

Don Blatt

DECEMBER



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

An entertainment in connection with each Sunday School will (D. V.) be held during Christmas week, that at Jarvis taking place on Wednesday, Dec. 26th, and that at Hagersville being held on Thursday, the 27th. The programme arrangements have not been completed but it is expected there will be carols, dialogues, and drills by the scholars. It is also expected that a tea will be provided for the children, and that the occasion will be made as pleasant as possible for them. This will be in the early part of the evening, so that the entertainment, which is for old as well as young, may begin at the usual hour.

Mr. Spencer's lantern talks concluded with a visit to British Columbia. At Hagersville the receipts, when added to the sum of \$7.25 handed to him by Mrs. Jones last year, are sufficient to purchase the brass book desk, desired by the incumbent, for the holy table of All Saints' church. In Jarvis the offerings go toward paying for new music books for the choir. During the Advent season work-day services with sermons have been held, and on the Sundays special sermons on the four last things have been preached.

In November the incumbent and his family enjoyed a visit from Rev. J. Francis, B. D., of Cay-

uga, who did excellent and arduous work in this parish thirty years ago. He desires to retire from the work in Cayuga and commit it to a younger officer in Christ's army. The beautiful church of St. John in that village testifies to his zeal, skill and excellent taste.

The Divinity Students' Fund has received in Jarvis \$1.00, and in Hagersville \$1.40.

The visit of Rev. Henry Softley to the parish for the purpose of introducing the literature of the S. P. C. K. was attended by great success, almost a hundred books having been purchased by the parishioners. Much good must follow the thoughtful reading of the volumes.

MARRIAGE.

On Nov. 28th, Esther Theresa Best, to John Burton Hurst, of the township of Walpole.

BAPTISM.

On Nov. 28th, Lettie May, infant daughter of Herbert and Lydia Jane Crow, of Essex county.

BURIAL.

On Dec. 7th, in the public cemetery, town of Simcoe, Robert Nixon, aged 80 years. The deceased bore a painful sickness with great fortitude and humble resignation, and "departed in the true faith of God's holy name."

Dunnville.

A regular meeting of the Ruri-decanal Chapter of Haldimand was held in this parish on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 4th and 5th. The clergy present were Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore, Rev. Thos. Motherwell, Rev. Wm. Bevan, Rev. Arthur Francis, Rev. P. L. Spencer. On the evening of the 4th a service was held in the church, the attendance of members of the congregation being good. Rev P. L. Spencer spoke on the subject of Christ's second coming, and in the course of his address referred to the various opinions held with respect to the millennium, or reign of a thousand years. He stated that the view that presented to his mind fewest difficulties was that the martyrs and those worthy to be associated with them are enjoying with Christ

in paradise special felicity until the second Advent. Rev. Wm. Bevan followed on the subject of the Church's preparation for Christ's coming, and dwelt upon the importance and necessity of each of its members being earnestly devoted to Christ as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." The service was conducted according to the form of intercessory prayer for missions, and the offerings were devoted to the Divinity Students' Fund.

On Wednesday morning Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 o'clock, all the clergy and several of the parishioners being present. The offerings were devoted to the Deanery Fund.

Business began at the residence of the incumbent at 10 a. m., the chief matters that engaged attention



"A CHRISTMAS VISITOR" (see page 273).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. CUBITT COOKE.

"UPHOLDEN."

The Story of Three Lives.

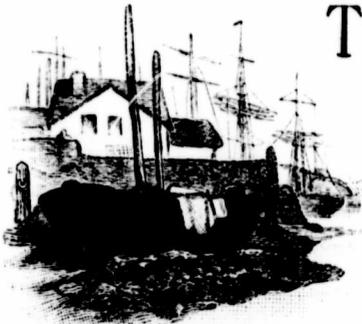
BY THE

REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Drift and Duty,"
"The Jessops," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

AMID THE BREAKERS.



THE young men looked at each other in silence; then, obedient to some instinct, hand sought hand in a brave, firm clasp.

Suddenly the *Inver* shuddered through her

entire frame, recoiled and then sprang forward, like a living thing goaded to some last frantic effort for freedom. There was a horrible jerk; then a gliding, a yielding, a slipping forward that was yet more horrible. The movement was so violent and unexpected that the two watchers were flung across the cabin, while the dying man, as though galvanised by the shock, sat up a moment on the sofa and then fell heavily backward.

"What is this? Look, Arthur, look!" gasped Ben, who was the first to recover himself, as he bent over Captain Simpson.

Arthur leant on his friend's shoulder. "It is death," he whispered; "the captain is on board no longer."

"We are free to go then, if there is nothing more that we can do."

Arthur Hopley gently pushed his friend aside. Then he folded the limp hands together, let his own hand rest a moment on the dead man's face, then reverently covered it with the sheet.

"It's a good burial for a brave man; he would not wish us to stay longer."

Quietly and with no undue haste they crossed the little cabin; they closed the door and turned the key; then they sprang to the companion and fought their way on deck through a swirl of foam and rushing water. A man was swept right against them. Clinging to him instinctively they recognised Jump.

XII. 12.]

"The captain; where is he?—is there any chance to save him?"

They shouted the truth in his ear, and made him understand what had happened.

"Come along then, my lads; leap, leap for your lives. I had a job to make those fellows wait."

They hurried to the stern of the brig, and there, to leeward, and enjoying a momentary shelter, they saw the boat tossing and plunging and the end of the stout rope by which she was held.

Ben Fairbrother sprang forward and fell into the arms of the men below. Arthur followed, and was joined by the mate a moment later.

"Now, boys, keep her head to it; give way, or we'll be among the breakers."

The boat came out from under the stern of the *Inver* and grimly faced the weather. There was not a moment to lose, they were already entangled in the rearmost line of those terrible "sea-horses"; the doomed vessel had taken the ground and the triumphant waves were making clean breaches over her.

"What is that you were saying to Hawkins about a channel, or some way of getting to the back of those sandhills?" demanded Jump from Arthur, who was crouching beside him in the sternsheets.

"There is a big place they call the Back-strand, and the tide gets in and out through a deep channel at the other side of the Rabbit-burrow. That is what my mother used to tell me, and that is all I know," explained Arthur.

"Well, we'll keep to the east'ard, anyhow, for there seems to be a bit of a lee under the land there; and maybe, we'll hit the mouth of this channel—if so be it's there at all."

Under the direction of Jump, who certainly rose to the occasion, the men rowed steadily seaward, but at the same time edging cautiously towards the cliffs at the eastern side of the bay. After a little the sea became less boisterous, and the mate ordered the men to rest on their oars, still, however, keeping the boat's head to the wind and prepared for any emergency. Thus, borne rapidly astern by the united force of wind and tide, they drifted past the dark rocks over which the waves were breaking in sullen fury. Soon there was broken water everywhere, and the thunder of the Atlantic rollers as they burst on those wide sands was bewildering and appalling. Swiftly the boat swept on towards what seemed to be certain destruction. The air was thick with mingled sand and spray, and the outline of the huge sandhills, now right behind the boat, was blurred and dim. No one spoke, save when Jump yelled an order to the men—on one or other side—to "pull up" so as to be prepared to meet the fury of some on-rushing crested monster of the

deep. Every moment they expected to be swamped, but cool seamanship met that danger; every moment they expected to strike the sands, but the moments passed and the water was still deep beneath the keel of the plunging boat.

Another quarter of an hour of anxiety, and then the immediate danger was past. Providentially the boat had been borne into the channel of which Arthur had heard in his childhood. The lines of raging breakers had been safely cleared, the survivors of the *Inver* found themselves floating on a comparatively quiet stream, with cultivated fields on the one side and the bent-covered hillocks of the Rabbit-burrow on the other. They could hardly believe in their good fortune.

