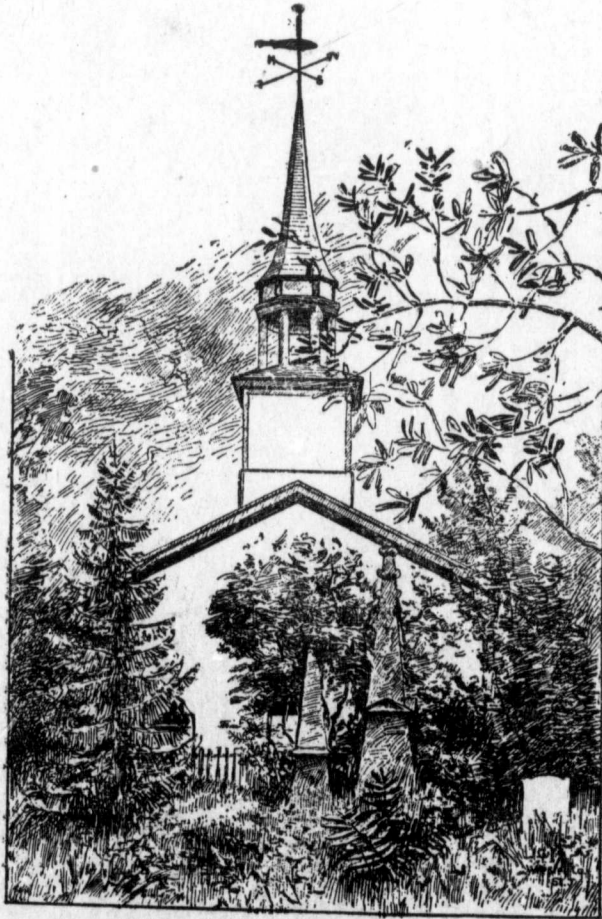


THE CHURCH BELL.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OAK POINT, GREENWICH.

OCTOBER,

1900.

The Church Bell.

VOL. 2.

No. 10.

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OCTOBER, 1900.

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ORGANISTS. St. Paul's Church, Mr. B. D. Richards. St. James' Church, Mrs. A. L. Peatman. Evandale, Mrs. Ford Walton.

OUR PARISH.

There is a suggestion which is well to put before the people, in reference to this Parish. It is well known what an effort it is to raise the amount required by the Board of Home Missions, from this Parish, and it appears according to the general opinion of competent men that the envelope is the best system, by which to raise the money. Some may say, that it has been tried here and failed, as there are many objections to it. But it appears that the objections to the system are less than the arguments in favor, and we trust at our next meeting, to have the question thoroughly discussed. Also it is very desirable, to have a meeting held every Quarter, in the Parish, when all interested in Church Work can attend, and where plans and schemes can be discussed, and the financial condition of the Parish considered, and, if agreeable, for a Report of the Parish to be read in Church, on the Sunday following such meeting, so all may know the true status of the Parish.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH.

Truly indeed Oct. 21st, will be a day long remembered in Speight Settlement, when for the first time, Divine Service was held in the New Church. Owing to the earnest work of Messrs George and Wm. Seely, rapid progress was made in completing the building. By Saturday night the Chairs, Lectern, Reading Desk, Lamps and Frames, had arrived. With a few exceptions, the work on the building—both outside and in—is done; but there are several things needed yet,—such as an Altar, Altar Rail, Communion Vessels and Linen, Carpet for Chancel, and we trust in time an Organ. We need some more help to finish paying off the debt on the chairs.

The Service was bright and hearty. The Organist of St. Paul's Church and part of the Choir, and also some members from St. James's Church Choir were present,—and could the kind Friend, who gave so liberally towards the erection of that Church, have seen the well filled

building, and the joy and thankfulness expressed on many a face, and the heartiness of the Service—we feel sure that to that friend, the words of St. Paul, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," would have taken a richer and more beautiful meaning than ever before.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is our sad duty to record in this number of Church Bell, the death of HELEN (BOYLE) PICKETT, beloved wife of Rev. D. W. Pickett, of this Parish. Born at Liverpool, N. S. in 1828,—carefully trained in early days, by loving and watchful parents—her young life was thus moulded for its future work. The record of her life during the last 40 years, as God's handmaid, is grand and beautiful.

A splendid task it would be, to consider her, as a true and loving wife—a devoted mother—a never changing friend, and above all—a faithful soldier of Christ and His Church.

Never did a gentler, more faithful soul, leave a weary body, for the calm rest of the Paradise of God,—never had those who loved and mourned for a departed friend, more sure and certain hope.

OUIGOUDI LIBRARY.

We have so far this year added 40 books to our Library and at our last annual meeting, Jan. 30th, we resolved to make an effort to increase our books by 50, we lack 10 yet, and if those members, who have not contributed this year, will kindly do so, before our next annual meeting, (Jan. 30, 1901), we feel sure that our earnest expectation will be realized. Ere the publication of this number, a Catalogue of all the books, in alphabetical order, will be placed in the Oak Point Library—and probably, in the Brown's Flats Library as well, together with a small box placed in a convenient position, where any member can deposit a Slip of paper, containing the name of any book on the Catalogue, which is desired, so when the books are changed, it will be known what ones are called for. As we have now 207 vols. on hand, it is impossible to tell what books have been read, and what have not. We feel that this scheme will solve the difficulty.

QUEENSTOWN.

The Services here are very hearty indeed, the chanting adding much to the brightness.

A very nice Service was held here, Oct. 4th, when,—at the close—the five children of George and Eunice Williams, were admitted into Christ's Church by Baptism.

The names of the baptized are as follows:—

Lucy Alice	age	2 years,
Ada Hildred	"	5 "
Bessie Hazel	"	8 "
George Arthur	"	13 "
Robert Penn	"	10 "

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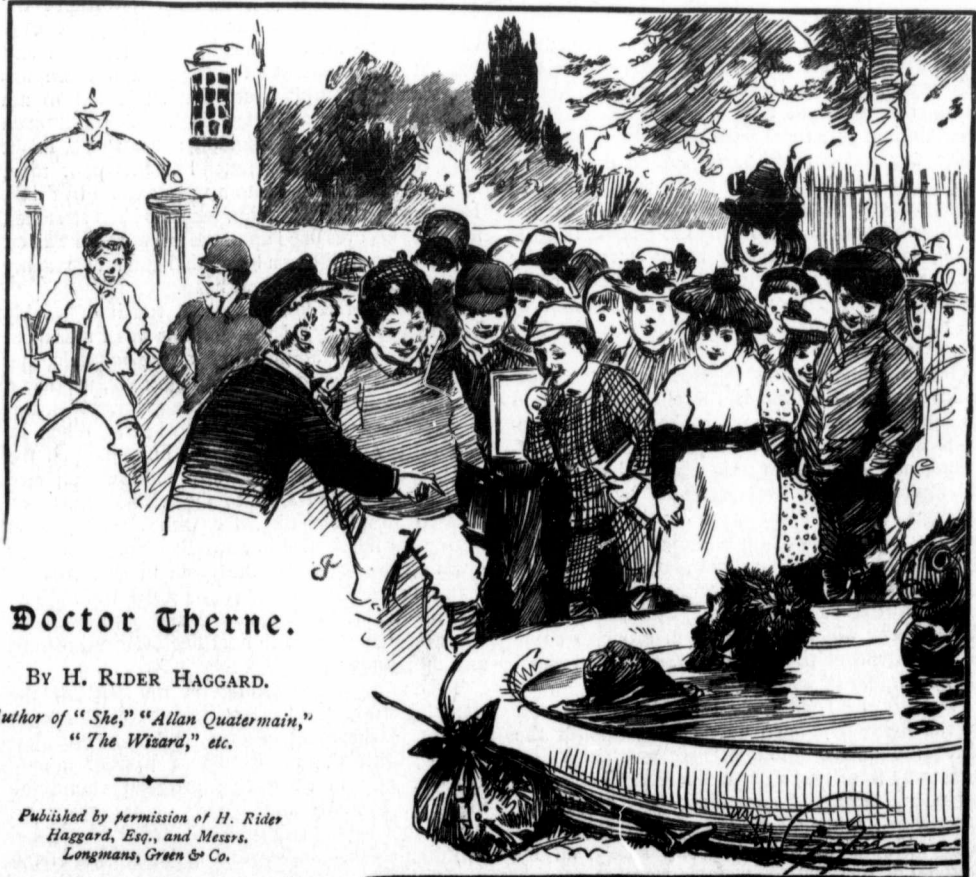
THE DAWN OF DAY



No. 274.]

OCTOBER, 1900.

[NEW SERIES.



Doctor Therne.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "She," "Allan Quatermain,"
"The Wizard," etc.

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Longmans, Green & Co.

The children gathered round the fountain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMING OF THE RED-HEADED MAN.

HALF of the three years of probation had gone by and once more we found ourselves at Dunchester in August. Under circumstances still too recent to need explanation, the Government of which I was a member had decided to appeal to the country, the General Election being fixed for the end of September, after the termination of harvest. Dunchester was considered to be a safe Radical seat, and, as a matter of parliamentary tactics, the poll for this city, together with that of eight or ten other boroughs, was fixed for the earliest possible day, in the hope that the results might encourage more doubtful places to give us their support. Constituencies are very like sheep, and if the leaders jump through a certain gap in the political hedge the flock, or a large proportion of it, will generally follow. All of us like to be on the winning side.

Few people who are old enough to remember it will ever forget the August of two years ago, if only because of its phenomenal heat. Up to that month the year had been very cold, so cold that even during July there were some evenings when a fire was welcome, while on several days I saw people driving about the roads wrapped up in heavy ulsters. But with the first day of August all this changed, and suddenly the climate became torrid, the nights especially being extraordinarily hot. From every quarter of the country came complaints of the great heat, while each issue of the newspapers contained lists of those who had fallen victims to it.

One evening, feeling oppressed in the tree-enclosed park of Ashfields, I strolled out of it into the suburb of which I have spoken. Almost opposite the private gate of the park stands a board-school, and in front of this board-school I had laid out an acre of land presented by myself, as a playground and open space for the use of the public. In the centre of this garden was a fountain that fell into a marble basin, and around the fountain, but at some distance from it, stood iron seats. To these I made my way and sat down on one of them, which was empty, in order to enjoy the cool sound of the splashing water, about which a large number of children were playing.

Presently, as I sat thus, I lifted my eyes and saw the figure of a man approaching towards the other side of the fountain. He was quite fifty yards away from me, so that his features were invisible, but there was something about his general aspect which attracted my attention at once. To begin with, he looked small and lonely, all by himself out there on the wide expanse of gravel: moreover, the last rays of the setting sun, striking

full upon him, gave him a fiery and unnatural appearance against the dense background of shadows beyond. It is a strange and dreadful coincidence, but by some extraordinary action of the mind, so subtle that I cannot trace the link, the apparition of this man out of the gloom into the fierce light of the sunset reminded me of a picture that I had once seen representing the approach to the Norwegian harbour of the ship which brought the plague to the shores of Scandinavia. In the picture that ship also was clothed with the fires of sunset, while behind it lay the blackness of approaching night. Like the wanderer that ship also came forward, slowly indeed, but without pause, as though alive with a purpose of its own, and I remember that awaiting it upon the quay were a number of merry children.

Shaking myself free from this ridiculous but unpleasant thought, I continued to observe the man idly. Clearly he was one of the great army of tramps, for his coat was wide and ragged and his hat half innocent of rim, although there was something about his figure that suggested to me that he had seen better days. I could even imagine that under certain circumstances I might have come to look very much like this poor man, now doubtless turned into a mere animal by drink. He drew on with a long slow step, his head stretched forward, his eyes fixed upon the water, as he walked now and again lifting a long thin hand and scraping impatiently at his face and head.

