

Tom. Blott

JARVIS, ONT.

VOL. III.

⇒ July, 1902. ⇐

NO. 7.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORT MAITLAND.



Subscription Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, 35c. Per Year.

JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

Rev. T. H. Cotton and Rev. W. E. White have both gone away for vacation. Rev. P. L. Spencer has consented to attend to urgent matters at Nanticoke and Cayuga between Sundays during the absence of these clergymen. The resident lay reader will take Sunday duty at Nanticoke and Cheapside, and Rev. Canon Henderson of Hamilton will conduct Sunday service at Cayuga.

* * *

Answers to Bible Puzzles, April II in part IV in part and V, and June II, IV in part, and V have been received from Roy Peacock.

* * *

The photo-engraving which appears on the front page of the cover represents St. John's church, South Cayuga, a full historical description of which appears in this number.

HAGERSVILLE

Wednesday evening, June 18th, a very enjoyable garden party was held in the garden under the auspices of the Woman's Society. The interior of the building was decorated by the bright and effective designs of flags, bunting, etc, and the pretty garden dotted about. The proceedings were presided over by the Jarvis band and the Coronation service which was to have been held on June 26th there was a service of intercession for the King's life with the celebration of the Holy Communion.

The proposed church parade of the Orange Street of the district which was to have taken place on the 29th was postponed on account of the inclement weather and bad state of the

An enjoyable afternoon and evening was spent at the W. A. at the residence of Mr. D. Lindsay on Thursday, June 26. Our best thanks are due to Mr and Mrs. Lindsay for their hospitality.

JARVIS.

Although the service intended for the 26th of June was regretfully omitted, the festivity was postponed for the evening of that day. Before the beginning of the formal prayer for the King's recovery was read by the incumbent and all present singing the national anthem in four parts great relief was experienced when the newspapers arrived with the announcement that His Majesty was making fair progress towards a condition of health. The receipts of the festival amounted to \$100.00, the expenses were necessarily heavy, the same being: band \$6.00; berries \$5.40; refreshments comprising meat, fruit, and

sweets \$11.39; printing \$2.47. After deducting all expenses the goodly sum of \$56.73 was left in the hands of the treasurer of the W. W. The enterprise may therefore be considered financially successful and satisfactory.

BAPTISM—In the church on Sunday, July 6th, Albert Edward, infant son of Edward and Sarah Hyde; sponsors, the parents.

MARRIAGE—On Tuesday, July 8th, Miss Elizabeth Mabel Eaid, of Jarvis, to Mr. Roger Cropp, of Aylmer; witnesses Mr. Edward Byron Eaid and Miss Lottie Burnice Eaid. This is the first marriage in this parish since June 12th, 1901. The congregation while wishing the young couple much lasting happiness are sorry to lose a member of the choir by the removal of the bride to another parish.

The annual S. S. picnic is announced to take place on Thursday, the 17th inst., at Port Dover. Be at the railway station early, so as secure tickets at reduced rates. The train will leave at 10.20 a. m.

DUNNVILLE.

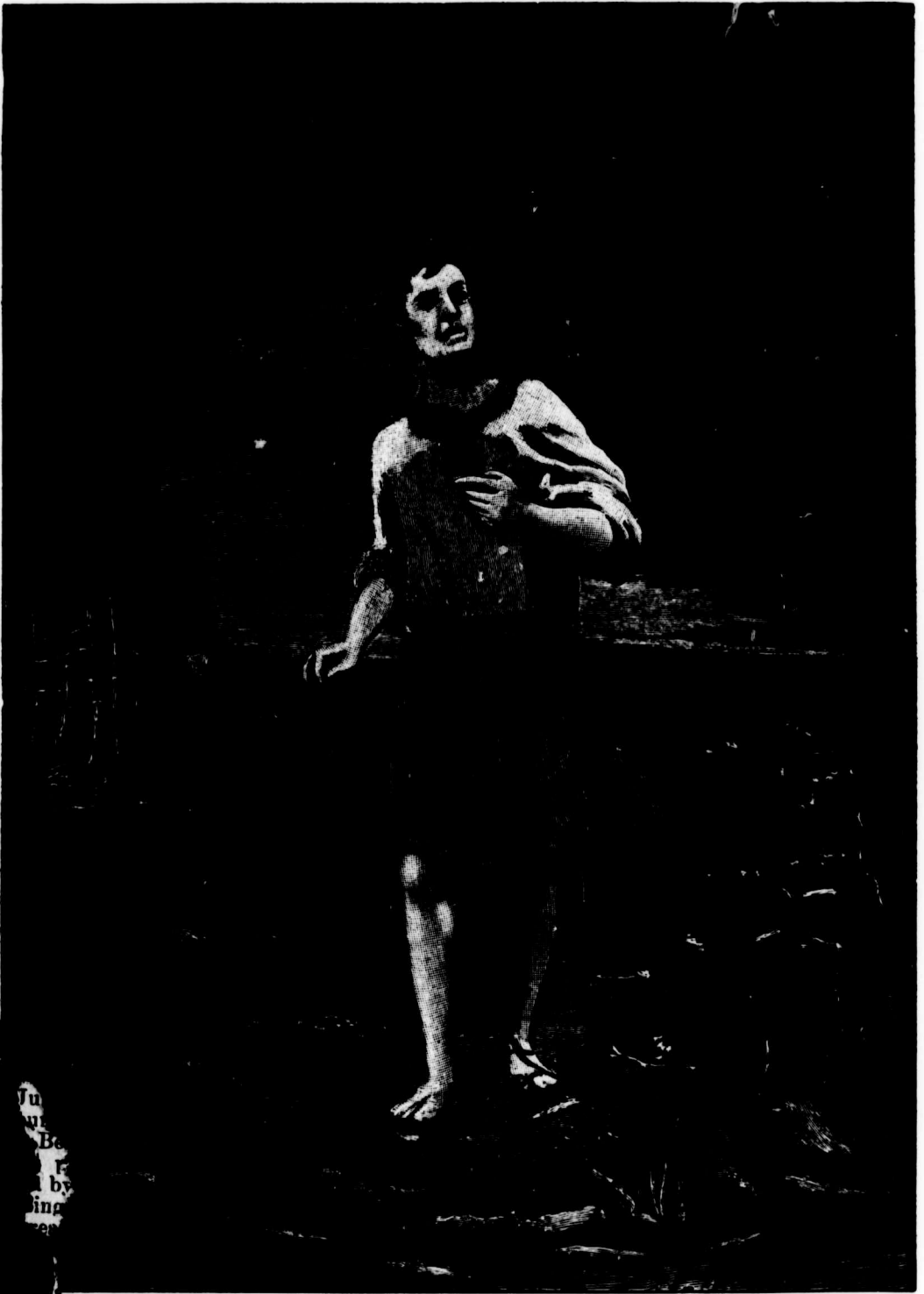
The Oddfellows attended divine service on Sunday morning, 22nd June, about 50 strong, when there was an exceptionally large congregation present.

The weather on the following Sunday was very unfavorable for the Masonic parade; however, a larger number than might have been expected turned out. In the evening the weather had cleared, and a very large congregation was present. The service was a special one of intercession for the King. Mrs. Lalor sang a beautiful solo during the offertory; and at the close of the service the whole congregation numbering over 400 sang "God save the King" with great heartiness.

On Friday evening, July 4th, His Lordship the Bishop inducted the Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick into the Rectorship of St. Paul's church, Dunnville. He was assisted by Rev. C. Scudamore, Rural Dean; Rev. A. W. H. Francis, Rev. W. E. White, and Rev. L. W. B. Broughall. The whole service was very impressive; and seldom has our Bishop, though at all times so eloquent, been heard to better advantage. There was a very good and representative congregation present, and it was felt on all sides that such a service must bear much good fruit.

Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick presided at his first vesty meeting on June 16th, when several matters of importance were considered. It was decided to start to work to build the new Rectory at once; and the matter is in the hands of the following energetic committee, Messrs. Ramsey, Stevens, Rolston, Haskins, and Conolly. It was decided by the unanimous wish of the meeting to substitute hymns ancient and modern for the church hymns now in use. It is very difficult to get church hymns and absolutely impossible to get them at all without long delay, and the new "King

The contents of "THE CHURCH MAGAZINE" are original and copyright, and cannot be reproduced without the written permission of the Proprietors.



Jun
out
Be
R
by
sing
ep
a
eip
he e
me
shu

... hing I do . . . I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."
—*Phillippians* iii. 13, 14.
Engraving for "The Church Magazine" by C. L. ALLPORT. Engraved by C. LYDON.



BY THE REV. J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, D.D., *Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale.*

HAVE any of my readers taken long walks up and down mountains or fells? If so, they will be the better able to understand what I am going to say about stumbling. But I shall not make an exacting demand on the imaginations of those who are only familiar with short walks and smooth roads.

Our Lord's teaching was addressed to people who for the most part had never seen what we call a road. They travelled over their hilly country by bridle-paths. A mountain path is very apt to have projecting stones in it. In walking along it the feet have to be lifted over stones or bits of rock which stand out above the level. It is pleasant to see how horses will thus carefully lift their feet. We human beings, going on foot, have to observe the ground in the same way. If we are tired, and sometimes mountain-walkers get very tired, it may happen that we do not lift the foot high enough; we kick against the projecting stone and stumble. It may be that we fall, a very disagreeable experience; more commonly we recover ourselves, and are only shaken, and our fatigue increased. If one of a party is extremely tired, and the path is fairly wide, two of his companions may give him welcome help by putting a hand under each arm; in their hands they lift him up, that he may not dash his foot against a stone.

It is wonderful how often the projecting stone, which causes walkers to stumble, is used as an image in the Bible, and especially by our Lord and His Apostles. The Lord Jesus took his lessons from familiar things; growing crops, sheep, the process of building, the fish of the lake and,—stumbling-stones. To stumble is to sin; to be checked in going forward, to be more or less hurt in a spiritual sense. Whatever occasions a wrong feeling, an impulse of rebellion, a choice of the worse course, is a

stumbling-stone, a stumbling-block. The meaning of many passages in the New Testament has been disguised by the obsolete words *offend* and *offence*. The projecting stone "offends," causes a stumble. The stumbler is "offended," made to stumble.

Here are three examples of the use of the image in the New Testament.

1. In St. Matthew xvi. 23 we read, "But He turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou art a stumbling-block unto Me; for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men." How had Peter made himself a stumbling-block? Jesus had been speaking to His disciples of the rejection and suffering and death that awaited Him. Simon Peter, always emotional, could not bear such a prospect. "Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him, saying, Be it far from Thee, Lord; this shall never be unto Thee!" It was an utterance of reverent enthusiasm, and his Master was touched by it. To Him also the prospect of what He was to endure was not pleasant. His warm-hearted disciple, urging that it must not be, assumed to our Lord's watchful filial consciousness the character of the tempter. There was a stone in the way, against which He might dash His foot. But Jesus was on His guard, and promptly lifted His foot over it. The feeling which the disciple expressed, the feeling to which his protest appealed, was human; yes, but not Divine. There was no divine glory in the sufferings of the Son of Man, to which the eyes of the disciple were not yet opened. The interest of this incident increased, if we bear in mind that Simon Peter, before, in recognising Jesus as the Messiah, the Son of the living God, had been the first to lay the one Foundation, on the one Humanity which the Father had revealed to Him.

