

T. Blott

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THE  
HALDIMAND  
DEANERY  
MAGAZINE

. . 1899 . .

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# Greeting

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The clergy of the Rural Deanery of Haldimand take pleasure in introducing to their parishioners a monthly magazine of church and diocesan news. The inside or main body of the magazine is printed in England, and THE CHURCH MONTHLY is known as one of the best magazines that issues from the world's gigantic metropolis, Toronto. The contents of the covers are of a high order. They are intended to give a correct summary of the doings of the churches and people during each month preceding, as well as announce meetings, sermons, and other events for the month next following. For future years, this record will be an important and highly valuable addition to the parish history. The events in the congregation will be known to the people who participated in them. They hope that their parishioners will be showing due appreciation of this since the price of the magazine will be one dollar a year, payable in advance. They hope that the attention of their people to the high standard of literary excellence of the illustrations, and the distribution of high-class sacred music, will be a feature of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. They believe that the HALDIMAND DEANERY will be carefully perused, effect much good, and advance the Kingdom.

## OF HALDIMAND

- St. John's Church, (Haldimand) Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore.
- St. Paul's Church, (Cayuga) ..... Rev. J. Francis, B. D.
- St. George's Church, (Haldimand) ... Rev. T. Motherwell, B. A.
- St. Catharines Church, (Haldimand) ..... Rev. P. L. Spencer
- St. John's Church, (Haldimand) ..... Rev. W. Bevan, M. A.
- St. Paul's Church, (Nanticoke) ..... Rev. E. H. Maloney
- St. George's Church, (Haldimand) ..... Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M. A.

The above list reveals a peculiar and interesting fact of the ten churches in the County, four

are dedicated to St. John, the Evangelist ; three to St. Paul ; two are named Christ Church, and one is dedicated to All Saints. We doubt whether any other County in the Diocese (or Dominion for that matter) would show the same similarity in the choice of names.

The CANADIAN CHURCHMAN of Nov. 23rd, in its Niagara Diocese news, announces the appointment by the Bishop (of Revs. C. Scudamore (York) ; R. Kerr (St. George's, St. Catharines), and E. A. Irving (Dundas) as Rural Deans of Haldimand, Lincoln and Welland, and Wentworth respectively.

## CAYUGA.

The autumn meeting of the clergy of the Deanery of Haldimand was held here on the 23rd and 24th of October. There were present the Rev. J. Francis, incumbent ; Rev. C. Scudamore of York, Rev. Arthur Francis of South Cayuga and Port Maitland, Rev. P. L. Spencer of Jarvis and Hagersville and Rev. E. H. Maloney of Nanticoke and Cheapside. Service was held in St. John's Church on the evening of the 23rd, at which the preacher was Rev. P. L. Spencer, who dwelt upon the principles and practices which Anglicans, having "proved them to be good," should firmly "hold fast." On the following day a large amount of important business was transacted, among the items of which may be mentioned the choice of Rev. C. Scudamore to be the Rural Dean for the ensuing three years, subject to the approval of the Bishop ; the formal expression of the sorrow of the clergy at the death of the Rev. Henry Mellish, Rural Dean ; the carrying of a resolution in favor of enlarging the scope of the Deanery Chapter by co-operation with the adjoining deanery of Wentworth ; the arrival at an agreement regarding a deanery magazine ; the arranging of a new plan for future meetings and services ; and the appointment of Rev. C. Scudamore and Rev. P. L. Spencer to preach throughout the Deanery the annual missionary sermons. The next meeting was appointed for Jan. 16th and 17th, and the invitation of Rev. P. L. Spencer to hold it in Hagersville was accepted.

## NANTICOKE.

Mr. Arthur Evans deserves great credit for assiduous attention to the building and fixing of the new church furnace.

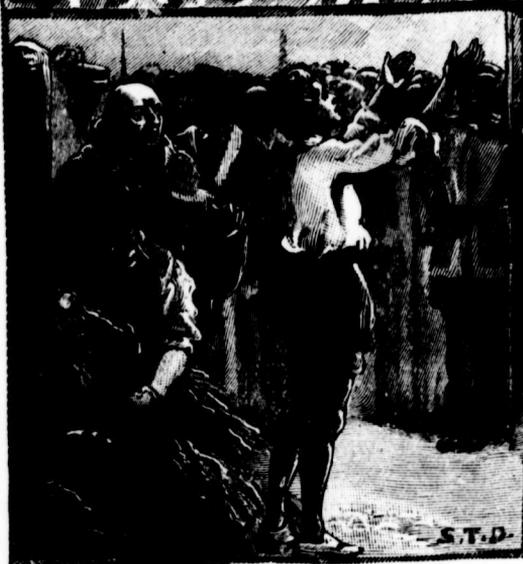
The hauling of the stone for the new cellar at the parsonage by the numerous teams made a busy scene last week. Mr. Will Evans has charge of the excavation, which we expect will commence this week. We hope to see the furnace formerly in Christ Church in the parsonage for this winter, which will ensure comfort to the incumbent.



"LIGHT ON OUR NEW NUMBER."

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. E. HUITT.*

# WILLIAM HUNTER



BY THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

**T**HE day was dark, and the gloomy sky  
 Frowned on the lad who was doomed to die ;  
 The damp of earth and the thought of death  
 Made chill his heart and stifled his breath.

And life was strong in each youthful vein :  
 To die was hateful, and hateful was pain.  
 Yet he would not be false : he was bound to die,  
 But he longed for some token of sympathy.

But Heaven denied him a glimpse of sun  
 To smile God's smile on what he had done :  
 Through gloom he walked to the sullen stake,  
 Ready to die for his Master's sake.

'Neath the frown of Heaven, with heart cast down,  
 He saw on men's brows the angry frown !  
 Brave lad ! he was not afraid to die,  
 But he longed for some token of sympathy.

Then wistful he scanned each face in the crowd,  
 And with boyish frankness spake aloud ;  
 For flesh was weak, and bitter the end,  
 So he turned to one, " Ah, pray for me, friend."

XIII. 1.]

But the answer came as hard as the  
 That rends the ship as she reels  
 " Pray for thee !—I would no more  
 For a dog ! " said the churl, as he  
 Then the lad lifted up his eyes on  
 To the threatening clouds and the  
 And his soul outleaped his agony  
 As he prayed, " Sun of God, shine  
 And the dim clouds parted left and  
 And forth came the sunshine, brave  
 And shone on his death ; so that  
 marvelled much how the gloom had  
 Be true to thy God, and thyself, O  
 Heed not the things beyond control  
 Face frowning men and face frowning  
 God will give thee light when thou

\* \* \* Our illustrations have been specially  
 CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. Dadd. The  
 the memorial erected to William Hunter  
 Essex, runs :—

" To the Pious Memory of William Hunter  
 Brentwood, who maintained his right  
 Scriptures, and in all matters of faith  
 follow their sole guidance. Was  
 early age of nineteen by Bishop  
 of Queen Mary, and burned at  
 spot March xxvi. MDLV. He  
 the truth, Sealing it with his blood  
 God. Erected by public subscription

On the opposite side the inscription is  
 " William Hunter, Martyr, Committed to  
 March xxvi. MDLV. Christian reader, learn  
 Example to value the privilege of an open  
 be careful to maintain it. 'He being  
 speaketh.'"



# DOORSTEP'S

# BABY

BY  
RUTH LAMB



Illustration specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by VICTOR PROUT.

Author of "Old Roger's Bit of Pride," "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### LEAVING THE OLD HOME.



FEW years ago, a cyclist dismounted from his machine and wheeled it slowly up the drive which led to a large house standing at some distance from the main road. Not many

this dwelling and others of its kind had seemed a long way from the town. But the man to travel steadily outwards in the shape of badly-put-together bricks and mortar. Jerry's covetous eyes on the fine old houses outside, and grudged them the open grounds by which they were surrounded.

A reasonable excuse for the feeling. The city was sadly overcrowded. The swarming population had been drawn thither by its commerce and vast factories, was huddled together in a way insufficient for the numbers they sheltered, and quite unprovided with accommodation of any comfort and decency possible. Naturally, all who could do so pressed onward and sought what they wanted in what had been the suburbs.

As a rule, they do not care to look from the windows of their handsome dwellings upon rows of new houses which have their quiet invaded by the shrill voices of children, playing or squabbling in their yards. So, one after another, the owners of noble dwellings, that had stood a century or more, were looked upon as a pin the worse, retreated "farther out." The large houses were levelled, and out of the ruins of one a whole street sprang into existence. On its grounds row after row appeared, and the new houses were not to be counted, but not too fast for the would-be tenants in waiting. The owners of the old houses left them with sighs of regret, for there is little such building done nowadays as had been done in the old days; but as they sighed, they shook their heads and owned that the neighbourhood was not what it used to be, and submitted to the inevitable.

The cyclist who was making his way towards one of these doomed houses was feeling far from satisfied. He was a stern, resolute-looking man of forty, and he could not clearly remember any part of his life with which the old house was not associated. He had played there with his young cousins from their early days. He had found a home there as a lad, after the death of his parents. He had been there on his way when at college, and exulted over in his day of success, when he had won first honours in the close of his student life. He had followed his uncle and more than father to the grave of his dear home which his loving, genial sway had made doubly worthy of the name of home. He had seen the younger members of the family scattered—happily enough—to homes of their own choice, where they were to perform their duties, all distant, save in the case of one daughter.

