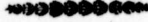


Tom Blott

1900

JANUARY.



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

Subscription Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, 35 Cents Per Year.

Greeting.

THE clergy of the Rural Deanery of Haldimand take pleasure in introducing to their parishioners a monthly magazine of church literature and parochial news. The inside or main portion of the periodical is printed in England, and under the title of THE CHURCH MONTHLY is known as one of the best magazines that issue from church press in the world's gigantic metropolis, London the old. The contents of the covers are printed within the Deanery. They are intended to give a brief but correct summary of the doings of clergy and people during each month preceding publication, as well as announce meetings, services, and engagements for the month next following. If preserved for future years, this record will become an important and highly valuable chronicle, and will serve the purpose of a thoroughly reliable parish history. The events in the life of each congregation will be known to the children of those who participated in them. The clergy sincerely hope that their parishioners will be prompt in showing due appreciation of this undertaking, as the price of the magazine is only 35 cents a year, payable in advance. They would draw the attention of their people to the clearness of type, the high standard of literary merit, the excellence of the illustrations, and the regular contribution of high-class sacred music, which are the features of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. They firmly believe that THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE will, if carefully perused, effect much good in church families and advance the Kingdom of Christ the Lord

HAGERSVILLE.

On Tuesday, the 16th of January, the Bishop visited this village, and performed the interesting and impressive function of the consecration of All Saints' church, Rural Dean Scudamore, of York; Rev. E. H. Maloney, of Nanticoke; Rev. M. M. Goldberg, of Port Dover, diocese of Huron, and the incumbent, Rev. P. L. Spencer, took part in the service. The congregation was large, there being present many persons belonging to other communions, besides a contingent of the members of St. Paul's church, Jarvis. The extensive repairs and improvements which the Hagersville church has, during the past three or four months undergone, were apparent in the cleanliness, brightness and beauty of both nave and chancel. After the shortened form of Evensong, which followed the distinctive service of consecration, the Bishop preached on the history and value of public worship, taking for his text Ps. cxvii., 8: "Lord I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." Laying stress upon the two essentials of public worship, viz., the presence of God and the presence of worshippers, he exhorted the men of the congregation to be as zealous and earnest as the women. All felt the force of his lordship's remarks, and there is reason to believe that their effect will be lasting for good. He closed his discourse with words of hearty congratulation and warm commendation addressed to all who have been laboring to render the consecration possible. The church was erected about 30 years ago on a site presented by David Almas, Esq., who had the joy of being present at the service on the 16th inst. The building is said to stand on the highest point of land between the city of Hamilton and the village of Port Dover. On Wednesday, the 17th inst., the clergy, whose number was augmented by the arrival of Rev. Arthur Francis, of South Cayuga, held their winter meeting at the chapter of the deanery of Haldimand, the day beginning with Holy Communion at 8 a. m. Much business of value was transacted, including the appointment of a committee to arrange details for a Sunday school con-

vention to be held within the deanery in June. The Rural Dean's invitation to hold the next meeting in York was accepted, the date to be some day in the month of May.

The Christmas service was held at 9 a. m., there being present 37 persons, of whom 27 received the Holy Communion. The offerings amounted to \$12.50. The anthem was the same as at Jarvis. The decorations were formed of imported evergreen material, and were extremely tasteful and becoming.

On Sunday, the 14th of January, Foreign Missions were aided to the amount of \$9.60. The collection at the Deanery service at 8 a. m., on the 10th of January, was \$2.05, and on the 28th Diocesan Missions received help to the amount of \$4.40.

JARVIS.

The Christmas service, held at noon, was largely attended. The communicants numbered 46, and the offertory collection amounted to \$18.00. An edifying feature of the service was the singing of the anthem, "Behold! I bring you good tidings, &c.," one of the fine compositions of Sir John Goss. The decorations were neat and tasteful, the chief feature being the text, in white letters on a scarlet ground, arranged along the reredos, "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given."

On January 21st the incumbent preached missionary sermons in three of the churches of Brantford; and during the remainder of that week he delivered illustrated missionary lectures in Brantford, Onondaga and Middleport, Mr. W. J. Bran, B. A., of Trinity College, Toronto, supplying his place in Jarvis and Hagersville. On the 28th he exchanged places with Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore of York, each preaching on the subject of Diocesan Missions. Mr. Spencer preached also in Caledonia on the evening of the same day.

On Sunday, the 14th, the offerings for Foreign Missions amounted to \$3.66, and on the 28th \$4.00 was given for Diocesan Missions.

The beginning of the new year was marked by a service held in St. Paul's church at 10 a. m., the attendance numbering 27.

During January, lantern lessons on "A Trip to and Through Old England," with special reference to Westminster Abbey, were given in the S. S. building. The attendance was remarkably good, and the contents of the lantern treasury were increased by \$3.71.

On January 8th, 9th and 10th, Rev. P. L. Spencer was present at the annual gathering of the Trinity College clergy. The Bishop of Niagara conducted a quiet day, the remainder of the time being spent in useful study and discussion.

BAPTIZED.

On Sunday, January 14th Marion Estella, infant daughter of Frank and Carrie Somers'; sponsors, the parents.

An unavoidable delay in the arrival of the magazines from England has caused the January number to appear out of season. It is expected that the numbers henceforth will come to subscribers punctually and regularly. Mr. Spencer hopes that every family will take the periodical.

CALEDONIA.

MARRIAGES.

MELLISH—RYAN—On December 20th, at St. Paul's Rectory by the Rev. Wm. Bevan, Charles Herbert Mellish, of Caledonia, to Maggie Bell Ryan, also of Caledonia.

DICKENSON—BRIERLY—On January 24th, 1900, Frederick H. Dickenson, of North Glanford, to Emily Briarly, of Caledonia, by the Rev. Wm. Bevan, at the residence of the bride's father.



"MAKING A FRESH START" (see page 18).
(Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.)

ALIVE UNTO GOD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

"That which the world seeketh is death, whosoever therefore dieth to the world dieth to death."

RESTLESS, eager, greedy world,
You have no power o'er my heart,
For in a region far from you
I dwell apart.

I hate your crooked feet and eyes,
Your narrow brows, your clutching palm,
Your hungry, spiteful, travelled tongue,
The foe of calm.

The skies of God embrace His worlds
His stars look down on every night,
But on your vexed and troubled eyes
They shed no light.

For madness lives within your brain,
And fever burns within your heart ;
From your hot breath, which withers good,
Doth peace depart.

O world ! much less than vanity,—
For vanity is empty breath,—
The breath you breathe is worse than nought,
For it is death.

There is a power can lift the soul
Above this empty, deadly strife :
God's love to us, and ours to Him,—
For that is life.

Hence comes the strength which never tires,
The patient love, too great for scorn ;
Who drinketh deep from out this Fount
Is ne'er outworn.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

I.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

THE MOST REV. JOSEPH FERGUSON PEACOCKE, Lord Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of Glendalough and Kildare, is a son of George Peacocke, M.D., and was born in 1835. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1857, being senior moderator in History, English Literature, and Political Science. He received the M.A. degree in 1862, B.D. in 1877, and D.D. in 1883. He was ordained to the Curacy of St. Mary, Kilkenny, in 1858, which he vacated in 1861 to take up the Secretaryship of the Hibernian auxiliary of the Church Missionary Society. In 1863 he became Curate of Monkstown, where he worked with conspicuous zeal and energy for ten years. He was then appointed to the incumbency of St. George's, Dublin, which he vacated five years later upon his appointment to the Rectory of Monkstown. Meanwhile he had been made Prebend of Dunlavin, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and he was Select Preacher before the University in 1876, 1877, 1882, 1883, and 1888. He was raised to the Episcopate in 1894, and consecrated Bishop of Meath. Three years later, upon the death of Lord Plunket, Dr. Peacocke was called to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and his work in this high office has been marked by the same devotion and activity which have ever characterised his distinguished career.

XII. I.]



THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

(From a photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.)

HOMeward

BOUND.



BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON.

Author of "A Bunch of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"MATES."

"SPOKEN to the new Parson, Tom?"

Tom took the pipe from his mouth, and burst into a loud laugh.

"Parsons and I, we be birds of the same feather, bai'nt we, Sam?"

Even Sam was forced to join in the laugh, for it was well known throughout Scard that Tom Winter's shadow never darkened a church door.

"Ah, you may laugh, Tom; but Parson and you'll

be having words together 'fore long, I'm thinking."

"Not if I knows it," grunted Tom; "no Parson's preaching for me."

"Ah, but this Parson don't preach at you, Tom; 'pon my honour, he don't; he's as different from most Parsons as chalk from cheese."

"Chalk or cheese, he be a Parson, though!" and Tom thundered out these words as though that settled the matter.

"Aye, and a smart one; reads a chap through at a glance, I bet, for all his tongue lies so quiet."

"Then he's been reading of you, I s'pose," sneered Tom, "and told you to throw away your baccy."

"Not he; never said a word on't; asked me to come to a meeting, though—men's reading, or summat of that sort," and Sam hung his head a trifle shamefacedly; "and says 'fore the month is out he hopes to know every soul in Scard; so there's no way out of it, old fellow," and Sam slapped his friend on the back. "You and the Parson, sooner or later, you're bound to be having words together."

"Look ye here, Sam," said Tom, taking his pipe from his mouth, and turning angrily on his friend, "I'll have no more of your chaff; that there Parson fellow, meddle he once with me, he'll not meddle again," and Tom Winter brought down his fist with such a thud on the railing over which he was leaning that it rang and rang again.

Tom Winter's blood was beginning to get up, Sam May saw; and once Tom Winter's blood was up, he was not a man to be trifled with, Sam well enough knew; so with a laugh he turned on his heel and sauntered down to the quay.

Tom Winter and Sam May were boatmen of Scard, and fine specimens of English boatmen they were—

tall, broad-shouldered, with sinews like ropes (as the rolled-up sleeves of their jerseys showed), and faces bronzed and tanned with exposure to wind and weather. "Just the men to man the lifeboat on a stormy night," a bystander might have observed; and right he would have been: in fact, more than once both Tom and Sam had taken their lives in their hands and done so.

"Splendid fellows!" you say; and splendid men, physically, they were; dauntless in courage, calm in danger, steady of hand, and cool of head; and yet—and yet—who could say how long Tom Winter's nerves would remain strong—his hand steady? Of late he had become a pretty frequent visitor to the "Red Dragon." And as to Sam May—well, physically he had courage enough, but morally he would show the white feather at a jeer.

Tom and Sam had been friends from childhood. Side by side they had sat on the same bench at school, and many were the boyish scrapes they had been punished for together; and now, wherever the brown sails of the fishing fleet of Scard proclaimed that they were plying their daily trade, in storm or in calm, by daylight or moonlight, Tom and Sam's boats would generally be found hard by one another.

