



UFFINGTON CHURCH. (See Page 225.)

said the rector, "then Venite, one psalm—I think it had better be Psalm cxvii.—a lesson (I shall read only two verses), the Te Deum, a hymn, the Creed harmonized, an anthem, one collect, and a hymn. Make a note of it, Brown."

"You will not introduce a sermon?" asked the curate.

"Better not," said the rector, "don't you remember what a fuss they made when you preached on Good Friday?"

"It was not more than five minutes," said the curate humbly.

"But," said the rector, "they said it was the thin end of the wedge, and that it took all the brightness out of the service, and you know it is of the last importance to get the young men to church."

"There was a young man at church last Sunday, and he yawned," said the curate.

"Yawned!" said the horror-stricken rector, "that must not occur again! We must leave out a collect or something. What can we do to amuse him? When I was a curate, the banjo was one great means of obtaining influence in a parish, but now even the infant school refuses to listen to it."

"Still a few young men come occasionally," said the organist, "Robinson, for instance."

"I'm afraid Robinson isn't as steady as he was," said the rector. "He is not as regular at billiards and the bi-weekly dances as he used to be."

"I spoke to him about it," said the curate, "and he explained that billiards and dancing were too stale, but he would join a balloon club if we started one."

"Yes," said the rector, "I wish we could; but balloons are so frightfully expensive, and the duchess won't help, because she says

she had to give £100 to the choir excursion to the West Indies, and she was perfectly certain they were not satisfied, because they heard that Parkinson took his choir to Khiva!"

"It was the society for sending everybody to Hamburg for a fortnight that spoilt our choir treats," said the organist.

"Before they

were quite contented with Boulogne for a day or two."

"I wish," said the rector, reflectively, "we could get up enough for a set of those automatic choristers; for since we introduced whist in the vestry before evensong on saints' days it is so difficult to get the men into the choir!"

"Everything is difficult nowadays," remarked the curate. "The committee for the Free Clothing Guild complains that the women will not wear a dress which is not imported from Paris."

"And the Guild of Amusements Committee told me," said the organist, gloomily, "that unless on pain of death, the members wouldn't see another magic lantern; they were so sick of them!"

"Then," said the rector, despairingly, "I do not see how the Bible truths are to be brought home to them. If they will not be taught dramatically or operatically, or even by the oxy-hydrogen light, I don't see what is to become of the Church."

The curate hesitated; he would venture to offer a suggestion, "Might it not, as an experiment, be worth while to try a little religion on them?"

#### MISSIONARY NOTES.

"A MILLION people subscribing a penny a month, i.e., one shilling the year, to a common object, would have at their collective disposal an annual income of £50,000." What is to prevent the formation of a league within our several borders, pledging ourselves to the systematic giving of the penny a day, one for the week, or, if we must give less, the penny per