He was standing at the door of the old house by this time, and it hurt him sorely to note signs of an approaching change as he looked through the side windows into the wide hall. He fairly groaned as he glanced

at the piled-up carpets and the bare floor, and saw the wide oak staircase, up which three could walk abreast, knowing it would soon be demolished.

"To think of such a home as this being levelled to make way for the mushroom places they will put upon the site!" he exclaimed.

Probably he would have murmured some strong words, but a figure came towards the entrance, at sight of which the expression of his face softened instantly.

"You, Aunt Mary?" he said, as the door opened. "Are you acting as porter in these stirring times?"

"Yes, my dear, for want of a better, or I should say, because I knew you were outside, and I did not want you to be kept waiting."

"You recognised my ring, of course," said the new arrival, with a smile, to which his aunt responded.

"I can never mistake your demand for admission, Grant. It has the old peremptory note which says as plainly as words, 'My time is precious. I must not be kept waiting.'"

"Surely not all that, or I must have been an impertinent, self-asserting youngster as a boy. You all tell me that my mode of demanding admission has not altered since I was at school."

"I don't think it has. You are not given to change, Grant."

There was a world of affection in Mrs. Dimsdale's tone, and no less in the expression of the face which she uplifted to that of her tall nephew.

Grant Outram was not a demonstrative man. Most people spoke of him as almost too brusque for a physician; but he was a popular one, nevertheless. No one, watching his face as he bent over his widowed kinswoman, would have guessed what caustic words could come from the lips which touched her brow so tenderly.

"I always hoped that this place would have been spared and that you would be able to end your days in peace under the roof where your married life began," he said.

"I cherished the same hope once," she replied, "but for some years past it has been gradually weakening. The dear old home was bound to come down sooner or later. I came here first as a bride. All my children were born here. Two of them and your uncle were carried from this door to their last resting-place, and I once thought, as you say, that I should follow them from the same spot to 'the city that hath foundations.' It seems so strange that I should be going to another earthly house, I, who am sixty-three."

There was a little quiver of the lips and a suspicious moisture about the eyelids which the smile on the upturned face could not hide, and Dr. Grant Outram's features lost their calm expression as he noted these things.

They were in the old dining-room now—his uncle's favourite room, from which he could seldom be dislodged in the evening. He had been of the old-fashioned sort who took his principal meal at six o'clock. Much older than his wife, he seldom gave invitations which involved late hours, and he did not like to take much exercise pacing up and down the room, of which the furniture was, so far as was displaced.

"Polar-bearing," the children used to say, "one or other of them would hang round the door, paced to and fro, telling him the news of the doings at work or play."

Dr. Grant seemed to see all this in the old room, had been his uncle's favourite chair, and his aunt could speak much at first of the room peopled by invisible occupants. Before his father, the children in all stages of life, and the young lovers who had come to woo, and who eventually to carry them away; the baby of the generation, brought by proud parents for the father to see! Even the pet cat, that used to come solemnly up and down after her old mistress, and when he would cease his polar-bearing.



"YOU, AUNT MARY!"



"THEY WERE IN THE OLD DINING-ROOM NOW."

to repose upon, was of the unseen

the cage-door had been flung open  
ence, of course—was fluttering  
aking the coveted hemp-seed

is full of ghosts, Aunt Mary," said the  
are everywhere, and visible to both

nu. Friendly ghosts all of them; ghosts  
stretches loving hands, and our tongues  
welcome. Not spirits to be afraid of or  
The place is full of them, as you say."

of your having to turn your back on this  
me!"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Dimsdale. "It is  
now; it is only the ghost of one, like its old  
Some of them, thank God, are real flesh  
still, making other houses worthy of the  
ome, and others are only 'gone before.'  
re walls and their surroundings, the rooms  
urniture, are no longer *home*. All that made  
merit the name is gone long since."

ere the memories that cling round them."  
"God! I shall take those with me."

"Ghosts?"

they will come too. These old walls will

be pulled down and only piles  
of bricks and displaced windows  
and doors will be lying about  
where the home was. I suppose  
even ghosts must have 'a local  
habitation,' so I quite expect  
they will follow me; for the  
new house is to be, as far as  
possible, a miniature of the old  
one. There will be the familiar  
furniture—only less of it. One  
chair in place of three will be  
about the right proportion. As  
to other things, it will be a case  
for the 'survival of the fittest.'  
I shall have a good, cosy house,  
instead of a large one, with  
rooms that made me feel a  
mere speck in their midst.  
Oh, Grant! there is no empti-  
ness like the emptiness of a  
place that used to be so full;  
no silence so profound as that  
which takes the place of  
children's voices now far away,  
or of the lips that death has  
stilled. There is no loneliness  
like that of a house where all  
those who made it home have  
departed, save the one."

Dr. Outram rose from his  
seat as his aunt's voice ended in a whisper.

"Your words have lifted a great weight from my  
mind, Aunt Mary. I was half afraid to ring for  
admittance, though the bell gave out the old, im-  
perious summons after I found courage enough to  
touch it. I took the longest possible time to journey  
along the drive, for I quite dreaded the meeting with  
you and the talk that must follow. And now!"

"And now the talk is over you feel that a weight  
is lifted from your mind. The thought of your old  
aunt, tearful, troubled, nearly heart-broken at the  
prospect before her, clogged your steps and made  
you linger on your way. The knowledge that she  
has risen to the occasion, and is striving to practise  
what she preaches, by looking at the best side of  
things, will speed you homeward with a light heart."

"It will, indeed. I am more glad than I can tell  
you that the talk has been so different from what I  
expected. I ought to be ashamed of myself for  
having doubted that you would show a brave front  
and a bright face, instead of sitting down to moan  
over the inevitable. The removal will be a worry  
and cause you much vexation of spirit, which cannot  
be helped. For months, perhaps years to come, you  
will be hunting for things that cannot be found  
You will give them up for lost and buy new ones  
This done, the old articles will come to light in the

most unexpected places. You will find that heaps of things have been carted over to the new house which you never meant to keep and for which you have no room. They will be in the way and will put you and everybody else out of temper many a time, before you get rid of them at any cost. No doubt you expect to be comfortably settled in a week, whereas you will not know where to place the sole of your foot without treading on a tack, or find an unencumbered chair to rest on, for months to come."

This tirade showed that the speaker's mind had recovered its balance, and that he was really at ease and happy about Aunt Mary.

Mrs. Dimsdale realised this, and greeted her nephew's forebodings with a cheery laugh.

"I shall have to say, 'Get you gone, croaker and prophet of evil,'" she replied. "Grant, you are a sham and a make-believe. If you had found me in a doleful mood, making the worst of every difficulty, and bemoaning my hard fate in having to leave this place, wailing at the thought of untold discomfort and loss during the removal, you would have set about convincing me that I was taking wrong views of everything. You would have declared that my regrets were purely sentimental; that I was parting with my home for my own convenience, since no one could have turned me out of it; that a removal ought to be looked on as a delightful variation on a humdrum, lonely life, and that things were so well managed now, if anybody could afford to do it comfortably, that it was like a chapter in a fairy tale; that it meant turning one's back upon the worn, the dingy and the unsuitable, and waking up in a new dwelling in spick-and-span order and comeliness."

It was always amusing to listen to a conversation between the "old lady," as the young people called Mrs. Dimsdale, and her nephew. They understood each other thoroughly, and could speak with absolute frankness, without fear of offence being given or taken on either side, despite the difference in years between them.

"Perhaps you are right," was the answer. "I came not daring to hope for what I have found; but you might have been deceitful enough to keep a brave face whilst I was here, and then melted into tears and wailings afterwards. In this case, my picture of terrors to be faced would have been like the bitter dose of physic which turns an invalid's thoughts from his ailment to its intended remedy. After all, you do not need the full dose, only the minimum; something between the two things I have described. You will have some worries of the sort I have named, for a removal cannot be effected by fairy hands; but your servants are tried and trustworthy; and you are not scrambling out of your house on quarter-day to meet and be mixed up—dead and live

stock, so to speak—with the tenants who are at the same time scrambling out of the other place to make room for your incoming."

"Oh no, my case is quite different. They be part of this house almost untouched, the other is put in order. Then you Lucy."

"True, you have Lucy, and in names a personage whose flesh-and-better than the best amongst the written about. To have Lucy is a devoted daughter, but one who is to give you the best that can be re hands, sound judgment, an innate good taste, and plenty of decision: spiration of a loving heart and cool level head."

"You understand Lucy most thorough"

"I doubt if I do, or if anybody does yourself."

"I sometimes doubt if I do, for she delighting me with little new phases in her that flash on me like the varied lights that come from the many facets of a diamond makes me a happy mother, independent else. You would have been charmed to note-book in hand, going over the new



"MY DARLING, YOU HAVE WORKED MIRACLES"

any one, and settling the use to which each should be put.

"You need not tell me any more, mother," she said. "You want the new rooms to be arranged like the old ones as possible. *I know*; I am going to give our neighbours a sample of my own. It will be easy." I stay here to decide on the Carpets, curtains, and blinds will be except on hall and stairs. Lucy is in charge of the arranging of things, and I am to put my head into the house until she

congratulated," said Grant, as he sat down. "I mean to be amongst your number. I shall find this chair in the most suitable place. I will take care of that."