"Mates" the Scard folk called them—aye, and the thought that they were "mates" sometimes gave Sam May's mother a good deal of anxiety.

Old Mrs. May lived in one of the small white-washed cottages in the narrow street that ran down to the quay. All her married life had been spent in that cottage; there she had been brought as a young bride by her sailor husband; there her children had been born, and from thence she hoped never to move till her call came to the better "Home" above.

! Mrs. May thought all the world of her "boy Sam"; and Sam—watch the smile that would break over his face, and the wave he would give to his "sou-wester" as, returning home from fishing, he caught sight of his old mother peering through the diamond-paned window for him, and that would soon show you what store Sam set by his mother. It speaks well for a man when he keeps a warm corner in his heart for his mother.

Nine curly heads had once nestled beneath the roof of the cottage; but now four were lying beside their father in the peaceful God's-acre on the breezy hill-side, four were out in the world with homes of their own, and Sam, the youngest, was the only one Mrs. May had left to her.

"And 'tis all of a piece with the rest of my life," Mrs. May would say, while her face would light up with a sweet smile. "Goodness and mercy, they've followed me all the days of my life; and 'tis like the tender love and care of the dear Lord not to leave me without a prop in my old age."

There was one wish Mrs. May had ungratified as regards her boy Sam, and that was about "the one thing needful." She longed that before her Home-call came, her boy would take his stand by the side of the Lord Jesus, as one who loved His Day, and His Book, and who sought to walk in His footsteps.

And Sam as a boy had seemed to be setting his face Heavenwards. Always full of life and fun, he was in Sunday School a model of good behaviour, and his teacher spoke of him as one of the best boys.

By-and-bye there came a change of circumstances: the Sunday-school teacher who had gained such a good influence over Sam married and left Scard; and Mrs. May was laid low with rheumatic fever, which reduced her strength to such an extent, it was only rarely and on very fine Sundays that she could hobble to church. And Sam had not the courage to hang out his flag boldly and go to church alone. He knew well enough that that meant running the gauntlet of bantering remarks from his week-day companions who would be seated by their doors idly smoking their pipes or scanning the newspaper.

Mrs. May grieved much over this want of backbone in her boy; she knew how the old Book says, "The fear of man, it bringeth a snare," and "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in Heaven." Over and over again she repeated these verses to Sam, and earnestly, on her knees, with tears, did she pray that, dauntless and strong as her boy was in the things concerning this life, more courageous and bold he might become in the service of Him Who had bought him with His Blood. Fully aware, then, of this weakness in Sam's character, and knowing how easily he was influenced even by a jeer, it was no wonder that



“ THEN HE'S BEEN READING OF YOU.”

Mrs. May viewed Sam's intimacy with Tom Winter with anxiety; for, warm-hearted, generous, and open-handed as Tom was in the things of this life, in matters relating to the welfare of his soul he was almost reckless.

And yet, even if Mrs. May had gained Sam's consent to it, she could have hardly summoned up heart to have banished Tom from her doors; for his mother, with her latest breath, had committed her six-year old Tom to Mrs. May's charge.

Mrs. May did not forget her promise to the dead mother of the lad; she tried carefully to minister to soul and body; his socks and clothes were mended just as regularly as Sam's; and on Sundays Mrs. May would take the two boys to church together, in the evenings reading to them from her Bible. Tom was therefore not destitute of religious knowledge; and bits of hymns and texts of Scripture, learnt at Mrs. May's knee, were still fast in his memory. But he made an unfortunate marriage; and marriage, as says the old proverb, "makes or mars a man." Susan Winter was the handsomest girl in Scard, but she was also the vainest and the most thriftless; she loved her husband and children after a fashion, but not with the true love that pours itself out in self-sacrifice. Her home was dirty and untidy; her children had an uncared-for, neglected appearance, for a good gossip with a neighbour was a much more congenial employment to Susan than cleaning and washing and mending; and the money that ought to have been saved to purchase household comforts or put by against a rainy day, was spent in useless finery. Yes, there was no disguising the fact, Susan Winter was not the sort of wife to draw a man either to his earthly or to his Heavenly home.

There were two children, Jackie and May. Jackie, a sturdy little lad of some seven summers, with a figure erect and lithe as a willow, was dark as a gipsy, the warm blood glowing through his sunburnt cheeks, and raven locks curling over his mischievous brown eyes; while May—well! where May got her looks from no one could tell, certainly not from her parents, for her hair was flaxen, her eyes were blue, and her skin was white as a lily's.

Poor little May! if her figure had only been as



"REST YE CERTAIN, THERE'S LOVE IN IT."

faultless as her face; but underneath the flaxen curls (which Susan curled so carefully, hoping it might escape observation) rose a small hump, and, when coaxed into a game or a run, one tiny foot would drag itself painfully. Such physical defects would no doubt have proved a source of sorrow to any mother; but to Susan Winter, who set so much store by good looks, and whose time and thoughts were principally engrossed in trying to present a smart appearance to the outside world, these infirmities were very galling.

"Such a pretty face as the child has, too, and such lovely hair!" she would remark to Mrs. May sometimes (for kind old Mrs. May, whose heart was so full of loving sympathy, was the only person to whom Susan Winter could bring herself to speak of her child's infirmity); "'tis just horrible to think she shouldn't be

straight. I can't bide to look at her when she's walking or running ; made all right, there'd have been nought to match her—no ! not all round the country-side."

"'Tis sad, dear," Mrs. May would say, "passin' sad," and the kindest look would steal into her soft grey eyes ; "but, rest ye certain, there's love in it. The old Book says, 'Our Heavenly Father does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men'; such trouble would never have been sent to you or the little lambkin without some thought of love wrapped up in it."

"Thought of love in it !" and Susan Winter would toss her head scornfully. "What thought of love can there be in the making of my child a cripple ? 'Tis just the ruination of her whole life !" and a defiant look would steal into Susan's eyes, and her lips would curl in a manner that Mrs. May was sorry to see.

"It needn't be, dearie. Beauty, 'tis a sore temptation to a girl sometimes. God, in His love, may be making the way Heavenwards easier for your little May's feet."

With a petulant gesture Susan Winter drew her needle in and out of the smart gown she was making. Heaven ! why, it was such a far-away place, and so dim and shadowy that she scarcely ever thought of it. It was on this world that her affections were set.

CHAPTER II.

"THE NEW PARSON."

SOME quarter of a mile from the church, nestling lower down the hill, lay the Vicarage. A square, low building, with sturdy stone walls, it seemed built with an eye to the terrible storms that occasionally swept with such disastrous havoc over the little fishing village. Plain outside almost to ugliness, it was comfortable enough within ; and on a winter's night, when cosy fires roared up the old-fashioned chimneys, and warm tongues of red flame leaped and darted from the tar-pitched logs, lighting up the wainscoted walls, it seemed a pleasant refuge.

It requires something more than warm fires and cosy rooms to make a home, though ; love must dwell within its walls ; and that requisite the Vicarage possessed, for its inmates were bound first to God and then to each other by the tenderest ties.

"God is love" and "Love one another" were the texts learned by the Vicarage children almost as soon as they could lip.

It was with the deepest regret that Mr. Gwyn had given up his work in East London ; but dire necessity compelled it. Twelve years of incessant labour in a densely populated parish had broken down his strong constitution, and he had to seek change of scene and work of a less exhausting character.

It was hard for Mr. Gwyn to turn his back on a people and a parish that had grown very dear to his



"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

heart, and for whom he had fondly hoped to labour for yet many a year ; but in this, as in every matter, he sought to accept God's will, and to follow where His Providential Hand seemed to beckon.

A smaller charge had one recommendation—Mr. Gwyn hoped that he would become acquainted with, and be a friend to, every soul committed to his care. In his former parish, with its teeming thousands and constant change of faces, this had been impossible.

Mr. Gwyn's sorrow, then, may be imagined when, at Scard, he found cottage doors securely latched, and, worse still, hearts more securely fastened, determined seemingly to give neither himself nor his words an entrance. Disappointed as he was, he was resolved not to be disheartened ; and as lovingly as ever he went from cottage to cottage, one sweet promise making music in his heart : "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

It was not long before Mr. Gwyn found out Mrs. May.

"Who lives in that neat little house ?" he asked one day of a neighbour, and he pointed down the street to the whitewashed cottage, with its tidy muslin blinds.

"Widow May, sir ; all her married life she's lived there, and, let me see—why, that must be a matter of more than fifty years."

"Fifty years! why, that seems a lifetime. I must go and see her. I suppose she is one of your oldest inhabitants? Has she any family?"

"A tidy few, sir,—seven or eight. But some, they're dead, and some, they're married, and only Sam, he's left to her."

"Sam! Sam May! I seem to know the name. I think I must have come across him somewhere."

"Likely as not, sir; perhaps down at the harbour. Sam, he's got a boat of his own."

"Ah well, if we haven't met yet, I daresay we shall. I find the men very hard to get hold of. Of course they are out a good deal; still, I shan't rest content till I know them all—tell your husband as much," and with a pleasant smile and a friendly "good day," Mr. Gwyn went on his way.

"That be the new Parson, Jane," said the woman to an elder daughter, as she turned back into her cottage, "and a nice-spoken gentleman he be, a real nice-spoken gentleman. He thinks he'll get round 'father,'" she added with a smile; "I wish he might, then perhaps the wages would not go so quickly at the Red Dragon. But ah! it bain't likely, it bain't at all likely, I'm feared," and with a sigh the weary wife and mother bared her arms and dived down once more into her capacious wash-tub. The "getting round father" was a state of circumstance, evidently in her estimation, too blissful to be realized.

Mr. Gwyn's tap found Mrs. May with her spectacles on, poring over her Bible, her usual occupation when the day's work was done.

"Come in," she called; but her apologies were profuse when she saw her visitor.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I humbly beg your pardon," and, rising as quickly as her rheumatism would permit, Mrs. May brought forward a chair. "I did not expect a visit so soon from you, sir; I thought it was only a neighbour."

"And you were right, Mrs. May; I *am* a neighbour, and one with whom I hope you will soon become better acquainted," and taking the chair from the frail old shaking hands, Mr. Gwyn placed it for himself. "I must apologize to you, for I see what your occupation has been," and he pointed to the open Bible.

"Ah, sir, the blessed Book! What should I do without it? When I've tidied up, I mostly sit down and have a read."

