

three years of age. The story is told simply, but a retentive memory enabled him to make his pictures sufficiently vivid to sustain interest. Occasionally he has fallen into a slight error, as when he confuses Hick's Bay with Te Araroa; but these slips do not reduce the value of the story.

Canon Stack's name is most closely associated with Church work among the Maoris of the Diocese of Christchurch. But in his childhood he was at the Bay of Islands, and later travelled with his father from Poverty Bay to Kowakawa, now known as Te Arawa. The bulk of the recollections here presented is concerned with this part of his life.

Mr Reed has prefixed to the Recollections an interesting memoir of the Missionary. A perusal of the book makes it clear that Canon Stack was a man of high character, gifted with more than ordinary ability.

The book is admirably printed, and the illustrations are well chosen.

### OUR COMPETITION.

Great interest was taken in our competition, and we have pleasure in printing the winner's criticism. His Lordship the Bishop, in making the award, said: "Miss Webb's is the best criticism of the article. The others are more in the nature of another essay upon the same subject."

We congratulate Miss Webb on her effort, and have forwarded to her a copy of Fosdick's "The Secret of Victorious Living."

#### "THE STEWARDSHIP OF MONEY."

(By Miss A. M. Webb.)

I have read the article in "The Waiapu Church Gazette" on "The Stewardship of Money" with great interest. It raises many points vital to all who are endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of our great example—Jesus Christ—but it does not deal satisfactorily with those points, and is also somewhat illogical.

First: While it is true that there are many businesses in which a Christian may not engage, I do not think that those enumerated in clauses (1) and (5) fall into that category. The Army and Navy are great means of creating and maintaining peace. The Navy is a great life saving institution. The protec-

tion of the weak and the deliverance of the oppressed are Christian duties and force is sometimes needed to carry them out. Punishment is one of the duties of parents to their children, and is also a duty of the State. St. Peter speaks of Governors being sent by God "for the punishment of evil doers," and Christ Himself made a scourge of small cords to drive out those who profaned the Temple. But Mr. Burton is illogical, for, later in the article, he likens the Christian Church to an Army at war. He has already classed the Army as "demonstrably vicious" and the Church of Christ cannot be like vicious things.

Second: If a business is so dishonest in its higher branches that a man "cannot accept promotion" in it, it is illogical for him to engage in that business in its lower branches, since he would still profit by the dishonesty of others.

Lastly: Mr. Burton suggests that a man should first provide for his necessities, and even for his amusements (although he certainly recommends economy) before he devotes any part of his income to the work of Christ and His Church. This is quite contrary to the command of Christ—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . . and all these things shall be added."

### A MEDITATION.

(By Rev. C. G. G. Salt.)

S. John xx., 27.: Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing.

This evening let us try to think of the risen Lord. Try to picture yourself as one of His disciples in that upper room, sitting there with all the others in fear—afraid that the Jews, knowing you to be one of His disciples, may come at any moment to deliver you to be scourged and crucified, even as they had delivered Jesus to Pilate.

Try to imagine yourself for one moment as one of those disciples waiting there in fear; but also in expectation. You have heard that Jesus has risen. You have heard that wonderful news, and it is too good to be true. Whoever heard of one rising from the dead? And so you and all these other disciples of Jesus are sitting there in this supper room with

the door locked for fear of the Jews, but at the same time the whole atmosphere is tense with excitement. For you have all heard that Jesus has risen. There is no light in the room, except the faint light of the fading day, for it is evening. The room grows darker and darker, and you are afraid to light a candle—for fear of the Jews—and so you all sit still in the gathering gloom and silence.

You try to pray, but as soon as you begin you wonder. Is it any good? Jesus is crucified, dead and buried—what is the use of praying? But yet there is this strange rumour that Jesus is risen. You would like to pray, the whole atmosphere is so tense, and there is such a weird feeling in the air. You would like to pray, but everything is so strange, everything, since Jesus was crucified, seems out of joint. You long to see His dear face again. He was always so strong, so calm, so quietly confident. But now He is gone, and you feel all ill at ease. So you sit and wait in fear and expectancy.

Then into the room there seems to come a new soft light. It grows stronger and stronger, and, suddenly, in the midst of the room, you see Jesus standing. The silent manner of His coming, and that mysterious light around Him, terrifies you. You know the door is locked, and it is an upstairs room, He could not have come in through the window. Yet here He is. You can see Him standing in the midst of you all, and there is light all around Him. You are terrified, until you hear His voice, the same voice you have learned to love, and it says in the same quiet, comforting tones, "Be not afraid, it is I."

Still you can hardly believe, and He turns to you with the same sad smile you have seen so often before, and says, "Reach hither your finger and behold My hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side." And as He speaks He draws His shining raiment aside so that you can see where the cruel spear was thrust in. And yet there is nothing ghastly about that wound now, nor about the wounds in His hands and feet. They are there, but no longer ghastly, now they are beautiful. You see all this, and fall at His feet. "O, my Lord and my Master!" That is all you can