"That poor fellow has got a touch of prickly heat and is thirsty," I thought, nor was I mistaken, for, on arriving at the edge of the fountain, the tramp knelt down and drank copiously, making a moaning sound as he gulped the water, which was very peculiar and unpleasant to hear. When he had satisfied his thirst, he sat himself upon the marble edge of the basin and suddenly plunged his legs, boots and all, into the water. Its touch seemed to please him, for with a single swift movement he slipped in altogether, sitting himself down on the bottom of the basin in such fashion that only his face and fiery red head, from which the hat had fallen, remained above the surface, whereon they seemed to float like some monstrous and unnatural growth.

This unusual proceeding on the part of the tramping stranger at once excited the most intense interest in the mind of every child on the playground, with the result that in another minute forty or fifty of them had gathered round the fountain, laughing and jeering at its occupant. Again the sight brought to my mind a strained and disagreeable simile, for I bethought me of the dreadful tale of Elisha and of the fate which overtook the children who mocked him. Decidedly

the heat had upset my nerves that night, nor were they soothed when suddenly from the red head floating upon the water came a flute-like and educated voice, saying—

"Cease deriding the unfortunate, children, or I will come out of this marble bath and tickle you."

Thereat they laughed all the more, and began to pelt the bather with little stones and bits of stick.

At first I thought of interfering, but as it occurred to me that the man would probably be violent or abusive if I spoke to him, and as, above all things, I disliked scenes, I made up my mind to fetch a policeman, whom I knew I should find round the corner about a hundred yards away. I walked to the corner but did not find the policeman, whereon I started across the square to look for him. At another point. My road led me past the fountain, and, as I approached it, I saw that the water-loving wanderer had been as good as his word. He had emerged from the fountain, and, rushing to and fro raining moisture from his wide coat, despite their shrieks half of fear and half of laughter, he grabbed child after child and, drawing it to him, tickled and kissed it, laughing dementedly the while, in a fashion which showed me that he was suffering from some form of mania.

As soon as he saw me the man dropped the last child he had caught—it was little Tottie Smith—and began to stride away towards the city at the same slow, regular, purposeful gait with which I had seen him approach the fountain. As he passed he turned and made a grimace at me, and then I saw his dreadful face. No wonder it had looked red at a distance, for the *erythema* almost covered

it, except where, on the forehead and cheeks, appeared purple spots and patches.

Of what did it remind me?

Great Heaven! I remembered. It reminded me of the face of that girl I had seen lying in the *plaza* of San José, in Mexico, over whom the old woman was pouring water from the fountain, much such a fountain as that before me, for half unconsciously, when planning this place, I had

reproduced its beautiful design. It all came back to me with a shock, the horrible scene of which I had scarcely thought for years, so vividly indeed that I seemed to hear the old hag's voice crying in cracked accents, "*Si, señor, viruela, viruela!*"

I ought to have sent to warn the police and the health officers of the city, for I was sure that the man was suffering from what is commonly called confluent smallpox. But I did not. From the beginning there has been something about this terrible disease which physically and morally has exercised so great an influence over my destiny, that seemed to paralyse my mental powers. In my day I was a doctor fearless of any other contagion; typhus, scarlatina, diphtheria, yellow fever, none of them had terrors for me. And yet I was afraid to attend a case of smallpox. From the same cause, in my public speeches I

made light of it, talking of it with contempt as a sickness of small account, much as a housemaid talks in the servants' hall of the ghost which is supposed to haunt the back stairs.

And now, coming as it were from that merry and populous chamber of life and health, once again I had met the Spectre I derided, a red-headed, red-visaged Thing that chose me out to



Rushing to and fro, he grabbed child after child.

stop and grin at. Somehow I was not minded to return and announce the fact.

"Why," they would say, "*you* were the one who did not believe in ghosts. It was *you* who preached of vile superstitions, and yet merely at the sight of a shadow you rush in with trembling hands and bristling hair to bid us lay it with bell, book, and candle. Where is your faith, O prophet?"

It was nonsense; the heat and all my incessant political work had tried me and I was mistaken. That tramp was a drunken, or perhaps a crazy creature, afflicted with some skin disease such as are common among his class. Why did I allow the incident to trouble me?

I went home and washed out my mouth, and sprinkled my clothes with a strong disinfectant, for, although my own folly was evident, it is always as well to be careful, especially in hot weather. Still I could not help wondering what might happen if by any chance smallpox were to get a hold of a population like that of Dunchester, or indeed of a hundred other places in England.

Since the passing of the famous Conscience Clause many years before, as was anticipated would be the case, and as the anti-vaccinators intended should be the case, vaccination had become a dead letter amongst at least seventy-five per cent. of the people.* Our various societies and agents were not content to let things take their course and to allow parents to vaccinate their children, or to leave them unvaccinated as they might think fit. On the contrary, we had instituted a house-to-house canvass, and our visitors took with them forms of conscientious objection, to be filled in by parents or guardians, and legally witnessed.

At first the magistrates refused to accept these forms, but after awhile, when they found how impossible it was to dive into a man's conscience and to decide what was or what was not "conscientious objection," they received them as sufficient evidence, provided only that they were sworn before someone entitled to administer oaths. Many of the objectors did not even take the trouble to do as much as this, for within five years of the passing of the Act, in practice the vaccination laws ceased to exist. Nor is this to be wondered at, for what board, or officer, was likely to go to the trouble of working up a case and to sanction the expense of bringing it before the court, when, to produce a complete defence, or at any rate a defence which in practice no Bench of Magistrates refused to accept, the defendant need

only declare that he had a conscientious objection to the law under which the information was laid against him? Many idle or obstinate or prejudiced people would develop conscientious objections to anything which gives trouble or that they happen to dislike. For instance, if the same principle were applied to education, I believe that within a very few years not twenty-five per cent. of the children belonging to the classes that are educated out of the rates would ever pass the School Board standards.

Thus it came about that the harvest was ripe, and over ripe, awaiting only the appointed sickle of disease. Once or twice already that sickle had been put in, but always before the reaping began it was stayed by the application of isolation rules terrible in their severity.

Among some of the natives of Africa when smallpox breaks out in a kraal, that kraal is surrounded by guards and its inhabitants are left to recover or perish, to starve or to feed themselves as chance and circumstance may dictate. During the abeyance of the smallpox laws the same plan, more mercifully applied, prevailed in England, and thus the evil hour was postponed. But it was only postponed, for, like a cumulative tax it was heaping up against the country, and at last the hour had come for payment to an authority whose books must be balanced without remittance or reduction. What is due to nature that nature takes in her own way and season, neither less nor more, unless indeed the skill and providence of man can find means to force her to write off the debt.

Five days after my encounter with the red-headed vagrant, the following paragraph appeared in one of the local papers: "Pocklingham. In the casual ward of the Union house for this district a tramp, name unknown, died last night. He had been admitted on the previous evening, but, for some unexplained reason, it was not noticed until the next morning that he suffered from illness, and, therefore, he was allowed to mix with the other inmates in the general ward. Drs. Butt and Clarkson, who were called in to attend, state that the cause of death was the worst form of smallpox. The body will be buried in quicklime, but some alarm is felt in the district owing to the deceased, who, it is said, arrived here from Dunchester, where he had been frequenting various tramp's lodgings, having mixed with a number of other vagrants, who left the house before the character of his sickness was discovered, and who cannot now be traced. The unfortunate man was about forty years of age, of medium height, and red-haired."

The same paper had an editorial note upon this piece of news, at the end of which it re-

* Since the above was written a few months ago tens of thousands of children have been exempted on the ground of their parents or guardians "conscientious objections." In one town alone the exemptions are reported to amount to no less than forty thousand!

marked, as became a party and an anti-vaccination organ: "The terror of this 'filth disease,' which in our fathers' time amounted almost to insanity, no longer afflicts us, who know both that its effects were exaggerated and how to deal with it by isolation without recourse to the so-called vaccine remedies, which are now rejected by a large proportion of the population of these islands. Still, as we have ascertained by inquiry that this unfortunate man did undoubtedly spend several days and nights wandering about our city when in an infectious condition, it will be as well that the authorities should be on the alert. We do not want that hoary veteran—the smallpox scare—to rear its head again in Dunchester, least of all just now, when, in view of the imminent election, the accustomed use would be made of it by our prejudiced and unscrupulous political opponents."

"No," I said to myself, as I put the paper down, "certainly we do not want a smallpox scare just now, and still less do we want the smallpox." Then I thought of that unfortunate red-headed wretch, crazy with the torment of his disease, and of his hideous laughter, as he hunted and caught the children who made a mock of him—the poor children, scarcely one of whom was vaccinated.

A week later I opened my political campaign with a large public meeting in the Agricultural Hall. Almost up to the nomination day no candidate was forthcoming on the other side, and I thought that, for the fourth time, I should be returned unopposed. Of a sudden, however, a name was announced, and it proved to be none other than that of my rival of many years ago—Sir Thomas Colford—now like myself growing grey-headed, but still vigorous in mind and body, and as much respected as ever by the wealthier and more educated classes of our community. His appearance in the field put a new complexion

on matters; it meant, indeed, that instead of the easy and comfortable walk over which I had anticipated, I must fight hard for my political existence.

In the course of my speech, which was very well received, for I was still popular in the town even among the more moderate of my opponents, I dwelt upon Sir Thomas Colford's address to the electorate which had just come into my hands. In this address I was astonished to see a paragraph advocating, though in a somewhat guarded fashion, the re-enactment of the old laws of compulsory vaccination. In a draft which had reached me two days before through some underground channel, this paragraph had not appeared, thus showing that it had been added by an after-thought and quite suddenly. However, there it was, and I made great play with it.

What, I asked the electors of Dunchester, could they think of a man who in these modern and enlightened days sought to reimpose upon a free people the barbarous infamies of the Vaccination Acts? Long ago we had fought that fight, and long ago we had relegated them to *limbo*, where, with such things as instruments of torment, papal bulls and writs of attainder, they remained to excite the wonder and the horror of our own and future generations.

Well would it have been for me if I had stopped here, but, led

away by the subject and by the loud cheers that my treatment of it, purposely flamboyant, never failed to evoke, forgetful, too, for the moment of the Red-headed Man, I passed on to deductions. Our opponents had prophesied, I said, that within ten years of the passing of the famous Conscience Clause smallpox would be rampant. Now, what were the facts? Although almost twice that time had gone by, here in Dunchester we had suffered far less from smallpox than during the compulsory period, for at no one time



A friend told me that one of the children was dead.

during all these eighteen or twenty years had three cases been under simultaneous treatment within the confines of the city.

"Well, there are five now," called out a voice from the back of the hall.

I drew myself up and made ready to wither this untruthful brawler with my best election scorn, when, of a sudden, I remembered the Red-headed Man, and passed on to the consideration of foreign affairs.

From that moment all life went out of my speech, and, as it seemed to me, the enthusiasm of the meeting died away. As soon as it was over I made inquiries, to find that the truth had been hidden from me—there were five, if not seven cases of smallpox in different parts of the city, and the worst feature of the facts was that three of the patients were children attending different schools. One of these children, it was ascertained, had been among those who were playing round the fountain about a fortnight since, although he was not one whom the red-haired tramp touched, but the other two had not been near the fountain. The presumption was, therefore, that they had contracted the disease through some other source of infection, perhaps at the lodging-house where the man had spent the night after bathing in the water. Also it seemed that, drawn thither by the heat, in all two or three hundred children had visited the fountain square on this particular evening, and that many of them had drunk water out of the basin.

