

Tom Blott

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Standing Committee.

On Tuesday, March 19th, the spring meeting of this committee was held in the Synod office, Hamilton. Deanery was represented by Rev. P. L. Spencer, Rev. Wm. Bevan, and Mr. C. E. Bourne. The Sub-committee on Missions recommended a grant of \$200 to be made to Port Robinson and Fonthill, these two places having been separated from Thorold and Welland respectively and made into a new parish. The recommendation was adopted on the understanding that the grant be for one year. The Apportionment Committee proposed the adoption of 50 cents per family and six per cent of the clerical stipend as the basis of the proportion to be paid by each congregation. The matter was referred to the Deanery Chapters for adoption or amendment. Rev. S. E. Skey reported \$10,000 as the amount thus far promised in Hamilton as subscriptions to the Diocesan Century Fund, the canvass of the city being by no means complete. The Synod books were ordered to be kept open until April the 15th for receiving monies from parishes and the clergy. The meeting of Synod was appointed by the Bishop to take place on Tuesday, June 11th. All Deanery Chapters were requested to meet on May 1st.

Easter of this year which falls on April 7th, comes neither very early nor very late, but at a convenient time for church wardens to have their accounts in a satisfactory condition. There should be no need of an adjourned meeting of any vestry, unless some special business is to be transacted. The accounts should be audited in time for the regular meeting on Easter Monday.

The Easter services should be attended by every man, woman and child who is enjoying health and strength. The festival is one of the greatest days of the Christian year.

Oh! day by day! shall hearts set free,
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays.

The key note of the services is Alleluia. Praise and thanksgiving are the predominant elements. We should heartily rejoice for the sake of Him who gained the victory, for the sake of the Church that is founded on that victory, and for the sake of ourselves who share the victory. Every person qualified to enjoy the benefit of the "sacred feast which Jesus makes," should lovingly and gladly "draw near" to it, "with a sure heart in fulness of faith" and show a right appreciation of the Victor's work and of His own precious privilege. Christ says: "Come unto Me." "Do this for My memorial." The church orders that "every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one." The minister of God will say, "Draw near with faith, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort." The writer earnestly hopes that in every parish of the Deanery the faithful will flock to the holy spot

some at one hour, some at another. The soul of each recipient will be refreshed, the heart of each spiritual pastor will be gladdened, the angels will rejoice, the Redeemed will "be satisfied."



Jarvis and Hagersville.

The Lenten services have been fairly well attended. Doubtless sickness and unpropitious weather have interfered somewhat with full success.

The self-denial savings of both adults and children should be presented in the church on Easter day. The S. S. offerings will, as heretofore, be devoted to the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie. The offerings of adults in Jarvis will go into the Building Fund. Offerings of a similar kind at Hagersville will be added to the general fund.

A lady of the congregation at Hagersville has very generously resolved to donate to All Saints' church a brass alms dish. The order has been placed with a firm in Toronto, and the article is expected to be ready for use on Easter day.

A few S. S. children are collecting 10 cent contributions for St. James' new church, Hull, in response to an earnest appeal from Rural Dean Smith the rector. The old church was completely destroyed in the terrible conflagration of last year.

BURIAL.

On Monday, March 25th, in St. Paul's church cemetery, John Brock, of Garnet, aged exactly 33 years.

The deceased had been prevented by personal injury, received at the age of 10, from going up to the house of the Lord. Let us hope that he now enjoys full compensation for this deprivation. He was born into the spiritual or unseen world on the 33rd anniversary of his birth into the natural world.

The Apportionment is still awaiting the contributions of a few persons. Kindly give at once. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The cause is good, and it should not be allowed to suffer. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Rev. F. M. Kennedy, who has been laboring for several years in Japan as one of our Canadian Church missionaries and is now on furlough has kindly consented to visit Jarvis on April 22nd, and Hagersville on the following day, and give an account of his work in the empire of the Mikado. The offerings will be for the Canadian Mission.

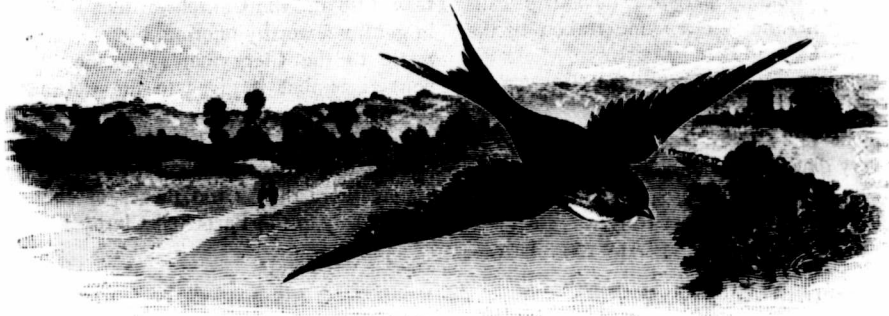
The next Deanery meeting will take place at Jarvis on May 1st and 2nd. Rev. Rural Dean Mackenzie of Brantford has consented to be the preacher on the first evening. [SEE LAST PAGE]



"Long Live the King!"

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY EDWARD VII.,
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AND EMPEROR OF INDIA.

*From a photograph by MESSRS. GUNN & STUART, 162, Sloane Street, S.W.; and expressly engraved for
THE CHURCH MONTHLY by MESSRS. R. TAYLOR & CO.*



"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."—THE SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 12.

THE BISHOPS AND EASTER OFFERINGS: A HINT TO CHURCHWARDENS.

REFERRING to the "Hint to Churchwardens" which we published last month, we gladly renew the offer then made to send a gratuitous supply of notices, cards, and circulars to any Churchwardens willing to take up the work in their parishes. Applications should be sent to Mr. Fredk. Sherlock, CHURCH MONTHLY Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

We feel sure that the following opinions of the Bishops on this important matter will be read with special interest:—

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

As I was the first, I believe, to revive this custom of Easter Offerings many years ago in the Lichfield Diocese, and have carried it on ever since, year by year, my sense of its importance can hardly be doubted.

WILLELM: EBOR:

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

I heartily sympathize with your effort to bring the custom of making an Easter Offering for the Clergy into general use. It is a simple, unostentatious, and authorized mode of fulfilling a plain duty.

B. F. DUNELM:

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

I have pleasure in saying, in response to your enquiry, that in my judgment it is in every way appropriate and desirable that the custom of an Easter Offering for the Clergy of the parish should be generally revived. There may be parishes in which the arrangement is inexpedient for local reasons; but, speaking generally, I believe the system to be as admirable in practice as it is certainly sound in theory.

RANDALL WINTON:

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

You are doing a very valuable work in arousing people to the need of attending to the Rubric about XIV. 4.]

Easter Offerings. In South Australia the revival of attention to this has made a very considerable difference to the Clergy; and in England, where there is so great a tendency for people to rest content with the endowments and provision made for the Church by our forefathers, and to do nothing themselves, there is all the more reason for the restoration of the old custom.

Yours gratefully,

G. W. BATH: AND WELLS:

THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

There should be Easter Offerings in every parish. They are good for the people, good for the parson, good for the parish. They are the only way in which the poor can make their little sacrifice of a penny or two to give direct personal help for the temporal needs of their spiritual friend. They are the healthiest way in which the parishioners, as a whole, can give regular relief to the poverty of so many of the Clergy. They tie a parish into one, in the sense of Christian union in kindness, giving practical point to the promise of the Easter salutation, "The Lord is risen indeed, and has appeared."

G. F. BRISTOL.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

Easter Offerings have been revived in this Diocese, the Churchwardens kindly taking action

at my annual request, and much success has attended the revival. This custom affords a simple, ready, and wholly unobjectionable means whereby the Laity can assist the Clergy. The question of offerings in very poor and in very wealthy parishes obviously calls for some adjustment, and is often undertaken by the Clergy of the latter.

ERNEST R. CICESTR :

THE BISHOP OF ELY.

I shall be very glad to see the old custom of Easter Offerings generally revived.

Yours truly,
ALWYNE, ELY.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

I have much pleasure in expressing my hearty approval of the effort Mr. F. Sherlock is making for the revival of Easter Offerings.

C. J. GLOUCESTER.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

I heartily wish you success in your encouragement and support of all Churchwardens who treat it as part of their duty to collect Easter Offerings for the use of the Clergy. Their official incomes are now, as a rule, so inadequate for the proper maintenance of our parochial Clergy, that I should be glad to see such offerings added to the emoluments of almost every living in my Diocese.

J. HEREFORD.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Your advocacy of the observance of the ancient custom of devoting Easter Offerings to the improvement of the incomes of the parochial Clergy deserves the strongest commendation. The custom was revived a good many years ago in this Diocese, and with a very considerable measure of success; the wealthier parishes help the poorer to support their Clergy adequately.

AUGUSTUS LICHFIELD.

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.

I most strongly recommend Easter Offerings. It is an old English way of meeting a terrible need—the need of adequate provision for the Clergy. The depreciation of land and tithes has sorely emphasized this need, while the increasing population of the country demands a continual increase in the number of the Clergy.