When the narrowest part of the channel was reached, they perceived on the right-hand bow something like a rough stone pier by which a boat was moored and at the extreme point of which a man stood beckoning to them. The current of the flood tide was running like a mill race, and it was not without a sustained effort that the point was made. As the boat ran upon the shingle the man who had been waiting seized the rope that was thrown to him. Then three or four of the crew sprang eagerly into the shallow water, and a minute later the boat was drawn up beyond the reach of the waves.

"Glory be to God! but it's thankful men yees ought to be this day," exclaimed the friendly coast-guard as he surveyed the group of wet and exhausted men in front of him.

"Aye, we ought to be that; for it is only by God's great mercy that we are here," assented Jump. "But tell us where we are and how we are to get out of this," he continued, as he looked disconsolately round the somewhat bleak prospect.

"Well, it's an awkward sort of place you have got to. It's but a matter of three miles to Tramore from the other side of the

channel; but it would take yees half the day to go round by the road. But come up to the house beyond, and we'll see what we can do to make you comfortable. Then, when the tide slacks a bit, we might get the boat across—that is, supposing your men will be fit to walk that far."

"Oh, we shall be fit enough when we have had a rest; and I must report myself and see what has become of the other boat as soon as possible," said the mate briskly.

Three hours later the weary men, escorted by the friendly coastguard, were tramping along the strand towards the town of Tramore which stands on the hill side at the north-west corner of the bay. When about half way, they came on a small crowd that stood watching the *Inver* as she lay on her side, a complete wreck, the waves leaping exultingly over her. They said that when the tide was low the vessel would be almost out of the water; but at present it was im-



"THE BOAT CAME OUT FROM UNDER THE STERN OF THE *INVER*."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

possible to approach her. Arthur and Ben lingered awhile, thinking of the poor captain, as they had left him dead in his cabin; then, determining to return later on, they hurried after the rest of the crew.

Jump and his men were well treated by the good people of Tramore; and when a hearty meal had been provided, arrangements were made to send them on cars to Waterford, which is distant some six Irish miles. Thence they could be easily shipped to Liverpool. But since nothing had been heard of Hawkins or his boat, the second mate decided that it was his duty to remain in charge of the wreck till he should be instructed by the owners. Arthur determined to remain with him.

When the tide was low that afternoon the *Inver* was boarded without difficulty. Strange to say, the body of Captain Simpson was found almost exactly as the young men had left it, the water having failed to force open the cabin door. The funeral took place twenty-four hours later; and yet another was added to the number of those tempest-tossed mariners who have found their last resting-place in the graveyard that looks down on the troubled waters of that treacherous bay. No other bodies were recovered; nor could the few pieces of timber that were washed ashore be certainly identified as having formed part of the boat in which Hawkins and his men had put off from the *Inver*.

One thing that had weighed with Arthur in deciding him to remain with Jump for a few days was the hope that he might be able to pick up some information about his maternal grandfather. In this he was unexpectedly fortunate. He found the old man, whose name was Brereton, the inmate of a charitable institution of which the city of Waterford is justly proud. The story of the estrangement between father and daughter was a not uncommon one. Brereton was a Roman Catholic; but his wife, who had been a Protestant, had been careful to bring up her only child in her own faith. As a member of the then Established Church, that daughter had married Captain Hopley,



"THE BOAT RAN UPON THE SHINGLE."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

and into the fold of that Church her three children had been duly admitted by baptism. But when Mrs. Hopley was left a widow, her father thought that he saw an opening through which she and her little ones might be brought back to the bosom of what he held to be the only Church. He was fairly well off at that time, and the home that he offered to the widow and her children was a very comfortable one. But when Mrs. Hopley persisted in going to Liverpool, with a view of carrying out her dead husband's wishes for the education of her boys, her father's disappointment and anger knew no bounds. He entirely repudiated her and her children, left her letters unanswered, and—as we have seen—remained unmoved, even when he knew that his grandchildren had been left orphans. Subsequently he made an unfortunate second marriage, sank into poverty, and was glad to find a shelter for his last days in the Fanning Institution. Here it was that Arthur found him; he died a week later.

We need scarcely say that when Arthur arrived in Liverpool he found a warm and tender welcome awaiting him at the little shop in Renshaw Street.

"Why, Mag, I wouldn't have known you—you've grown such a magnificent lass," he cried admiringly, as he held his sister from him and looked into her bright, happy face.

"And you are quite a man, Arthur,—a man, aye, and a hero too."

"Heroes must be going cheap if I am to be called one," he replied laughingly. "But say, Mag, what is it all about?" he added, noticing that her eyes were brimming and her lips quivering.

She nodded to him playfully, and just managed to say, "Oh, we've been told; we know all about it."

"Aye, we've been told—told several times," assented Ernest, who was sitting on the counter dangling his legs.

"Oh, you mean about the wreck," said Arthur. "But who told you, I wonder?"

"Who would you think but Ben—I mean your friend, young Mr. Fairbrother!" exclaimed Maggie with prettily heightened colour.

"Oh, he has been here, has he? How good of him! he is a splendid fellow."

"Yes, Mr. Ben Fairbrother has been here—been here more than once, more than twice," explained Ernest with malicious deliberation. "And I must say he blew your trumpet most unblushingly and with admirable lung power."

"Nonsense; he only told us what we wanted to know—about the shipwreck and all that; I think it was very nice of him," interrupted Maggie with warmth.

"But he didn't tell you much about himself, I suppose," said Arthur.

"No; scarcely anything; but I should like to hear about him."

"Yes, we should like to hear about him—all about him," put in Ernest from his perch on the counter.

"Don't mind him," said the young lady scornfully. "But there is one thing that I know you will be very sorry to hear—very sorry indeed. Our dear friend Mr. Withers is dead; he died a week after Miss Ida's marriage."

Arthur started. Often afterwards, recalling that scene, he reproached himself for what he believed to be a lack of proper feeling. He knew that the very first thought was, not for the benefactor he had lost, but for the girl that had haunted his boyish dreams. But he soon recovered himself. That childish romance of his had never been mentioned to any one; and in that very moment he resolved to put it away from him for ever. The fact that remained was, that he would never again behold the kindly face of the dear old man to whom he owed so much—that face that was associated with all the best and brightest recollections of his boyhood. A pang of grief shot through his heart as he accused himself of ingratitude to the gentlest of benefactors, and he felt that he would have given some best years of his life just to have had the

opportunity to say, "I am ashamed, sir, that I ever grieved you or disobeyed you; I know now what a friend you have been, and that, under God, I owe all that I am—shall owe all that I ever may be—to your pity, your Christlike forbearance and your wisdom."

The next day Arthur was standing at the shop door, taking his ease as a sailor on shore has surely a right to do, looking up and down the street and noting the improvements that had been made during his absence. Suddenly he became conscious that his broad frame was blocking the door and hindering a lady from entering.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he exclaimed, as he straightened himself up and prepared to step aside.

Yes, he prepared to step aside, but instead of doing so, he stood stock still with staring eyes. Surely it was "Miss Ida"—or rather Mrs.—he did not know the name.

"I think this is Mr. Jenion's shop, and that there is a young man named Hopley employed here. I desire to see his sister," said the young lady somewhat haughtily. For she resented the way she was being looked at by a man who apparently considered himself at home, judging by the way he had been leaning against the doorpost with uncovered head.

"Oh yes, this is the place right enough; but surely it is Mrs.—Mrs.—and you don't remember me. Why should you, though? I was but a boy—a poor charity boy."

"You mistake me for some one else, sir. I am not Mrs.—Mrs. Anybody at all. But surely you are not—why, yes, you really are, I believe—Arthur—Arthur Hopley?"

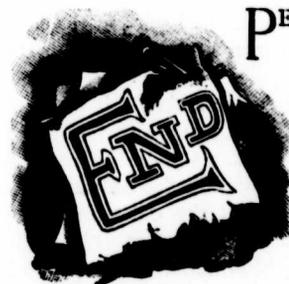
"Yes, I am Arthur Hopley. And you?"

