

Bricklehampton; and St. Barnabas, Drake's Broughton. On a recent Sunday pressure of circumstances called upon them to undertake a service in the morning at Eckington and in the evening at Little Comberton. During the day four men served eight churches and a mission room, seventeen services were conducted, thirteen sermons were preached, and forty-nine miles were travelled—rather more than "a Sabbath day's journey."

A quaint ceremony took place lately on the roof of the ancient Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Clare, Suffolk, when the vicar replaced a stone ball, which had for many years been missing from the north turret of the church, although its former companion on the south turret had braved the

elements for centuries. The vicar (the Rev. J. Vatcher), with some members of the choir and a small congregation assembled on the roof, and after singing "O God our help in ages past," and praying, the vicar mounted the scaffolding and placed the ball firmly on the apex of the turret repeating the words, "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." Then, after a few more prayers and a concluding hymn, the ceremony was over, and the interested congregation dispersed.

Mrs. Christopher Hawkins, who is building the western towers and spires of Truro Cathedral in memory of her late husband, has just laid a memorial-stone at a short outdoor service held for the purpose. When the spires are completed Truro Cathedral will be a modern rival of Lichfield, with its three spires. Until the Dissolution of the monasteries there were two Midland cathedrals possessing each three handsome spires, for St. Mary's Cathedral at Coventry, built in the early fourteenth century, was a reproduction of Lichfield on a larger scale. Bishop Lee pleaded hard for the preservation of Coventry Cathedral, but Henry VIII. was obdurate, for the sale of the lead from the roof brought a large sum to the Royal exchequer. A few stones now remain, and the street known as "Hill Top" runs over part of the site. Coventry's grandeur, impressive even now with the spires of St. Michael, Holy Trinity, and St. Thomas, must have been indeed splendid in the Middle Ages. In a few years Lichfield will again cease to be the only English cathedral with three beautiful spires.

Father Ignatius, whose real name was the Rev. Joseph Leicester Lyne, O.S.B., who for many years has been a monk and the Superior of Llanthony Abbey, Wales, died on October 16th last, aged 71. He was one of the

most picturesque and remarkable characters ever connected with the Church of England. He was ordained deacon in 1860 and first served as curate at St. Peter's, Plymouth, and afterwards under Father Lowden at St. George's, London Docks. He did not remain long there, but went into Suffolk for the purpose of founding a monastery, which he eventually did in 1870 at Llanthony Abbey in Wales. He became widely known throughout the Church on account of his powerful preaching, but because he refused to forego the monastic habit he was refused advancement to the priesthood by a number of the Bishops. He remained a deacon till 1898, when he accepted advancement to the priesthood at the hands of Bishop Villatte, thereby making what is commonly felt to have been the greatest mistake of his life, and thereby abandoning the Orders of the Church of England. He spoke sometimes at Church Congresses, and in 1890-91 travelled as a Missioner in the United States.

Children's Department.

SELFISH UNSELFISHNESS.

"Hallie, are those your best shoes?" The tired woman at the sewing machine stopped in the middle of a long seam to ask the question, and there was an anxious note in her voice. "Yes, they are," admitted the girl, who was impatiently flinging on her coat and hat. "I'm wearing them because I hate the others so—clumsy old things! Oh, I wish I could have enamel pumps, and spats to match the colour of my dresses! All the girls do. You've no idea how much they dress at high school, sister. Silk petticoats and lovely hats—and then the girls are wearing two-dollar gaunlets, and I'm just crazy over them. I hate being poor." "You look very sweet and trim, anyway," smiled the patient older sister, who had worked until midnight a few evenings earlier trying to make Hallie's winter hat as pretty as anybody's. "I need some new gloves shockingly, Laura," was the answer, made while Hallie studied herself in the mirror. Then the door closed and Hallie was off to school. When she came home that afternoon she saw her Aunt Elizabeth's carriage in front of the house, and not being in the mood for visiting with rich relatives, she slipped in at the side door unobserved. Aunt Elizabeth was just leaving, and from the sitting-room the listening girl heard her say distinctly: "You're selfish with Hallie, Laura. You keep the best for yourself. The thing she really needs is a chance to do some of the giving up. You grow sweeter all the time by doing it, of course, but I'm sorry for Hallie!" The surprised exclamation Laura had given when Aunt Elizabeth began, turned into a happy little laugh at the end. "Oh, but aunty," she protested, "I sympathize with the way she feels about pretty things, because I love them so myself. Why, even at my age, I've been just hungry for something rich and bright this winter. One gets so tired of wearing black. And as for shoes, I used to be dreadfully vain of my small feet—when papa was here to spoil me with pretty shoes. Besides,

you know, Aunt Elizabeth"—and Laura's voice trembled a little—"I'm all she has now. I have to be father and mother both. That's why I'm so thankful for this money just now. There were more farewell words, but, Hallie did not hear them. She stood with burning cheeks and wet eyes, thinking hard, and when Laura Wilbur turned back into the sitting-room she suddenly found herself caught and held fast in a pair of impetuous young arms. "O, Hallie, you're here!" she cried. "The loveliest thing. Uncle Seymour has sent up a present of fifty dollars, not for a birthday or anything, just for love! Now you can have—" "I can have a beautiful, rich, wine-coloured suit for you, you darling, darling angel," interrupted a choking voice. "And a pair of nice shoes, and gauntlet gloves—for you, Laura! Oh, why didn't I think of it before? No, you needn't say a word,

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