

Tom Blod

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DUNNVILLE CHRONICLE PRINT.

General

The autumn meeting of the standing committee of the diocese was held in the Synod office on Tuesday, Oct. 15th. Among the matters of business transacted was the placing of the name of Mrs. Seaman on the list of widows deriving a benefit from the W and O fund. The chancellor of the diocese is considering the effect which the new Aged and Disabled Clergy Canon will have upon the clergy who have already retired. All the parishes of the diocese are occupied by clergymen and much good work is going on.

Jarvis.

The new arrangement has already produced good results, the offertory collections showing considerable improvement when compared with those before the parochial change and the aggregate attendance being correspondingly greater. Thus in October 1900, the aggregate attendance was 497 and the total amount of offerings was \$28.86, while during the past month the attendance has been 637 and the total sum given has been \$49.37. The latter figures do not include \$19.00 given for the reduction of the church debt.

The incumbent is desirous of having one evening a week devoted to the mental culture of the parishioners in addition to the evenings for service and church work. He has given addresses on "The Character and Writings of Rudyard Kipling" and "What We Owe to King Alfred the Great."

The harvest thanksgiving services were held this year on a Sunday, the incumbent, himself, preaching suitable sermons. This plan enables the business men of the parish to be present. The day chosen was October 6th.

On the evening of Sunday, Oct. 13th, Rev. R. Gardiner, a former incumbent of the parish, preached, his text being, "Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness." He complimented the congregation upon the completion of the work for which, in his time, they had made preparation, viz., the erection of the new and beautiful church in which they were then assembled. Mr. Gardiner spent several days in Jarvis and called upon many of his former parishioners. He, they and the present incumbent were pleased and cheered by his visit.

On Sunday, October 20th, a special service of intercessory prayer for Sunday schools was held according to appointment by "the Ordinary," the incumbent preaching from the words, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, etc."

In order to consolidate the parish debts, and at the same time effect a saving in interest, the church warden has borrowed \$200.00, and having added that sum to the money already available for reducing the debt on the church, have paid \$500 to the person holding the mortgage on the church. This leaves only \$500.00 still to be paid on account of the new building. The total indebtedness of the parish is now \$700.00, not nearly so much as that of many other parishes of the diocese. Great credit is due the Women's Guild and the Willing Workers for their assistance, the former having donated \$56 and the latter \$22.45. These gifts are the latest of a large number of similar contributions. The sums still collectable from the original subscribers to the building fund amount to \$100.00 at least.

BURIALS.

On Oct. 1st, in St. Paul's graveyard, Patrick Mealley of Springvale, aged 80 years and 7 months.

On Oct. 26th, in St. Paul's cemetery, Margaret Jackson Hair of Rockford, in the 82nd year of her age.

"Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last."

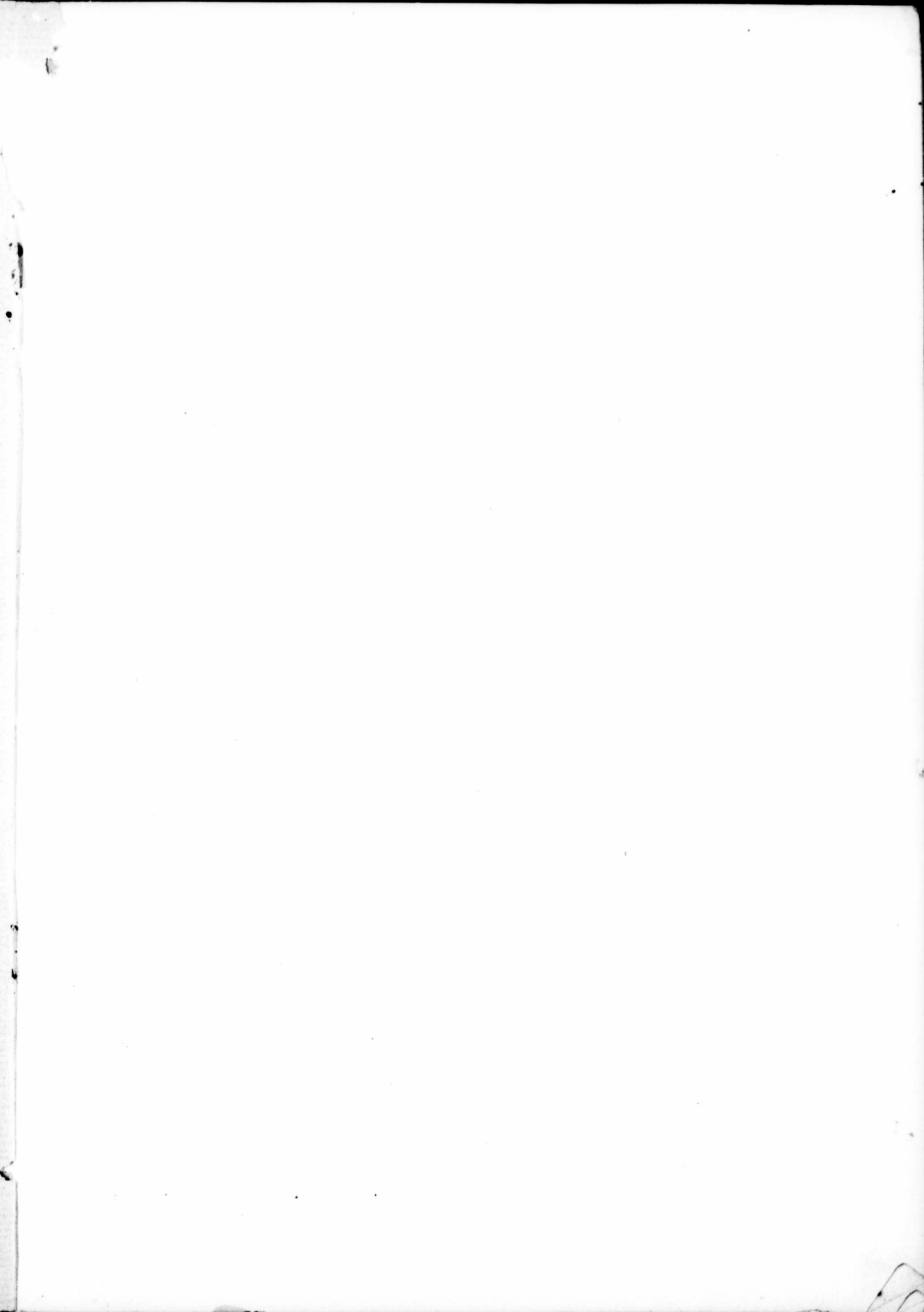
BAPTISM.

In St. Paul's church, on Sunday, Oct. 13th, Maud Beatrice, infant daughter of Robert and Jane Kelly of Walpole township.

Hagersville.

Two services were held on each Sunday evening during the month of October. On the first Sunday, Rev. Canon Gribble of Niagara Falls officiated. On the second Rev. Wilmot Broughall of Toronto preached. On the third Canon Gribble again took the duty. On the fourth Harrison Arrel, Esq., of Caledonia, licensed lay reader, performed the office. The attendance has already greatly improved, and the Sunday school and the choir have shown new life and energy.

The Bishop has appointed Rev. Wilmot Broughall, third son of Rev. A. J. Broughall of St. Stephen's church, Toronto, to the charge of the new parish. He was to enter upon his duties on the first Sunday in November. The Bishop has commissioned Rural Dean Scudamore to induct the new incumbent as soon as arrangements can be completed.





"MY PICTURE-BOOK" (see page 255).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by DAVIDSON KNOWLES.

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NOVEMBER 9TH: "Fear God. Honour the King."



OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR H. C. BEECHING, M.A.,

Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn; Author of "A Paradise of English Poetry," etc.

IT is probable that until this year, very few of the readers of this Magazine had ever heard the National Anthem sung in any form but that to which we were so long accustomed: "God save our gracious Queen." But the form to which we have now learned to frame our tongues and our hearts is the original form. As the words were first printed, in a volume of music called *Harmonia Anglicana*, in 1742, they are as follows:—

God save our lord the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politicks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes are fix'd,
O save us all.

The next time we find it in print the first line has become "God save great George our King," and the last line but one has become, much more religiously, "On *Thee* our hopes we fix"; and we have a third verse added. This was in 1745, the year of the great invasion of England by the Highlanders, led by Charles Edward Stuart the Pretender to the

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throne. He was proclaimed King at Edinburgh on September 16th; and on the 28th this new National Anthem was sung at Drury Lane, and continued to be sung for more than a month there, and at Covent Garden.

It is difficult for us who have always sung "God save the Queen" with the utmost enthusiasm, to look back to a time when it raised hardly any emotion at all. King George II. was a foreigner and very unpopular. On the other hand, very few people felt sure that things in England would be any better if the Stuart kings came back. When Charles Edward marched from Scotland as far as Derby, the people looked at him with interest; but neither joined him nor rose against him. They felt that their own share in the Government was so small that they could not be expected to take any active share in propping it up. The general indifference is well expressed in the epigram written by a Manchester man, John Byrom, an intimate friend of the great William Law, author of *The Serious Call*:—

God bless the King, I mean the State's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But which Pretender is, and which is King,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing.

How differently should we behave to-day if there were any talk of a Pretender! The author of the National Anthem is not certainly known, but the authorship has been claimed for Henry Carey, who wrote a vast number of pieces of all kinds, including

the still famous "Sally in our Alley." The claim was first put forward by Carey's son, George Savile Carey, in 1797, in applying for a Government pension, which he did not get. It may interest our readers to understand exactly how the case stands. In support of his claim George Carey received a letter from Dr. Harington, of Bath (June 13th, 1795), which ran as follows :—

DEAR SIR,—The anecdote you mention respecting your father's being the author and composer of the words and music of "God save the King" is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows; viz. "that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony." Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on his authority I pledge myself for the truth of the statement.

H. HARINGTON.

This Mr. Smith was a friend of Handel's, and also a friend of Carey's, so that the authority is above suspicion. And if Carey were not the author of the words, it is very unlikely that he would have bothered himself about the tune. All that the critics who refuse him the credit can find to say on the other side is that Carey did not include the song in a collection he printed in 1737 (reprinted in 1740 and 1743), and that the authorship was not known when it was generally sung in 1745. But Carey died in 1743, and his son was born the same year; and as the song did not attract attention till 1745, the year of the invasion, there was every reason why neither Carey nor his son could make much fuss about its authorship then. The music is now known to have been borrowed from a dance tune written by a Dr. John Bull, a very happy name for the author of an English national anthem, so that Carey's claim must be limited to the words. And any one who can see how successful "Sally in our Alley" is in its own simple style, which is the most difficult style of all to succeed in, will probably agree that there is good reason for giving him the credit of the National Anthem, the merit of which also lies in its simplicity. It is only necessary to look at the poorness of the many additional verses written during the Jubilee year to convince oneself that the original verses are the work of a good craftsman!

About "Rule, Britannia," the second of our national anthems, there is no doubt at all as to who is the writer of the music; it was the celebrated Dr. Arne, whose music to Ariel's beautiful song, "Where the bee sucks," is as popular to-day as his "Rule, Britannia." He was one of those persons of genius who have succeeded in overcoming the prejudice of their parents so as to be allowed to do the work for which God made them. Young Thomas Arne used

to practise the spinet at night in his room, muffling the strings with handkerchiefs so that he might not be overheard by his father, who wished to make a lawyer of him.

The words of "Rule, Britannia," came in a masque on King Alfred, written by James Thomson and David Mallet; but there is very little doubt that Thomson was their author; for, besides his well-known poem on the "Seasons," he wrote a long blank-verse poem called "Britannia," which is full of the same patriotic sentiment. It is perhaps worth noticing that the chorus of the song is very often sung wrongly. It should be sung :—

Rule, Britannia; Britannia, *rule* the waves—

not *rules*, because the words are the "charter of the land," the commission given to England by Heaven, as if it said, "Britannia, I entrust you with the rule of the waves."