"I'm very glad to hear it, my friend; when we take God's word as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, that path is sure to end in Heaven." Mr. Gwyn spent a good half-hour with Mrs. May, and she found herself pouring out her heart to the new Vicar in a way which she had not done to any human friend for years: her hopes about Sam, her fears about Tom, her anxieties as to their close friendship; and then she expressed an earnest longing that Mr. Gwyn might be led to speak a word in season to them.

Mr. Gwyn knelt down and in a few earnest words commended the widow and her cares to God; then he fervently pleaded for the members of his flock, that souls might be saved, that hard hearts might be softened, that the faith and hope of God's own dear people might be strengthened, and that from Scard might be garnered a rich harvest of souls.

Barely had Mrs. May and the Vicar risen from their knees when the door opened and Tom Winter stood on the threshold.

Never, thought Mr. Gwyn, had he seen a more splendid specimen of a seafarer. Fresh from a fishing expedition, in his blue jersey, with his bronzed face, and a heavy creel of fish swung over his broad shoulders, Tom Winter looked man enough to do or dare anything.

"Brought ye a fish, Grannie, for supper" (Tom Winter's children always called Mrs. May "Grannie," and he had fallen into the same habit himself); then, with a half-shy, half-bold glance at Mrs. May's visitor, Tom threw the fish on the table and beat a hasty retreat.

"That is Tom Winter, sir," said Mrs. May. Mr. Gwyn gave her a warm handshake, and in another minute he was gone.

"You have a fine haul of fish there, Winter."

Tom guessed who was the speaker, and without taking the trouble to turn his head, grunted out surlily, "Pretty fair!" then, striding on as though wearing seven-leagued boots, with a grim smile he told himself he would soon out-distance the Parson.

Tom's calculations were upset. Swinging round the corner with striding step, and, with a chuckle of congratulation, just turning into his home, out of the doorway, straight across his path, sprang little Jackie, jug in hand for father's beer; in a second Jackie was sent sprawling into the gutter, the jug shattered into twenty pieces, and Tom measured his six feet two inches on the pavement, his fish scattered in all directions.

Tom soon picked himself up; but Jackie howled long and loudly, resisting all his father's attempts at consolation, and refusing to quit the gutter.

"Hurt, my little man? Well, it was a nasty tumble! But let us see—I daresay, after all, there's not much the matter."

It was Mr. Gwyn who spoke; and at the sound of the kind yet firm voice, Jackie took his knuckles out of his eyes and allowed himself to be inspected.

"Ah! here's one nasty cut," and Mr. Gwyn held up gently a small brown leg. "Where's the wife, Winter? It ought to be washed and plaistered."

Tom gave a loud shout, and from the back kitchen Susan Winter appeared, pulling down her sleeves vigorously when she caught sight of the Vicar.

"See here, Sue, Jack and I, we've fallen foul of one another; out he ran, full sail on, straight atween my legs."

"Not very much the matter, though," said Mr.

Gwyn kindly ; " a small cut, which will soon be put all right with a bit of sticking-plaister."

" Sticking-plaister, sir?—not a bit have I in the house, not a bit anywhere."

" Haven't you? Well, let me see," and Mr. Gwyn began searching in his pockets ; " perhaps I have my case with me. I have six children of my own, and I generally find sticking-plaister pretty useful."

Jackie was carried into the house, while Mr. Gwyn searched his pockets ; then knocking—for the cottage door had become partly closed—Mr. Gwyn asked, " May I come in? "

" Tom, where be your manners? Open the door to the gentleman," came in a sharp voice from the inside.

" Yes, sir, Jackie can make shift to spell out a page or two ; but he don't read as well as he should—he don't sit still long enough. May here, though she be a year younger, she be the best scholar of the two."

May was a shy child, and at this unwonted praise from her mother she blushed a rosy red.

" And does May go to Sunday School? "

A shake of the flaxen head was the only reply.

" Mrs. Winter, I hope you will let Jackie and May come to Sunday School."

" Well, sir, I'll see," but Susan's tone was rather hesitating ; then suddenly there floated across her mind the thought that this arrangement would give her an hour or two's more freedom on Sundays, so



" TOM'S CALCULATIONS WERE UPSET."

With a sulky manner the door was opened, and then, muttering something about " picking up his fish," Tom strode out into the street, banging the door after him. Not a very gracious reception, thought Mr. Gwyn.

Jackie was stretched on the small horsehair sofa, Susan engaged in bathing his leg, and by her side, looking wonderingly on, stood, Mr. Gwyn thought, the prettiest little girl he had seen for many a day—a veritable fairy. The plaistering business was got over with scarcely a whimper, thanks to the Vicar, for he told such droll stories about his own children that Jackie's attention was entirely diverted, and he almost forgot he was being doctored at all.

" You can read, Jackie, of course," and a roguish look stole into Mr. Gwyn's eyes.

she added, " I daresay I'll be able to get round ' father ' to promise as much. An old neighbour down the street—Mrs. May (whose word he sets a deal of store by)—has been at us this some time back to let the children go ; but Tom and I, we don't set ourselves up for being religious folk—we pays our way, though, and we bai'n't worse than our neighbours," and Susan Winter gave her head a toss.

As Mr. Gwyn wended his way home in the twilight, Susan Winter's words came back to him : " We pays our way, and we bairn't worse than our neighbours." Poor woman ! poor, misguided woman ! was this the only ground she could find on which to base her hopes for Eternity for herself and for those near and dear to her?

(To be continued.)



HOOKER'S MONUMENT AT BISHOPSBOURNE.

RICHARD HOOKER.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
Dean of Canterbury.

MANY proofs are brought under our notice that books which rank among the most classic in the English language, and were once familiar not only to scholars but to most readers of ordinary education, have now fallen into comparative neglect. They are, so to speak, crowded out by the boundless multiplicity of novels and other ephemeral literature in these days when "of the making of books there is no end." If this is true of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and even of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," it is far more applicable to the famous "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" by Richard Hooker. That book gained for the writer the title of "the Judicious Hooker," which was first given him by Sir William Cowper, on the monument which he erected to his memory in the Church of Bishopsbourne. The "Ecclesiastical Polity" was very highly commended by the learned King James I., by Charles I., and even by James II., and it has received the warmest testimonies of admiration from our chief Divines from the days of Dr. Reynolds down to those of Keble and Dean Church. The book might be found specially valuable in these days of violent partisanship on opposite sides of Church opinion; for Hooker treats, with consummate learning, calmness, and dignity, of many of the Church questions which are now prominently brought before us, not only in

religious, but even in secular newspapers. Perhaps a brief paper about the man himself may lead some of our readers to take up the study of his writings.

The best life of Richard Hooker is that by the famous Izaak Walton. It was not written till sixty-four years after Hooker's death, but Walton had the advantage of knowing William Cranmer (grand-nephew of the martyred Archbishop) and his sisters, who lived at Canterbury, and had known Hooker well when he was Rector of the neighbouring parish of Bishopsbourne. One of the sisters was the wife of Dr. Spencer, who had been a bosom friend and fellow pupil of Hooker at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Walton had also obtained information about Hooker from Archbishop Usher, Bishop Morton, of Durham, and the "ever-memorable" John Hales, of Eton, "who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker."

RICHARD HOOKER was born about 1553, at Heavitree, near Exeter. His family—they had changed the name of Vowell for that of Hooker—was an honourable one, and had a right to a coat-of-arms; but Hooker's father was poor, and could provide nothing for his son but a good education. Richard, we are told, was a quiet, earnest, serious boy, of "remarkable modesty and a sweet, serene quietness of nature"; of quick apprehension, and unflinching diligence. He was "an early questionist," and made such progress, even "in many perplexed paths of learning," that he was regarded as "a little wonder." His schoolmaster, seeing that he was also "a dutiful and dear child," trained him gratuitously, and urged the boy's uncle, John Hooker, then Chamberlain of Exeter, to send him to college, which he did with the assistance of Jewel, the learned Bishop of Salisbury. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, the boy was sent as a clerk to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In this position he continued till he was eighteen, "still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost." After an illness he journeyed on foot from Oxford to Exeter to see his beloved mother, and on the way called on Bishop Jewel, his kind and generous patron, at Salisbury. The good Bishop helped the youth with a gift of money, and also gave him his walking staff, with the words, "Richard, *I lend you a horse* which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease." Jewel died shortly afterwards; but Dr. Cole, President of Corpus Christi College, generously became Hooker's patron, and supplied his modest needs.

These years at Oxford were the happiest of Hooker's life. Bishop Jewel had spoken so highly of him to Dr. Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, afterwards Archbishop of York, that the Bishop, though himself a Cambridge man, sent his son Edwin to be educated by Hooker at Corpus Christi, Oxford, in order that the youth, who was but little younger than his tutor, might be taught "learning by instruction, and virtue

by example." This pupil was soon joined by another, George Cranmer, grandnephew of the martyr Cranmer. Hooker was only nineteen, but between him and his pupils there arose a sacred and lifelong friendship. At nineteen Hooker was admitted a Scholar of his College. His conduct during his years at the University was most exemplary. He became proficient in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and in all the best theological learning of his day, without being a stranger "to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry." For four years he was but twice absent from Chapel prayers, and always showed the deepest devotion; and in all other respects he was "mild, innocent, and exemplary." In 1577 he was elected Fellow of his College, and in 1579 was appointed Hebrew Lecturer. Only one trouble occurred to mar his felicity. In October 1579, with Dr. John Reynolds and Dr. Spencer, he was for a short time expelled from the College, probably because of some religious controversy: but the injustice of the punishment was so flagrant that within a month they were restored. Hooker then continued his studies for three more happy years, during which he became Deacon and Priest. In 1581 he was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross, and his fate came upon him; for an event happened which seems to have darkened all his future life.

That event was his marriage. In order to preach his sermon at St. Paul's he rode from Oxford to London, and put up at "the Shunamite's house," which was provided for the accommodation of the preacher. It was kept by John Churchman, who had been a draper. Hooker's horse had given him trouble, and made him very nervous, and he arrived at London "so wet, so weary, so weatherbeaten, and with such a bad cold," that he could not believe that even two days' rest would enable him to preach his sermon. This, however, he was able to do; for Mrs. Churchman gave him a warm bed, and medicine, and won his ready gratitude. The Calvinists took exception to his sermon, but that was a small matter. Mrs. Churchman persuaded him that he was of delicate constitution, and ought to have a wife to nurse him, and said that she would choose a wife for him. Hooker, being shy, and nearsighted, and wholly without knowledge of the world, allowed Mrs. Churchman to find a suitable wife for him. A year after, on his return to preach in London, she married him to her daughter Joan, who not only brought him neither beauty nor portion, but proved, says Walton, to be the sort of wife whom Solomon compared to "a dripping house," so that thenceforth he was constrained "to dwell with Meshech, and have his habitation among the tents of Kedar." The happiness of Hooker's life, as of Milton's, was ruined by an unfortunate and unwise marriage, to which recluse scholars are very liable. He could only comfort himself with the thought that "affliction is a Divine diet."

