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AND

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

EDITORIAL.

JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

AT the recent meeting of the Synod of the diocese there was presented the report on the state of the church, which contains much useful information compiled from facts furnished by the rural deans. The portion which relates to the Deanery of Haldimand, shows that there was during the past year an increase of 5 baptisms, of 33 Sunday School scholars, of \$532.00 for objects outside the parishes, and of \$440 in insurance on parsonages. We learn also that there are 11 congregations and 11 church buildings. Of the latter 1 is of stone, 5 are of brick, and 5 are of wood, all being in good condition. The 11 congregations, consisting of 530 families, contribute \$3644.00 for stipends, an average of \$330.00 from each congregation, or about \$7.00 per family. The number of the clergy is 7.

The removal of Rev. E. H. Molony from the deanery is regretted by the other clergymen of the county, as Mr. Molony was a zealous worker in the Lord's vineyard. A Sunday School Convention has been in contemplation, but as Mr. Molony was secretary of the committee of management, a postponement is rendered necessary. Let us hope that he will find things pleasant in the parish of Homer, Grantham, and Virgil, whither he has gone in order to succeed Rev. R. H. McGinnis, who has left Canada to join the Canadian Mission in the Province of Shinano, Japan. The latter will be supported by offerings received annually from the faithful in Canada, by the Board of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, the appeal being made by the Bishops at Epiphany.

We understand that the mission of Nanticoke and Cheapside is to be filled shortly.

We hear that John Philip DuMoulin, Bishop of the diocese, will be absent from the diocese for about two months.

The beginning of the 200th year of the life of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was duly observed in the parish on the 17th of the month, the incumbent preaching with special reference to the event and the congregations contributing to the funds of the society. The offerings in St. Paul's church amounted to \$5 51, and those in All Saints' to \$2.07. In the course of the sermon several extracts from the publications of the society were read, and these proved highly interesting to the hearers. At the service in All Saints' church, the members of the local lodge of I. O. F., were present, the day being the 26th anniversary of the foundation of the Order. Suitable reference was made by the preacher to the attendance of the brethren, and a brief survey of the aims and achievements of the organization was given. He particularly remarked upon the interesting fact that the Supreme Chief Ranger of the I. O. F., is a gentleman of Indian blood, and stated the circumstance was an evidence of the great success of British civilization and Anglican evangelization. Attention was drawn also to the coincidence of the day with the date commonly assigned to the death of the first British martyr, St. Alban; and a useful lesson was drawn from the circumstance.

On Sunday, the 24th, one of the sermons treated of the work of John the Baptist as the forerunner of Christ; and the other dealt with the remarkable events that are associated with the day in the history of N. America, the two chief being the discovery of the east coast of the mainland by John Cabot in 1497 and the arrival of Sir Francis Drake on the west coast in 1579. England thus taking possession of the northern half of the new world for the Anglo-Saxon race and the prevailing type of British Christianity.

The Jarvis Church Guild met on June 7th, at the residence of Mrs. Aiken, when it was moved by Mrs. Bourne, seconded by Mrs. Hartwell and resolved, that a vote of thanks be tendered Rev. Arthur Francis, in behalf of the Guild and parishioners, for his beautiful gift of church linen and the same be published in the Deanery Magazine for the ensuing month and a copy be sent the rev. gentleman.



THE NOONDAY REST.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. BURTON.



CO-OPERATION, AND SOME OF ITS LESSONS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

"So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."—ROM. xii. 5.

THIS is the Church of Christ St. Paul is speaking of, and they are spiritual gifts, not material possessions, with which his mind is occupied. Yet in his view the Church is a body of fellow-workers—

AN ASSOCIATION OF CO-OPERATION—

and in that Church each man has his own gifts from God. Each part of that co-operative body has some share in the production of the Church's gifts—and every one must use those gifts in distribution—not for his own but for a common benefit. Here is the spiritual pattern for every material counterpart of co-operative productive distribution.

"Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering: or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness." "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

In every great social reform, based like co-operation upon considerations of moral principles, there are two leading safeguards, which should be prominently brought to view: (1) Adherence to the first principles, and, (2) The glory of God.

(1) And for first principles we have to go back, in
XII. 6.]

spite of what men may call the exigencies of the present, or the developments of first ideas, to the commencement of Co-operative work. We are all familiar with the history of the beginning of the co-operative movement—how grand ideals fired the enthusiasm of such men as F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and Thomas Hughes, and led them to such experimental efforts as should teach men how to apply Christ's law of love to social problems of their day. London became the chief arena for their work; and probably because their work was deep and high, its progress was more slow. It was left for a few unknown mill hands to give practical expression to part, at least, of what those thinkers said, and in 1844 a few working men of Rochdale showed the way. Suspecting that

THEIR HUMBLE WEEKLY PURCHASES

were not all that they might have been in excellence and purity they said to one another, "Why should we not club together sufficient money to purchase wholesale, and to retail to ourselves as we shall require these simple necessaries?" They sent to Manchester and bought their chest of tea and hogshead of sugar, and each one of their number was supplied with tea and sugar from this common stock; paying ready money for it, and giving the same price for it as they had been charged at the shops. When all the tea and sugar had been sold they agreed to divide the money which was then realised amongst themselves, in proportion to the capital which each individual had

subscribed, and they found a large profit had been obtained. The great advantage of the plan became evident; for not only had they secured the best commodities at a fair price, but they had also provided a great incentive towards thrift, and a lucrative investment for their savings.

The thing was soon enlarged, and their association so grew that in twelve years' time (1856) the Rochdale Pioneers (as they were called) possessed a capital of £12,900. Now I have told this story of the first distributive Co-operation Society because it illustrates first principles, and of these let us notice four. First, they were genuine working men (not capitalists) who supplied the capital. It was the best example possible of what a working man has justly said co-operation ought to be, "a manly device for giving honest men an equitable opportunity of keeping themselves." For moral principles let me commend those adjectives "manly," "honest," "equitable." And for the second principle in that first Rochdale Store, they sold the *best* articles at a fair profit. Distributing the best is the real aid to the production of that best. That second Rochdale principle touches

THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

"As every man hath received the gift, even so let him minister the same as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." "We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." And the third principle was that there was no *credit*—all purchases were for money paid. This to my mind is the first rung of the great moral ladder of commercial enterprise, that we do well to cherish as a first principle. And in the fourth place, though no details appear, how were their workmen paid? The brain work of the first conception should have been paid. The buyer of these best wholesale stores should have been paid. The seller, presumably the wife of one of them, in whose back rooms their stores were sold, should have been paid. That homely origin of a great industry at least contains a mighty principle, which will repay our imitation in its great developments.

Such were the principles on which, fifty-four years ago, the Co-operative industry began. It always must be wise at least to know what the foundations are on which we build, and it will not do harm to freshen up the recollection of first principles. It was, I think, that love and zeal for great first principles that gave such force and character to all the work and life of that great statesman, and that still greater English gentleman, Gladstone. We shall be truest in our full appreciation of William Ewart Gladstone as we recognize how much value he put upon the first great principles of truth and freedom and morality. We shall understand best the source from which these principles derived when we remember how whole-hearted was that great man's reverent Christianity.

As Christian, first of all, we honour him. As Christian and as Churchman, and as the man of principle we (with a whole mourning nation and a wondering world) thank God for such a high example and an honoured name.

(2) But we must briefly turn our thoughts to that other great safeguard which we must bring to view—*The Glory of God.*

What raised the life-long anger of Frederick Denison Maurice was the assertion that selfishness was the basis of society and the law of the universe. His endeavour was to Christianise Socialism not to Christian-socialise the universe—and this because he found in it a weapon against selfishness, a power that might, if wisely used, be for the glory of God. And so he eagerly accepted co-operation as a practical protest against the assumption that selfishness was the basis of society. "I have never repented and hope that I never shall repent" (so he writes to Mr. Ludlow in 1866) "of having united with you in maintaining that co-operation, as applied to trade, has a Christian foundation." He saw what we must see to-day, that the only sure expulsion of selfishness is to bring in the motive of the glory of God. He saw what all Christian men will recognise—that just as much as we remember there are higher laws to regulate our enterprise, shall we be workers together with God—that in our committee rooms and council chambers, in our congresses and conferences, there is to be one paramount consideration, one predominant prevailing motive in everything we plan—so real and so far reaching that we have no need to talk of it, so imminent in all our life that we need not parade its presence; but something that underlies and colours and affects all that we undertake—that is, the motive and the principle that sways our life and all we make of it—the Glory of God.

THE PLOUGHMAN.



UR Giles goes forth on a bright spring morn
The ploughman's task to ply,
And he steps along as he carols a song,
As blithe as a lark on high.

His eye is bright, and his heart is light,
He startles the whirring game,
When his ploughshare glides in a line as straight
And true as a painter's aim.

He hears the shout of his bairns, who greet
Their dad as they stop their play;
And his board is spread in a lowly home
As sweet as the scent of may.

And the fear of God is there, I ween;
For, ere they retire to rest,
They commit themselves to His shelt'ring Wing
Like the young of a downy nest.

T. H. COOK.

THE RECTORY,
FRINTON-ON-SEA.

Homeward Bound.

BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON.

Author of "A Bunch of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR."



THE last day of the year—another milestone on life's journey reached. Surely, on such a day, there are few minds into which some sober thoughts do not creep.

Susan was washing her dishes—dinner was just over, and being holiday-time, and a sharp frost reigning, Jackie and Daisy had started off to slide on a neighbouring pond.

Not a sound was to be heard in the house save the spluttering of the logs on the fire, treasure-trove from an old hulk cast up on the beach.

