

Lou Blatt

VOL. II.

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

The
Haldimand
Deanery
Magazine

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DUNNVILLE CHRONICLE PRINT.

General.

The clergy of the deanery, as well as the members of their congregations, are respectfully reminded that the second Sunday in September by appointment of the Synod has been fixed as the day for special offerings for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. All sums given are credited to the apportionment of the parish.

The Provincial Synod and the Board of Missions will meet in Montreal on the second Wednesday in September.

The next meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese will be on the third Tuesday in Oct.

Jarvis and Hagersville.

The annual picnic of St. Paul's Sunday School took place at Port Dover on July 11th, the majority of adults and children going thither by carriage and wagon. The rain of the previous night had made the roads somewhat muddy, but the warmth of the bright sunshine soon corrected that disadvantage, and the day proved to be very pleasant. The expense incurred for hiring horses and vehicles was \$3.65, which sum was furnished from the proceeds of the lawn social held on June 25th.

On July 4th Mr. and Mrs. Spencer attended the Norfolk County Convention of the Woman's Auxiliary at Port Dover, and remained for service in the church in the evening. The attendance at the convention was remarkably large for such a gathering, and much enthusiasm was manifested by the delegates from the various parish auxiliaries.

On July 24th, Rev. P. L. Spencer and Mr. Dawson Aiken visited Detroit, Mich., for the purpose of being present at the convention of members of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The convention was international, there being many delegates from Canada, as well as from the various States of the Republic. Although nearly every transaction was important and interesting, the most impressive was certainly the corporate or general communion in St. John's church on Woodward Ave. To be a partaker of the Holy Eucharist along with 600 or more fellowmen drawn together from the four corners of a continent is an experience that seldom comes to an ordinary churchman, whether clergyman or layman. The service was truly uplifting. Mr. Spencer's earnest hope is to revive the Chapter of St. Paul's church and to be instrumental in forming a Chapter in Hagersville. The work of the Brotherhood—that of extending the kingdom of God among man—is perhaps more than anything else that which is needful at the present time for the prosperity of the cause of true religion.

On July 19th, the incumbent received from the Imperial Government through the Militia Department at Ottawa a Fenian Raid medal bearing on the rim the inscription, "Private P. L. Spencer, Millbrook Infantry Company." This qualifies the receiver to rank as a recognized veteran. Thirty-five years have passed since the events of that memorable time. To the volunteer soldier of Christ the reward, though much farther in the future, will be infinitely greater.

All Saints' S. S. excursion to Port Dover took place on Hagersville's civic holiday, Aug. 8th. The

weather proved favorable, and as the special train engaged did not leave Port Dover for the return journey until 10 p. m. the day was long enough for the most ardent lovers of the lake. In truth it was too long for young children. Next year an earlier hour should be agreed upon.

Vestry meetings were held during August for the purpose of making arrangements for the partition of the parish and the release of the present incumbent from the charge of the Hagersville congregation. At the meeting of All Saints' vestry the church wardens stated that the sum of \$600 per annum could be offered to a clergyman assuming charge of the northern half of the present parish, and making Hagersville his place of permanent residence. The Jarvis vestry agreed to endeavor to increase the stipend of the present incumbent by \$120, thus making his income from the congregation \$520. This sum the incumbent agreed to accept, since, although it was below the standard fixed by the Synod, his allowance of \$400 from the Commutation Fund would enable him to be content. Mr. Spencer expressed the hope that the change would be effected at the end of September. He also pointed out the great advantages that each congregation would enjoy in having two services every Sunday, besides more frequent pastoral visits. The Sunday Schools of the parish would also receive much more attention than at present.

BAPTISMS.

In St. Paul's Church, on Aug. 25th, there was witnessed the interesting ceremony of the baptism of six adults, five of whom were members of one family. Their names are Elizabeth, Edward, Nettie Florence, Lizzie Mabel and Ena Eaid, and Lily Priestland. The first named is the mother of the following four.

In the same church on August 30th the following five children of Thomas and Ada Harris were baptized: Lela Beatrice, Vera Pauline, William Jasper, Gladys Miller and George Elliott.

"O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend."

BURIALS.