The third of our national anthems, "God bless the Prince of Wales," is not so popular in England as in Wales. The title "Prince of Wales" is to an Englishman a mere name—the name borne for many years by a certain great gentleman who is now our King; it never for a moment suggests the Principality. Welshmen naturally take a different view of the title, and into the words and tune of "God bless the Prince of Wales" they have put not a little of their passionate loyalty. To Englishmen both words and tune seem a little too sentimental for everyday use. The words are said to have been written by George Linley; the tune is by Henry Brinley Richards. It was composed in 1862.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART

(*Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*)

XXIII.—Pea Soup.

TAKE a breakfastcupful of green split peas, and boil them with four cups of water. Chop up some celery, parsley, onions, leeks, and carrots, and fry in a little butter for fifteen minutes. Add this to the peas, and boil slowly till all are quite soft, sprinkling with pepper and salt to taste.

XXIV.—Pork Pie.

Cut up in small pieces one pound of pork; put in a dish with a little water, and cook for half an hour. Then leave it to cool. Put three-quarters of a pound of flour in a basin. Melt a quarter of a pound of lard in a saucepan with half a pint of milk; whilst warm mix up with the flour into a stiff dough; put the meat and liquid inside, and bake in a hot oven.

XXV.—Seed Cake.

Take six ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder; mix together with half an ounce of carraway seeds and a quarter of a pound of castor sugar. Rub in a quarter of a pound of lard, beat an egg, dissolve half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little milk, and mix all together. Bake immediately for about an hour.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as Prizes Twelve Volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. GEORGE HAWKYARD MARSDEN, 8, James Street, Elland, Yorks.		Parish Church : Rev. E. Winter, Rector.	The Rector.
2. KATHLEEN RATCLIFFE, 54, Oxney Road, Rusholme, Manchester.	14	Holy Innocents', Fallowfield : Rev. A. D. Powell, M.A., Rector.	The Rector.
3. J. R. KEFFOOT, St. Simon's Vicarage, Sharrow, Sheffield.	11		Rev. J. A. Kerfoot, B.A., St. Simon's Vicarage, Sheffield,
4. MABELLE MOUNSTEPHEN, Woodlands, Almondsbury, Bristol.	14	Parish Church : Rev. G. R. Wood, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
5. ARTHUR J. DORRELL, Queen Street, Gillingham, Dorset.	13	Parish Church : Rev. W. A. Heygate, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
6. HELENA SAVERY, 20, Estcourt Road, Fulham, S.W.	15	St. Andrew's : Rev. E. S. Hilliard, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Gladstone, S.S. Teacher.
7. WILLIAM HENRY JONES, 179, St. Leonard's Road, Poplar, E.	14	St. Michael & All Angels', Bromley, E. : Rev. G. C. Battiscombe, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
8. LIZZIE SHORREN, Burghersdorp, Cape Colony.	14	Parish Church : Rev. W. H. Lillie, M.A., Rector.	The Rector.
9. WILLIAM BIRKETT CLEMENT, Haverthwaite, near Ulverston.	14	Parish Church : Rev. C. T. Kirkham, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
10. AMY ELLEN HUDSON, Falfield House, Heron Road, Bristol.	14	St. Mark's, Easton : Rev. T. H. Barnett, Vicar.	Rev. G. B. Havard-Perkins, Curate.
11. J. CULLEY, 6, Cemetery Road, Bury St. Edmunds.	12	Parish Church : Rev. F. L'Estrange Fawcett, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. A. T. Coleman, S.S. Teacher.
12. FLORENCE LOVE, 51, St. Augustine's Road, Camden Square, N.W.	13	St. Thomas's, Camden Town : Rev. Hubert Handley, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Bible Questions"—

STANLEY EARL, Wokingham; EDITH LILLY, St. Feock; HENRY MORRIS, Attleboro'; E. M. HALL, Tarvin; DAISY WRIGHT, Gazeley; EDGAR LOAT, Dulwich; A. M. HAWKSHAW, Abbott's Langley; H. S. BOND, Bristol; MURIEL GREENHAM, Yeovil; W. NEWCOMBE, Clipston; MARY FORRESTER, Tabley, Trefriw; A. F. ESSEX, Bransford Bridge; J. ANSELL, Ashford; J. F. COLLIER, Urmston; K. ANSELL, Ashford; GEORGE MOORE, Norton Folgate, E.C.; W. A. VICTOR FOXTON, Callan; H. C. FOXTON, Callan; EMILY FOXTON, Callan; DORA HARTLEY, Lincoln; HILDA BARNES, Witney; E. BANNISTER, Westbury; VIOLET BRIDLE, Thorncombe; ANNIE BOTHERWAY, Scotthelthorpe; LOTTIE BULLEY, Old Southgate; HARRIET BALDWIN, Harewood; MARGARET COCKS, 23, Montagu Place, W.; JANE COCKS, 13, Montagu Place, W.; ETHEL COOPER, Plumstead; FANNY CUNNINGTON, Edenham; NELLY DENNETT, Carlisle; HILDA CALLOW, Crakehall; MAY COLLETT, Westbury; ADA EDWARDS, Manby; ETHEL EVERS, Wolloughby Waterless; ETHEL DAKING, Felsham; ADA OAKES, Totton; ELIZABETH NICOL, Higher Bebbington; WINIFRED NEEDS, Ottery St. Mary; MAY KEARNEY, Enniskillen; MAUD HOOPER, Wilton; FRANCES DAUNT, Ballinhassig; JESSIE DUNMALL, Kingsclere; MARY CARTER, Wymondham; MARIE BULMER, South Bank; V. C. BURDEN, Steeple; EVA BROWNE, Stoke, Ipswich; WINIFRED WICKS, Boro' Green; GRACE WRIGHT, West Bridgford; ANNIE WILSON, Stanningley; MAY WELLER, Hepworth; WINIFRED WELLER, Hepworth; GERTRUDE WATERSON, Rushen; ALICE WINTERBURN, Burton-on-Trent; ROSIE WESTERMAN, Burton-on-Trent; GLADWYS WILLIAMS, Dolforwyn; FANNY TAYLOR, Anfield, Liverpool; KATIE TAYLOR, Alltyferin; JANIE TOMBS, Omeath; CONSTANCE SANDERSON, Brough; ALEXANDER W. E. RANSOM, Clifton; IRENE RANSOM, Clifton; CLARA M. POWELL, Asylum Gardens, Hereford; LYDIA PRIVETT, Alresford; ANNIE PATERSON, Eaton; FLORENCE OLDFIELD, York; LIZZIE MORRIS, Hulme Walfield; MARGARET STEVENS, Willingdon; MAUD MOFFAT, Northampton; IDA WATSON, Dublin.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive :—

JANUARY.—(1) Bethlehem; River Jordan at Bethabara; St. John the Baptist. (2) St. Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10. (3) St. Matt. xii. 22. (4) Sixteen. (5) Eight. (6) St. Matt. xvii. 14; St. Matt. xix. 13. FEBRUARY.—(7) The mother of Zebedee's children. (8) St. Matt. vii. 7. (9) St. Matt. xxii. 11, 12, 13. (10) St. Matt. xxvi. 47. (11) Joseph of Arimathæa. (12) St. Matt. xxviii. 8. MARCH.—(13) Prov. ix. 13; Prov. xi. 16; Prov. xxxi. 30. (14) Prov. i. 10; Prov. iii. 5, 6. (15) Dan. ix. 27. (16) St. Luke xv. (17) James v. 7, 8; St. Luke xxi. 19; Heb. xii. 1. (18) Gen. i. 27; Rev. xxii. 5. APRIL.—(19) Jonah iv. 11. (20) Deut. ix. 20. (21) Num. xii. 15. (22) St. Luke xvii. 32. (23) Acts xx. 35. (24) Josh. iii. 15, 16; 2 Kings ii. 14. MAY.—(25) Gen. i. 3 in 2 Cor. iv. 6. (26) Heb. xi. 5. (27) Exod. xii. 46. (28) Eph. vi. 1, 2, 3. (29) 1 St. John iii. 15. (30) St. Matt. xvii. 3. JUNE.—(31) Exod. ix. 27. (32) St. John xx. 28. (33) Joel ii. 13; Jonah iv. 2. (34) Job xxxviii. 7. (35) Acts i. 14. (36) St. John xvii. 3.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

61. **S**T. MATTHEW and St. Luke both mention instances of Our Saviour being aided by angels; what were the occasions? 62. Which is the first and the last mention of the dove and the raven in the Bible? 63. In what city did St. Paul dwell for two years in his own hired house? 64. What references to Old Testament persons do we find in the Epistle of St. James? 65. Where in the Old Testament do we find the Parable of the Ewe Lamb? 66. Where does St. Peter speak of Our Saviour as "Lord of all."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

WE offered as Prizes Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings each. The following are the Prize-Winners (January to June last), in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. HELEN MARY KEEBLE, 68, Roundhay Road, Leeds.	14	Mrs. Keeble, Parent.
2. LEONARD PAGE, " Fernlea," The Ridgeway, Enfield.	13	Rev. G. P. Turner, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's.
3. MARION TODD, Clarence Road, Berkhamstead.	12	Miss Abbey, S.S. Teacher.
4. CLARICE REYNER, Smithwaite Street, Wakefield.	12	Mrs. Reyner, Parent.
5. CLARA BARNWELL, Mount Pleasant, Aspley Guise.	13	Miss Maltby, S.S. Teacher.
6. FLORENCE OLDFIELD, 64, White Rose Street, Haxby Road, York.	14	Rev. H. E. Booty, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's.
7. MAUD ASHLEY, 84, Bankside View, Roundhay Road, Leeds.	15	Mrs. Ashley, Parent.
8. ARTHUR W. GUSH, Cruwys Morchard, Tiverton.	13	Mr. J. P. Gush, Parent.
9. MAY SOKEHILL, Elam Mount, Northumberland Road, Sheffield.	15	Mrs. Sokehill, Parent.
10. MAY WELLER, Wood Lane, Hepworth, Diss.	15	Mrs. Weller, Parent.
11. SAMUEL J. GARRETT, George Street, Kingsclere, Newbury.	14	Mrs. Garrett, Parent.
12. CHARLES WELLER, Wood Lane, Hepworth, Diss.	10	Mrs. Weller, Parent.

The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Book, Read. (1) Bear. (2) Ore. (3) Opera. (4) Kid.

II. BURIED NAMES.—(1) Arthur. (2) Cecil. (3) Gerald.

III. SQUARE WORD.—(1) Awe. (2) Win. (3) End.

IV. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—XXII. XX.

V. SQUARE WORD.—(1) Dais. (2) Army. (3) Impos. (4) Syon.

VI. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—February, Fillydyke. (1) Fluff. (2) Eli. (3) Bill. (4) Real. (5) United. (6) Army. (7) Rock. (8) Yule.

VII. DECAPITATIONS.—(1) Interesting: Inter, Sting. (2) Intelligent: Gent, I, Tell, In.

VIII. PUZZLE WORDS.—(1) Eye. (2) Bob. (3) Ada. (4) Ere.

IX. ENIGMA.—Pin.

X. ANAGRAMS.—(1) Monument. (2) Murillo. (3) Michaelangelo.

XI. Twenty-six.

XII. ENIGMAS.—(1) Foxglove. (2) Ear-ring.

XIII. CHARADE.—Tactics.

XIV. ENIGMA.—Dodo.

XV. LETTER PUZZLE.—Belt, Bet.

XVI. CONUNDRUMS.—(1) Thin-King, Drin-King. (2) Because they always take care of their pawses (pauses). (3) Cricket. (4) The earth.

XVII. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Rose, June. (1) Raj. (2) OU. (3) Sun. (4) Eye.

XVIII. ARITHMETICAL.—II and III.

“O Worship the King, all Glorious Above.”

Words by SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Music by SIR GEORGE C. MARTIN.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove; O grate-ful-ly sing His power and His love; Our
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace. Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space; His

Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pav-il-ion'd in splendour, and gird-ed with praise.
cha-riots of wrath deep thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm. A-men.

