and drink—'tis vegetables, and bread and butter, and railway trains; you can command everything with money. Therefore now, my boy, go to your seat in the office—all the better, I hope, for this little talk. And let 'money'—or rather 'money power'—be your motto. And just one more parting word—Keep your eyes dry, and—remember Cayley's thumb."

The words which Mr. Cayley spoke were destined in due time to spring up and bring forth their fruit. The seed lay in his young hearer's heart as he sat at his desk, as he walked along the street, and as he lay awake upon his bed. But it met with obstacles in its way which more or less retarded its growth.

One would have thought that the evil influence of Mr. Cayley would have kept aught that was holy in thought, word or deed, from coming into his office or his presence; but it was not so. Angels can stand unpolluted on polluted ground. Sodom was trodden by their feet of old; and no place so evil now but that they enter there; and thence they leave, all undefiled, because they are the messengers of the King.

And good thoughts came to Redfern Grabstone—good thoughts about money, too. Often did his mind wander back to his old home, and to the village green, and to the little brother and sister there. Well he remembered how he had spent the money which his uncle had given him. It was not very much in itself, no doubt, but it was a great deal to him; in fact, it was his very all. Had he not spent it on those little folk, and was not the remembrance of this pleasant now? He knew few in London—none of his own age, none of his little brother's and sister's age; and it was refreshing to him to be able to go over all the life upon the green, to see again their smiles, to hear again their merry laughs, to feel their warm breath upon his cheeks and the pressure of their lips on his. Oh! he loved them still; they were not yet stale and no good to memory because not profitable in fact.

Well, for a time the little brother and sister at home kept Redfern Grabstone's heart sweet and fresh, and were a powerful antidote to both the eyes and the principles of his master. The eyes were only an exposition, an example of the principles; but the little ones were too strong for them.

They tell us now that, by a newly-discovered force, one person at a distance can have power over another, and make him do his will, and be what he would have him be, and say what he would have him say. I shall leave this to the scientific people for the present, and content myself with telling you that the little ones at home exercised a great influence over their brother in the big city, and for a long time they beat Cayley out of the field; but an ever present influence is often too strong for a far off one, and as Mr. Cayley kept always sowing his seed and watering it—though not, of course, with his eye—it began to sprout a little in the young lad's mind. Cayley had determined to make him a money grub. He saw the boy was fresh, and that influences which he himself scorned and hated were all-powerful with him; and he made up his mind to make him altogether such an one as himself. Cayley had no kith or kin, and what to do with his money when he died he knew not; and so the thought crossed his mind that he would educate this boy to think as much of money as he did himself, and then he could leave him what he had. Leave it to him, not to spend it, but to keep it—on, and on, and on, with the one thought, "as long as he had gold he had power," and that the power which wealth gave was the only thing worth having which life could give. "Look there," said Mr. Cayley, as he walked past a jeweller's shop, in the window of which were flashing diamonds and jewels of every kind. "do you see this book?" said he, as he pulled a long narrow little cheque-book out of his pocket. "I have but to fill this up—a page with a few figures, with that man's name on it, put my own at the bottom, and in an hour's time you will find every piece of plate in that shop, and every precious stone, in my office. I don't mean to do it," said Mr. Cayley; "oh dear no! but I tell you this just to show you what may be done. Do you see that mansion-house there? Well, you have seen this little book; I have only to send for an architect and tell him to build me the like, and put my name to the bottom of one of these little leaves, and up the building will go. These things I call 'power,' and this you will have, my boy, if you follow my advice. Keep the eyes and feet dry; and if one of the two must be wet, why, let it be the feet. You can change your boots and socks when you get home, but no one can tell what will come of the eyes going wrong. I don't mind a squint, or a wink, or a blink—I don't mind a man being cross-eyed, for the matter of that; but keep the eyes dry, Redfern, my boy. You see, I call you 'Redfern,' for I feel like a father towards you; and there's many an one, I can tell you, who'd give a good bit more than the top of his little finger if John Cayley would say he felt like a father to him. You mustn't trouble yourself, Redfern, about the little snivellers at home; why, you'll soon be a man—and perhaps I may help to make a man of you indeed. How should you like to be able to order that jeweller to send every pennyworth he has in his place to your house, and to hear him thanking you into the bargain?"

(To be Continued.)

MORAL prejudices are the stoppages of virtue; and as is the case with other stoppages, it is often more difficult to get either out or in through them than through any part of the fence.—"Guesses at Truth."

A MAN's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.—Hume.

ANY life that is worth living for must be a struggle—a swimming not with, but against, the stream.—Dean Stanley.

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COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF INCOME.
The Free Fund Receipts from January 1 to February 28 in five consecutive years compare as follows:—1887, £1243 2s 5d; 1888, £1204 12s 3d; 1889, £958 6s 3d; 1890, £618 2s 2d; 1891, £667 10s 1d.