EDGAR NEWCASTLE.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

The plan of giving the offerings of Easter Day, after the solemn services of Holy Week and the joyous Eucharistic Service of the great Easter

Festival, to the sacred Ministry, either to the Incumbent of the parish, or to the Clergy Sustentation Fund, is an excellent one, and I have urged it upon all the Clergy of the Diocese. If the Laity will take it up and the Churchwardens interest themselves in getting a worthy offering, a great addition is often made to the Clergyman's income. One great advantage is that it gives to the working people and the poor an opportunity of showing their regard for their Clergyman, and their appreciation of the ministrations of the Church. I have sometimes known more than 1,500 pieces of copper offered on Easter Day to the Parochial Clergy Fund.

JOH. NORVIC :

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

I warmly commend your effort to encourage the wider use of an Easter Offering. The practice, wherever it is used, has been highly valued, and of the greatest encouragement to the Clergy. It should be the universal custom, and will help to strengthen the bond of sympathy between priest and people, and arouse the sense of responsibility on the part of the congregation to contribute to the support of the Ministry.

E. C. PETRIBURG.

THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

I am glad indeed that you are reminding people of the old custom of Easter Offerings. I have written every year to the Churchwardens of this Diocese suggesting the continuance or revival of the custom: the results have been cheering. I hope that your effort may do much good, and be the means of strengthening the bond of affection between the Clergyman and his people.

W. B. RIPON.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

The suggestion here made has, I need hardly say, my very warm concurrence and approval. It accords with the advice already given, I believe, by many Bishops. The Easter Offering is a time-honoured form for that to which modern circumstances have given a fresh stress of urgency—*viz.*, freewill help on the part of Laymen for the support of Clergy. The matter is one of the gravest urgency, far greater than many Churchmen realize. The stipend given to many even of our beneficed Clergy is quite unworthy of their education and their work, and inadequate for the support of their families. In numberless instances it only suffices at all by help of "private means." I should say that there ought to be an Easter Offering in every parish, rich or poor. In many it should go to augment the small income of the Rector or Vicar. In others it should, with his consent, go in whole or in part to the Parochial

Assistant Clergy (or Curate) Fund. In some, part of it at least should be diverted to the help of clerical incomes elsewhere. For the last purpose I cordially recommend the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund (the Church memorial of the Queen's Jubilee), which has a branch in each Diocese, and augments from year to year the income of livings which fall below a very low standard of sufficiency.

EDW. ROFFEN.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

I quite approve of a strong appeal being made to Churchmen to give Easter Offerings to their Clergy. It is a point which I have urged upon the Laity in my Charge at both my Visitations.

J. W. ALBAN.

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

In reply to your enquiry I beg to say that in my opinion the proper maintenance of the Christian Ministry ought to be the first home charge on the liberality of Church people; and I am glad you propose to continue to recommend, in your most useful magazine, the good custom of Easter Offerings.

J. ST. DAVIDS.

THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

Far the best method of raising the deficient stipends of our faithful Incumbents is the old Church system of Easter Offerings, in which the goodwill and esteem of the Parish have their opportunity for unsought recognition.

GEORGE SOUTHWELL.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

One of my first acts when I became Bishop was to address a Letter to the Laity of the Diocese drawing their attention to Easter Offerings. I endeavoured to revive the custom where it had fallen into desuetude, and to strengthen it where it already existed. I pointed out what a miserable pittance was all that many of the Clergy derived from their benefices, and urged the plain duty, as well as the ordinance of the Lord, that "they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." Of course, the difficulty is in the poor country parishes; but I urged that the wealthier parishes should help the poorer, and the appeal was not in vain. Most heartily do I wish you "God Speed" in your efforts.

J. J. S. WORCESTER.

We shall be glad to hear the result of this year's Easter Offerings, and information from parishes making an Offering for the first time will be specially welcome, and should be sent to MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.



For Queen and Country.

THE STORY OF HORACE SEYMOUR, C.I.V.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by PAUL HARDY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY OF MRS. HANKEY.

WITH a long sheet of paper before her, Mrs. Seymour sat at breakfast one morning communing with herself. She had fallen into the habit of late, as some folks do when alone, of occasionally talking aloud.

"Three I called upon yesterday," she said, moving her finger slowly on the paper; "and—one, two, three—ah—five, I hope to call upon to-day. Five in one day! Four widows, and one poor mother robbed of her son by this cruel, cruel war. Ah! . . . I declare that wives and mothers who give up their dearest suffer for England as much as the wounded men."

At that moment, Nurse entered the room abruptly. "There's another o' them wimmin come, mum."

"Oh, poor thing," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour sympathetically, as she rose from her chair. "I'll come and see her at once; or, stay, she might come in here?" and she paused and looked doubtfully at Nurse.

"Now don't you go and be silly, mum, there's a dear. This 'ere woman is what Mist' 'Orace would call a Fraud."

"Oh, Nurse, you are always so hard."

"No, I ain't, mum, beggin' your pardin; she's been drinking, I can see that with 'alf a hyc,—she's takin' advantage of your soft heart and o' these heaps o' money from the war funds, that's what she's a-doin'."

Nurse often put on an "h" where she ought not, when she became emphatic, and she was very emphatic now.

"There's some as deserves help," she continued, "and there's some as don't, and this 'ere woman is one as don't. You didn't ought to rekkymend her, mum, that's a fact."

Mrs. Seymour passed into the little hall, followed by Nurse. They found a woman standing on the thick mat near the door, and she was dressed in an old black gown that looked as though it had just come from the rag-bag; she had a fiery red face and dropped a very low curtsy as Mrs. Seymour came near.

"Please, mum," she whined, "I've bin that hard used, since you saw me, that I thought I'd make bold to come and tell you abaht it."

"Yes, I am glad to be your friend, if—if—I can help you," replied Mrs. Seymour. She spoke with some hesitancy, having the fear of Nurse almost unconsciously before her eyes.

"I knew ye would," exclaimed the visitor volubly, "and I told Mrs. Pratt so when she advised me not; I said Mrs. Seymour were a real lidy o' the right sort. 'She's orl right,' I said, and that's my very words, mum, and wot cher think, mum, they've bin and took orl my money—"

"Who have?—the publican," sniffed Nurse.

"You ain't no lidy—hany one can see that," retorted the woman, tossing her head defiantly and speaking with angry scorn.

"Come, come," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, with some show of spirit, "I cannot have any quarrelling in my house. Nurse, let this good woman—"

"Mrs. Hankey, mum, of Barnes Buildings, at your service," said the visitor with a curtsy.

"Oh yes, Mrs. Hankey, of course. I don't forget you, Mrs. Hankey. Now tell us your story, and Nurse will not interrupt."

"Thank ye kindly, mum; but—but—could ye be so good as to—to let me sit down," and the woman's angry, bloodshot eyes looked forward to the dining-room door whence Mrs. Seymour had come; "for I'm that tired," she continued, "'avin' walked so far and not a penny for a tram."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Come into—" began Mrs. Seymour, but at that moment the ever vigilant Nurse appeared with the hall chair.

"Here it is," she said, "it was only just stood aside; we was havin' the hall swep'. We don't usually expect callers so hearily."

"You can go hon with yer sweepin'," exclaimed the visitor loftily, as she pursed up her lips and elevated her pointed red nose in the air. "My bizness is with yer missus. P'raps, mum, I could 'ave a private word with ye, in yer hown room."

For one brief moment the black twinkling eyes of Nurse Johnson fairly glared at this defiant, red-nosed, slatternly woman. Then as she put her arms akimbo and stood like a barrier between Mrs. Seymour and the visitor she said deliberately, in a loud, determined voice, that yet had a touch of cold politeness in it,—

"Missus can't hask you into her own room this mornin' 'cos the table ain't cleared for visitors, and she ain't got time, and Missus never hinterferes with

me in the kitchin, and you are what I call a kitchin person; but I shan't hask ye there, so if you've got hanythink to say, you'd better say it now." *

And the black, beady eyes flashed a gleam of battle at the dull-red, bleared glance of the angry visitor.

"Himperent hussy!" began Mrs. Hankey, in a towering rage, when Mrs. Seymour interrupted her by placing her hand on her shoulder, and linking her other within the arm of her old servant, she said soothingly,—

"My old nurse and friend is quite right. I have no time this morning for any long chat. I have several poor women to see who need what help I can give as much as, or even more than, you do. So please say quickly what you have to say. See, here is a chair on which you can rest."

The woman sat down, and muttered sullenly and incautiously,—

"Well, I s'pose you are paid for what you do, like the rest of 'em:"

"Paid!" thundered Nurse; "you ungrateful wretch!"

But Mrs. Seymour again stopped the storm.

"No, my good woman," she said gently. "I am not paid in money, but in the thought that I am helping some poor women who, like myself, have beloved relatives at the war."

"Ah, you may well say that, mum," sniffed Mrs. Hankey, rubbing her bloodshot eye with the corner of her apron, though not the ghost of a tear appeared upon it. "Heaven knows I shouldn't be here if my pore Bill wor at home."

"Well, what can I do to help you?" asked Mrs. Seymour quietly.