3. The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

6. O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lip to Thy praise. Amen.

Better Than Rubies.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY,

Author of "Our Daughters—Their Lives Here and Hereafter,"
"Just in Time," "Daisy Snowflake's Secret," etc., etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by S. T. DADD.

CHAPTER IX.

A GRANDFATHER'S LETTER.



THE letter which Gladys held in her hand—given to her by Mr. Prothero—was marked "private," and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"At the present moment we

have a niece staying with us, who for some time has taken an active interest in 'business young ladies.' She has—certainly without much difficulty—induced her ladyship to give a garden-party for some of these young friends of hers on an early-closing day. In due course an invitation will come to your establishment. I write to ask you to see that the young person who waited upon her ladyship with so much patience the other day should not be overlooked in the numbers selected—(I believe some two dozen of the 'upper hands' are to be invited from six of the leading houses, yours being among that number). I leave the matter in your hands, but I shall be greatly disappointed if Miss Lans—Lanslur, is it?—does not happen to be one of your party, as I have set my heart upon bringing her before the notice of my niece. Lady Margaret has done much with this particular class of young person, and might find some way of serving the one to whom I allude."

The letter closed with the full signature of the man Gladys had been taught as a little child to pray for as her "grandpapa." In a way his name had really never been detached from her prayers, but of late years, since knowing the full story of her mother's banishment from home, she had felt hurt and angry, stung by a sense of injustice; hence a great formality had crept into the very thought which had associated his name with her parents in her daily Litany.

Mr. Prothero had left her to herself while reading the letter, and—was it unnatural?—she no sooner reached the end than she bowed her head over it and wept.

And this was her dear mother's father! And she

was actually to see him—to speak with him—to spend some time in his presence. Could she do it, and not give way and be foolish?

At that moment Gladys felt that as "Miss Lansdown" she could attempt that which as Gladys Peebles would seem to be impossible. So long as her grandfather treated her as a stranger, one with the others, she could possibly control her feelings. It would be at the mention of her mother's name, with all the tender memories gathered about it, that she would inevitably break down.

No wonder the next few days passed in great excitement. It chanced to be very showery weather, and Gladys wondered if that had delayed the invitation. What if the showers continued until the niece, the Lady Margaret of whom the letter spoke, had ended her visit, thus altogether setting aside the little plan of entertaining "the business young ladies" at the garden-party?

When Sunday came round Gladys tried to set aside somewhat her own personal matters, which had proved so engrossing the last few days, and continue a task she had set herself, when first coming into residence at Messrs. Proctor, Prothero, & Co.—namely, to win as many as she could of those with whom she associated, not in the habit of attending a place of worship, to make some special effort to be present at least at one Church service in the day.

She found it far more difficult to talk with "the young ladies" than with the young men, upon this



"SHE BOWED HER HEAD AND WEPT."

very important topic. With the latter common courtesy gained her a hearing.

"Miss Lansdown was gentle and lady-like in all she said. A fellow couldn't be offended with her if he tried," one of these had said to his people at home, adding: "And you see she really has right on her side. For when you come persistently to drop Sunday out of your life, and never hear the Bible read, let alone read it for yourself, your spiritual nature dries up. I can see it as clear as clear. *That's* how it comes so easy to drift—there's no foothold to keep your feet firm when temptation would pull you over the precipice."

And Aubrey Dallon was not a bad specimen of the other young men with whom Gladys, as opportunity offered, managed to get a little talk on the subject. It was the "young ladies" who would not listen, as a rule, to her persuasions or arguments.

"Nonsense," said Minnie Gibbons, one with whom Gladys was more intimate than the rest, because sharing the same room, and having therefore more frequent opportunities of conversation. "You do not mean to tell me that I am going to be judged as if I were a girl with nothing to do but amuse myself all the week—go out or stay in as I liked? Why of course *that* kind of girl must go somewhere on Sunday to get a change. Church to her will be a real enjoyment, and give her some chance of new thoughts. But here am I, in business all the week, just worried to death with most trifling troubles, which a good wholesome walk in the fresh air would scatter to the winds. Sunday comes round, and I say it's my bounden duty to take advantage of my opportunity of fresh air. If I did what you are doing, spend at least three or four hours of each Sunday in close church air, it would be criminal. I know you will argue it does not hurt *you*, but wait until you have been ten years in business as *I* have. You are young and fresh: and perhaps you do not need so much pure air as I do—I know I come of a consumptive family. I cannot see that Sunday has any claim upon me in the matter of church-going—so please, Miss

Lansdown, spare your words, for my opinion is made up."

"Then you are willing to leave utterly uncared for and uncultured that spiritual part of your nature which lives on for ever, while you devote all this attention to the body which has its limit of age?" said Gladys sorrowfully.

"Oh! I don't know about that," was the quick reply. "I am no worse than other people, and I may think differently when I get older."

"But supposing you die young," said Gladys.

"Oh!" was the reply, "then I shall doubtless have an illness—even a short one would give me time to settle these matters; for I was well trained as a child, and isn't there a text which says: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it'? That's me exactly. I've had the training, and when the right time comes, I'll get back to it!"

"Well, in all this you admit you *do* want to be right, at peace with God, ready for Eternity," said Gladys gently.

"Certainly I do," was the answer. "An old uncle of mine, a real saint if ever one walked this earth, used to say: 'Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.' I do not dispute the need of preparation at all—and I tell you if I had my weeks free I would be the first to think of honouring all Christian observances of the Sabbath; but in my case everything is altered. I want health, and

I must do the best to get and keep it!"

Gladys sighed, but remained silent.

"Have I shocked you?" said the girl, who was really warm-hearted and very sincere.

"No," replied Gladys sadly. "I was only thinking what a dreadful thing it would be if some day you fainted, like that poor girl did in the workroom last week, and never came to again. If your death came through syncope as hers did, you would be out of your calculations altogether, as to preparing for death by an illness."

Minnie Gibbons flushed scarlet.

"Well, I should have my chance then in the next



"AND TURNING QUICKLY, MET THE EARNEST GAZE OF HUBERT."

world," she said hurriedly. "A God of love would not spoil a young girl's future like that. If she were hurried out of this world, there would be some provision for her case in another."

"Even if she had deliberately and of her own free will disobeyed God's commandments in this world?" said Gladys, speaking very slowly.

"Tell me *one* commandment in the Bible which tells me to go to church on Sunday, instead of getting off into the country for a good bicycle ride?" inquired Minnie Gibbons impatiently.

And Gladys replied softly: "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God——"

"Well, good-night, I'm sleepy," was the next remark from Gladys' room-companion, and it came as an interruption to what she was saying, as Minnie Gibbons yawned and started undressing.

And thus the conversation suddenly ceased.

But it was not without results which gave Gladys very definite joy.

She was seeking for one of the young ladies who was a constant church-goer, and who had of late joined Miss Lansdown on the Sunday morning and gone with her to the special church of her choice, on the day referred to earlier in this chapter, when Miss Gibbons came to her and said very gently:

"Will you let me come with you this morning? I started an hour ago on my bicycle, but somehow I didn't feel like enjoying it: so I'm coming with you to church, and going for my ride this afternoon; will that do?"

Gladys stooped and kissed the flushed cheek of the young girl as she passed on in her search for Miss Ludlow, the one she was looking for. Soon the three were on their way to church, and arrived there just as the five-minutes bell had started.

As they passed into the porch, Gladys suddenly felt a hand upon her arm, and turning quickly, met the earnest gaze of Hubert Grafton.

"Oh, what a pleasure to see you!" he whispered, as he grasped her hand.

A moment later and a gentleman passing into the church said: "Are you looking for seats? Come this way and you can sit together," and he glanced at Hubert and Gladys and the two who stood close by.

And thus it happened that Gladys found herself once again in the presence of one whose goodness and strength of character had, in those last weeks spent in her old home, made large appeals to her admiration and respect. She did not attempt to hide the fact from herself; she enjoyed the service that morning with very special enjoyment, because Hubert was there.

As they were leaving the church afterwards, Hubert explained that the Rector was his uncle, and being

in London for a few days he had walked over to hear him. He parted with Gladys in the churchyard, saying he hoped they might meet again before long. Gladys had no opportunity of explaining to him her present position and work. She concluded, upon thinking it over afterwards, that, as he had made no inquiries in reference to her present home, he had thought her still to be with the lady to whom she had originally gone as companion.

When the peaceful Sunday wore to its close, Gladys found two thoughts occupying her mind instead of one. Recently everything of serious importance had gathered round her grandfather's letter. To-night Hubert Grafton in some way shared the claim for attention. In the one case there was great excitement and some anxiety; in the other it was all restfulness.

Gladys had had many opportunities since taking up her position in the firm of Messrs. Proctor, Prothero, & Co. of studying the character of young men in general. From some she instinctively shrank as being unworthy of respect; others she pitied, because weak to a degree in allowing themselves to be influenced wrongly; for one or two she felt heartily sorry; these were young men of education and culture, fated to be associated with a business which they never could have chosen if left to please themselves. They posed as martyrs and, by constantly complaining of the life they could never adjust themselves to, cultivated a murmuring spirit, thus constituting themselves blots on the landscape of life.

Hence it had happened that Gladys had all unconsciously very often thought of Hubert Grafton as a healthy contrast to these young men of her business-life acquaintance. He always seemed so fresh and frank, so cheery and contented. Nor did she feel he fell short of her ideal in the brief time spent with him that Sunday morning. His reverent manner in church, his close attention to the service, his deep-toned responses in the prayers—all this increased Gladys' respect for him. She was quite sure that she liked him chiefly because he was so definitely thoughtful; and then she wondered how girls *could* be specially friendly with the hundred and one young men who only tolerated religion?

If the price of a good woman were "far above rubies," how great must be the value of a soundly religious man!

Perhaps Gladys by her reflections and appreciation of character was making it quite impossible for her own nature to accept in friendship anything not bearing the hall-mark stamp of goodness. Would it not be well to encourage other young girls to reflect and make up their minds as to what was worthy or unworthy of admiration? Surely this would make fewer the grievous mistakes so often made in respect to marriage, the outgrowth as a rule of what began in simple friendship.

CHAPTER X.

A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.



AT length the formal invitation to the Countess's garden-party was received. Mr. Prothero found a little difficulty in selecting twenty-four of his staff "hands," as all the young ladies eligible were anxious to go, but "Miss Lansdown" was the first one chosen.

And very eagerly did Gladys await the looked-for day, wondering what might result from this strange visit to the home of her mother's girlhood. At

length the afternoon arrived. It was a lovely June day. The summer was still in its early freshness. The trees in Kensington Gardens were of the greenest colouring, and the flower-beds looked their best. A little later and the heat would have caused the picturesque blossoms to fade somewhat, but no such calamity befell them to-day.

Gladys was too much excited to enter into general conversation with her companions. They had for the most part agreed to take their own time and walk to the Countess's house—some, less active, started a little earlier than the rest by omnibus, arranging to meet at a given point. Hence, punctual to the invited hour, the happy party reached their destination and were courteously greeted by the Countess and her niece, Lady Margaret, who was of tall and commanding appearance, with a face which literally glowed with kindly feelings.

For the first half-hour Gladys was only one with the others, but about that time the Earl joined the garden gathering, and upon shaking hands with his guests was not slow to recognise "Miss Lansdown," whose correct name he had learnt in Mr. Prothero's reply to his letter.

"I must give you a special introduction to our niece," he said kindly, retaining Gladys' hand in his own. Leading her up to a group of which Lady Margaret formed the centre, he said, addressing her:

"Come, my dear, this is the young lady of whom I was speaking to you. Will you take her to the library and have a quiet little talk all to yourselves, while I try to entertain these young ladies, whom I am venturing to deprive of your presence?"