Never do I remember feeling more frightened than when these facts came to my knowledge, for, added to the possible terrors of the position, was my constitutional fear of the disease which I have already described. On my way homewards I met a friend who told me that one of the children was dead, the malady, which was of an awful type, having done its work very swiftly.

Like a first flake from a snow-cloud, like a first leaf falling in autumn from among the myriads on some great tree, so did this little life sink from our number into the silence of the grave. Ah! how many were to follow? There is a record, I believe, but I cannot give it. In Dunchester alone, with its population of about 50,000, I know that we had over 5,000 deaths, and Dunchester was a focus from which the pestilence spread through the kingdom, destroying and destroying and destroying with a fury that has not been equalled since the days of the Black Death.

But all this was still to come, for the plague did not get a grip at once. An iron system of isolation was put in force, and every possible means was adopted by the town authorities, who, for the most part, were anti-vaccinationists, to suppress the facts. As might have been expected also, the

party in power did not wish the political position to be complicated by an outcry for the passing of a new smallpox law, so few returns were published, and as little information as possible was given to the papers.

For awhile there was a lull; the subject of smallpox was *taboo*, and nobody heard much about it beyond vague and indefinite rumours. Indeed, most of us were busy with the question of the hour—the eternal question of beer, its purity and the method of its sale. For my part, I made few inquiries; like the ostrich of fable I hid my head in the sands of political excitement, hoping that the arrows of pestilence would pass us by.

And yet, although I breathed no word of my fears to a living soul, in my heart I was terribly afraid.

(To be continued.)



THE following is an interesting account of the Bishop of Tasmania's palace, on the Furneau Islands, Bass Straits. "It has been built for me," says the Bishop, "by Mr. E. Stephens, the wood having been given me as a present by a good and generous friend in Launceston, known far and wide as a builder of the highest character and capacity. He had found me last year in trouble with my tent, at night, during a gale of wind, and this was his practical method of meeting my future difficulties. It is not an immense mansion; 17 ft. by 11 ft., amply sufficient for all purposes, and built, by leave of the Education Department, on the corner of the school reserve, but removable at any time at their pleasure. The furniture is of the simplest at Bishops-court, much resembling a miner's hut, but quite sufficient. The hardest part of the housework is cutting the wood for the fire. It means taking the wheelbarrow and axe, and departing into the bush; but I think it right to indulge in this physical exercise as useful to oneself and an example to others."

ONE of the missionaries of the C.M.S., stationed at Omdurman, has returned from a tour a hundred miles up the Blue Nile to Sennaar. In winding up the journal recording this tour, he bears the following witness to the work of the British in the Soudan:—"After what we have seen of the earnest efforts of our British officers to administer justice and relieve the sufferings of the people committed to their care, we cannot but feel that a brighter day is dawning on the Soudan, and that, however indirectly, the influence of Christianity is already being brought to bear upon its people."



Notes on Church Topics.

BY MAY COCHRANE.

Object Lessons.

AMONG the many ways of commemorating the Bicentenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, missionary exhibitions are holding a prominent place. Their object is "to interest, to instruct, to inspire." Even small country towns have been able to gather together collections of curiosities from all parts of the mission field to serve as object lessons on the Society's work. South Londoners will be able to visit one of the largest and most interesting of missionary exhibitions at Newington Baths from November 12th to 17th, where a series of "courts" will represent the domestic, national [or tribal], and religious life of the peoples, among whom the Society labours. A missionary exhibition, like a sermon, fails of its object unless it creates permanent results.

Lincoln Packets.

"Is the sermon done?" asked a passer-by of an old woman as she came out of church. "No," she replied, "it is only just begun; we have to practise it now." As a means of utilising the interest created at present in missionary work in the Diocese of Lincoln, the Diocesan Bicentenary Committee have adopted the "envelope system" of the American Church. In order that none may be deterred by false shame, or lifted up by self-conceit, the holders of the packets are known by number not name. Each packet is marked with a definite amount varying from 5s. to £1,000.

Pioneer and Bond.

The imperial idea has grown by leaps and bounds among all classes of Englishmen during the last few years. The holders of the "tight little island" theory will soon be as extinct as the

dodo. But while this is true of Englishmen as members of the State, as Churchmen we are still too apt to cling to the thought of "a tight little Church," a sort of magnified parochial organisation, "cribb'd, cabin'd and confined," within the four seas. Politically, we are learning to look at questions of the day from the standpoint of the Empire. Ecclesiastically we must take the same point of view. The Church of England is no longer the Church of this country only, she is the Church of the Empire; more than that, she is the Church of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. As she was the pioneer so she is the bond of the Empire and of Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

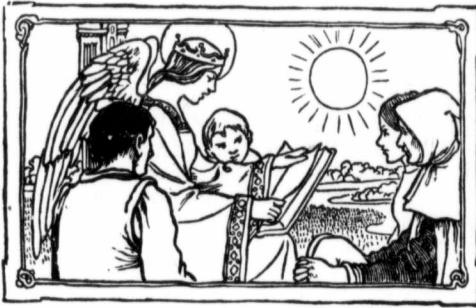
Her Children's Heritage.

Her doctrines, her ritual and her history, are the heritage of her children throughout the Empire, and in the United States of America, Parliamentary legislation on the internal affairs of the National Church would be not only an infringement of the religious liberty of *Englishmen*, but an interference with the rights of the Colonial and American members of a society which is equally theirs and ours. They have a right to demand the spiritual autonomy of their Mother Church, the integrity of her property and of her ancient relations with the State. If English voters and their parliamentary representatives can no longer exclude the Sons of the Empire from the settlement of imperial questions which touch their political and commercial rights and liberties, neither can they ignore the ecclesiastical rights and ride rough-shod over the religious sensibilities of English Churchmen beyond the sea.

A TELEPHONE MESSAGE RECORDER.

SOME of the telephone subscribers in Copenhagen are using an automatic register for messages spoken into their instruments when they happen to be out. The apparatus is a modification of the Edison phonograph, using a steel tape or wire instead of a wax cylinder as receiver. The steel tape is passed between the poles of an electromagnet, with whose coil a telephone is connected, and it is variably magnetised at different portions of its length as the current is varied by the speech vibrations in the telephone. The magnetisation is long retained, giving a reproduction of the vibrations and speech when the tape is again passed through a similar electromagnet; as is done when the telephone owner returns home.

A GIVEN acreage of wheat will feed at least ten times as many people as the same acreage employed in growing mutton.



Lessons for October.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
7	G 17 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Jer. 5.	Philip. 1.	Jer. 22; or 35.	Luke 8 to 26.
14	G 18 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Jer. 36.	Col. 3 v. 18.	Ezek. 2; or 13 to 17.	Luke 11 v. 29.
18	Th St. Luke, Evan.	Isai. 55.	1 Thess. 3.	Ecclus. 38 to v. 15.	Luke 13 v. 18.
21	G 19 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Ezek. 14.	Thess. 1.	Ezek. 18; or 24 v. 15.	Luke 15 v. 11.
26	G 20 Sunday aft. Trinity.	Ezek. 34.	1 Tim. 5.	Ezek. 37; or Dan. 1.	Luke 19 v. 28.
	St. Simon & St. Jude, Ap. and M.	Isai. 28 v. 9 to v. 17.		Jer. 3 v. 12 to 19.	

SLAVE labour in Rome was worth 6*d.* a day, and an able-bodied slave brought £6 sterling.

THE ancient Gauls believed that a dog knew of his master's death even if widely separated from him.

MOUNT Lebanon, from the sides of which the cedars for Solomon's temple were cut, is believed to be the highest elevation in Syria, 11,000 feet.

IN the Niagara Rapids the water descends 52 feet in less than a mile; the falls are 164 feet high on the American side and 150 on the Canadian.

MOUNT Etna, the largest volcano in Europe, and one of the largest in the world, is 10,050 feet high, and ninety miles in circumference at its base.

It used to be that an importer of animals could get £1,000 for a fine lion, but nowadays young lions bred in captivity are so many that they are a drug on the market.



The Garden.

Housing Plants.

THE summer being now over, and the winter at hand, any tender or greenhouse plants that may have been planted out of doors for the summer should be taken up, potted, and housed at once, before they are injured by frost. Among these are the pretty red-berried solanums, arum lilies, and dracenas of sorts, as well as aralias, Grevilleas, bouvardias, and fuchsias. Chrysanthemums and salvias are also often planted out for the summer, but these should have the roots cut round once or twice a few weeks previously. Any geraniums, etc., likely to be required for stock had better be lifted, trimmed, and potted or placed thickly in boxes.

Planting Roses.

The autumn is the best time for planting roses of nearly all kinds, the only exceptions being the comparatively tender tea-scented and Noisette varieties, which are, as a rule, better left till the spring, the early part of April being probably the best period for these. For all others from the middle of the current month (October) till the middle or end of November, according to the weather, should be chosen.

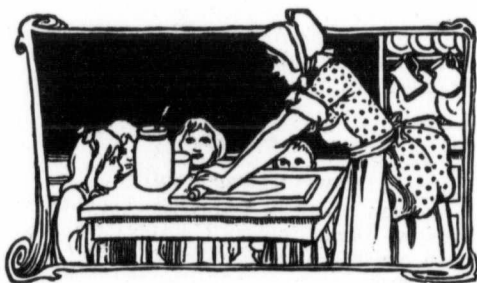
Fruit Garden.

Planting operations may be commenced at any time now, as the leaves are falling fast. Where the trees are already on the place, or close at hand, they may be safely removed at any time now, but if they have to come a long journey it will be better to leave them till next month, when the wood, etc., is more matured. I always consider it better to plant all hardy fruit trees and bushes early than late, as the ground being still comparatively warm promotes rapid and vigorous root-action, and the trees consequently start better in the spring, and do better not only the first season but subsequently also.

Planting Bulbs.

No time ought now to be lost in getting all the so-called "Dutch" bulbs planted, this term including hyacinths of sorts, tulips, narcissi and daffodils in variety, scillas, crocuses, snow drops, chinodoxas, and many more. October is undoubtedly *the* month for bulb planting, and much better than any later time. If all are planted by the end of the current month they will do very well, though if left much later not only do the bulbs lose a part of their vigour and vitality, through becoming over-dried and shrivelled, but they have not time to form a sufficient quantity of roots before growth commences in the spring.

Before planting, the beds should be thoroughly well dug, adding a moderate quantity of decayed manure, or good leaf mould, also some burnt earth, wood ashes, or the products of a smother or rubbish fire. Where the soil is very heavy or damp it is a good plan to place a little sharp sand beneath and round each bulb of a choice description, but in light or well-drained soils no sand is necessary.



Household Hints.

BOILED LEG OF PORK.—*Time, three hours at least.*—The pork may have been in pickle for a week or ten days. Let it soak for at least one hour in cold water before cooking. Put it into a pot of cold water sufficient to cover it; let it gradually come to a boil; remove the scum. Now let it simmer gradually, but continuously, quite for three hours, supposing it to weigh about eight pounds; if more than that weight, a little longer. Nothing is more objectionable than underdone pork, so mind that it must simmer, and only simmer, during that space of time. Carrots, turnips, or parsnips are generally boiled with this dish—that is a matter of taste; the vegetables in that case must be neatly cut up. Save the liquor in an earthenware pot.



Why we are not Dissenters.

