



Totnes, Butterwalk.

## BEATING THE BOUNDS.

Beating the Borough Bounds is still an extant custom, and there is a record in the archives of 1654, of the small payment of six shillings and twopence for refreshments "for the schoolmaster, his scholars, and the constables," on the occasion of their long tramp in rogation week. That this kindly provision was omitted in 1664, is evident by the entry of another sum which the Borough had to pay, "For bread the boys took from several persons' windows in their perambulation."

## BULL-BAITING.

Those old records have other stories to tell. That bull-baiting was at one time a pastime, was revealed by the discovery of an old post, of some height and girth, which was unearthed some years ago from several feet below the surface. On the top, a strong wrought-iron ring is fixed, the straight part going through the post, and moving freely from side to side. With it were discovered a number of animal bones, probably those of the bulls and dogs killed to make sport for the countryside. The entries state expenditures of several small sums "for making a new bull-ring and setting thereof"; in 1651, three shillings and sixpence for a new post; and in 1678, "threepence and a half-penny for mending the bull-chayne." The spot on the plains where the bull-ring was discovered is now marked by a granite stone, inscribed "B. R." Happily, bull-baiting has been abolished in England by Act of Parliament, but not until the year 1835.

## THE LOVING CUP.

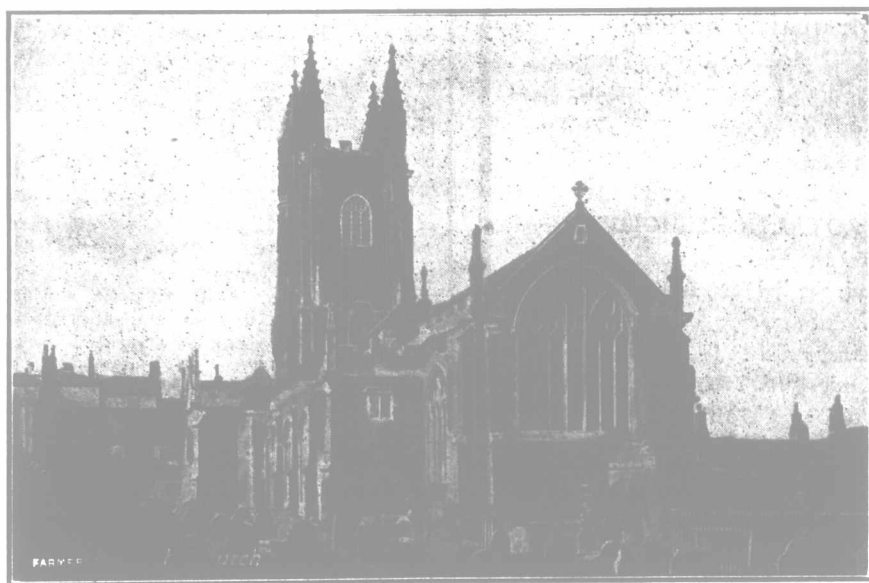
One much pleasanter little ceremony is, I venture to think not only worth mentioning, but might, with much advantage, be adopted as an object-lesson in the promotion of civic zeal and harmonious co-operation in the various centers of our ever-growing and wide-spreading Dominion. At the Mayoralty dinners, on November 9th, when the "Loving-cup" is passed around, each member of the company is still expected to give the toast, "Unanimity and prosperity to the Town and Borough of Totnes, and success to the trade thereof," those who fail to correctly repeat the words of the toast having to pay a fine.

It has been suggested, somewhat quizzically, of course, that the custom of afternoon tea must have originated in Totnes, for, "in 1735, it was found that the sending of covered dishes by the Mayoress to the Aldermen's wives at the four-quarter sessions of the Borough was attended by inconvenience, and, instead, it was decided (if Mrs. Mayoress for the time being think fit), that she do invite the Aldermen's wives on the Queen's birthday, in the afternoon, annually, to drink tea, coffee, chocolate, wine, etc., with her at the Mayor's house, or on any other day she shall think fit."

## THE PARISH CHURCH.

Totnes parish church stands on a

site which has always been used as a place of worship, probably that of a heathen temple before the introduction of Christianity into England. As recorded, it has survived many vicissitudes. The church which existed in the time of William the Conqueror, stood until the 13th century, it being then rebuilt and dedicated to the service of God, in 1259. Its present tower is very beautiful, magnificently proportioned, and has four lofty pinnacles. There are several



Totnes Parish Church.

niches, the names of the figures therein being uncertain, except that of one, with a high crown, which is evidently meant for Bishop Lacy, in whose episcopate it was built. Below this effigy is inscribed, "I made this stone"—a statement in stone which confirms this belief. Few churches can boast of a more exquisite stone screen. It dates from 1450, and was restored by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. The carving is like lace-work, its design being also attributed to Bishop Lacy, but, like so many of the old churches of England, the hand of the destroyer in Cromwell's time has been upon it, and has defaced many of its beauties. The rood loft has gone, but there still remains the stone stairway which formerly led to it, and in the south wall of the chapel is the opening through which the lepers were permitted to watch the Elevation of the Host.