"What! don't you remember your old friend, Esther—Esther Withers?"

"I—I thought you were your sister," he responded sheepishly.

CHAPTER XII.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.



PEOPLE sometimes complain that the stories mostly end with a wedding—"and they lived happy ever after." Mature life, they say more often begins rather than ends with marriage. Why, then, concentrate the interest on the narrative of a few youthful years, leaving all the rest to be filled up by imagination? Here, for instance, you have undertaken to give a "record of three lives": and you have reached the last chapter without bringing your lives much beyond the limits of childhood. Is not

this disproportionate? So much about three or four years, so little about all the rest!

But the answer to such complaining is not far to seek. Those first years are the vital, the all-important years. All—or nearly all—depends upon them. Then it is that habits are formed and solidified into a second nature; then it is that the memory is fresh and that every thought and idea marks it indelibly for good or evil; then it is that the roots of association, easily piercing the light soil of a young heart, become the stay and the sap of the tree of life that is to be. Spring is the gardener's busy time—he digs and sows and makes his plans; in the summer he can but watch his growing crops—helping here or weeding there, but very little more than that. So these years that the story-teller dwells on lingeringly are really the important years—they are the making of those that are to follow. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Each one can test this for himself. How quickly do the years seem to fly as we get older! One, two, three—half a dozen—how little difference do they make! But to a child half a dozen years is half a lifetime; one, two, three years well spent or misspent at school or "hanging around doing nothing," in learning the meaning of the word *duty* or in cherishing rebellious thoughts and vicious habits—makes all the difference—all the difference between success and failure; between the courageous, sober, God-fearing man and the slinking, dissolute, bragging ne'er-do-well; between the pure, cheerful, loving mother and the noisy, complaining slattern who has lost her self-respect because she knows she has lost the respect of others. So, from the experience of life may we confidently hope that, if the seed-sowing has been effective there will be a good

harvest in God's time; that if a lad or maiden be "upholden" in those early days—upholden by wise sympathy, by well-ordered institutions and, above all, by the Divine grace working in and through these, and the like human agencies, they will continue to walk in the path whereon their feet have been planted and will accept that Wisdom for their guide whose "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace."

So, at least, it has been with those whose life story we have been following in these pages. Years have passed over them, but their hearts are still young. They cherish the recollection of early days, and have laid to heart the lessons learned in them.

Maggie long since became Mrs. B. Fairbrother, and she is now a "joyful mother of children." With her and Ben it was a genuine case of "love at first sight"; though Ben maintains that he was in love with the lady long before he ever set eyes on her, in consequence of Arthur's enthusiastic descriptions. The lady says nothing; but she still recollects some passages in her sailor brother's letters which had certainly prepossessed her in favour of his friend.



"HE COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE THAT THE SCENE WAS REAL."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

Thanks to his uncle's generosity Ben had been enabled to marry young. He had had enough of the sea; but the experience gained on that one memorable voyage has proved of very great advantage to him in the conduct of the business at home.

Ernest Hopley occupies an honourable position in the book trade of his native town. (Liverpool is still to him "the good old town"; and he declines to call it a "city" till a cathedral shall have been built there.) After Maggie's marriage he and Mr. Jenions dropped back into their old way of living. Thus they jogged along together, studious, quiet and contented, for several years; then the old man dying, left everything he had—except the furniture of one room—to Ernest. There was not very much besides the goodwill of the business and the stock, for Jenions had been a man of abounding though secret and sometimes eccentric charity. The furniture of the room in which Maggie had been installed on the night of her first appearance, was left to her. It is now in her eldest daughter's room.

Ernest has remained a bachelor. To the astonishment of everybody, and to his sister's horror (for a time) he insisted on taking Mrs. Hayhurst to be his housekeeper. It was a "venture of faith," but it was justified by the result. With all her many and grievous faults this rough woman had loved the Hopley children, and there had, after all, been but little selfishness in her regard. Ernest made but one condition, namely, that she should "quit the drink"; to this the poor woman, who had sunk very low and been deserted by all her children, assented. By God's grace she kept her pledge; and she is to-day quite a nice-looking, tidy old lady, devoted to her master and never tired of singing his praises. Perhaps dear old Mr. Withers had not been so far out in his kindly human judgment as most persons had thought at the time.

Arthur had a sharper battle to fight than had his brother or sister; but he had in him something of the stuff that heroes are made of, and as his day, so was his strength. He "followed the sea" for many a year, rising from one position to another till, at last, he became captain of one of the first trading steamers that Messrs. Fairbrother possessed. He was singularly fortunate throughout a long career; so that that terrible time in *Tramore Bay* stood out as incomparably the most impressive experience of his lifetime.

Two ambitions he cherished: the one to make Esther Withers his wife; the other, to become one of the governors of the old Blue Coat School in which he had been educated. For many a year there seemed but little likelihood of either hope being realised. Esther, who had not been left at all well off, lived with her married sister. The young sailor saw her from time to time, when he returned from his voyages; but he was too chivalrous to wish to commit the girl to what might prove an indefinitely long engagement.

So he waited patiently and said nothing for over five years. Then he had his reward. He was accepted, and as soon as he had secured his position as master mariner, he married. But it was not till many years later, when he had retired from active service, that Captain Hopley's second life-dream was realised. He never became a wealthy man, nor did he rise to any conspicuous position in civic life. But his history and the keen interest he took in the School was known to many; it was considered a graceful act therefore when he was elected to be one of the hundred by whom the institution is managed.

When, for the first time, Arthur Hopley, now a grey-haired man, took his official seat opposite the desk in which he had stood as a boy nearly fifty years before, he could scarcely believe that the scene before him was real. His heart swelled with thankfulness and wonder. He gazed on the quaint sculpture that faces the official chairs, in which a boy and girl are represented standing on either side of the alms box, mutely pleading, as it were, for the support that is ever needed; he read the legend underneath,—“O Charity, thou gift of Heaven, spread thine influence over all mankind, and take these helpless innocents under thy cheering protection”; then his mind wandered away from the present. The scene before his eyes was real enough; but who were these that were taking part in it? There came to his ears a sound as of many feet advancing in slow and perfect time. He knew what it meant, and he said to himself, “The Hopley boys are there, the elder two or three rows in front of his brother because he is the taller, not because he is the better or cleverer boy.”

The children were packed into their places with the mathematical precision that the repetition of years has rendered well-nigh perfect. Captain Hopley rose mechanically at the bidding of a strained childish voice, “Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.” Then he knelt as was proper, and rose again when others rose, and the words sung and read were heard as we hear in a dream; and all the while he was wondering when his own part would begin, and how he would acquit himself. He was an old man now, and how could he be expected to say a long psalm through without slip or hesitation? And yet he was not alarmed—not seriously, at least, because he had confidence in his other self, a bright-eyed lad, who would come forward and say it for him when the moment came. But what was this? An anthem. The chorus was throbbing throughout the narrow room. He did not remember to have heard it before: “Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. We are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are widows. The joy of our heart is turned to mourning. Comfort us again now, after the time that Thou hast plagued us, wherein we have suffered adversity. So shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.”