BY THE REV. CANON HAMMOND,
Vicar of St. Austell.

1. *We dare not separate from the Church, because it is God's Church.* No one who has read the Bible carefully and without prejudice will deny that the Church is a *Divine* institution. He will not deny that Almighty God founded, owned, and governed the Jewish Church, the Church before Christ. He must admit that that communion, in spite of its many corruptions, was God's, and that He always claims it as His. However wicked were its priests and prophets and people, still they were His priests, and it was His people.* Nor will he deny again that the Son of God founded a Church—"My Church" He called it. He formed His disciples into a Society, and that Society was the beginning, the nucleus, of the Christian Church. It was not pure—there were "some who believed not," and one of the Apostles was "a devil,"† but still it was His.

"The Churches of God."

The branches of this same Society, again, established soon after the Ascension, at Corinth, at Rome, in the cities of Galatia and of Asia, were full of errors and abuses—yes, and of graver errors and of graver abuses than the Church of England is now charged with—yet they are always addressed as "the Churches of God." In the Church of Corinth‡ were some who denied the resurrection and gloried in incest, yet it is called "the Church of God."§ In the Church of Thyatira Christians were taught to commit fornication, yet Christ claimed it as His.|| The Church of Sardis was "dead," yet He still owned it and ruled it.¶ Even so, the branch of the Church established centuries ago in this country has often been very impure; it has been stained by various errors and sins, yet it has not ceased on that account to be God's Church.

* Isaiah i, 3, 4; v, 7. Ps. i, 7; lxxxii, 11, etc.

† St. John vi, 60-70.

‡ 1 Cor. i, 2; 2 Cor. i, 1.

¶ Rev. iii, 1-4.

§ 1 Cor. v, 1, 2; xv, 12.

|| Rev. ii, 20.

Still God's Church.

And it is *still* God's Church, notwithstanding its present corruptions, whatever they may be. If it is as bad as Dissenters believe it to be, still it is "the Church of God which is in England," just as the carnal community at Corinth was "the Church of God which was in Corinth." No one pretends that, whatever its errors or defects may be, it imposes sinful conditions of communion, as they hold, and some of us hold, that the Church of Rome does; no one can say that it requires them, *as a condition of membership*, to do something which they know to be wrong, or to believe something which they hold to be false; if it did, it would so far have forfeited its claim to be God's Church, and would have become a synagogue of Satan.

It is not so.

But it is not so: if it is in error, its members are *not committed to that error*, as they are in the Roman communion, which, by the way, if true to name, ought to keep to Rome, and not intrude itself into England. All it requires of its candidates for Baptism is to renounce sin, to accept the Apostles' Creed, and to keep God's commandments. All it asks before Holy Communion is that its members should renew these promises in Confirmation, and accept the Apostolic rite of the laying-on of hands. Its requirements are God's requirements. And being such, we dare not leave it.

Reason enough for us.

It is reason enough for us to remain in it, that God remains in it. If He has not left it, we may not leave it. We dare not be Dissenters because we dare not pretend to *know better than God, or to be purer or holier than He is*.

2. *We dare not separate from the Church because our Lord Jesus Christ did not separate from the Jewish Church.* No one who has read the New Testament humbly and honestly will deny that our Blessed Lord became a member of the Jewish Church: He was recognised as a member at His circumcision. Nor will He deny that He continued in its membership, in spite of its many and its scandalous abuses. He was a member at twelve years of age, for He went up to Jerusalem to be initiated into the observance of its rites, and He listened to its accredited teachers.* He was a member after He began His ministry, for He attended its temple and worshipped in its synagogues† and kept its feasts.‡ He was a member "the same night in which He was betrayed," for He then ate the Passover with His disciples, and

* St. Luke ii, 42, 46.

† St. Luke ix, 10; St. John xviii, 20.

‡ St. John ii, 23; v, 1; vii, 10, 27.

apparently with all the ritual, all the observances which the Jewish Church had appointed.*

Christ was no Dissenter.

No, He never separated from it. Frightful as were the abuses of that age, and freely as He denounced them, He never dreamed of separating Himself, any more than the prophets had done, from the communion into which those abuses had crept. A member of the corrupt Jewish Church He lived, and a member of that Church He died. *He was no Dissenter*; not a particle of proof can be alleged in support of that idea. He separated Himself from all its *errors*—and they were many—but He never by word or deed separated Himself or His disciples from its communion.

"Continually in the Temple."

Had He done so, we should hardly have found His disciples "continually in the temple," † should never have found them observing its hours of prayer,‡ or teaching in its synagogues,§ or discharging its obligations.|| We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that He who "left us an example that we should follow His steps" never by word or deed encouraged the idea, on which all Dissent is based, that we must leave the Church as soon as it becomes impure. We cannot be Dissenters, therefore, without *reflecting on His wisdom or His conscientiousness*, and we dare not do the one or the other.

(To be continued.)

How to Shoe Poultry.

A GOOSE market is held regularly in October at Warsaw, Poland, to which about three million geese are brought, most of them to be exported to Germany. Often coming from remote provinces, many of these geese have to travel over long distances, upon roads which would wear out their feet if they were not "shod." For this purpose they are driven first through tar poured upon the ground, and then through sand. After the operation has been repeated several times the feet of the geese become covered with a hard crust that effectively protects them.

MOTHS fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of a candle their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects, they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

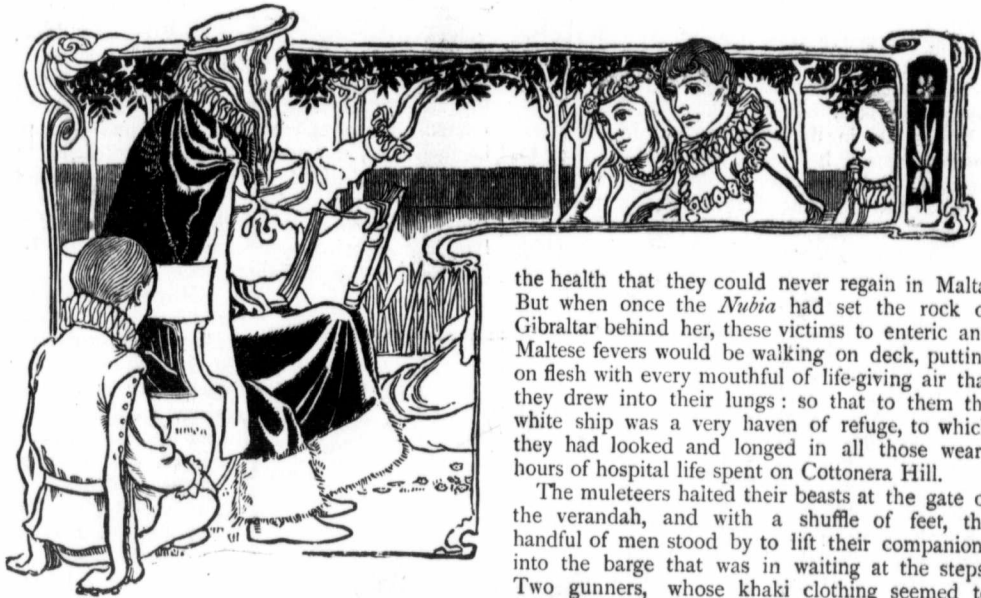
* St. Matt. xxvi, 20-30.

† St. Luke xxiv, 53; Acts ii, 46; v, 12.

‡ Acts iii, 1.

§ Acts xvi, 1; xviii, 18; xxi, 26.

|| Acts xiv, 1; xvii, 1, etc.



A Tale of a Troopship.

IT was September in Malta, that month of deadly Sirocco, but the grey cloud had lifted since the early morning, and it was now possible to see the outline of the *Nubia* straining at her anchor in the Grand Harbour.

A drizzling mist drifted up the street, and met the unwary passer-by at every turn with a full flavour of goat, native and garlic, condensed and solidified by the east wind; for in the month of September, Malta is not a fit place for a white man to live in, knowing which, every clever British officer who has the right of choice will take second leave, and let the charms of an English spring and early summer exist in his imagination only.

The white transport was misty with damp and coal dust that clung to her sticky sides as the lithe, half-naked Maltese ran up and down the plank, coaling ship at a rate that is only to be surpassed at Suez in all the world. Under the verandah at the P. and O. waiting-place a little file of soldiers were drawn up, to receive the ambulance wagons bringing down the sick from the hospital for embarkation. The mules set each foot warily and slowly down on the roughly-paved, rocky road that led over the drawbridge and passed the ice-house of Misida Creek. Their pitiful burdens—atoms of skin and bone, fever-worn men, were straining hollow eyes to catch the first glimpse of the trooper that was to take them home in search of

the health that they could never regain in Malta. But when once the *Nubia* had set the rock of Gibraltar behind her, these victims to enteric and Maltese fevers would be walking on deck, putting on flesh with every mouthful of life-giving air that they drew into their lungs: so that to them the white ship was a very haven of refuge, to which they had looked and longed in all those weary hours of hospital life spent on Cottonera Hill.

The muleteers halted their beasts at the gate of the verandah, and with a shuffle of feet, the handful of men stood by to lift their companions into the barge that was in waiting at the steps. Two gunners, whose khaki clothing seemed to have been made for a race of giants so limply did it hang upon their thin figures, were placed in the boat first, upon their mattresses. They were limp and helpless, and their feet knocked about inside their big regulation boots, like marbles.

"Jock," said the younger of the two men, as the barge pushed off, propelled by eight sturdy Maltese arms. "Lor, Jock! to fancy you and me agoin' 'ome! It's worth it all—the fever and the bare ward, and the eat and the shivers—aye! and the fatigues in the burnin' sun, and the frozen meat, and——"

He paused with a sigh that was half a sob. The ghastly figure lying on the next shelf to him tried to smile in answer, but his face was too drawn and thin to make the attempt much of a success.

"Aye, Jem," he said, "it's grand. But when we see the white cliffs again, I'm thinkin' that I shall act the baby, perhaps—just think of mother and home, and sisters at the gate, and the cows and pigs to see, and all the village to gape at us."

"It's been a near shave of the 'Dead March' for you two," broke in another invalid with a grin. He was strong enough to sit up, and his Highland trews and laced jacket proclaimed him a Scotchman, although his tongue belied his jacket. "I'm thinkin' we shall hev to paint t'ould ship red afore we lands in Tilbury Dock, for we three has had a touch-and-go of it, reg'lar game of pitch and toss."

"Aye!" said the other two, though somehow the remark was not much to their minds.

The barge hitched on to the *Nubia*, and amid

sharp words of command, hoarse voices and shuffling of innumerable feet, the invalids were carried on board, and laid in the hospital 'tween decks, till such time as they should be strong enough to bask in the air on the troop-deck.

It was late in the afternoon before the white transport spread her wings and steamed away to England, gliding between the grey rocks of St. Elmo and the white walls of the new "Married Quarters" at Tigné, followed by a burst of cheering from a group of gunners and infantry men standing on the wet rocks to get a last look at their companions. Each cheer was half a sob, for many of those men and women and white-faced little children would have given a great deal to have laid down their heads that night on the hard mattresses of the troopship, so that they might have woke the next day to realise that they were one day nearer home.

The *Nubia* rounded the rocks so close to Tigné, that some of the married women balanced themselves on the wall above the bathing-place, to shout messages to their departing friends—the contented, time-expired sergeants and their wives who hung over the rail, waving their handkerchiefs. The sun was setting as they lost sight of Malta, the red of the sky flaring luridly over the islands, touching the bare dun-coloured rocks to something like beauty. The blaze of the sunset paled and died away with the notes of the bugle ringing "Retreat," and night closed upon the sea and upon the transport, settling down to her thirteen knots an hour, beating her way towards the grey bay that lies beyond the sun-bright Mediterranean.