"They've took my money away," replied the woman sullenly; "the money wot cher said I wor to have."

"The grant from the 'Soldiers' Fund'?" asked Mrs. Seymour in surprise.

"The money wot cher said I wor to have," repeated the woman doggedly. "I come here ready to tell it all out plain; and I thought yer was a kind lidy, but I see you don't care no more than anybody else."

"But why was the grant withdrawn?" queried Mrs. Seymour, her curiosity prevailing for the moment over every other feeling. Nurse remained silent, but her sharp black eyes seemed to penetrate to the woman's very soul.

Mrs. Hankey's bloodshot, bleared eyes fell before the piercing gaze. She felt confused and angry, and muttered still sullenly,—

"They said I didn't want it."

"But why?" persisted Mrs. Seymour.

"Oh, it ain't no good telling you, with that woman there," burst forth Mrs. Hankey furiously, and almost writhing under that steady, piercing gaze. "I thought you was a lidy, with a 'art as would 'a made a lidy like me with her pore Bill at the war kindly welcome, but I see I was mistook; I see yer lets yer servant be yer master, and a nice old cup o' tea she is—

fiery as vitrol! Ugh, I'd spit upon her for two pins."

Once more Mrs. Seymour restrained her Nurse's wrath, and said quietly, but with more dignity than Nurse had often seen her assume,—

"You have not yet told me clearly and fully what your trouble is, and how I can best help you."

"Well, mum," raged the woman, "I ain't had no breakfast, and I ain't got no money to buy any."

"You've had something else, though," sniffed Nurse, "for I can smell it. Rum and milk, I should say! And she sniffed again. "Quite scents the house."

"Well, an' if a friend did give me a drop to 'elp me on my lonely way, what's that got to do with you!"

"It was a pity the friend was not more wise, and gave you a good breakfast instead," said Mrs. Seymour mildly.

"Well, mum, harr you a-goin' to give me hanything, or harr you not?" exclaimed the woman impudently, "'cos I'm wastin' time; I might go somewheres else."

In her ill-temper and the nervous irritation caused by drink, she had quite lost all idea of cajoling, or even of speaking reasonably, to the lady who had befriended her.

But this remark was too much even for mild Mrs. Seymour.

"I think Nurse is right," she said quietly, but with unwonted firmness; "you must have been drinking. You had better go now, and I will enquire at the office about your case and let you know later on."

Nurse stepped briskly forward, and opened the door; and the unwelcome visitor, seeing she could gain nothing by remaining, bounced angrily over the threshold, and exclaimed venomously,—

"I was a-goin' to tell ye somethin' about yer son in South Africa that ye'd give yer heyes to hear; but I shan't tell ye now, so there."

And laughing sardonically, as though in triumph, she discharged her last bitter word and flounced away.

"Good riddance to bad rubbish!" remarked Nurse sharply; "we don't want to see her again."

"Oh, but we might do her good, Nurse."



"I KNEW YE WOULD," EXCLAIMED THE VISITOR.

"A 'Nebriate's Home is the place for her, mum, or else a Reformrayattery. It's my firm belief she ain't got no 'pore Bill' at the war; and that's what the Soldiers' Wives Fund people have found out. Take my word for it, mum, there's always himitations of good things. There's plenty o' good honest women who, the Lord knows, need all the help you can give 'em just now; but there's others—base himitations I calls 'em, frauds Mist' 'Orace would call 'em,—and this 'ere woman is one, you mark my words."

"I wonder if she does know anything about Horace," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour pathetically.

"Not she," replied Nurse, with emphasis.

"It is very curious I do not hear from him," remarked Mrs. Seymour.

"Oh, the posts are delayed from South Africa; they must have such heaps of letters; but you may hear now, any day."

"Still, it is very strange that such a long time has elapsed since his last letter."

"Oh, don't let us have any weak eyes now, mum, and—law bless me!—how late it is getting to be sure! Hadn't you better start at once, mum, for your visitin'. I'll get your new black bonnet and cloak."

And Nurse bustled away and promptly reappeared

with the articles of clothing in question. Neat and comfortable they looked, very suitable and becoming, and their appearance gave a pleasant sense of comfort and satisfaction to their owner. She took them almost lovingly from Nurse. She placed the bonnet carefully on her head, gave two or three little touches to her grey hair, and then turned to Nurse as though to a mirror, to seek her judgment. It was quite a touching act of trust, the more so perhaps that it was unconscious. If Nurse testified her appearance as satisfactory, Mrs. Seymour felt assured that it was so.

A touch or two from Nurse, and Mrs. Seymour, quite content with her apparel, turned into the breakfast-room for her list of names, and then with a kind farewell she took her departure.

For a moment Nurse stood on the doorstep watching her retreating figure.

"Pretty dear!" she murmured. "This visitin' o' poor folk do take her mind off her own trouble, to be sure; but my word! hany one could himpose upon her. She does a heap o' good I dessay, but she would likewise do a heap o' harm if I didn't watch hover her. Pretty dear! I never could teach her to pick out the false from the true; but there—there's a many as don't. There's some says heverybody's false, and others that heverybody's true; but I says there's both, and you've got to pick out one from the hother. Now there's that Miss Mabel—ha!—postman this time o' day? That's curious."

By this time she had returned to her kitchen, when the postman's rap brought her again to the front door. "Ha! well, to be sure! What did I say now?" she exclaimed, as she took a letter from the box; "didn't I tell missus a letter might come, and here is one from South Africy—but, but,—that don't look like Mist' 'Orace's writin'! Pretty dear, won't she be in a state till she reads it!"

The letter was duly placed on the mantelshelf in the breakfast-room, and then Nurse returned to her household duties.

"There's a few things I want to know," she said. "I want to know what it really was that sent Mist' 'Orace off to be a volunteer at the war, and what Miss Mabel's up to now she's gone, and whether that drunken woman as was here this mornin' really did know anythink about Mist' 'Orace. There was something about her spiteful voice that makes me think perhaps she did. And now I wonder who's addressed that letter, eh? What a many puzzles there are in life, to be sure!"

As Nurse busied herself about the house, her active mind was occupied with these puzzles. But she was interrupted ere long by another summons from the street.

"Drat that there door!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Folks seem to think I've got nothing to do! but to hanswer their calls." And she bustled downstairs to the hall.

Her face cleared, however, when she opened the door and saw her visitor.

"Eh, Miss Alice!" she exclaimed. "I'm main glad to see ye. The sight o' ye is good for sore e'en."

"But your eyes look as bright and sharp as ever," replied Alice gaily.

"Ah, now you're flatterin', Miss," said Nurse. "I can see through your little ways." And she smiled grimly. "Mrs. Seymour is gone out," she continued. "But, Miss Alice, you don't look as well as you used to do."

"Oh, I am pretty well, thank you," replied Alice with a laugh that yet had a hollow ring about it. "Mrs. Seymour is calling on Patcham's Gardens and C— Street folks, I suppose, this morning; she told me she was going in that neighbourhood to-day. There are several soldiers' widcws living in that district, and I was to meet her here after her visits. Am I too early?"

"No, Miss, you're always welcome," said Nurse; "but Mrs. Seymour won't be back just yet. She didn't go till late, and you know she do gossip with them folk."

Alice smiled. "Perhaps it does them good, Nurse. There are so many sore hearts through the war, and a little friendly talk may help to soothe and cheer them."

"Aye, and who cheers you, Miss?" asked Nurse bluntly.

"I!" exclaimed Alice with a forced laugh. "I do not need cheering!"

"Ah, don't tell me that, Miss; I know better. I've watched ye gettin' pale and thin and don't-carish. There's some as has husbin's at the war, and some as has sweetheart. P'raps you have a sweetheart—eh, Miss?—say among the C.I.V.?"

Alice blushed furiously and then turned white as a sheet. "No," she replied haughtily, though her voice trembled, "I have no sweetheart."

"You ain't the first one their looks have betrayed," remarked Nurse, sententiously but kindly. "I've watched you, me dear, these months past, I tell ye, and I can read some folks like a book. Now you must excuse an old woman, dear—an old woman that's Mrs. Seymour's Nurse, and loves you like a grandmother; but what did you mean that time ago, when you said it was Miss Mabel's doin' that Mist' 'Orace went and volunteered for the war?"

"What did I mean? Oh, I oughtn't to have said it, Nurse; please forget it entirely. What made Mrs. Seymour so late this morning?"

"Oh, there was a himperent creature come here who called herself Mrs. Hankey."

"What, Mrs. Hankey of Barnes Buildings?"

"Yes, I think she did hintrodooce herself like that; do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Miss Melbury's house, and

also at Mrs. Dan Jones's; she was there sometimes to give extra help as a charwoman."

"She was here cadgin' and half-drunk," sniffed Nurse. "Said as how her pore Bill was at the war, and that Missus had promised her help from the Soldiers' Fund, and now they wouldn't give it. I put a spoke in her wheel, I did. I wouldn't let Missus waste time over the likes of her. And what do you think? As she was goin' out—and a pretty job we had to get her out—she acshally had the imparence to say she knew something about Mist' 'Orace, and wouldn't tell it. There's imparence for you!"