"HE SMILED ON THE GATE BOY."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

The catechising followed, and the varying tones of the different voices, in quick response to the shrill demand of the questioner, rose and fell like the chaunt of sailors in some foreign tongue, in the ears of the half-dreaming man. Then the class melted away, and a boy and girl stood forth on either side of the catechist—prepared to give their recitations. The second presiding governor, who was a comparatively young man, courteously found the place for Captain Hopley in the large Bible that is provided. He thought that the old man might be hard of hearing or dim of vision; and the old man bowed and smiled a far-away, bewildered smile. He had heard quite well, but he did not exactly understand; it ought to have been St. John xv., but somehow it was not. The piece had been changed—changed at the very last. It was confusing, and before the captain had time to make it out, or to listen to what was being said, a girlish voice had taken up the recitation and was filling the

listening room with its pure, thin note. Still, it was only the last words that he clearly and intelligently heard: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." In a very few minutes the service was over. Arthur Hopley was alert enough now. The dream had passed, and he sat forward in his chair and smiled benignantly as the children filed out before him and his co-trustee, the girls with their quaint bobbing curtsy and the boys with their varying bows, studied or off-hand, reverential or barely civil.

"She is such a very little girl that I let her say that short psalm. She did it prettily though, did she not?" said the master apologetically.

"It was short, certainly," said the second trustee critically.

"It was beautiful, heavenly; it was like an angel's voice—like the voice of the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to watch o'er the life of poor Jack. I suppose, sir, you have never been drifting on a lee shore with a sou'-west Atlantic gale carrying all before it!" exclaimed Captain Hopley. Then he turned away, half ashamed at his sudden outburst, and exhorted the boys to do justice to their tea. After that he went and stood on the steps, looking out on the quadrangle, and watching the boy who held the collecting box by the big iron gate.

"Goodness and mercy, goodness and mercy," he murmured; "yes, yes; they have followed me all the days of my life. Fifty years ago I passed those gates an orphan and a pauper, and now—well, I'm not much, but by the grace of God, I am what I am. And He has been very good to us, good to Maggie, and to Erny, and to me, who deserved it least of all."

He smiled on the gate-boy as he went out, and spoke a few cheerful words to the little fellow. Then, though he had already laid a sovereign on the plate as he entered the chapel, he now slipped another in the box the boy was holding, and so went on his way rejoicing.

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.—Christmas is the season when the scattered members of families often make a special effort to spend a day or two with the old folks at home. But in nearly every parish one may find some aged pilgrim who expects nobody, for the simple reason that he has outlived all his family, or the few survivors are too far away to come home. If you, dear reader, know of such a case as this, why not make it your Christmas mission to pay the unexpected visit, and so make your own Christmas the brighter by giving a cheerful greeting to your poor solitary neighbour.

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

POINTS OF LAW.

Meaning of the Term "Benefice."



That the term "Benefice" comprehends all Rectories with care of souls, Vicarages, perpetual Curacies, endowed public Chapels, and parochial Chapelries, and Chapelries or districts belonging to, or reputed to

belong to, any Church or Chapel, and also districts formed for ecclesiastical purposes by statutable authority.

Abolition of Donative Benefices.

That donatives, of which there were until recently about one hundred in England and Wales, were Benefices with the care of souls in which Incumbents were placed by their respective patrons without any presentation to the Bishop, institution by him, or induction by the Archdeacon or his representative. By section 12 of the Benefices Act (1898), all these donatives were done away with, and they were changed into presentative Benefices.

Or what grounds a Bishop may refuse Institution to a Benefice.

That under the provisions of the Benefices Act, 1898, a Bishop may refuse to institute any Clergyman presented to him to a Benefice on the grounds that he has not been three years in Holy Orders, or that he deems him unfit for the discharge of the duties of his office by reason of mental or physical infirmity or incapacity, pecuniary embarrassment of a serious character, grave misconduct, or neglect of duty in an ecclesiastical office, evil life, having by his conduct caused grave scandal concerning his moral character since his ordination, or having been party or privy to any transaction or agreement of an illegal character whereby he obtained the presentation to the Benefice in question.

Church Burial Service may be used in Unconsecrated Ground.

That, under the provisions of the Burials Laws Amendment Act, a Clergyman may use the Burial Service at a funeral in unconsecrated ground.

Burials in Churchyards and Graveyards without Church Burial Service.

That, under the provisions of the same Act, burials may take place in any Churchyard or graveyard without the use of the Burial Service of the Church of England, provided that forty-eight hours' notice of such intended burials be given to the Rector, Vicar, or other Incumbent; or, in his absence, to the officiating Minister in charge of any parish or ecclesiastical district or place, or to any person appointed by him to receive such notice.

Times of Burial in Churchyards and Graveyards without the Church of England Service.

That, unless it shall be otherwise mutually arranged, the time of such burials shall be between the hours of ten o'clock in the forenoon and six o'clock in the afternoon if the burial be between the first day of April and the first day of October, and between ten o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon if the burial be between the first day of October and the first day of April; provided, however, that no such burial shall take place in any Churchyard on Sunday, or on Good Friday or Christmas Day, if any such proposed burial shall be objected to in writing for a reason assigned by the person receiving such notice.

BURIED TRUTH.

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

WHICH of the Beatitudes do we find partially anticipated in one of the Psalms? and how is the truth of the same variously illustrated in some of the narratives of the first book of the Bible, especially in what is said respecting one of these in the fourth chapter of Romans?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

67. **W**hom did the Lord speak as a man unto his friend?
68. Who grudged the hospitality his wife bestowed?
69. Where did the writer of the Acts leave St. Paul, and where did he re-join him?
70. To what Church did St. Paul describe his sufferings as their glory?
71. Where have we an assurance (in the Epistles) that God completes what He begins?
72. Who used a girdle to foretell captivity?

THE CHURCH MONTHLY:

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

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THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,
Author of "Beside Readings," etc.

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."—ISA. ix. 6.

I. "UNTO *us*." Not to Isaiah only, or to the Jews of his time, but to *us*. Indeed, yet more to us than to them; for these words, as written by Isaiah, are words of prophecy. Though described prophetically as born then ("unto us a Child is born"), this Child was not actually born till seven hundred years later. And now nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since the prophecy was fulfilled and He was born. Well, then, may *we* say, "Unto *us* a Child is born"? We keep His birthday to-day.

We usually keep a birthday because of some connection we have with the person who was born. Thus, we keep our Queen's birthday, our parents' birthdays, and those of our brothers and sisters, and those of our children. The birthday of a stranger we do not keep; our own child's we do, because "unto *us* a child is born."

He Whose birth we celebrate to-day was born "unto us," as being born into our race, to be one of us, a *man*; but so is every child that is born. Jesus was born to us *thus*; but He was also born to us in a far higher and closer way: He was born to be our Saviour. He *came* to save us; and He came in this way: by taking

our nature upon Him, and being born a man. Thus He lived for us, and died for us, and so He saved us by His blood.

All was "for *us*." "For verily He took not on Him the nature of *angels*; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham" (Heb. ii. 16). It was men He came to redeem, not angels—unto us *men* a Child is born.

Was He born to *all* of us? Did He thus come to all men? Yes, to all; and all who wel-

come Him as their Saviour will be saved by Him. In this sense, "unto *us* a Child is born" applies to all.

But alas, in how sad a way do the words apply to many! Numbers would have to say at this very Christmas-time, "Unto us a Child is born; but we have not owned or received Him; we do not care for Him; His birth is nothing to us. 'He was despised and rejected of men;' 'He came unto



A SISTER'S SYMPATHY.

His own, and His own received Him not'; and *we* are of that number!"

Oh that other birthdays should be kept, but not *this*! Oh that a parent, a brother, a sister, a child, should be remembered, but a Saviour forgotten! Forgotten on this day; forgotten on all days! Oh that the day should be kept, if kept at all, as a mere holiday, a day of worldly amusement, a day for such pleasures as He Himself has forbidden; at best, a day for family gatherings, in which He is

not asked to give His presence! The absent sons and daughters come home and gather round their parents' table, but no place is kept for Him in whose honour the day is said to be observed.

II. But *two* things are here foretold, not one only—a *birth* and a *gift*: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." These are not the same thing expressed in two different ways.

