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Aug 1897

THE
CATHEDRAL
MONTHLY.



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

CHURCH NOTES.

AUGUST, 1897.

Before this number reaches all our readers, the Bishop will have returned from England. The Diocese and Fredericton will welcome him back, hoping that his brief holiday will have done him much good.

The celebration of the Queen's diamond jubilee has come and gone. After a period of great excitement, things are now settling down again to their usual condition. There have been many congratulations upon the progress of the Empire, and the marvelous advancement in every branch of human activity. Not least has been the conviction of the true growth of the Anglican Communion.

The past sixty years has seen a wondrous revival in the power and influence of the Church of England in the world. From the time of the Reformation, when she struck off her fetters, and, retaining her identity, her continuity and her property, she brought herself back to the primitive model and determined to make that her special appeal, she has had her vicissitudes and her trials. Various causes have combined to cripple her energies and retard her development. But the end of the 19th century finds her strong and waxing stronger, extending herself into every part of the world, multiplying her bishoprics, consolidating her powers, and offering yearly a more undaunted front to the blatant or specious attacks of the ene-

mies of the Faith once for all delivered to the saints.

The presence of 200 bishops at the Lambeth Conference is an evidence of expansion and of unity which cannot be explained away. The sessions of the Conference are not open to the public, but we shall doubtless in various ways, chiefly from the published reports and from the pastoral letter to the faithful, learn much of the results of this great gathering.

The monster meeting of the Venerable Society for the propagation of the Gospel, held in St. James's Hall, must have been a wonderful inspiration. Many of the Colonial bishops were present, and nine of them read papers describing the work done in their respective jurisdictions. Never in the history of Christianity has there been such missionary zeal and success, and in this the Church has been in the forefront.

On August 3rd one hundred and thirty bishops will pay a visit to Glastonbury Abbey. A short service will be held in the ruins by the Bishop of Stepney, who is well known for his great knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity. Seats have been provided for 1,000 clergy. Glastonbury was undoubtedly the seat of the earliest introduction of Christianity into Britain, and flourished long before the coming of Augustine.

One or the most pleasing features of the celebration has been the visit of the Greek Archbishop of Finland. The

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A HARVEST HYMN.

BY THE REV. I. P. PRESCOTT, M.A.

HEAR us, O Lord! in this our changeful time!
Grant us Thy plenteous mercy, as of old
When Thou for Israel, in far-distant clime,
Didst pour rich blessings on Thy favour'd fold!

Already hast Thou lent a gracious ear
To pray'r by many offered at Thy shrine:
And now again we come, in love and fear,
To render thanks for gifts we know are Thine!

Thou Who sun's rays upon the golden corn,
And luscious fruits abundantly hast giv'n:
Accept the willing tribute from us borne
In strains ascending to the gates of Heav'n!

Poor as the tuneful anthem which we raise,
Let it Thine honour and Thy might proclaim.
Take this as homage of our grateful praise,
While we thus laud Thy ever-glorious Name!

When by Tiberias sea the sower stray'd,
Casting the grain on Galilean shore,
There in Thy all-wise teaching was display'd
How to prepare for Harvest evermore!

Harvest! when Angels shall the Reapers be—
Harvest! where souls the precious garner'd wheat:
Harvest! forcrunner of eternity—
Harvest! where gather'd—all in Christ may meet!



THE VISION OF CHRIST AND ITS RESULTS.

BY THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR
AND MAN.

(Continued from page 220.)

NOW turn to the inquiry, Is this desire capable of fulfilment; and if so, how, and in what ways? There is one thing which I think all professing Christians will admit, and that is, that it is capable of fulfilment hereafter. Many a definite promise on the subject might be quoted here, and surely it is of the very essence of Christianity to hope to be with Christ in the brighter world, and to behold His glory. But that is not the point I wish to elicit. What I ask is this: Is it capable of fulfilment in our present state? And to this inquiry I don't hesitate to reply with an emphatic "Yes." How else can you interpret those words of Christ, "He that hath My commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him"? Look again at those words of St. Paul, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" But

I will not content myself with proof-texts. I want to put the matter also thus. It has been the testimony of Christian souls in all ages that, with the eye of faith, though not yet with the eye of sense, they have seen the Saviour, and that He has attracted them to Himself, as the pole attracts the needle, and as the sunflower is attracted by the sun; that their view of Him has produced in themselves the results of which we have been thinking; and that they have found peace, not because they have fathomed the great Redemption, but because they have seen and trusted the great Redeemer. I tell you, then, on the authority of Scripture, and I tell you on the testimony of the best and holiest in the world's history, that this desire is capable of fulfilment in our present state.

But now come in the last place to the all-important question, How, and in what ways? Well, in replying to this question, do let me press on you very solemnly that the fulfilment of this desire is a matter of deep personal responsibility. "The soul of the sluggard," says the wise man, "desireth, but hath nothing." It is only the soul of the diligent that is made fat. I invite you, then, to ask yourselves, what honest efforts are you making to remove the veils which obscure the Saviour; and, if you have caught a glimpse of Him, what endeavours to abide in His light? Ah, my brother, remember this: whatever efforts you are either making or failing to make, you have an arch-enemy whose chief object, as regards you, is to hide the Saviour from your view. Some persons think that when the devil tempts men, he only tempts them to what are called the gross and glaring

sins; but if only they would reflect on the force of that word "glaring," they would come to a better understanding of the matter of which I speak. A thing which glares is a thing which blinds, and I read, "The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Oh, what a flood of light does this passage throw on the subject we are now considering! It teaches us that the devil—knowing well that when the light of the Gospel, revealing Christ, illumines the heart of man, it also quickens, heals, reconciles, and purifies it—never ceases to try to blind and dazzle with the blaze and glare and frivolity of things temporal (and you must judge for yourselves, in this age of pleasure-seeking, what blinds you), lest the figure of that Divine Person Whom these Greeks desired to see should, as it were, be photographed on our hearts, and our hearts renewed in the image of Him Who made them. I tell you, then, that the fulfilment of this desire is for each of us a matter of solemn personal responsibility. If we refuse to make an effort to free ourselves from these blinding influences, we cannot blame God if a view of Jesus be not vouchsafed to us, and if, in consequence, we form misconceptions as to what He really is. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God in sincerity and earnestness, and He will draw nigh to you. "Then shall ye seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart."

It would be easy to enlarge on this subject, but I would now close by emphasizing the thought that no man ever yet saw the Saviour, so as to secure a blessing from Him, even in the days of His flesh, without an effort. When the three

wise men came from the East to visit Him, they undertook a long, toilsome, and costly journey to fulfil their desire. When the friends of the sick of the palsy desired to bring him under the Saviour's notice, they forced their way through a dense crowd and uncovered the roof where He was ere they could accomplish their purpose. When Zacchæus desired to see Him pass, he climbed into a sycamore-tree to attain his end. And these things are parables for all time. We cannot see Jesus any more than they, unless we are prepared to make an effort. If we will not deny ourselves; if we decline to break through the habits of neglect which keep us from private prayer, the study of the Word, the House of God and His holy Table;—let us lay it to heart to-day that we shall die without the vision, even though we profess to desire it; for we can only look for the Saviour to reveal Himself in appointed ways. Pray, then, that you may have the will to make the effort, and that God would work with you when you have the will. Don't put the matter off till you come to die. To see the Saviour, as I have tried to explain the matter to you, must be the chief object of your lives, and then will it be your comfort and your stay in the hour of death. You know full well both how and where He reveals Himself:—

"Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to search the Sacred Word,
And see my Saviour there."

~~~~~  
**St. Bartholomew** (*August 24th*).

In the roll of Thine Apostles  
One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due;  
How he toil'd for Thee and suffer'd  
None on earth can now record;  
All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his LORD.

JOHN ELLERTON.



## THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

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.*

### VIII.—AUGUSTINE AND CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

**T**O Augustine, as the first Bishop of the English Church, belongs the honour of laying the substantial and firm foundations of her endowments. These endowments, in the early days of the Church's history, consisted of lands and buildings as well as of various gifts of money, and various movable articles of considerable value, made by the laity for the services of the sanctuary, and for the use of the Bishops and Clergy.

The first endowment received by Augustine and his companions from King Ethelbert, on behalf of the Church, was a house for their temporary residence, situated within the royal city of Canterbury. The second endowment was the gift of the church of St. Martin, which—having been a ruined British Christian sanctuary—had, some years before Augustine's coming to England, been restored and refitted for the Christian worship of Queen Bertha by her then heathen husband King Ethelbert. Later on the king gave to Augustine, as his permanent episcopal residence, his own royal palace in Canterbury, from which he, with his Court and

attendants, retired, and took up a residence at Reculvers, near the sea.

Further, Augustine received from King Ethelbert a desecrated sanctuary of the British Church, situated near to the Palace, which had for some time been defiled by its use for pagan worship. This building, when cleansed, restored, and made fit for Christian uses, Augustine dedicated to the "Name of the Holy Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord." This was the beginning of Christ Church, Canterbury, the mother Cathedral Church, not only of the kingdom of Kent, but of the whole Church of England.

After this Augustine planned the entirely new structure of the Monastery which, when erected, was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and which subsequently was known as St. Augustine's Monastery. Other buildings, of which we have no record, were no doubt gradually acquired or erected, which considerably added to the Church's endowments, all of which constituted a new kind of property, given and held upon trust for the new Church of the English people.

After the acquisition of those various

buildings for Church purposes from King Ethelbert, came the Church's acquisition of endowments in landed estates. Ethelbert gave the first of such estates, and his liberality in this respect was largely imitated by various Christian land-owners, who held their lands under him. It must not be assumed, however, that endowments of landed estates thus given to the Church, were at first of much, if any, intrinsic value. On the contrary, they were, for the most part, uncultivated and wild tracts of forest, heath, or swamp land, and it was only when the Church, by her skilled labour, cleared the forest, cultivated the heath, drained the swamp, and made these barren lands productive, that they became valuable.

Augustine was also the means—through Ethelbert—of founding and endowing the Bishoprics and Cathedrals of London and Rochester.

Augustine and Ethelbert, in Kent, thus set an example and established precedents for the Bishops and Kings of the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms to make provision for the permanent endowment of the Churches founded and organized within their several Kingdoms and Dioceses.

These examples and precedents in providing endowments for the Church were in due time followed by Bishop Paulinus and King Edwin in the Kingdom of Northumbria; by King Sigebert and Bishop Felix, in East Anglia; by Bishop Birinus and King Cynegils, in Wessex; by King Wulfhere and Bishop Trumhere, in Mercia; and King Ethelwalch and Bishop Wilfrid, in Sussex.

But, large and valuable as the endowments of the English Church in time became, they had their beginnings with Augustine and King Ethelbert in the royal city of Canterbury.

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## THE LITTLE WORKER.

A TEMPERANCE STORY "FOUNDED ON FACT."

BY MRS. B. REED.

### CHAPTER II.



SIX months had passed away since the events in our last chapter: passed monotonously and rapidly enough in that busy manufacturing city, where the parson was as busy as the artisan, with the numerous organizations of his large parish.

Little had been heard by him of the O'Flanagan household, except that Mrs. O'Flanagan had been more regular at the mothers' meetings, looking, when she came, brighter and more spick-and-span than of old; and her husband had been induced to join the men's Bible-class, which met in a class-room on Sunday afternoons, and was attended by men of all ages, from eighteen to sixty. One day, however, in the spring, the mission woman reported that Mrs.

O'Flanagan's baby was very ill, and not expected to recover—a fact which resulted in the name being put down on the Rector's visiting list for that after-



noon. When he entered the cottage, Mrs. O'Flanagan burst into tears, and it was some time before she could recover herself.

"Oh, sir," she said, when able to speak, "I shall be grateful to you as long as I live for what you have done for us. All through baby's illness I've been able to get what the doctor ordered for her, without the least bit o' trouble, and James brings home his wages every Friday night as reg'lar as clockwork. And would you believe it, sir? he's that fond o' baby, as he'll hardly be out of her sight when he's home?"

"Last Saturday afternoon, being as how I'd been out o' bed two nights, he said he'd mind the child and give her the medicine. And it wur eleven o'clock on Sunday morning afore I woked up, an' then, when I ran into the kitchen to look at baby, he was sat by her side as if he'd never stirred. And now the doctor says she can't get better he's taking on terrible. *I've* knowed all along as the angel wur never meant for this world—I've watched her sin' she wur born—but he've never took so much notice of any of the other little 'uns as of this, and he's well-nigh heart-broken!"

Poor Mrs. O'Flanagan grew calmer as the Rector tried to console her; and indeed, it was only too plain that the little bud would soon be transplanted to the Heavenly Garden, there to bloom in the light of His Presence, Who said, "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven."

She had few friends, not being of a very sociable temperament, and, consequently, there were not many neighbours to make inquiries after the sick child or offer to share the nursing. Besides, the O'Flanagans had lately moved into a better street, and the snowy muslin curtains and carpeted floor bore witness to the altered circumstances of the family

since the husband had become steady and had regularly brought home his wages.

For the next few days the Rector called regularly, sometimes in his visits encountering the mission woman, who took a turn occasionally in sitting up at night.

But the little face grew more pinched, the limbs more emaciated, and one evening the Rector found both father and mother kneeling by the body of their child, just closing its eyes in the last, long sleep. The father was heart-broken—more so than the mother; for this child had endeared itself to him for the simple reason that he had cared for and tended it more than any of the others, and he had not been compelled months before to face, as the mother had, the great improbability of the child's living to grow up.

"Well," he said, breaking the sad silence, "God helping me, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live, and I'll lead a better life, so as to have a chance o' seein' the little 'un again some day."

Who could say that little life was lived in vain? Surely, through God's love and mercy, those baby hands had power to draw the rough, sin-stained man from the depths of misery and moral degradation, and to guide him into the "narrow way, which leadeth unto life," and the sight of the innocent child's suffering had led him to a knowledge of our Heavenly Father, and an earnest resolve to live as becomes His servant. So the weakest of us can be made instruments in His Hands, and not even the youngest child but has his "daily task of love and praise, that he may do for Jesus' sake"—his allotted work for the spread of Christ's Gospel of light and love, that in the fulness of time shall clear away all the dark clouds of sin and sorrow that now hang over His children. "For out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

THE END.

How to WORK.—Once Dean Stanley was walking with the great writer Thomas Carlyle in St. James's Park, and Carlyle had spoken of people in general as "mostly fools." The Dean asked in his gentle way, "Well, Mr. Carlyle, such being the state of things, what would you advise an English clergyman like me to do?" Carlyle broke out into one of his stormy laughs, and at last stopping he said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."



SIR B. W. RICHARDSON.

## HEALTH AT HOME.

BY

SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON,  
M.D., F.R.S.*(Continued from page 221.)*

**T**O secure health at home some simple provision should be made by which the body of every person who lives at home may be subjected to the bath. This wholesome process is frequently neglected, from the excuse that there is no convenience for a bath. The excuse is more plausible than real. A formal bath is not at all necessary. A shallow tub, or shallow metal bath, in which the bather can stand in front of the wash-hand basin; a good sponge, a piece of soap, two gallons of water, and a good, large towel, are quite sufficient for every purpose of health. To stand in the shallow bath, and from the wash-hand basin to sponge the body rapidly over from head to foot, and afterwards to dry quickly, is everything that is wanted if it be carried out daily; and this may be so easily done, after a little practice, that it

becomes no more trouble than the washing of the face, neck, and hands, which so many people are content to consider a perfected ablution. In winter time the water should be tepid; in summer cold; and once a week there should be dissolved in the two gallons of water a quarter of a pound of fresh washing soda.

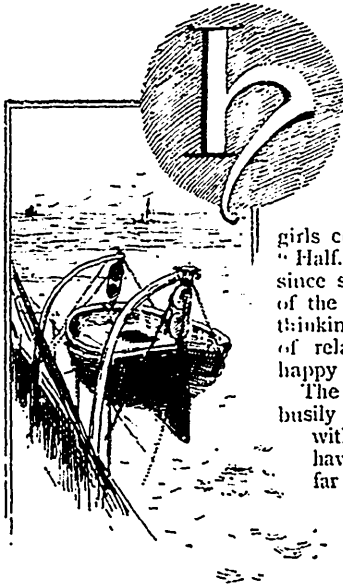
In order to secure health at home it is necessary to maintain, as far as can be, an equal temperature in the different rooms—a temperature of 60° Fahr. is nearest to the best—a free access of air without draughts, and, above all things, an air that is dry. Washing days at home amongst the poor are the days of most danger, to the young. In the damp atmosphere, colds, sore throats, and croup, find easy development, and in a house persistently damp from any cause, consumption of the lungs is induced as if under an experiment devised for the express purpose of production.