Susan took from a drawer her work, some smart winter finery, and, as she sewed away, the bells from the old Church tower clanged out.

Another year gone! Susan did not want to think about it! Time went quite fast enough, without setting bells clanging to remind folk of the fact! The passing of time meant growing old, and old age meant the end of life (at least the end of this life), and this life—why, it was all Susan lived for. Besides, at the end of life there came a reckoning, and this thought Susan didn't care to dwell upon; she was not ready for it, and she had no wish to give an account of all her unkind words and hasty actions.

Only that morning she had given way to temper, and about such a little thing—a hole in Tom's coat, which (through her own negligence) she had forgotten to mend.

With back turned to Tom she had stitched away in sullen silence, and when he had tried to thank her with a kiss she had flounced into the back kitchen, and Tom had to tie up his own dinner and leave home without a word.

Susan gazed out at the grey sea, with the drear white mist creeping over it, and as she thought of Tom, cold and hungry, toiling for her (for well enough she knew none of his wages went into the till of the Red Dragon now) her heart began to chide her. She had been cross—there was no denying it; well, perhaps, she would dish up something savoury for Tom's supper. He would be back early, for being the last

night of the year he was going to Church, and—and—could it be possible?—Susan thought (if Tom asked her), perhaps, for once in a way, she would humour him and go too. She wasn't going to take to such a thing regularly, she didn't hold with people being over-religious, but Tom was a good husband to her, and it was the last night of the year. Susan's meditation was interrupted by the children coming home to tea, their cheeks ruddy with the frost and their appetites sharpened by exercise. A hearty meal was eaten, there was a little castle-building with bricks in the firelight, and then Daisy's curly head began nodding, and even Jackie was forced to admit he was ready for bed.

"Why is daddie so late to-night?" asked Daisy, as she gathered together the bricks. "I want to say 'good-night' to him."

"Yes, you won't see daddie now till next year, Daisy!" And dragging a chair to the window, Jackie peered out into the darkness, leaving Daisy open-eyed to digest this wonderful assertion.

Susan looked at the clock. The child was right, Tom was late, and on account of the service (Tom was in the choir), she had expected him home earlier than usual.

Susan crossed the kitchen, lifted the blind, and peered out over Jackie's head.

"It is a bad night, isn't it, mother? Hark! how the wind howls, and look at the waves!" and Jackie's brown hand pointed to the breakers, that even through the darkness could be seen thundering themselves in masses of seething white foam on the shore.

"The wind has got up," Susan tried to say quietly, and for once in her life she actually felt uneasy.

The children in bed, Susan began to busy herself with the supper. The wind shrieked round the house in angry gusts, and blew the smoke in great clouds down the chimney, so that cooking was a difficult operation; but Susan's heart was in her work and she surmounted all difficulties.

Seven o'clock! half-past! no Tom! and with what a thud the waves broke on the shore! The windows too, and the doors rattled ominously.

Susan drew out her work again, wondering why she felt so nervous; Tom had been out in worse weather before, and later too. Anxious to divert her thoughts, Susan climbed the stairs and took a look at the children; but they were sound asleep, no sough-sough of the wind, nor rattling of the casements had kept them awake; with parted lips they slumbered peacefully. Eight o'clock! and between the shrieking blasts of wind came the chime of the bells for service. Susan could stand it no longer, so she determined to run down to grannie's and see if Sam had returned, and whether he could give any news of Tom.

Wrapping herself in a warm shawl and tying on her bonnet securely, Susan made up the fire, putting



"JACKIE PEERED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS."

on a guard and extinguishing carefully the light; for the bitter experience of the past had taught her caution. Then locking the street door, she took the key to the next neighbour, asking her to give an eye to the house during her absence.

The little whitewashed cottage reached, the door opened on a pretty domestic scene: grannie and her knitting in the armchair by the fire, baby by her side in her cot slumbering peacefully, Alice at the table with her work-box, and Sam reading aloud to the little party.

Susan's errand was soon explained, but Sam had not much news to give. Tom had passed him in the early morning sailing east. "Hauls had been bad," he had shouted, so he was off to the "Cobble" waters; he did not want to return home with an "empty boat."

Susan's conscience gave her a twinge; often in the past when she had wanted an excuse for a grumble, the poverty of the day's hauls had done duty for the occasion.

"Did he say when he would be back?" asked Susan, and Sam noted almost with surprise her look of anxiety.

"Well, the tide's about the turn: he'll have to wait for high water—daren't cross the Cobble rocks at low water, you know."

Susan *did* know; there had been no necessity to ask the question, but she did not like to think of Tom, with such a sea raging, away beyond "the Cobbles," the most dangerous rocks on the coast.

Sam was just a trifle uneasy too, though he took good care not to betray it. This was not the first

night by a great many that Tom had spent out in his boat, but Sam had suppressed what his mate had also shouted, "See you at Church to-night, old fellow!"

Nothing was to be done, though, so Sam had to choke down his uneasy feelings. Just as it was impossible to cross from the Cobble waters at low tide, so it was impossible to cross to them; but when the tide was high, if Tom had not returned home, well, Sam knew who would be the first to go in search of him.

Alice rose and began putting her work together. "Yes, 'tis time to be starting," said Sam; "ye'll take a good ten minutes to mount the hill to-night, even with my arm. We're going to Church," he added in an explanatory tone, looking over at Susan, while Alice went upstairs to put on her bonnet; "she's been looking forward to it all the week. Likely as not I'd have gone with Tom to 'the Cobbles,' only I knew how it would disappoint *her* if I were late home to-night."

Susan's conscience gave another twinge. Tom, too, might have been safely at his own fireside had she proved such a magnet to home as Alice.

"Ye'll sit on a bit with me, dear, won't ye?" asked grannie. She saw Susan was anxious, and she knew only too well what it meant to have a husband out at sea, and the waves roaring.

"Well, grannie, I don't feel like sitting still to-night. I think—I think—" and Susan walked to the window and raised the blind—"I'll go with Sam and Alice."

"Go with Sam and Alice!" Grannie could scarcely believe her ears, though she tried to conceal her surprise. "Do, dear; ye couldn't spend the last night of the year in a better way, and the Vicar's sure to have something to say worth the listening."

Never on a week-day before had Susan bent the knee in the old Church, and but very rarely on a Sunday. She was glad therefore to be hidden from the surprised glances of the villagers by the friendly shelter of a pillar. Despite the wildness of the night there was a fair congregation, the Vicarage pew was filled with Mrs. Gwyn, Katie Ross, and the elder children, and Alec Ross was in his usual place at the organ.

The first notes of the hymn pealed forth without Tom Winter's deep, sonorous bass. Alec Ross gave a swift look of inquiry round. Tom absent! the last night of the year! the most regular member of the choir! What could be the reason?

It was an unwritten rule at Scard Church that the hymn for those at sea should always be used on stormy nights. The congregation was composed mostly of seafaring folk, and there was scarcely a family which had not a father, a husband, a son, or a brother, who "did business on the great waters." Mr. Gwyn said he never knew with what earnestness

the hymn could be sung till he came to Scard, and till he had heard the well-known refrain

“O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea”

go up to the accompaniment of the wild waves thundering on the shore, and the shrieking blast of the storm. Widowed mothers, with tremulous voices, would utter the words beneath their breath, anxious wives would whisper each verse beseechingly as a prayer.

Sam found the hymn in his mother's large hymn-book, and handed it across Alice to Susan. Susan took the book, and from its page she never lifted her eyes till the last notes of the organ had died away.

“The time is short,” was Mr. Gwyn's text—a fit one for the last night of the year—and leaning over the pulpit he said, “A

short text—only four words—one which you can all carry away—about a short subject.

“In Bible language, What *is* your life? ‘It is even a vapour that appeareth but for a little time, and then vanisheth away.’”

“And is not this statement of the Apostle true?” asked Mr. Gwyn. “I appeal to you, my aged hearers; on looking back, do not your lives appear to have passed quickly, even as a dream? A few summers, a few winters, a few ups, and a few downs, childhood slipping into youth, youth into middle life, middle life into old age, and then the bottom of the hill, the look-out over the river into Eternity.”

“Then, if this is so,” continued Mr. Gwyn—“and I have appealed to your experience if it is not—do not two thoughts press themselves home to our minds?”

“First, the necessity—the deeply solemn necessity of preparation for that Eternity to which we are all so quickly hastening; and secondly, the need of making the most of a life, which is so short and so uncertain.”

Then in a few earnest, solemn words Mr. Gwyn bade his hearers pause on that the last night of the year and examine themselves, ask whither their steps were leading, cast up their accounts with God.

“There must be a reckoning sooner or later,” he said,

“here, or on the other side of the grave; the Bible tells us ‘the books’ are to be opened, and we are to be judged ‘out of those things that are written’ in them.” Then earnestly did he beseech them to see to it that their names were written in the Book of Life, that the



“SUSAN'S ERRAND WAS SOON EXPLAINED.”

Saviour with His precious blood had blotted out the account that was written against them, then confidently each might say:

“Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.”

“And once united to Christ—once having taken Him as their Master,” continued Mr. Gwyn, “what a solemn trust life would become; they would look upon it, not as a mere period of time, just to be used for their own advancement and pleasure, but as a talent—a precious

talent, to be laid out in God's service, and to God's glory. Each morning they would rise, thinking, 'I can please God to-day'; and how this thought of doing their Heavenly Father's will, of being 'fellow-workers' with Him would ennoble their lives, how it would brighten their drudgery. They would be happier, their homes would be happier, their husbands and wives would be happier, their children would be happier, tempers would be restrained, sharp tongues would be controlled, and what opportunities would be found of influencing and doing good to those around! God would become to them a reconciled Father, the loving Saviour, a living, personal Friend; they could walk with Him, they could talk to Him, they could take to Him all their troubles and trials; to them 'to live' would be 'Christ' and 'to die' would be 'gain.'