Four committals to the ground in christian cemeteries make a remarkably sad record for one month in a parish that has had for a long period only a dozen burials per year. Seven men within five months have gone to their "long home," while neither woman nor maiden has during the same time been summoned to eternity. August's record is as follows: William N. Boyd, aged 38; Frederick Louis D'Orr LePan, aged 24; Thomas Eaid, aged 55, and William Thompson, aged 64. All but the last named were interred in St. Paul's church cemetery, the fourth being buried in the Hagersville graveyard. The true sympathy and sorrow of many persons were shown on each occasion, and the surviving relatives and friends may take comfort from this circumstance, as well as find consolation in the teachings of our holy faith.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

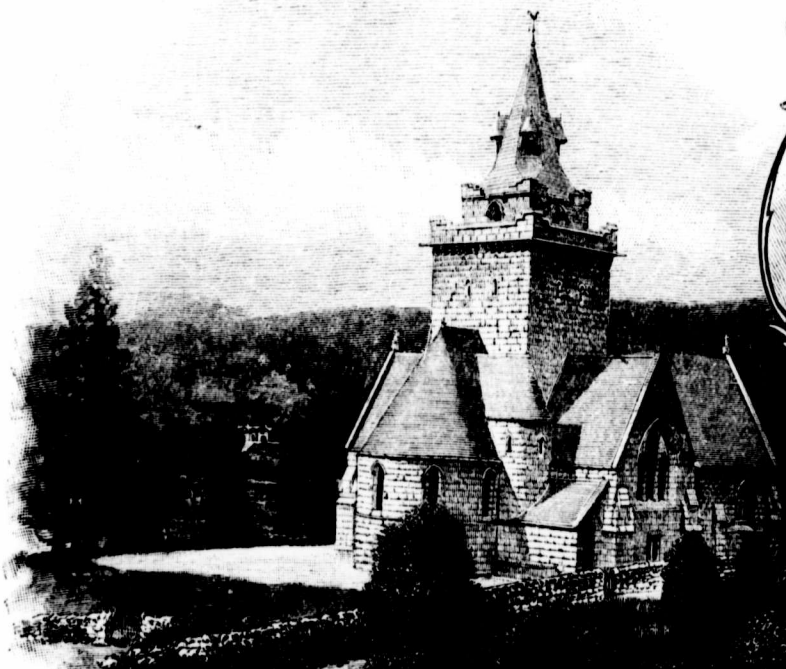
While it is hard to suffer such a loss as those bereaved are enduring, their lot is but the lot of

THE CHAMBERLAIN

MONTHLY CHAT. 30 & 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

NUMBER 101

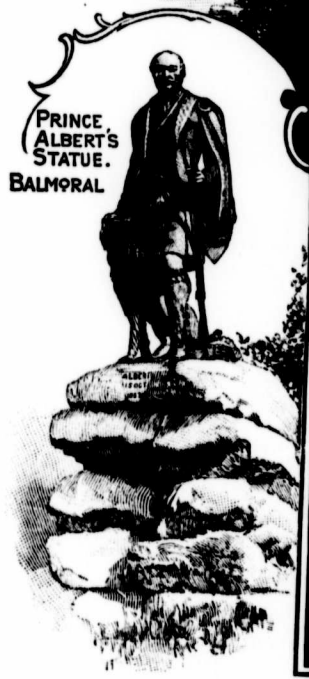
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CRATHIE CHURCH



QUEEN'S
JUBILEE
STATUE.
BALMORAL.



PRINCE
ALBERT'S
STATUE.
BALMORAL



ROYAL ENTRANCE HALL

BALMORAL: THE ROYAL HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs by R. WALNE, Aboyne, N.E.

"PROVE THYSELF A FRIEND—THIS MAGAZINE COMMEND."

WE borrow this happy phrase from the pages of the St. Barnabas, Rotherhithe, localized edition of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, which a few months ago underwent a change in its editorial arrangements. The new editor is evidently of a bright, sunshiny, enthusiastic temperament, for his opening words make a direct appeal for the hearty co-operation of his readers. We quote a sentence or two:—

"The Magazine emanates this month from the hands of its new Editor and Treasurer, with both arms outstretched for assistance. Do you show it to friends and neighbours? Do you *try* to persuade even *one* to become a yearly subscriber? It is not so difficult to do so as it appears at the first blush. If one quarter of the time spent in talking, backbiting, gibing at would-be workers, and taking umbrage at fancied wrongs were only devoted to this end, a glorious future would be assured. Faraday, the eminent scientist, was not too proud to dust the apparatus and try the stoppers of his bottles before a lecture, lest something should mar its success."

For our own part, we acknowledge with deep gratitude the very great help which the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY have given to our work since the first number was launched just fifteen years ago. We have certainly proved their friendship; still, in the words of the Rotherhithe penman, we come to our readers once more "with both arms outstretched for assistance." Like him, we ask that this month's number may be shown to friends and neighbours; and we would also put to every reader the very personal question, "Do you *try* to persuade even *one* to become a yearly subscriber to the edition of THE CHURCH MONTHLY localized in your parish?" And we will add a quite new question of our own, "Will *you* not try to do something to help forward the success of this Magazine in your own parish?" Those who are responsible for the work will, we are sure, be glad to welcome any help you can give; if you buy an extra copy, you will be able to hand it to a neighbour, and perhaps thus secure a new reader. "Prove thyself a friend—this Magazine commend!" If THE CHURCH MONTHLY is not localized in your parish, write a line to

Yours Gratefully,
FREDK. SHERLOCK.