(To be continued.)

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

I. ST. PETER'S, LEEDS.



THE REV. E. C. S. GIBSON, D.D.,
Vicar of Leeds and Prebendary of Wells.

LEEDS Parish Church cannot boast of the antiquity of most of the famous churches of the country; for though, as a brass tablet fixed in the church shows, the succession of Vicars can be traced back to the early years of the twelfth century, the actual building represented in the

accompanying sketches is not yet sixty years old. There is reason to think that as early as the seventh century a church stood on the spot; and it is quite certain that there was one some time before the Norman Conquest, for "there," says Doomsday Book, "is a church and a priest." The Saxon church was replaced by a Norman one in the eleventh or twelfth century, and this in turn gave way to a perpendicular one in the reign of Edward III. This building, with many alterations and additions, remained, and served as the parish church for the whole town until the days of Dr. Hook. It is described by Thoresby, the famous Leeds Churchman and antiquarian, in the early days of the eighteenth century as "a very spacious and strong fabrick, an emblem of the Church Militant, black but comely, being of great antiquity; it doth not pretend to the mode of reformed architecture, but is strong and useful." "It is built," he adds, "after the manner of a cathedral, with a large cross Isle, and the steeple or tower in the middle of it." Thoresby further draws special attention to the spaciousness of the choir, which, as he notes with thankfulness, is "monthly filled (for the most part) twice round with devout Communicants (one of the most blessed prospects this world affords), besides much greater numbers upon public festivals."

This, then, was the church which Dr. Hook found when he began his ministry in Leeds in 1837. The original building had, in course of time, been sadly disfigured by additions and improvements; and it was certainly not worthy of the position which it occupied. The east window was walled up; the organ occupied the chancel arch, and practically cut off the choir from the rest of the



THE CHOIR AND CHANCEL.
(Specially engraved from a photograph by VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.)

church; while lofty pews and unsightly galleries did their best to hide such architectural features as the church possessed. An attempt was made to preserve at least some portion of the fabric, but it was soon discovered that the walls were in so ruinous a condition that there seemed to be nothing for it but to sweep away the old church entirely, and build a new one on the site. Accordingly this was done, and the present church was erected from plans prepared by the late Mr. Chantrell, and was consecrated in 1841.

The date must always be remembered in criticizing the church. It was still in the early days of the Gothic revival. Things were done in the 'forties which would not have been done later, when the principles of architecture and of true "restoration" were better understood; and naturally it is not difficult to find fault with the church. Few churches, perhaps, are easier to criticize. But, after all is said, the critic is bound to admit that few churches are of stately appearance or better adapted for worship in which a large congregation

is to take part. The style of the architecture is that of the latter part of the fourteenth century—a transition from Decorated to Perpendicular.

The church, like the one which it replaced, is cruciform, with a massive central tower a hundred and thirty-nine feet in height, containing a fine peal of thirteen bells (said to be the first peal of that number ever cast in this country). The width of the church is one of its most striking features, for there are four aisles throughout, the extra one on the north side being carried along the whole length of the building, so that the eastern portion of it, lying north of the choir,

forms a side chapel where the Eucharist is daily celebrated and the non-choral offices of the church are said. The transepts are unusually shallow, the southern one being occupied by the organ (a magnificent instrument, containing work by various builders, including Snetzler, Byfield, Greenwood, Hill, Schulze, and Abbott), and the northern one containing the principal entrance to the church.

The dimensions of the church are given as follows:



ST. PETER'S, LEEDS.
(Specially engraved from a photograph by VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.)

length from east to west, 180 ft. 7 in.; width across the nave, 86 ft.; width across the transepts, 101 ft.; height to centre of the roof, 58 ft.

It is certainly a misfortune that it was found necessary to introduce galleries running nearly the whole length of the church and across the west end; but, granted the necessity—and by their help the church can accommodate over 2,500 persons—it must be admitted that those in Leeds are rendered as unobjectionable as possible. The front consists of rich tabernacle work, and the galleries themselves rest on small iron pillars placed behind the stone columns supporting the roof. This enables them to be well set back, so that the view of the columns and arches of the nave is unbroken.

The east end of the church is naturally, and rightly, the most striking part of it. The Holy Table is approached from the nave by nine steps, six of which reach across the whole width of the church; and above the top of these steps, and just outside the rails, is a broad, open space. And very striking is the scene at the celebration of the Holy Communion, when, at the words, "Draw near with faith," a pause is made, and the Communicants move forward from the body of the church, and reverently take their places at the rails and on this broad space behind them, where they kneel until the time for them to receive. These steps and the open space beyond them give great dignity to the sacarium, and the impressive effect is greatly increased by the rich mosaics of the reredos.

Within the rails on the north side is a fine altar tomb, with upon it the recumbent figure of the greatest Vicar of Leeds, whose name will be always associated with the church, Walter Farquhar Hook; and immediately outside the rails on the south stands by far the most interesting and most ancient treasure that the church possesses—a Saxon shaft or pillar of sculptured stones, over eight feet in height, surmounted by a wheel cross of somewhat later date. The fragments of this were discovered in the walls of the old church, when it was pulled down in 1838, but, owing to some stupid blunder, they were carried off and lost to Leeds for more than forty years, until they were happily recovered by the present Bishop of Truro, in his Vicariate of Leeds, and restored to their proper place in the church. Very curious and interesting are the sculptures carved upon the shaft. Unfortunately they are sadly imperfect; but sufficient remains to make it clear that originally there must have been represented on either side the figures of our Lord and the four evangelists, these last being sculptured as *human* figures, with the claws or hoofs of their symbols (the eagle, lion, etc.), instead of human feet or hands. Beneath these, at the bottom of the shaft, are the remains of two panels, which the Bishop of Bristol has suggested may be intended to represent an ancient *Saga*; and by the help of these he has cleverly *dated* the cross, and identified it as a monument to Olaf

Godfreyson, a Danish king of Northumbria in the tenth century.

No account of Leeds Parish Church would be complete without a notice of its famous choir and choral services. Soon after the church was built the parishioners themselves petitioned the Vicar for a choral service, a form of worship at that time scarcely known except in cathedrals and collegiate churches. Dr. Hook characteristically replied that if they had a choral service at all it must be the very best of its kind; and accordingly no pains were spared in making the service worthy of the church; and Leeds Parish Church has for more than fifty years been famous throughout the country for its *daily* choral service. Yorkshire voices are proverbially good, and here you have the very best material, trained with loving care for the service of the sanctuary. Consequently there are few visitors to the city who leave it without finding their way to the church and joining in its grand and stately services.

E. C. S. GIBSON, D.D.

THE VICARAGE, LEEDS.

ABOUT BEAVERS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,
Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



It is many a long year now since beavers were found in Great Britain. Once they were plentiful enough, like wolves and bears and various other creatures which have died out before the advance of civilization; and they were spread over a great part of Europe, Asia, and America as well.

Now, however, they are restricted entirely to the far north; even there they are becoming scarce.

Beavers are animals which bear much of their life history written on their outward form. One can see at a glance, for instance, that they are meant to spend a great part of their lives in the water. The close, thick fur, the webbed paws, the broad rudder-like tail, even the very shape of the body,—they all tell the same story to an experienced eye. But a beaver, nevertheless, is quite at its ease on dry land; and, strangely enough, it is compelled to work on the land in order to obtain a sufficient supply of water.

Beavers must have deep water in which to disport themselves at all seasons of the year. The streams

in which they live, however, become very shallow during the summer, and sometimes almost dry up. Even in winter, very often, they are not sufficiently deep to escape being frozen down to the very bottom. So the animals get over the difficulty by damming them up in a very ingenious way. First of all they cut down two or three tall trees on the margin of the river, choosing those which lean towards the stream, so that when they fall they will lie across it. This they do by gnawing through the trunks with their chisel-like teeth, working perseveringly round and round until at last the weakened stems give way. They then remove the bark, which serves them for food, and proceed to fell a number of other trees in the same manner. These they cut up into logs of about five or six feet long, which they arrange in position against the trees that have previously fallen, fixing them in their places partly by means of branches and partly by plastering them firmly together with quantities of mud, until a solid bank has been formed, stretching right across the river. Some little idea of the extraordinary industry of the animals may be gathered from the fact that these dams are sometimes as much as a couple of hundred yards long, while they vary in thickness from three or four feet at the top to twelve or fourteen at the bottom. Beavers are very sociable creatures, and a large number always work in concert together; and by the time that their dam is finished, a wide and deep pool has been formed, which never dries up in summer, and never entirely freezes during even the hardest of winters.

Then follows a very curious consequence. The trees all round this artificial lake are cut down by the beavers, the surrounding soil becomes wet and spongy, and before very long peat is formed, so that what was once a forest becomes a bog. These peaty morasses are commonly known as "beaver-meadows"; and the strangest fact concerning them is that their traces are often left behind them for thousands upon thousands of years—so that even now we find unmistakable signs of the work of beavers which lived and died in the ages of the distant past.

But, besides making dams, beavers also construct what are called "lodges"—habitations, that is, in which they sleep by day and also bring up their young. These "lodges" take the

form of great circular mounds, and are made by piling logs and branches together and plastering them over with mud. The walls are extremely thick—for although the mound may be twenty feet in diameter, the dwelling chamber in the middle is seldom more than six or seven feet across, and perhaps three feet in height. A rather deep ditch runs round it, and opens into the stream, so that the beavers can escape if a passing bear should break open their home in the hope of obtaining a meal.

During the summer-time, however, the animals will sometimes leave their lodge and journey for some little distance up or down the river; but early in autumn they always return, and set busily to work to repair their dam and to lay up a store of winter food. Not that they are idle in winter; far from it. Even when the surface of the river is frozen thickly over, they may still be seen swimming beneath the ice; and the native hunters take advantage of these occasions, and kill the animals in a very curious way. When they catch sight of a beaver they strike a heavy blow with a club on the ice exactly above it. The animal is stunned by the shock, rolls over on its back, and is dragged out through a hastily cut hole before it has time to recover its senses.

Oddly enough, there are always two or three beavers in a colony which decline to work with the rest, and are driven away by their fellows in consequence. These lazy animals, which are known as "terriers" by the hunters, live by themselves in holes in the banks of the river, and only cut down just as much wood as is necessary in order to obtain food. They make no dams, they build no lodges; but they pay the penalty for their idleness, for they are trapped far more often than their industrious fellows, who live and work in society.