From the more strict of our Jewish fellow-subjects I take my last lesson for "Health at Home." Their system of complete household cleansing once a year; the cleansing of every article, great and small, of every wall and floor and door and lintel, and the removal and destruction of all organic refuse, however minute;—is a practice which, above all others, has so saved this wise and discerning people from the scourges of the great plagues, while all around have been stricken and destroyed, that a marvellous preservation has more than once been accounted to what was a mere natural sequence—a natural necessity. Health at home calls for this salubrious physical cleansing in every domestic centre and circle, once a year at least.

[We are indebted to the kindness of the National Temperance League for the portrait of Sir Benjamin W. Richardson.—EDITOR.]

## HOLIDAYS.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK VAUGHAN,

*Curate of St. Augustine's, Fulham, S. W.*

HOLIDAYS! What a world of delight, springing from memory or from hope, this one word opens! It is a word of much greater significance and of far wider application than it was some fifteen years ago. The need of holidays has been increasingly felt, and we have been learning how to appreciate and how to use them. There was a time when holidays were for boys and girls coming home from school at the end of each "Half." Such holidays have multiplied, of course, since schools adopted "terms," after the example of the Universities. But it is of their elders we are thinking now, who in these hurrying days need times of relaxation and change, and of a kindly and happy "carelessness."

The writer once knew a medical man who was busily occupied with the duties of his profession without a holiday for thirty years! But times have changed. The demands of life are greater far than they were: and we need wisdom to prevent the delicate and complicated mechanism of heart and brain and nerve and muscle from running down before its time. There are things besides business, and books besides day-books and ledgers,

and other interests than those for which men must at present stoop and toil and grind, other battles than the fight to keep one's footing in the crowd and to prevent one's being thrust utterly to the wall. There are such things as beauty, joy, affection, emotion, aspiration. There is such a thing as *character*, which is not to be formed by ever bending at the labouring oar, with never a thought of nature in fields and woods and gardens, or by the sea-shore. The glorious summer, "the wind-swept corn," the blue waves—all have their messages of health, and not least for man's higher nature.

A holiday comes *after* work. The idle man, and the mere pleasure-seeker, can never really enjoy a holiday. It is after work, honestly and thoroughly done, that a holiday may be enjoyed. And though work may have been hard, and even strenuous nature's recuperative powers are truly wonderful. Surely He who adapted this human frame, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," to the universe in which He has placed it, wills that it should sometimes have its holiday! It was partly, though by no means entirely, because the Apostles had been working hard—and even then "there were many coming and going and they had no leisure so much as to eat"—that the compassionate Lord said, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Therefore, amid the anxieties, excitements, distractions, and exhaustions, of these latter days of the nineteenth century we may look for a blessing upon a holiday honestly earned and rightly used. And all the happier will such a holiday be if some thought has been bestowed upon the holidays of others.

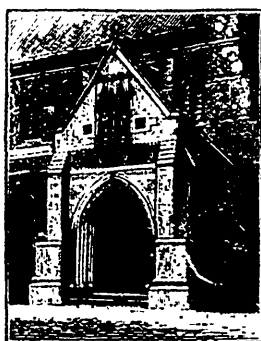
A holiday comes *before* work. There is a future as well as a past. Rest is recreation. With body, soul, and spirit braced and refreshed and strengthened, we are to return to our accustomed tasks, or to new tasks, and to endeavour to

make our work the very best that we have ever done; and this it will be if done as all work should be done,—to the glory of God.

The word "holiday" means "holy day"; so it is a word full of meaning. It reminds us of the link between the Church and the holiday, and that happiness and holiness have a very real connection. When our Lord addressed the Twelve with a call to rest, He said, not "Go," but "Come"; and He went with them. Happy indeed that life which, whether in its work or its leisure, is spent in companionship with Him!

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VI.—ARCHDEACON DIGGLE.

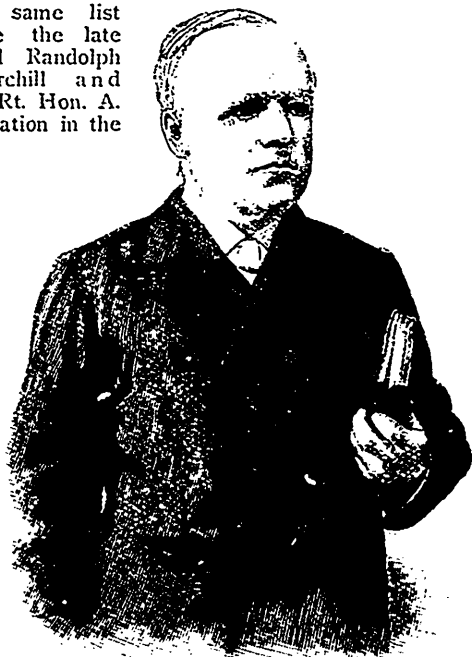


THE CHURCH PORCH.

THE Ven. John William Diggle, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Carlisle, and Archdeacon of Westmorland, is the elder son of W. Diggle, Esq., and was born at Astley, Lancashire, on March 2nd, 1847. His early education was received at Astley Grammar School and Manchester Grammar School respectively. He graduated at Merton College, Oxford, in 1870, and was a Scholar of his college. He obtained a First Class in the Honour School of Law and Modern History, and it may be mentioned as a matter of interest that in the second class of the same list were the late Lord Randolph Churchill and the Rt. Hon. A.

Acland, M.P., Minister of Education in the last Government.

Mr. Diggle was ordained by Bishop Fraser to the Curacy of Whalley Range in 1871. His varied appointments have included the following: Lecturer in Roman Law and Modern History at Merton College, 1870-71; Curate of Whalley Range, 1871-72; Curate of All Saints', Liverpool, 1872-74; Curate-in-charge of St. John the Evangelist, Walton-on-the-Hill, 1874-75; Vicar of St. Matthew with St. James, Mossley Hill, 1875-1897; President of the Liverpool Council of Education and Rural Dean of Childwall, 1882; Hon. Canon of Liverpool, 1889; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle, 1892; Proctor in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Warrington by the unanimous vote of his clerical brethren in 1895; and Chaplain to the High Sheriff



From a photograph specially taken for "The Church Monthly," by MESSRS. ROBINSON & THOMPSON, Liverpool.

of Lancashire in 1896. At the close of last year Canon Diggle was appointed a Canon Residentiary of Carlisle and Archdeacon of Westmorland. It will thus be seen that the greater part of Archdeacon Diggle's ministerial career has been spent at Mossley Hill, a suburban parish on the borders of Liverpool, the residents comprising many of the merchant princes and cultured classes. The

His sermons are marked with much freshness and originality of treatment, and many of his deliverances upon public events have attracted wide attention. The friendship which existed between Bishop Fraser and the Archdeacon was of the closest kind, and his life of the Bishop, published under the title of "Bishop Fraser's Lancashire Life," attained a very wide circulation. Among Archdeacon Dig-



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

church is one of the most handsome in the diocese, and cost upwards of £25,000. We reproduce the illustrations which we published a few years ago, when a descriptive account appeared in our series of Parish Churches.

Archdeacon Diggle is widely known both as a preacher and an author.

His other works may be named "Godliness and Manliness," 1886; "True Religion," 1887; "Sermons for Daily Life," 1891; "Religious Doubt," 1895; and he is the editor of Bishop Fraser's "University and Village Sermons," 2 vols.

We may add that Archdeacon Diggle has been succeeded at Mossley Hill

by the Rev. George Harford-Battersby, M.A., formerly Rector of Middle Claydon, Bucks, under whose

effective ministrations the various parochial activities are certain to be well maintained.



MOSSLEY HILL CHURCH.

## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

Where do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of two answers to prayer in immediate succession?
2. Of something like proof of at least as many in the case of a far from perfect servant of God?
3. Of five answers to prayer in immediate succession?
4. Of a grave rebuke and a gracious answer to prayer within a few verses of each other?
5. Of an answer to prayer when a battle seemed imminent?
6. Of an answer to prayer on the field of battle itself?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

*(The Collects for Septuagesima, Sexagesima, and Quinquagesima Sundays.)*

1. With what prayer in the Communion Service may both the spirit and language of the Collect for Septuagesima Sunday be compared?
2. What special encouragement in asking for forgiveness is pointed to in the same Collect? See Prov. xix., 1 Kings viii., Psalm cxxx., 2 Cor. iii.

3. What two things are necessary on our part, according to the Collect for Sexagesima Sunday, if we would obtain God's help in our weakness? See 2 Chron. xvi.

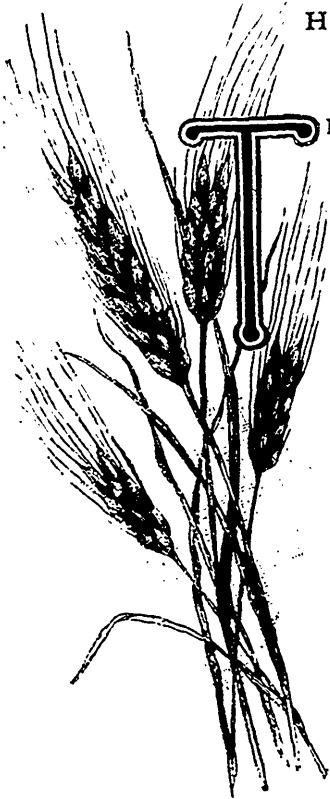
4. What vital truth about charity is implied in the Collect for Quinquagesima Sunday, which naturally follows from the last thing said of it in the Epistle for the day?

### BURIED TRUTH.

A certain much-prized article of commerce (see 1 Kings x.), at once an evidence of civic dignity and military importance, which was well known in old days in many kingdoms of earth, and not wholly unknown in a figurative sense in connection with the Kingdom of Heaven, is spoken of in the Bible in very various ways in regard to the question of number. While we read often of one, for example, we read once of four; once of eight times four; and once of a thousand times that amount. Also, in one place, of one hundred; and, in other places, of three, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, fourteen, and two hundred times that number. Find the texts which prove these statements,

## HOW A PLANT IS MADE.

BY MERCY E. ROWE.



HERE is a very common and widespread idea in the minds of many people that to learn about plants or, in other words, to study the great science of Botany, must necessarily mean the patient acquisition of hundreds of long Latin names, to which they can attach but little meaning. To a certain extent this may be true, for as in order to distinguish the different families composing a town or village, their names, both Christian and surname, must be learnt, so, in order to recognise and class different plants, they must also be known by distinct terms which to the learned imply different degrees of relationship; but on the other hand, a general knowledge of plant life may be gained with but little reference to long names or to terms difficult to be understood by the many.

In the first place, there are perhaps some who have hardly realised the extent and scope of plant life; who have never thought of the great forest tree of the tropics as belonging to the same vegetable kingdom as the blue mould which they find on their old boots, or the tiny green specks to be seen floating in a tub of water! And yet all these three contrasts belong to one division of the world of nature; all live according to the same laws, and, roughly speaking, are all to be classed under the name of *plants*. Surely this idea of the world of plants at once arouses curiosity to know a little about how these plants are made, and how it is they grow, flower, seed, and finally, if the seed be planted, grow again. But then it may be said at once that green mould does not flower, neither does the green water-weed of our ponds; and that brings us to see that, though all are plants, yet there are two great divisions of the plant kingdom: (1) *flowering plants*, which produce seed; (2) *non-flowering plants*, which do not bear seed, and which reproduce themselves in other ways.