2. In St. Matthew xviii., we see our Lord to dwell with peculiar tenderness on

child. He loved the simplicity of little children, their readiness to depend upon older persons, as having more knowledge and strength than a child can have. But He reflected with sadness on the danger to which little children and grown-up persons with the simplicity of little children were exposed by this dependent disposition. Human beings have an awful power to influence other human beings, for evil and for good; and the thought of a man causing one weaker than himself to sin filled Jesus with an indignation which He expressed in one of the most terrible of His denunciations: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones which believe in Me to stumble, it is profitable for him that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be sunk into the depth of the sea. Woe unto the world because of occasions of stumbling! for it must needs be that the occasions come; but woe to that man through whom the occasion cometh!" With a similar horror of sin, St. Paul declared that he would never eat meat again, if by eating he was likely to draw a weaker brother into an eating which though not wrong for St. Paul was wrong for one whose conscience was not enlightened.

3. When Jesus was proclaimed by his Apostles as the promised Messiah, the Cross was a stumbling-block to the Jews (1 Cor. i. 23; Gal. v. 11; 1 Peter ii. 4-8). So it was at first, as we have seen, to Simon Peter. To a few, who had been looking forward to a Messiah who would deliver his race from subjection and make Israel a glory in the earth, it was a terrible trial to be told that the Messiah had come in the person of one Jesus, whom the ruling Jews had rejected and the Romans had crucified. No wonder he stumbled at that stumbling-block. He could not as we say—"get over" the ignominy and weakness of the Cross. It was the glory of the Gospel, which declared that the crucified Jesus had been raised from the dead, to help many Jews over the stumbling-block. As in the case of St. Paul, the Cross could become an occasion of glorying to one who saw in it the manifestation of the amazing, infinite love and condescension of God.

Whatever presents itself to us as a check to simple spirituality, and to the preference of what is truly Heavenly and Divine over ease and pleasure and pride—that is a stumbling-stone, over which we must ask God to help us to lift our feet safely, lest we stumble and perhaps fall.



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—I.

BY HECTOR MAINWARING.



ONE of the common places of life in prosperous communities is the act of taking food. Meals come with such monotonous regularity, so much time is occupied in consuming them, and, for the most part, they consist of so few ingredients that but for a liberal application of hunger, nature's piquant sauce, the probability is that they would never be eaten at all. The romance of breakfast only exists where the fast has been broken by the enterprise of the eater; whether he belongs to the Order of Dukes, or the Order of Diptera; whether he be a Bishop, or a beetle

Insects, like other creatures, are called upon to earn their living; and, as we might expect, have been provided with suitable implements to enable them to fulfil this universal law. In most cases the instrument by which they seize or prepare their food is the mouth; stings, sabre-like legs, and the like, being only subsidiary organs. The mouths of insects are constructed on two distinct plans, the great Orders represented by the locusts, dragon-flies, bees, and beetles, having mouths adapted for biting or chopping; and those including the butterflies, two-winged flies, and bugs, being furnished with organs for sucking juices or other fluids.

Bees, although included in the first section because of their mandibles, have tongues, sometimes of great length, which they use for extracting honey from flowers; the biting organs serving chiefly for industrial purposes connected with the provision of shelter and food for their young.

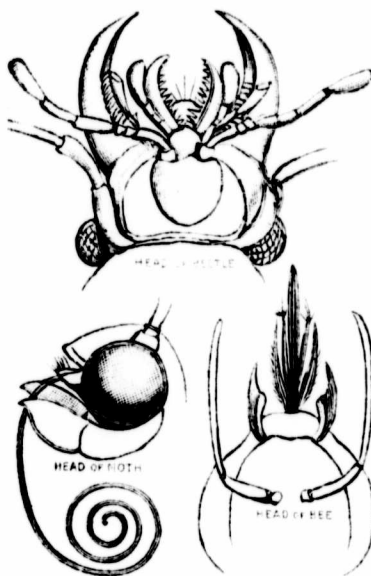
The Hymenoptera, of which they form a part, are divided into two sections; the larvæ or grubs of the first being provided with legs and seeking their own vegetable food, while those of the second are legless, and are cared for by the industry of their parents. The young of some ichneumon-flies and of the brilliant ruby wasp have the curious habit of feeding on other larvæ and draining their life-blood without inflicting a wound, simply by applying their mouths to the outer skin. Many of the Hymenoptera which burrow in the ground lay up a store of living prey, consisting of caterpillars, spiders and the like; paralysing them so that they cannot harm their offspring, yet allowing them to live, and thereby preventing putrefaction. Bees which gather honey and pollen for their larvæ are furnished with a long hairy

proboscis, which can be doubled up when not in use; and also with dense feathery hairs on various parts of the body, to which the pollen adheres. In some cases the hind feet are armed with rows of hairs, making admirable brushes; and in other instances the fore-legs are used to brush the pollen dust into the mouth. The tongue sometimes exceeds in length the entire body of the insect, as in a beautiful species named *Englossa*, found in tropical America.

Some of the solitary wasps feed their offspring in a very ingenious fashion. The cell is a small vase made of clay and stones. Into this receptacle about fifteen caterpillars are placed, capable of using their jaws and otherwise behaving in a violent manner, even if they have been stung. The mother wasp, far too wise to drop her delicate egg in the midst of this wriggling mass, suspends it from the ceiling by a slender thread; and the young larva when hatched reaches down from the swinging cradle and feeds, until it has grown strong enough to venture among the caterpillars. Social wasps, like social bees, are distinguished from their fellows by the fact that they not only provide a store of food to place with the eggs in the cells, but also minister to the necessities of the grubs after they are hatched. As a rule young insects adhere to one diet, and some caterpillars go so far as to starve rather than change their bill of fare. Wasps, on the contrary, are first brought up on the honey bottle, and when they are able to bear it are provided by the careful mother with a meat diet; the latter taking the form of two-winged flies,

and sometimes even of bees. The insects are prepared for the table by having the useless parts, such as the wings, snipped off, and the juicy portions kneaded by the mandibles into a pulp. The mother wasps take their maternal duties very seriously; and, when the autumn comes, and they are unable to provide food for their offspring, pull the larvæ out of their cells and devour them, to prevent them from suffering the pangs of hunger.

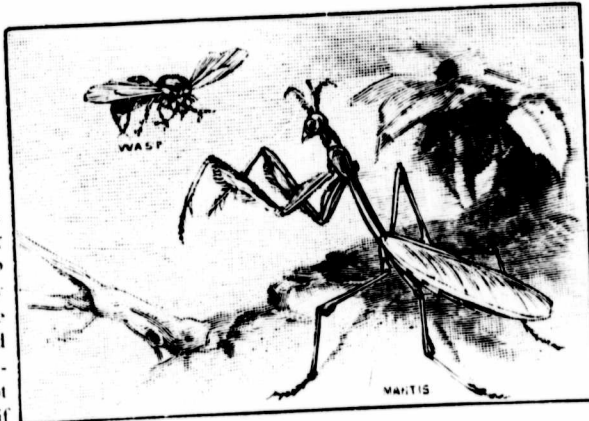
Reference has already been made to the fact that wasps provide their young with food which is yet paralysed by stinging. One wasp takes the prey on the wing, and stings it to death on its joint. Another, which captures crickets, administers stings, one in the neck, one in the thorax, and one in the abdomen. Yet another, which preys



pillars, stings them no less than nine times. The punctures, and this is the most extraordinary part of it, are by no means given at random, but are made in the most scientific fashion at the great nerve centres of the body. Many wasps prey on spiders which, like themselves, fight with poisoned weapons, and must, therefore, be handled with considerable caution. One wasp approaches the mouth of a spider's burrow and picks a quarrel with the owner; and when the spider, losing her temper, ventures outside the door, straightway stings her—first between the poison-fangs, and then in the body. A Mexican species dashes at a web, frightens the spider so that it falls to the ground, and then pounces upon it. A Texan wasp flies in circles round the dreaded arantula and then darts down upon its bewildered foe. But wasps abstain from killing when highway robbery will suit their purpose. Thus, a large Australian species, finding a cicada sucking sap from a tree, is wont to shake it until it flies away in disgust, leaving the hole which it has pierced to be used by the bare-faced thief. No doubt the wasp would plead, if put upon its trial, that it is unable to make a hole for itself, and therefore is compelled to use the beak of the cicada; but whether this line of defence would justify an acquittal may be doubted. A West African wasp has a taste for cockroaches, and does not scruple to attack one if four times its own size, stinging it into submissiveness, and then leading it away into the nest. Sometimes the cockroaches suffer themselves to be led off by the antennæ, as by a bridle, without the preliminary stinging.

Several of the burrowing wasps have a queer habit of dropping their prey at the mouth of their holes, going inside to see that all is right and then returning for their burdens. If the captured insect be moved a little way

while the wary wasp is going over the premises, she searches for it on her return, brings it to the entrance again, and goes through the same routine, which seems as unalterable as the Laws of the Medes and Persians. Wasps have plenty of courage, and venture even to attack the fierce mantis, notwithstanding its deadly, sabre-like legs, which are quite capable of cutting them in two. The wasp hovers over the mantis so as to confuse it, and at the right moment dashes down and stings the great warrior between his weapons, thus putting them out of action; finishing the business by paralyzing also the other two pairs of legs. Certain American species prey on flies which infest animals



for the purpose of drawing blood, smiting them down in the very act; and they are wont to follow horses for the purpose of capturing the flies attacking those animals. They are not always so usefully employed. In Algeria a wasp attacks a species of ant; selecting with a certain perverseness the workers of the community. It infests the roads over which the ants travel, drops on the way-farers, stings them, and carries them to the

nest. From the fact that one wasp will store up no less than fifty ants, it may be judged that the mortality amongst the artizans reaches a high percentage. The ants are not killed, or is the power of moving their limbs taken from them, but they are so paralyzed that all their actions are purposeless, and therefore ineffective.

One of our rare British ants, a tiny creature called *Tapinoma erraticum*, adopts a droll method of providing for its table. It loves a fight—when other ants are the combatants—and watches it with intense interest, carrying off the killed and wounded with the utmost tenderness; not, however, for burial or for nursing, but for its own consumption!



A PLEA FOR A BETTER FOUNDATION.

By E. STRATFORD.

ONE of the strongest pleas for a better foundation, educationally, for our girls, is the number of women who find themselves in middle life hampered in doing that which God has put within them to do, for lack of the early education their own brothers have received and not appreciated.

Women writers are accused, and often justly accused, of using such expression as "Different to," "Between him and I," "Necessary courage required," "Universal dissatisfaction which most people feel," etc., etc.

It does not suffice to learn as a school girl the rules of grammar. They must be applied over and over again if one is not to slip, unconsciously, in spite of all one knows, into common faults which are often passed over just because

they have become so common. It is complained, too, of women that their style is diffuse. Certainly a woman's letter is generally far longer than a man's and yet has less matter in it. Most women have not had the discipline and example of the classics, the exercise of Latin verse as a matter of course, like their brothers.