Alice gazed at Nurse with wide-open eyes and white face. "Did she say that?" she gasped. "Then my fears must be true!"

And she sank on a chair in the hall as though smitten by a sudden blow.

CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGE LETTER.

IT was the night before Paardeberg. The stars shone brilliantly over the darksome veldt, and in the shadows the indomitable brigades of the British army pushed on to surround fierce Cronje between the steep banks of the Modder River.

A marvellous change had come over the great theatre of the war. Lords Roberts and Kitchener had landed at Cape Town on January 10th, and for some weeks nothing was known of their intentions. But while General Buller was fighting hard at Spion Kop and at Krantz Kloof, preparations were being slowly and surely matured for the relief of Kimberley and for the conquest of Cronje.

Speaking generally, the position of affairs remained much the same as it had been after the reverse at Magersfontein. But on February 12th commenced that great secret strategic movement which was to completely change the aspect of affairs. Briefly, the scheme was to concentrate a large force secretly at Ramdam, then to send the cavalry sweeping round the Boers who barred the way to Kimberley; while the infantry, following fast on the horse soldiers, were to hold what the cavalry won, and surround the Boers on the left, and cut off their connection with Bloemfontein.

The first part of the plan was carried out by General French in spite of immense difficulties, and was admirably successful. After him marched the infantry, their object being to establish themselves on the flank of the Boers under Cronje. But Jacobsdal, a town on the left of the infantry, could not be allowed to remain in the enemy's hands, especially as it was a base from which the Boers drew their supplies; and therefore a part of Major-General Wavell's Brigade, with which was a troop of the C.I.V., was detailed to capture it.

They found about three hundred Boers, posted under cover of trees, surrounding the town. The skirmish was sharp, but in the end the Boers retreated to their chief laager on the Modder River, taking their killed and wounded with them. Thus some of the C.I.V. took part in actual battle for the first time, and thus the initial stage in Lord Roberts's brilliant strategic movement was successful. A force of cavalry under General French was now threatening Cronje in the rear, and was raising the siege of Kimberley; another division of troops barred Cronje's way to Bloemfontein; a small body of British held Jacobsdal in a south-easterly direction: while Methuen still faced Cronje in the south.

At first the fierce Boer leader would not believe that this strong net of troops was being drawn around him. He had striven hard to make his position impregnable, but he dreaded isolation. When, therefore, he was assured that the British were actually cutting him off from Bloemfontein, whence he drew supplies, he instantly gathered together his guns, waggons, and horsemen, and rushed away through the space at Klip Drift between the British cavalry



FOR A MOMENT NURSE STOOD ON THE DOORSTEP.

sweeping to Kimberley on the one hand, and the British infantry following on the other hand and endeavouring to enclose him at Magersfontein.

It was a daring movement, and it almost succeeded. Part of his force, however, escaped north to Warrenton; many Boers returned to their homes; but through the night of February 15th the others moved forward from their position, about six thousand in number. And in the dawn of February 16th clouds of dust on the veldt rolling eastward told the British outposts that Cronje was slipping away.

Lord Kitchener was at Klip Drift, and he instantly launched mounted infantry and Knox's brigade in pursuit. Away in the keen morning air dashed the British soldiery, and soon met a storm of Boer bullets. All day the stalwart Boer rearguard fought their British pursuers, and at night Cronje's army found itself on the north bank of the river, not very far from Klipkraal and also Paardeberg Drifts.

Cronje must cross the Modder to reach Bloemfontein; the question, therefore, was whether he, or his British pursuers, could first seize the drifts, or fords, by which he could cross. History will record that, by some of the most brilliant marching and manœuvring known in the war, the British were able to secure the drifts, and to surround Cronje in his trenches at Paardeberg.

General French had reached Kimberley on Thursday, February 15th, his horses worn out with fatigue. But on Friday came the order to march again, to cut off Cronje's retreat. The men were about five thousand strong at starting; but barely two thousand then had horses fit to travel. Away swept French through the night; horses died as the column flew on; but

about midday on the Saturday the men seized the only remaining drift open to Cronje, almost in sight of the advancing Boers. Cronje, though he knew it not, was caught at last. He found his way to the river between Paardeberg and the next ford, Wolfeskraal by name, and there took up a most formidable position. He filled the banks with riflemen, and placed them also in natural ditches, or dongas, on either side.

Through this night, then—the night of February 17th,—British forces, weary with fatigue but still determined, closed up round their fierce enemy, and the net was drawn tighter around him at Paardeberg.

The next day was occupied with brave but almost futile attacks by the British—in which artillery joined—on Cronje's position. Critics are of opinion that



HE FILLED THE BANKS WITH RIFLEMEN.

Cronje, being surrounded, should have been left without such attack—he could not escape—and he could be starved, or shelled, or forced by more gradual attacks into surrender. Desperate charges over level ground upon riflemen concealed in trenches are but of little use; you only lose brave men. The net result of the day was a casualty list on the British side of some eleven hundred; but the Boers were, so to speak, pressed closer together, some of the British troops having gained on their position considerably. It is an open question, however, whether artillery fire alone would not have produced a similar result, with but little or no loss of life.

On the Monday morning, Lord Roberts came up, followed by troops from Jacobsdal and also by more artillery. He determined to trust to the guns, and sixty pieces poured shrapnel and lyddite into the Boer position. On this morning Cronje had showed some desire to surrender, but then changed his mind, and the fight continued. Women and children were with him, but he refused a safe conduct for them to a place of safety offered by the British. As the guns continued their work, great clouds of green fumes rose from the lyddite shells; while on Tuesday night the Boer laager was set on fire. Gradually the circle of iron was drawn tighter around him; a force of Boers hovering near, as if to relieve him, was driven away, and the fire became even hotter and more severe.

Buried in their trenches, the greater part of Cronje's force probably suffered but little from the artillery; but they must have suffered from want of supplies, and from the terrible effluvia arising from the slain.

A British brigade had been placed across the river, both east and west of the position, with orders to push in on Cronje, if possible by trenches. On February 26th the British trenches had been advanced to a distance of only seven hundred yards from the Boers. The trenches were garrisoned by Canadians and Gordons. In the darkness of the night, the Canadians were stealthily to advance, the Gordons supporting them, while the 2nd Shropshires were to take such a position as would meet any attack by the Boers. ♪

The Canadians were followed by a company of Engineers carrying bags of earth. Silently the men pursued their dangerous way. They had reached a point about eighty yards from the enemy's trenches, when suddenly the Boers' rifles rang out their deadly challenge, and the Canadians threw themselves to the ground. The sacks of earth were used

for shelter, and hiding behind them the men dug eagerly to hollow out trenches for cover. When morning broke they had succeeded in making themselves secure, and were moreover so placed that they could fire lengthwise down the nearest lines of the enemy's trenches.

It was this brilliant deed that appears to have finally convinced Cronje that further resistance was hopeless. That morning—February 27th, the anniversary of Majuba—he flew the white flag and agreed to surrender. About four thousand one hundred Boers were thus captured, but their wounded numbered something under two hundred, showing how safe they were from fire in their trenches and caves; but the sanitary condition of their laager was fearful to behold. On surrendering himself, Cronje was courteously treated, and was sent that evening to Cape Town, whither his force was also dispatched as prisoners of war.

The strategic effects of this great movement were very remarkable. One Boer army was thus scattered or captured, Kimberley was relieved, Clements at Colesberg found the Boers retiring, and Gatacre advanced to Stormberg. The deadlock which had existed was swept away. General Buller also, while these events had been taking place, was storming



"HE IS ILL, OR DEAD."

his way onward at last, and the very day after Cronje's white flag had waved at Paardeberg Ladysmith was relieved.

Great joy rang through the Empire like a melodious bell; even Mrs. Seymour shared in the gladness of these great events. They brightened and cheered her immensely; but her motherly feeling, as was natural, was ever to the front. "Where is Horace?" she asked. "I see so little of the C.I.V. now in the papers. Perhaps he will not be in any great danger after all." The good lady could not understand that the C.I.V. desired to take their share of the danger with the rest.

They were soon to have it. One troop had already been under fire at Jacobsdal, and on the very day that Ladysmith was relieved two companies left De Aar—whither they had moved from Cape Town—for Britstown, where they also smelt powder.

The Boers having roused the district to rebellion and looted large numbers of cattle and sheep, were concentrated in force at a place called Karreebosch Poort, when the British moved out from Britstown, there being a battery of the Royal Field Artillery and a company of the Warwickshire Mounted Infantry, with two companies of the C.I.V., also waggons loaded with forage and stores.

The action, which was, in fact, a reconnaissance in force, was inconclusive, the Boers having superior artillery, and at nightfall the British returned to Britstown, having suffered several casualties, and the Boers retired to Roodepoorts Nek, where they occupied a strong position. Some cyclists of the C.I.V. corps also accompanied General Setell from Orange River Station, and were busily employed in bearing dispatches to Strydenburg over a wretched road.

Meantime Mrs. Seymour, lulled by the success of the British arms and by the absence of bad news of her son, hoped and believed that all was well with him.