30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

BALMORAL'S BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. A. J. POYNDER, M.A., *Vicar of St. Michael's, Burlington Street, W.C.*



IT is not easy, without coining new words, to picture on paper the lonely loveliness of Deeside, or by mere words and wood-cuts to convey to the mind of the reader who has never been north of the Tweed the exquisite scenery which shuts in the Highland home of our late sovereign, "Victoria the Beloved." The King, in his touching message to his sorrowing subjects, referred in never-to-be-forgotten words to his Royal father, and spoke of "Albert the Good" as one whose name should always stand alone, for the great and manifold blessings that he had wrought for this country. And surely the late Prince Consort did not show his wisdom least when he persuaded his Royal wife to purchase the forest, moors, and grounds which surround Balmoral Castle.

We believe that none of the Court physicians would deny the statement that Her late Majesty's life was certainly prolonged and her powers of usefulness greatly enhanced by her regular seasons of retirement here, and by the recuperative power of the air of Deeside. It was possible here, and only here, for the late Queen to drive for miles without meeting a human

being. There are private carriage-roads running among pinewoods with their health-giving perfume, and

on through graceful copses of silver birches, by boiling torrent streams; or in and out among the lonely moorlands, with their carpet of heather spread out for many miles and filled with grouse; or by the side of Loch Muick, an enormous lake high up among the mountains, silent, and black, and deep, like a huge mirror reflecting the rugged hills, gaunt and steep, which form the deer-forests of Balmoral. After the constant recognition of her loyal subjects, who always loved to meet their aged monarch and enjoy her gracious bow and radiant smile, these un-

absolutely punctual. In a few moments Her Majesty, leaning on the arm of one of her Indian attendants, crossed from her saloon to her carriage on a carpeted gangway, specially made to save stepping up and down, which became such a trouble to her at last. Immediately Princess Henry of Battenberg joined her, and the Royal bagpipes were wailing a Highland welcome.

With graceful bows to her soldiers and to the bareheaded crowd that had formed for more than two hundred yards along the unguarded carriage-way,



QUEEN VICTORIA STARTING FOR A DRIVE.

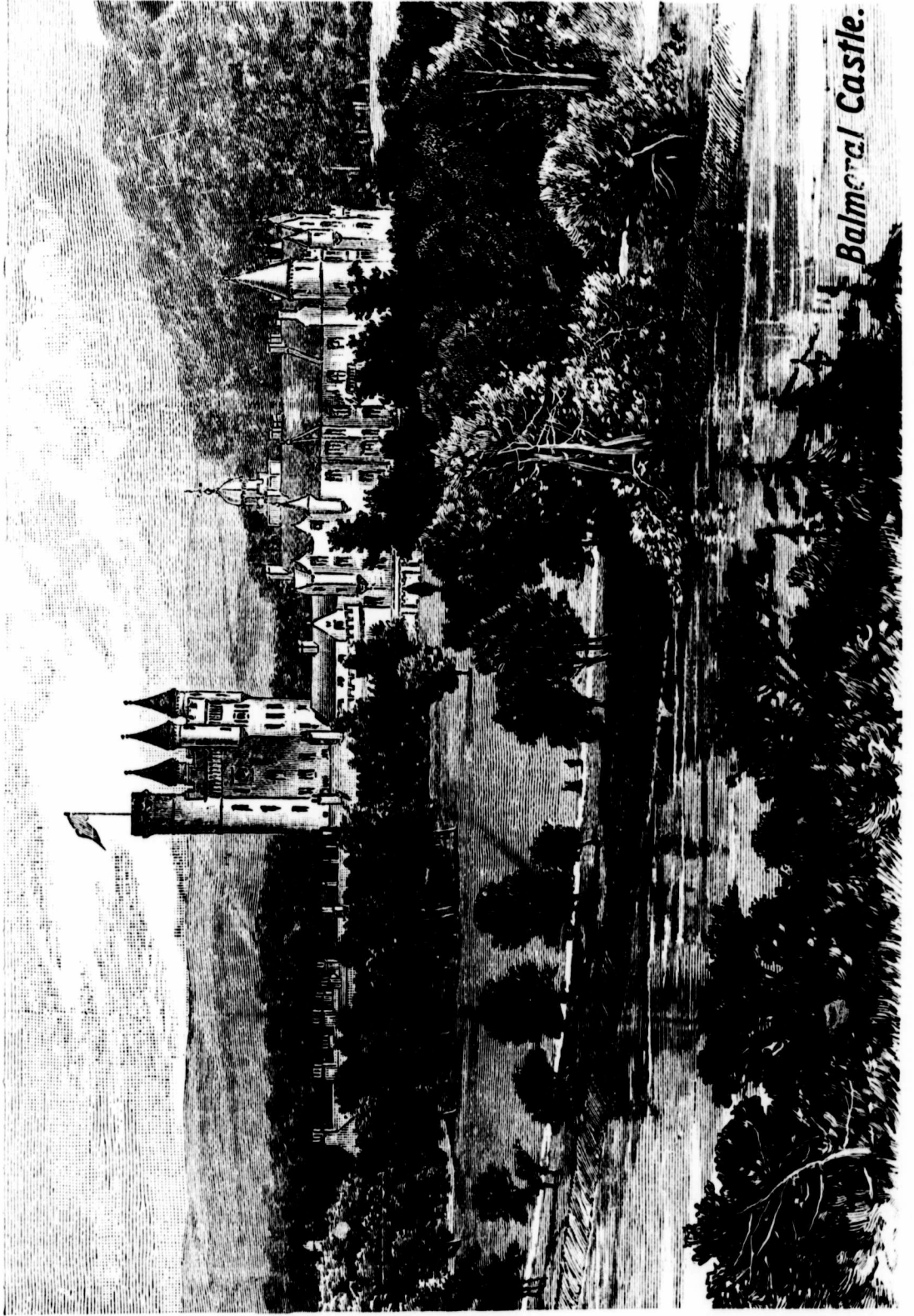
Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by R. MILNE, Aboyne, N.B.