So a woman, if it is in her to write, is at once at a great disadvantage. In some cases the world is a loser (though certainly not in all). Either what might have been produced is never written, or it is written far worse than it would have been with more cultivated powers.

But this is not only true in the direction of literature. It applies, in some form or other, to anything artistic, mathematical, or scientific, which a woman may take up naturally and earnestly. She finds herself at a disadvantage. She would have made a more capable woman, as a woman, had she enjoyed at least her brother's rudimentary educational advantages, — the advantages of the ordinary schoolday life.

Of course, it must be borne in mind, that for girls, even more than for boys, there are many things of greater importance than mere book work. Besides, over pressure must be avoided as one of the greatest evils. This, together with certain omissions in training, have brought about far more dire results than lack of education ever has.

Still would not the sweet, old-fashioned home woman — old-fashioned, but it is to be hoped never to be out of date — would not she be even more of a success had she been trained to condense a little to look ahead rather more to what next week will bring, to fit its needs in thoughtfully with the other occupations she might have economised time for, had she been able to lay a better foundation upon which to build in later years the education which each must work out for herself? It is quite possible that many girls are not at all suited for the stronger teaching which is being given far more generally and thoroughly in these days than ever before. But are all boys suited for it either?

It ought to be remembered that the true character powers — personality — peep forth but shyly in their undeveloped stages. So often, the nearest and dearest little guess what will come forth from the child later on. Therefore, let all as far as possible have the same chance to begin with. Personal and domestic matters must always take a foremost place in a girl's education, if she is to grow up a true and good woman. But in middle life she is almost sure to be grateful for having been educated up to a certain point as her brothers were, if this has not cut out that which is still more important.

How many a girl has almost or quite forfeited her precious gift of health because when the university course, for which she happened to be adapted, at last opened, the foundation had not been laid which surely would have been laid had she been a boy.

Because this foundation has not been laid many a subject must mean for her double work. That which ought to have been accomplished in the schooldays must be tacked on to all that properly belongs to a university course. How often this involves a strong cup of tea being taken at four o'clock almost every morning but Sunday, something like four hours work before the eight o'clock breakfast to which the student goes with little appetite. An overtaxed body, with possibly an ill-nourished brain, goes forth into the ordinary mental routine of the day. This continued, almost always means breakdown — perhaps complete, perhaps only involving the sacrifice of some months or years.

Let girls, to begin with, be educated more as their brothers are, in spite of the difficulty of getting everything in, considering that over much to do is a great evil and must be avoided.

But what is to be done with those whose school days are long past, those who in middle life find themselves hampered in the attempt to use the ideas, etc., which God has given them, from not having had the advantages, or from having had too different advantages from those enjoyed by their brothers.

We must certainly make the best of what cannot be helped, but let us improve where improvement is still open to us.

It was said by one, something of a scholar herself, though none the less a true woman, that every woman with any pretence to education ought to make sure that she knows some one grammar thoroughly. Of all others the Latin Grammar was, in her opinion, by far the best to know; but for those who felt this beyond their power, the German, French, or even the grammar of their own language, might suffice.

This counsel was given, not to literary women, but to any who at all claim the adjective of educated. The discipline of a grammar known and understood will tell upon mind, morals, manner — even spirit.

And for those who *must* write, it is said in these days that none but those who *must* write ought to do so for publication, — try to become acquainted with the masterpieces of good writers, those who have had the opportunity of drawing into their style that which we may not have had the chance of doing at first hand. To get things second hand is certainly better than going altogether without them.

MACK THE MISER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGRIDGE, M.A., *Rector of St. John's, Limerick.*
Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," "The Lost Sheep," "Little Tapers," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE SORROWS OF AN ALMOND CAKE.



At the beginning of the century, St. Munchin's Square had been a fashionable quarter. Its cobbled pavement had rung with the hoofs of hunters, and from its windows had burst the clatter of jovial hospitality. Now it was mainly given up to tenements. A glance into its open halls detected rotting boards, broken balustrades, doors that swung upon a single hinge. Its windows had as many panes of brick or paper as of glass. Almost every room represented a family. But poor and forlorn as it was, it was not without its shred of pride. Below it, beyond the shoulder of the church wall, above it where the square shrank to a street, pierced at every pace or two by wynds and alleys, swarmed and seethed, and smoked and stank, a poverty—abandoned, hopeless, inconceivable. To the uncounted thousands who burrowed in those cellars, companions of the rats, tenants of the sewers and the river ooze—where every gale shook down a house or two into an acrid heap of brick and dust, with, likely enough, a body or two in the midst of it—"to get into the Square" meant a step towards freedom and refinement.

The Hamiltons' house—almost the only one that showed a fair front to the world—had been inhabited from its building by the declining family. It was large and very cheap. Houses elsewhere were mostly small and very dear. Besides, moving is expensive. The family stayed on.

Bertha found that to call upon Mack was not so simple as she had expected. The pavement

in front of the house, which stood with all its shutters closed, was patrolled by two policemen. Around it gathered a little wave of children, ebbing from the policemen's advance, flowing round their retreating steps. Older persons as they passed the house looked up, laughing or frowning, according to their bent of mind. It seemed to Bertha that Mack was besieged, and that any chance of the later day, when people were free to indulge in mischief or malice, might turn the blockade into an assault.

At the sight of Bertha's hesitating steps there was excitement. The ragged little cordon drew itself close around her. A few of the children, identifying Bertha as Sidney's sister, seemed to expect excellent results. Perhaps so fine a lady did not mind policemen, and might batter the door with bricks or stones. Some hope of that result apparently had been expressed, for Bertha heard a little girl remark, "D'ye think she'd heave stones in her new gloves?"

Disconcerted at the publicity that must attend her call, Bertha walked on. She took a turn down the adjoining street, where stalwart slatterns sat, ringed by the outer leaves, selling cabbages. Here and there the path was blocked by a barrel of herrings. Heads of pig, tails of pig, unknown regions of pig, were prominent in the windows, sometimes in strange assortment with tops and sweets. Old boots were ranged in untempting variety. Dreadful second-hand clothes dangled and threatened the head. Every house was a shop, usually a lodging-house, too. Every second shop was a grocer's—a place where sugar and candles are kept, and whiskey is sold. As Bertha passed almost every head was turned. The despondent men lounging at some alley mouth, or pacing the rubble of some fallen house, waked up for a moment. Above the cellar steps curious faces rose, and, having stared, receded. The children who, partially covered with rags, played whip-top on the pavement and football in the horse-road, reached out hands to touch her skirts. Shocked and almost frightened at the unfamiliar sight, Bertha turned up to the left,

and, after a circuit of half the town—from whose modern squalor would rise now and again a massive mediæval tower, built as for eternity, a noble arch, a fragment of heroic wall—crossed the great bridge. Here there was a snow-storm of wings, a stretch of broken water, changing from gold to white—damson hills behind; sails and flashing deeps before. Revived by the fresh breath, Bertha entered the square again. The children were still at their post. Clearly there was no hope of escaping publicity. Bertha set her mouth, and blushing brightly, beat with her umbrella upon the door.

There was no answer. At length one of the great policemen swung up. "I'm afraid, Miss," he said, saluting, "you won't get in till the bread-cart comes. Himself has too many knocks to take much notice of them."

"When does the bread-cart come?" Bertha asked. "About half-past two," said the policeman, "and, by the same token, that's a quiet time." "Be off, children," he added, threatening the brats with his uplifted hand, "aren't ye very bold to crowd the lady like that?"

Moved by a sudden thought, Bertha hurried home. She laid aside her outdoor garments, and put on an apron.

After consulting Mrs. Beeton's book and putting a few carnal questions to Kate, Bertha set to work to make a cake. It was her first essay, and was rather a leap in the dark. Still her hands were fairly clever, and she hoped well of the issue.

"I suppose," said Kate, overawed by almonds and three eggs, "you're expecting company?"

"No," Bertha answered, turning her face away, "not exactly company."

She could not make up her mind to reveal the cake's true destiny.

It was to be an offering to Mack. Having put it into the oven and commended it to Kate's most watchful care, Bertha ran up and made ready for dinner.

Only Dick would share that meal with her. The boys, whose school hours ended at three, had a snack later.

At dinner Bertha did her utmost to propitiate Dick. Evidently he regarded her with a suspicious, if not a hostile, eye. Hitherto his goings out and comings in had been without question. Bertha seemed inclined to ask questions and to expect answers.

One thing pleased the girl in spite of Dick's stiff and slightly brusque behaviour.

"Halloa," he said, as he took his place, "a clean cloth and flowers."

The flowers were half-a-dozen wall-flowers, the product of their own little neglected garden, but Bertha had arranged

them with care in two little vases, and they gave the simple fare a touch of refinement.

Bertha had looked after the cooking, too, according to her means and lights. She knew how chops ought to be done. Dick paid them his sincerest flattery. He ate with great goodwill.

As soon as dinner was over, Bertha ran up for her hat and gloves. She was very anxious not to miss Mack's favourable time.

"Well, is the cake all right?" she asked, as she re-entered the kitchen.



"BERTHA . . . BEAT HER UMBRELLA UPON THE DOOR."

"It is, Miss," said Kate, and she opened the oven door.

"Oh, dear," Bertha exclaimed, "have you not taken it out?"

"I did not, miss. 'Twill be done to a turn."

Upon the heels of her word, Kate turned her flaming face and slammed upon the table a dull black brick. It was the cake.

"Oh," said Kate, cheerfully, "it got an extra minyit or two, but 'twill all scrape off."

"Scrape off!" Bertha repeated, indignantly. "Can't you see it's a mere cinder?"

Then, as the sense of the ruin of her peace-offering came over her, Bertha flamed into scarlet anger.

"I think," she said to Kate, "you are the stupidest girl on earth."

Kate gave a little start, and her easy kindness went out of her face.

"Oh," she said, "is that the way of it. I'm thankful to you, miss, for letting me know."

"Put the thing in the coal-hole, please; you can use it with a little slack."

With that withering retort, Bertha walked out of the kitchen very tall and stately, though not without a suspicion that the quarrel was hardly a stately one.

Scarce had she banged the front door—she did bang it with express purpose—when her eyes began to dance.

"How absurd!" she said half aloud. "Poor Kate!"

So humboursly did the thing strike her now, that her mirth ran over in a ripple of bright laughter—much to the annoyance of a young man who wondered what had happened to him. Had he been near wet paint anywhere?

Bertha was now approaching Mack's and she did not observe the emotion she had kindled.

Yes, there was the bread-cart; at that moment the man was standing on the steps with two small loaves in his hand. A second later the door was opened a grudging space. The man's arm went through. There was a little cry of disapproval from a diminished crowd of children; the policeman stood ready for what might betide.

Bertha had no time to lose.

"Oh, please," she cried, almost running forward. The bread-man turned his head.