"A few more years shall roll" was the closing hymn, and the notes of the organ died away through the singing of the solemn words

"Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day,
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

Passing through the porch, a hand was laid on Sam's shoulder."

"May, Mr. Ross has sent me to ask where Winter is?"

Sam pointed to the sea.

"Out! on such a dirty night! Not that Winter's the man to mind weather, but he told Mr. Ross he'd sure to be back for service."

"Hush!" said Sam in a whisper; "yon's his wife."

It was too late. Susan had heard both questions and answers. With a set, drawn face she stepped out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XV.

"A SAD NEW YEAR."



NEW Year's morning! Three o'clock, and Susan, still wide-awake, tossed from side to side.

It was not often she passed a sleepless night, but between her anxiety about Tom—the words his mate in the choir had dropped, the whistle and shriek of the wind, the rattling of doors and windows—and the sermon

she had heard, Susan could not close an eye.

During a lull in the howl of the storm came a light



"THERE IS SOMETHING THE MATTER."

step under the window and a soft tap-tap at the street door.

Susan sat up and listened, her heart almost standing still. Could it be Tom? but no, his tap was never as gentle as that. Perhaps, after all, it was no one, only the wind shaking the door; but again it came, louder this time, and the handle was rattled too.

Susan jumped out of bed and threw up the window. "Who's there?"

"Alice!" came in a soft voice.

"Alice! O Alice! what's the matter?"

"Tom's safe! Don't be afraid! Let me in and I'll tell you."

To strike a match, throw on a shawl, descend the creaking staircase, and open the door, was the work of a minute; but when Susan and Alice stood face to face, it was difficult to say who was trembling the most.

"Alice, there *is* something the matter; I can see it by your face; tell me quickly," and closing the door almost fiercely, Susan laid a hand on Alice's arm.

Alice tried to speak calmly. "Tom's safe, dear, he's home, but—but—" and poor little Alice, thinking of her Sam, almost broke down—"there's been a bit of an accident."

"Tom's killed, you mean?"

"No, no, dear! not killed—hurt his head, not—not quite sensible," and Alice gazed compassionately into Susan's drawn white face. "Sam said I'd best run on and tell you, that ye might get things ready. They'll be here directly, Sam and some of the harbour folk are carrying him up. There, I think I hear them," and almost holding their breaths, the two trembling women listened between the gusts of the wind to the steady tramp, tramp of feet advancing up the quiet street.

Alice crept to the door and opened it, and in speechless silence Tom was borne in and laid on the floor of his home—Tom who, but some fourteen hours back, had crossed its threshold, full of health and vigour, now to all appearance lifeless.

One swift glance, and Susan took in all—the stiff, silent form, the straight, damp hair, the perfectly ashen face, the deep gash across the forehead, the trickling blood—and covering her face with her hands, with a groan she sank into a chair.

"Don't 'e take on, missis," said one burly fisherman, looking up at Susan with kindly eyes. "Winter, he's a rare tough one, and please God, he's not so bad as he looks. Get this bound up"—and he pointed to the ugly wound—"and then he'll be all right, I hope. Best carry him straight up at once, May"—looking over at Sam—"and then I'll be off for the doctor."

Alice led the way with a candle, Susan, in a half-dazed state, following.

The small flight of stairs soon creaked with the light, firm step of the doctor; his words were few, but it was evident he did not take such a sanguine view of his patient as the burly fisherman.

The wound on the head was serious; had it been an inch farther the patient would never have spoken again. Complete rest and

quiet was needed, or mischief might yet result; then there was a compound fracture of the thigh—"and careful examination showed the poor patient to be battered and bruised from head to toe.

"How did it happen?" asked the doctor, looking over at Sam.

"Well, sir, my poor mate being senseless, we scarce rightly know. He was fishing over in the 'Cobble' waters, and got his boat smashed in the rocks somehow—think in the darkness he must have tried to cross 'fore the tide was high, and swimming to land got this 'ere cut. The Coast-guard folk heard his shouts and put off just in time, for, poor fellow, he was pretty well done for, as you may guess. Directly they lifted him into the boat down he went like a log, and he's never spoken since."

"Small wonder!" and in a low aside the doctor added, "Such injuries would have knocked the life out of most men."

The doctor spent quite an hour in examining and attending to his patient, and the first streaks of dawn were peeping in at the window before he took his



"ONE SWIFT GLANCE, AND SUSAN TOOK IN ALL."

departure. Strict injunctions were given to Susan to keep the house quiet, and a promise passed to look in an hour or two later. But downstairs the doctor told Sam and Alice he had small hope Tom would live to see the light of another morning.

With a heavy heart Alice woke and dressed the children, preparatory to taking them home, while Sam, completely staggered by the doctor's opinion, walked to the door, opened it softly, drew a long breath of the fresh morning air, and gazed out at the rosy east, flushed with the rise of the New Year's sun. The storm had died down, and the sea lay smiling and sparkling in the early sunshine, as though repentant for the havoc it had wrought.

Would Tom never set sail again on its shimmering billows? Was his life-voyage nearly over? Tom! broad-shouldered, manly Tom. Tom, whose strength and whose vigour were a byword! Tom, Sam's earliest companion from curly-headed boyhood. Sam gave a deep, deep sigh as he closed the door softly. How true was the text Mr. Gwyn had quoted the night before, "What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth but for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Turning back into the house, Sam caught sight on the window-sill of Tom's Bible and hymn-book, and the look of them brought comfort to his heart. God be thanked! happen what might Tom had found safe anchorage on "Christ the solid Rock." He had taken his stand, his hope was sure and certain, cast within the veil. If he was never to see another sunrise on earth for him would surely rise the dawn of an Eternal Day.

CHAPTER XVI.

"COMING TOO."

ALONE in the house, keeping careful watch over the unconscious sufferer, Susan had plenty of time for thought. Warned by Sam

and Alice of the doctor's strict order of quiet, none of the neighbours ventured near, contenting themselves with gleanings of information from the milkman or baker as they passed in and out of the little cottage.

Slowly did the time go.

Little was to be done for the poor patient beyond keeping him from tearing off his bandages in his fits of feverish restlessness, preventing the sun from streaming in, and occasionally smoothing the pillows. But Susan could not work. Hour after hour she sat with her hands in her lap, scarcely removing her eyes from her husband's face. Never till now did Susan realise what life would be without Tom. The house had seemed lonely and deserted enough without little May; if Tom too were to be taken—but Susan covered her face with her hands; she could not bear the thought.

Towards evening Tom recovered consciousness, and by the end of the week the doctor's face wore a brighter look. "For some time his patient would require the greatest care; the wound on the head was healing, but the constitution had received a terrible shock. The fracture, too, would be a long business. Possibly weeks would elapse before Tom could get about even on crutches, and he would never be the same strong man again; still, there was now a probability of recovery." And then the doctor admitted to Susan, what he had previously told Sam and Alice, that at first he had considered the case completely hopeless.

Susan could work now, and, taking out her sewing, she sat down by her husband's side in a very thoughtful mood. She had guessed that Tom was very ill, but how ill she had scarcely realised till she had heard the doctor's words. Suppose he had been taken, suppose the last words she had ever spoken to him had been those cross ones with which she had sent him away the last day of the year! God be thanked they were not, and Susan wiped away a tear.

Susan's thoughts then wandered on to her past life, her sullenness, her bad temper, her ingratitude, taking gifts at God's Hands and grumbling all the time; and then bits of Mr. Gwyn's sermon rose to her remembrance—"life but a vapour," "life given

us to make our peace with God, to spend in *His* service, to *His* glory."

God's Spirit was at work in Susan's heart—a seed had been sown which was about to spring up to His glory.

Grannie, Sam, Alice, even the neighbours



"SHE SAT DOWN BY HER HUSBAND'S SIDE."

soon began to perceive the change that was creeping over Susan, and all but grannie marvelled. Compelled to become the bread-winner for the little family with hard work by day and scant rest by night, Tom laid by for an indefinite time, and the boat broken up, all surmised that Susan's voice would grow shriller and her temper shorter, and that what with incessant grumbling Tom would have but a sorry time of it. Such surmises were incorrect; Susan toiled early and late, a bright smile was always on her face, and into her eyes had crept a look and into her voice a tone which had never been there before.

Tom, lying silent on his bed, could but thank God; and when one evening Susan appeared at his side with his Bible in her hand, and asked whether she should read to him, it is needless to give his answer.

The reading became a daily occurrence, and however busy Susan might be with the mangle or the wash-tub (means which procured the daily bread), directly the Vicar's knock was heard work would be left at once, to join in the little service by the sick-bed.

Such acts did not pass unnoticed either by Mr. Gwyn or Tom, but they had tact enough to keep silence. Susan was of a very reserved nature, and when God is dealing with a soul it is sometimes best for all earthly voices to be hushed.

Spring had come round again, and with bed drawn up to the window Tom lay one evening, propped up with pillows, surveying with pleasure the wallflowers and the daffodils springing up in the little garden and the beautiful colouring of the sunset sky; he was alone. Susan seldom left him except to look after household matters; but the day had been long and busy, and after putting the children to bed Tom heard her now moving to and fro in the kitchen below, humming a hymn as she damped and folded up the clothes in preparation for the morrow's ironing.

Tom's thoughts were busy. What a changed place his home had become! Harsh words and angry looks (thank God!) were things of the past; and then Tom's thoughts travelled back to his little May—to her winsome face, to her loving ways, the first from their family to give her heart to the Saviour, and now with Him, "most blessed for ever"; and bell-like from out the evening sky seemed to peal her last whisper, "Come too."