Somehow, I have never got over the loss of my father. He is still his. Nobody ever took the place when he was living, and I have since been unable to bear for any one, not a member of the family, to occupy it. You would have smiled

many a time had you seen me contrive to push it away and substitute another, if a stranger offered to take it."

"I understand. Now I must go and tell my wife that she is not to worry about Aunt Mary."

"Good-bye, Grant. I am glad you came to-day and were able to walk through your old home from the attic to cellar, and find the rooms untouched, at any rate. Let this be your last visit. I do not wish you to carry away a memory of a half-desolated dwelling. Look in at No. 4, Brereton Street, on Friday evening at seven."

"So soon! And you mean to flit on a Friday? What a lawless person you are! You set at naught every tradition about lucky days or the opposite."

"Yes. Do you know I like the thought of going to my new home on a Friday. I know that many people call it unlucky, because of the dread scene on Calvary so many ages ago. I say to myself, 'It was on that day Jesus cried out from the Cross, "It is finished," and I know that in the life work performed



"I AM FIVE MINUTES LATE."

and the sacrifice offered I have a share.' And so I add, 'Thank God for all; but most of all for the crowning Gift and finished work of that first Good Friday.'

CHAPTER II.

SETTLING DOWN.

IT was early in June, when everything looks fair and bright, when skies are blue and all the new bravery with which the trees are clothed is at its best, that Mrs. Dimsdale turned her back on her old home, leaving only caretakers until it could be finally cleared.

The old dog had died peacefully and painlessly a few months before, so the only live stock to be removed were the cat and kitten who, with the cook as guardian, went in the carriage with their mistress to Brereton Street, as "last load."

"It is quite providential there is a kitten," said Mrs. Dimsdale, "or Flossie might not settle. I am afraid she will be frightened at the traffic, having been so far from the road; but the kitten will smooth matters."

Flossie certainly needed all the available restraining power to keep her from dashing at the carriage windows; but she was landed safely, and despite coaxing and dainties, took refuge on the coals, and sulked there, "at home" to no one but the kitten, which mewd pitifully at being in such dingy quarters. A shallow basket made things more comfortable. Flossie's fit of sulks only lasted till next day, when, after washing her face, she surveyed the new dwelling from attic to cellar, and after much nosing and sniffing, decided that she was surrounded by old, familiar furniture and friends. So she perched on the end of her favourite velvet-covered couch in the bay-window, and exercised her mind on the passers-by, and above all, the cyclists. Soon she made friends—and foes—amongst the cats round about; fought for possession of her own share of the high wall at the back, and even trotted across the wide street to call on a feline neighbour over the way.

But this is a step in advance; only it is as well to let it be known how Mrs. Dimsdale's pet settled down, thus relieving the mind of her old mistress, who was almost too tender to all things living, pussie included.

Mrs. Dimsdale's eyes were moist, and speech was impossible, when she looked round her new home and saw the results of Lucy's forethought and love, backed, as they had been, by faithful servants.

"My darling, you have worked miracles," she said, when she could speak to her smiling daughter. "This is the old home, only smaller and brighter. I am glad, yes, glad of the change, and so thankful to God first, next to you, Lucy, for these peaceful surroundings, in which nothing is lacking save what

had gone from the old house long ago. I shall be very happy here, my dear, and I can truly say that I have no lingering regrets after what I have left.

Mrs. Dimsdale's voice had a glad ring in it confirmed her words, and Lucy and she exchanged a loving embrace and a little shower of kisses. They sat down to the evening meal in the same fashion, waited on by the same deft hands, and at the same table appointments in their usual style, but with a spotlessness, only with rather more of a show of flowers. They were just finishing their sharp ring announced Grant Outram.

"I am five minutes late, but you will excuse me. I am first, except Lucy, to be welcomed. May God bless you, dear Aunt Mary, for you many happy and still useful years of life."

"Thank you, Grant. I feel that I am a happy and, I trust, a grateful old woman in my surroundings. Are they not bright and comfortable?"

"Yes. Only do you not think it a sacrifice to live at No. 4, in a street?"

"That is exactly what Miss Pringle suggested, that if only this had been London, an overgrown, provincial city, I should have been living in Brereton Gardens, and this semi-detached dwelling would have had a name, in place of merely No. 4."

"It is not too late to give it a name, my dear doctor; only, for the life of me, I cannot think of one. There should always be something suggestive of the place, or in the place, for a name. What do you say to 'New Rest'?"

"There are ever so many 'New Rests' near enough, too, to cause confusion."

"'New Rest,' then."

Mrs. Dimsdale shook her head.

"What trees are there? One attended to two mountain ash and the privet hedge would be spoiled by choice. Here you can, with propriety, call your abode 'The Poplar,' 'The Birch,' or 'The Privets.'"

The last suggestion was quite too funny, and Dr. Outram included, laughed heartily.

Recovering himself, Grant professed to be done his best to spread a halo of gentility about the house in a street, and to give it not only a name, but a character. Do better if you can, or be content with the simple."

"I will be just No. 4," said Mrs. Dimsdale. "Indeed, I might have spared you all the trouble of thinking on my behalf, for my new name was engraved last week."

"That is just like you, Aunt Mary. You first and then ask somebody's advice as to the propriety of doing it. You allowed me to



DREW THE OLD BIBLE FROM ITS ACCUSTOMED SHELF."

drew near  
Then it was  
Grant who  
after a whis-  
per from  
Lucy, drew  
the old Bible  
from its ac-  
customed  
shelf, and  
placed it be-  
fore his aunt

"There  
are the two  
or three of  
us left yet  
mother  
dear," whis-  
pered Lucy  
"Shall I ring  
for the  
girls?"

Mrs  
Dimsdale  
assented  
and, though  
the lips of  
the house-  
mother

quivered a  
little and her  
voice trem-  
bled, she  
went through  
the words

"Except the  
Lord build

the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

This verse was but the preface, followed by Psalm ciii. Lucy and Grant Outram looked at each other as the reader began the lovely song of praise which the children had been used to call "Father's Psalm," because he so often chose it. They used to watch the glad light in his face as he read: "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children"; and they saw the same light in the mother's face now. They were half afraid lest voice should fail her amidst the memories those words would bring. But their fears were needless. The words themselves gave new strength, and there was almost a ring of triumph in the voice as it ended: "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

A simple prayer followed, and, as the little company rose, each felt that they had shared in the dedication of the new home.

(To be continued.)

My name that could suit your dwelling,  
I have intimated that it was to be No. 4."

"Do you wish to suggest a name?" said  
My impression is that you said it was not  
to give one to the house, and you just ran  
on, whilst she listened and shook her head at

"You are right, Lucy. Your mother was  
a good listener, waiting for a pause to tell me  
backing my brain for nought. Aunt Mary,  
I wonder how my zeal in your service made me  
lose my discretion. Believe me, I agree with you  
that discretion is preferable to anything else. If you  
will, I will call the house by any name in my list,  
and I will not be forgotten which you had chosen, and  
I will give it to every one of them in turn. No. 4  
is a good name for your memory."

The talk round the table meant little. It  
was childish, but it was not without its use.  
Thoughts of the mistress of No. 4 steadily  
present surroundings, until parting time

## BETWEEN THE NEW AND OLD.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON WYNNE, D.D.,

*Rector of Killarney; Author of "Faith and Duty," etc.*

KILLARNEY.

*Specially drawn and engraved for  
THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*

WE are standing on the mountain ridge which parts two countries. We have slowly ascended the long slope of a hundred eventful years. There are a few who have seen come and go every one of these years. Most of us have only joined the procession much later. But now we are all on the crest of the mountain, and as we write "1900" for the first time, we pause and take a long regretful gaze backward over the land we have

crossed, and try to pierce, as we look forward towards the untrodden land, the mists which veil all its features.

Fond regrets will do but little to give us the manly courage and resolved energy which are so needed to fit us for the advance. But have we not a thousand things to be thankful for? and most of all that the past has taught us to know our Guide, and to be quite sure that He will not fail us. The journey we have come has taught us to value the old Book of directions, which He gave to our forefathers, and which has been proved to supply all necessary guidance, and to point us to the One source of strength and hope.

We have learned to thank God for the means of grace which He has given, the liberty to pray, the open Church, the Sacraments of His love, the Holy Day of Rest. The past has fully taught us that all true strength to make our journey lies in keeping fast hold of these; and if often amongst us there has been sad neglect of them, we will humbly confess the sin and resolve that it shall be so no more.

We try to pierce the misty future. It seems now to us to be a descending slope. Most of us feel as if we had reached a highest point. But

who can tell? The mist hides the land that lies before us. There may be much climbing to be done, there may be sunny plains where golden harvests long since sown shall ripen, and we shall be called to reap with joy. There may be rocks hard to climb, pitfalls for the feet, weary paths winding through gloomy mists which the mist hides all.

But one thing we know: He Who has led us so far is with us still. He desires that we should reap those fresh harvests, and to secure them yet younger hands to win. He bids us to show us, and He asks us if we are ready to gird ourselves to do them. He needs needed fresh efforts to make the people happier, to sweep away the reproaches of idleness, gambling, impurity, selfishness, and money. He calls His faithful band to stand on the hill-top, and bids them gather from the past for the unproved future, to bring new forms of trial to faith, new struggles, labour, opposition; but it is all nothing which He cannot fully strengthen the Church to bear or to do.