Now, it is the flowering plants which attract the attention of most people, and indeed they are the most perfect and beautiful part of the vegetable kingdom, so it is naturally to them that we first turn our attention. Supposing, then, that we select any ordinary plant—a sunflower, a primrose, a rose-tree, or bean—we shall first of all notice that in each case the plant may be said to consist of five different members; the root, the stem, the leaf, the flower, and the seed. But before considering any of these plant-members in detail, we must first of all ascertain what is the nature of a plant's substance. We talk of the flesh of animals when we mean to denote the substance which, roughly speaking, makes up the animal body; and it is the flesh of the plant considered in the same way which we now want to consider.

In order to see for ourselves how the flesh of a plant is built up, it would be necessary to take a very small slice of a stem, leaf, or root, and examine it carefully with a strong magnifying glass or microscope. We should then see a small surface which looks like a piece of a honeycomb with an indistinct-looking white substance filling the cells in those parts of the plant which are not green, and a bright green substance if we happened to have selected the outside

of either the stem or leaf. The whole of the main flesh of a plant is indeed made up of small variously shaped hollow sacs, the thickness of the covering varying according to circumstances. Each of these sacs, or bladders, is called a cell, and the whole plant is made up of cells of one shape and thickness or another. Each cell is filled with a curious half-liquid substance closely resembling white of egg before it is cooked, and in this jelly-like mass lies the actual life of the plant; that is to say, that if the wall of a cell should be injured and die, yet the jelly-like substance would still live, and would by degrees form a new covering for its protection. This living substance is known as *protoplasm*, and wherever it is present we find the ordinary changes of growth, movement, and reproduction—which we consider the signs of life—taking place. And this wonderful substance is present in the cells which compose every part of all living plants, whether they be above the ground or underneath it, whether they be green, coloured with different hues, or colourless like the pith of an elder-tree. It has been ascertained exactly what chemical substances are contained in protoplasm; yet if all these substances in their right proportions be mixed by man and placed under circumstances favourable to producing life, they will remain dead, and will exhibit no symptoms of movement or growth. So that we are led to see in this seemingly simple compound the most truly marvellous signs of that great force of the One Creator at Whose word order sprang out of chaos; for if

“dimly seen

In these, Thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.”

## A HOLIDAY RAMBLE.

BY THE REV. EGBERT HACKING, M.A., *Vicar of Cromford.*



WINGFIELD MANOR.

THE tendency to get as far away from home as possible for our holidays has grown fast in the past decade. This wish has been met by cheap railway and steamboat facilities, and Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine, Norway, and other places still farther afield can now be planned for at a wonderfully small cost. The clergy, often at infinite trouble, have been working of late to secure cheap facilities for foreign tours, and their success, testified to by many a youths' or men's guild in many a busy town parish, has been remarkable, measured either from a pleasure or pecuniary standpoint.

This is all very well, but a country parson craves permission to put in a plea in your pages for rural England as, after all, the first and, as such, the best field for summer rambles for both pleasure





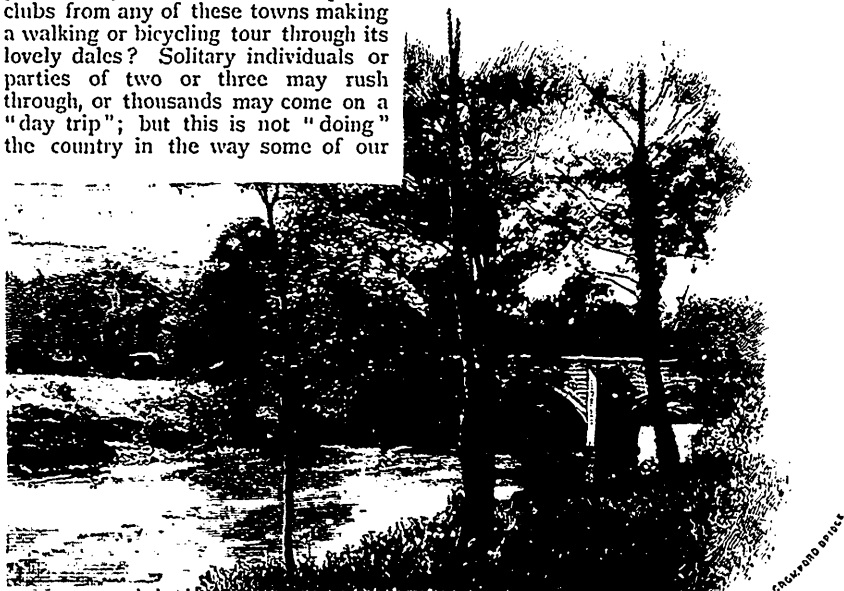
and health. There are beautiful districts easily accessible to many of our large towns which are but little known to the dwellers therein. Take Derbyshire as a case in point; some of its best scenery is within thirty miles of the city of Manchester and a dozen miles of Sheffield, while it is most easy of access from any place between Derby and London; and yet whoever hears of parties of youths or men from parish clubs from any of these towns making a walking or bicycling tour through its lovely dales? Solitary individuals or parties of two or three may rush through, or thousands may come on a "day trip"; but this is not "doing" the country in the way some of our

English youths have been "doing" the Continent under the guidance of their clergy in recent years.

"England for the English" may have a meaning where holidays are under consideration in this and in coming years. A travelled lady, resident all her life within two miles of St. Paul's, one day discussing with the writer a

coming ordination there which she wished to see was obliged to confess she had never been inside Wren's masterpiece. And many a travelled Englishman knows far more to-day about the beauties of Norway than he does of those of his own sea-girt isle.

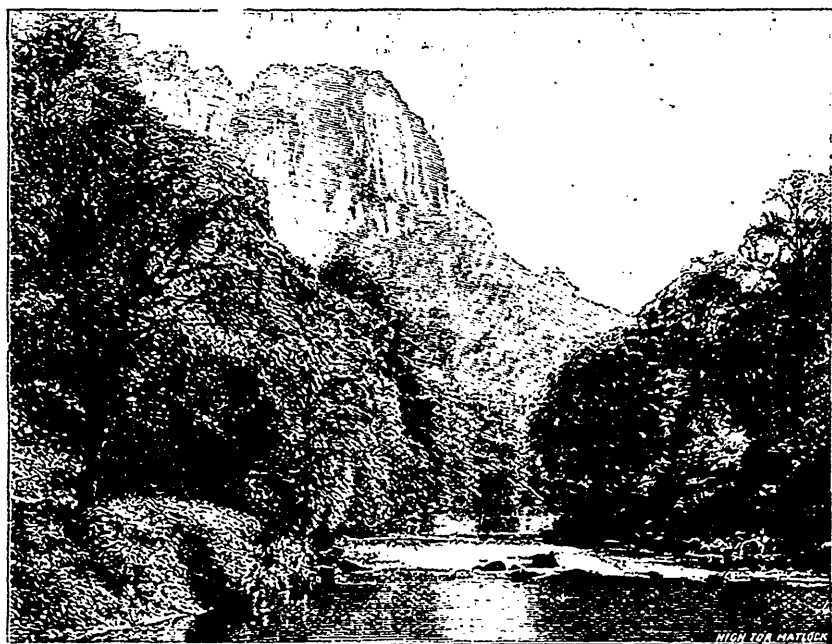
Supposing some of your readers have a disposition to see something of the Midlands, or of Derbyshire in par-



ticular, "What would be best worth seeing?" would naturally be a first question. I will answer that question, in part, at any rate. The best-known districts of Derbyshire are those round Chatsworth and Haddon, and Isaac Walton's happy valley, Dovedale. These have been much illustrated, and deservedly. There is another district worth mentioning, that lying between Ambergate and Bakevell, a part of the valley of the Derwent, with the hill district within a few miles on either side. Ambergate is a junction on the

Amber, and has many "bits" very taking from the amateur photographer's point of view. The historian and archæologist would find its records, in document and stone, of interest, telling as they do a varied tale from the reign of Henry VI., and including a story and a scene of Mary Queen of Scots' imprisonment, and the usual one of Cromwell's rough treatment, and many another.

From Wingfield we should return to the Derwent Valley by Crich, where an extensive view of the country may be



Midland Railway, and forms an admirable starting point for the district I am thinking of for any holiday-makers hailing from the south or from the Yorkshire or Nottinghamshire towns. It takes its name from a small stream, the Amber, which here finds its way into the Derwent. A county which contains Haddon hardly needs to record another picturesque ruin. Haddon is, of its kind, easily chief either for Derbyshire or other county, but the ruins of Wingfield Manor, within a few miles of Ambergate, come easily second for Derbyshire. The building is on a well-wooded hillside overlooking the

had from the "Stand," as the huge, ugly tower which tops Crich Hill is called, and which is over a thousand feet above sea-level. From Crich, by a short half-hour's walk, a house of some interest may be seen—viz., Lea Hurst, the home for many years of Florence Nightingale, and in and from which she received and accepted her mission of mercy to the wounded in the Crimea. The house is not in itself of any great beauty, but it is well placed and commands from its terrace and its park beautiful views of the Derwent Valley. From Lea Hurst we descend to the river either to What-



BRIDGE AT ALPORT

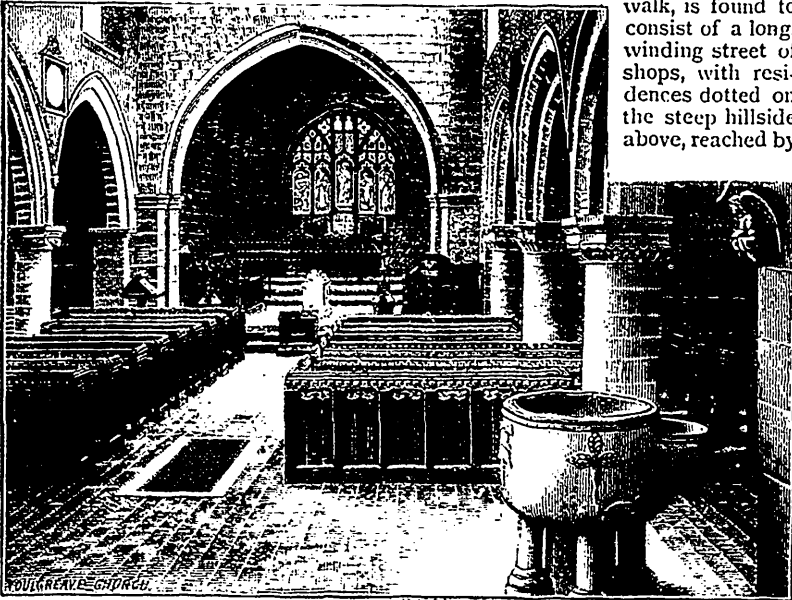
standwell Bridge, or, walking on the opposite bank, to Cromford. At either place the needed hostelry will be found. Taking the former way we shall there have an excellent cyclist road from Whatstandwell to Matlock Bath, passing through Cromford. The river with

"Here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling"

will be our companion and the cause of pleasure all the way. A *détour*, giving fine views, might be made from Whatstandwell over the hill to Wirksworth, a market town of some size, and containing a fine church.

The tourist would need to determine his route before leaving Whatstandwell, as the Wirksworth road leaves the main road immediately after crossing the Whatstandwell Bridge. The next bridge over the river is at Cromford. Here the bridge, the ivy-clad church, and the river, more closed in now by rock and hill, make many a pretty picture. The church itself, beautifully situated, was founded by Sir Richard Arkwright, whose remains rest beneath it. The bridge has pointed arches on one side and rounded ones on the other; the illustration available hardly does justice to the neighbourhood. The valley now narrows, and Matlock Bath, which is reached in less than half an hour's

walk, is found to consist of a long, winding street of shops, with residences dotted on the steep hillside above, reached by



FOUNTAIN CHURCH

Clovelly-like roads. Here is one view of the High Tor at Matlock, a specimen view of very many equally beautiful in the immediate neighbourhood. Matlock Bath has a population of 1600, and contains good hotels and plenty of lodging accommodation. The tourist would be wise to explore from Matlock, by walking over the hill, the village of Bonsall, and thence a richly varied wooded walk called the *Via Gellia*; and, for the best view of the *Matlock neighbourhood* from the south, the Black Rocks which over-top Cromford.

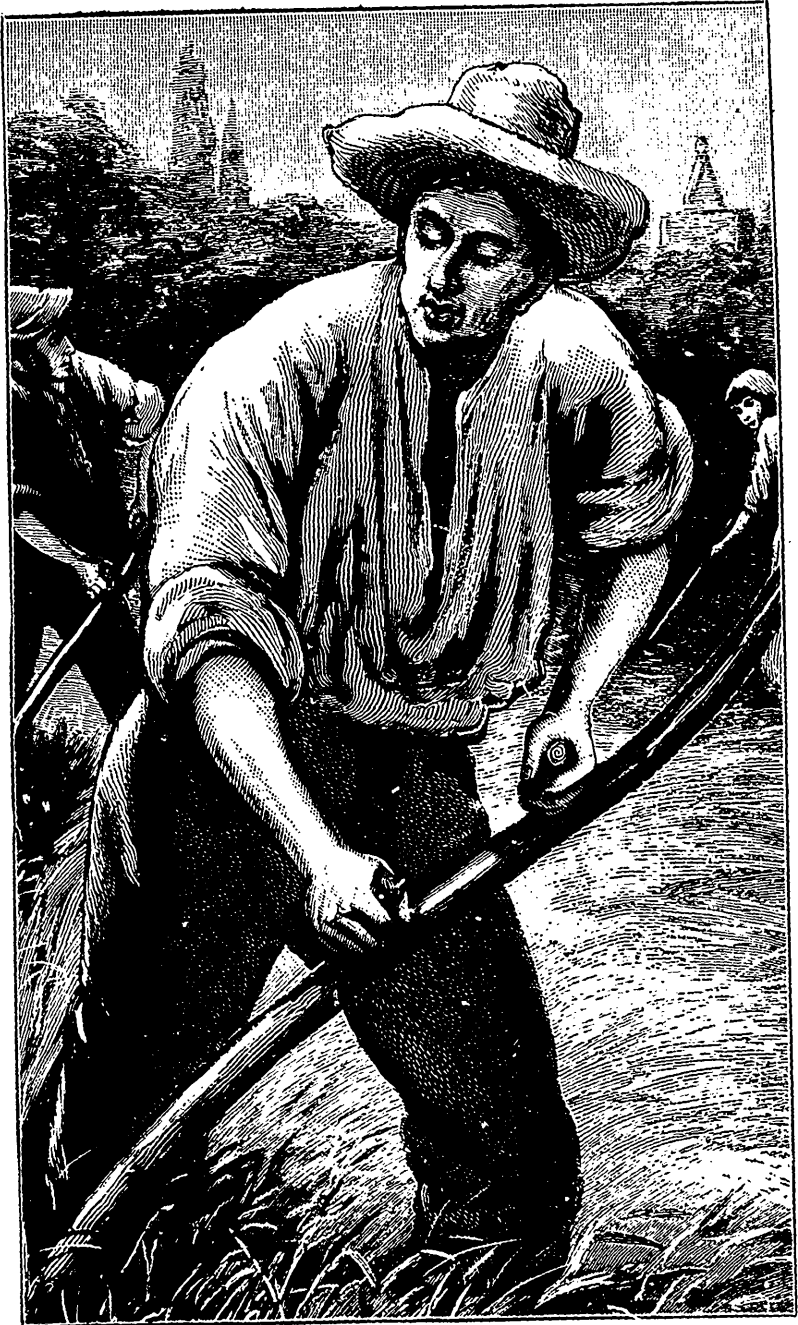
Returning to Matlock Bath and following the river again we soon reach Matlock Bridge, famous for its great hydropathic establishments; and crossing the river here we are soon nearing Rowsley and its famous Peacock Inn, and the roads to Chatsworth and Haddon. But here we are in the neighbourhood of the well-known and very frequently described, which we must desert for a peep at two of the most lovely dales in Derbyshire, which are not so frequently visited. They are reached after leaving Rowsley on the Bakewell road by turning to the left just after crossing the River Wye. The dales in question are called Middleton and Lathkil, and they are reached after leaving Alport—a tiny village some two miles from the bridge last mentioned. The Lathkil dale gradually becomes narrower and wooded from top to bottom, and for nearly a mile presents picture after picture restful to eye and most refreshing to the minds of weary toilers from busy towns. Middleton Dale is scarcely less beautiful, but is more open. Beautiful Youlgreave Church literally looks down upon these sweet valleys, a fit guardian of these other temples not made with hands, in which the heart must needs be dull which is not uplifted to God that He has made the world so fair. A short and interesting way back to railway and river would be through Over Haddon to Bakewell.

This is but a specimen ramble. If fashion in holidays, which has run so much of late to far-off lands, changes speedily (as fashions sometimes do), and comes back again, with open eyes, to English beauty, holiday-makers will have little cause for regret.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from highly artistic photographs, kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Richard Keene, Limited, Derby