"I've left ye a long time, dear, but it's a biggish wash this week. All the better, though, for there will be a bigger bill to make out the end of the week," and Susan's eyes grew merry as she spoke.

Could this be Susan? Susan extracting thankfulness from what in the past would only have formed food for a grumble.

Tom looked up lovingly. "It grieves me, lass, to see ye work so hard. I feel such a great big lazy chap, lying up here, naught but a burden to ye."

Susan walked up to the bed, and laid her face



"THE READING BECAME A DAILY OCCURRENCE."

against Tom's. "Never say that word again, lad, never again—a burden!" And Susan looked at him reproachfully. "Why, lad, if ye knew—if ye only knew how thankful I am to have ye to work for. Once I thought——" But Susan could get no further, so she hid her face in the pillow.

Tom knew well enough what she meant, and he stroked her head fondly. "Ye've been a good lass to me, Sue, a real good lass; the doctor says (humanly speaking) 'tis your good nursing as has pulled me through."

Susan looked up, the tears still wet on her lashes. "A good lass to ye, lad—'tis time I was. O Tom, since ye've been lying here I've had such thoughts," and Susan hid her face again; "all my life seems to have risen up before me, all my crossness to ye, all my grumbling, all my bad temper; Tom, lad, ye'll forgive me."

"Forgive ye! O Sue, sure ye've never forgotten the first years of our married life—all the money that went into the till of the Red Dragon, all the harsh words I gave ye, all the times and the times that I reeled home at night—'tis not ye that needs to ask forgiveness of me, lass," and there was almost a touch of reproach in Tom's tone. Then in a lower voice he added, "Let us both ask forgiveness of God."

"I have, I have," and Susan raised her tear-stained face. Then, the ice once broken, she opened out her heart to her husband, telling him of her hopes, of her

resolutions, of the service the last night of the year, of Mr. Gwyn's words, and how the refrain of the hymn that had been sung—

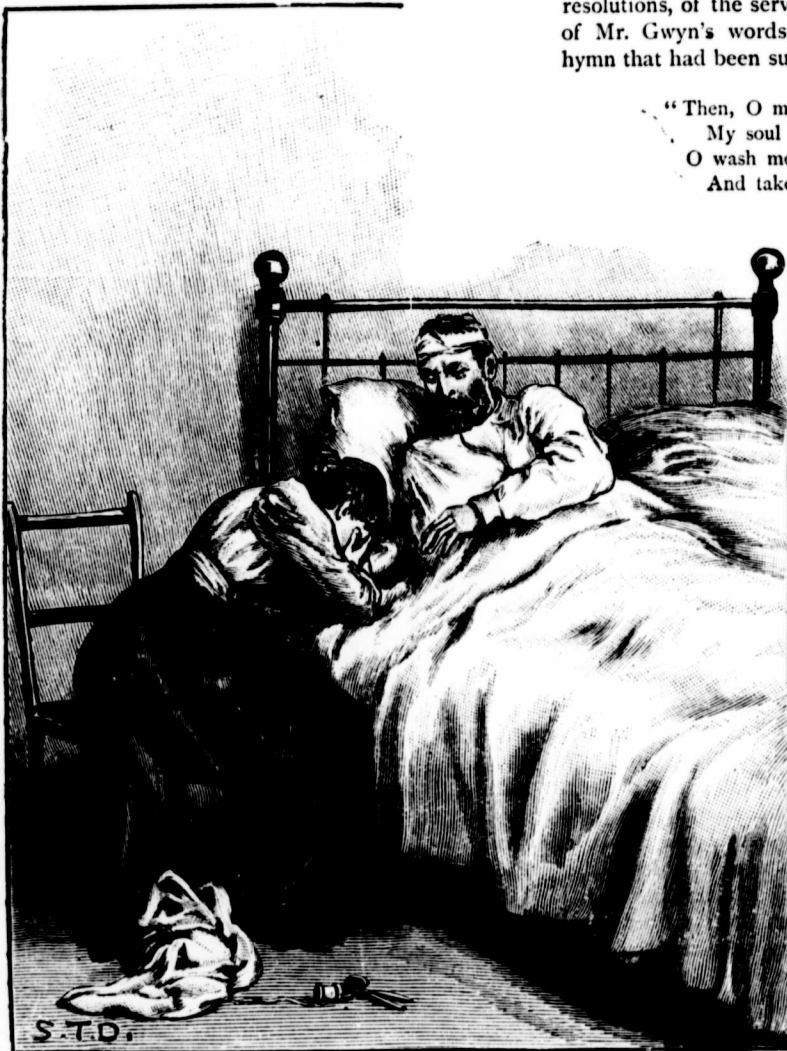
“Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away”—

by day and night ever since had been her constant prayer.

Tom lay quietly on his pillow, a happy light in his eyes, drinking in every word. When Susan had done, he took both her hands in his. “Our little one's prayer is heard, then, Sue—‘Mother and daddie, they'll come too.’ Wife, kneel down; we must thank God.”

And what of grannie? Well, as grannie watches Sam and Alice, Tom and Susan, hand-in-hand, happily pressing daily onwards, up the steep and narrow path that leads Heavenwards and Homewards, she folds her hands and whispers to herself, “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

THE END.



“SHE HID HER FACE IN THE PILLOW.”

WAITING AT THE GATE.



AH! here's my little mistress now, so we shall go, I know,
For a pleasant morning ramble in the lane.
I saw her putting on her hat about an hour ago;
Perhaps she's waited, fearing it would rain.
I'm always willing for a walk, and always ready dressed;
For me my mistress never has to wait.
I saw her putting on her hat, and then I thought it best
To wait till she was ready—at the gate.
So now we're off together for a merry little run,
Along the fields and down the winding lane,
Through the hill and valley, and the shade and sun,
And in a little while be back again.

JOHN LEA.

Sometimes a Light Surprises.

(Tune—"BROMSGROVE." 7.6.7.6. D.)

Words by W. COWPER.

Music by the REV. E. VINE HALL, M.A.
(Vicar of Bromsgrove; late Precentor of Worcester Cathedral.)

1. Some-times a light sur - pri - ses The Chris-tian while he sings; It is the Lord Who
2. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal -

ri - ses, With heal - ing in His wings. When com - forts are de - clin - ing He
- va - tion, And find it ev - er new: Set free from pre - sent sor - row, We

grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
cheer - ful - ly can say— Ev'n let it un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may:

3. It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading Heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, Who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

"NOT ON SUNDAYS."—Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, on one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help to unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied quietly:

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday."

"You know the rules."

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work; but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. The discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

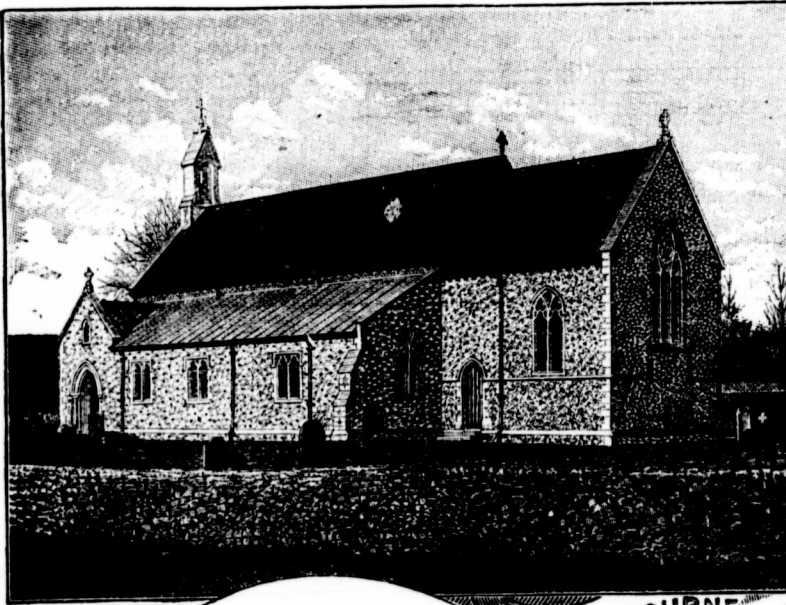
"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience' sake would make a trustworthy cashier."

And he was appointed.

"LOOK FOR IT."—An old woman died in the workhouse at Rochford a few years ago, blind and bedridden, after a life of

ninety-seven years. Her patience, cheerfulness, and sweetness of character were remarkable, and she never repined or complained at her lot. The remark which she made to a lady visitor at the workhouse infirmary deserves to be written in letters of gold: "You can always find sunshine if you look for it." That was the philosophy of life which "Granny Terry," as she was called, held to the end of her days, and it is one which deserves imitation in a much higher class than that of a farm-labourer's wife.

"THE FINEST HYMN IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE."—The Hon. Mrs. Oldfield has given in *Longman's Magazine* some interesting "Reminiscences of a Few Days Spent at a Country House with Mr. Gladstone." The house was that of Mr. Leveson Gower at Holmbury. "We discussed hymnology," says Mrs. Oldfield, "and Mr. Gladstone said he considered Scott's hymn on the Day of Judgment the finest in the English language. My husband asked whether it was not a rendering of the 'Dies Iræ,' which he thinks very fine. Mr. Gladstone said he thought not, though there was sufficient similarity to show that Scott had the 'Dies Iræ' in his mind when he wrote his hymn. He said he had the pleasure of repeating the hymn to Tennyson, who had never heard it before and who was melted into tears."