True, we do often speak of a child being *given*, whether son or daughter; and a precious gift it is, a gift from God. But that is not the meaning here. The Child that was born, as at this time, was the Child of *man*, and in that sense born to *us*; but the Son Who was given was the Son of GOD. "Unto *us*" applies to both—to the gift as well as to the birth. And both were foretold together, and both happened together. God gave us His Son, and gave Him to us by His being born as a child, in our nature.

Oh, the unspeakable importance of this "unto *us*"! Now let us look at this matter, not collectively only, but personally, individually. If He was born unto *me*, have I welcomed Him? If the Son of God was given to me, have I believed in Him, accepted Him, and sought and embraced the pardon and salvation for which He was given? Is He my Saviour and Redeemer? Do I look to Him? Do I love Him? Is He the Master Whom I serve? Is He my Hope, my Peace, my Portion, my All? Then indeed is Christmas to me "Merry Christmas," happy Christmas. But without this, why should it be happy?

We meet together at Christmas; let us meet in Him. Let it be a glad season, but let the gladness be a *Christian* gladness. In our family gatherings let Him not be put out of mind. Let no word be spoken, no song be sung, no joke go round, that does not become those who bear His name. Let old feuds be forgotten, let quarrels be made up, let acts of kindness be done and presents given; but not from the mere vague and meaningless notion that it is *Christmas*, with no true love and goodwill springing from God's gift of love to us. Let us at this season be kind to one another because of God's great kindness to us, and forgive one another because He for Christ's sake has forgiven us. Let not our Christmas be a Christmas without Christ. Let joy for a Saviour form our Christmas joy. And let this be the spring of all we do and say and think, that, as at this season, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given"!

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXXIII.—ACROSTIC.

MY initials spell what should always be done before enjoying my finals.
(1) A venomous insect. (2) Indispensable to machinery. (3) A country. (4) A girl's name.

XXXIV.—JUMBLED PROVERB.

Sendog, fi, gu, sasa, to, o, ahase.

XXXV.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

How can you take one from nineteen, and have twenty remain?

A HYMN FOR ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

"Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."—1 ST. JOHN i. 3.

WHERE is the fellowship divine,
The golden link of lasting love,
Uniting penitents on earth
With saints below, and saints above?

Let him who leaned on Jesu's breast,
And shared so oft His gracious smile,
Reveal the consolation found
When banished to his lonely isle.

The vision of unclouded bliss,
The glory which can never die,
The anthem of unceasing praise,
The unsealed lip, and tearless eye

To fill the cup of heavenly joy,
He bids us hold communion dear
With God the Father and the Son,
Dispelling every doubt and fear.

This fellowship no change can move,
This union no strife can break;
Upon the Rock of Ages fixed,
Which neither storm nor surge can shake.

All worldly hopes decay and die,
All earthly ties are rent apart,
Save in that fellowship of love
Which sanctifies the wayward heart.

This will survive the wreck of Time,
The dross transmuted into gold,
Linked with the love of Christ our Lord,
The Shepherd of the Heavenly fold.

A. C. RICHINGS, M.A.

THE VICARAGE, BOXMOOR.

CHRISTMAS WORK.—May you not say a word of kindness or encouragement, or bring together estranged friends, or persuade able men to the course to which God seems to be calling them?—
Dean Goulburn.

THE ADVENT MESSAGE.

I STOOD on the shore and pondered,
As I gazed on the evening sky :
And I thought of the God Who made me,
And knew that He was nigh.

I stood on the shore and pondered,
As the sun was sinking fast :
And I thought of the world around me,
And days and moments past.

I stood on the shore and pondered,
As the evening shadows fell :
And I thought of the Home before me,
The wonders none can tell.

I stood on the shore and pondered,
As I thought of the coming day,
When sin and suffering is ended—
All tears are wiped away.

I stood on the shore and pondered
The height and depth of Love
Which made the fathomless ocean—
The starry vault above.

Let us think of the God above us ;
Let us think of the world around ;
Let us herald the Advent message :
The Gospel Trumpet sound.

A. H. TREDENNICK, M.A.

THE VICARAGE, WARLEY.

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

BY G. F. LEATHERDALE.



MANY of the customs with which our forefathers were familiar at this glad season we have with us still ; in fact, but few of those observances which were in general use have altogether passed away. But there can be no doubt that the general tone of Christmas festivities has become, with the manners of the

age, a great deal more refined ; and religion plays a greater part in them.

The quaintest, perhaps, of the customs which have survived is the peregrination of that motley crew, the waits ; but these grotesques are, as a rule, re-

stricted to country places. There they are generally to be seen upon Christmas Eve, but usually with some half-hearted imitation of the old-time programme of song and dance, and furious combats with wooden swords. Of the perished customs, the greater number were strictly local, or at least observed only in certain provincial districts. The procession of the Boar's Head was a pageant which belonged in early times to many places. It is still kept up at the Inner Temple, and at Queen's College, Oxford ; also, until recent times at all events, at Hornchurch, in Essex, where Queen's College owns the greater tithes.

A weird and poetical usage was that of Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire. Here there is a valley, made, they say, by an earthquake many hundreds of years ago, and buried in it lies a village with its Church. Up to the end of last century the population of Raleigh turned out every Christmas morning to listen to the church bells ringing underground.

There used to be a custom of making at Christmas little images of paste, called "Yule-doughs," which were presented by bakers to their customers. These images were probably at first intended as representations of the child Jesus and the Virgin ; but, as with so many other customs, the intention was in time forgotten. The Yule-doughs degenerated long ago into puddings and mince-pies, made simply to be eaten. The minced or shrid-pies may, however, have been intended, with their mixture of fruits and spices, to recall the offerings made by the wise men from the East.

Mistletoe, as a rule, has been regarded as a peculiarly heathenish interloper in the Christmas decorations, and has therefore been generally excluded from churches. But in some parts of the North, and especially at York, this plant was wont to figure prominently in the sacred ceremonial of Christmas. Even the universal custom of decorating our houses with evergreens originated with the pagans of pre-Christian times. Indeed, the Church at first forbade her children to use this custom at the same seasons as the pagans used it.

All of us have much the same picture in our minds of the English Christmas in the "good old times." The blazing Yule-log, the wassail-bowl, the unlimited cheer, the *largesse* of comforts in every kind to all who needed them, the breaking-down for the time of barriers between high and low,—all this typifies for most of us the hearty English nature at its best. It was the greatest annual holiday. Every one prepared or saved up for it months beforehand, for every one must have a Christmas-box ready for each relative or neighbouring acquaintance, besides making as fine a show of well-being as one's wealth allowed.

In less simple, but not less hearty, manner, we of the passing day celebrate the same great festival. The Yule-log is not always procurable, but as genial a glow can be extracted from the more commonplace

coals. We no longer "wish health" to the apple-trees, as they used to do in the west country, and the libation to the health of "all our friends round St. Paul's" is not poured from a wassail-bowl, as in the long past days; but the wish may be as heartfelt, and the gladness of the assembled party be as bright, even if the mirth be not so riotous.

Now, as of old, the bond between rich and poor becomes more close at Christmas time, and now, more than of old, is this reminder of common kinship useful. It is an age of looser ties, of duller sympathies. The world is so much wider to us than it was to our ancestors, when each community was hemmed in by the difficulties of travel and the permanence of slowly taught ideas. Our interests are indeed world-wide now; and especially is this the case with Englishmen. Comparatively few are the families in this country which have not near and dear relatives in foreign parts.

May English hearts grow larger and warmer as the home circle of each expands. So shall the Christmas kindness pass current between all English folk, wherever they may be, until even that wide horizon of fellowship shall melt into the infinite azure.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

X.—HOLY TRINITY, PENN.