"Hold hard a moment, Mr. Mack," he said, preventing with his arm the closing of the door. Bertha was now upon the step. The bread-man raised his hat: then with hand and knee, he gave the door a sharp push. It flew open to its full extent, suddenly and rather violently—seemingly driving the person within back against the wall.

"You'll get in now, miss," said the bread-man. And hardly realising, in her anxiety to enter, the full strangeness of her entry, Bertha passed in.

The door was pulled sharply to from the front, and Bertha was face to face with Mack the Miser.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISER AT HOME.



THE effect of Bertha's swift and informal introduction was singular and disconcerting. It entirely deprived her of the power of speech. Red as a poppy she stood, in the middle of the dark hall, and vainly struggled for speech.

The tenant of the house, slowly extricating himself from the corner

into which he had been thrust, advanced towards Bertha a quiet questioning face. Apparently he was very short-sighted, for while his features were fairly distinguishable to her, hers seemed almost invisible to him.

"Ah," he said, at length, "I think I know what you want."

Bertha's eyes gave a leap of surprise, but her lips remained silent.

"You must not believe all you hear," Mack went on. "I have my faults, no doubt, and very bad ones too, but I am not what they make me out; I am not cruel or ferocious. Do take my word for it," he continued, laying a timid hand upon Bertha's arm; "I never hurt the

little boy. I know nothing about the little boy. I never—really, madam, never”—his face glimmered with a tentative, wistful smile—"eat little boys."

"Do they say such things of you?" Bertha enquired, finding at length a difficult voice.

"Well, perhaps not exactly that: but, as you know, things very nearly as bad. How can I satisfy you that I know nothing of your boy?"

"I have not any boy; at least, I have only brothers; and, oh, Mr. Mack, how can I tell you? It must have been a dreadful cut. I see you have to wear a bandage."

"Why, your voice is quite young," and here Mack's eyes were eclipsed by putting on a pair of spectacles: "your face is quite young. My dear young lady, I beg your pardon, a little boy has disappeared and they put that, like most other things—even bad weather, I think—down to my malevolence. But you have nothing to do with that, and I almost gathered from your tone of voice that *you* want to apologise to *me*!"

"Ah, yes indeed I do. I never was more bitterly ashamed. But he is very young and I believe it is mere thoughtlessness."

Suddenly Bertha's speech shut up. It flashed upon her all at once that the secret was not her own. Sidney might get into serious trouble—perhaps into prison.

"Step into my little room, please; this way, upstairs. Stop, I will strike a light."

Bertha followed her guide up a steep uncarpeted stair, into a room low and bare and lighted only by a window in the roof.

"Stop a moment," he said—and quickly,

with something of alarm, the girl thought he covered one corner of the room with a tarpaulin.

A swift suspicion ran into Bertha's mind, but meeting Mack's gentle face, she drove it out.

"What did you want to tell me about?" said Mack, when, with kindly dignity he had bidden her be seated.

"About . . . about . . ." again Bertha broke off. The bandage was visible now: the

cut must have been a wound. "Oh," she cried, in sharp distress, "about the stone we threw."

Conflict between duty to truth and duty to Sidney had resulted in that "we." She felt bound to make confession of the sin of her house, and she was ready to bear the whole burden of the blame. But Sidney? Sidney in the dock: Sidney with his hair cut very short, speaking through a grating. That vision restrained her and forced her speech to that strange companion. It was the only prevarication of her later years.

Mack's face lit up with a smile—a smile

that made the mouth, with its many sensitive lines, positively beautiful, and seemed even to reach the inexpressive spectacles.

"'We' threw! It must have been a very large stone if it took two to lift it."

"Oh, not that exactly. . . . Of course it wasn't so much . . . but it must . . . in fact it evidently did."

"Thank you," said Mack, "for your very lucid explanation."

For a second or two Bertha stood looking at Mack in shame-faced confusion. Then the



"Ah, I think I know what you want."

sweetness and the mirth of his face subdued her mood to Mack's own climate. Melting into sunny laughter, she held out her hand.

"How can I thank you enough?"

"You have thanked me too much already. But if you ask me how you can make me happy, the answer is very simple."

"Oh, tell me please. How can I make you happy?"

"By coming again."

"Oh, I will. I shall be delighted. Perhaps I might be of some little use." Bertha looked round the bare yet queerly-littered room: "You are not very tidy, are you?"

"You take me by surprise. Tidiness, I thought, was one of my strongest points. But no, I suppose not: no, I see, boots and books are a bad mixture. Well, if I am punished for some faults that I have not, such as an appetite for little boys, I am to be rewarded for some that I have. I shall bless my untidiness now."

Bertha, half in abstraction, had taken up one of the books. It was a Greek Testament, and its margins were annotated in a minute hand of scholarly beauty.

"I like to read St. Paul in the Greek," said Mack. "One misses little points in our version, glorious as the English is."

"You are a scholar," Bertha exclaimed, in wonder that she felt to be not very polite.

"No, no, not that. I am self-taught, and self-taught men are never scholars. The fine precision of scholarship is a grace of the schools. I read, however, Greek and Latin with a slipshod facility."

"Italian, too," said Bertha, "and German." Her hands, wandering among a few old books, had recognised those languages.

"Yes, I learned Italian for the sake of Dante, and German for the sake of Goethe. My sight is not good now; I have to economise it for other things. But I remember. I know all the Psalms by heart, and some chapters of Isaiah, and most parts of the Gospels. When my work is done, I lie back in my easy chair and shut my eyes, and the great lines begin to roll. Learn divine words—good poetry—and your darkness is nobly peopled. But there," he said, "I am forgetting another of my failings—I am very prosy."

He had spoken with a singular charm of

manner—intimate yet deferential—and Bertha would gladly have heard him longer. But an idea was shaping itself into a purpose, here in this most improbable corner she could make good some of her losses. If Mack would give her a little help—who knows?—that examination might yet be passed.

"Mr. Mack," she said impulsively, "will you help me?"

"With what?" he asked.

"My Euclid! Oh, I do hope you know Euclid."

"Yes," he answered, with an assuring nod, "I know Euclid all right."

"Of course I'll pay," said Bertha, "you won't be very—"

"Yes," Mack interrupted, "I shall be *very* angry if you say any more."

"Well, then I will tidy your room every day and make you a cake when—when there are things you know; and I can bring you a few flowers and . . ." Bertha stopped and tried to think of other offices of value. "No," she concluded, with a sigh, "I'm afraid that's all."

"I should think so, indeed."

"Is it really fair?" Bertha asked. "I fear that I am cheating you: except, of course . . ."

Again Bertha's sentence refused to end in proper form.

"Of course what?"

"Oh," said Bertha, "I don't know." Then, feeling that the words were not strictly true, she corrected herself. "Of course you're very rich."

"What makes you think that?" Mack asked with a smile that seemed uneasy.

"Oh," Bertha began doubtfully: then, fearing another deviation from absolute veracity, she added with decision: "they call you Mack the Miser."

Mack laughed again—uneasily it seemed to Bertha. She fancied, too, that his eyes sought unconsciously that covered something.

"Well," he said, "if I am a miser, misers are not always Rothschilds. No, no, you must not believe silly rumours."

"But you are not angry?" Bertha asked. "I don't always say quite the right thing."

"Not always," he said, in a voice that made the words a compliment. "Well, if you must go, let me light your way."

CHAPTER VII.
BERTHA'S CHAMPION.



WHEN Bertha, full of excited pleasure, came in sight of her own door, she saw that a car stood before it. Wondering who had called, she knocked quickly. There was no answer, but a certain banging sound. In irregular bumps, mingled with scraping, and now and again with a heavy

sigh, down the stairs it lumbered. At length it seemed to reach the hall somewhat abruptly. Quite at a loss to explain this strange procedure, Bertha rang again.

This time the door was promptly answered by Kate, in her Sunday splendour.

"Why where are you going?" Bertha asked.

"Home, miss," said Kate. "Here, Tim, give a hand with the box like a good man."

"What do you mean, Kate? You can't leave us like this."

"Excuse me, Miss Bertha, but I'm the stupidest girl on earth. Don't be talking to me for I know no better."

The man, with a "Beg your pardon, miss," passed through the hall, and began to shoulder the box.

"Kate," said Bertha, "I never thought you'd treat us like this. I did not mean what I said. I'm very hasty, I know."

Kate's face began to work. She turned her head away and beat the oil-cloth with her foot.

"Come, Kate, be a kind sensible girl." Bertha laid a hand on her arm. "Please, Kate," she added.

The maid turned round with flashing eyes.

"Drop that box, Tim Hourigan," she said.

"'Tis like your impudence to be touching it all."

"Would I carry it up for you, then?" asked Tim, not at all offended.

"You would, Timothy, if you'd be so kind."

The box, reshoouldered, went upstairs, and Kate took off her gorgeous hat.

"Ah, always talk to me like that," said Kate, "and I'll serve you for nothing but the pleasure."

Next morning Bertha had a terrifying dream. She dreamed that the mob, having tried Mack by Lynch law, was erecting his scaffold in the square, and that Dick was to figure as hangman. She was making urgent but unregarded appeals for mercy, for delay, for the substitution of another executioner, when the kindly knock of Kate brought deliverance and the cheerful sparrows. It was with inexpressible relief that Bertha took in her hot water—really hot now. But there were the sounds which had built the fabric of her dream—certain vigorous knockings in the yard.

When she ran downstairs she found breakfast ready, but no one ready for breakfast. The boys were up, she knew. Walking into the yard, Bertha found Sidney seated on the wall smoking a cigarette.

"Sidney!" she cried in anger, "how dare you? Throw that thing away."

"Sha'n't," said Sidney, simply, as he drove a thin white stream through his nostrils. "I won't be bossed by a girl."

"I am acting in place of mother," Bertha said, "and I mean that you shall obey me."

"Obey your grandmother," Sidney answered. "I'll do as I like."

A silence had fallen now where the hammering had been. Bertha was aware of a strained and anxious hearkening.

She felt a little sorry now that she had taken that imperious way. Perhaps Sidney might have been more easily managed than coerced. But since battle had been challenged it must be fought out, or henceforth Sidney would go his own way.

"Come down from that wall, Sidney." Bertha spoke in quiet but authoritative tones.

Sidney took off his cap. "May I trouble you to fetch me?" he said.

Then there was an explosive shout, and Cyril, springing from the ground, caught Sidney by the leg.

The next moment the two boys were rolling among the raspberry-canecan, fighting as they rolled. After a little while the face of Cyril

came uppermost. He put his knee on Sidney's chest.

"Give me that cigarette," he gasped.

"Don't know where it is: let me get up."

Cyril looked round, the cigarette was lying beside him, flattened and almost trodden into the ground.

He withdrew his knee.

"Take it to Bertha," he said, "and ask her pardon for behaving like a cad."

"Shan't," Sidney answered in a different growl.

Cyril's knee made an impetuous movement and his hands came forward.

"All right," said Sidney, sulkily.

"Here it is," he muttered, "and I am sorry."

He slouched into the house and the front-door banged behind him.

Bertha turned to Cyril who stood panting.

"I'm sorry you were so severe," she said, "but I can't help being much obliged. I think, Cyril, you are quite a gentleman."