MIDDLETON DALE



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

(Specially drawn for "The Church Monthly" by A. J. JOHNSON.)

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR COTTAGERS ON POULTRY-KEEPING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. STURGES., B.A., *Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*



**P**OULTRY-KEEPING is one of the most delightful of hobbies. Its interests are as varied as the seasons of the year. Many thousands of life's labourers find great relief from their daily toil in attending to the wants of their feathered friends at home. And even when they are cooped up in the tiny premises of a back-yard in the town, they may be kept in perfect health and be a source, not only of pleasure, but of profit, if they are well looked after.

CHOICE OF BREED OR VARIETY.

In deciding upon the kind of fowl to keep, one must be very much influenced by one's surroundings. White or light-plumaged birds do not look well in a smoke-begrimed district, and fowl which require abundant liberty, like Hamburgh or Game, will not do well if cooped in a tiny back-yard.

The following kinds will do well anywhere, in town or country, at liberty or in confined runs. Leghorns, of which white, brown, and buff, are the chief varieties. These are exceedingly hardy fowl, and good winter layers of white eggs. I have frequently known them to lay over two hundred eggs per annum. Minorcas and Andalusians do well in confinement, especially the former. Both are layers of the largest white egg we have, and lay very freely from early spring to late autumn, but, unless they have good shelter from cold winds, do not lay well in winter. These three breeds, like other layers of white eggs, are non-sitters. As a rule, fowl which lay brown or tinted eggs are sitters. Good winter layers are better table fowl than the before-named. Langshans, especially the old-fashioned short-legged type, are good table fowl and winter layers of brown eggs. The Orpington, which differs chiefly in having clean instead of feathered legs, is perhaps better, both as layer and for table. Two other popular and useful varieties are the Wyandotte, gold, silver, white, and buff; and the Plymouth Rock, including the barred, white, and buff. Personally I think nothing prettier than a flock of pure-bred birds of the same variety running together, and certainly they are more economical than the ordinary bar-door mongrel. But there are certain first crosses between two pure breeds which are exceptionally hardy and useful. For the egg-basket the Minorca—Langshan, Minorca—Orpington, or Leghorn—Plymouth Rock, cannot be excelled.

TABLE FOWL.

Two of the best pure breeds for table fowl are the Game of various kinds, and the Dorking, and, probably the best of all, the Indian Game—Dorking cross. I believe, however, that most cottagers will find egg-production much more profitable than rearing table fowl, unless they have facilities for raising large quantities of early chickens for the London market,

or have an exceptionally good connection. It must be remembered that the best table fowl are very poor layers, and are usually very large eaters, and to raise them to a mature age and then sell for four or five shillings a couple, doesn't pay.

#### PROFIT ON EGG-PRODUCTION.

If the cottager keeps fowl mainly with the object of supplying the egg-

pends greatly upon the proportion of eggs laid from September to February, when eggs are scarce. However carelessly fowl are managed they will lay some eggs during the spring and summer months. With due care and attention, and a right choice of breed, a fowl should lay almost a half of the total number during the colder half of the year, when one egg is often worth as much as two or three in March



FEEDING TIME.

market, and only sends to the table the surplus cockerels and pullets, and such of the young hens as are no longer required for laying, he ought, with careful management, to make each hen or pullet kept for laying yield a profit of from five to seven shillings and sixpence a year. How to get the eggs to market is too long a subject for discussion here. The amount of profit to be realised de-

and April. The laying qualities of fowl vary greatly. Some persons find their flock average only eighty or ninety eggs a bird per annum, while others, especially those who keep Hamburg and Leghorns, find the average considerably over two hundred. A good annual average might be considered one hundred and fifty, and a fair average price for eggs ten for a shilling, varying from five or six

in the winter to fourteen or sixteen in the spring. Thus if the due proportion are laid in the winter, a hen should produce fifteen shillings'-worth of eggs in a year. And, when once fairly started, the cost of maintenance, in food, repairs, and occasional losses, should not exceed five shillings per bird. The cost of maintenance varies from many causes, such as free or confined range, wholesale or retail purchase of food, carefulness in feeding, etc., and also upon the breed kept. As a rule, the larger and heavier breeds are the greater eaters and cost much more to keep than the lighter and egg-producing Leghorn and Minorca.

I know that some persons do not

(To be continued.)

obtain such good results as the average here indicated, but, on the other hand, some do better, as I have myself; and unless each bird kept yields a profit of at least five shillings a year, there is either bad management or a set of exceptionally trying and adverse circumstances: and where all things are favourable, the higher average of seven-and-sixpence can easily be surpassed. In this estimate I am not calculating either rent or cost of labour, as I am not considering the case of the poultry farmer, but that of the cottager, who has a little spare land for which he has nothing extra to pay and whose labour is a relaxation and a delight.

## OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB, *Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.*

### CHAPTER III.

#### LIFE IN THE ARCHWAY CHAMBER.



"I'VE had a good day, an extry good day," said Roger, when he and Dick were at supper. "I'm pretty tired; I mostly am at this time, but a light basket helps to make a light heart. And a light heart is easier to carry than a heavy basket, and makes one forget tiredness, doesn't it, now?"

Dick agreed most heartily. Supper tasted better than common.

"It seems to me the good day was sent on purpose. I don't know as I ever wanted one more than I did this mornin'. But I didn't look for it. I've expected good luck many a time, and things have gone that *contrary*, that, as I've trudged home with half my stuff unsold, I've made up my mind never to expect a real good day again. Then maybe next day I've sold out ever so soon, and might ha' done better if I'd bought more stock to start with."

"I daresay you were afraid of having it left on your hands, Grandad."

"That was it. Fruit and flowers spoil soon. There's no stock you may lose more by, if you're not careful, specially in hot, close weather. There's roses, for instance. Nothing prettier in the trade."

"Mother did love roses, Grandad. When you had one left over at night, and brought it to her, she took such care of it and made it last ever so long."

"Ay, she might, by cutting the stalk a bit and changin' water; but one can't take that care out o' doors, with a basket. One has to show the flowers, and showin' them on a hot day means loss. You see I do my vegetable trade



first thing. I have a lot of reg'lar customers, and they must have their green-stuff in good time for dinner. I have a barrow for these heavy things, but I never bring it here. It's left at a place near the market.

"When I've done that part, I take my basket and some lightish fruit, accordin' to the season, and sellin' these keeps me going right on, till I start comin' homeward."

"How tired you must be, Grandad! You are on your feet all the day through."

"Well, I'm not beyond ownin' that I've had about enough when I unlock my door of an evenin', and then I've had to begin straightenin' up before I could get my supper. To-night, you've made a holiday for me, and here we are. I'm sitting just like a gentleman, and bein' waited on as such. You're bent on spoilin' your old grandad, Dick, I see you are."

How the man's homely face was lighted with gladness as he spoke! How it beamed with love for the lad who, but for him, would have been homeless! What cared Roger for the knowledge that still harder work and greater self-denial were before him? Had he not some one to love? Was not his chamber a new place to him—no longer lonely and silent, but glorified by the presence of youth and echoing the sound of another voice besides his own?

Roger had been used to hold many communings with himself. He made quite a practice of talking things over in his mind—question and answer coming from the same, outwardly, mute source; but this was an unsatisfactory habit to a man who loved his kind, and whose nature craved for companionship and sympathy. Poverty and other circumstances had compelled him to live in a poor neighbourhood, and he had been thankful to feel that, in his one room over the archway of Glinderses, he was allowed to dwell in peace. He had so won the good-will of dwellers in the court, that they respected Owd Roger's fancy for keeping himself to himself from the moment the door of his dwelling closed behind him.

Mrs. Holgate broke the spell to some extent. Roger was free to enter her cottage and hold converse with

her, and Glinderses had been satisfied with his explanation as to the cause of his visits.

"I do all her errands. It stands to reason a lady like she is can't go out all weathers."

This was natural enough, and as Mrs. Holgate never went to the archway room, and Roger treated her with profound respect, the neighbours looked upon him as a mere servant, in comparison.

"She's had servants to wait upon her. Anybody can tell that, though she's wonderful natty and clever with her fingers."

"Dessay she's took cookery lessons and such like. It's all the fashion among fine ladies now," had been the comments of a couple of gossips, in days gone by.

Ah, well! It was all over and Roger sorely missed his lady. He would have missed her far more but for having Dick. Was not the boy part and parcel of her that was gone? Her trust, solemnly committed to his charge as her best friend; the only one indeed on whom she could rely with confidence? What mattered it that Roger must work doubly hard that the boy might be fed, clothed, and taught? It was such a joy to see that bright, young face in his home.

This was the better side of things, but as Roger trudged homeward he had said to himself, "If I only have health, I shall manage. Anyway, Dick shall never hear a grumble from me."

Sitting at table that first evening, Roger was quite talkative.

"You'd hardly believe how strange it is for me to be talking inside this room," he said.

"But it's nicer, Grandad, isn't it? Though I daresay you are sometimes too tired to talk," replied Dick.

"I do a lot of thinkin', though. Today, my mind was all on about roses and how there seemed to be a rose that would match any sort of a face. I met a great, red-checked woman, and I said to myself, 'There goes a full-blown cabbage rose.' Then a pretty girl came along with colour enough, but of a different sort. 'That,' says I, 'is like one of them delikit pink monthlies, that grow outside cottage windows in the country.' There was blush roses walkin' about, too, with just the softest bit of