HE ancient and historic Church of Holy Trinity, Penn, stands on a lofty summit which commands a beautiful panorama of Windsor and the adjacent country. The western limit of the pretty little village is on the borders of Wycombe Heath, and it is distant from High Wycombe and Beaconsfield some three miles. Its seclusion renders it specially inviting to those who love the repose of country life, and its beech woods are as useful to the artist as they are delightful to the lovers of woodland scenery. The Church stands on the highest portion of the ridge, some seven hundred feet above the sea level, and from its tower portions of twelve counties may be seen. This eminence gives a great charm to its Churchyard, which contains some very fine old yew-trees; and though the building is very irregular, the eye rests upon its grey and time-worn tower with more than usual interest, from the accessories which surround it. The Church dates from the year 1213, and is built of rubble and flint, consisting originally of a nave and south aisle; a chancel was added in 1736, in which are several elegant monuments, and also a fine east window of stained glass. The porch on the north side has a grand old oak door, but the porch on the southern side is more interesting. The tower contains an excellent peal of bells, the musical sound of which is very agreeable, and softened in its tone. The Communion plate, of which we give an illus-

tration, is ancient and well preserved. The chalice and small paten are dated 1617; the larger paten, together with the alms-dish and handsome massive flagon, were presented a century later. The Font is of lead, and is one of the few remaining leaden fonts in the country. Until recently it was covered with whitewash; but this having been removed, several dates with initials are easily discernible, 1683 being the earliest. There are several curious and well-preserved brasses, one of which, with the effigies of male and female figures, has the following inscription:—

"Here lyeth the bodye of John Pen, Esquire, who married Sarah, the daughter of Sir Hy. Drury, Knt., by whom he had issue five sonnes and five daughters. He departed this life the second day of July, A.D. 1641."

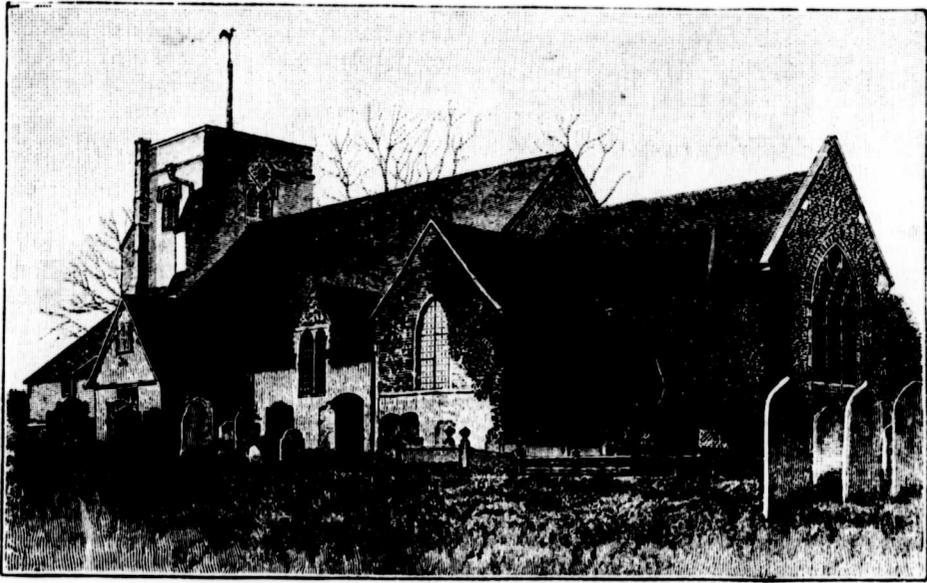
At the end of the slab there are representations of the sons and daughters, all of whom appear engaged in devotion.

There are two fine works of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, one in memory of Sophia Charlotte, Baroness Howe, the other to the memory of Countess Howe, who died in 1836. Among the tombs of the Penn family is a singular brass of a lady in a shroud, with long, flowing hair. Above the effigy is a scroll, with the words in old English: "In the Day of Judgment save me, Lorde."

The clock, which begins to show signs of wear, was placed in the tower in 1715. The value of the Rectory in the time of Henry VIII. was £8 13s. 4d. Nicolas de Langley vacated this living for that of Hampstead in 1273. There have been forty-three Vicars in all.

The Registers, which are in an excellent state of preservation, date from 1560. The present Vicar is the Rev. B. J. S. Kerby, who was presented to the living by the Right Hon. Earl Howe, and inducted on October 1st, 1898. Since that date a great deal has been done for the improvement of the Church and its services. The roof and ceiling of the chancel have lately been restored by Earl Howe, and the whole of the Church has been cleaned, coloured, and put into thorough repair. A considerable number of gifts have been made by parishioners and friends of the Vicar, to the value of nearly £400. The unsightly pulpit, which is much decayed, is shortly to be replaced by the beautiful carved oak pulpit now in Curzon Street Chapel, and which is soon to come down. This pulpit, which has been described as almost priceless, is the gift of Earl Howe, and will be a great addition to the Church.

The name of Penn is interestingly associated with that William Penn, son of the Admiral of that name, who, in 1680, obtained a grant of territory afterwards known as Pennsylvania.

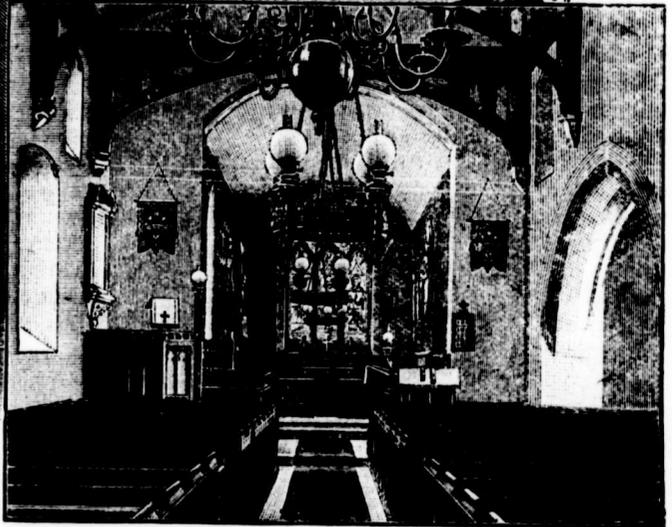


Penn Church

Old Oak Chest
and Plate



The Font



Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs by MR. F. T. LANE, Beaconsfield.



Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. T. ELWES.

CLOTHES MOTHS.

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

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

LET me begin this paper by briefly referring to two very common ideas with regard to moths. The first of these is that all moths are clothes moths, the second that all moths eat clothes.

Both these ideas are entirely incorrect. At least two thousand different kinds of moths inhabit this country, and out of these only five are injurious in this particular way. Two of the five, moreover, are not at all common, while a third never seems to touch clothing unless it happens to be old and greasy: so that the true clothes moths are practically reduced to two. And the fact is that ninety-nine out of every hundred moths which find their way into our houses may safely be allowed to live. They have simply been attracted by the lighted lamps at night, or have entered by some open window in search of a sleeping-place during the day-time. And the two moths which really are mischievous can be recognized at once. Both are quite small; both have narrow wings, edged with long down; and one is plain drab yellow in colour, without markings of any kind, while the other is brownish grey, with two round black spots in the middle of each of the front wings.

All moths, then, are not clothes moths; and it is equally incorrect to suppose that all moths, or any moths, eat clothes. They cannot, for they have no mouths with which to do so. Moths never possess mouths, in the ordinary sense of the term; and the moth which was sent to me once in a box by post, with several strips of stout cloth to preserve it from starvation on the way, might just as well have been fed with pieces of paving-stone out of the road. All that a moth can ever do in the way of taking food is to suck up liquid nourishment through a trunk formed like that of a butterfly. Many moths cannot even do this, for their trunks are not developed; so they take no food at all, and subsist upon the stores of fat which they laid up when they were caterpillars, just as the camel lives on its own

hump during its long journeys through the desert. And the clothes moth is one of these. It possesses no mouth, and is unable, not merely to eat clothes, but to take food in any form whatsoever.