It was not long before Jock Macrae and Jem Macklin came on deck, assisted by the hospital orderlies, where they lay on their deck-chairs watching the swirl of the waves about the ship, and the dripping porpoises as they raced the *Nubia* through the translucent emerald of the

waters of the Mediterranean. The officers and ladies on the upper decks walked up and down, playing deck-quoits, or swinging the children in the rope swing that hung from the awning; while the non-commissioned officers and their families sunned themselves in their appointed quarters in the stern, amusing themselves according to their fancies. One of the men was dancing a hornpipe, and another talking merrily to a daughter of one of the sergeants, who was plaiting her hair elaborately with the assistance of her friend—the army schoolmistress.

The two gunners lay and watched it all with a sense of enjoyment that grew with every hour, till they were strong enough to take their places among their fellows, eat the ship's rations, and begin to plan for the great concert that was to be the crowning event of the voyage.

"Jock," said Jem, nudging his friend with his elbow as they sat smoking under the stars, "you haven't fallen to notice as how Tom Bellman is aboard—paid off from the *Hood* I'm thinkin'."

He spoke somewhat timidly, and Jock Macrae answered gruffly:

"Aye, I know. I se'ed him the fust day."

"Ain't you agoin' to fight him, Jock?" said Jem again.

"Not I! She ain't worth a drop of honest man's blood, nor him neither," was the sorrowful answer. "But I'd do him a bad turn if I got half a chance."

"A bad turn! Well, you are a rum 'un. If it was me, I'd be fit to poison his grog."

"Poisonin' ain't English," said the elder man, "and Bessie wasn't worth a snap o' the finger if it came to that, though I thought so once."

He spoke with a shade of regret, and fell to smoking harder, while Jem was sympathetically ready to offer voluble sympathy or to remain silent, whichever his chum should prefer.

Bessie had been a pretty little housemaid who



They lay on their deck-chairs watching the swirl of the waves.

had come out to Malta with her mistress, and had determined to enjoy herself. She had been engaged to her old friend, Jock Macrae, whom she had known ever since they were children together in the country at home, but had left him for the better match that presented itself in Tom Bellman, one of the smart blue-jackets of the *Hood*, who had every chance of rising to the top of his tree. The two men had not met since that time, for Jock had gone to the hospital with fever the day after he had learned the news of Bessie Burn's faithlessness, and his vexation of spirit had been partly the means of bringing him to the verge of the grave.

Jem had quite expected that there would be a wordy war, ending, no doubt, in blows between the two men, and he was a little disappointed with the leniency of his friend that had left the voyage peaceable so far; for he was sure that, had it been himself who had been thus treated, he would have smashed Tom to a jelly, and blackened both his eyes so that Bessie would have felt no pleasure in looking at him. And far into the night, he brooded over the matter in his bunk, puzzling over the limpness of his friend, Jock Macrae, till sleep caught him unawares.

Tom Bellman had avoided Jock very sheepishly from the moment that he first discovered him to be on board, for he felt sure that he was to blame for wooing Bessie, knowing, as he had done, that she was another man's property. But he had loved her, and to a man in love, such matters are too one-sided.

He was a smart man of about four-and-twenty, with an unbounded faith in his own powers, and an unbounded sense of his own infallibility that never yet acknowledged a downfall. He considered himself to be the most popular man on the troop-deck, and he failed to recognise the accent of scorn that sometimes mingled with the address of his companions when they accosted him as he walked the deck, with his cigar between his lips, reflecting on the time when he should rise in his profession and become as famous as he loved to believe himself to be at present.

The story of his behaviour to Macrae had gone the round of the ship, and it was owing partly to this that his popularity had declined to vanishing point; for above everything, a soldier believes in loyalty where matters of affection are concerned.

Gib. and the dreaded Bay were passed, and the invalids were so much better that they had taken their places with the other men, and were in hospital no longer: but Jock and Bellman still preserved a silence that suggested the ominous attitude of two rival dogs which must inevitably end in an outbreak, and Jem watched them, ready for any turn that affairs might take.

The night of the concert arrived at last, with a clouded sky and a rising sea: but all save the worst sailors were on deck in spite of the lumpy heave and fall of the transport. Awnings had been rigged up, and a platform erected between the passenger and the troop-decks, and there was a row of seats for the ladies, and a couple of benches for the wives of the non-commissioned officers. Two of the officers were the first to sing, one trolling out in a cheery baritone the stirring "Who carries the Gun?" while the other in a tenor, mellow as the whistle of a blackbird, chanted a ditty to *Lesbia* or *Anthea*, or some such mythical lady, both being applauded to the echo by the loyalty of the men who served under them.

A portly garrison sergeant-major, with a figure as ponderous as his voice was weighty, recited an ode to temperance, which met with but cautious favour, though the audience were roused into a storm of enthusiasm when his place was taken by a Marine in a battered hat and much painted and floured face, who gave a stump speech on nothing in particular.

Tom Bellman was down on the programme for the next song, he having confidently affirmed that he was the best singer on the *Hood*, and no one being in a position to question his assertion, he mounted the platform elegantly, and gave the note to the accompanist with an air of extreme ease, looking round his audience with an affable smile. The accompanist was a Corporal's wife, who had worn her hair in curling-pins all day to get ready for the entertainment, and now looked her best with locks curly as a barber's block under her feathered hat. But the curling had made her nervous, and she gave the first chord with an indecision that proved the ruin of Tom Bellman. His voice rasped through the first notes like a steam saw, and he stopped uncertainly to clear his throat, but when he made a fresh start, Mrs. Maloney gave him the wrong note entirely, with a power that made the piano ring again, and he sang the first line a semitone lower than her accompaniment, with a result that gave his enemies cause to blaspheme. A low, ominous hiss began on the troop-deck, swelling in volume till it seemed as though the whole ship's company were hissing like snakes, and Tom looked round angrily, stamping his foot, then made another bold attempt to describe the "Death of Nelson." But they would have none of him, and his gesture of annoyance roused the mirth of the men who would have made every allowance for a man taking his defeat cheerily, but who deemed none necessary in the case of Tom Bellman, who demanded approval as a right.

"Good night!" shouted one wag from the deck,

and a shuffle of feet began as the men with one consent made a step towards the right as though they would go below.

"I'm off to bed. When ould frogs begin to croak in the marsh, it's time for decent folks to be abed."

A roar of laughter from the two decks greeted this sally of wit, and another "Tommy" began to bemoan Nelson in a maudlin imitation of Bellman's voice. The watchful officers on deck began to look a little nervous, for there was every prospect of a row, and the garrison sergeant-major who was Master of the Ceremonies, began to whisper to his next neighbour, and then rose to make some faint attempt at addressing the crowd below.

The motive of the whole matter was personal dislike of the man, for who so kind as Tommy Atkins at any attempt at song on the part of an amateur? Many a feeble beginner, helpless with nervousness at smoking concert or temperance meeting, has been applauded into success by a hundred willing voices, anxious to disguise every flaw, to encourage every effort. But there is no man who can stem the tide of Tommy's dislike and disapproval when they set in from some real or fancied grievance in his soul, and that moment belonged to Bellman's enemies, and he was one against a ship-load of determined men.

Jem Macklin sat thoroughly enjoying the scene, for here was a refined certainty of every grudge

paid off in the sight of the pale, tortured face of the man on the platform, exposed to the jeers of his companions, a fate worse than physical pain to a sensitive human being. He nudged Jock again to see that he was thoroughly entering into the joke and satisfaction of the matter, and had just turned again to give his voice to swell the ironical outcry, when he felt his heart almost stop beating within him with astonishment, for with a gesture of dignity, Jock stood up in his place, a little above

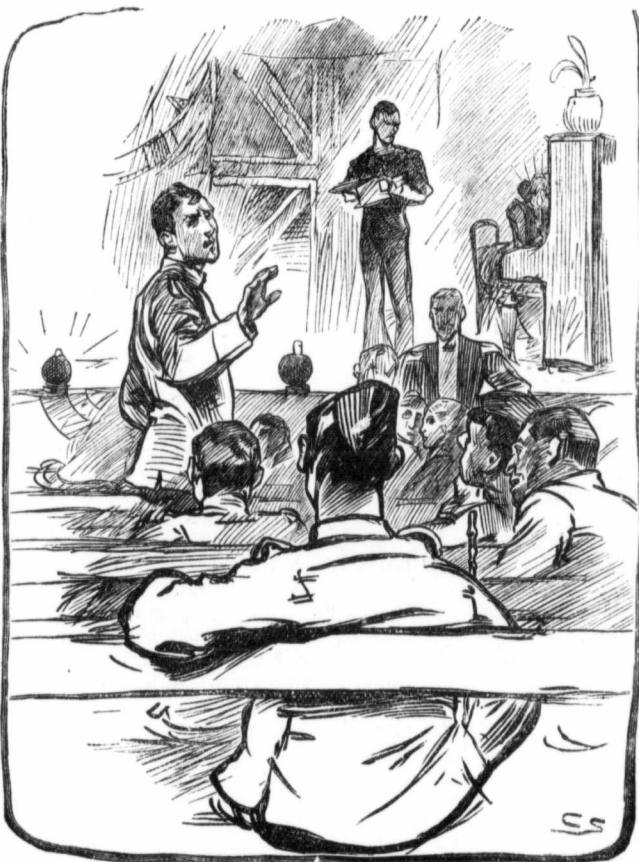
the others, steadying himself on his shaking feet:

"Shame on you, chaps!" he said in a loud, clear voice that rang above the noise, and shamed them to silence in a moment. "Dinna flout a fellow like yon, as is doing his best to amuse you. Let him be, lads. Now, Jack, pipe away, or mebbe I'll come alongside of you, and give the company a taste of a voice as 'd scare a night owl."

The unsuspected sally arrested public opinion; the shuffle of feet ceased, and a roar of good-natured laughter was taken up as the men turned to thrust Jock Macrae into the

public notice of the platform: and Tom Bellman, with a glance of shame and scarlet misery at the face of the rough gunner who had defended him so bravely and unexpectedly, dived into the crowd, disappearing from sight before the next performer had tuned his violin.

Late that night, when "Lights Out" had gone and the ship was quiet, Jem lifted his head from his pillow, and stole a cautious whisper across to his companion.



"Shame on you, chaps!" he said in a loud, clear voice.

"Eh, Jock, whatever did you do that for? You're a soft 'un you are. Now, I'd 'a had yon fellow i' tears afore I'd done wi' him. I'd 'a poked fun at him, till maybe he'd 'a flung hisself overboard, while you, wi' every cause to mislike him, goes and sticks up for him. You're a rum 'un you are."

Jock stirred uneasily in his bunk. The long, dark passage where the men slept was faintly illuminated by the flare of a lamp at the further end where the sentry was pacing up and down. Now and again a shaft of moonlight from the wet night and the slippery deck pierced through the cracks in the ceiling, and fell on the rough blanket that covered him.

"Maybe I was a bit soft, lad," he said almost tenderly, "but it fell into my mind that o' Sunday next, maybe, I should be walking to church with my old mother, and the church bells 'd be clanging through the woods, and maybe there'd be a hymn as I used to be fond of afore I joined the army, and maybe you'll not understand, and I'm a fool, very like, but I felt as I'd be happier if I'd 'a done somethin' as I could remember wi'out shammin' me when I looked into her lovin' eyes."