tinge on the middle of their cheeks, but the very white of their faces had a warm-like colour. Then p'raps I saw a girl with no pink at all, but a face a'most like cream, and then I said to myself, 'She's a bit like a Glory.'

"Mother called those pale sweet roses 'Gloire de Dijon,'" said Dick, rather proud of his knowledge.

"Ay, that's the right name for them, and you tongue it very nicely, but the rose-sellers always call them 'Glories.' It's English, and easy to say. I never bother about foreign names, for fear of makin' mistakes. Better stick to what

one knows than bungle over what one doesn't."

Dick assented, and, falling in with Roger's fashion, he said, "Mother liked Glories best of all, I think. You often brought her one, and always a beauty."

"It was curious how often I had just one Glory left over, and it was lucky your mother happened to like that sort, for I hate to waste a rose, and it would have been lost here."

Dick remembered how his mother used to say, "I am sure Roger hides the prettiest rose of all, so that no one may choose it, and then brings it to me."

How the words came to his mind now! It seemed to the boy that he was only just beginning to know what a friend Old Roger had been to his mother.

The talk turned from the subject of Glories to Dick's first experience of school life.

"It would all be new to you. How did you get on, and what did the teacher say to you, Dick?" asked Roger.

"I got on pretty well, and the headmaster said I had been well taught, so far. I am to be in a class with older boys, but——"

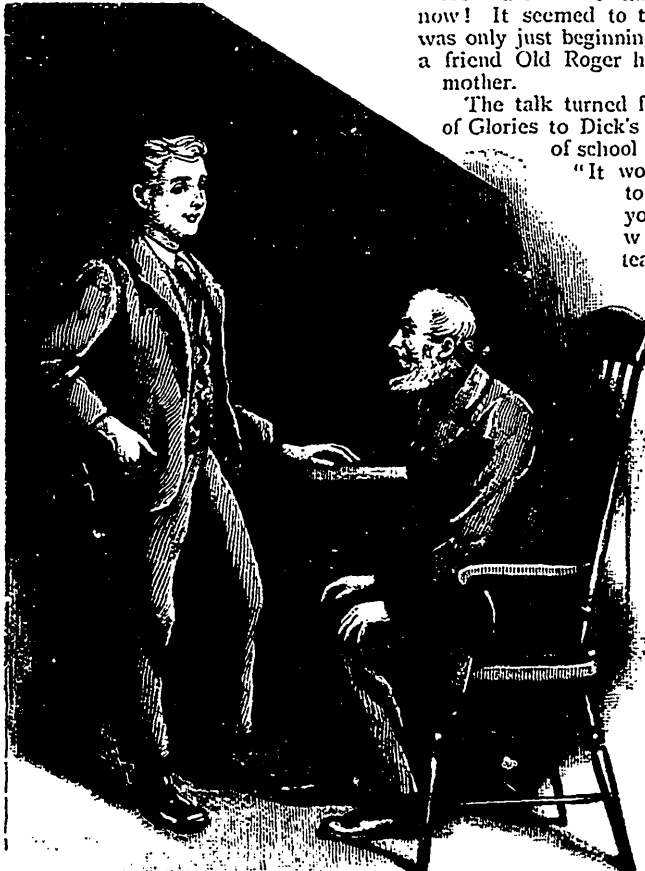
Dick paused and looked troubled.

"What's amiss, Dick?"

"It's the books. The master said I must take the money for these to-morrow."

"To be sure, to be sure you must," replied Roger cheerfully; "you can't learn without books."

"I thought what mother



"I'M ONLY JUST TALLER  
THAN YOU."

taught me from would do, but they are wrong. I must have the same sorts as the others have."

"Of course. I'll get the money ready for you to-night. Books are just the tools for larnin', same as every trade requires," said Roger, "though kinds differ."

Dick had felt unhappy at the idea of this unlooked-for expense, but when his guardian counted out the money with an air of satisfaction, taking care the while to show that there was more where that came from, the lad's uneasiness vanished.

"I'll do my best to get on and be a credit to you, Grandad," he said.

"To be sure you will. Don't I know that? Besides, it won't need much larnin' to make you a credit to Grandad Roger. But never forget that you have to be a credit to her that's gone, and to live up to what she taught you. You must come down to Grandad's level only as far as love goes. I'll give in to nobody in that."

That night again Dick slept the sleep of healthy boyhood.

Again Old Roger lay awake talking things over with himself. The books, or rather the cost of them, weighed heavily on his mind.

"I'd never counted on having to buy them. Just like my ignorance. I thought what she had taught the lad out of must be good enough for anybody. I've always known that I was very short of larnin', but every day shows me that I'm a lot worse than ever I thought myself. I might have had sense to guess that fashions change in books like other things, but I'm 'as ignorant about them as a baby."

Three years passed over Dick Holgate's head, and the close of the third found him and Roger still occupying the archway room in Glinders' Court.

The lad had grown apace in the time, and was both tall and strong for his age. His progress at school had been a series of triumphs, so Roger thought, and his pride in the boy was beyond expression.

Dick had worked hard. Roger had kept reminding him that he was bound to be a credit to his mother, and, happily, Dick did not forget his first lessons.

Roger might express himself in worse

than doubtful English. He might miss out h's at the beginning of his words, and rarely sound a final g, but Dick's were always in their places. He kept the refinement of speech which his mother taught him, and this fact was a source of unfailing delight to Roger.

"I'm no pattern for you, Dick, in book larnin' or in my talk. How should I be, when I had no chances in my young days? But you've got just the turn of the tongue your mother had, and I'm proud you haven't lost it through being with me. How big you are, to be sure! I'm havin' to look up to you, all ways. Your head's above mine already. I never grew to a great size, for I come of a short-built family."

"I'm only just taller than you, Grandad," said Dick.

"You're only thirteen and I'm sixty odd; but, of course, one doesn't go on growin' all one's life. Not upwards, anyway, though the men of my family were inclined to spread width-ways. I don't know how it is, but boys and girls do surely grow taller than they used to do," replied Roger.

Dick laughed at Grandad for pretending to look up far beyond his own real height, though no doubt the boy was taller than most lads of his age.

Grandad laughed too; but Dick did not notice that a sigh followed, as Roger turned away.

"It's grand to see him so big and strong; but how shall I get him the clothes he's wantin'? There's inches of wrist below the cuff of his jacket-sleeve, and more length still of ankle below the hem of his trousers. If only clothes would grow on a lad's back like fur grows on a cat's, for instance, what a convenience it would be! The beasts never grow out of their top coats, or what would become of the creatures? My lad can't go much longer without new things. I shall have to give in at last."

What the giving in meant only Roger knew. Certainly he did not intend to yield to an oft-expressed wish of Dick's, for he had stoutly refused that very day.

The lad had been uneasy for some time past at the thought of living upon Roger's earnings. He was far too quick-witted to imagine that the little store of money, which Grandad spoke of after his mother's death, could have

lasted till now. Again and again he had begged to be allowed to try for a place of some kind. Boys brought up beneath the shadow of Glinderses went early out into the world. Some were "doing for themselves" who were a couple of years younger than himself. Tongues were not wanting to ask what this lad meant by letting the old man slave for him. Or they blamed Roger for "eddicatin'" that boy above his station, when there was nothing and nobody to back him up in aiming at being a gentleman. His mother might have been a lady. Nobody said as she wasn't, but if she could come to Glinderses and speak her mind, she would never hold with Dick being brought up like a gentleman and doing nothing when he had been so long at school and was able to work.

Dick knew how his position was discussed in the court, and was troubled at the thought of it. He was willing to work, yet what could he do if Roger insisted on keeping him at school, and said he had promised certain things to Mrs. Holgate?

"You'll not go against your grandad, Dick. You couldn't without going against your mother's last wishes. A little more patience, and then——"

"Then what, Grandad?"

"You shall know at the right time, Dick. You may trust me."

Who could withstand the patient, pleading look on Grandad's kind face? Not Dick, though his heart ached as he noted it.

Roger was indeed as much changed in appearance by the passage of three years as Dick himself was, only in a less satisfactory way. Whilst the boy had been growing in strength and stature, Roger seemed to have aged fully ten years in three. If it had been the fashion for the men of his family "to grow width-ways," as he expressed it, he must have been the exception. His threadbare coat hung quite loosely about him, and it was shiny at the shoulders. His hair was thin, and what was left of it was snowy white. The old springy step was gone. His back was more bent, and, as he wended his way homeward, he dragged himself wearily on, as if he had hardly strength to finish his journey.

Still, Roger never complained. There was the old look of love on his face

the moment he saw Dick, and out would come words of glad thankfulness that he had the boy to greet him on the threshold. "What a mercy it is I have you, Dick! What should I do but for you helpin' me? Here's everything ready to my hand. I've only to wash and tidy myself a bit, and then I can drop into my chair and eat my supper with no more trouble than as if I'd a houseful o' servants. Not half so much, for that matter, for people that have servants are mostly grumblin' at 'em."

"You never grumble at me, Grandad," said Dick.

"How could I, when you've just made as much difference in my life as there is between sunshine and darkness? Oh, lad, you could never guess how often your old grandad has thanked God that he has known no loneliness for years and years past. Your mother brought the first brightness; then, when she was called, she left me you."

Never a word about the struggles Dick's coming had entailed, or of the harder work, the scantier meals, the reckoning how a penny could be saved, or an extra one earned—all for the boy's sake.

No; the brave old man had fought his hourly battle in silence, speaking to none, complaining to none, seeking help from none. Only as he trudged from market to street, from door to door, in the brief intervals between the bargaining with housewives and selling, or leaving a threshold with his basket unlightened, the unuttered prayer would go from his heart to God, "Lord, help me to keep my promise to *her*. Help me to provide for Dick, and not to mind a pinch now and then, to finish the work that has been given me to do, as my Master was able to say He had finished His."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ROGER MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

**I**T was early July. The weather was hot and close. Not a leaf stirred. Dogs — that mostly chose a sunny spot to bask in — sought the shade and lay inert, with lolling tongues and panting sides, unwilling to stir. It was the duty of their owners to feed them, and they were fortunate in this. Human toilers, who



"HE MUST REST."

know not the bliss of having a day's food beforehand, must work to earn it if strength for the morrow's labour is to be maintained.

Old Roger was an example of this class. He had never felt so unfit to go forth to his daily task. He was weak, and he had no appetite. The bread was like ashes in his mouth, as he vainly tried to swallow the morsel he was accustomed to take before leaving home in the early morning.

"I must leave the eating till breakfast time," he thought. "Maybe I'll relish a bit when I've been out in the air for a while. I must start, or I shall not have courage to go at all."

Dick awoke as Roger was thus thinking, and he lay for a few moments, watching his feeble movements. Then he sprang out of bed, and said, "Grandad, you must let me go with you to-day, to learn the business. To-morrow I shall be able to go instead of you, whilst you rest."

Dick was in earnest; yet it cost him no little effort to think of tramping behind a barrow, when he had hoped to turn his schooling to better account.