The retrospect which leads to fondness weakens; that which assures us of the unchangeable love and power braces us up. And so on the high ridge where we stand for a few hours, we will encourage ourselves to be brave. We have Almighty Power, Love, and Mercy pledged to help us. We have a Sufferer, and now "with us" a Comforter, a pardoner, able to sympathise, to sympathise, will cast off the old worldliness, selfishness, and doubt. We will trust our Lord and serve Him. We have known Him. We have His Hand, and without fear step forward into the coming time.

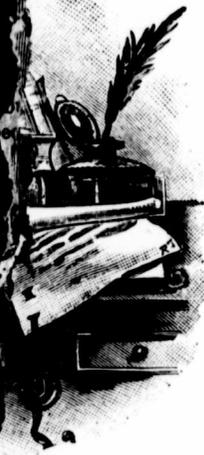
A CUP OF TEA.—The Queen greatly charmed the Women's International Congress by giving them tea when they called upon her. Miss Susan Thompson Sewell, the American leaders at the Congress, have a New York paper on the subject of the visit to Windsor. She says:—"What pleased me most was when she said, 'Now I cannot have these ladies visiting me without giving them a cup of tea.' Sir A. Bigge replied to Her Majesty, they are here in hundreds.' 'I do not know, Queen, 'if they are here in thousands. They must be given a cup of tea when they come to see me.'"

THE LORD'S DAY.—At Newark some old people who remember W. E. Gladstone's first political speech, politicians wished to go on with their work as usual, but young Gladstone would not allow it, as it was the Lord's Day, and, putting his Prayer Book under his arm, he refused to do so.

## THE TITLE DEEDS OF OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

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

*St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less, &c. &c.; Author of "The Englishman's Brief," &c.*



A TITLE deed is a document, the contents of which show the legal right of a person to a given property. From it can generally be learnt the source whence the property is derived, how, on what conditions, and for what considerations, the person actually for the time being holding a property has come into its

possession. Every time a house or land is sold and there has to be made out a new title deed giving possession of the property to the last purchaser.

If title deeds are lost it is the last abstract describing the property and rehearsing the ownership through which the property has come into its possession.

When in the course of years a piece of land is bought and sold, and so the possession changes, there must have been a deed of conveyance.

There is one kind of property which cannot be sold or mortgaged except under the provisions of a special Act of Parliament, and with the necessary consent of the Bishop, Patron, Incumbent, parishioners in a vestry assembled, and all other parties legally therein concerned, and that is a parish church. And this becomes to pass that a parish church has but one title deed, and that if through neglect or the lapse of time that deed has perished or has been destroyed or lost there never can be drawn up another to take its place.

The title deed of an ancient parish church? It is the deed of its consecration or dedication deed. From the time that cathedrals and parish churches were first built in England they have been dedicated in accordance with the custom pertaining to them, which is universal throughout Christendom by a law or ordinance formulated by the Bishop of each diocese, and separated for all their future from all secular uses, and dedicated to God for

ever for the purposes of public worship and the administration of the sacraments.

But previous to the consecration of a church certain important preliminaries had to be observed. A legal document of some kind or other had to be drawn up, in which were set forth the following particulars: a description of the site on which the church was built with any other land thereto attached; who was its owner; who built the church thereon erected; what were its endowments; a declaration that the land was freehold, and that it and the church built thereon were absolutely free from any monetary charges or other liability; an absolute unconditional offer of them to the Bishop with a prayer that he would accept them as free gifts for the glory of God and for the use of His Church; and that he, the Bishop, would be pleased to consecrate the building as the place of worship for a given district called the parish.

The document or deed in which these particulars were specifically set forth representing the property thus given to God and to His Church, was on the day appointed for consecration solemnly placed upon the altar as an offering of the property therein described to God and to "Holy Church."

This deed, having been there and then signed by the Bishop, was ordered to be taken possession of by the diocesan registrar, to be by him duly registered on his Rolls, and the document itself to be safely deposited amongst the muniments of the diocese.

This document, then called the consecration deed, containing therein all the particulars already described, is the title deed of every parish church, and the deed deposited, as in every case it ought to have been in the diocesan registry, if proper care has been exercised in its preservation, ought, as far as the ravages of time will allow, to be forthcoming when its inspection is required.

We therefore strongly advise every Incumbent of a parish to inquire at his diocesan registry whether the consecration deed of his church is in existence, or, if perished, destroyed, or lost, whether any information can be had concerning it. If he cannot recover the consecration deed we suggest that he should have it printed and copies of it circulated amongst his parishioners; or if he cannot recover it to print and publish as much information concerning its contents as he can obtain.

This will be the best refutation of the persistent repeated fallacy that our parish churches were built by the State, and will conclusively show what were their private founders and endowers.

"BE WISE IN TIME."—Charles Lamb, the distinguished writer said:—"Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first glass was delicious look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down precipice with open eye and a passive will, to see his destructiveness and not have power of will to stop it, and yet to feel it all the while emanating from himself, to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise—how he would avoid the first temptation to drink!"



RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S., Author of "O  
"Some Out-of-the-way Pets," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood"

The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. T. ELW

I.—TO A HEDGEROW.

**S**OME years ago I asked the readers of the CHURCH MONTHLY to accompany me in a series of country rambles, of a month of the twelve; and together we watched the seasons, and listened to the sounds which mark the progress of Nature's calendar. Now let me invite them, month by month, to accompany me again. We will conduct our excursions, this time on a different plan. Woodland, heath, mountain, glen, marsh, and meadow—each shall be visited in its turn. We will sit by the stream and watch the ebbing tide. We will roam by the banks of the river and along the country lane. Wherever we go we will look for the doings of the workers, and see what they are doing, and why they are doing it. And throughout all our wanderings we will try to learn the lesson which has brought so many souls through the wilderness to the worship of Nature's God.

I shall not ask you to come very far with me, but as far as to the nearest hedgerow which separates one field from another. Apparently there is very little to be seen when you look at a hedgerow; withered herbage; tangled stems of last year's growth; here and there the red of the wild rose fruit. Nature seems to be sleeping. In summer, no doubt, the hedge would teem with life; but what can it have to show us now?



"Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere."

KEBLE.

We have not to look very long in order to see. Something is moving among the dry leaves at the bottom—something that is clothed in glossy black-brown fur. It is a mole, intent on his quest for prey. The hedge-bottom is the chosen retreat of count- nesses, and earwigs, and caterpillars, which three months ago into their strange winter slumber. But now that the mole has found them all never wake again.

Never see any animal more wonderfully work than a mole? Look at its pointed cylindrical body—just the very shape to grow most easily through the ground. Its great fore-paws. They are picks and wedges, and yet are feet as well. Stroke its body and then again backwards. It has "no resistance" and yields equally well to pressure in any direction. How exactly suited to the needs of its work, which is incessantly traversing narrow passages, and may at any moment have to turn its steps without turning round! See how its body is guarded by dense masses of hair from the tips of its paws, which cannot be cut or torn by the hardest fragment of flint. How indispensable to its work is always digging! Feel the muscles of its back and limbs. They stand out like cords of steel. Every detail of its frame has been carefully adapted to its work; the requirements of its work have been met in every minute particular. There are no superfluous parts, no beautiful than the mole, perhaps, but no more interesting, and certainly none more

exquisite birds? Quite a little flock of them had flown up together, and now they were settling from branch to branch, and she another as they do so.

It is a long-tailed titmice—father, mother, and seven children. Family affection is strong with these creatures, and the party does not break up until the young are able to fly. Until the following day they hold together, none ever parting from the mother. They are flying, feeding, roosting together, all in perfect harmony. Then comes the imperious call of the mother, and the little ones fly their own way, each with the mate of its choosing. They are all occupied in seeking for prey—some are on the ground, and such small atoms, which are in the crannies of the bark. Some are on the ground, some are underneath them; for titmice are in every position, and no crack or crevice escapes their eager scrutiny. From many a plague of insects and destroyers do they help to save us, and great thanks of gratitude we owe to themselves and their kind.

Do you see that hard, brown, oval cocoon, fixed to the side of a shoot of hawthorn? It is that of a giant

sawfly—a strange, bee-like creature, with two long saws at the end of its body instead of a stinger. The Miniature tenon-saws they are, each with the upper part of its blade protected by a plate of horn. And they slide to and fro in turn as they cut a deep groove in the bark. Then down between them passes and slides the egg, to be fixed upright in the groove by a tiny drop of liquid glue.

Here is a queer little creature that looks like a spider. But it only has six legs, whereas spiders always have eight; and if we examine it closely we shall see that it has rudimentary wings. It cannot use them, of course, because they are so exceedingly tiny. But still there they are, and they are covered all over with scales; so the insect stands confessed as a moth. In fact, it is the female of one of those winter moths. The male is active, and flies about. No one would imagine that this ungainly little creature was his mate. But no doubt he considers her very ideal of all that is lovely and graceful.

She is looking for a spot wherein to lay her eggs. Having laid them, she will immediately die. But what that task the work of her life concludes; and animals have nothing left to live for when their work is done.