"A letter has come at last, mum," said Nurse Johnson quietly, on that eventful morning of Mrs. Hankey's visit, when at length she returned home. "And here's Miss Maynard waitin' to see you."

A hurried greeting to her friend and then Mrs. Seymour hastily clutched the letter. One look was enough.

"It is not his writing," she gasped; "he is ill, or dead."

She tore open the envelope and then stared at the contents, wild-eyed and amazed. She even stepped one foot backward in her great surprise.

The letter was short. "Your son wants me to write," said the missive, "and tell you that he is well, and even happy. But he is very occupied with onerous and anxious duties, so that he has no time to catch this mail. I am invalided, but not too ill to write, so I am sending a few lines of comfort and satisfaction to quite a number of our men's relatives,

and yours among them. I should not wonder, dear madam," the writer added slyly, "if Mr. Seymour does not present you with a daughter-in-law soon after his return, for, between you and me, he seems mighty fond of a certain lady nurse out here named Miss Melbury. Do you know her?"

(To be continued.)



Stall Ends
St Mary's Church

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III.—ST. MARY'S, GATESHEAD.

ST. MARY'S has probably an older foundation than her sister church of St. Nicholas, now Newcastle Cathedral. In A.D. 653 one of the priests sent by Oswy, King of the Northumbrians, to accompany his son-in-law Peada to Mid-Anglia was Adda, the brother of Utta, a renowned priest, and Abbot of the monastery which is called "Ad Caprae Caput." This, "at the head of the goat," is almost certainly Gateshead, although the origin of the name is by others stated to be "Gatesheved," or, "the head of the road." One of the chalices in the church has the name spelt "Gotshead."

Standing now in the midst of one of the most overcrowded districts in the most overcrowded town in England, St. Mary's seems to have a black flush of shame over her stones at the memory of her former glories; yet few slum churches have more reason to be proud of her services and congregation than she has even now. Time was when she stood among handsome residences of wealthy merchants; now the people around her are aristocrats if they possess two rooms. Yet all are proud of the old church, even those who never go inside it.

In the year 1080, on May 14th, Walcher, the first Norman Bishop of Durham, was murdered outside the then church, which stood on or near the present site. Some of his Saxon tenants having been oppressed by the episcopal agents, he had come to appease them, but only made matters worse. He

took refuge in the church, but it was set on fire, and as he rushed out he was struck down, and with a shout of "Short red, good red, slay ye the Bishop," he was killed. Opinions of our Bishops have changed in Gateshead since then.

The church has been restored and altered on so many occasions that now there is but little of the ancient structure left.

In the years 1739 and 1740 the old tower was taken down and the present one built. It is a very plain—one might almost say ugly—structure, but is not unimposing, owing to its appearance of solidity and weight.

Other remains of antiquity were removed by one Dr. Prossor, rector from 1808-10. He had not a very long incumbency, but there are some who wish it had been still shorter, for in his two years he found time enough to remove from the chancel and break up the three ancient sedilia and a piscina.

In 1839-40 there was another rebuilding, but the work was soon undone, for in 1854 the church was almost shaken to pieces by a terrible explosion in Hillgate, a street about a hundred yards away. This catastrophe is spoken of with horror by the older residents of the town to this day. The buildings by the river-side were demolished, burning streams of sulphur set the Newcastle side of the Tyne in flames. The number of killed and wounded amounted to upwards of 270 persons. In the churchyard are preserved stones which were hurled over the nave and crashed through the chancel roof; the largest of these weighs 6 cwt. Not a window was left in the church, the old stained glass was shattered to pieces, and such was the state of the structure that it was proposed to pull it down and build a new church on a more convenient site. Happily this was not done and the old church was restored, but a new chancel had to be built, as the old one was in ruins. The present chancel is not noticeable for any special beauty, but mainly owing to the stalls and a handsome stone reredos, the effect of the interior is better than the outside would lead one to suppose.

The baptistery was opened into the church by the beautiful arch shown in 1875. The west window, to be seen through the arch, is said by many to be the best example of Mr. Kempe's work in the North of England.

Many of the oak stall-ends are beautifully carved, in some cases with the arms of the families who used to sit in them. They were erected first in 1634. The carving on the pew of the Liddell family is especially elaborate.

In front of the pulpit is a magnificent oak chair on which the arms of Gateshead are finely carved. The initials are those of the then churchwardens. In the parish accounts we find that £1 2s. was paid for this chair and covering a stool in the year 1666.

The church is particularly rich in plate; though, as usual, all that belonging to pre-Reformation times has gone. The oldest piece is inscribed: "The free gift of James Cole to St. Mary's Church, in the parish of Gateshead." James Cole died in 1662. In an account published in 1834 the total weight of silver is



ST. MARY'S, GATESHEAD.

THE REV. CANON MOORE EDE,
M.A., RECTOR OF GATESHEAD.

AN ANCIENT CHAIR.

given as 348 oz. From the illustration a fair idea will be gained of the patterns.

There are eight bells in the tower, which were cast in 1788 by Mears & Stainbank. The weight of the tenor is 15 cwt. Before this peal there were some very old bells, but these are all lost except one which was transferred by the rector and churchwardens to the parish of Heworth, in 1701, in payment of a due! The inscription on it is undecipherable.

There are one or two most interesting grave-covers which have now been built in the walls. The one we reproduce is in the porch. The cross is not so elaborate as on some others, but the fish is curious. The key is an emblem of a female, and, in spite of the opinion of some people that the fish is a survival of the early Christian use, we are afraid that in this case it is a token of nothing less prosaic than that the lady buried underneath was a fishwife.

Strangers visiting the church would not be surprised to hear the children near speak of the Anchorage, naturally supposing it to be connected with the shipping and river. It is, however, the room where one of the Sunday schools is held, above the vestry, and was formerly the chief school of Gateshead. Its name took its origin from the fact that an anchoress used to reside in the cell which was its predecessor. On November 14th, 1340, a license was granted by the Bishop to John Wawayn, Rector of Brancepeth, near Durham, to build a cell in the churchyard of St. Mary, Gateshead, for this lady hermit.

In connection with the church are many ancient



THE CHOIR AND NAVE.

charities. The most noticeable is that called "King James's Hospital," because it was reconstructed by that monarch. It appears to date its origin, however, from St. Edmund, though whether the King or Bishop of that name is uncertain. It provides an old age pension for upwards of fifty old men.

The registers of the church commence in 1559, and have been well kept. In the parish accounts are many curious entries; for instance:

1626. To James Coats, for making glaspes for the roge stobe (whipping-post). 1. 2.

1628. Payd for the doking stoull. 12s.

1628. For mending of Sawsana More, her heade. 6s.

1632. Paid for whipping black Barborie. 6d.

Poor Black Barborie!

In the churchyard lies buried Robert Trollope, the architect of the Newcastle Town Court, which was built in 1659. Tradition says that on his tomb was the following epitaph:

Here lies Robert Trollope,
Who made yon stones roll up;
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up.

No inscription can be deciphered now, as the stone is so much worn, and I believe no one living has seen the above, so the most we can say is that if it were not there it ought to have been.

On a tablet in memory of one Robert Arrow-smith, however, there is an epitaph worthy of record:—



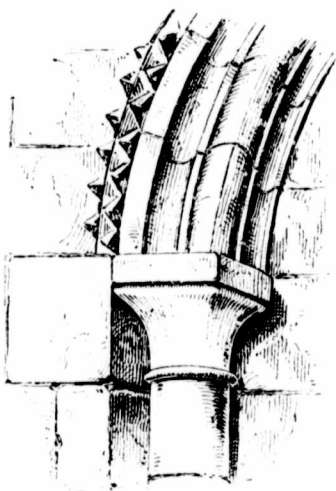
1632.

Reader, in that piece of earth
 in peace rests Thomas Arrowsmith.
 In peace Hee livd, in peace went hence,
 With God and Men and Conscience.
 Peace for other men hee sought,
 And peace with peeces sometime bought.
 Pacifici may others bee,
 But ex pace factus hee.
 Peace reader, then, doe not molest
 That peace whereof hees now possess.
 The God of Peace for him in store
 Hath Joy and Peace for evermore.

Pangit Plangit
 et
 Amore Dolore

Robertus Arrowsmith.

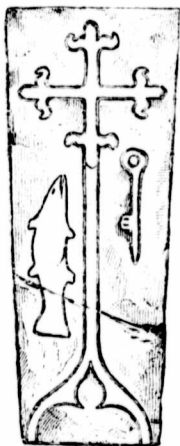
Daniel Defoe resided for some time in the street called Hillgate, and is reported to have written a considerable portion of "Robinson Crusoe" while there.



SOUTH DOORWAY.

The church's work is as active now as it has ever been. The present Rector is the Rev. Canon Moore Ede, well known as a pioneer of social reform; with him are three assistant clergy and two lady workers.

In the chapel-of-ease—St. Columba's—is held the weekly men's meeting which has become such a feature of Tyneside Church life. Some of the most eminent speakers of the day come every Sunday afternoon to address a church filled with men.



EARLY GRAVE COVER.