interrupted expeditions in this Highland paradise were no small rest and boon to one whose life was a continuous service.

It was a pretty sight to see the late Queen arrive in her special Royal train at Ballater, where the railway ends. The last time she visited her beloved Highland home the guard of honour, served from one of the Highland regiments, was drawn up outside the little wayside terminus, with the Queen's colour and a Royal piper. A few personal friends and Scottish neighbours were allowed on the platform, and a large crowd from the country-side came in by train and carriage to greet their sovereign on her arrival. The special train was

the aged Empress-Queen, who ruled by love and piety, passed, pale and tired with her long, unbroken journey from Osborne, but not too tired to show her proud appreciation of the unbounded admiration and respect of her Scottish subjects. How little that crowd dreamed that this was the last time that they would ever receive into their midst their aged sovereign lady!

Within twenty-four hours of her arrival at Balmoral the late Queen herself took a present that she bought before leaving Osborne to one of her most humble tenants, who keeps a small shop near by the entrance gateway, in her little pony-chair. Our illustration shows Her Majesty starting for one of her morning



Balmoral Castle.

expeditions. And when the poor body showed the present with pride to an English lady next day, she added, "But look, the whole of my room is full of presents that Her Majesty has brought me regularly for many years with her own dear hands."

The road to Balmoral runs near by the River Dee, which forces its way through rocks and woods with many windings and noisy rapids adown the glen seawards. What a poem might be penned about this wild and picturesque stream, where salmon and trout abound!

It is eight miles to Balmoral; and a simple gateway opens on the short drive through trees to the Castle. The gardens contain chiefly hardy herbaceous flora: as one of the gardeners said, "Just the things that you would not find in any of the grand gardens at Frogmore or Windsor!"

There are in the grounds near the entrance, standing on granite pediments, two interesting statues, which we reproduce. One is the Prince Consort, standing, with a collie dog at his side, erected October 15th, 1867, by the late Queen; and near by it stands a very majestic statue of Queen Victoria, crowned, and holding the emblems of state, erected in 1887 by the tenants and servants of the properties of Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall to mark the Jubilee of her reign.

The drive soon brings the visitor past the clock tower to the portico of the Castle, which is built in the regular style of Scotch seats in white stone, with slate roof and many turrets.

The first things that strike an Englishman as he enters within are the carpets and curtains, which are everywhere woven in the Balmoral tartan—a pretty compliment to the neighbourhood. Everything is thoroughly comfortable, but there is an absence of that regal splendour and those masses of rare and costly art treasures that immediately catch the eye on entering Windsor Castle. We give a picture of the entrance hall, where Her Majesty received all her Royal guests. The statue is that of Malcolm Canmore. The glass cases on either side of the statue contain the colours carried through the Crimean War by the Seaforth Highlanders. The boar's head was shot by the Prince Consort. The fireplace is a good specimen of wrought iron work.

We give a picture of the little Scotch church at Crathie, in which the late Queen always worshipped. It has lately been rebuilt, and is now much less plain both outside and inside than most Highland churches. It contains many costly modern stained-glass windows, some of which the Queen gave. The Royal pew is large, but very simple. The fine organ, being quite an innovation for Scotland, is put away in a corner of the western gallery.