"I cannot spare Lady Margaret, my dear," said the Countess, coming that moment upon the scene. "Everybody is wanting her. It would be selfish of her to withdraw to the library just now; perhaps later——"

The interruption was unfortunate, and Gladys fell back as if conscious that she had been the innocent cause of exciting her ladyship's irritation. Her grandfather moved quickly away, utterly, painfully yielding to the firm rule of his wife. It was Lady Margaret herself who redeemed the position from positive unpleasantness for Gladys. She at once followed her, as she was slipping away, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by others:

"You and I must get our special little chat later, Miss Lansdown—you see I know your name—and indeed I want very much to discuss something with you. But just now it would only add to my aunt's anxieties if I ran away; so let us get up a couple of sets for croquet, and make the best use of that shady lawn. I am afraid before very long it will be too hot for us there."

Gladys smiled her thanks, and volunteered to get players for one set, if she might, from some of the young ladies whom she personally knew.

"Do," said Lady Margaret, "and I will get my uncle to look up the others, while I go off to my aunt. I see her beckoning me yonder."

It was fully two hours after this that Gladys found herself once more within speaking distance of the Earl.

"Ah, Miss Lansdown," he exclaimed pleasantly, "I see you are an expert croquet player. I have been watching you at a distance. Do you not think our niece deserves to be congratulated upon bringing such a charming party together? And such a lovely day too! I hope you have had an ice?"

Gladys assured the Earl that she had had refreshments when the game of croquet ended. She blushed rosy red while speaking; indeed, she was suddenly seized with an agitation which she in vain sought to hide. Strangely enough this display of feeling tended to increase her very striking appearance. No one could look at her at that moment and not think her an extremely handsome girl. Her white dress, simply made and well fitting, with crimson-coloured waistband, and ribbon at throat, harmonised well with her dark hair and brunette complexion, while her quiet sailor hat (white straw, with plain white ribbon trimming) formed a very happy contrast to some of the toilettes present. Gladys looked every inch a lady. Even Lady Margaret was struck by her appearance at the moment when she was feeling most shy and agitated.

The Earl attributed Miss Lansdown's disturbed manner to what had taken place when the Countess bore down upon them an hour or two ago; and, heartily grieved to think anything could have happened to disconcert her, made special efforts to remove any troubled impression.

"Will you join our party, Miss Lansdown?" said the Earl a moment later. "I am about to conduct some of our guests through the picture-gallery. I think you will find much to interest you."

(How much Gladys alone knew!)

"I should much like to come," replied Miss Lansdown, and she followed her host's leading, walking behind with a delicate-looking girl, who was lame—a stranger to her.

"May I offer you an arm?" said Gladys, seeing it was evidently a strain for her companion to walk as quickly as the rest were doing.

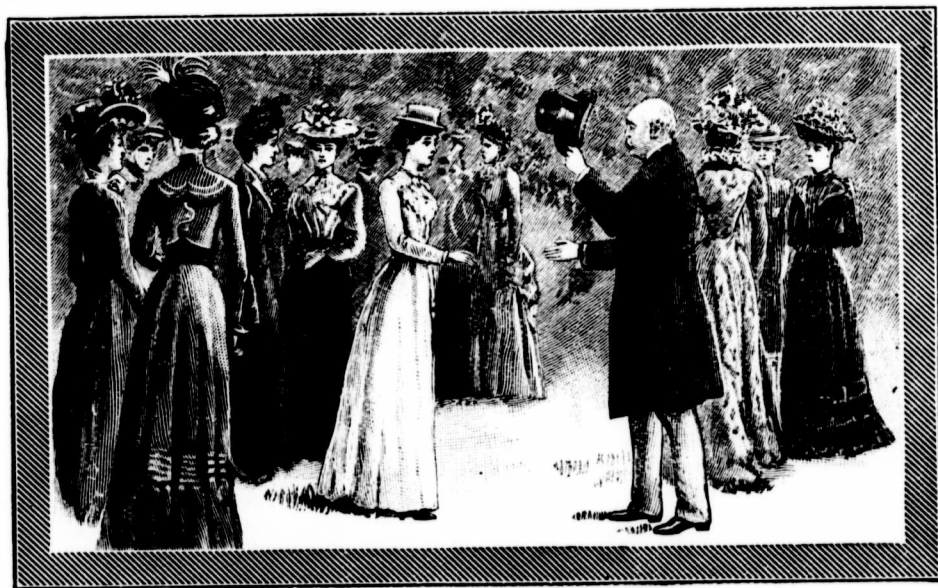
"Thank you, I should be very glad of it," was the gently spoken reply. "I do envy those who have not to think of each step they take. But I must not murmur, I have so many blessings in my life!"

"My sweet mother used to teach us to count up our mercies," said Gladys, happy to have her with a congenial spirit, and feeling very much at home with one who evidently held her own life well in hand.

"It would be impossible to frame a murmur on such a day as this," said the girl brightly. "Was there ever such an exquisite afternoon, and such a lovely garden to sit about in, and such kindly welcome from the Earl and Countess? I have often wondered what they were like when I heard Lady Margaret speak of them."

"Do you know Lady Margaret?" said Gladys.

"Oh yes, indeed," was the reply, made with a flushing face and beaming eyes. "Lady Margaret first taught me how to make the best of my life. I was very droopy and sad after I met with my



"THE EARL WELCOMED HIS GUESTS."

accident—I fell from my pony when my dear father was a village rector, and I used to ride about with his messages. After his death we were very poor, and I had a chance of earning something in a business house through the influence of one of my dear father's churchwardens. For mother's sake I took the opening which offered, but I hated my work until Lady Margaret came to our workroom and held a Bible-class, and then I saw it's not so much what your surroundings are as what *you* are yourself which means happiness or unhappiness. Oh! I learnt so much then, and everything is so changed! I love Lady Margaret, and now dear mother is dead I look upon her as my best friend—and it is so nice to serve her."

"Where is your work now?" inquired Gladys, strangely interested in all that was said.

The young girl laughed a low, rippling, girlish laugh as she answered:

"Oh! I'm not in business now. I am the wardrobe keeper in a Convalescent and Holiday Home which Lady Margaret started for friendless girls in London workrooms. It only holds twelve, and Matron and I have the charge of it. An old servant of Lady Margaret's lives there to take care of us. And, oh! we *are* such a happy family! Sometimes we get poor governesses—some Lady Margaret gets to know. We've one there now, a girl I'm dreadfully sorry for—Letitia Denby—"

"Letitia Denby! How does she happen to come there?" said Gladys, startled by hearing a familiar name.

"She has been in great trouble," was the reply, "and fretted so much that she had to leave her situation, and she went into lodgings, and Lady Margaret saw her pale face at the window, and got to know her, Oh! you should see her to-day. She has done nothing but get better ever since she came, and best of all—I may tell you this, and you will understand—she has grown good."

Gladys' heart quickened its beat. It was now three months since she had heard from Letitia, for although she had written several times she could get no reply; and now in a brief moment she heard, as it were, all that had been happening of late to her poor friend.

There was no time for further conversation. They had reached the house and followed the Earl through the library, along a corridor which broadened out when some distance down into the picture-gallery. Gladys' eyes were riveted by the family portraits, some of which in miniature form she had in her own possession—once the property of her mother. Again and again as she gazed her eyes filled with tears.

"Are you not well?" whispered her companion shyly, seeing her evident emotion and being quite unable to account for it.

"Yes, thank you; do not trouble about me," said Gladys nervously, adding, as she staggered to a chair: "I will sit down and rest for a few minutes if you will leave me. Do not get separated from the Earl; he is explaining the pictures."

With a smile gentle and sympathetic the lame girl moved away. She had learnt the great secret of ministering help by withholding it. She made her way to the others, and was soon completely absorbed in what the Earl was saying.

Meanwhile, Gladys sat gazing mutely at a full-length portrait of a young girl dressed in her riding habit. She was not unlike her twin-sister, Beatrice, but taller, and with a more erect figure. Her clear blue eyes were so distinctly her mother's that it needed no other assurance that the picture represented her beloved mother when a girl, before sorrow had greyed her hair and given a droop to her shoulders.

Sitting thus and gazing upon the portrait, Gladys' feelings can be better imagined than described. At first the desire to weep was almost overpowering. If only she could have a good cry it would take away the feeling of suffocation which made her breathing difficult. But she had so long and ably learnt to control her feelings, that the next moment Gladys had regained her calm demeanour. She was looking very pale when a few minutes later the Earl brought his party round to that part of the gallery.

"And who is that, my lord?" some one asked, as Gladys, having risen from her seat, joined the group round her mother's picture.

"Ah, that's a dear daughter of mine," was the



"GLADYS SAT GAZING AT A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT." reply, and Gladys thought the voice seemed full of emotion. "She went abroad soon after her marriage. . . . It was very like her, bless her! She was the very picture of her mother, my first wife."
"Is she still living?"

It was Gladys who spoke, and her voice sounded high-pitched and strained. By some mad impulse she was tempted to put the question, for as by a flash there came to her mind the doubt, had the Earl ever received the letters—left without reply—telling him of her sweet mother's return to England, and of her subsequent illness—of her gradual decline, and finally of her death.

Her question was answered nervously, but in courteous tones.

"Oh yes; she still lives, I believe, abroad. Poor darling, hers was not a wise marriage . . . by no means a wise marriage . . . but . . . there, what was I saying? Oh! come and look at this ancestor of mine—a rare old warrior, who might have decked himself with double the number of medals which we see upon him there if he had been less bashful when he sat for his portrait."

And thus the explanation of a great wrong dawned upon Gladys—her grandfather had never received

the various letters sent to him! He was still without information of her mother's death. He knew nothing of their return from abroad, although Mrs. Peebles had frequently spoken of having written in one special letter begging for a word of forgiveness, and pleading for an interview.

Poor Gladys had got to the limit of her strength. The next moment and she lay prostrate in a dead faint before the portrait of her mother.

(To be continued.)

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

Author of "My Garden in Winter and Summer," etc.

AURICULAS should be kept clean and watered very sparingly. Hyacinths and tulips may still be planted. Large bulbs should be placed six inches deep, small ones three to four inches deep. Peas and beans for the first crop next season may now be sown on warm, dry slopes. Potatoes for planting may now be brought out from the store and placed in baskets in the daylight where frost cannot touch them. They will soon begin to sprout, and when the sprouts are a quarter of an inch long be ready for planting. Cabbage may be planted out for the next summer's crop. Turnips should be hoed and kept clean.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

COMPILED BY MARY BRAINERD GORE.

A Blind Girl's Gift.

A CLERGYMAN relates that a girl deprived of sight brought him thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected: "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose." "How so?" "I am, sir, by trade a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure in the last winter it must have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

"I Am The Way."

A CONVERT at a certain mission-station, when at the point of death, was visited by a missionary, who inquired what had been the means of his conversion. "Master Missionary," said the dying man, "do you remember a sermon you preached here upon the glories of heaven?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "Master Missionary, do you remember," he added, "a sermon you preached upon the terrors of hell?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "Master Missionary, do you remember once more," asked the expiring saint, "a sermon you preached upon the words of Jesus, 'I am the Way'?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "And so do I," said the dying man, "and that which you said was the means of my conversion." A blessed testimony to the preaching of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Death Without Hope.

ON the River Mamba, where the Anglican Mission in New Guinea now has a station, death seems to be without hope. The relatives of the deceased and others give way to great outbursts of weeping. Then the body is wrapped up in a mat, and in spite of the Government regulations is often still buried in the house.



A NEW FORCE FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.

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.

THE "National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches" is not a council elected by the various denominations included in the title "Free Churches," nor is it appointed by their several congregations. The "National Council," therefore, does not to any extent represent the various Nonconformist bodies in their corporate capacity—if, indeed, it can be said to represent them at all. It cannot in any way act in their name. They do not hold themselves—nor can they be held—responsible for its proceedings.

The "Council" consists of a body of well-known and leading representative Nonconformists, who in their individual capacity have united together for the furtherance of definite but common religious objects.

The "Council," then, be it clearly understood, is an organization altogether apart from and outside the various denominations themselves.