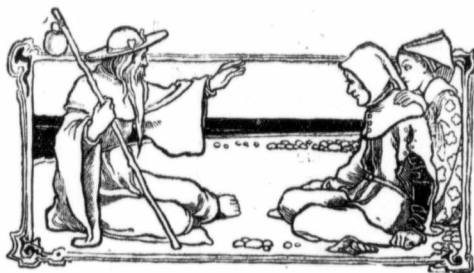
He ceased speaking, with a grunt, and flinging himself round on his bunk, drew the blanket tightly over his head, and feigned sleep. But Jem lay awake, listening to the throb of the screw and the patter of the rain till far into the early dawning. He had many things to ponder over in his dull mind, but chief among them all was the dim realisation of a great truth, though he hardly recognised it, that the complex nature of mankind, even in its roughest form, bears within it the germ of the Divine torch of God.

C. E. C. WEIGALL.

A Cunning Bird.

THE curious behaviour of a falcon has been noticed by travellers on a railway passing through a wheat-growing section of Italy. The bird always accompanied the fast train of the line, paying no attention to other trains, and kept close to the cars, constantly dashing to the ground on each side. It was found that the air eddy set up by the rushing carriages drew in the smaller birds, which were thus made easy victims of the cunning hawk.

THE time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, forty days; sound, at a medium temperature, thirty-two and one-half hours; a cannon ball, twenty-one and three-quarter hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little over one-tenth of a second.



How some Animals spend the Winter.

BY JOHN POLKINGHORN.

"IF he sleeps he shall do well," was the verdict pronounced on a historic occasion by the friends of Lazarus. Sleep, tired nature's restorer, is a medicine in sickness and an indispensable refreshment in health. An inability to sleep is more than a discomfort, it is a positive danger.

All nature has its stated times of repose. Plants have their periods of activity and their periods of rest, the sleep, as in animals, checking the respiration and the circulation, and the drain upon the vital forces. True sleep, it has been said, is impossible where there is no mental power. If the author of this remark had stopped there he would have been on safe ground, but he unfortunately goes on to state that no fishes sleep because they have no mental power.

Fishes were not forgotten.

Now, brains have been by no means sparingly distributed by nature, and fishes were not forgotten when the distribution took place. Having brains, and in many instances exceedingly keen ones, the presumption is that fishes do sleep, but it is certainly difficult to prove the fact, for, being unprovided with eyelids, their eyes are always wide open. Trout remain still at the bottom of a river as if asleep, and can then be snared with impunity. At times they remain apparently motionless in mid-stream for hours together, a feat impossible without some exertion of fins or tail. Possibly they may use their organs of locomotion and sleep at the same time, as tired men and horses sleep while walking. Eels are active at night, but remain sluggish in the mud during the day. In aquaria fifteen-spined sticklebacks and grey mullets spend most of their time in motion, while gobies rest all day and play in the evening. Carp, tench, and minnows appear to sleep, but goldfish, as far as can be ascertained, never indulge in a nap. Fishes rest at intervals

according to the state of their stomachs. Wrasse, like dogs, eat their dinner and then go to a corner and rest, each wrasse having its own bed-place.

Do Insects sleep?

Whether insects sleep is a doubtful question. There appears to be no moment of the twenty-four hours by day or night when there is a complete cessation of work in an ants' nest, but this of course proves nothing. It may suit the purpose of these sagacious creatures to work in relays; and, therefore, some may be sleeping while their comrades are busy. Flies are quiet in the dark and even in the presence of artificial light, but it does not follow that they sleep, as everyone knows who has attempted to put his finger on an apparently sleeping fly. On the other hand, the burnet and other moths are often so sleepy by day, or at least so sluggish, as to be easily captured.

Birds and Mammals.

Birds and mammals, the possessors of highly developed brains, undoubtedly all sleep. As for the human race, they not only sleep but in many instances can hardly ever be said to be very wide awake.

Hibernation.

So far we have been speaking of daily rest, and temporary oblivion after toil, or at least weariness. But there is another kind of sleep known as hibernation, which is analogous to the yearly rest of plants. Just as some plants remain apparently lifeless through the winter of cold climates, so many insects, fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals become torpid, and pass the long dreary months away in cheap and convenient slumber, awaking again with the arrival of vegetation in the spring.

Passing the Cold Weather in the Egg.

The eggs of birds are intended to be hatched soon after they are laid, but if deprived of the

necessary heat can be kept back a considerable time without injury, and the ova of fishes packed in ice retain their vitality during a voyage to the Antipodes. Many insects pass the cold weather in the egg stage, the parents having chosen positions adapted to neutralise the low temperature. Thus some insects deposit their delicate eggs deep down in the earth; certain moths place the eggs in the trunks of trees instead of on short-lived leaves; others produce them with a thick shell, pack them together, and cover them with a kind of cement; while one moth makes for her eggs a warm counterpane out of hairs plucked from her own body. Protected in these ways, the eggs, which in the summer would hatch in a week or two, retain their dormant life through the cold months of winter.

Two classes of larvæ (or caterpillars) pass the winter in dream-land, namely, those which live more than a year as larvæ, such as cockchafers, wireworms, and dragonflies, and those which are hatched in the autumn, as certain moths. Most of these make for themselves holes in the ground, or hide away in moss, or under bark, while some of the dainty moths cover themselves with silken sheets.

The ordinary type of insect has another snooze before it reaches maturity, passing often through the months of winter as a chrysalis without mouth or external limbs, motionless, or apparently dead.

Dormant Insects.

Perfect insects of several orders lie dormant during winter. The tortoise-shell butterflies, seen on warm days very early in the year, are always what we may call second-hand ones which have managed to hide their faded finery in some cranny, and have thus outlived most of their cousins of the previous summer. I have often taken beetles



Squirrel.

under stones in winter apparently dead. But they were really sleeping with both eyes open, and soon awoke under my warm breath and stretched their six legs one after the other.

Snails.

Snails, which at no time do much more than look out of doors, keep in the house altogether while the cold weather lasts, placing a neat curtain across the entrance to keep out the draught. Their cousins, the slugs, are unable to imitate them, as their shells have shrunk to mere specks, and they are compelled, therefore, to hide their fat, slimy bodies in the earth.

Fishes.

Fishes suffer comparatively little from changes in the weather, their cold blood being in harmony with the low and almost unvarying temperature of the ocean in which they live. But even they sometimes desire a refuge from the severe cold which reaches them in rivers and in other shallow water, and certain species, as carp, minnows, and eels, spend the winter months in the mud.

Reptiles.

Reptiles and the amphibia retire before the advent of cold, alligators seeking holes in the banks of rivers, snakes resorting to caves or holes, tortoises burying themselves in the earth, and frogs taking refuge in the mud of their ponds.

Birds.

Few birds sleep through the winter, for, being possessed with ample means of locomotion, they are able to evade the cold by taking an annual ticket to the sunny south. The appearance of an occasional swallow on a fine day suggests, however, that some few birds do sleep through the northern winter, waking now and then to get a little exercise and a meal.

The highest class of animals, the mammalia, furnishes a large contingent to the army of sleepers, including small and great, burrowers, air-fliers, and tree-climbers, dormice and bears, bats and badgers, hedgehogs and squirrels, woodchucks and marmots.

The tendency to hibernate varies according to latitude, the skunk, for instance, retiring for the winter in North America, but often remaining wide awake when living near the equator, and woodchucks sleeping in cold years, but moving about in mild ones. Sometimes the two sexes differ in their habits, the females of the black and brown bears of the Rocky Mountains remaining in strict seclusion

during the cold weather, while their less chilly and more restless husbands often take their walks abroad.

One Object Sought.

Undoubtedly, one object sought by these drowsy animals is protection from the cold, bears retiring to sheltered dens, snakes coiling themselves together in immense groups in caves, and hedgehogs covering their spines with a blanket of leaves. But another potent factor is the lack of food. The problem is how to get these creatures through a long winter when the food they need cannot be procured, and kindly nature solves it by casting her children into a deep sleep.

Animals whose Sleep is Broken.

Animals, like the squirrel, the dormouse, and the marmot, whose sleep is broken, make sure of refreshments when they awake by laying in stores of nuts, grass, or other vegetable matter, before the winter begins; while the common bear, also a vegetarian, being a more profound sleeper, is content to begin the season fat and to end it lean, feeding upon himself, so to speak. The hedgehog, the dormouse, and the American black bear are harder to wake than most other sleepers, but if pulled from their couch and exposed to greater cold, all hibernating animals soon awake and open their eyes.

Symptoms.

The symptoms of this curious phenomenon are usually as follows. The animal retreats on the approach of the proper season, in many cases irrespective of the actual temperature, and waits for the time of cold. It ceases to eat, breathing almost stops, and the heart beats feebly and at long intervals, the heat of the body is much diminished, until at last, insensibility comes and apparent death.

To the question, How do these animals recognise every autumn the need for preparation for the future? we can only answer that He who made them all at the first has been their teacher up to the present, and will be up to the end. Instinct is only another way of spelling God.



The Dormouse.



The Holy Bible.

VII.—Inspiration of the Bible.

BY THE LATE CANON GARNIER.

THE inspiration of Holy Scripture is a phrase taken out of the Bible itself. St. Paul speaks of "Scripture inspired of God" (2 Tim. iii, 16). What the exact nature of that inspiration is, the Church has never defined.* She has been content to bear witness to the fact in her Creed, "*I believe in the Holy Ghost . . . Who spake by the Prophets,*" which, in like manner, is an echo of the words of Zacharias, "He spake by the mouth of His holy Prophets" (Luke i, 70), as interpreted by the specific declaration of St. Peter in reference to Scripture: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter i, 20, 21). Beyond declaring that there is a "revelation," a communication made by God to man, and that it is made through human channels, she has not ventured to go. This revelation, in the form of the Bible, she has placed in the hands of her children.

It is, perhaps, not surprising that where so momentous a question has in a measure been left open, claims should have been put forward by one age which another has deemed excessive. But if the one allowed too little for the human element in the Book, the other may be in some danger of minimising the Divine. It is the well-known law of action and reaction.†

We can only state the points to be kept in view, with their bearing upon this question.

Text, Grammar, Translation.

If there was a time when the Book itself was almost worshipped, and the sanctity was held to extend to the existing text and translation, we are no longer in danger of being misled in this direc-

* "No authoritative decision on the nature of inspiration has ever been given by the Church."—*Report of Lambeth Conference, 1897*, p. 65.

† "As incredible praises given unto men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendations; so we must likewise take great heed, let us in attributing unto Scripture more than it can have, the infallibility of that do cause even those things which indeed it hath not abundantly to be less reverently esteemed."—Hooker, *Eccles. Pol.*, II, c. viii, 7.

tion. We have the "higher" and the "lower" criticism. The former deals with the question of authorship, the accuracy of dates, statistics and history, as conditioning the claim to inspiration; while the latter examines the genuineness of the text from which translations are made.*

It is now allowed on all hands that inspiration does not extend to such matters as the text, the grammar, or the accuracy of the existing translation. The liability of man to err in such respects is admitted. The utmost pains and vigilance are called for, not only in those that first put their hand to the work, but also in all who revise it from time to time.