In no part of Her vast Empire will our late Sovereign, "Victoria the Beloved," be more missed than at Balmoral.

Better Than Rubies.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY,

Author of "Our Daughters—Their Lives Here and Hereafter,"
"Just in Time," "Daisy Snowflake's Secret," etc., etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by S. T. DADD.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNRESISTED TEMPTATION.



LETITIA DENBY, in her new position as nursery governess at Harp Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Holland, heard from time to time from Beatrice Peebles, who had taken over the charge of her late pupils. Beatrice was very happy with the children, and found their mother more than kind. She could only wonder that Letitia

had ever found the heart to leave such a comfortable home.

"Perhaps," said Letitia, in writing to her old school friend, "some girls do not appreciate all the care bestowed upon them. I, for one, enjoy the freedom of going my own way, without having to give an account every day of things which only concern myself."

Alas! how often this spirit leads to trouble.

It was Sunday morning—a showery day. Letitia had permission to go to church, although her young charges had colds, and their mother thought it better for them to stay in.

She had said considerably, in speaking about the plans to Miss Denby: "But I should be sorry to keep you from church. I know what a poor Sunday it makes when we have to give up our services. I am afraid I cannot possibly spare you this evening, so please go this morning."

"If I can be of any use, I do not mind staying at home," Letitia had said, trying to speak cheerfully.

She knew how much she had looked forward to getting out, so it was praiseworthy of her to try and suggest anything which might mean disappointment. However, Mrs. Holland had no intention of allowing her governess to lose what she considered was due to her—as much her right as her privilege—so Letitia was quickly on her way out of the house.

She was glad, being by herself, to go to a church of which she had heard much, its musical service forming a special attraction. As a rule she took her young charges to the parish church; to-day she thought it would be more than delightful to be free to consider herself not actually a nursery governess,

but a lady visitor, attending whichever church she preferred to go to. She would be a stranger at St. Mary's, and could enjoy to the fullest extent watching the people who were there. With her little charges by her side, she was for example's sake under many restrictions, which to-day would be removed.

I am afraid Letitia Denby had but small idea of the reverence due to the House of God under all circumstances and conditions. Nor had she a true conception of the responsibilities of influence, or she would have remembered the claims of her neighbour in the seat behind, as well as the children by her side over whom she had special charge.

The sun was shining brightly as she hastened on her way to St. Mary's. The walk had brought a colour into her usually somewhat pallid cheeks, and the crisp October air—which not even the moisture attendant upon frequent showers had set aside—put her into excellent spirits.

She was just turning out of the main road into the side street in which St. Mary's stood when she came face to face with an old friend of her brother's, Arthur Williams by name. He was walking with a man some years older than himself, whom he introduced as Lawrence Andover.

"It's quite pleasant to see you," Arthur said, after shaking hands and introducing his friend. "I heard you had come to these parts. You have charge of half a dozen kiddies, haven't you?"

"No, only two," said Letitia, laughing, "and quite enough: they are little pickles and need all my available powers of management."

"Which wouldn't be *too* extensive, would they?" said Arthur Williams. "I remember the squabbles you and your small step-brother used to have in the park last summer twelve months. Do you remember my picking up the little chap and carrying him home on my shoulders that day?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Williams," said Letitia, blushing, "I felt more indebted to you than I could say. I believe if you hadn't come to the rescue I should still be there at open warfare with Frankie, for neither of us would ever give in, you know."

"Well, come for a walk this lovely morning; it's done raining, and we can talk over old times. It will amuse my friend Lawrence (who I may tell you is just home from the Cape and looking out for a house to settle down in—that brings us this way to-day). I know the neighbourhood has a good reputation. Let's see—pride, poverty, and pretty women,—I believe those three virtues (or otherwise) shine out in these parts?"

Letitia laughed outright; then coloured up as

some people whom she knew slightly passed her at that moment on their way to church.

"Oh, I must go," she said, and her voice was a little subdued; "or I shall be late. Are you not coming to church?"

"Not I," replied Arthur Williams quickly. "You don't think I spend the best part of my week in an office perforce and then *willingly*—by my own choice—go into a stuffy atmosphere on the only day of the week when I *can* get a little fresh air? No, not for Joe!"

Letitia felt uncomfortable. Arthur's manner was so flippant, that for the moment she did not feel proud of him as an acquaintance.

"I think you might treat conscience for once," said Arthur's friend, at this moment turning to Letitia, "and come for a walk with us. There is no real wrong in doing so; indeed, it is only polite to show us a little attention, as we are strangers in a neighbourhood with which you are pretty familiar!"