Receipts for the Month ending 28th February, 1891.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.	1890 a.c.	£	s.	d.	St. Paul's, Burwood	£	s.	d.
His Honor Judge Wilkinson	1891.	20	0	0	Bowral	2	12	0
Mrs. Frederic Barker	5	0	0	0	St. Leonards	4	8	0
Mr. Isaac Haddon	0	12	0	0	Mulgool	1	4	0
OFFERTORIES.					St. Philip's, Sydney	1	2	1
Advent, 1890.					Paddington	7	14	0
Bull, outlying districts	1	0	0	0	Petersham	6	6	6
Mittagong	3	4	0	0	Randwick	1	0	0
Colo Vale	0	6	0	0	Sutton Forest	1	13	0
After Confirmation.					Waverley	12	14	3
1890.					Woollahra	3	1	0
Ryde	2	9	0	0	Wollongong	8	12	3
All Saints, Parramatta	3	6	2	0	St. John's, Darlinghurst			
1891.					(per W. L. Docker)			
Enmore	3	6	10	0	Mr. O. West	1	10	0
Bowral	8	10	9	0	Miss V. Hall	0	12	0
Berrima	37	0	0	0	Mr. J. F. Holle	5	5	0
Bong Bong	2	14	9	0	Mr. John Street	10	10	0
Special, 1890.					Ladies' Auxiliary	28	18	0
Christ Church, S. Yarra.					1891.			
Offertory, day of					St. Andrew's	10	19	0
Primrose arrival, 10 18 7					Bowral	0	18	0
AUXILIARIES.					Randwick	1	0	0
1890.					Waverley	4	13	0
St. Andrew's	29	17	8	0	Woollahra	1	0	0
Ashfield	0	1	2	0	St. John's, Darlinghurst			
St. John's, Balmian	6	12	0	0	(per W. L. Docker)			
St. Luke's, Burwood	3	10	0	0	Mr. W. F. Jones	5	0	0
Do., Gleaners' Union	5	0	0	0	Mr. G. Evans	5	5	0

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MARCH, XXXI Days.
4th Sunday in Lent.

MORNING LESSONS.	EVENING LESSONS.
8 S. Genesis 42	Mark 8 v 10 to c 9 Gen. 43 or Gen. 45 1 Corin. 1 to v 25
9 M. Numbers 20 to v 14	—v 2 to v 30 Numbers 20 v 14 —v 26 & c 2
10 T. —v 21 to v 10	—v 30 to v 32 —v 22 —v 18
11 W. —v 22 to v 22	—v 30 to v 32 —v 22 —v 18
12 T. —v 23	—v 30 to v 32 —v 22 —v 18
13 F. —v 25	—v 30 to v 32 —v 22 —v 18
14 S. Deut. 1 to v 19	—v 27 to v 27 Deuter. 1 v 19 —v 25
15 S. Exodus 3	Mark 12 v 13 to v 33 Ex. 5 or c 6 v 14 Corin. 7 v 25

The Australian Record.
"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

GERMAN LABOUR COLONIES.

A MOST interesting article from the pen of the Right Honourable the Earl of MEATH on the Labour Colonies in Germany appears in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It will amply repay the student of the times who will give it careful thought. It is of great interest to us at the present juncture, when some attention has been obtained in the Colony to the condition of the unemployed, and the means which should be devised to help and assist them in their destitution. Every man should be assisted to obtain his living by honest labour, and those who will not work neither shall they eat. The infringement of this law fosters and encourages pauperism, which has been well described as one of the evils of the century. The pauperized form a portion of that band which live by begging and tramp of the country from one end to the other—not only degrading themselves, but also degrading those with whom they come into contact, while they are a disgrace to a land so fruitful and abundant as New South Wales. We have many charitable and benevolent agencies at work to relieve the really poor, and these institutions have done a work the benefits of which cannot be estimated; but of a necessity their operations do not go far enough, and they do not insist upon able-bodied men earning what is given to them in the shape of relief. This is one of the great principles of the scheme propounded by Mr. LANGLEY. Many are willing to work, if work can be obtained for them. There are scores, who, instead of receiving charity would prefer that they did something, so as to entitle them to what they receive. The Committees of charitable institutions who dispense relief and those who are forced to apply for it, alike feel that the system now in vogue must be changed. "No means are taken to provide genuine employment which would make a man feel that he was really working out his board and lodging, and that by diligence he could not only pay for all he had received, but that he could place in his pocket at the end of the day some honestly earned coins which would enable him next morning to start with fresh spirit in search of employment, and with a sense of independence unknown to the ordinary tramp." Any other kind of relief is demoralizing and degrading. Can such a mode be established with any degree of success? The history of the Labour Colonies in Germany give an emphatic affirmative answer. Under the inspiration and direction of Pastor von BODELSCHWING of Bielefeld twenty-two Labour Colonies have been established in the country, and two in the towns, and their success has been remarkable. By their organisation men who had not worked for years have been restored to the dignity of labour, and have become honest and useful citizens. Three kinds of institutions exist—the *Arbeitshaus*, the *Vergeltungs-Station*, and the *Herberge zur Heimat*. The first is maintained by the Government, and as according to German law every magistrate must punish the man who having been brought before him is proved to have begged, if he is punished more than two or three times he is sent for a period of from six months to two years to this institution where he is forced to work. Here the idle and refractory are brought to their senses by being obliged to perform a certain amount of work before food is given them. The second kind of organization is for providing men travelling in search of employment with food and lodging, such assistance being invariably given in return for work. The third kind are temperance Societies established by Christian men, the management of which is entrusted to laymen trained as deacons or other persons known to be of good moral character. Here decent accommodation is provided, and men wandering through the country in search of work may be brought under religious influence, be kept free from temptations to drink, and find a clean comfortable bed, good wholesome food, and a cheery welcome. There are four hundred of these institutions now in Germany, where all that can be done is done for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of those who need their shelter.