A single illustration of human fallibility will suffice in respect of the text of our own Authorized Version. There is the passage known as "the Three Heavenly Witnesses," to which much importance was attached, seeing that it seemed to assert, in express terms, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity: "*There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.*" The verse wholly disappears from the Revised Version, for it has no adequate authority. It can plead the support of only two Greek Manuscripts, one of the fifteenth, and another of the sixteenth century, though going back to the fourth century in Latin. It is to be accounted for, in the first instance, by a copyist having placed the words in the margin as a parallel suggested by the next verse, "*There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, and the water, and the Blood, and these three agree in one*" (1 John v, 8), and that a later copyist, mistaking what was only a marginal comment for an omission, restored it, as he believed, to its proper place in the text. There is no need to suppose there was a wilful tampering with the original. It was just an instance of common misapprehension.†

And if the sphere of infallibility does not extend to the text, the grammar, and the accuracy of translation, neither does it avail to cover the incidental references to

Science.

There is the well-known condemnation of Galileo for venturing to assert that it was the earth that moved, not the sun, in the teeth of such explicit Biblical statements as, for example, that "He maketh His sun to rise." But the Book makes no claim to teach science.‡ This lies outside its province. Its teaching, therefore, is

* Sanday, *Oracles of God*, p. 30.

† *Ibid.*, p. 31.

‡ The names of Galileo, Newton, Darwin, recall to us conspicuous instances in which the Bible has been invoked to check the course of free inquiry, and, as we can now see, wrongly invoked. It is coming to be agreed among thinking men that the Bible was never meant to teach science, and that the Biblical writers simply shared the scientific beliefs of their own days, and expressed themselves in the language which was currently used all around them.—*Ibid.*, p. 25.

conveyed to men in the conventional language of the time. Life is full of parallel cases. For example, a State paper, drawn up with the most scrupulous care and accuracy, might with perfect propriety speak of the group of islands near the centre of the American Continent as "the West Indies," while a work on geography, or a history dealing with that period, might think it necessary to explain that the name was given by the first discoverers under an entire misapprehension that they had reached the western side of the land of India. The phrase, therefore, while it perpetuates an error, is perfectly consistent with truth when used in a State paper for the purely limited purpose in view.

History.

Speaking of the writers of Holy Scripture, Professor Sanday says: "They were not perfectly acquainted with the facts of science; is it certain that they would be more perfectly acquainted with history?"*

God could, of course, have miraculously preserved the writers from slips and inaccuracies. That is not the question. The question is whether, in this respect, they were lifted out of their ordinary condition as men, or whether common human liability would attach to the instrument even when conveying the Word of God, much as when the light is deflected by the flaws in the glass through which it passes, but is none the less the light.

If, therefore, ultimately it should be proved to demonstration that there were errors, say in the statistics given in the Old Testament, or in the records of contemporary history, or in respect of the date, authorship, and conceivably composite character of certain Books, would that injure the value of Holy Scripture within its own proper province? Would it touch the essence of what constitutes the inspiration of God? It would, no doubt, be a shock to some traditional beliefs. It would involve some reconstruction in that respect, as we have already reconstructed our traditional belief as to verbal inspiration, scientific infallibility, and the perfection of the text of the Bible as at first received. But that would be all. We should still have "our treasure," though it would be brought home to us that it was in "earthen vessels." If, as in all else, the human element is found not to be free from defects, still this does not touch the Divine element; that, at least, is infallible for the ends for which it was given.

Let us consider what is really claimed for the Bible in its own pages.

The great central purpose of the Old Testament is its prophetic testimony to Jesus Christ: "To

Him give all the Prophets witness" (Acts x, 43; cf. iii, 18);* or, as our Lord Himself declared generally, "Search the Scriptures . . . they are they which testify of Me" (St. John v, 39); and specifically, "Moses . . . wrote of Me" (St. John v, 46). The claim to infallibility in this respect could scarcely be more confident. Beginning with the comprehensive assertion—

"The Scripture cannot be broken" (St. John x, 35), we come upon such express statements in the Gospels as—

"That the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted My raiment among them, and for My vesture they did cast lots. These things therefore the soldiers did. . . . After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst" (St. John xix, 24, 28)—"as if," says Professor Sanday, "the prophecy cried out for its fulfilment, and demanded it at the hand of God."†

"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory?" (St. Luke xxiv, 25, 26.)

And so, too, in the later writers.‡ For instance—

"This Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas which was guide to them that took Jesus" (Acts i, 16).

"Whom God raised up, having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that He should be holden of it, for David speaketh concerning Him," etc. (Acts ii, 24).

"Paul . . . three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead" (Acts xvii, 2, 3).

This claim of absolute infallibility in respect of the fulfilment of the prophecy is not limited to what was uttered under the Old Testament, but extends to the New Testament also.

"Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away" (St. Matt. xxiv, 34, 35).

If, then, Jesus Christ, "Who for us men and our salvation came down from Heaven . . . and was made Man," be the central figure of all revelation,

* "The central phenomenon of the Old Testament is prophecy"—Sanday, *Oracles*, p. 48. "The main drift of New Testament revelation was really an expression of prophecy; 'the testimony of Jesus in the spirit of prophecy'" (Rev. xix, 10).—*Ibid.*, p. 58. "The typical expression of the Divine element in the Bible is prophecy."—*Ibid.*, p. 63.

† Sanday, *Inspiration*, p. 83.

‡ "It is not too much to say that in the teaching of the earliest Church, as represented by the missionary discourses of St. Peter and the Deacons (St. Stephen and St. Philip), Jesus Christ is the very soul and end of Jewish prophecy."—Liddon, *Divinity of Our Lord*, p. 292.

* Sanday, *Oracles*, p. 17; cf. 36.

we can understand the service which that revelation is to render to mankind. As St. Paul tells Timothy, the Holy Scriptures "are able to make him wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii, 15).

This, then—not the teaching of science or history—is its specific use.

Within its own province it is claimed for it that it is perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

But here, again, it is essential to keep in view certain great principles, if what in these days are felt to be difficulties are to be satisfactorily explained.

1. Progressive Morality of the Bible.

It is self-evident that the morality of the Old Testament is not on the same level as the morality of the New Testament. "Love your enemies" represents a higher standard than the injunction to "Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass" (1 Sam. xv, 3). The explanation is that the higher morality could only be inculcated as men were able to receive it. A lower morality was all that could be required at the time from a lower human condition. In the childhood of a race they were not ready for the teaching that later generations would be able to assimilate. This lower moral condition, this "hardness of their hearts," justified for the time a standard less high (Mark x, 5, 6).*

God's explanation might be expressed in words with which we are familiar: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (St. John xvi, 12). He could only speak the Word unto them as they were able to hear it (St. Mark iv, 33). The morality, therefore, that finds a place in the Scripture of the earlier age was relative and provisional. Any attempt to revert to a standard which was limited by the conditions of its own time was at once condemned by our Lord. For instance, when His disciples, appealing to the example of Elijah, would have called down fire on the Samaritans, "He turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them" (St. Luke ix, 55, 56).

Of this kind would be the answer to those who take exception to what are called "the imprecatory Psalms," and acts such as Jael's and the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, which are apparently done under the sanction of religion.†

* "We are too apt to forget that in every age God spoke to men such as they were, and that consequently all true interpretation of the record must turn upon the relation of the act to the persons engaged in it."—Westcott, *Bible in the Church*, p. 2.

† As Dr. Liddon says, "Jael is only eulogised because she lived in an age and in circumstances which extenuated what was imperfect or wrong in the act. She could not have been pronounced blessed had she

It will account for the practice of polygamy being among things which God "winked at" for a time, when all the while they were doomed by the teaching that was in store.

We have continually to remind ourselves that God's revelation to man is conditioned by the fact that it is given wrapped up in the history of a single nation of the old world, and that, in consequence, its morality is the evolution of national morality. God of old spoke unto the Fathers by the prophets by many portions and in many manners (Heb. i, 1).

Apparently, it is the only form in which Divine Truth can be received, "precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little" (Isa. xxviii, 10, 13). One lesson has to be learned before another can be given. We can trace the same law of progressive morality under the Christian dispensation. For example, how slow the conscience has been to condemn bull-baiting and other sports involving pain to the dumb creation! For how long a time did slavery hold its own even among Christian nations! And yet the higher teaching was there, though for a time it was hid from them.*

Therefore, in the earlier stages of revelation, truth was given only in measure; but in its fulness and integrity "truth came by Jesus Christ" (St. John i, 17). While from end to end it is by the inspiration of God, yet, in the old figure, "it came as a brook from a river, and as a conduit into a garden . . . and lo, the brook became a river, and the river became a sea" (Eccles. xxiv, 30).†

(To be continued.)



"Black Snow."

NATURE has on more than one occasion reversed her usual procedure and sent us black instead of white snow. One curious fall of "black snow," which was observed at Molding, Austria, at the beginning of the year, was found to consist largely of insects known as "glacier fleas," which were supposed to have come along with a violent snowstorm from some of the pine glaciers.

been a Jewess, much less had she been a Christian. And a Christian cannot, if he would, place himself in her position, or divest himself of that higher knowledge of the will of God which has been given him."—*Sermons on the Old Testament*, p. 93.

* There is the case of John Newton, the author of many well-known hymns, but for long "the manager of a slave-factory and the master of a slave-ship." "Separated by a single plank from his victims, the voice of their groan might be heard day by day by conducting the prayers of his ship's company . . . and, as he assures us, experiencing on his last voyage to Guinea, 'sweeter and more frequent hours of Divine communion' than he had ever elsewhere known."—Stephens, *Ecclesiastical Biography*, p. 403.

† The Committee of the Lambeth Conference of 1857 "affirm that the Bible, in historic, moral, and spiritual coherence presents a Revelation of God, progressively given, and adapted to various ages, until it finds its completion in the Person and teaching and work of the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Report*, v. 62.



Russia's Church.

BY MAY COCHRANE.

IX.—AT CHURCH WITH RUSSIANS.

MAGNIFICENT or fascinatingly quaint as the city churches may be their truest grandeur lies in their vast congregations principally of men, and the bare country sanctuaries are beautified by the crowds that come to worship there. Church going in Russia demands self-discipline, it is not the easy comfortable thing that it is in England. There is no lolling on a cushioned seat with one's feet on a stool, no sitting at ease on a chair while the choir sing anthems of praise. There are no seats of any kind in Russian churches. Russians realize that they go to church to worship God, and feel in His presence sinful man must stand or kneel, and so one sees men, women and even little children, standing motionless, except at the prostrations, throughout a long service.

The Four Fasts.

The Russian ecclesiastical year is divided into sections by four Fasts: the Great Fast (Lent), another in May, the third in August and the last in Advent. They are all well kept, but Lent is most rigorously observed. Meat cannot be eaten after Sexagesima Sunday, nor butter after Quinquagesima; fish is allowable, but many people will not touch it, except during the first, fourth and Holy weeks. The Russian Church uses two offices of the Holy Communion that of St. John Chrysostom on ordinary days, and St. Basil's on certain Holy Days, but in Lent the Liturgy of the Pre-Consecrated Elements is said. The peculiarity of this Liturgy is that the Sacred Elements are brought from the Altar, through the side gates of the screen, and back by the Holy Doors, or King's Gate, in perfect silence, the congregation remaining prostrate on the floor unworthy as it were to gaze on the vessels containing the Holy Eucharist. Other features of the Lenten Liturgy are the daily repetition of St. Ephraim's well-known prayer of humility and penitence—"O Lord and Master of my life," and the singing of Psalm 141 on their knees by choir and congregation.

The Easter Communion.