BEAVERS AT WORK.

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.

I.—CONCERNING INCOMES OF BISHOPS AND CLERGY.



1. **That** on the founding of the English Church in the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, provision for the maintenance of the Bishops and Clergy was in the first place, for the most part, made by irregular voluntary offerings and contributions.

2. **That** subsequently—following the example of the Jewish Church, as

well as the custom of most countries which had a national religion—the members of the Church in England imposed upon themselves the obligation of a fixed payment for the support of their Bishops and Clergy, as well as for other pious objects, in the shape of a tenth portion or tithe of the direct and indirect produce of the soil, as well as of the gains derived from various trades and occupations.

3. **That** this payment for Church purposes of the tenth portion of the produce of the land, though in the first instance not created or imposed by the civil law of the land, but voluntarily offered and voluntarily paid in fulfilment of a recognized religious obligation, did in time become a customary payment, subject to which land was inherited, bought, and sold, or otherwise acquired, and this customary payment became in the course of time recognized and enforceable by the laws of the different Anglo-Saxon kingdoms.

4. **That** land which for any legally recognized reason remained or became tithe free, when sold always secured a proportionately higher price, while land that was charged with the payment of tithe, when sold fetched a proportionately lower price, thus clearly showing that in such cases the tithe on the land was neither sold nor bought, but was left out of the sale altogether, as a first charge on the produce of the land which had become legally due to the Church.

5. **That** in the same way, for farms and other lands which were tithe free, there was charged by their owners to their tenants a higher rent, while for such as were chargeable with tithe there was charged a lower rent, thus showing that the tithe in such cases stood out of the rent just as in the

case of purchase of land it stood out from the purchase money, and was neither sold nor bought.

6. **That** tithe in the first instance was payable to the Bishop of a cathedral or diocese for distribution by him amongst his Clergy for their maintenance and for application to other specified religious objects; but when parish churches were built and consecrated for public worship throughout the kingdom, the tithes arising from the lands included within the areas of their several parishes ceased to be payable to the Bishop, and were assigned to their several parochial Clergy as permanent endowments for their support, to whom alone they afterwards became legally payable.

7. **That** originally and for many hundreds of years tithes were paid in kind only, except in cases in which it was agreed between the tithe-owner and the tithe-payer that a fixed money or other payment should be given and taken instead. In the year 1836, however, under the provisions of the Tithe Commutation Act, all payments in kind were abolished, and payments in money supposed to be equal in value to payments in kind were substituted in their stead.

8. **That** a prevalent popular error is, that the tithe now payable to the parochial Clergy amounts in value to the tenth portion of the produce of the soil, whereas the real tenth portion of the produce of the soil, or the tenth portion of the value of the produce of the soil, while professedly payable to the Church, has in but comparatively few instances ever been paid at all.

9. **That** the tithe-rent charges now payable to the parochial Clergy, and indeed to the whole Church of England, are in their value very far from being a tenth part of the value of the produce of the soil, will at once be seen from the fact that while the value of the produce of the soil in England and Wales was, in 1889, one hundred and fifty-eight millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling, according to a Parliamentary Paper, No. 287, 1891, the amount of tithe-rent charges, corn-rents, etc., payable in that year to the Bishops and Clergy and to the whole Church was only two millions five hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred and eighty-one pounds sterling?

10. **That** it is not generally known that the incomes of the Clergy derived from this comparatively small amount of tithe-rent charges are not only, like the incomes of Nonconformist ministers and various professional men, subject to the payments of the Queen's taxes, but, being derived from the land, they are chargeable and are, in fact, charged with all the ever-increasing parochial rates as well, thus constituting a most unfair and grievous impost, which it is hoped by legislation may be speedily removed.

"ALL Hail the Power of Jesu's Name." The dying words of Edward Perronet, the author of this hymn, were, "Glory to God in the height of His Divinity; glory to God in the depth of His humanity; glory to God in His all-sufficiency."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BELLS

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light!
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!"

TENNYSON.



ANCIENT TRADEMARK.

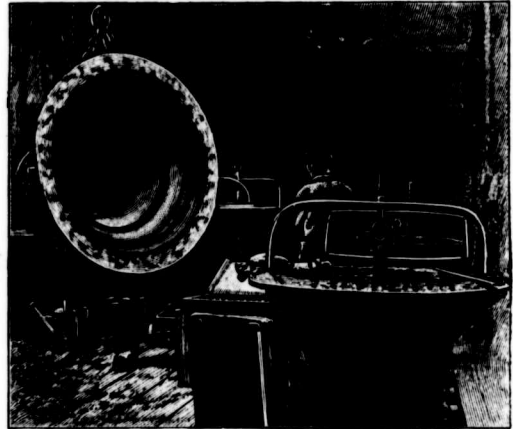
THE music of the bells is so sweet, and has mingled with human life for so many centuries, that it is not surprising the dulcet tones and tender associations have inspired many a song and many a poet.

The very thrill and melody of the New Year's bells seem to throb through Tennyson's well-known lyric; and it is interesting to know that, according to his biography, it was penned in a cottage in Epping Forest, within sound of the bells of Waltham Abbey, whose chimes suggested the beautiful lines to him.

So also that eccentric genius, Edgar Allan Poe, was inspired by the music of the bells. In one of the finest of his poems—almost unique for its curious yet perfectly rhythmical versification—he depicts the joyous tinkle of the merry sledge-bells, the happiness of the mellow wedding-bells, the shriek of the alarm-bells, and the solemn tolling of the iron-throated death-bell. And there is Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon"—the fine poem on the famous peal which every one who goes to Cork makes a point of hearing.

Bells are of such old manufacture that we should not be surprised to find some ancient foundry still flourishing, but dating back for some hundreds of years. Such indeed is the case. The Whitechapel foundry of Messrs. Mears & Stainbank was established as far back as 1570, that is, eighteen years before the defeat of the great Spanish Armada; even then the originators of this firm were casting bells in Whitechapel, and their successors have continued to do so ever since. In the entrance yard to their works stands a large bell, the work of the Whitechapel foundry, bearing date 1594, and the name Robertus Mot, who originated the works.

From that time to the present some of the most noted bells in England have been born there. "Great Peter," of York, with its monster weight of 10½ tons; "Great Tom," of Lincoln, half the size, but still enormous; "Dunstan," of Canterbury, with its 3½ tons, and the mammoth "Big Ben," of Westminster, eclipsing them all with its burden of over 13½ tons;—all these and many more—including the great bell of Montreal, weighing 11 tons 11 cwt., and the clock-bell of St.



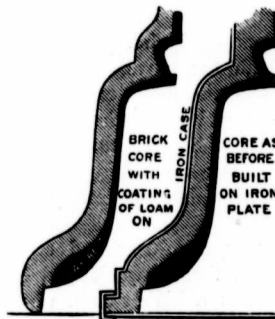
LINING A CAST-IRON BELL MOULD WITH LOAM.

Paul's (1709), weighing 5 tons—first saw the light at the ancient Whitechapel foundry.

And now how are the bells made? The principle is very simple, but like many simple principles the application is difficult. In fact, bell-founding requires very great skill and care; it might almost be called an art rather than an industry. Most persons perhaps are aware that bell-metal is composed of about three parts of copper to one of tin; but slight variations in the proportions are doubtless made to obtain the best tone, and the best qualities of the metals must be used. Moreover, all the preliminaries must be carried out with great exactitude to obtain the beautiful swelling shape and handsome proportions and suitable thickness of the bell, upon which, as well as upon the materials, the tone depends.

These proportions having been decided upon, according to the knowledge, skill, and experience of the founders, the next step is to prepare the moulds. These are, roughly speaking, two in number—the core, which forms the hollow and the inner side of the bell; and the cope, which fits over it like a larger pot over a smaller one. A space is left between the two, into which the molten bell-metal is poured.

The core is often first built up with bricks and soft clay, or loam, plastered over them; the clay is then moulded to shape by an instrument called a *crook*. The crook is like the leg of a gigantic pair of compasses, one leg of which is fixed in the centre of the core, the other leg is shaped to the required swelling



TWO SECTIONS, SHOWING CORE.

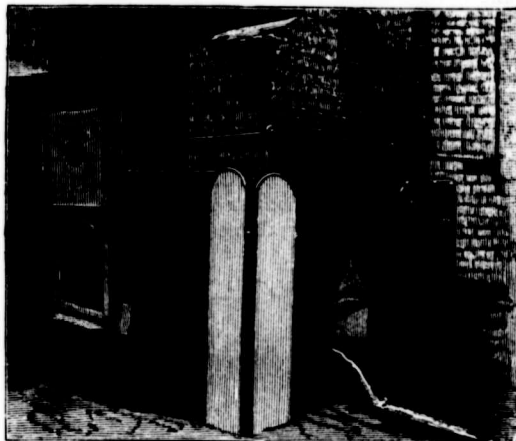


AT WORK WITH THE "CROOK."

proportions of the bell, and, being carefully swept round and round the clay, the crook soon produces a perfect circular mould of the proportions required for the interior of the bell. The core is then baked hard.

By a former method of bell-making a coating of loam and haybands, the thickness of the bell, was next formed over the core, and moulded by the crook to the shape of the outer side of the bell. Over this mould the cope was formed, the inside being the exact copy of the outer side of the bell. When dried, it was removed; the haybands and loam representing the proposed bell itself were also removed; and when the cope was smoothed inside, and any device or lettering added, the cope could be let down over the core, and the vacant space remained to be filled up by the molten metal.

But by an improvement of this process iron cases or moulds are now generally used for the copes—an arrangement which prevents the constant breaking of the clay; but the essential feature of the core and the cope remains unchanged. The core is built up on an iron plate and moulded to shape as before, while the iron cases are set on their heads and lined with loam to the required thickness. They also are then shaped with the crook, and swung on their side. Any lettering



FURNACE.

or decoration can now be moulded in the soft loam. When dried in the oven at the end of the moulding-room, the iron-case cope can be clamped down over the solid core, leaving the requisite space between for the thickness of the bell. A set of iron cases of various sizes lies about the large moulding-room, and by regulating the thickness of the loam inside the cases, they are rendered suitable for different-sized bells.

The core, with the cope over it, is generally placed in a pit with the moulds of other bells, and earth or loam rammed hard all round. The molten metal can be conveyed in plumbago crucibles from the furnace, or, if the casting be very large, the clay door to the furnace is knocked away, and the metal pours forth in a fiery stream, flashing off coruscating sparks, to the channel leading to the apertures communicating with the bell moulds below.

In another large room lie a peal of bells on their heads, with their mouths gaping wide upward, waiting to be examined and tuned before being sent away to their church. The sound is modulated by shaving off a few curls of metal inside the bell, an instrument being used for this purpose which works something like the crook.