THE FONT



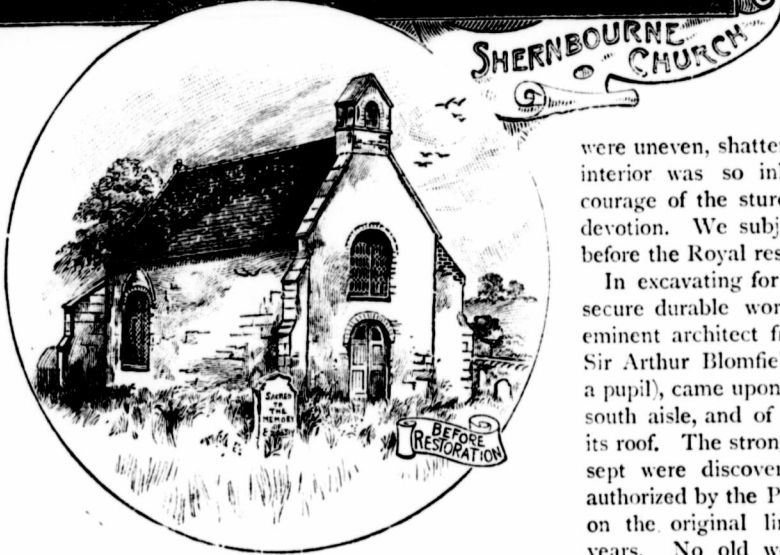
sacred edifice was in a pitiable condition. The Prince saw its walls out of the perpendicular; its roof was here and there open to wind and weather; its doors

were uneven, shattered, and decayed, while its interior was so inhospitable as to defy the courage of the sturdiest peasant to enter it for devotion. We subjoin a picture of this edifice before the Royal restorer took it in hand.

In excavating for the foundations, so as to secure durable work, Mr. Herbert Green, an eminent architect from Norwich, acting under Sir Arthur Blomfield (of whom Mr. Green was a pupil), came upon the foundations of the old south aisle, and of the pillars which supported its roof. The strong lines of the ancient transept were discovered, and Mr. Green was authorized by the Prince to restore the Church on the original lines. This took about two years. No old work has been lost. Much has been recovered, and now the Church consists of chancel, nave, south aisle, and porch—and all on the original scale.

The annexed view will give an accurate idea of what the sacred fabric now is, and it will enable the reader to compare it with the picture we give of what the Church was.

All the old masonry is retained in the doorways. The best use possible is made of the beautiful flint that abound in East Anglia, and the aspect of the Church gives one an idea of strength, grace, and even beauty. The change inside is not less impressive. The roof of the chancel is of richer work than that of the nave. The piers of the south arcade or transepts, after having been built over for centuries, are now reproduced to do their original work. The choir stalls, desk, and pulpit are all of oak, enriched by



OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VII.—ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, SHERNBOURNE.

VERY keen and widespread interest was aroused a short time since by the announcement that the lengthy list of Church restorers was enriched by the addition of the name of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This interest was increased when it became known that the Church, on His Royal Highness's property, and near to Sandringham, was Shernbourne—a Church which is associated with the earliest memories of East Anglian Christianity, and with the bold and faithful service of Felix, the Burgundian, and of Furseus, the Irishman, nearly four hundred years before the Norman Conquest. The

some of the carving which has made the Churches in East Anglia famous. There is but one brass, which lies on purple marble. It is that of Sir Thomas and Lady de Shernbourne, and its home is on the north wall of the chancel. But probably there is not in the Church an object of equal interest to the



THE ROYAL PARTY.

font. It is large, lined with very old lead, and stands now on a stone base. The carving is in part Saxon and in part Norman. Some authorities believe this to be the oldest font in England. It has all the characteristics of Saxon work. It is most varied, very rich in detail, with cabled moulding, and rounded arch, and of rare strength of treatment. Our readers will be glad to have a picture of the oldest font of the oldest existing Church, in the land of Felix and of Furseus.

Christmas Eve was the day selected by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the re-opening service, and it was conducted and the sermon preached by the Dean of Norwich, by the Prince's command. The address was brief; it was based upon the words of Psalm lxxvii. 5. The Dean said: "We are met together at this time under conditions which it would be extremely difficult even to imagine could be realised elsewhere, and what these conditions were would appear, if for a very few moments they reflected upon three ideas, historical, spiritual, and practical. It was beyond all debate, that on the site now occupied by this restored Church, there stood for many centuries a sacred fabric, which represented sacred faith. Twelve hundred and sixty years since, Felix, the intrepid Burgundian, gave his life and his love to the evangelization of East Anglia, which consisted of Norfolk and Suffolk. The ancestors of our apostle lived originally on the banks of the Rhine. They penetrated into Gaul, and it was there that Felix heard the Gospel of Christ. It was there he accepted the message which he brought across the sea to East

Anglia. Sigebert was then upon the throne. He welcomed Felix, and in a short time the message of the Burgundian as well as his work were strengthened by the enthusiasm of another evangelist, named Furseus, who hailed from Ireland. Christianity was brought to East Anglia; it

was organized and extended by these two eminent men. The first Church founded by Felix was at Babingley, now, like Shernbourne, Royal property. The second was Shernbourne. Thus to-day, we were brought into union with the holy inspirations of the remote past. We looked back through a mist of years. The Church of Felix and of Furseus was the Church of England. The material and the moral soil were one. And here we pass to the spiritual side of our retrospect. Since the days at which we have glanced what changes have passed over our land, as well as over Gaul, from which East Anglia first heard the Gospel, and over Ireland from which all received welcome assistance. There is not a department of civil or national life which has eluded the patient and powerful influence of change. One thing remained. It was religion, and the need of it. The spiritual need of human life was the same in all ages, in all lands, in all races. It was the one perpetual yearning, which Christ alone could satisfy. It spoke of the immortality of the soul, its relation to and its rest in God, and the voice of the past was echoed in our midst to-day. It was the one voice calling for the one satisfaction bestowed by the One Saviour. And this fact led us to enjoy the sacred privileges of gratitude. Our hearts are full. We thank God that this ancient Church has been restored by one dear to the nation; one who was won back to love, to life, to labour by the strong supplications of a people's prayer; one whom Heaven has blessed in countless ways and modes, and one who can turn

from such anxious considerations as the housing of the poor, the propagation of health, the baffling of disease, and the introduction of blessings into homes blighted by decline, lives consumed by the fires of consumption and other infirmities; one who could deal, with sympathy and with strength, not only with such subjects, but with the intellectualism, and with the art of the day, and then restore a village church, and in doing so say to the nation, 'The religion of the past shall be preserved in the present; it shall be transmitted to the future,' thereby expressing a primary conviction that religion was that which survived amid ceaseless and even vast changes. It was the one remedial satisfaction for which the souls of men yearned. It was that which in the end constituted the essential greatness of the individual, of society, of the nation at large, upon which it bestowed blessing, power, and perpetuity."

We now give our readers as complete a view of the Royal House as it is possible to get, and probably such a picture as has not been presented since the brilliant pageant of the Jubilee. The Royal party has just emerged from the Church. Mr. Shrubsole, of Norwich, has his camera in readiness. A few apologetic pleas are urged by the photographer, and, with the grace and good nature which characterises the Royal Family, all stand in a biting east wind, and a most successful picture is the result. We may add that the figures in the background are Commander Fortescue, behind the Princess of Wales; Prince Alexander of Teck behind the Duchess of York; and Miss Knollys between the Duke of York and the Princess Victoria.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

Fish Fried in Batter.

	Average Cost.
	<i>s. d.</i>
1½ lb. Fish	9
4 Tablespoonfuls flour	3
½ Teacupful tepid water
1 Tablespoonful salad oil	4
½ Saltspoonful salt	.
	10

Make the batter three or four hours before it is to be used; it is much improved by standing. Put the flour in a basin, add the salt, and mix in gradually and smoothly the oil and water. A tablespoonful of melted butter or fat will do instead of oil if more convenient; the white of an

egg beaten till stiff, and stirred lightly into the flour and water, will make the batter better. The less oily kinds of fish are best cooked in batter, such as haddock and plaice. Cut them in neat pieces, remove the bones, wash in cold water and dry thoroughly; dip them into the batter with a skewer or fork, and fry in boiling fat till a pale golden colour. Drain on paper, and serve very hot.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VI.—THE DEAN OF NORWICH.



THE Very Rev. William Lefroy, D.D., Dean of Norwich, was born in Dublin in 1836, and is the eldest son of Isaac Lefroy. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1863, proceeded to M.A. in 1867, and B.D. and D.D. in 1889. He was ordained to the Curacy of Christ Church, Cork, in 1864, and succeeded Dr.

Forrest (now Dean of Worcester) in the Incumbency of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, in 1866. He remained in this important sphere for nearly a quarter of a century, and was a conspicuous figure in the Church life of the first seaport in the world. He bore a considerable share in the foundation of the new Diocese of Liverpool, and was one of the first Canons appointed upon the formation of the See. He succeeded the Bishop of Carlisle as Archdeacon of Warrington, and was Donnellan Lecturer of his University in 1887-8.

Upon the resignation of Dean Goulburn in 1889, Dr. Lefroy was appointed Dean of Norwich, and during the past ten years he has raised a very large sum of money for the complete restoration of the great East Anglian Church. Every part of the noble Cathedral betrays abundant evidence of Dean Lefroy's loving care, and he has been warmly congratulated by many illustrious personages on the result of his devoted labours. The Church in which he ministered for so many years in Liverpool was in marked contrast to Norwich Cathedral, for it was one of the ugliest and largest in the country; it was pulled down a few years ago, owing to railway developments, and replaced by a handsome structure in the south end of Liverpool.

At Norwich the Dean has instituted a Sunday Evening Service in the Nave, which attracts enormous congregations. Another feature of his work has been the bringing together of the mayors and corporations of the large towns of the Diocese at stated services in the Cathedral.