Roger seemed to gain new vigour at the sound of Dick's voice.

"You must think little of your grandad's business if you fancy it can be all learned off in a day. It mayn't look much to be selling the things that make up my stock, but I can tell you it takes years of experience to know

what to choose and what to leave, so as you mayn't lose, instead of makin' an honest livin' by it. Why, I've got to know the likin's of every customer I've made. Those that buy from your grandad wouldn't look at a boy like you, though you're a hundred times as clever in book larnin'. This is my line, and 'practice makes perfect,' as the sayin' is. You can't master a business in a day."

Dick urged and entreated. He would push the barrow, he would carry the basket, he would keep in the back-ground—do anything and in any way that Grandad told him, if only he might help. All in vain.

"You have never gone against me yet, Dick; you'll not begin now, when I'm comin' to the end,"

"End of what, Grandad?" asked Dick, a strange fear taking possession of him.

"My work, Dick. It's likely I'll be retirin' from business and havin' another home, in a while. I'm seein' a gentleman soon, p'raps to-day. I expect he'll make things easy for me if he can, for the sake of—old times."

Putting on a brisker air and smiling cheerfully, Roger took up his basket and sallied forth, leaving Dick far from satisfied, but, perforce, obedient.

As to Roger, breakfast was as distasteful to him as the dry bread had been, though he forced himself to swallow a few morsels and his coffee. He made his purchases, but the barrow seemed twice its usual weight, and his steps were slower than common. He was late on his round: even old customers grumbled a little, and some never ones had made their purchases before he came, and told him if he couldn't be in time he must not expect them to wait.

"It's the great heat that's told on me this mornin'. I'm not so young and strong as you are, and age tells in weather like this," replied Roger.

"That's true, but my man's dinner must be ready to the minute, whether it's a hot day or a cold one."

The speaker closed the door quickly, and Roger retreated.

He had a bad day all through. He failed to clear out his morning stock, and in the afternoon his flowers drooped; and soon lost their freshness. They were principally roses, and he had,

besides, a few baskets of strawberries and some cherries. They were not very heavy to carry, but in Roger's present condition his large basket might have been filled with lead. He could not push his wares as usual, and his afternoon sales were even less satisfactory than those of the morning.

Unable to go on without a rest, Roger made his way to a little park, in which he could find a seat and a shelter from the hot sun.

It was only a little enclosure to be dignified by the name of park. It had indeed been private property—a sort of retreat for the dwellers in what had been a fashionable suburb, something like a London square, only on a larger scale.

Town had made rapid strides in that direction. Dwellers in the handsome houses had gone farther countryward. Houses which had been inhabited by merchant princes and manufacturers were now used for business purposes, or by professional men who stayed amidst their clients and patients. The owner of "The Green," as it had been called, would not build upon it, but realising what a boon it would be for tired wayfarers to be able to step into it straight from the busy street, he gave it to the city to be an open space for ever.

The municipal authorities took it in hand and made the best of it. They placed seats, they erected shelters from the rain, they planted and watered, they palisaded the miniature ponds and installed ducks there, so that the children might feed them without risk to themselves. They even erected a band-stand, and on certain evenings through the summer the children's feet pattered to the music, the parents looked on smilingly, and the place was filled with a happy crowd until dusk.

Into the little park went Roger on that hot afternoon; but he looked in vain for a sheltered seat. Not one was at liberty. Old men sat there, drowsily nodding, their hands clasped over their sticks. Little nurses had wheeled their charges beneath the friendly roofs which spread like huge umbrellas and gave shelter without excluding the air. They extended far beyond the seats, which radiated from the centre, but were partitioned into quadrants by the high, comfortable

backs which nearly reached the roof, and made each division private from the rest.

Roger looked wistfully at each compartment, but all were full, so he had to content himself with a place on an iron garden seat outside. It was less restful, for the back was lower. He had never felt so utterly weary. He knew that the contents of his basket would become less saleable every minute, but nothing seemed to matter just then. He must rest. That was the most pressing necessity, and though the sun's rays blazed hotly on his pinched face, he was past caring for this or any other discomfort.

With one arm through the handle of his basket, which he had placed by his side, Roger sank into a profound sleep. His wares proved attractive to the children who passed him from time to time, and some paused to peep into the basket and wonder if it would be possible to snatch a handful of cherries without awakening the sleeper. But the would-be pilferers were kept in check by the grown-up passers-by. Flowers and fruit might suffer from the effects of heat, but Roger's stock remained intact.

The old man slept on, unconscious of a change in the aspect of the sky and of the gathering clouds above head. For some time past a neighbour had shared the seat—a girl, apparently about four-and-twenty years old. She had been attracted by the sight of Roger's sleeping figure and the extreme pallor of his face. At first, she thought he was ill and unconscious, but a closer observation convinced her that he was really asleep. There was, however, something in his attitude which made her uneasy; something which suggested exhaustion from overwork and heat together. She began to ask herself whether this old man's sleep would end in a restful awakening, or if he might need some help which she could render.

The girl was no unknown figure in that little city park. It was one of her pleasures to turn aside from the hot pavement into its enclosure, to watch and make friends with the children who were in charge of other little ones only a degree less than themselves. She would watch by a "pram" which held a pair of sleeping

babies whilst the small nurses had a caper round, or stood to admire the fountains, or fed the ducks with provisions carried for their use in her satchel. She knew most of the faces that frequented the park, but this sleeping man was a stranger. She had never seen his face before. As she gazed at it she was strangely attracted, but could not have told wherein the attraction lay.

Mean-while,

eyes, stared vacantly round, then asked, "Where am I?"

"You are in 'The Green,'" she replied, using the old familiar name. "You have been asleep a long time. I



think we are going to have rain, and it would be a pity for you to get wet."

"So you waked me. That was kind, now," said Old Roger, his wan face lighting up with the smile that children found so winning.

"I am glad you are not vexed at my rousing you; I am sure you were very tired, for you slept so long and so soundly. I often come to this place, but I never saw you here before."

"I often pass it, but I go straight on home when my work's done; only to-day I had to rest. It's a long time to keep on the go from half-past four in the morning till evening. Sometimes I finish sooner. To-day I haven't

"I SHALL PAY THE PROPER PRICE."

the clouds became darker and a few drops of rain fell. The girl felt that she must go if she would escape a wetting, but she could not leave that old sleeper with thin, white hair to run the risk she wished to avoid.

At the moment Roger stirred a little, and, noticing this, the girl gently touched his shoulder. He opened his

finished at all, and I sha'n't do. It was so hot I had to give in."

Roger looked sorrowfully down at the contents of his basket. They meant a dead loss to him, and he had needed a good day so very badly.

The girl, with her quick sympathies, read the meaning of that look and of the sigh that followed it.

"Perhaps I can relieve you of some of your stock," she said. "Come to this nearest shelter till the shower is over, and I can look at your fruit and flowers."

The shelters were nearly empty, for the first scattered drops of rain had sent the occupants homeward.

Old Roger and the girl reached one just in time to escape a sudden down-pour. She turned as if to examine the fruit, though she had previously made up her mind to buy the whole of it.

"What is the price?" she asked.

"The strawberries were sixpence a basket, and the cherries the same a pound in the mornin', but I'll say fourpence now, Miss."

"You will lose by them at fourpence, I'm afraid."

"Yes, but they're not worth more now, to buy."

"I should not like to take them at fourpence. They would taste sour if I knew that you were partly paying for them," said the girl, with a smile. "Besides, I am going to share them with some children who seldom taste strawberries, and they will not be too particular."

"They're good, Miss, just as good as ever, only they won't keep their fresh looks till mornin'. We'll say fivepence a basket, to satisfy your conscience. It isn't often that buyers are troubled with that sort o' thing."

"No, I shall pay the proper price and take the cherries, too. You have some strong paper and string. Let us make them into a parcel."

"I could carry them home for you, miss, if it isn't very far. The parcel will be big and clumsy."

"Not heavy, though, and I shall take a tram at the gate. This one basket will not fit in. I am thirsty. Are not you, this hot evening? We will eat these strawberries, and then I can carry the rest comfortably."

Roger could hardly believe his ears. That a lady, young, pretty, well dressed

and with money enough, he could see, should say, "We will eat these strawberries," as if the two of them were friends, quite passed his comprehension. It was seldom he could afford to taste his own wares, but if ever he had longed to do so, it was now. He began to excuse himself all the same, but the girl would take no nay.

"They will do us both good," she said; and Roger, not quite sure if this pleasant experience were not a dream after all, found himself eating the best of the strawberries which were pressed upon him by the pretty young lady. How good they were! How their delicious moisture relieved his parched tongue! He was faint for want of food, but had no appetite. The strawberries needed none, but as he ate them he revived, and almost felt that supper would not be spread in vain when he got back to Glinderses.

The strawberries were soon eaten, and then the girl glanced at the roses.

Roger saw the look and laid his hand over them. "You mustn't think of payin' for such flowers, miss," he said. "I wouldn't cheat you by takin' money for what won't last."

"I think they would revive in water. The green leaves tell that they have not been so very long cut."