Agents for WALKER, of London, Pipe Organ Makers. American Organs by "ESTLEY," 250,000 have actually been made and sold—figures which speak for themselves. The Prices have been considerably Reduced—a First

81 Glebe Road Glebe

East St. Kilda.—The Rev. Chas. Vaughan, who has been for some time past curate at All Saints', East St. Kilda, has issued a circular in which he charges the Rev. J. H. Gregory with breach of faith. Mr. Vaughan seems to have laboured under the misapprehension that he was to succeed the present incumbent on his retirement. It is a great pity that there should have been any misunderstanding between them, but it seems to us that Mr. Vaughan ought to have known that the incumbency, when it became vacant, was in the gift of the Bishop.

Moreland.—On Friday week, a service was held, at 8 p.m., in the Pavilion, Moreland-grove, kindly lent by Mr. Dare, for the purpose of inducting the Rev. Edward S. Sumner, as incumbent of the newly-constituted parish of Moreland. The Ven. Archdeacon Stretch presided, and was assisted by the Rev. J. Caton, and the Rev. W. G. Hindley. There were about 50 persons present.

C.E.T.S.—The Church of England Temperance Society will hold a series of meetings in Melbourne early in March. On the 8th prox. special sermons will be preached in all the churches on the subject of temperance. On the Monday following a meeting of the members of the society will be held in the Cathedral buildings, at 4 p.m., to receive report, elect officers, etc. In the evening of that day, a public meeting is to be held in the Temperance Hall, Russell-street; and on the following evening a service is to be held in the Cathedral, at which representatives of all the temperance societies in the city will be present, and a sermon will be preached by the Bishop.

Religious Instruction.—The National Scripture Education League has issued the following circular, signed by the Bishops of Melbourne and Ballarat, the Hon. Jas. Balfour, Dr. Waugh, and Professor Gosman, the President and Vice-presidents of the league:—"Dear friend—Looking at the extreme importance of the work which we have taken in hand, and the serious difficulties which have interfered with its success, and bearing in mind that we are graciously commanded to pray and not to faint, and to carry all our requests to God, we have resolved to ask the Christian people of this community to make the re-introduction of the Bible into the State-schools of Victoria a matter of earnest public and private prayer; and we now ask your hearty co-operation in the matter." We sincerely hope that our readers will follow out this suggestion. There can be no doubt as to the desirability of our children being taught the highest morality, instead of, as at present, being filled with Hackwood's utilitarianism.

Temperance Sunday.—The Bishop of Melbourne has issued the following circular letter to his clergy:—"In compliance with the wish of the Church of England Temperance Society, I invite you to set apart Sunday, March 8th, being the first Sunday in Lent, as a suitable day for drawing the special attention of your congregations to the principles and practice of temperance. The Council does not ask you to devote the offertory of that day to the support of its good work, but to preach upon the subject, and encourage your people to co-operate with those who are endeavouring to grapple with the sin of drunkenness. It is proposed that there shall be a public meeting on Monday, March 9th, at 8 p.m. in the Temperance Hall, Russell-street, and a service in the Cathedral on Tuesday, March 10th, at 7.30 p.m. I shall be obliged by your announcing the meeting and the service. The number of branches of the Church of England Temperance Society in our parishes is gradually increasing, and I pray that the approaching Temperance Sunday, with the gatherings which are to follow, may be the means of stirring up many to take a more active part in temperance work."

Diocese of Ballarat.

Church Assembly.—The Church Assembly has been in session this week. The most important matter considered was a resolution as to Scripture Education in State Schools, on the lines of the resolution passed by the Church Assembly of the Diocese of Melbourne at its recent special session. In connection with the Assembly, arrangements were made for holding a series of meetings; on Monday, for promoting interest in Missions; on Tuesday, the annual meeting of the Sunday School Association was held; and on Thursday, a meeting for arousing fresh interest in the erection of the Cathedral.

Diocese of Melanesia.

Norfolk Island.—The health of Bishop Selwyn, which has been very bad since he returned from the islands on December 9 last, is slowly improving. He has been completely prostrated by an attack of malarial sciatica, and although the local pain has abated, he is still extremely weak, and not able to leave his bed. For several years now his island work has quite knocked him up, still he has struggled on. His heart is in it, and it will be a sad blow to the missionary enterprises in Melanesia if he has to resign. The loss, too, will be great to this island. He has been one of the very best friends the Norfolk Islanders have ever had. He has always done his best for the welfare of the island, and in time of sickness his kindness has been invaluable. A short time since, the Church set a day apart, and special intercessory services were held for his recovery, and they were well attended. The other members of the mission staff are well.

Our New Serial.