But then it was not always a clothes moth. It was once a caterpillar; and it is while they are caterpillars that the clothes moths do all their mischief. The parent moths are absolutely harmless. All that they can do is to lay their eggs on some woolly or hairy material on which the caterpillars can feed. But as soon as these eggs hatch out, the little grubs set diligently to work on the plentiful meal that surrounds them. One seldom sees them, because they invariably cover themselves in with a little case, formed of hairs and shreds of wool neatly woven together; and as this case has to be enlarged from time to time, in proportion to their growth, the mischief that they do is very great. In the first place, they nibble away a great deal of the cloth by way of daily food; in the second, they nibble away a great deal more wherewith to construct their odd little habitations.

On close examination it will be found that the case in which the clothes moth caterpillar lives is always larger in the middle than at the extremities. This is in order to allow its inhabitant to turn round. It will also be found that the caterpillar enlarges its residence in rather a curious way. First it cuts a slit half way along the upper surface; then it weaves a strip of exactly the requisite size, and carefully inserts it into the aperture; and finally it turns round and repeats the process at the other end of the case.

Every housewife knows only too well of what extraordinary mischief these little insects are capable, and how, even in a few weeks' time, clothes which have been carelessly put away will be perforated in a score of places by the hungry caterpillars, whose tracks are plainly visible running from hole to hole. But no creature is without its good points, and even the troublesome clothes moths have something to be said in their favour.

They are really very beautiful little insects, for instance, in spite of their dingy colouring. This sounds like a contradiction, but is not so in reality; for, sombre though their hues may be, one has only to place a clothes moth under the microscope in order to perceive its beauty. Only a short time before these lines were written I caught one of these moths in my study, and, wishing to examine it, damped a strip of glass, and pressed the moistened part gently against the surface of its wings. When I looked at this through the microscope, the sight was really a most exquisite one. In the centre of the little grey patch were thousands upon thousands of tiny scales, each shaped like a battle-dore deprived of its handle, and marked by five delicate ridges running along it from base to tip, while all around were thousands more of much longer and more slender scales, each of which split up near the extremity into three hair-like

plumes. And over all these scales, as the light shifted, rainbow tints were playing.

Beauty by itself, however, would be but a small recommendation; and the clothes moth can lay claim to usefulness as well. In our houses it is a nuisance; out of doors it has a work to do, and does it. What becomes of the hair which is woven into so many birds' nests when the nests themselves are deserted? The clothes moths destroy it, and the nests, which otherwise would cumber the branches of the trees for years, are enabled to fall to pieces. What becomes of the wool which sheep rub off upon thorns and bushes? The clothes moths destroy it. What becomes of the plumage of dead birds, and the hair on the skin of dead animals? The clothes moths destroy them. These little creatures have their uses, after all. They belong to the great army of Nature's scavengers, whose task it is to remove all dead and useless matter; and it is only when they trespass into his dwelling that they become the enemies of man.

ON KEEPING SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. PERCY A. ELLIS.



WE live in an age of very rapid changes, and those whose memories go back over fifty years must sometimes feel astonished at the great differences they see between the present and the past. Among the many changes in the habits and customs of the people there is a considerable diversity between the older and

the more modern ways of keeping Sunday. Many can remember the time when it was a very solemn day; all natural joyousness seemed out of place, and recreation and amusement were regarded as a desecration of the day. The tendency now is quite the other way, and to large numbers of people Sunday has become only a day of amusement. There are people in fashionable society who take the lead in making Sunday a day of amusement, and they are probably people who never do a day's work and give up most of the week to frivolity and pleasure. A

fashion thus set spreads wide and far; and it soon becomes easy to think a bicycle tour or a row on the river is an appropriate way of keeping Sunday. It is well then to go back a bit to first principles and ask what there is to guide us in the matter. For all Christians the main point is, that in its origin and meaning Sunday is essentially a day of worship. In the earliest pictures of the Christian Church we have—those that are in the Acts of the Apostles—we see that Christians were in the habit of meeting for worship on the first day of the week, because the Lord rose from the dead on that day. His Resurrection gave it a memorable importance and stamped it with a consecration, and so they naturally assembled together on that day of each week for the "breaking of bread," which was the one great and only distinctive Christian service. There was no law or command about it, but by Christian spiritual instinct that joyous day was chosen as the day for Christian worship. It entirely superseded the Jewish Sabbath, which was Saturday. Many of the first Christians were Jews, and for a time, besides Sunday, they also kept the Jewish Sabbath day, which was a day of rest; but it gradually gave way to the superior fitness of the Christian Sunday. Sunday then was a day of worship, and also a day of joy,—both these aspects arising out of the Resurrection. It differed entirely from the Jewish Sabbath, which was a day of rest and not, primarily, of worship. The Christian Sunday at first was not a day of rest. The Christians met for worship before the day's work began, and, perhaps, after the day's work was over; but as time went on, Christian men came to feel that it would be expedient to secure larger opportunities for Christian worship by protecting one day in the week against the intrusion of common business and care. The long experience of the Jewish Sabbath had taught men the blessedness to human welfare of the weekly rest. It was a loving provision of God, that man might not be ground down and degraded by exhausting labour. The Sabbath law was a law to give freedom, not to impose bondage. It protected man from the inevitable hardship of toil, and showed it was not God's will that his life should pass in drudgery. By making rest a religious duty, man was taught the idea of a portion of his time not being his own to do as he liked with, and so each Sabbath was a fresh reminder of God.

As has been said above, the Christian Sunday is not the same as the Jewish Sabbath. It was kept on a different day and for a different purpose: one on Saturday, the other on Sunday; one for rest, the other for worship; one to commemorate the Creation and the escape from Egypt, the other to commemorate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ; one was kept by command, with the penalty of death for disobedience, the other had no command, and there was no penalty for not observing it. But the blessing

of the Jewish Sabbath-day rest was deeply felt ; and though the old Sabbath was no longer obligatory, at last a time came when the Christian Sunday took to itself that Jewish practice of a weekly rest ; and the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century made a law for the suspension of work on Sunday. It was the first of a series of laws which secluded the first day of the week from ordinary uses, and long experience has justified this happy combination of day of rest with day of worship. Who can say how much men owe to this weekly rest for recruiting the energies of mind and body for the daily work ? and who can say what a boon it is in giving leisure to turn the thoughts to unseen things and have space for a while to hold communion with God undisturbed by common cares and worries ?

Let a definite and regular habit of going to Church show that it is a day of worship in a way which no other day of the week can be : let it be a bright and happy day—it is the Lord's day ; it began in the joy of the Resurrection. There should be no gloom or artificial solemnity about it ; it is a day especially for home joys and family companionships—particularly for the companionship of fathers with their children.



A Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year."

A STRANGE WAY OF KEEPING CHRISTMAS.—All mortals are tumbling about in a state of drunken saturnalia, delirium, or quasi-delirium, according to their several sorts ; a very strange method of thanking God for sending them a Redeemer.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

○ YES! ○
yes!! ○
y e s!!!
This is to
give notice,
that the next
Number will
commence the
Thirteenth
Volume of
THE CHURCH
MONTHLY,
and the Editor
begs to return
his grateful
thanks to all
his readers,
at home and
abroad, and
heartily
wishes
them—

" IN SILENCE, LOVE, AND PRAYER." *

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF MARLBOROUGH.

○ G E
GOD'S fittest servants surely work
In Silence, Love, and Prayer,
For full of awe their life must be
Who Jesu's labours share :
In Silence, for they would not speak
Of others' shame or sin ;
In Love, for He is Love itself
Who died their souls to win ;
In Silence, for they speechless wait
His searching Voice to hear ;
Work on—" I know thy works"—work on,
I love them ; I am near.
Here, as of old, when Mary bathed
My weary feet with tears,
With all who minister to-day
To souls as sad as hers ;

In Prayer, for Jesus draweth nigh,
And brings to all who pray
Refreshment in the peaceful night
And strength for working day.
Work on, work on, ye faithful ones,
In Silence, Love, and Prayer ;
For Angel hands ring, robe, and shoon
Incassantly prepare.
Yes, as ye labour, angels weave
In silent, patient Love ;
Your penitents shall one day wear
Their spotless west above.
In west and work of Angels' hands
Before their Lord arrayed,
For Whom in silent Love ye worked,
In loving Silence prayed.