The Dean is an ardent mountaineer, and usually spends his vacation at the Riffel Alp, where he has built a beautiful Church. His practical interest in his

poorer clerical brethren is not the least conspicuous feature of his generous character, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Dean's speeches and writings on the incomes of the Clergy have been the principle means of focussing attention upon this important subject. He is an eloquent and impassioned preacher, while his ready wit and geniality combine to make his platform utterances most delightful hearing. He is known to our readers as a contributor to our pages, and is the author of "A Plea for the Old Catholic



THE DEAN OF NORWICH.

Movement," 1875; "Pleadings for Christ," 1878; "The Christian Ministry," 1889; "The Christian's Start, The Christian's Duties and Responsibilities"; "All the Counsel of God," 1892; "Agoniæ Christi," in *Preachers of the Age*, 1893; "Echoes from the Choir of Norwich Cathedral," 1894; "More Echoes from the Choir of Norwich Cathedral," 1896; "History of Norwich Cathedral," 1897.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a new photograph by Messrs. WILKINSON & Co., Norwich.

WORK.—I mean to work according to my strength. As to riches, fame, success, and so forth, I ask no questions. Were the work laid out for us but the kneading of a clay brick, let us, in God's Name, do it faithfully, and look for our reward elsewhere.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,

Rector of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, Thames Street; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," etc.

CONCERNING PEOPLE WHO ARE IN A STATE OF SEPARATION FROM THE CHURCH.

Separation from the Church does not imply knowledge of her or opposition to her.



That it is not to be assumed from the facts of persons living in a state of separation from the Church of England that they entertain any objection to her doctrine or worship, or, still further, that they know anything about either.

Separation from the Church does not in itself mean membership of any other religious body.

That great numbers of people throughout the parishes of the land are living in a state of passive separation from the Church of England who are, for the most part, wholly ignorant of her teaching, work and worship, and who do not seek to attach themselves to religious bodies outside the Church's Communion, but are as ignorant of them as they are of the Church.

To what separation from the Church generally leads.

That such persons, if religiously inclined, are content with a kind of individualistic religion, both as to belief and worship; and if not religiously inclined, as a rule, they abandon religious ideas, sentiments, and worship altogether.

That in cases where there is no preference for individualistic religion, separatists do not as a rule join other religious bodies.

That concerning people in our several parishes of whom it is alleged or assumed that they are in a state of separation from the Church on intelligently conscientious religious grounds, it would be a mistake to assume that, having so separated themselves from the Church, they necessarily become "members" of other religious bodies, though they may not have any positive aversion to becoming so.

Separation from the Church not necessarily a gain to other religious bodies.

That it may be safely assumed—subject to correction from accurately ascertained statistics—that only a very small percentage of those who are in a state

of separation from the Church become "members" of other religious bodies; so that the loss to the Church through the separation of so many people from her fold is not a great gain to the religious communities outside her Communion.

That "adherents" to a religious body are very different from its "members."

That it would be a great mistake to imagine that all persons who are in a state of separation from the Church of England, and occasionally or regularly, for the time being, attend the places of worship of the various religious denominations, thereby become "members" of such denominations. Indeed, in many cases only a small percentage of those who attend the places of worship of religious bodies outside the Church become "members" of the religious communities to which such places belong.

Distinctions to be observed in estimating the numerical strength of religious bodies.

That important distinctions are to be observed in estimating the numerical and religious strength of religious bodies outside the Church; and two of the most fundamental distinctions are the difference between the word "Church" and the word "congregation," and the difference between the word "member" and the word "adherent."

What the words "member" and "adherent" respectively imply.

That amongst the religious communities outside the Church of England the "Church" is the body composed of "members." To it are exclusively reserved all religious and legal powers of self-government and discipline, as well as control over its property and endowments; but the "congregation" has no religious or legal status whatever, and is altogether destitute of any power to interfere with the business of the "Church." That in the religious denominations referred to, while a "member" belongs to the "Church" an "adherent" is a person who belongs to the "Congregation" only, and is in sympathy with the principles and objects of the religious body concerned. That it may reasonably be assumed that most "adherents" attend the public worship of the body with which they are in sympathy, and that the number of "members" constitutes but a comparatively small proportion to the number of "adherents."

Religious denominational misnomers.

That although the terms "Nonconformist" and "Dissenter" are in the present day indiscriminately and interchangeably used to designate persons who are outside the Communion of the Church of England, they are very far from being accurately so used, for the simple reason that a very small proportion of the individuals who constitute these religious bodies could ever have been in Communion with the Church of

England at all, and, more than that, are for the most part totally ignorant of her teaching and worship.

What constitutes a "Nonconformist" or "Dissenter."

That people cannot be accurately called "Nonconformists" who never had knowledge of what they are alleged or assumed to have refused to conform. Nor can they accurately be called "Dissenters" who never have had knowledge of what they are alleged or assumed to have dissented from. That only those persons who have been in actual communion with the Church of England, having knowledge of her teaching and worship, who have refused to conform to them, and have dissented from them, can accurately be called "Nonconformists" or "Dissenters."

Separation from the Church for the most part an inheritance.

That by far the greater proportion of "members" and "adherents" of religious bodies in the present day are the descendants of persons who individually refused to conform to, and resolved to dissent from, the Church of England. The separation of such persons from the Church of England is an inheritance from their fathers, with which they have had nothing whatever to do. They have been born in this state of separation from the Church, educated in it, and in accordance with it. The exercise of their freedom of choice has not been in their separation from the Church of England. It has been limited to their attaching themselves as "members" or "adherents" to the several religious bodies to which they belong. Their accurate and appropriate designations are, then, *not* those indicating their *negative relationships* to the Church, such as "Nonconformists" and "Dissenters," but those indicating their *positive relationships* to the several religious bodies to which they have as "members" or "adherents" severally attached themselves by their own act and deed, such as "Congregationalists," "Independents," "Baptists," "Presbyterians," "Methodists," etc.

"HE IS OURS."

TOMMY is one of the noisy boys. He is so full of health and good spirits that he cannot help making a row in the world, and from the time he gets up in the morning until the evening his granny says, "He is always on the go!" And yet even he has a quiet time, too; for at the end of the day, after tea, he likes to snuggle up close by granny's knee and listen to the wonderful tales which she has to tell. Sometimes she talks of the far-off days when she was a girl, before railways, and telegrams, and bicycles, and motor-cars, and such like wonderful things were invented: at other times she talks about brave missionaries like Patteson and Hamington; or Christian heroes like Havelock and Gordon; and one night she told him all about the beautiful picture of "The Good Shepherd" which had been given to her by her mistress on the day she was married. And Tommy could not help saying, "He is ours, granny, as well as the 'Good Shepherd,' for we sing about Him in school, 'Jesus is our Shepherd.'"

By-and-by, when Tommy has to face the battle of life, he will no doubt find granny's wise words of great help to him, and the thoughts of these quiet bits of time will come back to him with comfort and strength, and enable him to resist temptation.



"HE IS OURS" (see page 138).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by C. FINEMORE.



FIG. 1.

SWIMMING: AND HOW TO DO IT.

BY H. W. PALMER HICKS,
Late of the Cygnus Swimming Club.

AMONG the sports and pastimes which are to-day enjoyed by many, the art of natation, or swimming, is one of the most useful and graceful. Its accomplishment is easily attained by any who will persevere. For many years its chief promoters and admirers have been endeavouring to make swimming a world-wide branch of education, and to induce the authorities to enforce its acquisition upon school children, just as they now compel boys and girls to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, and more besides! It is gratifying to note how successful these efforts have proved. A recent report of the London Schools' Swimming Association shows that during the year 1898 forty thousand children received instruction in four hundred and seventy-three schools. Fourteen thousand of these learnt to swim, nearly three thousand receiving first class certificates for swimming one hundred yards. Even more noteworthy is the fact that four boys and one girl have received the Royal Humane

Society's Certificates for saving life. No one knows how soon he may be called upon to use the art of swimming in rescuing the lives of others, or in even preserving his own from death by drowning. We can scarcely glance at a daily paper, in the summer season, without reading of some fatal accident on the water. It is evident that if swimming had been steadily promoted and encouraged, thousands of lives, of all ages, would have been saved from drowning.

Though the authorities have done much, in the way of building swimming baths for the public benefit, these are as yet quite inadequate to the needs of the community.

Swimming is a most invigorating and refreshing exercise. As a healthy and muscular recreation it cannot be surpassed. In its performance nearly every muscle of the human frame is brought into action. How many men and women foolishly resort to intoxicating drink for warmth and invigoration! A good ten-minutes' swim and a thorough rub down with a rough towel never fail to produce a glow from head to foot, leaving behind a germ of health, rather than the seeds of disease, which an overmuch indulgence in intoxicating liquor causes.

A swim every morning before breakfast would give an impetus for the day and form not only a means of healthy exercise, but be far less monotonous than the ordinary cold-water sponge down in a small bath-room. A regular indulgence in a morning bathe is a sure and good aid to keeping the body healthy, and may readily be followed up summer and winter alike, there being no difficulty in subjecting ourselves to the various temperatures of the water. (Unfortunately there are exceptions to this rule—such, for instance, as those who suffer from disease of the heart, and to whom a sudden shock from the cold water would mean danger.) Again, this frequent immersion would keep the skin pure, and the pores open, which is essential to good health.