THE LAST LOOK.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

In vain he pleaded, in vain he petitioned that he might see his beloved wife, even for a few moments, that he might have some parting words with her. He spoke as to men who were deaf. Not the slightest answer by word or sign did they give him, but immediately proceeded to examine all the cases and drawers and boxes in the room. They then went to the sleeping apartment, searching it throughout, and taking possession of every scrap of written paper, as well as of all the books they could find. There were gestures of triumph and satisfaction exhibited when a Bible and hymn book were drawn forth. Antonio fancied that he could see the dark eyes of the familiars flashing under their hoods as they handed the books to each other. The advocate knew well the language those eyes spoke. "Here we have evidence which will convict him without doubt; no hope for him, no prospect of escape." Yet he stood calm and motionless, striving by a mighty effort to quell the agitated feelings of his bosom, and to seek strength from the only source whence it could be obtained. He seemed as though he had succeeded, when a faint cry reached his ear. He knew the voice; it was that of his wife. In an instant he had torn asunder the bonds which held him; he had dashed on either side the cowed alguazils who crowded round, and at a bound dashed through the doorway, down the passage whence the sound proceeded.

"Leonor! Leonor! I come to you," he cried out; but as he uttered the words, a blow from a heavy staff on the forehead, laid him senseless on the ground. When he returned to consciousness, it was to find himself in a narrow dark, and noisome cell, which he knew must be one of the secret prisons of that fearful institution, the Inquisition. He had often heard of the horrors those gloomy walls could reveal. He knew that thousands of his fellow-creatures had been confined within them; that very many had never seen again the light of day; that others had been brought forth as spectacles to be mocked at, dressed in fantastic costumes, and thus had been committed to the flames.

On the hard flag-stones he knelt down, and then, in close communion with his God, he obtained a strength and courage which no human power could have given him. Hour after hour, and day after day, passed away, and he remained alone in darkness, a cowed figure entering only occasionally, and as quickly retiring, without uttering a word, or making a sign. When not engaged in prayer, his thoughts were with Leonor; and even when thus engaged, they often turned to her, and she became their chief and absorbing subject, that she might have strength, that she might have courage to hold to the truth.

At length the moment arrived when his powers of endurance were to be put to the test—his faith, his courage. The door opened, and six familiars, with their countenances masked, and their figures concealed by dark robes, entered his cell. His eyes, long accustomed to darkness, could scarcely endure the light from a torch which one of them carried, but he saw that they made signs to him to rise and accompany them. He knew that to disobey would be useless. Rising from the ground on which he had been resting, he endeavoured by earnest prayer to nerve himself for the fearful ordeal through which he might have to go.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TORTURE.

Antonio Herezuelo was only one of many who on that unhappy night were seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and dragged off to prison. In consequence of the information given by the wife of Juan Garcia, eighty persons were immediately apprehended in Valladolid, among those who had been present at the meetings; and in Seville and its neighbourhood two hundred had been betrayed into the hands of the inquisitors by the treachery of a pretended member of the Protestant Church, and the superstitious fears of another. The first, suspecting that some of his acquaintances entertained Lutheran opinions, insinuated himself into their confidence for the express purpose of learning their secrets and betraying them. The latter, hearing Lutheran principles denounced in the most fearful language, as the only means of saving himself from the results of the anathemas, hurried off and informed against all those he knew to be Protestants. Dismay seized upon large numbers of the most timid of the Protestants; and as people are often panic-struck when a ship strikes the rocks, and leap overboard into the raging surf, so some of them hurried off to Triana, and accused themselves to the inquisitors of entertaining doctrines for which the stake was the sure punishment. Others, who had been before unsuspecting, betrayed themselves by the hurried manner of their flight. Thus in a few days the chief members of all the Protestant Churches throughout Spain, were either in prison, or fugitives, or hiding in the caves of the earth, among mountains and forests. In no place, however, were they safe, and many of those abroad were betrayed into the hands of the emissaries of the Inquisition, and dragged back to Spain to suffer death at the

stake. The inquisitors were not content with those who denounced themselves. Every possible means was employed to discover heretics, and to assist the object, Philip renewed a royal ordinance—fallen into desuetude—allowing to informers the fourth part of the property of those guilty of heresy. This abominable edict greatly increased the zeal and activity of the vile tribe. Pope Paul IV. also assisted with eagerness in the object, and issued a bull enjoining all confessors to examine their penitents, from the highest to the lowest, and to charge them to denounce all whom they knew to be guilty of buying, selling, reading, or possessing any book prohibited by the Holy Office, the punishment being death. The great aim of the Papists was to strike terror into the minds of the whole nation; and while they had not the most distant intention of extending mercy to those who professed themselves penitent, they were nevertheless anxious to secure a triumph to the Catholic faith (as they called their system of idolatry and tyranny) by having it in their power to read, in the public *auto-da-fé*, the forced retractions of those who had embraced the truth.