Judged not so much by the formally declared objects which it has in view as by the utterances and actions of its leaders, it means to be a new and powerful force in the surely coming conflict for Disestablishment. At the fifth "National Council" meeting, March, 1900, one of its past Presidents declared, "It was a duty in the interests of the nation to secure at the earliest moment Disestablishment."

We need not occupy our space by further quotations on this subject.

While the "National Council" vigilantly concerns itself with every question, parochial, educational,

municipal, and Parliamentary, in which the interests of the Church and Nonconformists may possibly come into conflict, its supreme aim in ecclesiastical matters is Disestablishment.

Though the "National Council" is not an organization which owes its origin to the corporate action of the "Free Churches," and holds no mandate from them to carry on its work, its great object evidently is to bring them all into line and to secure amongst them what has never been secured before—namely, prompt and united action in all matters in which their denominational interests are involved, and especially on the question of Disestablishment.

When the "National Council" plan of action is understood by Churchmen, they will easily see how it may possibly bring into line under its guidance in every contested election, whether School Board, municipal, County Council, or Parliamentary, great numbers of Nonconformists who, if not hitherto totally indifferent to such matters, never acted together before.

The "National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches" carries on its work in many ways, but so far as organization is concerned, it seeks, through the creation of "Provincial Councils" and "District Federations" and the work assigned to them, to cover the whole country and take in every parish in the kingdom. Up to March, 1900, six hundred and forty-four such councils were created and actually at work.

A somewhat singular method by which town and country councils carry on their work is, according to the Free Church Year Book, 1901, pp. 116-117, the adoption of what is called "The Free Church parochial system" and "house-to-house visitation." These parishes, it appears, are being rapidly constituted throughout the kingdom, a parish being attached to each Free Church congregation.

Further, not only is the whole of England and Wales being divided into local areas which are to be the sphere of action of each provincial council, and into numerous smaller ones which are to be the "Free Church parishes," allocated by the councils to each "Free Church" congregation, but maps have been published, dotted in red colour, showing the location of each "Free Church Council," and also the position and boundaries of each "Free Church parish."

Some of our readers may smile at this amateur imitation of the Church of England's ancient and ecclesiastical territorial system, with its organization by those who have in view their use as weapons of warfare in all future conflicts with the Church. It is, however, in reality no laughing matter—far from it! The members of the different Nonconformist denominations who have enlisted under the banner of the "National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches" are in earnest. So far as the National Church is concerned, they know what they mean, and that is to do all they can to bring about her

Disestablishment and Disendowment, and the tactics the "National Council" are adopting are altogether a new departure in the matter of systematic opposition to the established position and work of the National Church.

We have reason to believe that but few of our bishops, clergy, and laity know anything of this latest organized development of systematic opposition to the National Church. Were we, however, through any political crisis, suddenly precipitated into the midst of a General Parliamentary Election, in which Disestablishment would be the cry, their eyes would suddenly be opened—it may be when too late—to see that a powerful organization, of which they had no knowledge, had long before been at work educating and influencing the minds of the electors in the different constituencies throughout the kingdom in prospect of that event.

Is it asked, "What are we, as Churchmen, to do in the face of these events?" Our answers are: (i.) Study the matter for yourselves in your own localities; (ii.) obtain the coloured maps of England and the new parishes; (iii.) find out what is being done to prejudice the people against the National Church; (iv.) while recognizing the right of all persons by all fair means to create in the minds of the people a desire for Disestablishment, let everything within the line of truth and charity be done to counteract all such organizations and efforts.

We have no fear of the efforts of the "National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches," nor of the efforts of any other council opposed to the National Church, so long as the clergy and laity throughout the kingdom are alive to the threatening danger, and are on the alert, and unite in their defence of the Church's historic position and endowments; but ignorance of or indifference to the danger which threatens the established position of the Church by this new movement in the midst of a sudden General Election may mean Disestablishment.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

XXXI.—CHARADE.

MY first is a river, far, far away;
My second's a syllable, ending in "a";
Of my third you have ten, which you very much prize;
And my whole never sees, though it has many eyes.

XXXII.—ENIGMA.

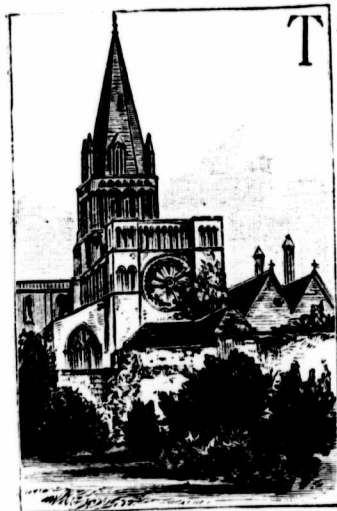
Select two T's, four H's, and a single letter E,
One each of L, M, N, O, and R, and then a double C,
One Y and U you then may also take,
And with the whole a well-known book you make.

XXXIII.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A collection of tents.
2. A shaking sickness.
3. Compulsion.
4. What many of us like to have.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III.—THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.



CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

THE RIGHT REV. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, is the second son of the late Sir James Paget, the distinguished physician, and was born on March 20th, 1851. His early training was received at St. Marylebone and All Souls' Grammar School, after which he proceeded to Shrewsbury School, and passed on to Christ Church,

Oxford, with a junior studentship in 1868. He won the Hertford scholarship and the Latin verse prize in 1871, and took a First Class both in Classical Moderations and in *Literæ Humaniores*. He was

senior student of Christ Church from 1873 to 1883 and became tutor in 1876. In 1882 he was appointed Vicar of Bromsgrove, and in the following year married the eldest daughter of the late Dean Church. (The death of this beloved lady in November last evoked much sympathy in a wide circle.) In 1885 he received from the Crown, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, in succession to the Bishop of Lincoln. He has been Examining Chaplain to Bishop Woodford, Lord Alwyne Compton, and Bishop Stubbs. On the resignation of Dr. Liddell he was made Dean of Christ Church in 1892. His published volumes include "Concerning Spiritual Gifts," "The Redemption of Work," "Faculties and Difficulties for Belief and Disbelief," "The Hallowing of Work," essay on "Sacraments" in "Lux Mundi," "The Spirit of Discipline," "Studies in the Christian Character," an Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," and "The Redemption of War," consisting of addresses delivered to the Oxfordshire Yeomanry. Upon the death of Bishop Stubbs a few months ago Dr. Paget was appointed Bishop of Oxford, and consecrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on St. Peter's Day.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a new photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

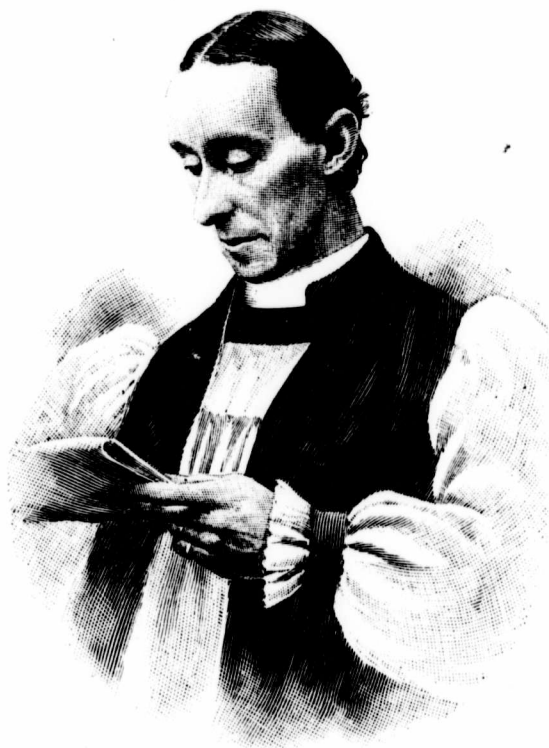
MY PICTURE-BOOK.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 242).

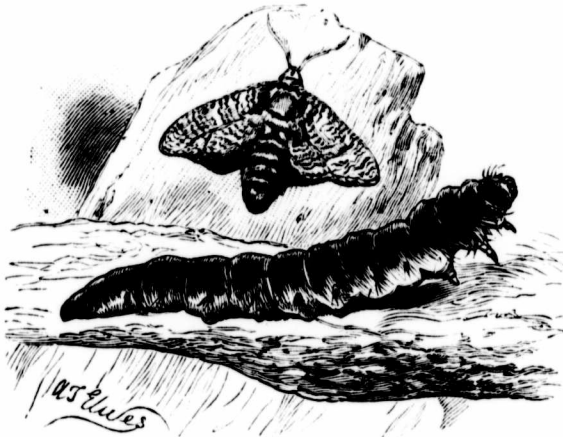
MABEL is never more happy than when she has her "Picture-Book"; to her a book without pictures is no book at all. "I suppose they have filled it all up with words, words, words, because they haven't any money left to pay for pictures," she said to her grandmother one day.

"Lend me the book," replied Granny gravely, and putting on her spectacles, Granny added: "Why, Mabel, I can see a picture on every page! Just look here!" And Granny read: "'The golden sun was sinking in the west as the ship sailed along in stately splendour.' There's a picture for you!" And before Mabel could say a word, Granny, turning to another page, read: "'The hedgerow was covered with wild roses—roses large, roses small, white roses, pink roses, met one's gaze at every turn.' There's another picture," said Granny.

"Ah yes," replied Mabel, "I know what you mean—you mean word-pictures. Still, I'd rather have the drawn pictures as well as the wordy ones." And by-and-by, when Granny was dozing in her chair, Mabel borrowed her spectacles and solemnly put them on, just to see if she could find any word-pictures like Granny had done.



THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.



GOAT MOTH CATERPILLAR.

CURIOUS CATERPILLARS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets,"
"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by
A. T. ELWES.

EVEN without leaving Great Britain, we may find many very curious caterpillars.

Crawling on fences and walls, for example, in the early part of the autumn, one often notices the caterpillar of the Goat Moth. It is quite unmistakable—a stoutly built, pinkish-brown creature from three to four inches in length, with a broad chocolate stripe running along its back from the head to the very end of its body. This caterpillar is "curious" in more ways than one.

In the first place, it gives off a peculiar and very disagreeable odour, which clings persistently to everything that it touches. From this odour, which resembles that of the he-goat, the insect takes its name; and it is so powerful that one can often detect it from a distance of ten or fifteen yards.

Then the strength of this caterpillar is wonderfully great. Insects are almost always extremely strong, when their small size is taken into account; but the goat moth caterpillar is one of the strongest of them all. If you imprison it under a tumbler, it will overthrow it and escape. If you place a pound weight upon the tumbler, the result will be the same. If you double the weight, treble it, quadruple it, still the insect will contrive to lift it. And it will gnaw its way through sheet lead. It will even wrench open mesh after mesh of a strip of perforated zinc, and so force a passage through.

Its food, too, is of rather a remarkable character, for it lives upon the solid wood of poplars and willows, tunnelling to and fro through the trunks for no less than three years, and eating the chips as fast as it cuts

them away. You may often find an old willow-tree with its trunk perfectly honeycombed by the burrows of these caterpillars, with only just a thin dividing wall between them.

Most astonishing of all, this creature weighs, when fully grown, about two hundred and twenty thousand times as much as it did when first it left the egg-shell. If human beings were to grow at a proportionate rate, a newly born baby turning the scale at eight pounds would develop into a man weighing about seven hundred and eighty-five tons!

Feeding on the leaves of willow-trees, too, from the middle of July till the first or second week in September, one may often find the caterpillar of the Puss Moth. It can be recognized at once by its oddly humped back, the narrow white streak which runs along either side of its leaf-green body, and the two long

thread-like organs at the end of its tail. These last are used as weapons of defence.

Not that they really are weapons. On the contrary, they are perfectly harmless. But when in danger the caterpillar pretends that they are stings, and assumes so

threatening an attitude that very often indeed its enemies are afraid to touch it.

Strange to say, if a number of these caterpillars are kept in a cage together they take every opportunity of nibbling at one another's tail-threads, and often devour them altogether.