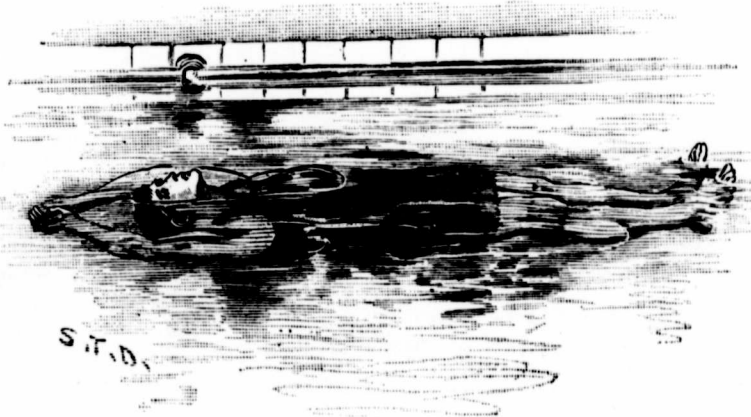


FIG. 2.

Many men and women are to-day suffering from ill health as a consequence of the absence of physical recreation during their days of study. Nothing can keep the head cooler, and the mind more

vigorous than this combination of exercise, usefulness and cleanliness.

Byron was a great swimmer. In the year 1810 he swam across the Hellespont, a channel in which the currents are so strong that it is impossible for a boat to go directly across. It is under one English mile in width, and Byron swam through a course of at least four miles. He showed that he had acquired a great staying power in the water.

Captain Webb was the greatest long-distance swimmer ever known. He swam across the English Channel in his second attempt in 1875. He remained in the water for twenty-one hours forty-five minutes, and swam a distance of thirty-nine and a half miles. It is worth noticing that Captain Webb was a total abstainer. Unhappily he lost his life in an imprudent attempt to swim the Niagara Falls in 1883.

The late Rev. J. G. Wood, whose contributions to this magazine were so much appreciated, was a life-long swimmer.

There are many modes of swimming. Space will not permit an explanation of each, and as this article is simply an attempt to encourage our readers to learn, mention of the easiest method and the first usually learnt is only necessary—"Breast Stroke Swimming."

In learning "How to Swim," the first step is—to gain confidence. It is a want of confidence that prevents many who would otherwise be able to swim. Now, almost every animal is naturally able to swim directly it finds itself in the water. Our bodies are buoyant, and it is quite difficult to make them sink, unless filled with water. Though this is so, yet we are apt to doubt its correctness, and are generally afraid that we should find it otherwise. We must first learn to float before attempting to swim.

To master floating on the water, get the body into the position given in fig. 1 in a swimming bath or other convenient place, then push off slightly with the feet, lying the head well back, thus keeping the mouth quite out of the water. Your body will then become prostrate upon the surface of the water, as in fig. 2. The hand of a friend placed just under the middle of the back will help to allay nervousness, and can be taken away almost unnoticed.

When once we have gained confidence in this way, we may turn over into the position given in fig. 3, which gives a clear perception of what is meant by Breast or Chest Stroke Swimming. The head must again be kept well back. The movements of the legs and arms are as follows:—Draw the feet well up towards the body, taking care only to bring the knees to a level with the hips, then turn the toes outward and kick the legs out wide apart; then draw them together so that they are fully extended. This is a complete legstroke. The arms should be drawn up to the sides, and the hands, just touching each



FIG. 3.

other, placed palms downward against the chest. Then the arms should be fully extended, turning the hands slightly outwards; then bring the arms round level with the neck, again turning in the elbows into their former position for the next stroke.

A little personal instruction should, of course, be obtained where possible. It is encouraging to see reports of Parish Swimming Clubs in the pages of many of the localized issues of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. If a Swimming Club could be formed in every parish, what a boon it would be!

Our illustrations have been specially drawn by Mr. S. T. DADD.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

MANY of our readers are aware that the Thirty-Ninth Church Congress will take place (D.V.) in October next, but we call attention to the matter thus early as it is the first time in the history of this great gathering of Churchmen that the Metropolis has been honoured with a visit. The difficulty of organizing a week's meetings in so unwieldy a place as London is confessedly great, but, the choice having been made, it is the duty of every loyal member of the Church in the London Diocese to lend a hand, in order that the Congress may be worthy of the first city in the civilized world. The Bishop and the three Assistant Bishops, are showing the keenest interest in the arrangements; and the Hon. Secretary, the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash, M.A., who has brought to his onerous duties an experience of thirty years' work in the Diocese, has laid the lines of the coming Congress with a business-like breadth which cannot fail to compel the admiration of all who take the trouble to look into the matter.

Nearer the time we shall have something to say about the programme; but we may mention that the Congress will commence with a Meeting for Women in the Royal Albert Hall on Monday, October 9th. The

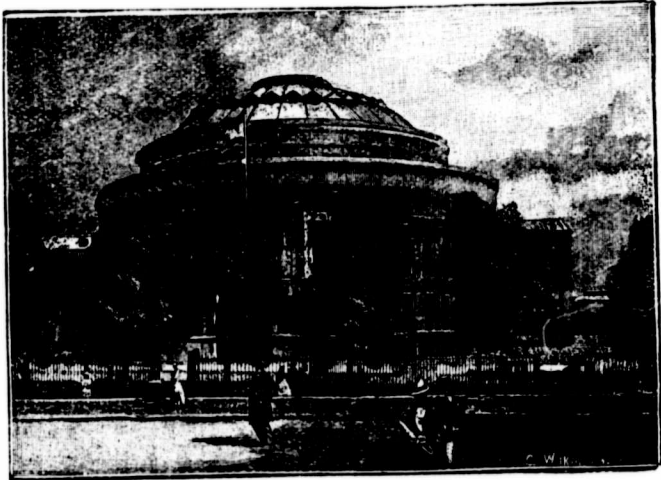
Congress will be welcomed in Guildhall by the Lord Mayor on Tuesday morning, and sermons will be preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the stately Parish Church of Kensington; in the afternoon Dr. Creighton will deliver the Presidential address; and then, day by day, a most comprehensive and thoroughly attractive programme of subjects will be dealt with by many of the most eminent Clerical and Lay members of the Church. The most hospitable Corporation in the world will give a *Conversazione* in Guildhall on Thursday night; a Thanksgiving Service will be held in St. Paul's on Friday night; and on Saturday afternoon the young life of the Church will be invited to a great meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, specially arranged for senior scholars in Sunday Schools, pupil teachers in Voluntary and other schools, the Church Lads' Brigade, the Diocesan Church Lads' Brigade, and the Boys' Brigade.

Such, in brief, is an outline of what is proposed, and Londoners will for the first time have an opportunity of making an acquaintance, within their own borders, with one of the most important developments of Church work which mark the glorious reign of our beloved Queen. The neighbouring Dioceses of Rochester and St. Albans will no doubt materially contribute to the success of this year's Congress, while East London and Suburban London may be counted upon to send a very good representation to the West End during Congress week.

What about the provinces? Will that generous hospitality which has so happily marked the rambles of the Congress during its thirty-eight years' wanderings be continued? Yes, most certainly. It has been the happy privilege of many London Churchmen to experience a warm-hearted welcome from their brethren in the provinces for years past, and our country friends may rely upon meeting with a genial greeting if they come to town in October. Early notice is, however, most essential. Prebendary Nash has already intimated that "very many residents in London who are able to give hospitality in Congress week usually leave town in July, and return in September or early in October. It is obvious, therefore, that it will greatly facilitate the allocation of hospitality if those desiring it will communicate with the Secretary before July 1st."

The price of a Congress ticket is 7s. 6d., and applications should be sent to the Rev. Prebendary Nash, Church House, Dean's Yard, S.W.

The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition will be held as usual during Congress week; and as the Exhibition attains its majority this year, Mr. John Hart, its founder and energetic organizer, has determined to make a special effort to eclipse all previous exhibitions. To this end he has secured, by special permission of



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

the Prince of Wales and the Council of the Imperial Institute, a spacious gallery for the purposes of the Art Exhibition, in the noble pile at South Kensington. As this is in close proximity to the Royal Albert Hall, the members of the Congress will be able to find an agreeable relaxation near at hand between the various sittings. We are given to understand that the Exhibition will this year contain many new features of special interest; the demand for space has been very great, and the offers for the Loan Department already give promise of a magnificent display of exhibits, such as has never been brought together before. Those interested should communicate with Mr. John Hart, Maltravers House, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

DEATH-WATCHES.

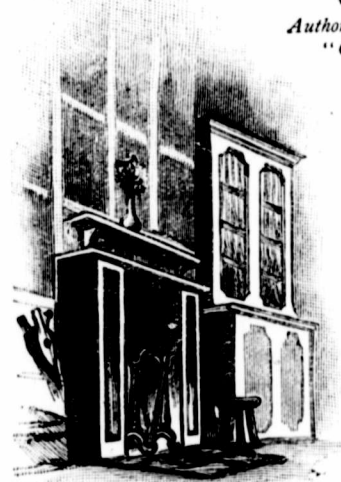
BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Bird Allies,"

"Out of the Way Pets,"

"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

MOST of us, probably, have had some little experience of what is generally known as "worm-eaten" furniture. An old table, or a cabinet, or a chair is found to be perforated with hundreds of tiny holes, so that it looks almost as if



a charge of small shot had been fired into it. The

wainscoting of the room, perhaps, in which the furniture stands is perforated in just the same way. If there is a beam running across the ceiling, that is perforated too; while the damage constantly increases year after year, until at last the wood crumbles into powder almost at a touch. And outside all the more recently opened holes is a tiny pile of very fine sawdust.