Antonio Herezuelo stood before the council of inquisitors. So well known is the scene that it scarcely requires description. It is too true a picture—an exhibition of the devilish ingenuity of man when he desires to tyrannise over his fellow-creatures, unsurpassed in cruelty by the heathen or most barbarous nations of modern days. There sat the inquisitors in a gloomy vaulted chamber—on one side the fearful rack, with grim, savage executioners ready to perform their office, a black curtain only partly concealing other instruments of torture, with hooded familiars standing silently round; while at the table sat two secretaries, ready to note every word uttered by the prisoner, to be wrested, if possible, to his destruction. The only person whose countenance could have been regarded with satisfaction was the prisoner. He stood calm and undaunted amidst those cruel men, who had resolved on his death. Hark! the president addresses him in a harsh, pitiless voice:

"Antonio Herezuelo, you have been accused by most creditable witnesses of holding in disrespect many of the principal articles of our most holy faith. What have you to answer for yourself?"

"That I hold most sincerely and truly all the doctrines necessary for my eternal salvation, and all other doctrines which I find clearly set forth in God's blessed Word, sent in His mercy and love as a sure guide to perishing men," answered Antonio, boldly.

"Then you consider the Bible, by which so many are misled, as the only guide and rule of faith?" said the chief inquisitor. "You set at naught the authority of the Church?"

"I bow with all submission to the authority of the Church in all points in which she is clearly guided by Holy Scripture," answered Herezuelo, who still clung, as did many of the Protestants of those days, to the false idea that there exists only one sole visible Church on earth; and believing that such a Church does exist, supposed it to be, in spite of all its errors, the Church of Rome.

"Then, heretic, you dare to say that the Bible is above the Church?" exclaimed the inquisitor. "Why, fool, it is through the Church that you have a Bible; but it is not fit that the laity should possess it, for they can only, as we have evidence that you and others have done, make a most improper use of it. Therefore it is a prohibited book, and yet you dare to acknowledge that you have both possessed one and studied it. Ay, you have done so, and to your own utter destruction of body and soul."

"To the salvation of my soul," said Antonio, boldly. "Our blessed Lord Himself appealed to Scripture on many occasions, and to Scripture I appeal and trust." "Then you reject the traditions of the Church?" said the inquisitor, looking towards the secretary, who was busily noting down all the questions he put, and the answers made by the prisoner.

"By tradition we may be deceived. Scripture is a sure guide, which, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit, will lead us infallibly aright," answered Herezuelo.

"Oh, what abominable—what terrible heresy!" exclaimed the inquisitor. "You deny, too, that the Blessed Virgin should be adored and honored above Christ, as being His mother, and, from being a woman, more ready to hear the prayers of the faithful than He can be?"

(To be continued.)

There is a lively ecclesiastical quarrel in Hungary on the subject of mixed marriages. The clergy are in open mutiny against the Bishops, and two letters of Cardinal Rampolla written in September to Cardinal Simor, pronouncing absolutely against the decrees of the Hungarian Government, have been communicated to the Press, to the great disgust of the Primate, by some members of his household. The Hungarian Episcopate did not object to the decree of the Minister for Education requiring a civil registry of baptismal certificates, and succeeded in bringing the Vatican to accept their view of the case; but the lower clergy refuse to submit, and can now plead that their views have the support of the Vatican. The Government will not give way, but are willing that the decree shall be enforced upon the clergy by the Bishop; but the publication of Cardinal Rampolla's letters must encourage the clergy in their resistance to the Government. Meanwhile the Minister of Justice has a Bill in hand to render civil marriages compulsory between Roman Catholics and Protestants, which will have the support of the Opposition leaders.

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Children's Column.

LEFT ALONE; OR, THE ORPHANS OF
PINWOOD COTTAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Soon he whispered, more to himself than to Roland, the words he had been reading that morning, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"Oh, Master Roland," he said, his eyes returning to him again, "do you know my Jesus—my gentle, loving Jesus? He it is that gives me rest for my weary body and peace for my soul. How can I be sorrowful when I am waiting all the day to hear His loving voice calling me to come to Him? Oh, Master Roland, do you love Him?" and Peter gazed anxiously up at his face. But, alas! there was no response in Roland's down-cast looks.

"Why, Peter," he said at last, "it is different with me you know; I am strong and well. How can I settle down to being a Christian yet, with all the pleasures and beauties of life before me? I should have to give up everything. Why, Peter," he went on enthusiastically, "do you know I am going to get father to buy me a commission in the army, and then, don't you hope there will be war, and won't it be grand and glorious to fight for your country and lead your men on to victory?" and Roland swung his books round his head with a vehemence that almost sent them flying again. "Come now, Peter," he went on, "wouldn't you like to be me, with such prospects before you?"

Peter looked at the boy, standing before him, so bright, beautiful and generous, so strong and manly in his bearing, with riches and perchance with honour and glory so near his grasp. How different in every respect from himself—so poor, so weak, so suffering. Would he change places with him? Roland watched his face, wondering what he would say, and again he saw the sick boy's gaze wander off past the hills to the quiet skies beyond. And then he said softly, "I would rather be poor little Peter, just waiting for Jesus," and then suddenly clasping Roland's hands in both of his, he said, almost in a tone of agony, "Oh, Master Roland, what will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?"

Without a word Roland turned and walked sadly away.

CHAPTER IX.

"I HAVE MADE MY CHOICE."