"Gentleman is it?" said the voice of Kate. "He's all that; look at the lovely little fowl-pen the two of us is after making."

Bertha looked up and beheld in an angle of the wall the beginning of a quaint erection. Two broken doors and a window-frame supplied its more prominent parts, but boxes had also been incorporated and, it seemed, the leg of an old bed.

"Wait till we have it painted a nice green," said Kate.

"I'm sure," said Bertha, "it will be beautiful. Those are lucky hens."

That evening when the usual din arose in the square, Cyril, looking a little sheepish, entered the room where Bertha sat. She had just read her mother to sleep, and was sitting, for a moment's rest, with empty hands.

"I thought you'd be rather lonely," Cyril said.

"Ah, no," Bertha answered, "but I shall be delighted with your company."

They had quite a charming talk. Bertha asked him about his lessons, and found that,

though he had worked carelessly, he was an intelligent boy.

"Look here, Cyril," she said, "you have helped me, and I want to help you. Shall we go over to-morrow's work together?"

Cyril was not elated at the thought, but he would not be ungracious. In quite a short time he knew his history as he had never known it yet. With a very little explanation an obscure point in fractions grew clear.

Then Cyril told his sister a piece of news. A new clergyman had been appointed to the parish. Bertha had been so immersed

in her own immediate labours that she had not even grasped the fact of the vacancy. But she was interested now.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"Harcourt," said Cyril.

"Is he a good preacher?"

"I don't know about that; but he's a splendid half-back."



"CYRIL . . . CAUGHT SIDNEY BY THE LEG."

(To be continued.)

BITS OF VANISHING ENGLAND.

BY LUCY E. BEEDHAM.

IN spite of the wonders of the modern world, which we are constantly bidden to look upon with awe and veneration, especially at the opening of a new era, side by side with steam power and electricity, wireless telegraphy and Röntgen Rays, there are just a few customs of the old, old world lingering in the England of the twentieth century. They are all doomed—these relics of a far-off age. Passing away, passing away is "writ large" upon all slow and uncertain methods of production. However picturesque, they must give way to the unfailing regularity and tireless haste of mechanical process.

Elisha ploughed with oxen, and there are still to be found in agricultural districts farmers who cultivate their fields in the same manner as the son of Shaphat in the year 900 B.C. ploughed at Abelmeholah.

In the parish of Newton, Cambridgeshire, with the steam cultivator at work close at hand, even while the apparently automatic plough runs swiftly up and down between the two engines, across the road a pair of bulls pace deliberately backward and forwards over a fifty-acre field and draw the plough without visible effort. A few years ago bulls were employed in field work in a very unsophisticated district of Shropshire far from railways. The practice has been discontinued lately, but a pair are still to be seen at work on the Sussex Downs, near Newhaven.

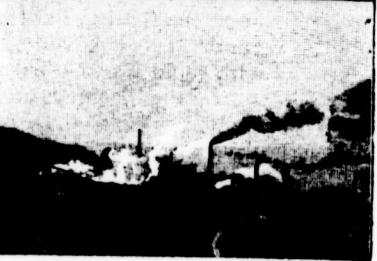
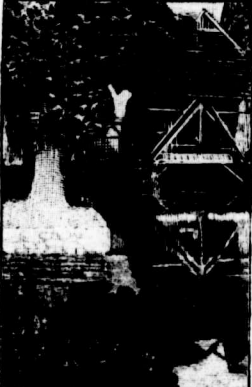
The ark was built of wood and pitched within and without with pitch, and so also is the flour mill with its picturesque gables at Shelford. Quite recently one gable disappeared, and a hideous erection of white brick, worse than useless for pictorial purposes, took its place. Was the corn or the flour, the bread or its consumer, the better for the change? We trow not. The primitive people who discovered the action of the water-wheel and brought it into general use in Europe a thousand years ago thought that the millennium of labour had arrived. And now, that millennium still unrealised, the water-wheel, with all its beauties and its associations in art and poetry—

"The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still"

is passing away. The cool splash of the foaming stream at the weir is giving place even in country districts to the monotonous throb of the gas engine. One change of course leads to another, for powerful machinery cannot be worked in frail wooden structures. The windmill, too, is fast disappearing from the fen country, where it was once an object of very frequent occurrence. It is impossible to walk or cycle many miles without noticing the ruins of a deserted mill, a hulk without its sails, telling wordlessly a sad story of effort against over-powering odds, that which is old and ready to vanish away, struggling against the new so feverishly eager to take its place, a struggle ending in the wreck of the mill. The saw-mill in the picture is turned by a tiny stream, shortly after, on its way to join the river Mawddach, it has formed one of the most beautiful cascades in the neighbourhood of Dolgelly. Long may it remain at work in that lovely ravine, quietly making use of the forces of Nature without disfiguring her comeliness.

Osier peeling is a handicraft old as the ancient Greeks, and still practised in the Eastern and Midland counties, though the labourious peeling with the fingers has been abandoned. The workers now adopt a slight mechanical aid in the split post with sharp edges, through which the withes are quickly pulled and stripped at one movement of the worker's arm.

Our last picture is a glimpse of the present and the future. Before the day comes when the New Zealander, in the midst of a vast solitude, stands on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, let us imagine a different scene, when the manufacturing towns of the North and the coal districts of the Midlands, having coalesced with London, will form one vast chaos of factories and furnaces, mills, mines, and railways, worked by toiling millions of people; when England, as it now is at Claycross, will be the only England—a great black-and-white city of smoke and steam—known to the Anglo-Saxon Empire.



St. James, Apostle and Martyr.

"INVICTE MARTYR UNICUM."

Words by BISHOP MANT.

Music by ALBERT MELLOR,
Organist and Choirmaster Windsor Parish Church.

104.

GREAT God, whose strength Thy mar - tyrs steel'd To fol - low Thy un - ri - val'd Son,
By whom they braved the bat - tle field, By whom the palm of con - quest won. A - men.

- 2 Thy strength, by sin assail'd, we pray,
To shield us in our mortal strife,
To drive the taint of guilt away,
To guard us from the ills of life.
- 3 The chains by Thee were loosed, that held
Thy martyr'd saints in thrall below ;
O be it ours, by Thee upheld,
Away the world's vile bonds to throw.

- 4 O be it ours like them to win
The vesture white, the branching palm ;
And free from sorrow as from sin,
To chant to Thee the holy psalm.
- 5 To Thee, above Thy heavenly host,
O Father, on Thy glory's throne ;
And join'd with Thee, Thy Holy Ghost,
And, Virgin-born, th' Incarnate Son.

HYGIENE, NURSING, AND SANITATION.

By CHARLOTTE ALICE SMITH,

Assoc. Royal Institute of Public Health, and Lecturer, Hants County Council

Common Accidents and their Home Treatment.

ANY flesh cut, however small, is more or less dangerous unless we understand the necessity of extreme cleanliness in all connected with it. For very often by some neglect of this kind, impurity gets entrance to the system and sets up blood-poisoning, which may result in a long illness or even death. This is more especially the case in regard to those small surface wounds which are so common at this season amongst persons who work in the open air, and whose hands are often covered with earthy matter at the time of the wound. Now let it be understood distinctly that the entrance of "clean earth," as it is called, produces a foul wound. Not only so, but that terrible and somewhat mysterious disease called

"lock-jaw," is now believed to be connected with such wounds. And the reason why lock-jaw so frequently occurs after injuries to the hands and feet, is that on these parts earthy matter is more often adherent than on other places. Sometimes, too, the knife which has caused the wound has been engaged in cutting poisonous trees or plants, and this is sufficient to produce a dangerous illness. In all such cases the best thing is to try to cleanse out the foreign matter before binding up the wound. This is best done by bathing the cut well with tepid water. Then apply a cold-water pad to stop the bleeding, and wrap all up with a dry bandage or a piece of oil-silk. Remember that warm water increases bleeding, but cold helps to stop the flow of blood. If the bleeding be very severe, an artery or a vein may have been cut. In this state we must try to stop the blood flow, and this is best done

by applying pressure. If the blood comes out in jerks or spurts of a bright red colour an artery has been cut, and the pressure must be applied *above* the wound. If the bleeding comes out evenly and of a dark colour a vein has been cut, and the pressure must be applied *below* the wound. In cases of broken varicose veins pressure must sometimes be applied both above and below. The fingers may apply the pressure at first, but an impromptu tourniquet may be easily made by means of a clean handkerchief. Knot the handkerchief in the centre, and put some small hard substance in the centre of the knot (a piece of cork, a small clean pebble, a marble, etc.). Tie the handkerchief either above or below the cut in accordance with the rules given, placing the knot just where it may press most effectively on the ruptured blood vessel. A very slight pressure usually suffices and no more should be applied than is required. But if the handkerchief tied in this way is not sufficient, you can make it tighter by inserting a pencil and giving this a twist. Doctors, however, do not approve of very tight bandages kept on for any length of time, and if you tighten the bandage this way you must loosen it as soon as the flow of blood seems stopping.

Never use cobwebs to stop bleeding. The practice is most dangerous. Never entirely cover any cut or wound with sticking plaster, as this delays the healing process.

Sticking plaster may be used in strips to draw together the edges of wounds, but these strips are put on cross-wise, leaving spaces between, and never entirely cover the wound. Never use the edging of postage stamps for any purpose on open flesh, it may set up putrefaction. Never use an oiled rag with the idea that it will stop bleeding, for as a matter of fact it will have the opposite effect.

Sprains and Rubbing for Rheumatism.

Sprains are sometimes more difficult to cure than broken bones, and this is chiefly the case when they have been neglected at the first. In sprains the sinews have been injured, and exudation of serum has taken place round the joint to which the sinew was attached. Thus there is swelling and pain. To take away

both of these troubles use plenty of hot fomentations. When the pain and swelling have subsided, cold water, or cold water and Hazeline should be used. The sprain may also be held under running water when the pain and swelling have gone down. Perfect rest is required for sprained limbs, and an arm or hand should be kept in a sling. A sprain should be bandaged with roller bandages. If there be any stiffness remaining in the muscles round the sprain, it is well to rub the part of the limb with Compound Camphor Liniment.

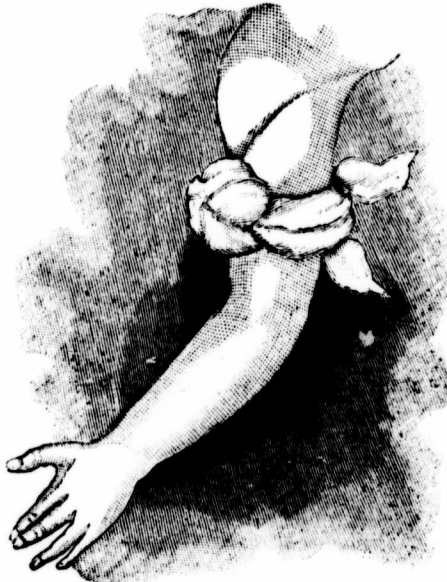
It is not generally known that all liniments should be rubbed on the limbs in a direction towards the heart in order to increase the circulation. The greatest benefit is thus obtained from the friction. Not only for sprains, but in the case of rheumatic

affections this rule holds good. The veins which lie superficial to the arteries are thus assisted to carry away all humours which may be liable to cause trouble and pain. Thus, always rub upward on the arms or legs. But on the trunk of the body you may rub up and down, or round and round as the cases seem to require.