If we had but time to examine the hedge thoroughly we should find just as much life there as there will in summer. Only most of it is wrapped in slumber. The bark, the moss, the dead leaves and rubbish, the surface layer of the ground below—they are full of living beings, only waiting the warm breath of spring to rouse them back into active life. And we might return again and again, and yet find plenty of strange creatures, every one affording material for the study of a life-time. For one never comes to the end of the wonders of even an insect's body. There is something very like infinity in the structure and the history of the tiniest living speck that crawls beneath our feet.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

### I.—ALL SAINTS', DEWSBURY.

THE parish of Dewsbury is of Saxon origin and was originally of vast extent, covering about four hundred square miles. Christianity was first introduced here by Paulinus in A.D. 634, though he had not time to plant the Church permanently, and was engaged in purely missionary work.

In King Edgar's time, A.D. 970, the modern parochial system had been created, and Dewsbury received a large territory stretching to the top of the hills between Yorkshire and Lancashire and touching the Saxon parish of Whalley. Shortly after the Conquest the sub-division of the parish began under the Norman lords of the Houses of Warren and La

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 up Huddersfield, Bradford,  
 And many others were  
 roformed out of Dewsbury,  
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 Bradford, Kirkheaton,  
 like Almondbury and Kirk-  
 pidourton—still pay altarge,  
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**DEWSBURY  
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The illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs by HILL & SONS, Wakefield.

any parish church in England. The restorations of the eighteenth century sadly mutilated the original work, and it has been left for the present generation of Churchmen to restore and enlarge the building, which has been done at the cost of £10,000. The parish has now a church worthy of its name. The first known Rector belongs to the reign of Richard I.—A.D. 1189—1199—and all record of Rectors is lost, though they existed for some 200 years before this time. The succession of Rectors since 1349 is preserved in a list which the present Vicar from the Archbishops' Palace, York. At the time of the Commonwealth the church was not ejected, and the Presbyterian minister was appointed at his death in 1655 took possession of the Church of England shortly after the Restoration.

The present Vicar is Canon H. Lowther Clarke, (formerly Wrangler), St. John's College, Cambridge, appointed in 1890 by the late Bishop of Exeter. Canon Clarke is also Rural Dean of the parish.

Many curious customs have been preserved in the parish. The parish clerk says the words "God speed the bell," of each bride and bridegroom after the conclusion in the marriage service; and on Christmas Eve each year the large bell is tolled for seven days, which tolling is called "The Devil's Knell." The small bell is rung every Shrove Tuesday, and the large bell is tolled just before midnight on New Year's Eve. The number of times marked by the tolling.

The endowments of the parish were very small, but have been preserved to the present day. The church would have been the wealthiest in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The principal part of them, which was taken when the lands and tithes were given to the Collegiate Church at Westminster, and the dissolution of the monasteries, were given to the church by lay persons.

The present endowment is only about £320 a year, but the many organisations of the church, including the parishes of assistant clergy, are supported by the generosity of the people. About £1,200 is raised in the parish every year by offertories, subscriptions, etc.

The division of the parish during the present century, with the provision of daughter churches, and parsonage houses, is a splendid example of the glorious Church life of the West Riding, and affords testimony to the generosity of Churchmen.

The Sunday School system early took root in the parish, and the school was the first to be formed in the West Riding of Yorkshire. These schools have had an active and useful life of more than a hundred years, and at the present time contain about nine hundred children on the registers. No one unacquainted with the West Riding and parts of

Lancashire can fully understand the important position which the Sunday School holds in these parishes. Pupils stay in the schools until they are twenty-five or sometimes thirty years of age, and around the school gathers much of the religious enthusiasm of the people.

The school festival is the greatest of the year, and more than rivals the more modern Harvest Festival in the interest excited, the crowds at the services, and the large offertories. At Dewsbury Parish Church these offertories amount to between £90 and £100, and the coins given never fall short of about 3,500.

### A CURIOUS GABLE.

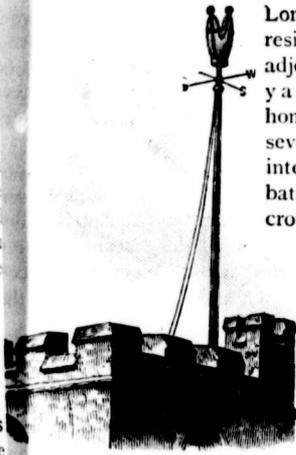


**H**ORNCHURCH is a pleasant little village in Essex, about one mile from Upminster. The parish church is an ancient structure, and contains several interesting monuments. A notable feature is a large, quaint piece of sculpture, an old head with horns, found on the gable end of the edifice just over the chancel window.

The Vicar, the Rev. Robert Johnson, M.A., informs us that "the church was formerly appendant to a Priory called the 'Horned Monastery,' and it is supposed that the crest of the monastery, or at least a conspicuous ornament on it, was a bull's head with horns, and that this figure was attached to the church in token of the church's connection with the monastery, which was endowed with all the ecclesiastical revenues of the parish, on condition of the monastery providing for the services of the church. Previous to this, the church, being the only parish church in the Liberty of Havering-atte-Bower, was called the Church of Havering, but from its connection with the Horned Monastery the church began to be called the 'Church of the Horned Monastery,' or the 'Horned Church,' and the village, 'Horned Church.'" An illustration has been engraved from a drawing specimen made for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. Parry Woodburn.

### A CURIOUS VANE.

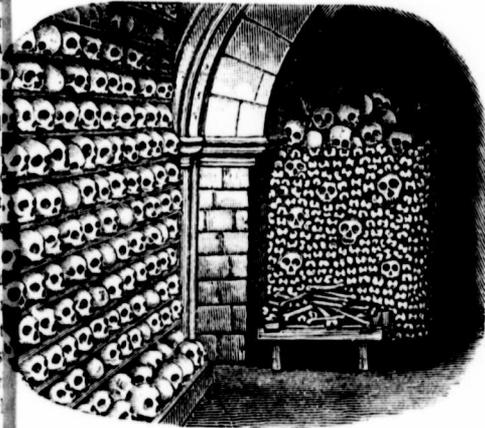
**T**HE fine old parish church of All Saints', Fulburn, is inseparably associated with the Bishop of



London, whose official residence, Fulham Palace, adjoins the ancient churchyard, in which the honoured remains of several of the Bishops are interred. The massive battlemented tower is crowned with a Vane which takes the form of a Bishop's Mitre. So far as we are aware this is quite unique. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. Taylor & Co.

A CURIOUS CRYPT.

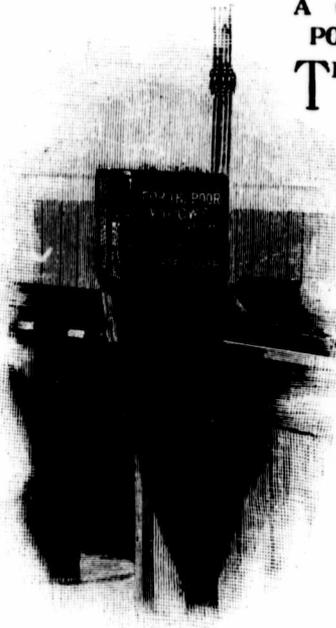
THE ancient parish church of St. Leonard, Hythe, Kent, is known far and wide for its remarkable Crypt. On either side, as you enter, some six hundred skulls are arranged on shelves, while neatly stacked on the floor there is a mass of bones some twenty-five feet high and six-and-



with half feet thick. It has been calculated that there are buried the remains here of nearly seven thousand people. A few years ago, the late Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., made an examination of the remains, and in a letter to the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A., then Vicar of St. Leonard's Parish, he says:—"It seemed to me that the skulls were very various, some were of Roman type, some Saxon, some Celtic, and one or two Lapps. I form no theory how they came to Hythe, but think it not unreasonable that they were collected here after a battle, or from a battle-field." Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. Taylor & Co.

A CURIOUS POORBOX.

THE visitor to the Old Church of Felixstowe notices a most interesting object—a poorbox—of a font which was built here in the reign of Henry VIII. The box is made of oak and is a fine specimen of the work of the day. It is taken by the Rev. Mr. Kelly,



A CURIOUS ROCK.

BURRINGTON COOMBE is within a few miles of Blagdon Parish Church, of which it is a part.



The illustration has been engraved for us from a photograph supplied by Sir W. H. Wills, Bart., M.P.

### IN A STAINED GLASS STUDIO.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," "The White Sledge," etc.

Photographed from photographs specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY in the studio of Mr. C. E. KEMPE.

Why cannot we produce such beautiful stained glass now as in the Middle Ages? Is it a lost art?

We do produce stained glass to-day quite as well as in past years. The art had disappeared but has been revived, thanks very largely to Mr. C. E. Kempe, and you may see to-day fully equal in design and colour to the productions of centuries since.

Of course, you cannot have: you cannot have the softness of colour wrought insensibly in years of weathering. The wind and the sun and the air, the sunshine, snow, and

all passed  
andless succes-  
have exercised  
actual effect; and  
when three  
or more years  
one by, some wise  
will look at the  
glass of to-day  
making their sage  
will lament that  
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then, it may be  
really is stained  
What is its art  
mystery?

For explanation it may perhaps surprise  
people to learn that there are no  
four methods by which glass is  
and that all the methods find  
in almost every stained-glass

There is what is familiarly called  
"opal." This glass is coloured at  
the glass-house itself. The maker casts  
colouring matters into the melting-  
pot, and the materials forming the  
glass are fused, and the glass is thus  
coloured throughout. We might call it  
"opal-glass."