More terrifying still in appearance is the caterpillar of the Lobster Moth, which feeds upon the leaves of the beech-tree in July and August. This caterpillar is perfectly indescribable. It does not look like a caterpillar at all. It looks like one of the fantastic creatures of a dream, viewed through a diminishing-glass. Very few of us, on seeing it for the first time, would care to meddle with so weird and forbidding an insect. The very birds themselves are afraid of it.



PUSS MOTH CATERPILLAR.



LOBSTER MOTH CATERPILLAR.

Yet, like the caterpillar of the puss moth, it is perfectly harmless. You can handle it freely without the slightest fear that it will be able to harm you in any way at all.

This cannot be said of all caterpillars, however, for those which are clothed with long hairs should never be handled by people with delicate skins. For these hairs are easily detached, and—being formed after the manner of the quills of the porcupine—they work their way into the skin, where they give rise to severe swellings and intense irritation. They are very easily transferred, too, from the hands to the face, and when the eyes have been rubbed have more than once been the cause of very serious injury to the sight.

Very curious, too, are the "stick" caterpillars, or "loopers," which may be found on almost every tree and bush during the summer. They look exactly like little pieces of twig. Their bodies, very often, are knotted and bunched just as the twigs are. To increase the resemblance, these knots are often tipped with vivid green, just as though they were buds



HAIRY CATERPILLAR LACKEY.

beginning to burst into leaf. And as these caterpillars have a way of clinging to a shoot by the two pairs of "claspers" at the end of the body only, and stretching themselves stiffly out at an angle, their twig-like appearance is so marvellously exact that even the sharp-eyed birds mostly pass them by.

When these caterpillars walk, they take a firm hold with the front feet and hunch up the body into a loop, so that the hind feet are brought closely up to the front pairs. A hold is then taken with these, after which the body is stretched out and the process repeated. Hence the name of "loopers."

Another very curious caterpillar is that of the Honeycomb Moth, which is only too plentiful in this country. Like the grubs of the caddis-flies, these caterpillars have only the head and front part of the body protected by horny skin, while the hinder part is so soft and defenceless that they would be entirely at the mercy of the bees whose combs they were destroying. So wherever they go they spin tubes of very tough silk, in which they are perfectly safe from the stings of the angry insects.

But in this country, perhaps, we have no caterpillars quite so curious as those of the Processionary Moth, which are found in many parts of Central and Southern Europe. These insects live in company during the day in large silken webs, in spinning which every caterpillar takes its share. Then at night they march out to their feeding-place in a regular procession. First comes one caterpillar walking by itself. Behind this come two, walking side by side, then a third row of three, then a fourth row of four, and so on: so that all the caterpillars together form a wedge-shaped mass. Each row carefully follows the row immediately in front; and when their meal is over they return to their web in the same singular manner.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VII.—ST. THOMAS'S, PENDLETON.

THE ancient parish church of Eccles had proved herself a fruitful mother of churches in pre-Reformation times. Then came a period of sterility, for which several causes other than the changes in doctrine must be held to account. When, in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the ecclesiastical dry bones began to stir in the North under the stress of a new enthusiasm, the first of the post-Reformation daughters of the old mother came to the birth. A small brick building with a bell turret was set apart at Pendleton, "from all common and profane purposes," and consecrated for the worship of Almighty God. Thus Pendleton, a pleasant residential village of two thousand inhabitants, where

bull-baiting and badger-drawing and cock-fighting on Sundays flourished mightily, came to possess a chapel. Its first Incumbent was the Rev. James Pedley, a man of strong character, in whom a vein of eccentricity diversified the solid virtues of a worthy servant of the Church. His epitaph may still be read :

And what was his preferment, stranger? say.
It was not here; he gains, we humbly pray,
Thro' Christ, a living in the realms of day.

He died in 1828, after an incumbency of forty-nine years, and in the same year died his life-long friend Samuel Brierley, the founder of Pendleton Church. His, too, was a strong personality, curiously touched with eccentricity. He built for himself during his lifetime a large square tomb, in which he directed that his body should be buried upright, in order that he might at the Resurrection have the start of the Jews whose tiny cemetery lay hard by the old churchyard.

In 1829 Lancashire was in the swing of the Evangelical Revival. Pendleton had now grown into a township of eight thousand inhabitants, and the accommodation for worshippers provided in the old chapel-of-ease was proving sadly inadequate. Accordingly, the foundation of a new church to accommodate sixteen hundred worshippers was laid in that year. The attempt had been made before, but in those days nothing less than an Act of Parliament was necessary before a parish could

be divided, and a church, as distinguished from a chapel-of-ease, erected. An Act of Parliament had been procured by the people of Pendleton in 1817 at a ruinous expense. It is interesting to note some of the items in the lawyers' costs. "House fees" stood at £280 9s. 1d.; the Lord Chancellor's secretary, "for attending to signify the King's consent to the Bill, £10 10s."; "copy of notice to be affixed to the door of Eccles Church, going to affix it, going to see if it was still affixed on two successive Sundays, with horse-hire and turnpike tolls, £3 2s. 6d." The distance between Eccles and Pendleton, which necessitated the "horse-hire" and "turnpike" tolls, is two miles!

Such were some of the difficulties which hindered Church expansion at the beginning of the century. Small wonder that the trustees who were at first responsible for the project of building the church applied to be released from their obligations. They said they had been able "with great difficulty to raise a sum sufficient to pay the costs and charges of the first Act," and that "upon a careful investigation they had become convinced" that the means at their disposal were "totally inadequate for the purpose of building a church." However, after twelve years of tribulation, the church was at last built, the Commissioners for the Building of New Churches contributing £6,000 to the total cost.

It is a solid structure in the debased Perpendicular style, of which it can only be said that the general effect is pleasing, and not without dignity. Church

architecture was almost a lost art in the first quarter of the century, and Pendleton Church is in agreeable relief to the majority of the structures in which a generation ago the conception of ecclesiastical art was meagre expressed its zeal for God's honour. It stands on a commanding site in the heart of what has now become a big and progressive industrial centre; and it makes its appeal to the busy, teeming community which it seems to dominate with an air of quiet confidence. Not a stone in it but is hallowed by the



ST. THOMAS'S, PENDLETON.

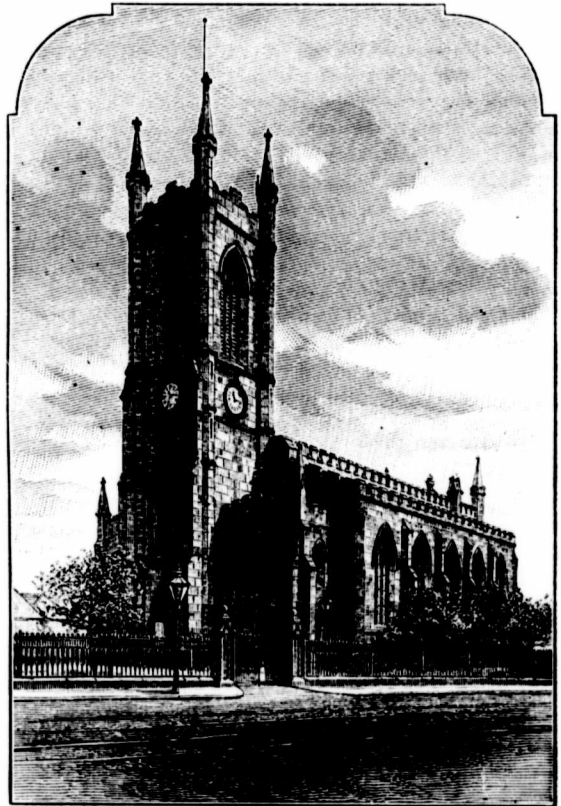
reverent love of thousands to whom it stands for the sanctities of life.

Only those who have lived and worked in Lancashire are able fully to appreciate the almost unbounded enthusiasm for their Church and Sunday-school of which the good folk of the cotton county are capable. Pendleton Church, thus refounded seventy years ago, has itself become a fruitful mother of churches. Three parishes have been carved out of the original district, and they have all been fully equipped and adequately endowed. A fourth parish is now in process of formation. Population has increased enormously in recent years, and the necessity for a vigorous movement of expansion has been forced upon the Vicar of the mother church (the Rev. W. G. Edwards Rees, M.A. Glasgow and Oxon.) and his coadjutors.

Fortunately, Pendleton has counted among its residents two families—the Heywoods and the Birleys—whose fame for sustained and princely generosity has passed far beyond the bounds of their own parish. Their generosity has been fully supported by the hearty co-operation of the middle classes and mill-hand population who now form the majority of the parishioners of the Church of St. Thomas. The present Vicar can tell many a moving story of thousands of pounds contributed by working men and women, who had earned them by hard toil, and given them with cheerful readiness.

The parish church is supplemented by two district churches, St. Anne's, Brindle Heath, built by the late Mr. Herbert Birley, and St. Ambrose, Seedley, shortly to become a parish church, built by Mr. C. J. Heywood. Each of these has its own complete organizations, and both are in a condition of vigorous life and growth. A mission church which raises £600 a year and has 500 Communicants is uncommon even in Lancashire. Yet there is one such instance at Pendleton, and another which does not fall far short of this standard. Mr. Heywood is still living in the parish, where for nearly forty years he has been a Sunday-school teacher, school manager, and treasurer of numerous parochial funds. Few are the good works in Pendleton, or in the larger area of Manchester, which have not owed much to the inspiration and open-handed, but unostentatious, liberality of this faithful and devoted son of the Church.

The Vicar is loyally supported by four colleagues and an army of lay workers. The parochial statistics are almost bewildering to those who are unacquainted with North-country methods. Thus there are 147 Sunday-school teachers, 2,000 Sunday-school scholars, and 1070 members of Bible-classes, mostly conducted by lay teachers. There are 1,424 Communicants, and more than 1,000 members of various clubs and guilds. The Baptisms reach a total of nearly 600 per annum—about 75 per cent. of the children born within the parish. The Confirmations reach, nearly 200 annu-



ST. THOMAS'S, PENDLETON.

ally, the males being always approximately equal in number to the females. The day schools, of which there are five, with seven departments, and about 2,300 scholars, are in a very high state of efficiency. The buildings themselves are mostly modern, and the parish is indebted for two of them and part of a third to the generous donors who have already been named. One of the five schools is a monument of the early enthusiasm of the Church for education at a time when she alone concerned herself much for the instruction of the children of England. Part of the structure was built in the last century as "a school for the instruction of the children of the poor of Pendleton, under the supervision of the Incumbent." Of later date is the Short Charity, which provides that the Vicar shall distribute a certain number of loaves to the indigent poor "after Divine Service on Sunday mornings."

About £1,700 a year is contributed to meet current Church expenses, but this large sum is supplemented by a larger sum contributed for Church extension. Thus about £2,000 a year, on the average of the last three years, has been contributed for Church endowment, improvement of schools, and other purposes which may be defined as extraordinary. The endowment of the benefice is at present rather

less than £200 a year, but this sum is augmented by considerable voluntary contributions.

The administration of the parish is largely, and in the best sense, democratic. There is a Church Council of twenty-eight members, and the fullest advantage is taken of every kind of lay help. Matters of finance and many details of the complex parochial organisation are entirely managed by laymen. The Vicar welcomes criticism, which, however, perhaps for the very reason that a free welcome is given to it, is generally conspicuous by its absence. Harmonious and enthusiastic lay co-operation is the prominent feature of Church life and work in the parish of St. Thomas's, Pendleton, and to this may be largely attributed the progressive improvement which is shown in every department. Another interesting and not unimportant feature is extemporaneous preaching. Few sermons are ever *read* in the pulpits of the parish.

Our illustrations are from photographs specially taken for the purpose by Mr. Cunningham, of Pendleton.



THOMAS ATTWOOD.
Sketch from an old engraving.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540-1876).

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

IX.—THOMAS ATTWOOD.