Not far away from Woodbine Cottage is a pine wood, and often when her duties were over, Maud Merton loved to steal away from noisy little Tottie, and Tiny, and baby boy, to spend a quiet hour in its peaceful shade with her book or with her own thoughts. One day while so engaged, Maud was startled in her pleasant musings by a noise close by. It came from among the tall bracken ferns that were waving all around. It seemed like the sound of someone sobbing bitterly. Who could it be? In a moment Maud had pushed her way to the spot, and there to her astonishment, she saw lying with the ferns all crushed under him, and with his face buried in his hands, her cousin, Roland.

"Why, Roland, darling, whatever is the matter?" said Maud, in great alarm. "What are you crying about?"

It was such a strange thing to see her brave, merry cousin cry.

"Who says I'm crying!" said Roland, savagely. "Just go away and leave me alone, can't you! I thought I could be quiet here of all places in the world, but it seems I can't." And Roland tried to look as though he hadn't been crying a bit, but it was a great failure, for in a moment his head went down again, and the sobs came as bad as ever.

"Oh, Roland, do tell me what's the matter," said Maud, her own eyes filling at the sight of his sorrow. "Perhaps I should be able to comfort you? Do tell me, there's a dear boy."

And she sat down beside him, and lifted his head on to her knee, and pushed back the hair from his hot brow, and stroked it with her little cool hand.

Roland did not resist her efforts to comfort him, and gradually his sobs grew less.

"I'm sorry I was so cross to you, Maud, just now," he murmured, after a time, "for you are awfully good to a fellow, although I am always teasing you. But I say," he cried suddenly, lifting his head up, "don't you ever dare to go and tell anyone that you saw me crying here like a great baby, will you?"

Maud promised solemnly that she would not. "But do tell me what it is that is troubling you so, won't you, Roland?"

"Well, Maud, I'd as lief tell you as anyone, and, in fact, I'd as lief tell you as I would tell you, for I am so miserable I don't know what to do. It's ever since I went to see little Peter, the cripple, you know, last week."

"Why, what could Peter have done to make you unhappy?"

"Oh, he didn't mean to do it, but just when I was coming away, he said to me in such a solemn tone, 'Oh, Master Roland, what shall it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?' And oh, Maud, I can't get the words out of my heart; they follow me about everywhere, in school and at my play—even when I'm in bed. Last Sunday, you know, the preaching was all about the coming of the Lord, and oh, Maud, I think that made me feel worse than ever, for I kept thinking, 'What if the Lord should come now?' and oh, I knew if He did I should go to hell, for I am very, very wicked," and again the great sobs shook the boy's frame.

"But Roland dear," said Maud very gently, "you need not go to hell if you will let Jesus save you; you know the Bible says, 'He will turn the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live.'"

"Oh, but Maud, you don't know how I have rejected Him. Ever since I can remember I have heard the Gospel preached, but I have deliberately turned away from it, preferring anything to Christ, and now it seems as though he had cast me off."

"That is only a temptation of Satan, dear Roland," said Maud, earnestly. "Christ never turns one away who calls upon Him."

"Oh, but that's just the trouble; I can't call upon Him. For nights when I have gone to my room I have read the little Bible you put on my dressing-table, to try and see if I could get any comfort, but none seems to come. Last night I was reading the Scripture where it says, 'No man cometh unto me except the Father, which sent me, draw him.' So that is why I can't come, I suppose; God won't draw me because I have despised Him so long. So I shall have to be lost!"

"Oh, Roland," said Maud, her tears falling fast at sight of the boy's despair, "I am sure the Lord never said those beautiful words to bring grief to any soul that was seeking Him; and you are seeking Him, are you not, Roland? You do want to be saved, do you not?"

"Yes, I do, now," said Roland, sadly, "I didn't once, though. I wanted to be happy without Christ, just in my own way; and, oh, Maud, I don't think you can know how beautiful the world seemed to me—the pleasures of the world, I mean; they seemed to stretch away before me like the wondrous delights of fairyland. It did not seem possible that I could give them all up—all my earthly hopes and desires—just to be a Christian. But, oh, what are all the pleasures of life to me, when I think that at any moment the Lord may come, and I shall be sent to hell?"

"Dear Roland, I cannot tell you how I thank God that He has made you feel like this. I have prayed so often for you, and now I know God is answering my prayers."

"Have you prayed for me, Maud?"

"Oh, yes, very often, and so has mamma and papa, and so did your own dear mother before she died, Roland, didn't she?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! my precious mother, and I shall never see her again, never again?"

"Hush, Roland, if you believe what God says, you shall not only see your mother in heaven, but you will see Jesus, the one who loved you and gave Himself for you."

"But I can't come unless He draws me, Maud—it says so in the Bible."

"But don't you see He is drawing you all the time, Roland?" said Maud, "it was Himself who led dear little Peter to speak to you first. Then He caused His servant, at the preaching, to speak the word to your conscience about His coming. Oh, dear Roland, don't fight against Him any more, just give it all up, and go to Him and say, 'Lord, just take me as I am, and do as you like with me, for I know you love me.'"

(To be continued.)