The largest bell of this peal is the big tenor, weighing $25\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.; but here is one larger still, weighing 30 cwt. It is a Jubilee bell, and on its shapely side behold! a fine portrait of the Queen appears, with the memorable dates 1837-1897, and beneath runs a suitable inscription setting forth that the peal is to celebrate Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

Almost any decoration indeed can be moulded on bells, from a simple lettering to ornate figures; and the great "Czar" bell of Moscow—probably the biggest bell in the world—exhibits somewhat elaborate decoration. Its weight is more than 198 tons; but its side is broken, so that it is useless for sounding purposes, and it is mounted on granite and used as a sort of chapel.



TUNING THE BELLS.

The largest bell in actual use is also at Moscow, and weighs about 128 tons.

But the method of making is practically the same for small bells as for large. To nicely proportion their thickness and weight is, we say, a work of art. And it is in the quiet designing-room of the bell foundry, before even the metal is molten, where the tone and volume is heard in imagination, and where the mellow voice is born that for ages to come will ring out the cheery chime or mark the passing hours with solemn sound.



JUBILEE BELL.

MAKING A FRESH START.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 2.)

T is never too late to mend," although in many cases men think their condition so hopeless that they won't even try. Take my friend Ebenezer Highcroft for an example. He was the proprietor of the general shop in our village, and sold nearly everything. He did an excellent business, and by all accounts was a prosperous man and saving money. He came to church pretty regularly, but the Vicar was never able to get him to take any share in the work of the parish. At length a time came when Ebenezer's appearances in church slackened off, and at last he stayed away altogether. It was soon whispered about that the "Spotted Dog" had had much to do with the changed state of affairs; in a word, that Ebenezer was spending more time and money in the public-house than was either good for him or his business. And so matters went on from bad to worse. To crown all, a young man from the neighbouring town started an opposition shop in the village, and by his civility and attention soon attracted the best of Ebenezer's customers. Ebenezer was at his wits' end, and in an evil moment he decided to "open on Sundays." So many persons pass through the pretty village on Sundays, Ebenezer judged that a good trade might be picked up by catering for their wants. Herein indeed was the Scripture fulfilled, "The last state of that man was worse than the first"; for

although Ebenezer tried to persuade himself that he was recovering lost ground, he was really getting further into the mire. His worries and troubles continued to increase, and then the constant round of work, with no Sunday rest, told upon his bodily strength. No wonder that he became very downhearted, and so tried to drown his troubles by still more frequent visits to the "Spotted Dog."

He was stumbling home one night, troubled and wretched, when the Vicar overtook him.

"Well, Ebenezer, is it you, dragging along as if you had the world's worries to bear?"

"Ay, sir, it is, sure enough."

"I am grieved to see you like this. Why don't you make a fresh start?"

"It's too late at my time of life."

"No, no! 'It's never too late to mend'!"

"Everything's gone wrong with me."

"But why not make a fresh start?"

By this time they had reached Ebenezer's shop.

"Come in, Vicar—at least, if you're not done with me."

It would take too long to tell all that passed between the Vicar and Ebenezer, and as a result of not one, but many visits and earnest talks, Ebenezer was led to begin again afresh and to make quite a new start. With some reluctance he signed the Temperance pledge; with still greater difficulty he consented to give up his Sunday trading and once more close his shop on Sundays. He was dreadfully afraid to make this last venture, for he told the Vicar that he was gathering a nice little Sunday connection, as no other shop in the village opened on Sunday.

"You say you look for God's help to enable you to keep your Temperance pledge, but how can you expect His blessing if you dishonour His Day?"

Poor Ebenezer! he couldn't answer this argument, and so in anything but a happy frame of mind he dismally allowed the Vicar to put this notice in the window: "FOR THE FUTURE THIS SHOP WILL BE CLOSED ON SUNDAYS."

What a sensation it made! How many of the villagers stopped to read the notice as they passed by! But what does Ebenezer say now? Why, he will tell you that this "fresh start" was the best day's work he ever did in his life. He says that it so happened that the first Sunday on which he closed his shop was a New Year's Day, and it proved to be for him a truly happy new year. Ebenezer is now an old man, and he takes a great delight in giving away a little card on which he has had printed these words:

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content
And hope of good joy for the morrow,
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatso'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Is there a shop in your parish open on Sundays? If so, will you not try to get the owner to make a fresh start in 1899? The first day of the New Year falls on a Sunday, and the last day of the New Year will also fall on a Sunday; does not this suggest to us all that a year which begins and ends with the Day of Rest might well witness a special effort on our part to promote the more general observance of "The Lord's Day"?

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

BY THE REV. G. E. JELF, M.A.,

Canon of Rochester; Author of "Work and Worship," etc.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—EPHES. v. 16.



TIME comes so easily to us, and flies away so quickly from us, that we are apt to forget that it is a precious thing, and that we ought to give something for it. The Apostle addresses his hearers as "wise men," and bids them prove their wisdom by setting a right value on the time God gives them, and making the very best of priceless opportunities.

Our generation needs the counsel as much as theirs. The reason which St. Paul states, why the Christians of Ephesus should redeem the time, holds good in our case: for "the days are evil." Though there is a strong Church life in England now, and a zealous Church work, too, there is much evil proceeding also: an eager pursuit of pleasure for its own sake; a love of money, even if it has to be gained by the loss or ruin of others; abundance of idleness, that parent of deadly sin; dislike and disregard of the wholesome restraints of the marriage vow; disobedience to parents in all classes; disuse of God's Word; indifference to the Holy House and the Holy Day.

A watchman tells the time; but it needs no watchman necessarily to tell you your time or the use you are making of it. "A man's heart will sometimes tell him more than seven watchmen, that sit above in a high tower." But a friend, though an unknown one, may speak to you a word in season, if only to remind you of the inspired Word, and of the response which your conscience makes to it, and your desire to be ready, in time, for Eternity.

1. Time past cannot, in one sense, be recalled. And yet it is that which we chiefly want to recall; our waste of it, our destruction of it (have we not often tried to "kill time"?), our filling it with selfishness and sensuality, our devoting so little of it to God. And to feel that it is irrevocable fills us with pain and shame. But there is a sense in which we may at least make up for the time that is lost. It is not meant of course that we can atone by our dutifulness to-day for our negligence yesterday, or that the chastity and self-denials of our present life can atone for the impurity or the intemperance of days long past. But there is a true and lasting penitence, an abiding, habitual humility, each founded

on the goodness of God in Christ, which bring to the soul a sort of way of living the life again, and offering at least the residue of it heartily to our Lord, as a fragment, for His sake, very precious. Am I trying thus to make up for my misspent time—time spoilt and lost perhaps in "the sins and offences of my youth," perhaps in the aimlessness of early life or in taking no thought for others, perhaps in the neglect of means of grace? There is a peculiar faith given to such repentance—a quiet, inward joy which testifies that God is answering us, and has made atonement for us, and will never leave us nor forsake us. It is a faith which, with all the sorrow of its confession and all its sense of loss, speaks confidently and hopefully in that simple prayer,

"Remember not past years."

2. But there is such a thing as resting in sorrowful recollection, without going forward. It is even possible for us to have what may be termed a complaisant belief in God's goodness for blotting out what is by-gone, while yet we remain unaltered, or at least unquickened, in our Christian life, spared hitherto. How different this from the saint's experience! how different from the sincere penitent's course! "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And so your next question will be. "Am I, because of the past, still more because of the future, taking trouble about the time which is allowed me still?" In other words, are you buying up the opportunities, not as if you were bargaining with God, but as one who knows that the world is full of evil, and that it costs much trouble, much moral courage, much reproach from men to lift our days to the higher life and the Heavenly service and the true charity? Are you making instant use of the golden opportunities granted you—continued already so long—for work and worship? There are great openings at this present for doing good—for setting a high, manly tone—for self-devotion, it may be in the happy labours of the Christian Ministry or, certainly, in the manifold help which the faithful Layman can render almost anywhere in the Church. Time, as it flies, leaves no space for our neglect of it. Towards time we must act quite differently from our action towards the world. They that use this world are not to use it to the full. But of time, as it comes to us from the Lord of all our days, we must make the fullest possible use. Early in the morning our song of gratitude for it must rise to God. Early we should kneel in prayer, which can never be loss of time. Early we should rise to begin the work which He has given us to do. We must be filling the hours with duty; packing the minutes with little bits of knowledge, with little acts of kindness. The noon-tide has its pause, and yet its few moments for

devotion and intercession. The shadows lengthen, and we feel that bodily exercise does profit us a little, and we take our recreation without fear and in all heartiness and humour. And when the eventide is come, we know that there is a Presence with us in which, after the prayer of recollection, we can safely take our rest, ready for the morrow, and not afraid of death—the welcome dawn of our eternal day.

3. And so we are brought to one more question, which concerns our welfare and our wisdom: "Am I looking forward enough—beyond the night, across the day, through the few more years—to the light of the everlasting morn?" At its longest "the time is short"; even as we buy it and spend it, "the time" (so the word really means) "is shortened." "Time's gentle admonition," as George Herbert calls it, tells us not only of the flowers' decay, and of our life's decrease, but even of its own departure, its own brief reign. It is a short-lived thing: but it is priceless, for all that; its issues are in Eternity. Give up what you count most dear for it—not sacrificing others for it, but never letting any make you forget its value, and always trying to realize that value by surrender of your ease and pleasure, and, whatever else you take in hand, remembering the end.

Time and tide tarry for no man; so we must not only buy up our opportunities, but seize them ere they pass. We need the lengthening of time only that we may serve God better. We shall hail the speed of time as bringing us nearer to Him.

"For this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God."

Truly for all of us time hastens on, bearing along with it all its fruitful and blessed opportunities. Use them now, at whatever cost of trouble, at whatever sacrifice of self, for His sake Who hath redeemed you to God by His Blood, and Who would have each member of His Church take up the Cross; and then, when time shall be no longer, you shall be safe and joyful with Him and in Him Who liveth for ever and ever.

THE SNOWDROP.



THE snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*; order, *Amaryllidaceæ*), is a bulbous flowering plant. It is one of the most highly prized spring flowers which adorns the gardens when no others are seen. When the snow covers the ground how often we see the needle-like spikes of its leaves piercing through the surface! One wonders how the frail, tender leaf can as it were defy the

sternness of Nature and her laws in rising through the hard, half-frozen earth, and soon thereafter produce the graceful bell-like flower which, shaken by the rude stormy winds, seems as if it were announcing in beauteous silence the departure of the dreary months of winter and the advent of the joyous, new-born springtime. Who has not felt an inward joy and delight as they have seen its modest fairy blossoms appear on the scene, giving hope that the dull and dreary winter has gone, and that nature again is budding forth into existence in all its fulness and beauty, and that thus again is the great Creator showing to His creatures the perfection of His works?