MANY notable personages have at different times been connected with St. Paul's Cathedral, and amongst the number we may mention one who occupied the honourable and enviable position of organist there during the reign of George III. We allude to Thomas Attwood, born in the year 1765. This celebrated man passed his youthful days, as so many other musicians, as a chorister at the Chapel Royal, and was one of the pupils of Dr. Nares.

The name of Attwood is associated in our minds with most joyous occasions, such as the coronation of kings, and, what is nearer to our hearts, with Queen Victoria's Jubilee. For was not his fine anthem "I was glad," with full orchestral accompaniments, written by the command of his friend George IV., to be performed at his coronation at Westminster Abbey in 1821? And was it not also performed in some cathedrals to celebrate our own beloved Victoria's reign?

Attwood had the advantage of studying under Mozart, acknowledged to be the greatest writer for the orchestra of his time, and he thought very highly of his pupil's ability. When Attwood first returned from abroad, he acted as organist of the Church of St. George the Martyr, while in 1796 he was appointed organist of St. Paul's, and also composer to the Chapel Royal.

His manly and spiritual style of writing did much to raise the standard of the Church music of his day, which had somewhat deteriorated during the Georgian era. He died in the year 1838.

The following extract from the *Guardian*, July 18th, 1900, will be read with interest:—

"With the sanction of the Dean of St. Paul's the gravestone of Thomas Attwood, the distinguished Church composer, has been restored, through the instrumentality of Mr. J. S. Bumpus. The stone is in the crypt, close to the iron gates leading into Wellington Chapel. The original inscription had, by the constant tread of passing feet, become almost obliterated. It has now been substantially recut, and runs as follows:

"Under this stone lie the mortal remains of Thomas Attwood, who was appointed organist of this Cathedral 1796. He departed this life the 24th of March, 1838, in the 73rd year of his age."

"There being sufficient room in the stone, the opportunity has been taken of adding a plain Latin cross (as on other graves in the crypt), and the following verse from Psalm xc.:

"Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last: and be gracious unto Thy servant."

"These words formed the subject of one of Attwood's most touching compositions."

X.—DR. CROTCH.

WHEN Attwood was about eight years of age, that is to say, in the year 1775, during the reign of King George III., we have to record the birth of one who

by his precocious genius was the marvel, not only of his relations, but also of the musicians of his day. This extraordinary boy was no other than the renowned Dr. Crotch, a most interesting account of whose childhood is given in Hogarth's "History of Music" by the Hon. Daines Barrington.

He relates that when Crotch was only two years old, after hearing "God save the King" played, he gave his mother no rest till he was placed at his father's organ, and picked out the tune for himself little by little. Even before he was four his ear was so good that he could name any note he heard struck upon an instrument, and also what key a piece was played in.

When between eleven and twelve years of age he lived at Cambridge, and did the duty of organist at several of the chapels there. In 1790 he was appointed organist at Christ Church, Oxford, also professor there in 1797, and received his Doctor's degree in 1799. He was also elected Principal of the Royal Academy of Music when that institution was established in 1823.

With much of Dr. Crotch's music we are well acquainted, as it is constantly sung in our cathedrals; but the principal of his works, and the one which has made his name especially famous, is his oratorio *Palestine*, composed to the beautiful words of Heber's prize poem, perhaps the most favourite part of which is the charming quartet "Lo! star-led chiefs," a most elegant conception, and written most effectively for the voice.

Dr. Crotch died in 1847, and left his mark as one of our ablest Church musicians



WILLIAM CROTCH, MUS. DOC.
Sketch from an old engraving.

THE DAILY PAPER.

BY THE REV. ANTHONY C. DEANE, M.A.



WHEN you come to think of it, it is just one of those miracles of modern life which we have come to look upon quite as a matter of course. To-morrow morning we shall buy our *Chronicle* or *Mail* or *Tele-*

graph, and feel perhaps, if they contain no specially exciting news, that we hardly receive fair value for our money. But consider what is being done at this moment for the sake of to-morrow's paper. In every part of the world special correspondents are at work, collecting information, sifting rumours, undergoing, in some cases, great hardship and even danger, simply in order that the news we receive in return for our penny or halfpenny may be absolutely trustworthy. Presently the concentrated result of their labours will be flashed, at enormous expense, over long miles of desert, beneath the waves of the sea, into a London office. There it will be examined, considered, and arranged for us, so that we may gather its meaning and importance with the least possible trouble. Meanwhile, the editor is discussing with his leader-writers the subjects they are to treat; an eminent critic is at work in his study upon a review of the latest book; the City editor is watching with trained eye the puzzling ups and downs of the money market. From every part of the country reports are streaming in of football matches, ecclesiastical events, shipping news, the weather, political speeches—of everything, in short, from a national revolution to a farthing rise in the price of tallow. This mass of material, the product of an army of skilled workers, will be fitted into the paper and printed while we are comfortably asleep, so that to-morrow we shall be able to buy it all for the humble copper. Bear in mind, too, that even while you are taking your first glance at the paper, the gigantic labour is beginning all over again for the production of the next issue; and so the work goes on day after day, week after week, year after year.

What part of your paper do you turn to first? You can learn a good deal about a person's tastes and occupations by noticing his behaviour in this

respect. How easy it is to tell in time of war those who have relations at the front by the terrible anxiety with which they search the casualty lists! The politician will look at once for the Parliamentary debate; the holiday-maker's first thought will be for the weather forecast. One man will turn hastily to the City article; another, alas! will be eager to see the betting news before all else; a third will hardly glance at the foreign telegrams, but will be desperately anxious to learn if Ranjitsinhji has made another "century," or by how many goals the Riddleton Rovers have beaten Poppleton United. Some methodical people, with plenty of spare time, begin with the "births," and thence work their way steadily to the foot of the last page. And one must suppose that there are some who derive a mystic pleasure from the paragraphs announcing that Mrs. X. has returned to town, and that Lady Y.'s second reception was numerously attended!

But I want to say a serious word about the way in which our religion should affect us in the matter of newspaper-reading; yes, because there is not one single act of daily life in which the influence of our religion should not be felt. In order to make my meaning plain, let me suggest a few definite rules, which I think we should do well to observe.

(i.) Don't let us waste money on trash. Think what a terrible quantity of rubbish, some of it merely silly, but much of it vulgar and degrading, is printed and sold every week! Each time you buy a paper of this kind you not only misuse your money, but you encourage those who are responsible for publishing it.

(ii.) Don't be led away by the sensation-mongers. It isn't always the paper with the largest headlines that contains the truest news.

(iii.) Don't take your opinions ready-made from any journal. As far as possible try to see both sides of every question. Thus, if you generally take a Conservative journal, vary it with a Liberal one now and then. So, too, with Church matters. If a particular paper represents your own views, have a look at its opponent occasionally, just to see what those who differ from you are saying. This practice, I think, will widen our sympathies and enlarge our views. In these days of keen party feeling all of us need continually to be reminded that those who seem to us quite mistaken in their opinions may yet be fully as conscientious, upright, and honourable as ourselves. Moreover, it will promote agreement. The most bitter fighters are those who have not taken the trouble really to study the views held by their opponents.

(iv.) Pray sometimes for the Press and for journalists; pray that, by God's guidance, their tremendous influence may be used for the furthering of His glory. We pray in church, as you know, for Parliament, and the power of the Press is second only to that of Parliament in shaping the destiny of our nation.

"IT IS WRITTEN."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP
OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

"He answered and said, It is written."—ST. MATT. iv. 4.

NEVERY many all-important lessons are connected with Our Lord's temptations, and some with His use of Scripture in repelling them.

For the present, let us content ourselves with one. Have you observed that the Master, pressed by temptation, refuses to argue from His own feelings, intuitions, or convictions, but falls back upon the universal precept, the common duty, the Scripture, which has one voice for all?

Satan strove to draw Him thence. If Thou art the Son of God, outside the common ranks, a unique Personage with evident claims to special indulgence, then claim and enjoy Thy privilege.

The answer of Christ was, Duty is alike to all: it is written; and the precept binds Me as much as any one.

Now, it is certain that half the sins which darken men's conscience like a cloud whence flashes every now and again a scandal or a tragedy, have their roots in the curious tendency, common to us all, to forget this truth, to make exemptions and excuses for ourselves, to think that we, special persons in special circumstances, are not quite so much bound by the letter of right and wrong as our neighbours are, whom we can see to be everyday people, in quite everyday circumstances.

Does it seem unlikely that ordinary mortals should set up for themselves so irrational a plea as this? consider, then, that, while none of us, I suppose, believes in sorcery and witchcraft, yet every man alive is really living in a bewitched, enchanted world. What you see is never the reality; it is an illusion, changed, recoloured, and rearranged specially for you. Man walketh in a vain show.

Take a very trifling instance: you have never really heard your own voice. Your lips are so close to your ears, and the tubes within the head so connect them, that the sound which reaches you is quite unlike what your neighbours hear; and I am told that very many persons, when their own tones speak to them out of a phonograph, fail utterly to guess who the speaker is.

Well, it is the same with our conduct and our place in the world as with the ear and the lips; our judgment is too closely connected with our actions for us to see them as other people do. Nothing that concerns me is the same to myself as it is to other folk. And this is enough to show the importance of a law outside ourselves. When I mention the word "home," each hearer thinks of a different place, even each of those who live in the same house. To one it is the place where he is master and can take his own

way, and be insolent and a bully without resistance ; to another it is the prison where he is a servant and a drudge, living in a garret and nursing evil tempers against those who trample on him ; and to many a good woman it is a little heaven where she can give happiness and receive it, unchecked by conventionalities and distrusts.

Apart from all differences of temper and disposition, a great difference of view is natural and inevitable, simply because each is the centre of a different world, the world of each, where everything disposes itself for his view. As objects lie near him, they are enlarged ; as they remove, they diminish ; and in the centre is himself. Just think how much more serious to me is a toothache in my own head than the loss of some one's limb in China. The pain, which I know to be much greater than mine, is a fact, no doubt, but not a fact which stings and tortures me.

A man would be a monster who would relieve himself of a toothache at the cost of any person's limb ; but what if the comparison were not quite so disproportionate, the loss and gain somewhat better balanced ? And just in the same way, our claims upon pleasure and consideration, our successes, our deservings, affect us to a degree which is quite unique. We *are* unique, each to himself, unlike all the remainder of the millions of mankind.

Now, can you not see how this clamour of my own appetite, my own advantage, my own urgent desire to escape from keen suffering or loss—while I never hear the faintest murmur of the like clamour, incessant in my neighbour's ears—must seriously mislead the judgment, unless I have some rule of action outside myself ? It is notorious that the perpetrators of most brutal murders are utterly amazed when the storm of public indignation bursts on them. The wretch who, after a dozen outrages, finally beats his wife to death, fails to see the slightest resemblance between himself and other wife-slayers. He, poor man, had been provoked all day long ; his employer had bullied him ; and when he came home he had a right to expect a cheerful face. Instead of that, he had been asked for money, and he had spent it all—was it not his own to spend ?—and then she had reproached him, and he struck the woman—any one would strike a woman who behaved so ; and then she called him names, and his temper gave way ; but really it was her fault as much as his. And it never strikes him that his wife also had a right to expect a cheerful face when he came home. No, nor yet that the same whirling, mad confusion of wild emotions, unbridled too long, was in the breast of dozens before him, of whom he himself had said that they richly deserved their fate. For he sees in himself what he never could see in them—all the causes, the impelling forces, whence sprang the deed of shame.

As with great crimes, so with lesser ones. When a lad took the first half-crown out of the till, he meant

to put it back again—"do you call that stealing ?" But luck was against him, and he *had* to take more ; and then he was discovered by a rogue (the accomplice is always a real rogue), who tempted or forced him to go on, and so he could not help it. Or else he had speculated and was forced to raise the money, and was sure to win it back if he had not been interrupted in the process ; and this is not being a thief—a thief is a cold-blooded scoundrel who deliberately takes what belongs to another.

Alas ! we can see the fallacy : it is like one's own toothache ; the excuses seem grave when urged by himself which are trivial when pleaded by his neighbour.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS CORBEL.