Secondly, there is flashed glass.  
This is made at the glass-house. A

small quantity of the molten coloured glass is gathered  
like treacle at the end of a blowpipe out of the  
melting-pot and then dipped into another pot of  
molten uncoloured glass, so that a film of the colour  
is veneered over the uncoloured. It is then blown  
out, and manipulated, as glass workers know how,  
that it becomes a sheet. Flashed glass is therefore  
white glass filmed over with colour, and the reason  
for this treatment is not economy but the attainment  
of a correct shade of colour. Very beautiful rubies  
and blues are thus made—colours which, if produced  
by the first method, would appear very different; a  
ruby, for instance, looking almost black.

Now it is obvious that neither of these products can  
be called either stained or painted glass. They are  
very useful, and the skilled worker employs them with  
an admirable effect; but their production belongs rather  
to the work of the glass-house than to the stained-  
glass studio.

Upon the white, the self-coloured, or  
the flashed glass the artist paints other  
colours; and here again we meet with  
two broad divisions of procedure.

If the artist uses nitrate of silver  
mixed with clay, and then subjects the  
glass so treated to great heat—fires  
as it is called—and the clay is cleared  
off, the colour will be found actually  
stained into the glass for some little  
distance. Nitrate of silver will yield  
a beautiful golden stain.

The colour may even penetrate nearly  
through the whole thickness of the  
glass, and such productions are regarded  
as the only material entitled to the title



Painting the glass

Fixing the glass together



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stained glass. The word has, however, no doubt become popularly applied to almost all coloured glass.

But then, lastly, colours are painted on the glass, which, on being fired, simply remain on the surface; and this, strictly speaking, is the painted glass.

So then we have the four methods, and of these four the two last enter more particularly into the work of the stained glass studio. Here you may see clever painters busy at their easels, depicting features, ornament, or bodily form, and touching in the various colours according to the design of the chief.

The colours which are thus painted on the glass are ground and mixed in the studio. They must be of the staining-nitrate or of the surface-painting character, according to the effect desired. Further, they must be mixed with some fusible substance to enable them to become permanently fixed on the glass when fired. But the colours must be ground so smooth by rubbing them round and round on a slab that not the tiniest grit can be found.

The original design is wrought by the chief himself and his co-workers. Full-size drawings are then made of the design, and a map constructed of all the lines along which the leads will be placed, to hold the various pieces of glass. The leads produce an aesthetic effect as well as serve a useful purpose, and may emphasize the fold of a garment or the outline of a face; in short, a lead is like a line in a pencil drawing.



Edward, Altherton and Dome Anne his wife and his mceccerziffj.

WINDOW OF THE FLODDEN CHURCH, LANCASHIRE.

The map is then taken to an apartment which may be called the glass-cutting room; and here the pieces of glass which skill and experience decide to be the best for the various effects are laid on the map and cut exactly to pattern. Curiously enough, no diamond cutters are used, only little wheels firmly fixed in frames. In the hands of a dexterous man, the most intricate outlines and strangely shaped patterns can be cut. The pieces are gratefully cut by these little wheels, and, of course, the most accurate cutting of the various pieces is an absolute necessity. In the old days, the glass was cut by first cracking the edge and then drawing with a hot iron the line where the breaking of the glass was desired.

The leads into which the pieces of glass are to be placed, and which are to hold them all firmly together, are made with flanges on either side, something like the thickly printed letter I, so that the edges of the

glass can be placed within the flanges, and finally soldered in their places. The leads are of different sizes, owing to the fact that the glass is of different thickness. This difference of thickness is again necessary in order to obtain the desired effect; a colour on an eighth-of-an-inch glass yielding a different effect from the same colour on three-eighths.

But the glass being cut, the pieces are taken to the painting rooms, where the artists touch in the colours. The glass on which they are painted, is fixed on a slab of uncoloured glass held on easels against a light, so that the effect of the work can be seen as it progresses.

(To be continued.)

BURIED TRUTH.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEYLAND, Author of "The Life of Lives," etc.

**I**N which two consecutive texts do we find a conspicuous animal mentioned more often than variously, than in any other similar portion of the Bible? Also, in which two separate texts do we find an animal associated (in figure) with consummate goodness on the one hand, and chief wickedness on the other?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

**G**IVE names that tell of: 1. A power with God. 2. An oath between a patriarch and his son. 3. A field of blood. 4. A message of peace. 5. A banner of war. 6. A glory departed.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

I.—ACROSTIC.

**M**Y initials downward read will speak of time and toil; my finals should be used by the farmer till the soil. 1. That for which naturalists risk their necks. 2. A female animal. 3. A Jewish priest who was crucified. 4. A part of speech. 5. A worthless and unclean thing of the human races. 7. An adhesive substance.

II.—BURIED NAMES.

Please to remember that I shall expect you to be true. I saw them making matches at the factory. I can never bring myself to this decision.

III.—RIDDLE.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by everybody more than yourself?

\* \* We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at a Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive. Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies to "Bible Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHAW, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, E.C. For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested. Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of sex.

**TACT.**—Tact is the great thing to carry you through. One asked Archbishop Longley once what tact was. He replied the Archbishop, "it is difficult to say what it is, however, is an instance of what it is not. Only this morning a clergyman in my diocese wrote to me: 'In consideration of Grace's many infirmities and failing powers.' That is tactful!"—AUGUSTUS HARE, interviewed by R. BLATHWORTH.



BY  
THE VERY  
REV. F. W. FARRAR,  
D.D., F.R.S.  
Dean of Canterbury.

NOT be certain that these papers will be read by working men; but if they are, let me assure them that, whether they attach any suggestions or not, I am at any rate most sincerely believe and recommend. They are long past when a good book was the "luxuries"; when the possession even of a book was a bliss which could only be hoped for by the great nobles and religious communities; when a farmer would gladly have given a load of hay for a few pages of the Gospel of St. John in which he could understand. Two-and-a-half centuries ago the Preacher wrote "that of making books there is no end"; and we read in the Book of Daniel that "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." If that was true in the days of old, how much more true is it now! We have reached a time when, in England alone, no less than a million books are published for every single day in the year. A man can obtain for a few

the multiplication of books is not an un-  
Even the merest "Books of the Day"  
which have a most ephemeral existence—  
obtain information or other elements of  
Still, it is most desirable that the incessant  
of literature which has no permanent value  
will not avert us—as it does avert millions—from  
constant and lifelong familiarity with works which are  
of great importance. A man may occupy himself  
daily with nothing but newspapers, and  
deliberately revels in what is worst in their  
may gain something; but he will undergo an  
able loss if such idle reading stands in the  
way of his holding communion with the noblest and  
of his hands. Therefore, in making suggestions for  
the Working Man's Bookshelf, I shall mention  
a few books, yet such as cannot but help every  
man who studies them to become a wiser and a better  
Some of the greatest of mankind have been  
fed by but few books. Wordsworth, in one of his  
poems, tells us how often he returned to *Othello* and  
Shakespeare's *Fairie Queene*. "Dreams, books," he

"are both a world; and Books we know  
Are a substantial world both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.  
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear;  
Two shall be named pre-eminently dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor,  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb."

More than one eminent man has been described  
*homo unius libri*—"a man of a single book."

1. Here, then, first of all, I would recommend every  
working man to acquire, and, in every sense of the  
word, to *possess*, a thoroughly good Bible. If he  
has no other book, this alone may be to him and  
to his family an inexhaustible and an inestimable  
treasure worth all others. For whatever change may  
have been wrought by criticism in our estimate of the  
Bible, the fact remains, and must always remain, that  
it is, in a quite unique sense, "The Book of God"  
the Book which, more than any other and than  
others put together, contains what is most necessary  
for us to know about our own being, our relations  
with our fellow men and our duty to God; and about the  
inmost meaning of this mysterious and in general  
measure unintelligible world. "I have but one Book,"  
said the poet Collins, in the poverty of his declining  
years, "but that is the best." "Give me the Bible,"  
said Sir Walter Scott on his deathbed. "What is the  
book?" asked his son-in-law Lockhart. "The Bible,"  
answered Sir Walter; "the Bible: there is but one."