A church with a history stretching into the remote past, yet thoroughly up to date—such is the parish church of Gateshead.

Our illustrations are from photographs specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by MR. J. O. LAWSON, Queen's Terrace, Gateshead.

G. W. FROGGATT, M.A.



APHIS AND ANT.

CURIOUS ANTS.

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

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

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

ONE hardly feels justified in talking about "curious" Ants. For these insects are more than curious: they are wonderful. It has been said, indeed, and said with perfect truth, that in point of intellect ants rank next to man.

Their architectural powers, for instance, are perfectly marvellous. We visit Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's Cathedral, or the Pyramids of Egypt, and are deeply impressed by their size. It seems scarcely possible that such vast piles of masonry should have been raised up by so small a creature as man. Yet if we were to emulate the works of the ants—allowing, of course, for the respective sizes of the two builders—we should have to make our cathedrals a mile and a half high, while the Pyramids would have to be two miles and a quarter in diameter!

And a nest such as that of the wood ant, for example, is not a mere pile of materials loosely heaped together. It is one vast intricate maze of passages and galleries, each with numbers of chambers opening out on either side to serve as store-houses and nurseries. More than that, there is as much of the nest under the ground as there is above. If the mound is three feet high, there is a basement three feet deep beneath it. If the one is eight feet in diameter, the other is eight feet in diameter also. Even in England we may meet with ant-buildings which, at any rate as far as the comparative dimensions of the builders are concerned, may vie with the proudest works of man.

Then there are certain ants which maintain highly organized armies. If you were to walk through a South American forest you might meet a column of

Driver Ants a hundred thousand strong. They would sweep on like an irresistible flood, driving every living creature before them. And that column would be under perfect control. It would march, and halt, and wheel in instant response to some mysterious word of command. Scouts would be sent out, to make sure that the way was clear. Then a flying column would be dispatched to scour the neighbouring country, and on its return would merge into the main body again. Without drill, without any apparent tuition in the arts of war, these marvellous insects do almost all that human soldiers can do. And all the inmates of the forest fly before them.

In the same part of the world, too, you might meet a long line of smaller ants, each with a piece of freshly cut leaf held like a little green umbrella over its head. These would be Parasol Ants, marching back from an orange plantation to the nest, where the little bits of leaf would be worked up with the clay of which the walls were built. And some would be taken down below and piled into miniature hotbeds, which would then be kept carefully moist till decay set in, and covered them with a fungoid growth. This growth, when fully ripe, would be cut down and given to the grubs as food: so that these ants may be truly said to grow their own mushrooms.

There is an ant, too, which actually grows grain! This is the famous Agricultural Ant of Texas, which first of all prepares a field around its nest by cutting down the vegetation as often as fresh shoots appear above the ground, until at last the roots die. This field it carefully sows, just at the beginning of the rainy season, with the hard round white seeds of a kind of grass, which is known as "ant-rice" in consequence. For months afterwards the ants pay daily visits to every part of their field, cutting down every weed that shows itself above the surface of the ground, till at last the crop is ripe. Then half the insects climb the stems and cut down the grain, while

the other half remain below to strip it of its husks, and stack it away in the underground granaries. And when the harvest is quite completed the stubble is removed and the ground prepared for the growth of another crop.

There are ants, too, which malt their grain, very much as we malt barley. They spread it out in the rays of the tropical sun, and moisten it from time to time by licking it with their tongues, till it throws out little shoots of green, which at a certain stage in their growth are cut off. By this time the substance of the grain has been converted from starch into sugar, and with this the hungry little grubs are fed.

Then ants keep cows of their own—the aphides, or "green-fly" of the farmer. You may see these tiny cattle in multitudes on the shoots of any rose-bush in summer or early autumn, and may watch the ants as they "milk" them. An ant runs up to an aphid, and taps it with its feelers. Immediately the aphid pours out a drop of the sweet liquid which we call "honey-dew" from a queer little tube on its back. The ant licks this up, and then proceeds to milk another tiny cow, and so on till its appetite is satisfied.

So fond are the ants of this honey-dew that they actually keep herds of the little green cattle in their nests underground, so that a supply of the nourishing liquid may always be at hand when wanted.

But aphides are not the only insects which ants keep in their nests. They keep little beetles there too—fifty or sixty different kinds of them—and treat them just as we treat a favourite dog or cat. They fondle them, and caress them, and carry them about, and even allow them to clamber on their backs. And if the nest is opened they run off at once with their tiny pets and hide them in a place of safety, even before they remove their own eggs and young.

And as many ants are lazy, and do not like to have to work, they keep slaves to do their work for them. These slaves are ants like themselves, but of a smaller and weaker species; and the slavers break into their nests, carry them off, and force them to labour in their own service. If the nest is in need of repairs, the slaves have to repair it. If food is required, they have to go out and procure it. If the grubs are hungry or thirsty, they have to feed them or give them drink. If their masters wish to travel about, they have to carry them. You may often see a small black ant staggering along with a reddish-brown ant of twice its size perched on its back. Then you may know that the small ant is a slave and the big ant a slaver. And the most curious fact of all about these most curious creatures is that they will not even feed themselves. Their slaves have to feed them. And if the slaves are taken away they will actually die of starvation, even in the very midst of plenty.



PARASOL ANTS



TITHE RENT-CHARGE

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.

IT is said that a man is not justified in creating a perpetual charge on his landed property in furtherance of any religious object, because those who may succeed to, buy, or rent such property may not approve of the object to which such charge is devoted.

Moreover, it is said that the present possessor or renter of such land is justified in resisting the payment of such charges not only because he was not a party to its creation, but because the charge is devoted to an object of which he in his conscience cannot approve.

Further, it is said that for a man to be compelled by the law to pay such a charge is to take forcibly out of his pocket that which is his own property, and apply it to a purpose which he considers utterly wrong.

Of course, the charge of which complaint is made is the payment of tithes, for which a tithe rent-charge was substituted in 1836.

Well, then, the reply to these objections may thus be briefly stated:—

Any man is perfectly justified in making a charge upon his land for a lawful object, so long as in doing so he does not prejudice the legal right of any person who may have already acquired a pecuniary vested interest in it.

Those who first charged their lands, or the produce of their lands, with the payment of tithes to the National Church, of which they were members, had a perfect right so to do. The persons who subsequently inherited or bought or rented the land came into its possession with knowledge of the charges to which it was subject.

As to those who inherited the land, they did not inherit it as wholly their own property; they only inherited a pecuniary interest of property in the land after the charge imposed upon it was paid.

So in the case of those who bought the land. They did not buy the charge made upon it; they bought it subject to the payment of such charge to those to whom it was due. Had there been no such charge upon the land, the purchaser would have paid so

much more for it; but there being such charge, he paid so much less.

Suppose to-morrow two farms of the same acreage of equally good land were to be sold by auction, one subject to the payment of the tithe rent-charge, and the other free from such charge, the farm subject to the charge would be sold for so much less, and the farm free from the charge would be sold for so much more.

Further, if the farm subject to the payment of the tithe rent-charge were subsequently let to a tenant with the understanding that he would, directly or indirectly, pay the tithe rent-charge, he would pay so much less landlord's rent for his farm, while the renter of the tithe-free farm would pay so much more landlord's rent, so that things would be equalized, and no injustice would be done in either case.

But for a man to purchase or rent a farm subject to the payment of a tithe rent-charge, for which he paid a proportionately small price or rent, and on his coming into possession of the land, either as owner or renter, to refuse to pay the legal charge which he knew existed upon it, is out of the question.

Yes, we know there is the conscience question. A man may say, "I object to pay any charge on my land to be applied to religious uses of which I don't approve"; but that is a business with which conscience has nothing to do. It is altogether outside its domain. No man, being bound to make a legal payment of a charge on land, is responsible for the application of the money to any uses to which it may be devoted. The money paid is not his and never has been his. A man might as well refuse to pay his landlord's rent, the Queen's taxes, or parochial rates, on the ground that he had conscientious objections to some or all of the objects to which they were devoted.

Besides, over £6,000,000 a year of the tithe rent-charge is owned by laymen and various lay corporations; and in paying the tithe rent-charge to such owners, what Nonconformist would be so foolish as to demand that the money so paid should not be devoted to religious or other objects of which the tithes payer did not approve?

There are great numbers of Nonconformist chapels that are endowed with houses and lands and rent-charges on land, and in some cases with tithe rent-charges. But if Churchmen were the owners of such lands or the renters of such houses, the chapel authorities concerned would scarcely regard it as a valid reason for their refusal to pay the rents and rent-charges due, that they had a conscientious objection to the application of the moneys due to the maintenance of Nonconformist worship.

As we write we have a list before us of some two hundred and fifty Nonconformist chapels in England and Wales that are endowed with lands and houses, charges on land, and even with tithe rent-charge.



"THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD" (See page 92).

Special design for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by H. E. CROCKET.



THERE will be room for you in GOD'S HOUSE on GOOD FRIDAY. You will be expected there on GOOD FRIDAY. If you are absent, you will be missed. Where will you spend GOOD FRIDAY? GOOD FRIDAY is a Holy Day; pray do not make GOOD FRIDAY a holiday, or, what is worse, a folly day. Give GOOD FRIDAY to GOD, WHO gave HIS ONLY SON for you.