Lent is of course, as with us, the preparation for the Easter Communion which is received by every Russian after Confession. There are three daily services appointed and used in all the churches: Matins at 6; Celebration at 9; Evensong at 4. As a rule Russians communicate on Wednesdays or Saturdays, and the special preparation begins on the preceding Monday or Thursday by getting up at 5.30 and attending Matins, fasting. After breakfast they return to Church for the Celebration, and again for Evensong. This is repeated the next day when, after Evensong, a class of Preparation for Communion is held by the pope or deacon consisting of an address, special prayers and psalms and resolutions. After this the intending communicants make their confession, one by one, behind a screen placed in a corner of the church. The vested priest stands by a table on which is a cross and a copy of the Holy Gospels, and after a prayer he says to the penitent, "Behold, my child, Christ stands here invisibly to receive thy confession. Be not ashamed or afraid, and conceal nothing from me, tell me what thou hast done and receive absolution from Jesus Christ, I am only a witness . . . leave not this ghostly hospital without receiving the healing that thou requirest." After confession the absolution is given:—"Our Lord and God Jesus Christ by the grace and bounty of His love to mankind, pardon thee, child, all thy sins: and I, unworthy priest that I am, by the power given to me, do forgive and absolve thee from all thy sins in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The absolved penitents, who must now keep an absolute fast until after they have received the Holy Communion, return home, take a bath and go to bed early. After Matins next morning they dress in their best in honour of the Blessed Sacrament, and after kissing every one, servants included, in token of Christian charity, go to the Celebration.

The Celebration.

At the administration of the elements the deacon bearing the chalice comes out through the Holy Doors, saying, "In the fear of God, in faith and in charity, draw near." The Communicants then come to the step of the Iconostase, and the priest taking the chalice repeats with the people, "I believe, Lord, and confess that Thou indeed art Christ, the Son of the Living God, who camest into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief. I also believe that this is Thy most pure Body and this Thy Holy Blood. I therefore pray Thee to have mercy on me, and to forgive me all my sins, voluntary and involuntary, by word, by deed, by knowledge or ignorance, and grant me worthily and blamelessly to partake for life everlasting.

Receive me this day, O Son of God, as a partaker of Thy Last Supper. For not as a secret enemy I approach, not with the kiss of Judas, but like the thief I confess Thee, Lord remember me in Thy Kingdom. And may the Communion of Thy Holy Sacrament be not to my judgement and condemnation, but to the healing of my soul and body, Amen." The communicant then prostrates himself—"not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs under Thy Table"—after which the pope, with a spoon, places in his mouth a little of the bread and wine which are mixed together in the chalice, saying, "N., the servant of God, is made partaker of the holy and immaculate Body and Blood of our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ, for the remission of his sins, and for everlasting life." The communicant retires with a reverence, not prostration—for "We dwell in Him and He in us"—and engages in private devotions until the end of the Liturgy, which has occupied at least two and a half hours.

Intense Devotion.

The intense devotion of the majority of the people during their lengthy services is one of the things that strikes every traveller. Their fervent manifestations of religious feeling have the simplicity and unostentation of childhood, it is the perfectly genuine and natural outcome of their heart's devotion. The symbolism with which every action of the priests, every bit of ritual, every ornament of the church, is full, is understood by them. To our matter-of-fact western nature they are often "dark and dumb ceremonies," but there are depths in Oriental minds that we cannot fathom, and symbolism speaks to them as it never can to us. Probably could the Apostles, Orientals themselves, return to earth they would find more satisfaction for their devotional instincts in Russian

than in Anglican worship. At any rate the proof seems fairly strong that the Russian ritual is not very far removed from that which St. John and St. James approved at Ephesus and Jerusalem.

Symbolism in Russian Churches.

Symbolism meets us everywhere in the Russian churches: their ground plan speaks of a ship, a cross, a star; their cupolas remind us if one, of Christ the One Head of the Church; if three, of the Blessed Trinity; if five, of Christ and the Evangelists; if seven, of the Gifts of the Spirit; if thirteen, of Christ and the Apostles. Of the three candlesticks on the Holy Table, that with two branches symbolises the two natures in Christ; the three-branched, the Holy Trinity, and the seven-branched, the Seven Gifts. The asterisks that stands over the Bread, signifies the Star of Bethlehem; the veil over the Paten, the swaddling clothes; over the Chalice, the grave clothes; that which covers both, the Glory of the Divinity. The spear with which the Bread is cut, reminds us of the spear that pierced His side; the curtain drawn over the Holy Doors at the Consecration, of the veil that was rent; the taper carried before the Book of the Gospels, that "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light." So it is



Cathedral of Basil, Moscow.

with a hundred other things in the Russian Church, for as Father John of Kronstadt, writing as an Oriental, puts it, "imagery or symbols are a necessity of human nature; they explain by the vision many things belonging to the spiritual world which we could not otherwise know. It was for this reason that the Divine Teacher often taught men by means of images or parables; it is for this reason also that in our Orthodox temples it is the custom to represent many things to the gaze of the Christian by imagery."

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THAT MEAN OLD PROVERB.

No, it is untrue. Enough is *not* as good as a feast. Suppose I try on that theory with you. I invite you to a dinner and provide just "enough" to keep your stomach from ringing hollow till the next meal. What would you say about me? And small blame to you. It was a *feast* that you expected and primed yourself for, not merely "enough," which you could pick up at any restaurant for a shilling.

That humbugging old proverb was born of poverty, meanness, and an affected contempt for money. That fine clothing comes from a sheep's back; that wealth is not health; that broad acres are only dirt, etc.: these are on the same low level. The very people who quote them are conscious of the hypocritical spirit in which they do it. Not a man of the lot but would jump at a cardboard summons to a Guildhall banquet.

Oh, let's be honest once in a way, and see how it feels. Every soul of us covets the best things life can supply, and gets them when he can.

Two considerations stand in the way of our having, each and all of us, a thoroughly excellent and palatable series of three meals a day—a flat purse or a bad digestion. For the former I can only recommend you to make money; for the latter the remedy is plain as the stem of a churchwarden pipe—use Mother Seigel's Syrup. With this great tonic and digestant you can, as the Yankees phrase it, "get away" with almost anything the cook sends in from the kitchen.

I beg to introduce in evidence a woman who was a confirmed dyspeptic for eighteen years. She ate, of course, just as a prisoner in a dungeon must *breathe*, even though the air is as bad as that of the Underground Railway. But she *relished* nothing and got very little good of anything; and that is the pinch of it.

"After eating," she tells us, "I had awful pain at the chest, and my stomach felt dull, cold, and wretched. No strength or stimulus came from the food or drink. My breathing grew short, and I slept merely in naps and snatches. Then I had a fearful pain in the lower part of my back, so I could hardly straighten myself out.

"Thus I went on year after year, taking no end of medicines, which did me as much good as reading the labels on the bottles.

"When I had about given myself up, someone said, 'Why don't you try Mother Seigel's Syrup?' I did try it, and a single bottle helped so I could scarcely believe it. I could eat well with not a bit of distress to follow. Two or three bottles more and the liver and kidney trouble went away, and from head to foot I was all right. Now I enjoy my meals—the richer and more plentiful the better. I hope you will keep on telling the people what a wonderful remedy the Syrup is."—Mrs. SUSANNAH MARCH, 8, Laundry Cottages, Wenington, Essex, April 22nd, 1898.



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EVANDALE.

It is very pleasing to note that the Choir at Evandale have adopted the same system of chanting as in St. Paul's Church—and splendid progress are they making.

It is very much to be desired, that a uniform System of Chanting should be held all over the Parish, so when the Choirs unite, all can assist and be perfectly familiar with the pointing.

A Correction.

In the June number of Church Bell, it was stated that, as far as we know, there was no incorporation in the parish of Greenwich before 1820. This statement will have to be corrected, as just lately, in a search made among the old papers of the Parish, an article has come to light, which is of special interest, for it is the letter written by the Pioneer Churchmen of Greenwich, to the Bishop of N. S. asking for a Clergyman. On the first page of this document, we find that an Easter Monday Meeting was "April ye 17th, 1779," when the Churchwardens, Martin Trecarten and Laurence Foster, were appointed, and the following "Sidemen or Vestry":—Jarvis Worden, Simon Flaglor, Joseph Brittain, Elias Foster, Thomas Flewelling Josiah Foster, Daniel I eatman Sen., Joshua Foster. William Johnson, Caleb Flewelling, Abraham Bulyea, John Bulyea Sen. From 1797, to 1820, we have, as yet, no account of any other Easter Monday Meeting; but we feel safe in saying that undoubtedly this was the first corporation formed in the Parish, and as this Meeting was held only 14 years after the landing of the Loyalists, we therefore find the majority composed of those true Sons of England, who gave up all, rather than be untrue to the Mother land. We can therefore form some idea of the sterling qualities of those early churchmen, and we hope in some future numbers of Church Bell, to give a continued article, treating of the lives of those men, who in midst of hardships and discouragements, gave such earnest care for the welfare of Christ and His Church.

THE CHURCH IN GREENWICH.

(Continued.)

Then followed the Confirmation Service, when seven candidates were presented "upon whom, after the example of the Holy Apostles," the Bishop laid his hands, certifying them "by this sign of God's favor and gracious goodness towards them," and invoking the Holy Spirit to "lead them in the knowledge and obedience of the Word that in the end they may obtain everlasting life." The Celebration of the Holy Communion followed, with the Bishop's address, founded upon Haggai II., part of 7th and 9th verses, "I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts—and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts," which was listened to with marked attention. The number of Communicants—thirty-three—was greater than on any previous occasion, and

and the Offertory amounted to \$5.38. The whole congregation remained until the close of the Celebration, even those who did not communicate, testifying in this way, their respect and reverence for God's house much better than they could possibly have done by leaving the church before they had received the Benediction. The Bishop afterwards expressed his gratification at the quiet and orderly behavior of the congregation during all the solemn functions of the day. After luncheon with W. B. McKeel Esq., His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Greer to Westfield Station, and returned to Fredericton. Thus ended a red letter day in the Parish of Greenwich.

And we now offer our congratulations to Mr. McKeel, who, after having liberally supported and faithfully attended his Parish Church, at a distance of six miles, for more than fifty years, has the great comfort of enjoying her ministrations within a few minutes' walk of his own house. Our thanks are due to His Lordship the Metropolitan for the gift of a suitable Altar and Lectern some time since, and now again for a Chancel Chair, an Altar Service Book, and a number of Books of Common Prayer for use in the congregation. The Altar Linen, Altar Cloths and Frontals, the Alms-bags and Stoles are all gifts of the C. E. A. of Kilburn Park Road, London. We are also indebted to Miss Henry, of Prince William, formerly a resident here, for a pretty Frontal for the Lectern.

The English Harmonium, which under good hands, has done good service for some time, is the gift of a daughter of the Rector in memory of a beloved brother."

We have thus traced briefly the history of the Church in this parish, from early days down to the present. The account might have been fuller, were the material at hand. To trace the history of the Church in this parish, would be most inopportune, we leave that for other hands.

But before leaving this subject, it seems very suitable, and also full of interest, to review the past 100 years, and consider briefly, a few of the changes which have taken place in this parish of Greenwich, and compare our state to day, with what it was then.

Consider first the roads, on which our Fathers and forefathers travelled. A carriage, or even a cart, was then unknown; such roads as we have now—with all their imperfections—were unheard of. Travelling was either on foot or on horse-back, the only road being a path through the woods. A farmer then, might be seen making his way to the mill, or market, with sacks tied together, slung over the horse's back,—or on Sundays, a lady riding behind her husband on a pillion. Think now of our easy riding carriages, and consider our advantages which our fathers did not have,—and do we value them as we should?

Again think of the means of travelling between here and St. John. The River was the great highway, and those sturdy pioneers thought nothing of rowing, or sailing their produce to market in small boats.

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