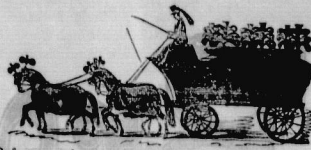
THE AUSTRALIAN RECORD.

March 7, 1891.

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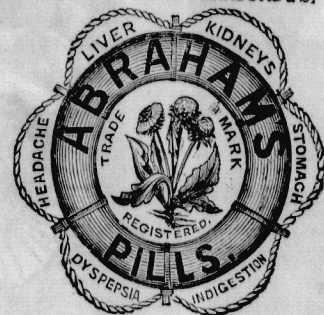
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The Australian Record.

SYDNEY, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

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

The Week.

The Church Society. Churchmen will be interested to learn that the Most Rev. the Primate has not only given a handsome subscription of £50 to the funds of the Church Society, but has offered to contribute an additional £50 provided an amount of £450 be received before the end of March. This opportunity ought not to be lost by those who have plenty of money. We are pleased to notice that His Excellency Lord Jersey has consented to become Patron of the Church Society for the Diocese of Sydney, and to subscribe to its funds.

Women's Work. Lady Jersey's pleasing little speech at the opening of the Presbyterian Ladies College commends itself and will win approbation all round. There is a wide field for usefulness for her ladyship to take the lead in dealing with the world of women, and many existing organisations may be stimulated into more vigorous energy by her kind words and wisdom. The Principal of the College in his address asked the question, "What kind of women are our Australian girls going to be?" and quotes Professor Renoult's wise words: "If our Australian girlhood grows up with the earnestness and mental and spiritual strength which made our mothers in the old lands such a potency of gentleness, unselfishness, and purity, and which made the name of 'lady' in England a symbol of all that is revered and trusted—then Australia, with its material forces sweetened and purified at the heart, will rise and endure a strength amidst the nations."

In Memoriam. The sixth anniversary of General Gordon's death was not forgotten by those who hold his memory in reverence. As a tribute of respect to this remarkable man numbers of people visited his statue in Trafalgar Square, London, a few weeks ago, bearing wreaths to lay on his monument. The late General has, however, a more lasting memorial to his worth, for the remembrance of the noble work done by this brave and unselfish man will ever be green in the memories of tens of thousands of the English speaking race.

Religious Literature. A new penny monthly religious paper has been recently issued under the auspices of the "Wesleyan Methodist Central Mission." The field for literature of this description ought to be practically unlimited if the people would but give the requisite support. The fault lies not so much in the want of enterprise of publishers, but that the public does not want to be supplied.

Lenten Lectures. During the Episcopate of the late Primate the Lenten Lectures were not so well attended as they ought to have been, and the same may be said of those now being delivered. This is to be regretted, as the subjects dealt with are essentially practical and of vital interest to the well being of the Church. At the end of the course it would be an advantage to have the whole of the lectures printed as they bear one upon the other, and a careful perusal would well repay the reader, especially if the suggestions as to the duty of Clergy and Laity were acted upon.

Archaeological Finds. Further light has been thrown upon the pre-historic history of Palestine by the discovery of a clay tablet sent by the Prince of Jerusalem to the Pharaoh of Egypt. This independent prince claimed his position by appointment of the oracle of the Mighty Lord, whose temple then existed at Jerusalem. The curious phrase "without father and without mother" is also embodied, and the explanation is that the position was not hereditary, but by direct indication of the oracle. Melchisedek was therefore a king by divine grace, and not by inheritance.

A Great National Sin. The Presbyterian Assembly has discussed under the head "Religion and Morals," certain features of colonial life, such as the Theatre closing case, Want's Sunday Bill, Sunday papers filled with sporting "tips" and social scandal, Sunday trading and pleasuring, obnoxious papers, gambling and horse racing, as well as the use of opium. With regard to horse racing it was well said that "it is the arch-tempter to the masses of our young men, so that the racecourse has assumed the proportions of a great national evil. It is an evil too, which many professing Christians are aiding and abetting to their own great peril, and that of their own sons and daughters." We notice with approval the infliction of £100 as well as a £50 fine on a couple of betting house keepers. The money payment appears large, but the illicit gains are probably so much more, so that only exemplary fines will stamp out the plague.

The Wesleyan Church. Our Wesleyan friends mean business when their annual conference extends over a fortnight, and meets daily at 10 a.m. The Methodist Church gains by a recognition of the democratic spirit and wise decentralisation of authority. The district appears to be a unit complete with machinery and officers, and when occasion requires, by a process of subdivision, the body grows. The new President (the Rev. George Brown) is a missionary of renown, having devoted many years amongst the Isles of the Pacific, and accomplished an excellent work. Financially the funds of the Wesleyan body have been affected by hard times, and increased attention is to be paid to the great feature of apostolic Christianity, steady and systematic giving.

Sunday Amusements. We notice with regret that a large ocean-going steamer, belonging to a company that has paid no dividend since it entered upon Sunday pleasure traffic, makes an excursion each Lord's Day, and advertises as additional attractions, a band of music and refreshments. At the Bondi Aquarium a sacred concert is advertised for Sundays, and if application be made to the manager admission will be free. The Excelsior Building Society having opened a private line to the water's edge of Lake Macquarie, the Sunday traffic is to be forthwith encouraged. The Sunday question may be quiescent for a time, but whilst men sleep the enemy sows tares.