"O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, Save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord!"

ARE you coming to HOLY COMMUNION at EASTER? You ought to come. Your LORD and SAVIOUR bids you "Do this in remembrance of ME." Your Book of Common Prayer says, "Note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which EASTER to be one."

"O Lord, the Only-Begotten Son Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us."



THE LAMENT.*

LORD, Thou hast overcome; I've got my deadly
And he that kicks [wound;
Against the pricks
Will soon himself confound.

My sins have found me out, and at my door they lie;
And there they stay
Both night and day,
And there I hear them cry.

In vain my friends attempt to cure my miseries;
What they propound
To me is drowned
In sin's loud-roaring cries.

In vain are all the tears of them that stand with ut;
My dart's within,
It is my sin;
They cannot pull it out.

My heart is all one wound; my breath, repeated sighs;
My bread is tears;
My life is fears;
My language, groans and cries.

What are Heaven's lights to him who in the dungeon lies?
Not one thin ray,
Or peep of day,
Does cheer my clouded eyes.

THE REPLY.

Poor sinner! lift thine eye to Christ upon the
That wondrous sight [Cross;
Shall give thee light,
And turn to gain thy loss.

Thy wounds He'll sweetly salve with His own Blessed
And still thy fears, [Blood,
And dry thy tears,
And bring thee nigh to God.

In vain all other means to soothe the aching heart;
'Tis only faith
In Jesus' death
That can draw out sin's dart.

Thy sorrows moved His breast, and brought Him down
Thy misery [to bear
Instead of thee,
That thou His joy might'st share.

Thy sins, thy cruel sins, at Jesus' door were laid;
Thy punishment
He underwent,
And full Atonement made.

Acquaint thyself with Him, and thou shall be at peace; †
Then reconciled,
The Father's child,
Thy joy shall never cease.

* We have been unable to trace the author of these lines. The Reply has been written by the Rev. Sidney Bott, M.A., Vicar of St. Jude's, Kensal Green. † Job xxii. 21.



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

COMPILED BY MARY BRAINERD GORE.

With Illustrations specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. DADD.

Among the Eskimo.

MANY of our readers must be familiar with the name of that heroic missionary the Rev. E. J. Peck, who has spent nearly a quarter of a century in the regions of ice and snow. And yet how cheerfully he writes of his experiences: "Our little home in the wilderness has been at times not over comfortable, as the past winter has been very cold, but we do not mind this much as long as we can obtain plenty of seal's meat. An Arctic seal steak is really a capital article of diet. The sea froze over in the beginning of November, and did not break up again till July 21st. For eight months we were thus shut in by this icy barrier, and I was really delighted to see the ocean waves rolling in again on our rock-bound shore. As regards the people, I am thankful to say we have much cause for encouragement. They certainly treat us in a very friendly manner. Poor creatures, they suffered terribly through scarcity of food during the past winter, and the fact of our having been able to help them in some small measure seems to have made our influence more real and their friendship more striking. Our direct Spiritual work has been steadily carried on. Some forty adult Eskimo can now read the Gospels. We have read over together the whole of St. John's Gospel and a portion of St. Mark's. These, with portions from the other Gospels, have been explained, and I feel sure God's blessing has rested upon these efforts. We are longing, however, to see a mighty blessing rest upon our united labours, and we do most urgently ask every friend to pray for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost both upon ourselves and the people. The dear children have given us much joy. Several of the elder boys and girls can repeat by heart several Scripture texts, and many can read very well. We spent with the little ones a very happy Christmas. A feast of plum-pudding and cake, followed by distribution of prizes, and our splendid Christmas-tree, which was loaded with the gifts of kind friends, made quite a remarkable day in their experience."

"THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 90).

THERE comes the best man in the world!" A king could have no better welcome than this; nor has any crowned monarch any more loyal subject than little Molly, who has delightedly given her father this royal greeting. To her he is certainly the best of best men. No other man in the world belongs to her as this man does. No other man in the world loves her as this man does. No other man in the world works for her early and late as this man does. Happy the home in which the little folk love their father as the best man in the world. Why should not every man strive to earn this title from his own little folk? "Christ is Risen." Let us rise from our dead selves and put on newness of life, beginning the new life first of all in our own homes, each honourably striving to be "the best man in the world."

"The Head that once was Crowned with Thorns."

Words by THOMAS KELLY.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.
(Vicar of Hestington)

Key D. :m .f | s :s | l :l | f :m .r | s :s | m :s | l :t .d | t :- | -

1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now ;
2. The high - est place that Heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right,

Accomp.

slower.

{ :s | d' :m .f | s :f .m | l :r .m | f :l | s :d | f :f | m :- | -

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dors The might - y Vic - tor's brow,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And Heav'n's e - ter - nal Light.

slower.

3. The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.
4. To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above ;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.
6. The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him ;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY has a considerable circulation abroad, and the following letter, which reached us shortly after last Easter, gives an indication of the way in which Easter Offerings are supported by our American brethren :—

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE,
115, EAST SEVENTY-FOURTH STREET,
NEW YORK, April 19th, 1920.

"Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."—ROM. II. 10.

MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK,
"Church Monthly,"
31, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

DEAR SIR,

I have read your "Hints to Wardens" with great interest, but I take the liberty of pointing out even a more excellent way! For the last ten years I have sent out Easter Offering envelopes to every baptized person entered on our Church rolls, with a circular similar to the one enclosed. Not a single individual has been omitted, and the result in some cases has been very marvellous. Take, for example, one family, that of a working man with six children, the youngest being an infant just a year old; and they have contributed as follows:—The father gave

4s. (\$1), the mother 4s., the eldest daughter, who works in a store, 4s., and the eldest son, who is an office boy, gave 4s., and there was 1s. placed in each of the other four remaining envelopes, including the baby's, making a total of 20s., or \$5. From nearly every family I have got an Offering of not less than £1, and in the case of many as much as \$25, or £5. The Easter Offerings in this Church, which only seats three hundred and fifty people, is \$600, or a sum equal to £120. I feel sure that if this system were adopted in English Churches, it would raise the income of every parish; and until some of our American methods are adopted in the English Church, she will find it difficult to place her Clergy beyond the conditions of poverty. I have taken the liberty of giving you this information in the general interests of the Church.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. P. HUGHES.



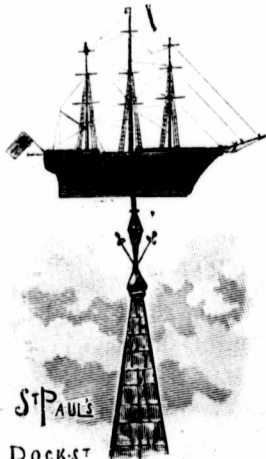
A CURIOUS ROCK.

VISITORS to Ilfracombe generally make the boat excursion to Lundy Island. The cliff scenery there is of the finest, and one of the most interesting crags is here pictured. The almost perfect image of the hel-

meted knight with visor raised is most unique

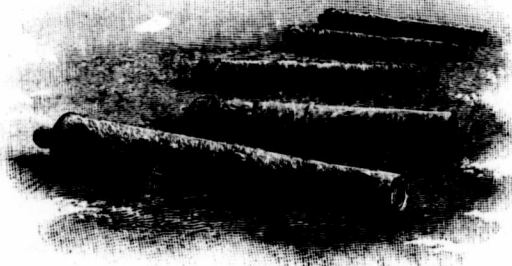
ANOTHER SHIP VANE.

THIS picturesque Vane adorns the spire of a well-known East London Church, St. Paul's, Dock Street.



ARMADA GUNS.

THESE venerable relics of the spacious days of Elizabeth are preserved at Bideford. They were used for years as mooring posts on the quay, but the authorities have now taken steps to keep them among the treasured antiquities of the town.



"A QUEER STREET."

A STREET at Clovelly in its crooked course to the jetty is carried under a house, as shown in our illustration by Mr. H. B. WOODBURN.

The visitor arriving at the point of view here shown on glancing up to the left will see another doorway into the house, with the mat exposed to view.

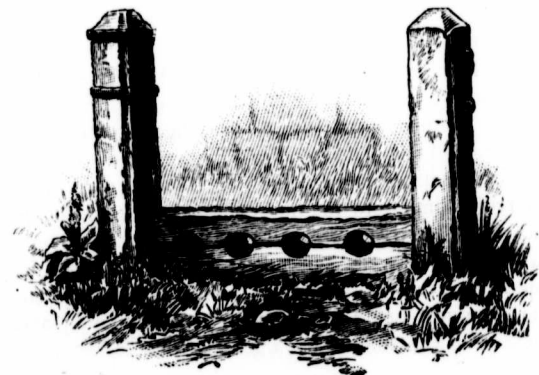


A CURIOUS WHIPPING-POST.

THIS curious whipping-post is to be found at Llanellin, and it will be noted has been cleverly contrived out of the trunk of a tree.

ANCIENT STOCKS.