And in spite of the silly and superficial ecclesiastical  
prejudices with which the Revised Version has been  
received—prejudices reverberated by many of the  
loudest, most popular, and most ignorant voices of  
the day, I would recommend working men to buy and to study  
a good copy of the *Revised Version*. It is quite true  
that, for us of this generation, the phrases of the  
*Authorized Version* "speak to the ear in a manner  
which cannot be forgotten," and we recur to the

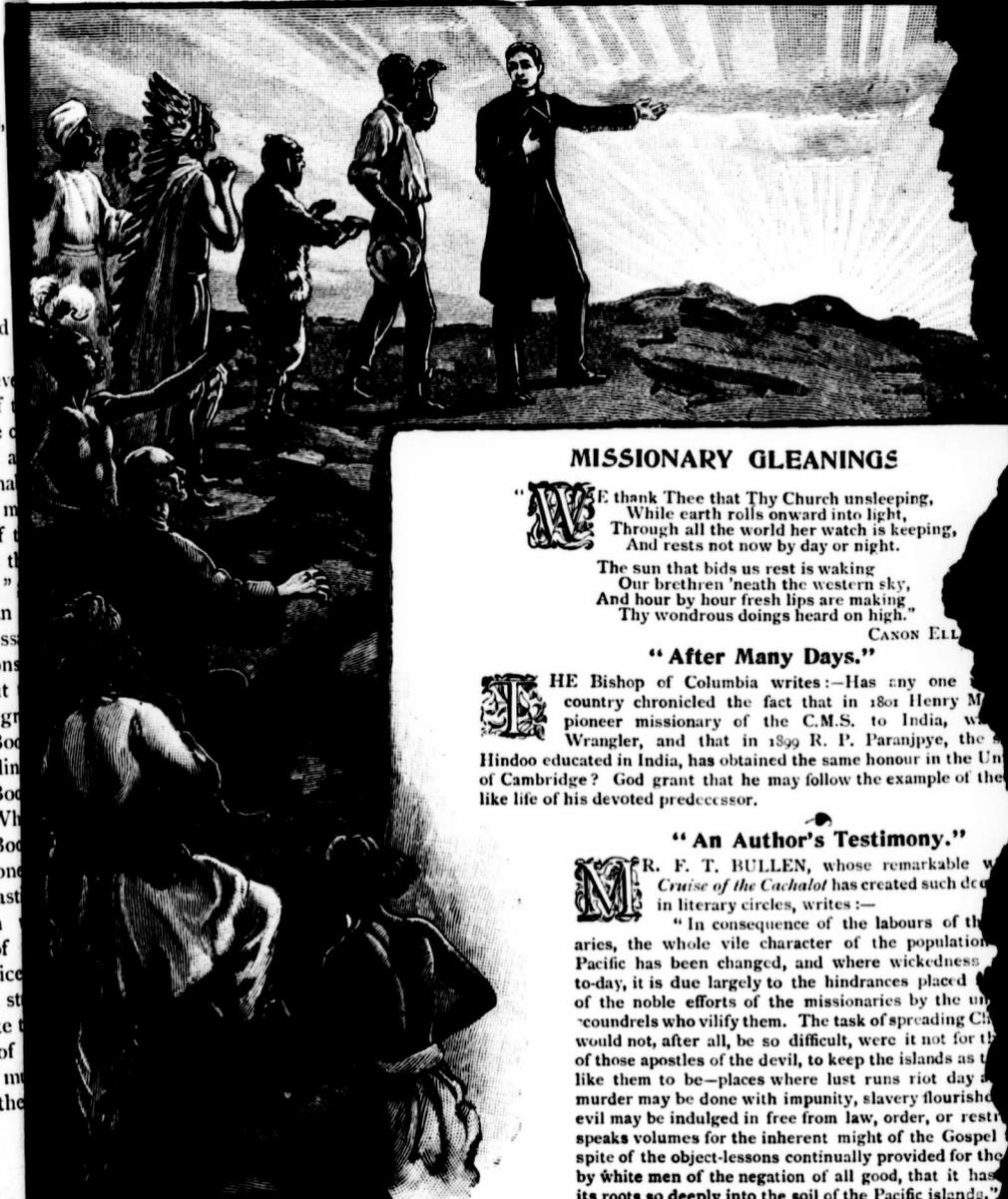
"As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask and ask again,  
Ever in its familiar store  
Finding new depths unheard before."

It is  
generatio  
Version  
neanwh  
and stere  
going on  
was told

It is nevertheless true that, before another generation has passed, the words of the *Revised Version* will be equally dead and familiar; and meanwhile—unless we are as hopelessly conventional and stereotyped as the obstinate priest who preferred going on repeating his old “*mumpsimus*” though he was told that there was no such word, and that he

ought to say “*sumpsimus*”—no ordinarily open-minded man who knows anything of the original languages of Scripture can fail to recognise that in *thousands* of cases the *Revised Version* gives us an accurate in place of an inaccurate rendering, and that in *hundreds* of cases the *Revised Version* corrects positions even in some instances most unfortunate mis-

(To be continued.)



### MISSIONARY GLEANINGS

**W**E thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high."

CANON ELLIOTT

#### "After Many Days."

**T**HE Bishop of Columbia writes:—Has any one in your country chronicled the fact that in 1801 Henry Martineau, a pioneer missionary of the C.M.S. to India, was called a Wrangler, and that in 1899 R. P. Paranjpye, the same Hindoo educated in India, has obtained the same honour in the University of Cambridge? God grant that he may follow the example of the like life of his devoted predecessor.

#### "An Author's Testimony."

**M**R. F. T. BULLEN, whose remarkable work, *Cruise of the Cachalot* has created such deep interest in literary circles, writes:—

"In consequence of the labours of the missionaries, the whole vile character of the population of the Pacific has been changed, and where wickedness reigned to-day, it is due largely to the hindrances placed in the way of the noble efforts of the missionaries by the unscrupulous rascals who vilify them. The task of spreading Christianity would not, after all, be so difficult, were it not for the influence of those apostles of the devil, to keep the islands as they are, like them to be—places where lust runs riot day after day, where murder may be done with impunity, slavery flourishes, and evil may be indulged in free from law, order, or restraint. It speaks volumes for the inherent might of the Gospel that, in spite of the object-lessons continually provided for the natives by white men of the negation of all good, that it has taken its roots so deeply into the soil of the Pacific islands."

## LAY HINDERERS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More Than Conquerors," etc.



FOR a quarter of a century, or more, the Lay Helper has been a stock topic at Church Congresses and Diocesan Conferences; but so far as I am informed, that far more ubiquitous personage the Lay Hinderer has never been considered worthy of a thought. The Lay Helper has

the recipient of no end of grave resolutions unanimsly. He has been bountifully blessed with shops; charmingly charged by Archdeacons; cozily coddled by College Dons; ostentatiously organized by rival Rural Deans; admiringly mentioned in the *Official Year Book*; and yet, if the whole state of Lay Help in the country is one melancholy muddle of misused and misapplied efforts. And who is to blame? There can be but one answer; the Lay Hinderer!

Take a look at the culprit at close quarters. In the foremost the Lay Hinderer disguises himself as a Lay Helper. He offers for service in some remote parish, and when once installed in office settles down to his destructive task with a determination which nothing can shake. The Hinderer chooses that particular department of work for which he is specially unfitted, and is stoutly taken as his pattern the chubby boy in the soapmakers' placard, "He won't be happy till he gets it; and, having "got it," very much ensures that henceforth no other worker in the shop knows a moment's happiness, from the time when he blows the organ-blower!

The Lay Hinderer diligently cultivates all those bad habits which harass and worry a real Lay Helper. He may be counted upon to be a model of civility. The more others are kept waiting, the more the Lay Hinderer is honoured. In his mind, civility is at a discount. He is very much attached to the pernicious habit of giving people a "blow" in what he calls "his mind"; and as he knows

everything except himself, and can do everything except the thing which he has been appointed to do, it will be understood that the Lay Hinderer may be depended upon to make his presence painfully felt at all times and seasons.

If the parson starts a scheme for the erection of a new church, the Lay Hinderer comes to the front with plenty of arguments against the project. If, on the other hand, the parson does not want a new church, but only a few thousands for the restoration of the old church, the Lay Hinderer energetically clamours for a new church; he vehemently protests against tinkering up an old building; with profuse prodigality he eloquently pleads for posterity; and so in either of these typical cases the end is always the same, the Lay Hinderer pleasantly pares down his unwilling donation to the smallest possible point, and punctiliously emphasises the fact that he is against the scheme on principle and so cannot conscientiously give a large subscription!

It is astonishing to what extraordinary lengths the Lay Hinderer's conscience will lead him! Things which he would never think of doing as a business man, he will readily do as a Church worker; and it is his curiously contrived conscience which is always conjured up as the great controlling cause.

It is, of course, a delicate matter to speak slightly of the workings of conscience, but we do well to remember that there is such a thing as a morbid conscience. Augustus Hare in his delightful autobiography, "The Story of My Life," relates this instance of a morbid conscience in a certain Oxford undergraduate:—

"One day a man said to him, 'How do you do, R.?' and he answered, 'Quite well, thank you.'

"The next day the man was astonished at receiving from R. the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to tell you that I have been acting a deceptive part. When I told you yesterday that I was quite well, I had really a headache; this has been on my conscience ever since."

"The note amused the man, whose name was Burton, and he showed it to a friend, who, knowing R.'s weakness, said to him, 'Oh, R., how could you act so wrongly as to call Mr. Burton "Dear Sir," thereby giving him the impression that you liked him, when you know that you dislike him extremely?'

"R. was sadly distressed, and a few days later Mr. Burton received the following:—

"BURTON,—I am sorry to trouble you again, but I have been shown that, under the mask of friendship, I have been for the second time deceiving you; by calling you "Dear Sir" I may have led you to suppose I liked you, which I never did, and never can do.—I am, Burton, yours, etc.'"

If we could put our finger on the parish in which Mr. Hare's "R." resides, I doubt not we should find him an active Lay Hinderer.

(To be continued.)

## FOR THE LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

"NOW BE GOOD."

**A**ND they were! For Mr. Albert England, of New Barnet, who has taken these photographs from life for *The Church Monthly*, tells us that the Cat, and the Kitten, and the Dog, and the Parrot were excellent sitters. The Dog had never seen the Kitten nor the Parrot before, and behaved as a perfect gentleman throughout.