Of course this is not really the work of worms at all. Worms do live in wood, it is true, but only in wet and rotten wood out of doors, not in sound and dry wood indoors. You may find them lying up under the bark of a decaying stump which has been saturated by the rain, or buried among the loose fibres of a log which has for many months been lying upon the ground; but no worm that ever lived could bore its way into a solid beam of timber or an old oak table. The damage is really caused by the grubs of a tiny beetle. Queer little white maggot-like creatures they are, with six short and almost useless legs, and with heavy, clumsily built bodies curved into an almost semicircular form. They cannot walk (they lie, in point of fact, for the most part upon their sides), but can only drag themselves slowly and laboriously along their narrow tunnels; and each is furnished with a pair of stout, strong, horny jaws, with which, all its life long, it is incessantly cutting through the solid wood, while it feeds upon the tiny fragments which it chips away.

It seems a strange and far from nutritious diet—nothing but sawdust, of the driest possible description, day after day; yet the little grubs know no other food, and somehow manage to get exceedingly fat upon it. But it is more remarkable still that they should be able to dispense with moisture altogether. No matter how dry the wood may be, generation after generation of these odd little grubs will live in it and never drink, and yet never suffer from thirst.

For many months the little creatures feed and burrow, until at last they are fully fed. With one final effort they now make their way almost to the surface, so that only a very thin shell of wood separates them from the outside air. In this way they render their future task as perfect beetles, when the time comes for them to liberate themselves from their prisons, as simple and as easy as possible. Then they throw off their skins and take the form of chrysalids, which look like tiny mummies swathed in a winding-sheet of semi-transparent skin. They cannot move, for their limbs are packed away beneath this outer covering. They cannot eat, for they have no mouths at all. So for many weeks they lie without motion, patiently waiting; and as nourishment is still required, they support existence on the stores of fat which they laid up while they were grubs, and which now passes back, little by little, into their systems.

Then at last comes a further change. Once more the skin splits, and the perfect beetle makes its appearance. It does not attempt to leave its burrow,

however, for some little time, for its body is quite soft as yet, and its limbs are weak and almost useless. But day by day its skin becomes harder and its muscles grow stronger, till at last it is fitted for the remaining work of its life. Then it cuts its way out of the narrow prison in which it has for so long been lying concealed, and sets out in quest of a mate.

The search is conducted in a very simple way. The little beetle raises itself on its feet, and proceeds to tap with its jaws on the surface of the wood, half a dozen times or so in rapid succession. Then it stops for a few moments, and listens. Then the tapping is repeated, and so on again and again, until at last it hears an answering signal from perhaps the other side of the room.

The beetle, in fact, is a "death-watch"—the little insect whose call to its fellows has so often been regarded by superstitious people as the herald of approaching death. And no doubt as a nurse sits watching her patient in the silent hours of the night the tapping is often heard. But so it would be if there were no sick person in the house at all. One can almost always hear it if one happens to be lying awake at the time when the beetles appear; for the little insects go on calling to one another, and answering one another, all night long.

But there is a problem connected with these beetles which has never as yet received a solution. We know how they produce their queer little "ticking" sounds—by the exercise of a little care, in fact, one can watch them actually doing it; but we do *not* know how the signal is heard, for "death-watches" apparently have no ears. Very few insects possess these organs, so far as we can discover, and those which do possess them keep them in very singular places—on the sides of the body perhaps, or even low down on the front legs, quite close to the feet! But beetles in general, and death-watches in particular, appear to have no ears whatever.

It does indeed seem strange that in some ways we should be able to learn so much, and yet in others should know so little. We can tell the distance of a star, and measure the speed at which it is travelling through space; we can weigh the sun in our balances, and draw up a list of the substances of which it is composed; we can foretell the exact moment, thousands of years hence, when the shadow of the earth will creep over the moon and cause an eclipse;—yet here we are baffled—utterly and entirely baffled—in all our attempts to discover the ears of a beetle, which is undoubtedly able to hear!

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A READY ANSWER.—Bishop Samuel Wilberforce was once addressing a meeting in St. James's Hall, when a listener, in the hope of disturbing the Bishop, kept interrupting his eloquence with shouts of, "Speak up, my lord!" "I am already speaking up," replied the Bishop, in his most silvery tone; "I always speak up; and I decline to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery."



## BURIED TRUTH.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.*

**W**HAT unusual expression do we find the Scriptures employing on three several occasions to describe the preaching: (1) of one of the Apostles; (2) of one of the Deacons; and (3) of the Saviour Himself? Also, in what respect were these three occasions similar to each other?

## OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. A. C. HARMAN, M.A.

31. **W**HO failed at the first attempt of a great work, but finally succeeded?
32. What city was ready to deliver its deliverer into an enemy's hand?
33. Where are we told that giving is better than receiving?
34. Whose insult made the sufferer lose his self-control?
35. Who saw, and took, and coveted?
36. Where is drunkenness said to lead to poverty and sickness?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XVI.—CHARADE.

1. A juicy morsel by some abhorred,  
By others beloved and safely stored.
2. Not I, not me, nor us, nor he.  
It surely your very own self must be.
3. To grieve and fret and wear away,  
Or as a fine tall tree to stay.

My whole is a beast with an armour strong,  
Which keeps it safe from harm and wrong.  
Also a man with a prickly mind,  
Who thinks that all that is said is unkind.

XVII.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. Part of a whole.
2. Not quite round.
3. A welcome arrival.
4. A lady's name.

XVII.—ENIGMA.

O bili bili heres ago fortibus es in aro  
 Nobili nobili themis trux. Se vatis sinum pes an dux.



## MISSION BUILDING AT NEWALA.

**N**EWALA is the name of one of the Mission Stations of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, in the Rovuna district—*i.e.*, in the southern part of German East Africa. To reach it from Zanzibar you must spend four or five days in a little coasting steamer, which will take you to Lindi. There you land, and will be met by porters, who have come down from Newala to carry your boxes. The walk from Lindi to Newala takes five days, in which you cover a distance of about a hundred and ten miles, crossing a succession of hills and valleys, until you reach the Makonde plateau. You must cross the plateau, as Newala is on the further edge of it.

About eighteen years ago, Matola, one of the principal Yao chiefs, went to visit the missionaries at Masasi, a village of released slaves, founded by Bishop Steere in 1876, distant about two days' journey from Matola's village of Newala. It was arranged that Mission work should be started in his village, and the Rev. H. H. Clarke went in 1878 to live at Newala, and began the work there. Since then many missionaries have worked at Newala—Bishop Maples, Revs. W. C. Porter, S. Weigall, and J. Hainsworth are those whose names are chiefly connected with the work done there, with the result that Newala is now practically a Christian village.

## THE CHURCH MONTHLY

### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

On Tuesday, 19th of June, the incumbent and Mr. C. E. Bourne went to Hamilton to attend the annual meeting of the Synod. Among the matters agreed upon was the adoption of a new canon on clerical stipends, the chief feature of which was the requirement that before the appointment of a clergyman to a charge an endeavor should be made to secure for him a stipend of at least \$600 and a residence free of rent and taxes. Mr. Spencer was elected one of the twelve delegates to the Triennial Provincial Synod, whose meetings are held in Montreal. He was chosen also a member of the Standing Committee of the diocese.

The bales of clothing sent to the Shingwauk Home at the Sault Ste Marie by the ladies of the two congregations of the parish were duly received by the principal and his wife. A letter in acknowledgment of their arrival has been received by Mrs. Spencer, in which a very warm expression of gratitude is given, and along with the letter there has come a copy of the annual report of the Home, which report contains a large amount of extremely interesting reading and shows that the institution is doing an excellent work in training the Indian lads to become intelligent and useful Christians.

The members of All Saints' congregation have sustained a loss in the removal of Dr. and Mrs. Jones from Hagersville. The latter was an earnest member of the Women's Guild. In a quiet way she did much to promote the prosperity of that part of the parish.

The Deanery Magazine has met with great favor in both Jarvis and Hagersville, and the number of subscribers now exceeds one hundred. This is a convincing proof that the enterprise was wisely conceived, and that the periodical is largely fulfilling its purpose. In a short time it will be still more warmly welcomed, as it will appear in season.

On Tuesday, June 26th, Rev. P. L. Spencer attended a meeting at Trinity College, Toronto, to bid farewell to Rev. C. H. Shortt and Rev. G. E. Ryerson, who go to Japan as missionaries sent from the college to labor in that land.

### CAYUGA.

On the evening of May 16th, the Rev. P. L. Spencer, of Jarvis, gave an exhibition of a large number of views connected with the War in South Africa in the town hall to a good sized audience, who were much pleased with both the views and the remarks illustrating and explaining them. The net proceeds were applied to the tuning of the beautiful pipe organ in St. John's church, which was carried out the week before by the brother of the lecturer, Mr. Walter Spencer, of Hamilton.

The spacious grounds around the church on which so much labor has been spent during the past three years are now beginning to show order and beauty, out of what has been disorder and an eye-sore. The larger part of the grounds have now been seeded down or sodded, and ere long the whole property will be one of the finest in the diocese.

(Crowded out of May number.)

The annual vestry meeting of the parishioners was held on the evening of April 23rd, and was numerously attended. The outgoing wardens presented their report for the preceding year which was very favorable. The wardens appointed for the current year are Messrs. J. W. Sheppard and J. Gratz. The incumbent stated that the floating debt on the new church had been reduced in 2½ years from \$1,000.00 to \$412.00. This balance would have been nearly wiped out except for the loss of certain subscriptions from parties who had left the neighborhood.

The music at the Easter services was very fine, and was under the direction of Mrs. (Dr.) S. N. Davis, who, with her husband and infant child, have since removed to York. Few parishes in the diocese have suffered more than Cayuga during the past few years from the removal to other localities of individuals and whole families. More than half of the confirmation candidates during the past ten years are no longer resident in the parish, while of 64 persons united in holy matrimony by the present rector, only 7 are now living in the parish.