An Impending Change. The veteran statesman, Sir George Grey, has spoken out plainly on the question of taxation, and regards it as his life's work to secure the unearned increment bearing its share. The present century has witnessed many marvellous changes, and the impending question of the re-adjustment of taxation appears likely to rival in its momentous issues the great measures of the earlier years of the nineteenth century.

Female Refuge. The good influence of the Sydney Female Refuge is not recognised as widely as it deserves, yet it has reclaimed the outcast and restored many unhappy ones to society. Not only has this charity prevented an accumulation of a certain phase of evil, but its directors should be listened to when they point out how necessary it is to supervise dancing saloons, to improve the dwellings of the poor and to raise the age of consent whereby young girls are protected by law. Great reforms can only be accomplished by continually reminding the public of the evils complained of.

The Reformation of Criminals. An interesting account was given in the *Herald* recently of the Elmira Reformatory, an institution for criminals in the United States. An extended experience testifies to the usefulness of the efforts put forth in this admirable experiment towards reclaiming criminals. This success should lead to every State endeavouring to reform the less hardened, so that the unimprovable residuum should be regarded as those who prey upon society and be treated accordingly.

An Epidemic of Crime. Allingham, Bradley, Bruce, McClintock, and Wilgoss are the names of bank clerks now on their trial for various charges of fraud. This epidemic of crime constitutes in itself a very remarkable fact, and whilst pointing to neglect of inspection on the part of the banking officials, indicates at the same time a widespread commercial immorality. The gambling habits of the community both in trade and private life must of a necessity result in many victims.

Advance Australia. Students of geology tell us that even in ancient days Australia was in advance of the rest of the world. The fossil remains of the giant Diprotodon indicate that this beast was not only the largest, the most unweildy, the clumsiest, the biggest, but the thickest-skinned animal that had ever lived on this earth. Perhaps when Federation is completed the name of the island continent might, in honor of the event as well as of the great esteem in which brute force is held, be changed to that of Diprotodonia.

Why call names? Calling opprobrious names is never a very nice method of procedure. If the Trades and Labour Council were to remember that those whom they term "scabs" and "blacklegs" are fellow-citizens, and have the fullest right to enjoy the personal freedom accorded to Englishmen, the cause of labour would be strengthened. All classes of the community are much exercised with the solution of the labour problem. During the past week or so the Economic Association have been discussing labour and capital; Mr. Dibbs, the banker, explained his capitalistic views before the Royal Commission on Strikes, so that the subject appears to fill men's mind. The question at issue is how to secure justice between those who toil and those who find the money.

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., March 15.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and mid-day. Preachers—11 a.m., The Primate; 3.15 p.m., Canon Sharp; 7 p.m., Canon Kemmis.
Tues., March 17.—7.30 p.m., Lay Helpers' Lecture, by the Primate.
Wed., March 18.—7.30 p.m., Bible Lecture by the Precentor.

DAILY HALF-HOUR SERVICES, 1.15 p.m. to 1.45 p.m., and Sunday Afternoon at 3.15.
Rev. Canon Sharp—"Conquest of Sin."
Rev. J. W. Debenham, M.A.—"Thy Will be done on Earth."

Mon., March 16.—The Life of Selfishness—"My own will."
Tues., March 17.—The Life of Worldliness—"As do others."
Wed., March 18.—The Life of Lower Morality—"As well as most."
Thur., March 19.—The Higher Life—"Thy Will . . ."
Fri., March 20.—Prayer and Resolve—" . . . be done."
Sun., March 22.—(3.15 p.m.) Cessation of Sin—"As it is in Heaven."

DIOCESAN.

Sun., March 15.—St. Nicolas', Oogee, 7 p.m. Preacher—The Primate.
Mon., March 16.—Sydney Diocesan Educational and Book Society, 54th Annual Meeting, at Chapter House, 4.30 p.m.
Tues., March 17.—Annual Meeting Church Home, Chapter House, 4 p.m.
Wed., March 18.—Executive Committee, General Synod, Chapter House, 4 p.m.
Thur., March 19.—Meeting of Parishioners, Gladestville. Chairman, the Primate.

The Church's Year.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

THE PLEDGE CONCERNING DEATH.

There is no flock, however watched and tended
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, however so defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funeral tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—Longfellow.

As English travellers says that he lately saw "the great historian of the Reformation" in the cemetery where lie the remains of four of his beautiful children. He was kneeling on the stone which covered their graves, and, though a tall, powerful, majestic man, a man of genius and learning, admired in all lands, was weeping as a child would weep, and almost prostrated by the weight and bitterness of his grief. At last he left their graves, and, coming to the place where the stranger stood, he took his hand, and, pointing towards the distant Alps, then glowing at sunset, with the deepest feeling, said, "HE is the Resurrection and the Life;" and immediately went his way, filled with comfort and hope by this grand representation. "Oh, that it were graven with an iron pen in the rock forever!" —Davies.

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 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 rich tints peculiar to no other artists."

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Governor.
12 Oxford-st., Sydney