The snowdrop thrives well in a light rich soil. The finest variety is *Galanthus Elwesii*, which grows to a height of about twelve inches. The bulbs should not be disturbed for three or four years; they should be then taken up and replanted. The snowdrop is used for pot culture, and if so cultivated will flower indoors much earlier than those in the open ground.

M. BUCHANAN.



HOMELY COOKERY.

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

Savoury Rice.

	Average Cost.
	d.
½ lb. rice	1
1 onion	1
1 teacupful stock or water	1
¼ saltspoonful salt	1
¼ saltspoonful pepper	1
	2

Boil the onion till tender, and chop finely. Put the rice in a saucepan covered with cold water; when it boils drain off the water, and put with the rice the onion, stock, pepper, and salt. Let all simmer for half an hour, then turn on to a dish, put small pieces of fat or butter over the top, and bake till brown. The water in which meat or fish has been boiled will make suitable stock for this dish.

DO YOU READ IT?—A godson of Dr. Samuel Johnson called to see him a very short time before his death. In the course of the conversation, the doctor asked him what books he read. The young man replied, "The books, sir, which you gave me." Dr. Johnson, summoning up all his strength, and with a piercing eye fixed upon the youth, exclaimed, "Read the Bible: all the books that are worth reading have their foundation and their merits there."

HOW THEY BROUGHT THEIR
NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

BY THE REV. FREDK. LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,
Rector of St. John's, Limerick; Author of "Sent Back by the
Angels," etc.

THE pillow slipt from Rosy's head,
And all its gold was shaken;
Then came a whisper by the bed,
"Awaken, Rose, awaken."

She brush'd away the dreams that had
Her drooping lashes freighted,
And there was Walter, keen and glad.
"O Rosy! how I've waited!



"You've got to make yourself a mouse."
"I really can't," she mutters.
"To creep, creep, creep from the house
Before they stir the shutters.

"There! one eye's open; move about—
But hush! you must not chatter;
Perhaps we've left some garments out—
For once it doesn't matter.

"I'm rather doubtful which came first;
Oh, why won't buttons hurry?
At night the knots will *have* to burst,
And so we need not worry.

"A very little wash will do,
Then all the work is ended;
'Twas not for shining girls like you
That scrubbing was intended.

"There! now we have to say our prayers,
We'd better hear each other."
"O Walter!" weeping Rose declares,
"You've got no lap, like mother."

"Hush, hush!" says he: "that's grumbling, Rose.
The toys are on the chair now.
You've got no pockets, I suppose?
Quick, child! we should be there now."

A slip of moon above the street
Through puffs of cloud is blowing;
She wonders (snow beneath her feet)
Where Wat and she are going.

At last he turns, elate and bold,
His eyes a-dance with glories:
"We're doing like those men of old
Who live in Bible stories.

"They carried myrrh and smelling stuff,
And many fine and gay things;
Their money wasn't *quite* enough
To buy the proper playthings.

"Of course we ought to have a star,
Wi'h spikes all round about it;
But still, the East's not very far,
And we shall do without it."



"But, dearest Walter!" Rosy cries,
With sudden interjection:
"Is running on exactly wise?—
We haven't *no* direction."

"As though I had not thought of all!
You really must be scolded;
We go straight on and find a stall,
With cows and white wings folded."

"Not many cows, I hope!" she cries;
"But, no, I won't be frightened."
"Look! sheep already," he replies.
Their weary hearts are lightened.

But soon the flicker falls and dies;
Her sandal'd feet are tiring.
'O Walter! don't you think," she cries,
"We'd better be inquiring?"

And so they study as they go
The face of every stranger;
There is not one that seems to know
About the Heavenly Manger.

At length a poor man, lame and old,
To sudden hope doth win them.
"I think," says Rose, "that man's been told—
His eyes have angels in them!"

"Oh, please" (her looks are grave and mild)
"Direct us to a grotto,
With oxen, and a little child,
And *Peace on Earth* for motto."

"Why, let me think": with thoughtful face
Awhile he seems to ponder;
Then leads them on a little space.
"There now! You'll see it yonder.

"Poor lonely soul" (he shakes his head),
"She's ever striving, striving;
But, baby born and husband dead,
It's bitter hard contriving."

"Courage," says Walter, "courage, Rose,
A very little more way";
And soon they stand on tipping toes
And peep within a doorway.

A room—the room of little farms;
Two tiny children creeping:
A drowsy woman: in her arms
A little baby sleeping.

Forward they steal on silent feet,
With faces grave and tender,
And there before the baby sweet
Their baby gifts they tender.

Then homeward through the snow they creep
To *ms* that catch and hold them,
And tears and blessings fond and deep,
And lips that kiss and scold them.

They tell their mother of the child
With hovering peace about it.

"We thought," they said, "that Jesus smiled."
Said mother, "Who can doubt it?"

BURIED TRUTH.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.

WHOMOSE may be described as having preached on a text which was not in the Bible at the time of his doing so, which consisted, in its original form, of only two words, and which was so used by the preacher as to produce both lasting and salutary effects on at least four of his hearers?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

1. **W**HOMOSE captivity saved a nation's life?
2. Who risked a father's wrath to save a friend?
3. In what place did a captive slay his enemies?
4. When was an Apostle so bewildered that he knew not what he spake?
5. What is the value of a good name?
6. To whom and by whom were the words "that just man" applied?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I.—ACROSTIC.

MY initials read down, and you will see
How from family worries I am free.
My finals spelt down, my pair might be;
But she seems quite happy, and does not want me.

- (1) Penny all the way. (2) A poisonous reptile. (3) An island in the Mediterranean Sea. (4) A breakfast provider. (5) What you are using now. (6) A landlady's living. (7) A fairy-tale monster. (8) An unwelcome intruder.

II.—BURIED CITIES.

I am an ancient city, and I have several companions;
my first is a biped; my second a means of exit; my third
keeps you warm in winter; my fourth is an open space.

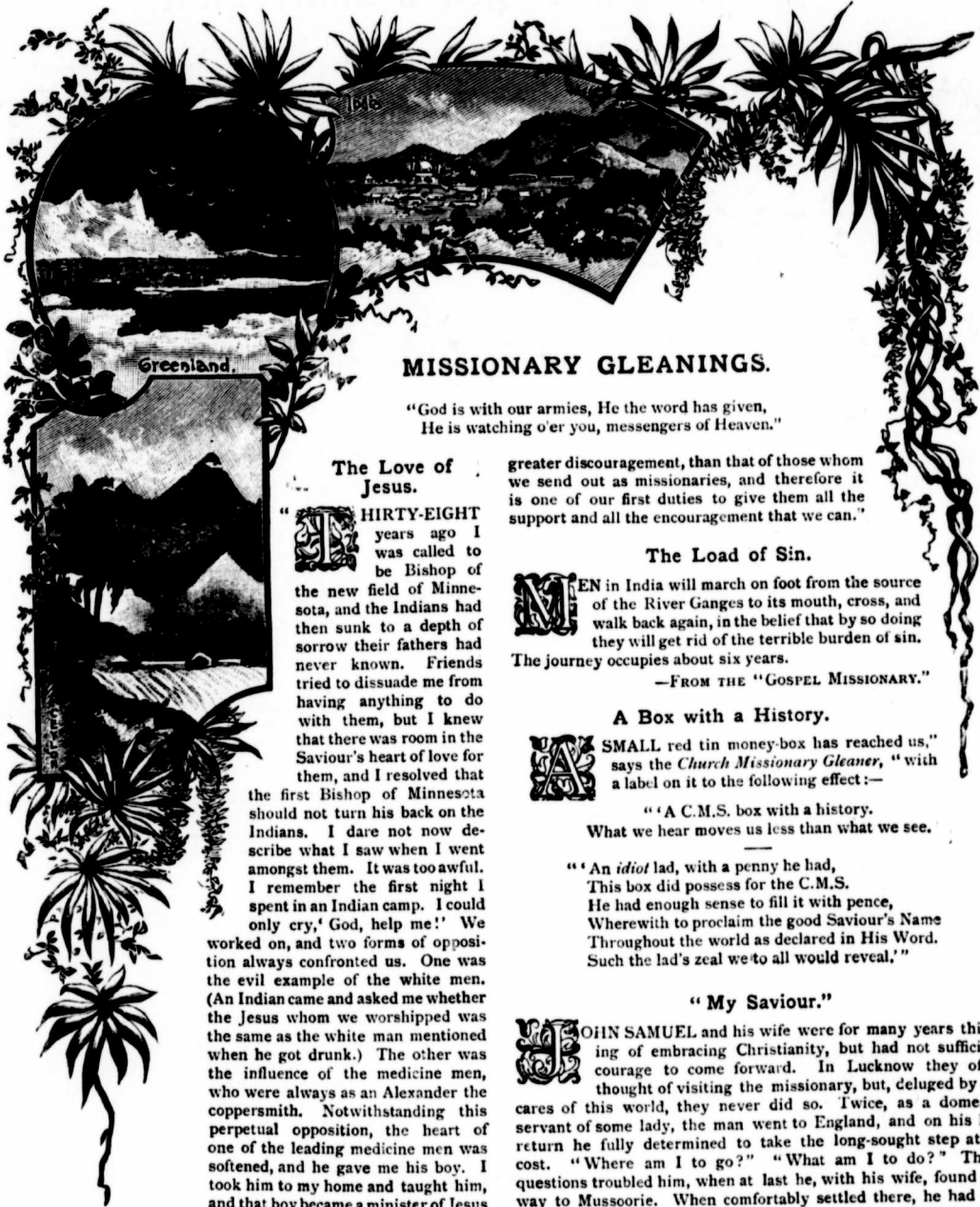
III.—RIDDLE.

Doors cannot keep me out. I settle when I am not
disturbed. I fly, but I have no wings. I am often seen on
the road, and am as old as the world.

* * * We repeat our offer of *Twelve Volumes*, each published at *Half-a-Guinea*, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and *Twelve Volumes*, published at *Five Shillings*, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday-School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—
"Bible Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK,
"CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

For the "*Buried Truths*" a special Prize of a *Half-Guinea Volume* is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.

"TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT":—"We trust the Lord is on our side, Mr. Lincoln," said the spokesman of a deputation to President Lincoln during the great Civil War in America. "I do not regard that as so essential as something else," said Lincoln, to the horror of his visitors; and then he quietly added, "I am most concerned to know that we are on the Lord's side."