"They were cut early this mornin', and there's many a flower that would perk up again, as you say, and never know it had been hawked about in a basket the day through; but not a rose. You see that bluish shade on the edges of the red and pink ones; that shows that they'll never come to again. Instead of lastin' for days, they'll begin to drop almost directly. I'll pick the best for you, if you'll be so kind as to take them for yourself."

"No; I will buy them at cost price, anyway," said the girl. "I shall never miss the trifle and you will be just saved from loss."

"Indeed, that means a great deal to me, but it goes against the grain for me to take what these roses aren't worth to anybody. If I take it, I'll look on it as a present; for somehow, though I've a bit o' pride in me yet, I'm not above receiving that much from you, Miss, though I've never done the like before."

There was something so pathetic in Roger's upturned face—for he had to



look up to the tall girl who now stood beside him—that she was greatly impressed.

"Thank you very much," she replied, with a smile that was like sunshine to the old man. "Now I want you to try and understand that I have a right to do more than this. Are we not children, both of us, of Him Whom we call 'Our Father'? I have a sort of feeling that you want what I can do for you, and that you have no right to deny me the privilege of helping you."

The girl was hardly prepared for what followed. Roger hid his face in his hands, and she saw the tears streaming through his fingers, and heard sobs which in his weary, worn-out condition he could not suppress.

With a look of tenderest pity on her sweet young face the girl urged the old man to rest a little longer; for he had risen from his seat and, with a gesture of farewell, was about to resume his homeward journey. She laid her hand on his arm with a detaining pressure, and Roger, who felt that his tottering limbs would as yet hardly bear his weight, dropped down on the seat again, and turned his head away in the vain effort to conceal the emotion he was powerless to control.

The girl's sympathy was not of the fussy order which must show itself in torrents of words or incessant motion. She waited quietly until Roger's hands were withdrawn and his handkerchief had been restored to his pocket. She did not even speak until, in a shamefaced fashion, he began to excuse himself for what he called his "break-down."

"Indeed, Miss," he said, "I feel ashamed of myself. Here am I, an old man, givin' way just like a two-year-old that has lost sight of his mother for a moment. I humbly beg your pardon for puttin' you out by my foolishness. But I'm not so young as I was—you can see that for yourself—and things that wouldn't have touched me once are strong enough to knock me over entirely nowadays. Still, I don't think I ever made such a real baby of myself in my life. Anyway, not before a young lady like you, and a stranger, too. You'll please forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive. I have felt so sorry for you, ever since I

saw you sitting outside, fast asleep, and looking so pale and tired," replied the girl.

"That was just what did it—the tiredness, I mean. I go out every mornin' of my life soon after four, and I'm on the move, with very little rest, for a many hours, let the weather be what it may. I've got used to standin' the cold, but just lately the heat has taken all the life out of me. Cold makes one hungry, but this awful, close weather takes your appetite. Without proper food your strength goes. It stands to reason it should be so."

"You should have a rest. Flesh and blood cannot go on and on like a watch that is wound up, or a mere machine of any kind. Both watch and machine need to stop for repairs sometimes."

"That's true, Miss, and those that own the watches and machines have to pay for the putting to rights of them. It's different with an old man like me. *I've got to work.*"

(To be continued.)

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### XXII. BURIED NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1. I abhor set speeches.
2. As I eat I germinate.
3. When well I onward march.
4. Stand not upon the order of going, but go at once.
5. The emu leaps and runs.
6. Conscience makes cowards of us all.

### XXIII. ANAGRAMS.

1. A victor I.
2. Press me.
3. File sow Prance.

### XXIV. BEHEADINGS.

1. I am the glory of the summer's day. Curtail me and I am the source of light and heat; behead me and I am still beautiful: take one half of me and I am part of the leg.
2. Whole I am a male often at sea. Cut me in two and one half is feminine and the other half is masculine: cut off half of my second half and I again become feminine.



(Specially drawn for "The Church Monthly" by W. H. GROOME.)

"LET'S HOPE IT WASN'T TRUE."

**W**AS it a dream of Master Jack's,  
Or was it really true?  
Was it a dream of Master Jack's?  
I think it was; don't you?

"A year ago, Sir Lobster—  
A year ago to-day.  
We've just come down from London  
A summer month to stay."

"Shake hands, sir," said the Lobster  
With patronising smile;  
"Why, Jack dear, since I met you  
It seems a dreary while."

He gave his little finger  
For Mr. Lob. to shake,  
The kindly Lobster shook it  
In a way that made it ache.

Oh, was it a dream of Master Jack's?  
I think it was; don't you?  
'Twas rather hard on Master Jack  
If such a thing was true.

JOHN LEA.

# Lord of the Harvest.

Words by J. H. GURNEY.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.  
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

*cres.*

1. Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail; Thine an-cient pro-mise doth not fail; The  
2. If spring doth wake the song of mirth; If sum-mer warms the fruit-ful earth; When

*cres.*

vary-ing sea-sons haste their round, With good-ness all our years are crown'd;  
win-ter sweeps the nak-ed plain, Or au-tumn yields its ri-pen'd grain,

*f* *UNISON.* *HARMONY.*

Our thanks we pay This ho-ly day: O let our hearts in tune be f-und.  
Still do we sing To Thee, our King; Thro' all their chan-ges Thou dost re-gn.

3. But chiefly, when Thy liberal hand  
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air,  
As homeward all their treasures bear;  
We too will raise  
Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

4. Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound:  
New every year  
Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### Rajah or Christian—A Choice.

**S**IR CHARLES ELLIOTT, speaking at a great S.P.G. meeting, told of a little independent kingdom in the Khasia Hills. The heir had become a Christian in his youth, converted by the Welsh missionaries who have occupied that district, and had married a Christian wife. When the chief died, the people came to the heir and said, "We like you very much, but we cannot possibly allow you to be chief so long as you are a Christian. There are sacrifices to be performed to the tribal gods and the local gods, who will certainly send plague among us, and kill our children and destroy our crops if they are not propitiated; and you cannot perform those sacrifices. Give up your Christianity and we will take you back with open arms." But he refused. He gave up his kingdom for Christ. Which of us would do the like?

### Hundreds of Unevangelised Villages.

**N**ORTH INDIA MISSIONARY writes: "There are hundreds of villages where the Gospel has never been preached, and others where the voice of the preacher has been seldom heard. There are nearly 5,000,000 people in this scantily-manned district."

### Two Clergy for 3,000,000 People.

**A**BOUT the size of Yorkshire," writes the Rev. A. E. Bowlby, "are the three districts, Bulandshahr, Aligarh, and Etah, with a population about the same, some 3,000,000 people. Think of Yorkshire with two clergy and a band of some twenty Scripture Readers and Biblewomen! Could it be evangelised with effect?"

### "The Whites are ruining my Indians!"

**M**UCH is the sad exclamation of the heroic Bishop Bompas, of Selkirk, British A'ska. The Indians who had been won over to Christ by the self-denying labours of himself and his fellow-Missionaries were contaminated by the arrival of hordes of godless miners. A similar cry might be truly raised in many a Mission field. It bears a twofold moral. If the heathen are to meet with vicious and degraded white men, all the more reason for sending out the messengers of the Gospel to counteract their influence; if white settlers need the Gospel so much, means should be taken to send it to them. The Colonial and Continental Church Society, and the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, both labour for this purpose.

courtesies accorded to him were a proper return for the great respect and kindness shown to the present Bishop of London on the occasion of the Czar's coronation, and to the Archbishop of York on his recent visit to Moscow. Many things have occurred lately to justify the warm welcome with which the Archbishop has been received everywhere, and it is gratifying to learn that the Archbishop himself has fully appreciated the kindly feeling shown to him, and has also been able to discern all that it implies. As a special delegate from a friendly country, he could not fail to meet with respectful attention. But as a dignitary of the Holy Russian Church, his visit was something more. It was the addition of yet another link to the chain which is, slowly yet surely, being forged to unite the English and Russian Churches in the bonds of the Gospel. It is quite true that no formal act of union has taken place, or is likely to take place for some time to come. But it is equally true that at present no more valuable work can be done for both Churches than the establishment of those friendly feelings between the leading men in each, which will prove to be ties, though light as air, yet strong as iron.

It is quite impossible that there should be much prayer in a life without that life being marked or altered by it. In the nature of things, it must be so, quite apart from the supernatural effects of prayer in the answers to petitions for grace and strength and holiness. Frequent

intercourse even with an earthly friend, if he be of a strong and marked character, quickly makes itself seen in its influence upon us. We grow more and more like those with whom we associate, and, especially if we admire and look up to them, we unconsciously imitate them. It is so no less in our intercourse with God. The more time we spend in His presence, seeking His face, and communing with Him in prayer, the more surely will godly graces and tempers spring up within us, and bear fruit in our lives. The more we love to meditate upon our perfect Example, and to hold converse with Him, the more assuredly will men be able to take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. Do you know any one peculiarly Christ-like in character — meek and lowly in heart, pure, patient, loving, unselfish, calm, truthful, happy? Such an one has become what he is by prayer.

Is it too much to ask our people whose houses and gardens are at this season full of flowers, to spare a few for the Cathedral? There were none to be got for last Sunday.

#### JOINED TOGETHER IN HOLY MATRIMONY.

July 14.—William Rupert Rourke and Louise Nicols Burchill.

July 29.—John Reginald Drummond and Lizzie H. Stennick.

#### LAI D TO REST.

July 24th.—Emma Raymond Beek.

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