Amongst the monuments was one representing a certain Christopher Blackall, who died in 1635. He is represented life-size, clad in armor, kneeling with hands clasped, and upon his face an air of almost "smug" content. Below him, in smaller effigies, are the also kneeling figures of his four wives, hewn in sandstone, each in her order of precedence, and one with her poor head knocked off. "And they didn't none of them leave a child behind," said, somewhat comically, my kindly-mannered, rose-cheeked cicerone, who had

most untiringly and with unabated interest conducted me through both church and guildhall.

Perhaps, even more than of all its claims to antiquity, the present inhabitants are proud of the beautiful river, the Dart, which the late Queen Victoria called "the Rhine of England." They are not only proud of the many beauties of its banks on either side between Totnes and Dartmouth, but also of its splendid salmon and speckled trout fisheries. Sport of every kind can be had in Totnes, and, whether as a center of historical interests, natural beauties, or such newer pastimes as golf, football, cricket, bowling, lawn tennis, etc., this most ancient borough should have many attractions for Canadians, and to them I would venture to recommend its being included in their programme, should they desire to pay a visit to Devonshire, one of the most lovely counties of this dear old land.

H. A. B.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

## Here Am I; Send Me!

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isa. vi.: 8.

"To Him myself I wholly give,  
At His command I die, or live.  
I trust His love and power:

and it is impossible to find men to minister to the spiritual needs of thousands of hungry souls. Do any readers of this page hear the Voice of the Lord, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

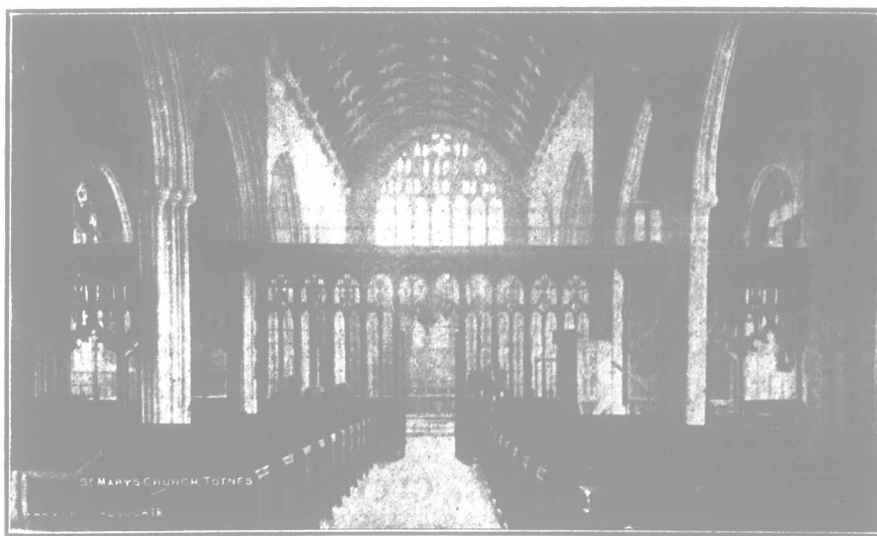
If you hear that call for volunteers, will you not answer, "Here am I; send me!"

Is spiritual life slowly dying down in your district? Then perhaps much of the responsibility rests on you. If there are no Sunday services within reach, can you not start cottage meetings? There is no need to shrink back in fear, saying, "I could never pray out loud before other people." The beautiful prayers in the Prayer Book are better than anything you could compose. If you have not a copy in the house, surely one of the neighbors can supply you, or you can buy one very cheaply. A service, with responsive Psalms, prayers, hymns, and a good sermon, read aloud—with the regular lessons appointed for the Sunday, or other suitable selections from the Old and New Testaments—will do wonders in bringing people nearer to God. A few years ago, a young girl went West to teach school. There was no church service of any kind in that district, so she began a sort of Bible class, with a shortened form of Morning Prayer taking up part of the time. Men and women, as well as the young people, were attracted. After a few years they got a regular minister—for "where there's a will there's a way," and their young teacher had shown them the value of common worship and regular spiritual food. Now, here is an opportunity for many readers of "The Farmer's Advocate"—both men and women. If nothing else can be done, perhaps it will be possible to start a Sunday-school. This week I got a letter from one of our readers, asking if I could give her information about suitable pictures to hang on the walls of a room she was using for a Sunday-school class. She was willing to pay \$1.00 or more for each picture. There is one who has responded to God's call for volunteers!

Are you doing anything at all to pass on to others the knowledge of God which you possess? If not, it will die out in your own soul. Those who do not stand as lights kindled by God, not only brightening the place where He has placed them, but also giving the spark of living faith, through prayerful effort, to fire the souls of others, need not be surprised if their faith grows weak and their spiritual vision dim. Perhaps they say, sadly: "I wish I had my childhood's faith back again!" and all the time they are letting their souls grow thin and weak for want of regular spiritual food and exercise, and for want of prayer, which is the fresh air of the spirit.

If you want to be used by God as a missionary (and every soldier of Christ should be a witness for Him), then offer yourself as a volunteer for any work He wants doing. The call is ringing in our ears: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" What other answer can we make than the prompt reply of the prophet Isaiah: "Here am I; send me!"

If you want to help in the battle against sin that is being waged by the army clothed in the white robes of righteousness, an army following hard



St. Mary's Church, Totnes.