"If you think the influence of not going to church might be harmful to your young charges," said Arthur Williams, "what need to say anything about



"HE WAS WALKING WITH A FRIEND."

it at home? We can time to be back here just as the congregation will be coming out, and what easier than for you to mix up with it? Carry your prayer-book well to the front, and you will have done your duty as far as example can go."

Letitia hesitated. The invitation sounded very empty. While the sun was shining so brightly, the thought of nearly two hours in a "stuffy church" was not inviting. Still, conscience spoke loudly within her. "It is what would have pained your mother. It is not the right thing to do. If you deliberately act a lie, how can you expect to have a peaceful mind?"

"I think I mustn't—" she said, with just enough hesitation in her voice to show she had not made a final decision.

"Nonsense!" "Stuff and rubbish!" exclaimed both young men in the same breath, and they moved on a step or two away from the church.

Then Letitia felt desperate. Are there not moments for us all when a fierce struggle goes on within us; now we side with desire, then with the effort to overcome temptation. For a brief second the conflict rages, then the decision is made. It is pretty sure to be on the side of wrong if we have willingly listened to arguments in favour of temptation.

Eve's fall had three distinct steps. She looked at the forbidden apple, and longed for it; she listened to the tempter's argument, and took it into her hand. Then—and not until then—she tasted it.

Letitia had looked and longed for the forbidden fruit of an hour or two idly spent with these two young men. Had she been prompt to leave them, with a courteous "No thank you; impossible," when they first proposed a secret walk, she never could have yielded to persuasion.

"Well, this once can't hurt," she said, in tones which were meant to be light. "I shall leave you two to settle up with Mr. Holland, if it's ever found out."

Poor Letitia! She was not a bit happy, in spite of yielding principle to pleasure-seeking. The morning dragged wearily, although there was no lack of apparent mirthfulness.

"I hope my new home may be somewhere in this neighbourhood," said Lawrence Andover, when at length farewells were exchanged, just within sight of the dispersing congregation of St. Mary's. And as he spoke he gave the hand he held a gentle pressure.

Letitia raised her eyes to the face turned towards her, and if her look said anything, it might be interpreted—"I wish so too."

Arthur Williams laughed as, the young girl having hurried off, they leisurely pursued their way—for the moment in the same direction.

"She's not a bad sort," he said. "To tell the truth, I had rather a fancy for her once—until my fate came along, and I became engaged. I shall not



"SHE'S NOT A BAD SORT," HE SAID."

tell her about our little Sunday morning walk; she might object—she is a pious little creature. I like a woman to be pious; we men feel more confidence, don't we, when we know a woman's religious?"

"For myself I prefer a jolly girl, who is not straight-laced," said Lawrence; and he nodded in the direction of Letitia's retreating form.

At dinner, Mrs. Holland expressed the hope that Miss Denby had enjoyed the service, asking if she knew who had preached.

Letitia coloured, hesitated, and turned very red. Then in sheer desperation to account for her foolish manner, she said in lowered tones:

"I did not feel very well, and came out just before the sermon. I sat in the porch, but could not hear much."

And thus a lie was added to the sin of deception. Alas!

"What a tangled web we weave
When once we practise to deceive."

From that day Letitia ventured to assert her preference for St. Mary's Church, and when it was

possible for her little charges to accompany their mother to St. Jude's, she was left free to attend the service she so much liked. No one seeing her animated face at the dinner-table, and hearing her bright remarks about the chants and hymns, could feel other than glad she had experienced so much positive enjoyment. More often than not she would proclaim the preacher, and give his text. But, alas! to be in a position to do all this meant on Letitia's part much plotting and planning.

What really happened was this. Chancing, the Sunday after her encounter with her brother's friend, to meet the gentleman who was with him on the occasion, it was an easy matter to promise him to leave before the sermon, after the text had been given out.

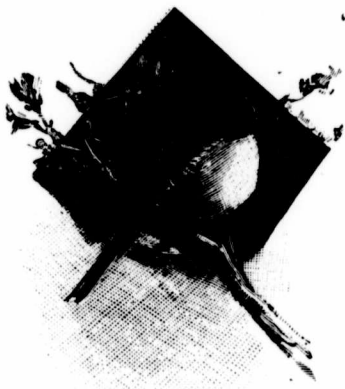
"I so much want your help in my search for a home," Lawrence Andover had said. "You know the names of the roads—I do not. It would be extremely kind of you to come."

"It cannot matter missing the sermon," had been Letitia's reply, "as long as I know the text it will be enough. If I stayed all the time I should probably hear nothing, for I am usually sleepy during the preaching!"

