

Edward Louis Drager, Thomas Read Fothergill, George Groom Fothergill, Godfrey Hall, Leslie Weston Morrah, James David Morrah, Gilbert Llewellyn Pearce, Horace James Stanford, William Stainton Walker, Isaac Ross Williams, Irene Adams, Myrtle Elizabeth Inverness May Bishop, Gwentofferson, Ada Mary Combs, Annie Ellis, Phillippa Ellis, Ethel Irene Glover, Vera Gladys Hegh, Grace Leona Howes, Mary Morrison, Joyce Morrison, Joyce Newling, Adeline Winifred Quigley, Edna Vesty.

The Bishop gave a short address to the candidates who were assembled in the Sunday Schoolroom and then all marched to the west door of the church and entered while the congregation were singing "Soldiers of Christ Arise." The Bishop spoke words of counsel and comfort not only to those confirmed, but all who heard received comfort and strength also. In the afternoon the church room at Whetukura was well filled with people from far and near. The Bishop expressed his pleasure at meeting them and hoped they would soon be asking him to come again and lay the foundation stone of their new church. The evening was a wet one, but it did not deter people from coming to church at Makotuku. I hear that they were glad they came, because of the emphatic declaration of the faith of the Church spoken by the Bishop on that occasion. It is good to be reminded by our Father in God of the simple verities of our faith, as we are in the midst of "many teachers."

## Lapsed Communicants.

Where are the 190 persons who have been Confirmed in this church during the last six years? They, one and all, stood up and solemnly promised, before God and the congregation, that they would be faithful Christians unto their life's end. But the promises of a good many of them were like pie-crust; they were broken in a very short time. Why, many of them never come near church at all, and as for their Communion, why, they hardly come once a year, if that much!

This is all very sad, especially to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Do realise your position as a perjured person, if you are one of them, and make a fresh start.

We cannot call ourselves Christians if we are not most regular in our Communion and in our worship.

But perhaps it is some secret sin which keeps you away from your Lord and Saviour.—"St. Augustine's Parish Magazine."

This is the experience of every parish. However carefully a parish priest inquires before a Confirmation

as to the earnestness of his confirmees, he has this disappointment afterwards. Whose fault is it?

## St. Hilda's Home.

Gifts for the children of St. Hilda's Home are gratefully acknowledged this month from:—The Kumeroa Library Dance, the Otane Presbyterian Gift Sale, Major Warren, Rev. H. Blathwayt, Messrs Speedy, G. C. Williams, Wedd, Thorbam, Logan, Waller, Malenoir; Mesdames Biel, Gordon Williams, Little, Couper, Tod, Warren, Tiffin, Maclean, Boesie, Patrick, Pepper and Clark.

Great delight has been caused by a large parcel of garments made by the members of the Cathedral Dorcas Society, and by Major Warren's birthday party, which he again had at St. Hilda's. During Synod week he brought the Archbishop of New Zealand to see St. Hilda's children and their home. Their Archbishop won the hearts of all, he played cricket with the big ones, and delighted the tinies with the tricks that he did for them with "Handkerchief Johnny."

During Synod week we had very welcome visits from some of the clergy who live at a great distance from St. Hilda's, and so know very little of the children, for whom, they, too and their people, are responsible.

## A Perfect Way.

"Rooms to let for a business gentleman," so ran the advertisement in the evening paper.

"Perhaps suit me," said Paul Howard, who had discovered that his landlady "sometimes blew" but never dusted. He called at the given address and was received by a pleasant elderly man who told him that he had two rooms to spare and would be glad to have him as a boarder. Paul was attracted by the restful personality of Mr Robins, and also by the twinkle in his eye, and thought himself fortunate to be a lodger in his well-ordered house.

Time passed by and Paul went regularly to business; only on holidays had he opportunity to notice how Mr Robins spent his time. The old gentleman was frail, unable to walk far, and never went out at night; but Paul noticed that he left the house for an hour each morning and an hour each afternoon; also that he never went down the drive, but always followed a path which led through some bushes at one side of the garden. Paul became curious to know where Mr Robins went every day.

The old and the young man became very friendly, and at last Paul

felt that he would like to confide some of his ideas to Mr Robins over the fire in the evening.

"I've knocked about a good bit in the world," he said, tapping the ashes from his cigarette, "and I have tried a good many systems of life; found some good in them all, you know."

"Yes?" said Mr Robins.

"Now there's Christian Science," he went on, "excellent thing, really keeps you fit and makes you better if there's anything wrong. Ever try it?"

"No," said Mr Robins, "but I belong to a society which keeps its members in wonderful health, and I know of many cures too."

"Ah, that's good. Then I was much taken up with Spiritualism at one time. I lost my brother, you know, and I felt it very much; we had always been such chums. I used to think that I got into touch with him sometimes through the medium, but one can't be sure. Ever try that?"

"No," said Mr Robins, "but my society puts me into touch with all my dead friends; I find them all in One Who has gone before."

"Is that so?" Paul pondered. He must be a great medium; I'd like to know more about that sometime. Then there's psycho-analysis, a fine thing, teaches you all about yourself, shows how to repress harmful complexes you know. I haven't quite got the jargon but I dare say you understand; then you get your mind properly cleaned up and start afresh. Anything like that in your society?"

Mr Robins smiled. "Yes, something very like that," he said, "very like indeed," and he murmured, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

"Eh, what?" said Paul; then without waiting for an answer, he went on, "then there's another thing which I've found useful, Meditation. It sort of calms and soothes your nerves you know. You get a bit of Marcus Aurelius or one of the old Greeks and just think it over word by word; get away from everything in quietness, that's the idea."

"Splendid idea," replied Mr Robins, with a twinkle in his eyes, "yes, we do that too; we make a great point of it in our society."

"Now there's one thing which puzzles me rather," continued Paul, "and that's the 'daemon,' a sort of familiar spirit which tells one what to do, not a bad spirit you know. People tell me that if you get a wise daemon to direct you, you always succeed in everything."

"Have you failed to find a wise spirit?" asked Mr Robins.

"Well, I suppose so. I can't say that I ever feel as if anything was