THIS relic of the punishments of our forefathers stands outside Thornton Church, near Ingleton, Yorkshire. The uprights are stone, the remainder being of wood. Our illustration is from a drawing by Mr. A. EVANS.



OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

19. **W**HAT city was it in which there were some thousands of persons who could not tell the difference "between their right hand and their left hand"? 20. Give an instance of a man praying for his brother. 21. What woman was shut out of a camp for seven days? 22. What woman did our Saviour bid His disciples to remember, although He did not mention her name? 23. What did our Saviour say about giving which is not mentioned in any of the Gospels, and where do we find it? 24. How often was the river Jordan divided for man to pass through?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

X.—ANAGRAMS.

1. **M**OUNT men (a well-known object in London).
 2. Our mill (a great painter).
 3. Each a mile long (another great painter).

XI.—WORD PUZZLE.

How many words can be made out of "Warrant"?

XII.—ENIGMAS.

1. My first is a four-footed animal; my next is an article of dress; and my whole is only a flower.
 2. My first is a part of the head; my second has no end; and my whole is an ornament for my first.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

VII.—Baked Beefsteak Pudding.

TAKE a pound and a half of steak, one kidney, six ounces of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Cut the steak into small portions, also the kidney. Make a batter of the flour, eggs, and milk, and cover the bottom of a pie-dish. Put in the steak and kidney, and then pour over them the remainder of the batter, and bake for an hour and a half.

VIII.—Cornflour Pudding.

Take two tablespoonfuls of cornflour, a pint and a half of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of moist sugar. Mix the cornflour into a smooth paste with a little cold milk; boil the rest of the milk and pour it boiling on the paste; stir in the egg and sugar, and pour into a pie-dish. Bake for twenty minutes.

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

POLLYHOCKS may now be planted from last autumn's cuttings. Pinks and pansies should have a good top-dressing. Asters and stocks can also be sown this month. Broccoli and Brussels sprouts should be sown, also carrots and kidney beans. Lettuces may be sown in open beds; strawberries which have been under mulch should now be uncovered and watered frequently. The main crop of potatoes should be got in.

THE JOY OF EASTER.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP
OF PETERBOROUGH.

"That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."—ROM. VI. 4.

EASTER is as the touch of life on a dead world. What it is to the Christian Church and to the Christian soul we know and feel to-day. Year after year it has brought its invigorating power to all who name themselves Christ's followers. Age after age has gone to it, as to a fountain of perennial life, to gather from its spring refreshments of immortality. And so to us to-day the fact of Our Lord's Resurrection comes as a truth possessing an inherent strength and joy which nothing else can give, touching a spring of hope which nothing else could reach, laying a "Sure Foundation-stone, Elect and Precious," upon which we can construct the solid fabric of our faith, and once again rebuild the altar of the Lord, which faithlessness and carelessness had broken down.

How much the Church owes to this yearly forcing into light of the great facts of Easter we cannot altogether know; how much we each of us have cause to thank God for our deepened faith and surer hope and better grounded sense of immortality we may with humble gratitude tell back to God to-day! Would that each one of us may not forget, ere the Day passes by, to kneel down on our knees and say one word of heartfelt recognition of what Easter Day has come to mean to us! "O God, I thank Thee for this Easter truth, I thank and praise Thee for my Risen Christ, for life and hope and faith and immortality in Him."

And wider than the Church reaches the influence of this Day. The world is ever borrowing unconsciously a power from the Church it will not own, and from a Christ it will not serve; and there are many men to-day who could not help hesitating if you asked them whether they really believed in the historical fact of Christ's Resurrection, and men whose whole habit of thought is material, bound up with forces that the eye can see and the hand can measure, who yet feel a certain sense of exultation—the leaping of some unrecognized spiritual potentiality—when Easter morning dawns upon the world. It must bring to them something better than a cold disdain or pitiful superiority,

that millions of their fellow-men rejoice in a well-grounded hope founded upon the fact that ONE at least has broken through the bonds of death—has passed the tomb and lived upon the earth again. It must be something, even to unbelieving souls, that mortal men have been able even to imagine an immortality. It is a fact that cannot be ignored, but must be reckoned with, that Christianity stands on the doctrine of the Resurrection; that year by year, when Easter dawns, the world is touched by the same Hand of Life and immortality brought to light in the risen Christ; that from His opened tomb, the great stone rolled away, Christ has come forth alive, "the first-fruits of them that slept."

And so even the world is better for our Easter joy, because it finds its own dumb yearning justified, and its unconscious wants and hopes answered in our great Christian fact, focussed on the fair beauty of the Risen Christ, Who greets His Church each Easter Day: "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

And now the question is, How can each one of us use to the best advantage the opportunity another Easter gives?—how can this Easter life touch my character and speak its meaning to my very soul? If only we are willing in this day of God's power, if only we will let ourselves be influenced, it has a force enough to lift us out of ourselves, to sweep us into another atmosphere of spiritual power. And St. Paul, in our text, teaches us how we should specialize the truths of Easter Day, how we may make the triumph of our Easter joy a victory within the narrowed limits of our own experience, and draw the risen power of Christ into the channel of our individual life, "that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." And never should I know the power of His Resurrection unless I could feel its working in my soul, never should I estimate Easter joy until my heart rejoiced in risen life, never should I know the triumph of Christ's victory until the glory of

the Father has enabled me to "walk in newness of life."

There is a joy that Easter gives us for His sake. If there is any love for Him within our hearts, if we care at all for Him, Easter must make us glad for Him. The Resurrection is the vindication of Christ's life and work and claims. There is a joy in it for the Lord's sake, and there is also joy in Easter because of the triumph that it represents over sin and death.

True, we see not yet all things put under Him, but we see Jesus. Easter is the proclamation of that great deliverance, the answer to those perplexities, the resolution of those doubts, the quieting of those fears that every now and then rack the mind in the world where suffering appears so often to prevail, where sin so often claims predominance, where death so often seems to reign. Ah! when the touch of pain, disease, or suffering threatens some treasured life within the home, when the black night of sin falls on the fair promise of some darling child, when death's cold hand claims as its prey some precious life, what should we do but for the Easter triumph?—how should we dare to face the vale of tears, the valley of the shadow of death, unless above it all rolled on that Easter anthem, "He is Risen," unless we could preach to our fainting heart and to a death-bound world "Jesus and the Resurrection"?

Yes, there are notes of joy that Easter every year will sing to us. There is the cause for Easter gladness and for Easter joy; but deepest of all joy is when the risen power takes hold of me, when the same glory of the Father that prevailed to burst the Saviour's tomb is strong to work in me, to break my strong heart, and set free for God's service in newness of risen life the powers and faculties which self and sin had held in their captivity. That is real Easter joy: "That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life"; "That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—April 1, Monday before Easter; 2, Tuesday before Easter; 3, Wednesday before Easter, Richard, Bishop; 4, Thursday before Easter, St. Ambrose, Bishop; 5, Good Friday; 6, Easter Eve; 7, Easter Day; 8, Easter Monday; 9, Easter Tuesday; 14, 1st Sunday after Easter; 19, Alphege, Archbishop; 21, 2nd Sunday after Easter; 23, St. George, Martyr; 25, St. Mark, Evangelist and Martyr; 28, 3rd Sunday after Easter.

Jesus said: "Peace be unto you."

ST. LUKE xxiv. 36.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

On Good Friday solemn services will be held in St. Paul's church at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m., and All Saints' at 8 p. m. On Easter day in St. Paul's church there will be Holy Communion at 7.30 a. m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 11 a. m., and Evening Prayer at 7 p. m.; in All Saints' there will be full service, including Holy Communion, at 3 p. m. On Good Friday the offerings will be for the evangelization of the Jews.



Port Maitland and South Cayuga

Mr. H. A. Genet of Brantford, member of the Anglican Lay Workers' Association of Huron Diocese, conducted the services on Sunday, Mar. 31st, in the absence of the incumbent.

The usual house to house collection for the Apportionment Fund of the Diocese has been gathered in by the collectors. Misses I. J. Logan and I. T. R. Bate, Misses H. Marshall and H. Blott, Miss Eileen Hornibrook and Mary Stephens, and Miss Logan (River Road) kindly undertook the work this year.

NOTICES FOR APRIL.

The services on Good Friday, April 5th, will be at St. John's at 11 a. m., and at Christ church, at 8 p. m. The duty of attending services on this day, set apart by the church to commemorate our Saviour's death, is urged upon the members of both congregations.

Holy Communion on Easter Day at Christ Church; on the Sunday after Easter at St. John's.

Remember the Easter Vestry Meetings on Easter Monday. At Christ Church, 10 a. m.; St. John's, 2 p. m. All adult members invited to be present.

The two branches of the W. A. will hold their annual exhibition of goods for the bale on the 25th and 26th of April. The Rev. F. W. Kennedy who has been a missionary for several years at Matsumoto, Japan, is expected to be present and to give an address on both evenings. Mr. Kennedy will also preach in both churches on Sunday, 28th.

The closing meeting of the Literary Society will be held at the house of Mr. H. King, Jr., on the 15th.