And thus it happened that the young girl not once, nor twice, but each Sunday when going to St. Mary's found some one waiting for her (not always on the same spot; Lawrence Andover had no wish to get Miss Denby "talked about"), and under some strange infatuation forgot to "keep holy the Sabbath Day," forgot that what is dishonouring to God cannot bring blessing to humanity, forgot that to deceive and prevaricate means to be serving a master whom Christ Himself denounced as "the Father of Lies."

CHAPTER VI.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.



"YOU will do what I ask, Letitia, and not speak of our engagement to any one?"

The speaker's voice was low-pitched and musical. The young girl by his side quickened her pace. They had been walking slowly, far too slowly for a cold

December evening; but it was near the time when St. Mary's door would open from within to let

the congregation, which had assembled there some hour and a half ago, pass out and disperse.

"I would much prefer to tell my people and Mrs. Holland," said Letitia with spirit. "I feel such a hypocrite acting as I am doing! Lawrence, do not force me to silence; see what it means. Here am I, supposed to be in church, but actually spending the time walking about with you, and when I get home frequently having to prevaricate to account for my movements. Oh, I *do* hate it so! Why, why may I not explain?"

"All in good time, little woman," answered Lawrence Andover. "You see, three months ago we were strangers to each other; our people will think we have been very quick in getting engaged. We had better let another month or two pass by first. Come, now, promise me to say nothing. You see, I am going away this Christmas, and I want to be quite sure of you—"

"Of course I will do as you wish," said Letitia. "But, oh! must you go away? Will you be far off? You will write to me?"

There was almost a wail in her voice. She had been far from happy lately; like it has been found over and over again, Letitia had proved for herself "the way of transgressors is hard." She was distinctly doing wrong in finding opportunities in which to be in the society of Lawrence Andover while supposed to be attending the service at church. Still, his presence fascinated her, and to think of him likely to be going far away meant, so the foolish girl argued, untold misery.

"Of course I'll write," said Lawrence Andover. "Did I not send you three letters last week? They must think you have a very devoted brother—eh?"

"Oh! I am not afraid of any one prying into my affairs," said Letitia quickly. "Mrs. Holland has every confidence in me; she would never question my movements—that is why I have wanted to tell her of our engagement."

"Still, you cannot do so *yet*," was Lawrence Andover's firm reply, "when the right time comes to speak, she will respect you all the more for your power to keep a secret, which a silly schoolgirl would have been obliged to divulge long ago."

"And I may write to you?" said Letitia, and her voice had a ring of pain in it. She spoke, too, with nervous haste. The verger had just thrown open the west door of St. Mary's Church, and the strains of the evening hymn came out into that cold December night.

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

Letitia's teeth were chattering, as a cold shiver passed over her.

"Silly child, what is the matter?" said Lawrence, not untenderly.

"Oh! it is nothing," she replied; "only that hymn reminds me of my poor mother, and—and—"

The sentence remained unfinished. It was necessary to make the most of the present moment in arranging plans for the immediate future.

"See your letters are posted to me so that I get them by the *first* post," said Lawrence hurriedly, adding with a nervous laugh, "I would not like to trust my landlady with the care of one of your sweet missives all day long. Curiosity might tempt her to open it."

Then whispered good-byes were exchanged. Lawrence held Letitia's hand for a moment in a strong clasp, then turned and walked rapidly away in the direction from which they had come.

And Letitia? With tear-filled eyes and glowing cheeks she found her way into the porch of the church, at the door of which they had just parted, to take her place amongst the congregation now streaming out.

The girl's proud nature was gratified in knowing that the man to whom she was engaged to be married was socially as well as in every other way her superior. He had told her of his riches, and she had pictured herself the mistress of a well-appointed home. Of late, before her father had removed his home to Australia (scarcely attempting to include Letitia in his plans, as she and her step-mother never got on well together), she had known what poverty and stint had meant. The thought of luxury came all too pleasantly in consequence of this. Lawrence Andover had travelled; he was well read—indeed, Letitia believed him to be of all people the one with whom any girl might look forward to spend a lifetime with feelings of delight.

Alas! like so many untrained to think seriously of marriage, she gave more weight to social standing and outside attractions than to moral worth and Christian character; or why did she trust so implicitly the man who had led her to dishonour

the Sabbath day, and who made light of her need to practise deception in order to carry out his wishes concerning their engagement?

"Oh! what will every one say when the secret is out," Letitia was thinking to herself, as she stood in the porch—presumably waiting for a friend—"will they not say I am the luckiest of lucky girls?"

Just at that moment a lady and her daughter, passing out with the stream, paused a moment to adjust their fur wraps.

"What a wonderfully good sermon!" said the lady; "a fine text for this season of the year, 'The secrets of all hearts shall be opened.'"