*"If Birds, and Cats, and  
Dogs can thus agree,  
How very good small Boys  
and Girls should be!"*

How did it come about that the Cat was taken? Why, of course, the Kitten was so pleased with herself, that she persuaded her old mother Cat to be taken too, and they were!

DOROTHY STUART.



# "Weep not for me."

Words by the REV. THOMAS DALE, 1797-1870.  
(Canon of St. Paul's.)

Music by SIR J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.

Not slow (♩ = 84). *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

When the spark of life is waning, Weep not for me; When the languid eye is straining, Weep not for me;  
When the pangs of death as - sail me, Weep not for me; Christ is mine, He can - not fail me: Weep not for me;

*cres.* *f* *dim.* *pp rall.*

Feeble pulse is ceasing, Start not at its swift decreasing, 'Tis the fet-ter'd soul's re-leasing: Weep not for me.  
Sin and doubt endeavour From His love my soul to sev-er, Je - sus is my strength for ev-er: Weep not for me. A - men.

*mf* Not slow. M. 84.

<i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>r</i> : <i>l</i>   <i>s</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>m</i> : -   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>m</i> : -   :	<i>mf</i> <i>A. t.</i>	<i>m</i> <i>l</i> : - <i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>d</i>
en the spark of	life is	wan - ing,	Weep not for	me;	When the lan - guid
<i>t</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>r</i> : <i>r</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>m</i> : <i>r</i>   <i>d</i> : -	<i>t</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>d</i> : -   :	<i>df</i> : - <i>l</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>
en the pangs of	death as -	sail me,	Weep not for	me;	Christ is mine, He
<i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>l</i> : <i>t</i>   <i>d</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>s</i> : -   <i>r</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>m</i> : -   :	<i>sd</i> : - <i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>df</i> : - <i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>
When the pangs of	death as -	sail me,	Weep not for	me;	Christ is mine, He
<i>d</i> : - <i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>f</i> : <i>f</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>s</i> : -   <i>s</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>d</i> : -   :	<i>df</i> : - <i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>df</i> : - <i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>

<i>f</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>d</i> : -   <i>r</i> : <i>t</i>	<i>d</i> : -   :	<i>pf.d.G.</i>	<i>d</i> : <i>r</i> : - <i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>d</i> : <i>t</i>   <i>d</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>cres.</i>	<i>f</i> : - <i>m</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>l</i>
is straining,	Weep not for	me;	When the fee - ble	pulse is	ceas - ing,	Start not at	its
<i>l</i>   <i>se</i> : <i>se</i>	<i>m</i> : -   <i>f</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>m</i> : -   :	<i>t</i> : - <i>t</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>se</i> : <i>se</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>f</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>f</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>f</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>
en - not fail me:	Weep not for	me;	Yes, tho' sin and	doubt en - dea -	vour	From His love my	
<i>r</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>t</i>	<i>d</i> : -   <i>t</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>d</i> : -   :	<i>fe</i> : - <i>fe</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>m</i> : <i>m</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>d</i> : - <i>d</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>
en - not fail me:	Weep not for	me;	Yes, tho' sin and	doubt en - dea -	vour	From His love my	
<i>r</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>l</i> : -   <i>s</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>d</i> : -   :	<i>t</i> : - <i>t</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>t</i>	<i>m</i> : <i>m</i>   <i>l</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>s</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>

<i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>l</i> : - <i>d</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>l</i> : <i>f</i>   <i>m</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>pp rall.</i>	<i>d</i> : -   <i>r</i> : <i>t</i>	<i>d</i> : -   - : -	<i>D.C.</i>	<i>d</i> : -   <i>d</i> : -
de - creasing,	'Tis the fet - ter'd	soul's re - leas - ing:	Weep not for	me.	A - men.		
<i>t</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>r</i> : - <i>r</i>   <i>r</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>d</i> : <i>d</i>   <i>t</i> : <i>l</i>	<i>s</i> : -   <i>s</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>s</i> : -   - : -	<i>l</i> : -   <i>s</i> : -		
ul to sev - er,	Je - sus is my	strength for ev - er:	Weep not for	me.	A - men.		
<i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>m</i> : <i>l</i> : <i>s</i>   <i>s</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>f</i> : <i>l</i>   <i>s</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>m</i> : -   <i>f</i> : <i>r</i>	<i>m</i> : -   - : -	<i>f</i> : -   <i>m</i> : -		
ul to sev - er,	Je - sus is my	strength for ev - er:	Weep not for	me.	A - men.		
<i>s</i>   <i>d</i> : <i>d</i>	<i>df</i> : - <i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>m</i>	<i>f</i> : <i>f</i>   <i>f</i> : <i>f</i>	<i>s</i> : -   <i>s</i> : <i>s</i>	<i>d</i> : -   - : -	<i>f</i> : -   <i>d</i> : -		

In response to many requests the Editor has now arranged for the music to be printed in the Tonic Sol-Fa Notation, and he will be much obliged if the readers will make this known among their friends.



Jesus said: "I will give you rest."  
ST. MATT. xi. 28.

## PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

The Rt. Rev. J. Philip DuMoulin, D. C. L., administered the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation on Wednesday, Nov. 8th, in St. John's, South Cayuga, to 22 candidates presented by the rector, Rev. Mr. Francis. All the arrangements of the bright and hearty service were well carried out, and it was an impressive sight to note the serious, earnest faces and the reverent demeanor of the young people and the one or two older ones as well, as they stood to renew in solemn manner their baptismal vows, and knelt to receive God's blessing in the ancient scriptural way by the "laying on of hands." The Bishop delivered an eloquent and powerful sermon on "Unselfishness" from the text, II Cor. 5:15.

Two additional articles of furniture were placed in St. John's Church during November—both of them gifts. One is a seat for the porch—to replace the old one, which had begun to look rather shabby and shaky—of black ash, solid and substantial, and neat in design and workmanship, made and presented by Mr. Jas. Crawford. The other is a "Bishop's Chair," which for many years stood in the old St. John's Church in the county town, but which has now been transferred to the South Cayuga St. John's, having been bought and presented by Miss F. J. Docker.

Christmas Day falls this year on a Monday. The service will be held in St. John's Church, South Cayuga, at 10.30 a. m.

The people of both congregations are asked to bear in mind the entertainment for the Sunday School children held annually at Christmas-tide, and to remember two things about it: (1) That each family is asked to contribute some little gift for the tree; (2) That the collection at this gathering goes for the Sunday School papers, and that last year it was not sufficient for the usual number to be taken.

## JARVIS.

The incumbent's course of Church History lectures, or "lessons," as they might also be termed, came to a conclusion on November 24th. They were seven in number, and, as one was postponed on account of a steady fall of rain they occupied eight weeks, each being given on a Friday evening. The interest and attendance of the people were remarkably well maintained, and the expressions of satisfaction have been numerous. The acetylene gas furnished to the Sunday school building was found to be admirably adapted for ready use in the optical lantern. Many of the parishioners are hoping for the early arrival of a suitable and convenient time for the delivery of another course of lantern lessons.

During Advent there is service every Friday evening.

The Sunday Scholars are practicing carols for Christmas time, and the Willing Workers are busy with preparations for an entertainment to be given on Tuesday, Dec. 26th.

## HAGERSVILLE.

The Church History lessons here were given in the church. The attendance was good, and the conduct of these present was reverent. The amount of the offerings given here and at Jarvis was \$20.00, which goes towards the purchase of new slides.

The recent improvements in the church greatly increased the comfort of the congregation. There are brightness, cleanliness, light and warmth to be enjoyed. A kerosene oil lamp in the vestry is highly appreciated by the inmates.

Due preparations for Christmas are in progress, and service every Thursday evening is maintained the season of Advent.

Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Saybrook Waldbrook on account of the recent death of their son Montague, a lad of bright promise. He fell on sleep Nov. 11th, and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard, Jarvis, Nov. 13th.

The recent church improvements have been paid for by personal contributions, augmented by a sum of \$56.00 from the treasuries of the Ladies' Guild and Willing Workers. The church is free from debt, and ready to be consecrated.

The Sunday School entertainment will probably take place on Thursday, Dec. 28th.

## CALEDONIA.

After a faithful and conscientious service in this parish for nearly a quarter of a century, the Rev. Mr. Mellish was called to his reward on the 8th of September last. The Bishop held a conference with the church wardens and lay delegates on the 18th of October, and has appointed Rev. Mr. Bevan of Hamilton to succeed our late rector. This appointment meets with the greatest satisfaction on the part of the congregation, who feel very proud indeed that they have been so fortunate as to secure a man who possesses all those qualities which a successful clergyman must have. Mr. Bevan has been taking the services here since Oct. 1st, and the people are delighted with his practical, thoughtful and eloquent sermons. By his kindness, hospitality and amiability our rector has won the love of all our members.

Upon the appointment of a successor to Mr. Mellish, the congregation at once decided to make extensive improvements in the rectory, which they have done by the addition of a story and by the placing of a furnace in the building. This work is now almost completed, and it is expected that Mr. Bevan and his family will move here about the middle of December. The improvements will cost in the neighborhood of \$700, and this parish will then have one of the pleasantest and most comfortable rectories in the deanery.