Stings of Wasps and Bees.

There is really little danger in these sorts of stings. The first thing to do is to try to remove the sting if possible before the swelling begins. Press round the part with some small firm article—a watch key for instance. The sting will be

pressed out in the hollow of the key. It can now be extracted easily. Now touch the part with a little baking soda, or if that is not at hand, with the blue bag used in washing and the pain will soon go away. Sal Volatile, Eau de Cologne, or ammonia in water are also good remedies. If the inflammation be very severe and painful get some ichthyol from the chemist and apply it pure. Dr. Allbutt strongly recommends this for all stings of flies, gnats, bees and wasps. But if none of these things are at hand, as so often happens (for stings occur usually when we are outside) what then are we to do? Get some leaves of the common dock and rub the part with these and much benefit will be obtained. The dock leaves contain an alkali which neutralises the acrid poison carried with the sting.



A TOURNIQUET.

STANDING IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

BY EMILY DIBDIN.

"It is of no use beating about the bush, Belton, you must close the works, and the sooner you do it the better. In the present state of the market it is the only course open to you. Then, if things should take a turn in six months, or a year, you could open again."

The speaker was a stout, florid man of middle age, and he leaned back in his chair with a satisfied expression when he had delivered himself of these remarks. The person addressed was a younger man whose clear cut features and square chin indicated the firmness and resolution not to be seen in his companion's face.

He was very pale and his bent head and clenched hand showed that he was deeply moved. He turned in his chair, and then spoke quietly, but with the air of one who was repressing himself with difficulty.

"Six months' closing would mean ruin to the whole town," he said.

"And six months' opening will mean ruin to you," said the first speaker. "Think of Winifred and your boy."

George Belton buried his face in his hands.

"I must think," he said in a smothered voice. "I will do nothing hastily."

"The more haste the better just at present," laughed his friend. "Every penny you pay in wages is out of your own pocket," then as he got no answer, he rose and slowly left the room and the house, his host making no effort either to keep him or to facilitate his egress.

George Belton had but lately come into possession of the great chemical works which had made his father a rich man. His house stood in the narrow street of the town of Illfield, and its windows commanded a view of the old market place where the country women still brought their eggs and butter, their chickens and posies, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and disposed of them with a liberal allowance of animated conversation. But the other side of the building looked over acres of green sward dotted with forest trees, an artificial lake and ornamental boathouse showed through the undergrowth, while the stables were cleverly concealed in a distant thicket.

Everything that money could buy made the Beltons' home beautiful, and no one appreciated the beauty more than its young owner.

He had hardly recovered from the expenses incident

to his taking possession of the property, and was burdened with large payments which had to be made annually to his three sisters, when one of those sudden changes to which the manufacturing world is liable had brought about the state of affairs which was truly enough described above by his cousin and adviser Mr. Hensley.

What could he do? The town depended on the works. Men, women, and even children were employed there, and to close the works meant to ruin hundreds of families and to destroy hundreds of humble homes.

The daylight faded and the clanging of the dinner bell passed unheeded by the silent figure in the chair by the table.

Presently the door opened and a slight form clad in airy pink draperies came in.

"Why, George, aren't you dressed yet? What is the matter? Are you ill, dear?" and the young wife came close, laying her arm on his bent shoulders, and bending anxiously to look at his face.

George roused himself and stood up. "No, I am not ill," he said, "but I had something important to think about and I forgot the time."

"Tell me about it, dear, never mind the dinner!"

So George sat down again and briefly told his wife the position in which he was placed. To keep open meant possible, nay probable, ruin to himself, to close meant certain ruin to hundreds of others.

"They can go away and get work elsewhere," said his wife, with a smile. "You know, George dear, yours are not the only works in the

world. I don't see that you are bound to sacrifice yourself for them. Besides, if you lose everything, you cannot carry on the works at all and then it will have to come to an end. But you shall settle nothing now, you shall come and have dinner. I am starving."

So they went and sat at the dinner table, but for starving people they ate very little, for dish after dish was removed untouched.

"Come up and see Baby," said Winifred, and presently they stood by the cot where the heir of the Beltons lay in peaceful sleep, his golden curls tossed on the pillow, one chubby hand grasping a treasured black doll, whose original charms had not been increased by the fervent caresses of its small owner.

"Isn't he lovely?" exclaimed the fond mother, rapturously. "You wouldn't do anything that would harm him, would you, love?"



"WHY, GEORGE, AREN'T YOU DRESSED YET?"

George made no answer, but went and locked himself into his study. It was past midnight when he rejoined his wife.

"It is of no use," he said almost hardly in his effort to show no feeling. "I must keep open, Winifred. I shall put the hands on short time, and we will fight on as long as we can. It may be that things will right themselves before long."

There was deep anxiety in the eyes that sought Winifred's, and it deepened to anguish when she broke into a flood of tears and sobbed that he cared nothing for her and their child, that he was cruel and hard and many another harsh word. George's lips grew white, but he said nothing, only getting up and leaving the room.

It was late when Winifred awoke the next morning, and the burden which had seemed so intolerable the night before had lost half its weight in the morning sunshine. But the memory of all the hard words she had spoken came back, and she sprang up only anxious to be friends again with her husband.

"Poor darling, how horrid I was!" she said; then aloud to her maid: "Go and find out if Mr. Belton has started yet."

The maid presently returned with the news that Mr. Belton was that moment starting for the works; he had bade them not disturb their mistress.

Winifred remembered that the window of a little room not often used looked out on the street along which he must pass, and she ran with all speed to reach it. She could not let him go without one word. She threw open the window and darted out on the little old-fashioned balcony. Yes, there he was, just passing out of reach.

"George," she cried breathlessly.

He turned to look back, and she was shocked to see how haggard was his face and how dark the circles round his eyes.

"George, dear," she cried again, "I know you are always right." Then, as a smile lit up his sad countenance, she kissed her hand and withdrew, for footsteps were heard coming down the street.

Mysie Manisty was busy with the ironing in her father's kitchen, and she was not a little surprised when a manly step was heard outside and Alick M'Intyre put his head round the door.

"Why, Alick," she cried, "how do you come here at this time? Have you brought a message from father?" Her father was foreman at the works.

"No, I've come on my own business," said the lad, for he was little more, with knit brows. "What do you think, Mysie? We're all put on half time for nobody

knows how long, and now we can never be married at Michaelmas. These rich people do'n't care how they make us poor ones suffer. They have all their luxuries, and we, we must just take what they see fit to leave us."

Mysie had left her iron on the blanket where it was burning a brown patch, but the smell recalled her to her duty and she hastily plucked it off, wiping her eyes with her apron as she did so.

"Perhaps it won't be so bad, Alick," she said.

"Oh yes it will," said the young man, who was fast working himself into a rage. "Michael Kemp and the Brodies say they'll make a strike of it before we're done, and I think they're right. We must teach these masters they can't trample on us just as they like. It's we who make the money and they who spend it."

"Father doesn't like strikes," said Mysie doubtfully.

"He says he never yet saw one that didn't put the men in a worse case than they were before."

"We will see," said Alick loftily. "They must be brought to their senses somehow. And I am not going to lie down and be trampled on, so don't you think it."

Mysie didn't think it at all, and she said so, but Alick was too much perturbed to be soothed by words and caresses, and presently took his departure in a state of seething discontent.

All Illfield was in a ferment. The announcement that short time would be kept at the Works caused consternation in all directions. It meant a considerable lessening of income in almost every house, and, what was even worse in some cases, a vast increase of spare time which would be spent in the public-house, or in other resorts of the men folk, which were viewed with fear and disgust by their wives.

The marriage of Alick and Mysie was not the only one that had to be

indefinitely postponed, and many a sad heart and dejected face was to be found in the town. It was true that George Belton had partly explained the position when he had announced the course he intended to pursue, but an unwillingness to dwell on the sacrifice he was himself making had prevented his showing the truth as he might have done, and a sense of being wronged fell on the whole population.

Matters went on pretty quietly until the first Saturday on which the reduced wages were to be paid.

When John Manisty, the foreman, went in first, as was his wont, he found that the master himself was seated at the desk with the books and bags of money before him, and he looked at the pale but resolute face with a new respect, and instead of leaving at once, as he usually did, he turned aside and stood with his back against the wall.

(To be continued.)



ALICK M'INTYRE PUT HIS HEAD ROUND THE DOOR.

LORD ARMSTRONG.

CRAGSIDE.



By E. ADYE.

CRAGSIDE.



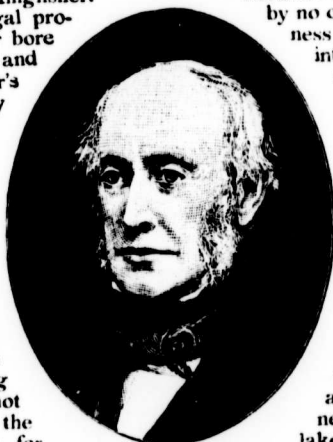
AT the close of the century, Lord Armstrong, one of the greatest scientists of his time, passed away. Born at Newcastle in 1810, he had just entered on his ninety-first year. To within a comparatively short time ago, he had enjoyed vigorous health, and only Death was able to wrest from him the

his draughtsman, a Cornish Quaker, to draw out the design for the gun, he sternly refused, saying, "Thou knowest Mr. Armstrong, that I cannot go against my conscience," and Mr. Armstrong, with characteristic sense of humour answered the peace-making Quaker thus: "Well, and I cannot blame you, Richard."

wonderful clear mental qualities of his ingenious mind, which served him to the end so well. As a child he was extremely delicate, and it was to Rothbury in Northumberland, he was sent to regain his health. There, along the river Coquet, young Armstrong passed his days and became so ardent and expert a fisherman, that he was known by the name of "The Kingfisher." On leaving school he entered the legal profession, but his tastes and talents ever bore him towards his early love for mechanics and finally, after fifteen years in a solicitor's office, he took that step which ultimately bore such marked success.

From that year to the end of his long and valuable life, Lord Armstrong's career was one of genius, diligence, modesty and generosity. Of the latter, Newcastle has very many public proofs. His gift of a park, the construction of a splendid iron bridge (built at a cost of £30,000), large sums of money to various hospitals, libraries and institutions, and all contributed to by no outward show, but with the quiet naturalness that clung to Lord Armstrong, whose integrity no one could question. He had no professional jealousies, and his quick judgment and insight respecting other men's capabilities with whom he came in contact, were most remarkable, and he never failed to work their qualities in with his own, and a great part of his commercial success may be attributed to his keen observation and unerring discernment.