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"God is with our armies, He the word has given,
He is watching o'er you, messengers of Heaven."

The Love of Jesus.

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago I was called to be Bishop of the new field of Minnesota, and the Indians had then sunk to a depth of sorrow their fathers had never known. Friends tried to dissuade me from having anything to do with them, but I knew that there was room in the Saviour's heart of love for them, and I resolved that the first Bishop of Minnesota should not turn his back on the Indians. I dare not now describe what I saw when I went amongst them. It was too awful. I remember the first night I spent in an Indian camp. I could only cry, 'God, help me!' We worked on, and two forms of opposition always confronted us. One was the evil example of the white men. (An Indian came and asked me whether the Jesus whom we worshipped was the same as the white man mentioned when he got drunk.) The other was the influence of the medicine men, who were always as an Alexander the coppersmith. Notwithstanding this perpetual opposition, the heart of one of the leading medicine men was softened, and he gave me his boy. I took him to my home and taught him, and that boy became a minister of Jesus Christ. When the father heard from

his boy the story of the love of Christ, it broke his heart, and he sat at his son's feet, and I have known that father walk as many as eighty miles to tell his fellow Indians the story of the love of Jesus."—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

A Governor's Testimony.

HORD REAY, formerly Governor of Bombay, states that when he was in India he watched carefully the work pursued by missionaries, and he is "convinced that there is no work more arduous, no work requiring more faith, no work pursued very often under circumstances of

greater discouragement, than that of those whom we send out as missionaries, and therefore it is one of our first duties to give them all the support and all the encouragement that we can."

The Load of Sin.

MEN in India will march on foot from the source of the River Ganges to its mouth, cross, and walk back again, in the belief that by so doing they will get rid of the terrible burden of sin. The journey occupies about six years.

—FROM THE "GOSPEL MISSIONARY."

A Box with a History.

A SMALL red tin money-box has reached us," says the *Church Missionary Gleaner*, "with a label on it to the following effect:—

"A C.M.S. box with a history.
What we hear moves us less than what we see.

"An idiot lad, with a penny he had,
This box did possess for the C.M.S.
He had enough sense to fill it with pence,
Wherewith to proclaim the good Saviour's Name
Throughout the world as declared in His Word.
Such the lad's zeal we to all would reveal."

"My Saviour."

JOHAN SAMUEL and his wife were for many years thinking of embracing Christianity, but had not sufficient courage to come forward. In Lucknow they often thought of visiting the missionary, but, deluged by the cares of this world, they never did so. Twice, as a domestic servant of some lady, the man went to England, and on his last return he fully determined to take the long-sought step at all cost. "Where am I to go?" "What am I to do?" These questions troubled him, when at last he, with his wife, found his way to Mussoorie. When comfortably settled there, he had the pleasure of meeting Babu Lazarus, our catechist: they were old acquaintances, and very naturally he, with an open heart, told him his earnest desire. Very soon his leisure hours were devoted to preparation for baptism, in which he showed a remarkable grasp of Christian teaching. Spending his quiet hours with his Gurmukhi Gospel, he became convinced of the power of our Lord, and was eventually baptized with his wife in All Saints' Church, Mussoorie. Very happy they were after baptism when one morning I asked him how he felt; the man, his face beaming with joy, replied, "Several times I tried to give up my drink, but utterly failed; it is Christ Who has helped me; He is my Saviour." —THE REV. JOHN QALANDAR, IN "C.M.S. INTELLIGENCER."

A Few More Years shall Roll.

Words by HORATIUS BONAR.

Music by the REV. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.
(Rector of Sandringham and Canon of Norwich.)

The musical score is written for voice and organ. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the organ accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first line of the hymn. The second system contains the second line, with a 'UNISON.' marking above the staff and a 'HAR.' marking above the organ part. The third system contains the third line, with 'dim.' and 'pp' markings above the organ part. The organ part includes a '6' marking above the staff and a 'Org.' marking below the staff.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come, And we shall be with those that reas -

- sleep with - in the tomb: Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day ; O

wash me in Thy pre - cious Blood, And take my sins a - way. A - - men.

2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare (*cr*)
My soul for that bright day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare (*cr*)
My soul for that calm day :
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare (*cr*)
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood.
And take my sins away.

5. 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare (*cr*)
My soul for that glad day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

"GOD CLAIMS ME."

WHEN the first Earl Cairns was a little boy, he heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him: "God claims you." Then came the question: "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered: "I will own it and give myself to God." He went home and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was: "God claims me." As a Member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still: "God claims me." When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible-class, and his Rector, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I sup-

pose you will now desire to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not; God claims me."

"GOOD NEWS."

WHEN Tennyson went down to spend a quiet holiday in the little seaside village of Mablethorpe, in Lincolnshire, he made his home with two good and earnest people named Wildman. When he arrived he asked Mrs. Wildman for the news, and she replied, "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know,—that Christ died for all men." And the poet answered, "That is old news, and good news, and new news."

NANTICOKE.

Our Xmas S. S. fete was enjoyed thoroughly by all. It was celebrated on Holy Innocent's Day with church service and sermon at 4 o'clock, tea for children at 6 and tree and distribution of prizes at 7:30 p. m. The children's choir led the singing, rendering the anthem "Glory to God in the Highest," creditably. The offertory went to the Children's Hospital, Toronto. Master Craig Evans sang his first solo and Messrs. J. Jackson and C. Snowden sang a duet part.

The annual sleigh ride was impossible. After enjoying tea in the School House the Town Hall was thrown open for the tree. The Secretary's report was as follows: S. S. collections and subscription for prizes \$28.19
Outlay for leaflets, etc., and prizes 24.77

Balance \$ 3.42

Total No. on roll 89; aggregate No present in year 2088; largest No. present at one time 67; Average attendance 40½.

After a short program in which Miss Jackson, of Jarvis, favored us with three excellent solos and Mr. Evans' graphophone gave us good entertainment, there were several recitations and the prizes were distributed. One boy, Earl Thompson, was present 52 Sundays, several were present 51. All who attended 10 Sundays received a book. The rest got pretty cards.

CAYUGA.

The service on Christmas morning in St. John's church was largely attended. The musical part of it, under the direction of Mr. W. C. T. Morson, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, was exceptionally excellent, and included Sir John Stainer's fine anthem "O Zion, that bringest glad tidings." The collection, in face of the removal from the parish of some of its best families, was liberal and but little less than the average of former years.

On the evening of January 12th there was held in the capacious S. S. room of the new church the annual Christmas tree and entertainment in behalf of the Sabbath School. Much credit is due to all who assisted in providing for the entertainment. The presents from the Christmas tree were numerous. Mr. A. N. Davis successfully performed the part of Santa Claus in distributing them.

The W. A. of the parish, have recently sent to the Rev. H. Smitherman, of Schreiter, of Algoma, a valuable bale, containing some forty useful articles of clothing, etc. There would be more enthusiasm manifested in making up said bales if in every case there was a reasonable assurance that the contents were bestowed on deserving persons alone connected with the church in her distant and poorer fields of labor.

On Sunday morning, January 28th, a solemn service bearing on the serious war in South Africa was held in St. John's church. Special Psalms, lessons, intercessions, and hymns were used and the sermon by the Incumbent was on "War, from the standpoint of Christianity," and special reference to the contest in which the British Empire is now engaged. Several prominent members of other religious bodies in the town were present at the service.

YORK.

Recently the Rev. P. L. Spencer, rector of Jarvis, delivered a short series of three interesting stereopticon lectures on "Early Church History in Great Britain" which were much appreciated by those who attended.

On Sunday, January 28th, an exchange was made by Revs. P. L. Spencer and C. Scudamore, and services

were held and special sermons preached in York, Jarvis, Hagersville and Caledonia parishes on behalf of our Diocesan Mission Fund.

Anniversary Services will be held (D. V.) in St. John's church York, on Sunday 25th inst. Special preacher—the Rev. E. H. Maloney—Incumbent of Nanticoke. Collections on behalf of Apportionment Fund.

The officers and members of the local branch W. A. are arranging to hold an entertainment, as usual, in connection with the anniversary of the opening of St. John's church on Monday evening, 26th inst., in the Sunday School Hall. Mr. James Old, of Caledonia, has kindly consented to act as Chairman.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

December 27th and December 28th will be remembered by the Sunday School children as the dates, this year, of the event to which they annually look forward with much interest and expectation—their Christmas Tree.

That for the Christ church Sunday School was held first—at the house of Mr. Edward Logan kindly placed at our disposal for the occasion. We were sorry that the unsafe condition of the ice in the river prevented the pupils and friends from the other side being present. As the crowd was not large Mr. Logan's two cosy sitting rooms comfortably contained it; and the parlor was left free for the Tree until the time for its unloading. Conversation and games was the order until shortly after 8 o'clock when at some one's suggestion a few recitations were called for and willingly given. Then Mr. Francis presented the prizes gained by those who had attended 20 Sundays, after which all adjourned to the parlor, or vicinity, where the feature of the evening, the unloading of the Tree took place. Afterwards, refreshments—the collection (\$3.54 for Sunday School papers)—and home To Miss Splatt, who successfully took charge of the tree, our thanks are due.

The next evening, the other Tree held its graceful, decorated self, erect—though we are told it objected at first—at Mr. H. King's. A short programme was given by the children, consisting of suitable Christmas recitations some of them had learned, and three carols they had practised. Then again, prizes, tree, refreshments and collection (11.15). The large crowd present seemed quite capable of amusing itself, when not being called upon to attend to the items above mentioned.

Enjoyment and success marked both evenings; and if the ground was somewhat hard and rough both for carriages and pedestrians, thanks to the "Frost King" we went and came without the discomfort of "mud." Mr. Logan, Mr. King and their families, have, we are sure, the cordial thanks of the people of the parish for their hospitality.

The monthly meeting of St. John's Branch of the W. A., appointed for the 13th at Mrs. S. Bowden's, owing to the unavoidable absence of the secretary, was turned into a sewing meeting.

The Christ church branch held its monthly meeting on the 14th at Mrs. Hy. Hamilton's. There was a fair attendance of the members and the reports showed that good progress was being made. The Incumbent was present but unfortunately had forgotten to bring the first monthly letter of the newly-appointed City Representative, Mrs. Crisp, 122 Main Street, West, Hamilton, so that the reading of it had to be left over until next month.

During the service in St. John's church on Sunday, 7th inst., the Incumbent expressed his thanks to the congregation for their generous gift through the offertory on Christmas Day. But as on one or two Sundays since, at Christ church, there have been envelopes marked for him, on the plate, he wishes to take this means and opportunity of thanking both congregations for their kindness.