Tell them poor souls that they shall wear,
If faithful they shall prove,
The ring an Angel's skill has wrought,
The robe an Angel wove.
Ah ! Day of Days, when ye shall stand
Set free from cares and fears,
With those for whom ye laboured here,
In their bright Home and yours
Now, fallen, vile, and castaway,
Your saved ones there shall be
Fair as the King Who claims them thus :
"Ye did it unto Me."
Then faint not, servants, labour on
In Silence, Love, and Prayer,
For hopeful should the servants be
Who Jesu's labour share.

* Written one early morning for a Band of Lady Workers amidst the Fallen, on the Badge of the "Mayfair Union."

A Christmas Carol.

Words by R. H. M. K.

Music by the REV. REGINALD F. DALE, M.A., Mus.Bac., Oxon.
(Rector of Bletchington.)

mp Cheerfully. *mf* *mf* *cres.*

1. Your voi - ces raise In songs of praise, Ye men of ev - ry na - tion; The news we bring Will
2. Your voi - ces raise In songs of praise, Ye wo - men of each na - tion; The curse of Eve No

p

make you sing In joy - ous a - do - ra - tion. The day fore - told By
more shall grieve Since wo - man's ex - al - ta - tion. Pure Ma - ry bears In

mf

seers of old And prophets' in - spi - ra - tion Has seen its dawn This ve - ry morn, The day of man's sal -
lat - est years Of long an - ti - ci - pa - tion The Child by Whom Your for - mer doom Be - comes your great sal -

Org.

TENORS AND BASSES IN UNISON. HARMONY.

f *ff* *Symph.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.*

- va - tion, The day of man's sal - va - tion, The day of man's sal - va - tion.
- va - tion, Be - comes your great sal - va - tion, Be - comes your great sal - va - tion.

T.T.B.B.
IN UNISON. &c.

3. Your voices raise In songs of praise,
Ye children of each nation;
For you this morn A Child is born
In deep humiliation.
The children's Lord, Yet God the Word,
Though come in lowly station:
So, children, shout, Lest stones cry out
Jesus is our salvation!

4. Up through the skies Henceforth shall rise
The praise of all creation;
The news ye bring Shall make us sing
In endless adoration.
(S.S.A.A.) Lo! children shout, Women sing out,
(T.T.B.B.) And men of every nation,
To greet the morn On which is born
The God of our salvation!



GUARDIAN-ANGELS

When evening zephyrs softly blow
 God sends His angels down below
 To watch, and guard His children
 dear,
 And keep them safe from harm
 and fear.

"SAFE BIND, SAFE FIND."

THIS issue completes another volume, and handsome cloth cases in scarlet and gold are provided at a very low cost. Whoever supplies the magazine monthly can give particulars as to the binding arrangements. Tens of thousands were bound into volumes last year, and made most attractive books. The poor parish of St. Andrew, Bethnal Green, sent in 176 volumes; of other parishes doing well in this department we may name Lanchester, 132; Musbury, 141; Willingdon, Durham, 118; Downham Market, 99; St. James's, Tunbridge Wells, 92; Sparkhill, Birmingham, 113; St. John's, Reading, 81; Winshill, 79; St. Barnabas', Clapham, 132; Petworth, 74. If you have not had your magazines bound hitherto, make a beginning this year. The Rev. P. V. Doyne, M.A., Vicar of Beckley, and Editor of the *Islip Ruridecanal Magazine*, writes: "The binding has given the greatest satisfaction, and will probably result in a considerable number of persons having this year's numbers bound."

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Difficulties in Ceylon.

NALLURUWA is a village next to the town of Panadura. All the inhabitants are hard hearted, bigoted Buddhists, Their whole aim and pleasure is to ruin Christianity and destroy our school. They have opened a rival school, and ill-treat the poor parents, etc., of our school children, because they have chosen to send their little ones to the Christian school. Once we had only a very few children left in the school; thanks to the Almighty God, now we have over a hundred on the list, with a daily attendance of nearly eighty. The teachers are good Christians, and they also get, now and then, ill treatment from our heathen friends.—THE REV. S. W. DE MEL.

Jesus said unto them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Dunnville.

—o—

being the reading and study of a part of the first chapter of the Acts in Greek, the consideration of some of the rubrics in the Communion Office, and the appointment of a deputation of speakers for the annual missionary services. The invitation of Rev. Wm. Bevan to hold the next meeting in Caledonia was accepted, the date to be Feb. 5th and 6th. Rev. Arthur Francis, Rev. P. L. Spencer, and the Rural Dean were chosen to speak at the evening service

on Feb. 6th, their subjects being respectively: the Church's duty towards missions at the beginning of the 20th century, the success of missions during the 19th century, and the plans and methods to be adopted during the 20th century.

Two hundred and fifty copies of the CHURCH MONTHLY have been ordered from England to be localized as the Deanery Magazine for 1901.

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Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

—o—

The free entertainment given in the Marshall school house, on Monday evening, 5th inst., by the Literary Society for the purpose of selling their autograph quilt was well attended. After the short but interesting programme had been gone through with, Mr. W. R. Docker, in the absence of the expected "regular practitioner," acted as auctioneer. Mr. James Lyons was the purchaser. The \$5.25 realized by the sale, brings the total amount made by this means up to \$70.55.

There was a fair attendance at the meeting on the 12th, at Mrs. J. Blott's; but owing to the bad roads there was not a quorum present on the 26th, at Mr. T. Blott's. The programme for this meeting will be held over for the next one on the 10th at the same place.

The elected officers of the society for the year are Vice-President, Mr. Frank Ramsey; Secretary, Miss Emma Docker; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. Ramsey. The Committee, elected half-yearly, are Misses C. T. Docker, T. J. Logan, Connie Bate, Helen Blott and Mr. Henry Bate.

The incumbent has received a letter from the Rev. Geo. Holmes, Lesser Slave Lake, Athabaska, acknowledging the receipt of the bale sent by the St. John's W. A., and expressing gratitude on behalf of himself and staff for the very useful articles sent out in the bale. We understand that Mrs. Holmes had before this written to Miss Agnes Docker thanking the Christ Church branch for their bale. From the report enclosed by Mr. Holmes in his letter we learn that with the new addition to their buildings they will be able to accommodate

40 boys and girls in the Home this winter. Providing for this number is no easy matter, and all may feel sure that help sent in money or kind will be put to some good use.

Bad weather has interfered with all but one of the W. A. meetings for November, and the condition of the roads or the absence of their men folks at the polls made the attendance rather small at that one. It was held at Mrs. W. Patton's; three members and some visitors were present. In the absence of the President and Vice-President the incumbent presided.

BURIAL.

Nov. 9th, at St. John's church and churchyard, John Stephens, aged 39 years.

Mr. Stephens' sudden death from typhoid was a shock to the people of the parish. His widow, with her large family of children, has the sympathy of the community generally. The A.O.U.W. society of which the deceased was a member took charge of the funeral arrangements.

The service on Christmas Day will be held this year at Christ's church, at 11 a. m. The heads of every family should seek to so arrange their domestic duties and family festivities of that day, that they themselves with their households may attend the public worship of the Saviour of the world on the festival that commemorates His birth.

The children's Christmas treat in connection with Christ's Church Sunday School will be held on the 26th, that of St. John's on the 27th. The place and other particulars will be announced in church.