A keen observer of Nature, it was on one of his many fishing expeditions that Mr. Armstrong noticed a mountain stream, which fell from a great height only to break its remaining power on a revolving water-wheel at the bottom. He at once thought that if the water was conveyed from the summit in a pipe, with pressure directed at its base, the whole force would be utilized instead of only a portion. After many experiments he devised the hydraulic crane. Placing it on the quay of Newcastle, who cannot imagine the pleasure of its inventor, the wonder of the lookers on, as the crane, for the first time lowered and hoisted its load so swiftly before them. Following this, Lord Armstrong became the discoverer of the hydro-electric machine, which produced the greatest frictional electricity then devised. Now another important era in his life was at hand. The commencement of the present famous Elswick Gun Works. Trade was not very flourishing in the forties, and although there was genius and rapid progression produced in the works, there was no immediate call upon them. But in 1858 the tide turned, and Mr. Armstrong's 18-pounder gun



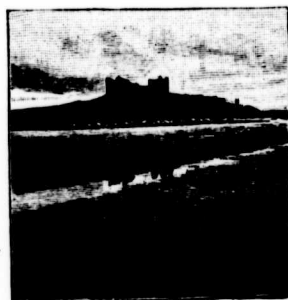
LORD ARMSTRONG.

was finally approved by the Government, and, with the modesty and generosity that made his character so endearing, he presented the patent rights to his country, refusing all remuneration. As an acknowledgement of success he was knighted and made a C.B., and raised to the peerage in 1887. A story is related how, when Mr. Armstrong asked

roared down the winding gorges; climbing plants gathering over the scattered blocks of stone which Nature deposited in past ages. Cragside has welcomed many a Royal visitor and distinguished personage. In the eighty-third year of his life, Lord Armstrong bought the famous Castle of Bamburgh—a partly ruined stronghold, built some twenty-three miles up the Northumbrian coast. Here with his accustomed zeal he quickly entered into the scheme of restoring and renewing the Castle, giving back to it again the old grandeur it had been bereft of through dint of siege, and though Lord Armstrong did not live to see the completion of his wish, which is the building of a convalescent home connected with the Castle, this charitable institution when completed, will echo back and into future centuries, the forethought and goodness of the great Lord Armstrong, who has left on whatever he undertook the seal of his love in works begun, continued, and ended.



BAMBURGH CASTLE



BAMBURGH CASTLE.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. T. W. STURGES, B.A., *Vicar of Marston, Northwich, Cheshire.*

PROFITABLE poultry breeding is now over for another year, unless it be the hatching of ducklings. As these attain a size fit for the table at the age of nine or ten weeks they may still be raised and grown in time for autumnal festivities, and for consumption with the last of the green peas. In another month the shooting season will be upon us, and then comes abundance of game. This will mean a speedy decline in the price of chickens, and therefore it behoves us to speedily fatten and sell off all the large cockerels we shall not need, and which surround us in superabundance, and, if we are raising pure-bred stock, even the pullets which are badly mismarked. But, as a rule it pays best to keep all the early pullets, *i.e.*, all January to April hatched birds, to come in for autumnal and winterlaying when eggs are scarce.

But now is a good time to get rid of the old hens, all over eighteen months old



A DAINY MORSEL.

should be watched carefully, and as soon as they show signs of moulting and cease to lay they should be at once disposed of. It pays better to do so than to keep them hanging on for months, doing nothing but "eating their heads off." The exception to the rule is in the case of a valuable pure-bred hen of prize stock; or that of a *particularly* good layer of any kind. In these cases they will more than pay for their keep for another year. As a rule, however, in the case of old hens, "their room is better than their company," and this is certainly so where space is limited. Nothing retards so much the growth of the young stock as the heckling they receive from the older birds, and the overcrowding by night, which too often falls to their lot, when they all have to occupy the same fowl house. Wherever it is possible the growing stock should have separate runs and sleeping accommodation. The benefit will be apparent in their increased vigour.

IN FLOWER LAND.

BY MARGARET MACARTHUR.



HOW beautiful they are those canary-coloured plumes of Mimosa waving in the baskets of the flower sellers long before the Spring flowers appear in our northern gardens. And then the scent they diffuse as they wave, what words can describe it aright. The breath of that perfumed pollen wafts us in spirit to that land of light and life and colour, the haven for invalids out of many lands, known to us as the Riviera. The Romans found out its health restoring virtues and built villas there, just as the rich among us are doing now, two thousand years later. By far the warmest spot of all that sunny land is the island of Saint Marguerite, that lies so close to Cannes, that you can almost throw a stone from the one shore to the other. On this little island tropical plants flourish in the open air.

Thanks to the power of steam, a day and night of travelling can transport us to this paradise, where air and sea and sky are as different from our island, as if we had sailed away into the tropics. Down there in Provence we see a real blue sky and sea. And the mountains stand out clear and sharp against the sky.

There is none of the mist that seems to wrap all distance in mystery here at home, and the mountains change from violet to rosy red according as their slopes reflect or lose the sunbeams, ever shifting as the sun moves round the dial. The vegetation too at Cannes, the first of the winter stations on the Riviera, is quite tropical. Here, though it may be midwinter, there are no bare and leafless trees. The eucalyptus is fully clad with its strange leaves of a long sickle shape, though it is shedding its bark, which is hanging in ragged shreds half loosened from the trunk. The cork forests in the Esterel mountains, as you draw near Cannes, are some of them showing red stems, for the cork is stripped of them too every two or three years when it has grown some few inches thick, but they carry their dark green foliage unthinned all through the winter. After emerging from the sombre cork trees, as the train steams nearer Cannes, it passes over a plain relieved by a semi-circle of monster pine trees. But instead of the dismal darkness of the pines, at Bournemouthe for instance, these trees are like gigantic umbrellas of a bright moss green. They are familiarly called the umbrella pine from their mushroom-like shape.

There is also the stone-pine bearing enormous cones with seeds like kernels. The nut or seed inside these is in great request for sprinkling on macaroons, the flavour being preferred to almonds. The date palm flourishes well at Cannes, and its feathery, verdant plumes give an Oriental cast to the promenade round the wide bay. The emerald green of the bamboos makes up in some sort for the absence of grass. It is one of the peculiarities of the soil that grass does not grow unless you sow it, and manure it, and water and cherish it like a flower-bed. The hills have no grass on them. It's place is supplied by low growing myrtle, and dwarf lavender on which the sheep browse—cows have to be stall fed, for this is not a grazing country. The gardens and olive yards are all terraced, and rise tier above tier, like giant staircases up the sides of the hills. The flower culture is the distinguishing feature of this "Fragrant warm Provencal shore," as Matthew Arnold called it. Flowers are the most remunerative crop, therefore flowers are grown on every available foot of ground. Richly scented violets carpet the terraces on which grow the gnarled and twisted olive trees of many centuries growth. But not to waste their sweetness on the desert air are these violets grown. At earliest dawn picturesque figures are at work on the terraces, gathering the blossoms when they first expand. At a distance these figures look like targets set up for musketry practice, but as one draws nearer, the targets turn out to be only the straw hats of the women. They are about as large as cart wheels, so that the stooping forms of the wearers are quite hidden behind them.

Every whiff of scent has its money value. It is at Grasse, a town ten miles inland from Cannes, that the scent is extracted from the petals of the fragrant loads of blossoms that the peasants bring in from the country day by day, or rather hour by hour, all through the month of May, when that sweetest of all roses, the muscadine rose of Provence, is in bloom. The town is a manufacturing town of the most poetical of manufac-

tures. It is in it, that the raw materials, for all the fancy scents of the perfumers all over the world, are distilled from the freshest and most fragrant of flowers. Much of the Attar of roses that is called Turkish is made at Grasse and exported to Constantinople to be re-bottled. It is said to require a thousand roses to make one drop of this precious essence.

The speciality of Grasse is Néroly, the concentrated essence of orange blossom. The Néroly is exported to Cologne and is the principle ingredient in the famous Eau de Cologne. An orange garden is a very money making property; but the trees require much careful culture. The leaves must be frequently washed to keep them free from blight. If the trees are grown for fruit, care must be taken not to pick the oranges, however ripe and golden they may look, during the flowering season, as they will then be quite without juice. After the flower time is over the juice goes back to the pulp. An orange to be in perfection ought to be left two years on the tree.

Orange blossom pays much better than fruit. The trees flower during a month. All through that month the blossom is picked daily and carried off to the distillery to be converted into the costly Néroly. To meet the demand, four hundred thousand pounds weight of orange blossom petal must pass through the stills at Grasse. Even in its natural state the scent of the orange blossom has so powerful an effect on the nerves, that sometimes the pickers drop fainting from the tree. The dried blossom too is held in great repute among the French people, for making a "tissane," or tea, to be taken at bed time as a cure for sleeplessness. Orange trees, as everyone knows, bear at the same time blossoms and fruit in every stage of growth. The fruit when hard and green is peeled like a potato or an apple, and the ribbons of green rind are hung on lines to dry and are then sent to Grasse to leave it as candied orange peel. Last, but not least, the petals of the blossoms are crystalized with sugar like violets, and are supposed to be good for the nerves.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By K. C. JONES (*Staff Lecturer, Surrey County Council*).

Exeter Stew and Savoury Balls.



IN buying meat with which to make stews, choose the coarser parts, as by the long, slow cooking they become tender; for this particular stew take either shin of beef or gravy beef which can be bought at 8d. per pound.

Meat	-	-	-	1 lb.
Onions	-	-	-	2 medium sized
Dripping	-	-	-	1 oz.
Flour	-	-	-	1½ tablespoonfuls
Vinegar	-	-	-	a little
Warm water	-	-	-	1½ pints
Salt	-	-	-	1 teaspoonful
Pepper	-	-	-	½ "

Heat the dripping in a saucepan, cut the onions in slices from the point downwards, fry a nice brown; add the meat cut in slices, fry

slightly, sprinkle in the flour and brown well. Stir in the vinegar to give a nice sharp flavour and the warm water; let it nearly boil and then simmer with the lid on till quite tender, about two and a half or three hours.

N.B.—Allow a full hour longer if shin of beef is used. Dish the stew with the meat in the centre, and savoury balls round, made as described below.

Take for the balls:—

Flour	-	¼ lb.	Salt	½ teaspoonful
Suet	-	2 oz.	Pepper	¼ "
Parsley	-	2 teaspoonfuls	Thyme	½ "
Onion	-	1	Baking powder	¼ "

Cold water to mix.

Chop the suet, parsley, onion and thyme very finely, mix all the ingredients into a firm dough with water; divide into twelve equal parts, form into balls, and cook in the stew for 45 minutes.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUGH MILLS.—No, you cannot tame mice that you catch in a trap. You must get the proper breed. The white ones are very pretty and quite cheap to buy. The little wooden cages for them have a sleeping apartment upstairs, and this should be almost filled with cotton wool. Give a little milk sop every night and seed in the day. Plenty of water.

WILLIAM ASHBY.—I am so glad that you are trying to get your friends in the Sunday School to join our Guild. I shall hope to hear from you soon again.

ELLEN MALSTER.—I hope you will send me a letter telling me all about the School Treat.

EMILY KILTON.—You should give your canary some green stuff to eat in the summer; they like a bit of lettuce or watercress if you have not groundsell. No, you should only give him a very little hempseed.