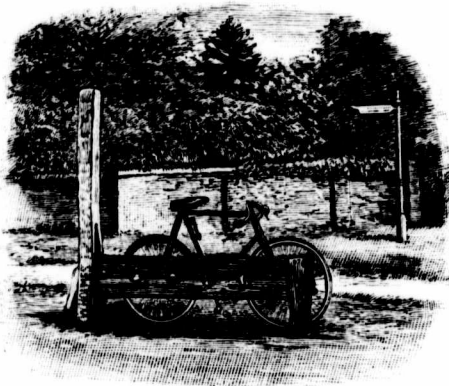


THE corbel which is here illustrated exhibits a full-sized figure-head which for five hundred years has looked down upon successive congregations in Bottesford Church, Leicestershire, silently teaching its lesson. It was erected during

a period when sermons in stone frequently took the form of proclaiming the certain fact that punishment would alight upon that member of the body which offended, and that demons would be the ready instruments of vengeance. Here sins of the eye and sins of the tongue are exhibited as meeting with their ultimate fate. Similar designs may be found in Southwell Cathedral and in many other churches.

Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. Alex. R. Hartley, Secretary of the Mechanics' Camera Club, Nottingham.

THE illustration "Hauling in the Lines" was a reproduction of a picture by the well-known artist Mr. C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., to whom this public acknowledgment is due. Mr. Sherlock much regrets that, owing to an error on the part of his engravers, the work was attributed to Mr. R. Douglas.

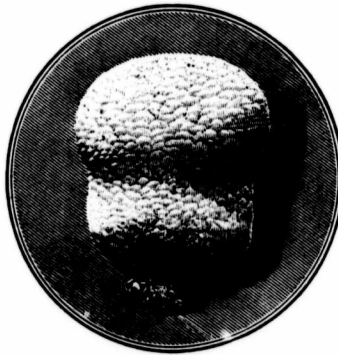


THE VILLAGE STOCKS.

On the village green at Havering-atte-Bower, in Essex, this relic of an ancient method of punishment may still be seen in a fairly good state of preservation. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.

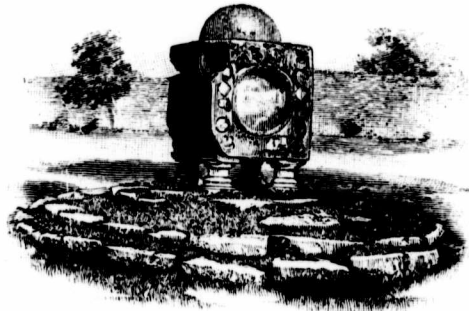
A CURIOUS FUNGUS.

THIS curious growth, or "Fuzz-ball," was found on a grassy bank in a Devonshire lane. Local barbers make use of these natural curiosities to stop the bleeding caused by razor cuts.



A CURIOUS SUNDIAL.

AT Lee Castle, Lanarkshire, the seat of Sir Simon Macdonald Lockhart, there is a very old lion-supported, facet-headed sundial. The lion supports an enriched cartouche, on which are shown the lock and the heart. The sundial is very skilfully poised on the lion's head. Our illustration has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.



A PLANETARIUM.

In the courtyard of Madeley Manor House, Shropshire, stands a very interesting planetarium, or horological instrument. The square block of stone is three feet in height, and has three sides sculptured, the north side being left blank. It is supported on four massive pillars and approached by a flight of steps. Our illustration has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

A CURIOUS ROCK.

DOWN at the Land's End there is a curious rock portrait which has a striking resemblance to "Doctor Syntax." The profile, with a very determined chin, is most clearly marked. Our illustration is from a

photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.



PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—November 1, All Saints' Day; 3, 22nd Sunday after Trinity; 6, Leonard, Confessor; 10, 23rd Sunday after Trinity; 11, Martin, Bishop; 13, Britius, Bishop; 15, Machutus, Bishop; 17, 24th Sunday after Trinity, Hugh, Bishop; 20, Edmund, King; 22, Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr; 23, Clement, Bishop; 24, 25th Sunday after Trinity; 25, Catherine, Virgin and Martyr; 30, St. Andrew, Apostle and Martyr.

Jesus said: "Come and follow Me."

ST. MATT. xix. 21.

Nanticoke.

Rev. T. H. Cotton and Mrs. Cotton have entered into the occupancy of the parsonage. They were heartily welcomed on their return from their wedding tour by the parishioners, who assembled in strong force and spent a short but very pleasant time with them.

On the occasion of the annual thanksgiving service in Christ church on Wednesday, Oct. 23rd, the people enjoyed a visit from their former pastor, Rev. E. H. Molony, who preached the special sermon. Mr. Molony on the next day called upon several of the parishioners.

On Sunday Nov. 10th, Rev. T. H. Cotton will, (D.V.) exchange duties with Rev. P. L. Spencer, and the latter will celebrate the Holy Communion in the two churches of this parish.

Cayuga.

The chief events here have been the S. S. Convention on Oct. 29th, and the Deanery meeting on the 30th. Twenty-four persons attended the convention, the small number being partly due to the shortness of the notice. Papers and addresses were given on several highly interesting subjects. Thus Rev. Wm. Bevan spoke on the "History of Catechetical Instruction" and A. K. Goodman, Esq., on "Possible Improvements in our S. S. System." Rev. P. L. Spencer read a paper on "The Sunday School not the Children's Church," and Miss Brierley read for her sister a paper on "How to Teach a S. S. Lesson." Rev. Wm. Bevan read a paper contributed by Mr. Biggar of Toronto on "Co-operation of Parents." Rev. Wm. White ably acted as chairman. Many short speeches followed the formal addresses. The ladies of St. John's church deserve great praise for their tasteful decoration of the Sunday school building and their hospitable treatment of the delegates. So pleased were those present by what had been said and done that they unanimously resolved to hold a similar convention next year in some other parish of the Deanery.

The Deanery meeting began with a service in the church, at which Rev. P. J. Spencer preached on the words, "There are diversities of the gifts but the same Spirit." This was on the evening of the 29th. The next day was occupied with the study of Acts II, second half, in Greek, the incumbent of Jarvis leading, and with the appointment of speakers for the annual missionary services, and other business.

It was agreed, upon the suggestion of Rev. W. E. White, to hold as soon as possible a choral festival, all the choirs of the Deanery to be invited to participate. The arrangements are left in the hands of a committee.

Hagersville was recommended as the place for the next meeting of the Chapter, the date to be some day near the middle of January. In addition to business, the Hebrew of Jonah II, the Greek of Acts II, and the rubrics of the Communion Office are to be read and studied.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

Items for the October number of the Magazine were sent from Minden to the printer, but must have been lost in the mail, as he did not receive them. The September baptisms appear in this issue.

The incumbent returned on Oct. 18th from a very pleasant three weeks' holiday at the Clergy House, Minden. The Sunday duty during his absence was very kindly taken by Revs. J. Francis and W. Massey, retired clergymen, living in Hamilton, and Mr. H. A. Genet of Brantford, member of the Huron Lay Workers' Association.

The last week in October was a week of "bees." At the request of the wardens notice was given on Sunday morning, Oct. 27th, at St. John's that a "bee" would be held on Thursday afternoon for the purpose of improving the driveway up to the shed. Fortunately for this work the last day of the month was included in the unusually prolonged period of fine weather which has marked the first October of the new century, and an excellent job was done. The workers were Messrs. A. Docker, J. Lyons, H. King, T. King, W. Bate, Sr. W. Bate, Jr., M. Kohler, G. Bate, T. Bloff, R. Logan, W. Funk and J. Sternaman.

At the afternoon service at Christ's Church a bee was suggested, decided upon and announced, for Monday, to fill in the hollows in the shed. When the workers assembled on Monday afternoon—Messrs. S. Hornibrook, H. King, W. Docker, F. Splatt, R. Docker, M. Armour, W. Biennan, Jr., T. King, J. Bradford, H. Hamilton and H. Hall—it was agreed that as sand was to be drawn it might as well be taken from inside the west fence of the churchyard, where in the course of years a large bank had been drifted, covering many graves and almost covering several headstones. The work was accomplished so far as the shed was concerned that afternoon, but it proved to be only a beginning in the churchyard. On Wednesday Messrs. A. Diette and E. Logan came with teams, and Messrs. H. King, F. Splatt, O. Logan, J. Taylor and J. Miskin assisted with shovels, and more was drawn away; but to make a finished job a good many wagon loads must be taken out yet. The autumn rains will probably interfere with anything more being done this year, and the ground in the churchyard is seldom dry enough till about midsummer to allow of heavy loads being driven over it, but it is to be hoped that the good work will not be forgotten next year. The appearance of the churchyard will be greatly improved thereby, and at any rate the resting places of the dead should not be neglected.

The Sunday Schools closed for the winter as usual on the last Sunday in October. On the last Sunday in each month the collection requested by the Bishop for the Diocesan Century Fund has been made, amounting for the six months to \$9.20 at St. John's and \$5.59 at Christ Church. A meeting of the teachers at St. John's was held at Mr. Logan's on Saturday, Nov. 2nd. The returns of attendance show that a considerable number of pupils have attended very regularly. It was decided to hold the Christmas Tree on Monday, Dec. 30th.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

BAPTISMS.

Sept. 11th—At Christ Church, Port Maitland, James Dewey, son of James S. and Emma Jones, born Aug. 24th, 1898.

Sept. 15th—At St. John's Church, South Cayuga Vera Mav, infant daughter of John and Mary Diette, Sponsors—Mother, John Diette, Sr., and wife.

Sept. 16th—At Port Maitland, Vinina Hattie, daughter of Caroline McKee, and Sophia, daughter of John Wesley and Caroline McKee.

Nov. 8rd—At Christ Church, Mary Ann Lawson. Witnesses—Mrs. Miskin, Sr., Henry King, Sr. and wife.

Nanticoke.

We were favored on the 4th ult, with a visit from His Lordship, the Bishop of Niagara. The occasion was a confirmation service held in Christ Church, Nanticoke. The Rev. P. L. Spencer of Jarvis was also present. The following candidates received confirmation at the hands of the Bishop. Nanticoke—Craig Evans, Earl Thompson, Sadie Snowdon, Mrs. J. Fletcher, Leslie Stone, Bertha Fike, Florence Jackson, Willie Falloon, Emerson Porritt, Edgar Meade, Alex. Dunbar, Jane Dunbar Willie Wilson, Julia Evans, Wilfrid Evans, Dave Hudson, Dorcas Hamilton, W. H. Davidson. Cheapside—Harry Martin, Lottie Wood, Annie Abrahamart, Tessa Knisley.

BAPTISMS,

In Christ Church, Nanticoke, on Sept. 4th, Eliza Jane, wife of Mr. John Fletcher.

In St. John's Church, Cheapside, Charles Harold and Florence Ellen, children of Sarah Ella and Reuben Mattice.

MARRIAGES.

On Sept. 26th, in St. James' Church, Primrose, by the Rev. F. J. Lynch of Rosemont, the Rev. T. Herbert Cotton of this parish to Miss Nellie, daughter of Mr. William Avison of Primrose.

On October 16th, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. T. H. Cotton, B. A., Mr. William James Saunders to Miss Nina Gertrude, daughter of Mr. Michael Wedrick, all of Nanticoke.

RECEPTION AND PRESENTATION.

On Friday evening, October the 11th, a very pleasant reception was given to the Rev. Mr. Cotton upon his happy return to the parish with his young bride. The whole parish was well represented and a most enjoyable social evening was spent. The members of the Cheapside congregation presented Mr. and Mrs. Cotton with a goodly purse, and the present from the Nanticoke congregation, which came somewhat later, was a beautiful oak side-board.

THANKSGIVING.

The harvest thanksgiving service for this parish was held in Christ church, Nanticoke, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. H. Molony of Homer, a former pastor, and everyone was glad to see the face of their old friend once more. The collection was \$18.75.

Mr. A. R. Low and Mr. S. A. Thompson, lay readers, took charge of the Sunday services during Mr. Cotton's absence.