PUZZLE ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

- I. Adam-ant. Ezek. iii. 9.
- II. S alom E
P hrygi A
R aven S
I scario T
N in E
Govenor
- III. EAR, hear, spear, near, fear, bear.
- IV. Elizabeth.
- V. Ten-net. Liar-rail. Male. Elam. (Gen. xiv. 1).

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

All boys and girls under fifteen years of age are invited to join the Guild of Goodwill. Each must send his or her full name, address and age, accompanied by a penny stamp, to Cousin Joan, who will be very glad to forward the pretty Card of Membership.

For Competitions and Special Prizes see p. 168.

All letters, competitions, etc., to be addressed to
COUSIN JOAN, "The Church Magazine" Offices,
79-83, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

MY dear young cousins,
This is really a very important month for you all, and a time when you should try to do your very best, because it is the first of our new Series of Competitions. At the end of this Series (that is, in January, 1902), we are going to have a very delightful feature in this page, but it is a secret until then. However, that is a long way ahead yet, and I hope you will take a great interest in these next six competitions. We are offering a watch again, as most of you seem to think that is the nicest thing to win. I wish you could all get one, but as that is impossible, I can only urge you on to do your best each month.

But I have a bone to pick with you all, or nearly all. Very few of you have been trying for the special prize of a Silver Watch which we offer to the Member who gets the largest number of new Members for the Guild before

September. Even now there is plenty of time for you to do a great deal in this way, and I shall be glad to hear that you are taking *The Church Magazine* about with you, showing it to your little friends, and asking them to join our Guild.

The "Best Letter" that came in for the March Competition was by Norah Lodge (London), but many of you wrote very charming notes that gained you a good number of marks. About the Puzzle Answers, I do wish you would all try to be a little more neat and remember to write the name of the month at the top of the page.

I wonder where you are all going to for your School Treat or your summer holidays. I shall expect to hear long accounts of them from many of you.

With my love to you all,

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN JOAN.

COMPETITIONS.

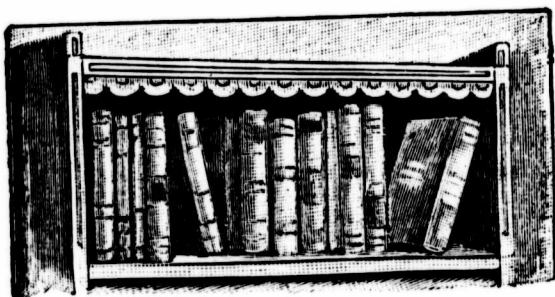
(Open only to Members of the Guild).

To be sent in on or before July 31st, 1901.
For the best four-lined verse on your favourite flower.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A Silver Watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of Members to the Guild up to September next.

All competitions must be written separately, and on one side of the paper only. The name, age, and address must be written clearly on the back of each



THE BOOKSHELF.

Bret Harte's life was not without adventures, and that life is written by T. Edgar Pemberton (Greening and Co., 3s. 6d.).
The Reminiscences of Oxford, by the Rev. W. Tuckwell (Cassell and Co.).

Missionaries and supporters of Missions will find plenty of food for thought in *A Study of Christian Missions*, by W. Newton Clarke, D.D. (James Clarke and Co., 3s. 6d.).

The Cross in the Market Place, by the Rev. John Wakeford, is a set of Lenten Addresses dealing in a straightforward way with present-day topics, such as the doings of merchants and journalists (Handley Brothers, Liverpool, 1s.).

The Making of Character, by William Small, consists of short essays full of good matter (Brodie and Salmon, Arbroath, 2s. 6d.).

All interested in the Temperance Movement should get *Practical Licensing Re. or. m.*, by the Hon. Sidney Peel (Methuen and Co., 1s. 6d.).

Women Workers contains some good papers read at the Brighton Conference last year (P. S. King and Co., 3s.).

In view of the millenary of the great Saxon King, the following are welcome—*Alfred, the West Saxon King*, by D. Macfadyen (J. M. Dent, 4s. 6d. net). *Alfred the Great: His Abbeys of Hyde, Athelney and Shaftesbury*, by J. C. Wall (Elliott Stock, 5s.). *Alfred the Great*, by W. H. Draper (Elliott Stock, 5s.).

Among books relating to foreign parts I choose:—*First on the Antarctic Continent*, by C. E. Borchgrevink, F.R.G.S. (George Newnes, 10s. 6d. net). *China*, by E. H. Parkes (John Murray, 8s. net), and *French Life in Town and Country*, by Hannah Lynch (G. Newnes, 3s. 6d.).

A good stiff book worth its price is *The Elements of Statistics*, by Arthur L. Bowley, F.S.S. (P. S. King and Co., 10s. 6d. net).

As a relaxation we may turn to *The Rising of 1735*, by C. Sanford Terry (David Nutt, 3s.), and the following stories:—*A Rogue in Love*, by Tom Gallon (Hutchinson, 6s.). *A State Secret, and Other Stories*, by Mrs. Bill Croker (Methuen, 3s. 6d.). *That Sweet Enemy*, by Katharine Tynan (A. Constable and Co., 6s.). *The Lost Land*, by Julia M. Crotchie (F. Unwin, 6s.), and *Two Sides of a Question*, by May Sinclair (A. Constable and Co., 6s.).

Any of the above may be obtained from the offices of "The Church Magazine" upon receipt of P.O.O. for the publisher's price.

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

S. JAMES, AP. M.

July 25.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, 'Ye know not what ye ask.'"
—S. MATTHEW XX. 21, 22.

"They who their father had forsook,
And followed Christ at His command,
By human frailty overtook,
Did for preferment seem to stand;
But by their Master they were taught
What fitteth an apostle's care;
What should by them be rather sought,
And what their chiefest honours are.

"To Thee, therefore, O Lord, we pray,
That humbleness in us may dwell;
To charm that fiend of pride away,
Which would Thy graces quite expel:
Vouchsafe Thou chiefly those to keep
From this delusion of the foe,
Who are the pastors of Thy sheep,
And should each good example show."

GEORGE WITHER ("The Hallelujah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer"), 1588-1667

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Augustin's, Bournemouth.

I.

Supply the missing words—

And now abide these graces ———
But chief and best is ———;
In earth below or Heaven ———
There nothing greater is than ———.

II.

Interpret these sentences of St. Paul—

(1) I will pray standing
with the
(2) Be not
Come of evil.

III.

Fill in the blanks with the proper colours from the Revelations—

(1) "a great ——— throne."
(2) "a woman upon a ——— coloured 'beast.'"
(3) "and the sun became ———."
(4) "Another horse that was ———."

IV. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When one of the Patriarchs left this he saw that—

(1) The southernmost town in Palestine.
(2) What St. Paul wished all things to be done in.
(3) What the Master allots to every servant.

V.

A small word that does much harm. Behead and you have a preposition which shows its locality with regard to yourself. Curtail and you have the person who possesses it.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

Edward" Prayer books will not be printed in combination with the old hymnal. For these reasons the step was a wise one. Mr. Chadwick announced his intention of following out the advice of the Bishop in shortening the services, so that on the first Sunday of the month the service would be simply the Communion office. "Adaptability" is the need of the church today. There was good evidence of the advisability of this on July 6th, when in spite of the great heat there was an unusually large number of communicants, and yet the whole service was over at 12.20.

ST. JOHNS CHURCH.

Of the two churches in the present parish of Port Maitland and South Cayuga, that at Port Maitland (an illustration of which appeared in the Jan. No.) was the first built, probably about 1840 or 1841. Port Maitland is in the South East corner of the Township of Dunn; and for some years the church people living along the Lake shore at the Western extremity of the Township, some 6 or 7 miles distant went there to worship. Soon there was felt the need of a nearer church. And no wonder. These people often walked to service and not the men only but the women as well. And for their convenience and at the same time to provide a place of worship for the settlers to the west in the Township of South Cayuga a site was selected in the latter Township; but only just in it, on the townline between it and Dunn. There a church—one of the four in the County dedicated to St. John the Evangelist—was built, a few years later than the one at the Port, but in the early forties for both were consecrated in June, 1848. The corner-stone was laid on the occasion of one of the Bishop's visits—presumably in 1843, for we know that Bishop Strachan made triennial visitations of his enormous Diocese and he came in '48 for the consecration. Mrs. Docker (one of the aforementioned walkers) who still lives at 'The Elms' in what was then her home of a year, and who at the age of nearly 91 still attends with wonderful regularity the Sunday services in the church, laid the corner-stone almost 60 years ago. The original building was just half the size of the present one, the west end being on a line with the west side of the porch, clearly shown in our illustration. The western half together with the vestry—a much more commodious one than is found in many larger churches—has been added since. Unfortunately for the success of the historic mother church in this part, the location of the of the church proved a mistake, for the hamlet which nearly always appears, and forms a central meeting place, in Townships remote from any larger centre, sprang up in South Cayuga some distance away, and the other religious bodies, which came later and built their churches in it, have gradually but effectually

absorbed the Church of England families of the Township, so that the present congregation is drawn almost altogether from the western part of Dunn. If small, it is, however true and loyal to "the Faith of our Fathers." As the clergy who have had charge of St. John's have been those who served Port Maitland, it is unnecessary to repeat the list given in the Jan. No. Changes were made in the interior of the church during the Incumbency of the Rev. P. W. Smith. For the improvements which make the interior a contrast to the severely plain exterior, a debt of gratitude is owed to the taste and zeal of the Rev. M. W. Britton, the first Rector after the separation from Dunnville. Since the present clergyman took charge 5½ years ago, the exterior has been painted, the vestry and porch have been plastered and refitted, and a Bishop's chair and a walnut pulpit desk (the latter the gift of the congregation to mark the close of the 19th century) have been added.

The photograph from which the engraving appearing on the title page was made, was taken a winter or two ago, by Rev. P. L. Spencer of Jarvis.

PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

The two branches of the W. A. are to be congratulated on the success of their Socials on the 14th and 15th of May. The sales were unusually large, and were full of useful articles which will minister to the comfort of many in Rev. Mr. Holmes' distant mission at Lesser Slave Lake.

A very enjoyable meeting of the Y. P. S. of Christ church was held at Mr. Hornibrook's on Tuesday evening, June 3rd. The Rev. Mr. Trotter presided and gave an amusing reading.

The Rector returned from Minden on Friday evening, June 20th. The Rev. Mr. Trotter seems to have enjoyed his brief stay in this parish, and has many good words to say of it.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. E. Logan on the marriage of their daughter Hattie, to Mr. F. Collins of Buffalo. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Collins every happiness in their married life.

The Rev. J. Bushell, who will be remembered by the people of the parish as being in charge of the Choir Boys' Camp the last two summers, sailed on the 19th of June for Ireland on a well earned visit to his relatives.

BAPTISM—By Rev. L. A. Trotter, B.A., on Sunday, June 1st, at Christ church, Minnie May, child of William and Bella Aikiens, born Feb. 13th 1901.

MARRIAGE—On Wednesday, June 11th, by the Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, M. A., (in the absence of the Incumbent) Hattie Alberta Logan to Frank Collins.