"I suppose the Rector wanted us to make a good start for the New Year," rejoined the daughter. They were so close to Letitia that although speaking in subdued voices she heard every word—"a guilty conscience—"

The finish of the sentence was lost as the two moved on. The words made Letitia feel very uncomfortable; for had she not a guilty conscience? The silent monitor within began to do its work. What

disturbing thoughts flitted through her wearied brain! On her way home, although nothing would make her willing to think of herself as otherwise than the betrothed wife of Lawrence Andover, she could not help regretting that their friendship had started in the way it had done. It would always be a pain to remember that first

Sunday morning walk. She had never lost the sense of wrong-doing—her absence from church having been accounted for by a direct lie. Still, in spite of these feelings Letitia was at times supremely happy, and each day brought its own excitement in looking out for Lawrence's letters.

Christmas, too, brought its own special interests and occupations. Mrs. Holland was busy with treats for the poor, a Christmas-tree for the children of the infirmary, a bran-tub for certain poor old ladies of some neighbouring alms-houses—each "treat" associated with various other festivities which meant toil to those who planned and carried out. Letitia did her



"THE VERGER HAD JUST THROWN OPEN THE WEST DOOR."

part cheerfully and as one interested, although her mind was much pre-occupied with the "secret" which was known only to Lawrence Andover and herself—namely, that of the marriage so soon to take place—at latest in early summer.

Letitia's Christmas holiday was dependent upon an aunt and uncle who were coming to London for a few months. She was to hold herself in readiness to join them about the New Year for as long a time as still remained of her holiday.

"You seem very busy with those pretty cuffs," said a visitor one day, watching Letitia's knitting pins as they skilfully worked up some wool as pretty in colouring as fine in texture. "Are you working for a bazaar!"

"Ye—s," said Letitia, hesitating and flushing rosy red. Then she added hurriedly, "I want to have half a dozen pairs made by the spring."

Alas! alas! even as the words were uttered a pang smote Letitia's heart—and when she had to answer a series of questions as to "time" and "place" in reference to the holding of the bazaar, she felt ready to sink into the ground with shame on account of the untruths spoken. Then she tried—but in vain—to comfort herself by repeating lightly the adage:

"All's fair in love and war."

But it is not thus the voice of conscience is to be silenced. The Book of Books tells us man is not to be deceived. "God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"; teaching which concerns words as much as deeds.

It was New Year's Eve. Letitia was seeking to complete the cuffs in time to post that night to Lawrence Andover. A closely written letter lay awaiting them in an addressed envelope. Nothing would be easier than to put this in the letter-box on the way to the "Midnight Service," which commenced in St. Jude's Church (whither Letitia was going with Mrs. Holland) at 10.30.

Alas! for all the efforts and the well-arranged plans, a dropped stitch about 9.30 threw back the finishing of the task—only by a few minutes, but those few minutes could not be found (lacking reason and excuse which would have ex-

plained matters to Mrs. Holland). Letitia went to church leaving the unfinished cuff at home: also the closely written letter, which was to convey New Year's wishes. There was no help for it. It was best to bear the disappointment with a good grace.

Letitia devoted the last few minutes before retiring to rest in the early moments of the New Year to completing the cuffs. Then she cried herself to sleep.

In the morning a letter awaited her on the breakfast table. Her uncle and aunt had reached London, and taken up their residence in Guilford Street, Bloomsbury. They begged her to go up at once, more especially as they had made an engagement for her on the afternoon of New Year's Day.

Letitia was all excitement, chiefly because it chanced that Guilford Street, Bloomsbury, was the address to which the letter containing New Year's wishes and present was waiting to be posted. Then a thought struck her: could there be any harm in delivering the letter herself as she passed the door? Lawrence's number was an odd one, and so was the



"THE WOMAN OPENED THE DOOR AND BOWED 'GOOD-MORNING.'"

one named in her aunt's letter, hence both houses would be the same side of the street, and if she started where the numbering began she must pass Lawrence's rooms before reaching the house where her uncle and aunt were staying.

The great desire to get her letter to Lawrence on New Year's Day, and the hope that if she left immediately she might manage to slip it into the letter-box, and so constitute it a late delivery of the post, and not really be disobeying the orders given her, led Letitia to hurry her movements considerably. By ten o'clock she was well on her way to London, and it wanted some few minutes to eleven when her cab turned into Guilford Street, the driver having instructions to call at a given number as he passed.

It would be so easy to see him put the letter into the box, and to drive on unnoticed. So Letitia had thought until the cab actually stopped, when she felt she must run up the steps herself and see the letter safely deposited.

"Thank you; I shall not be a moment," she said as the driver opened the cab door with a swing and posed his arm for his "fare" to lean upon when alighting; and nervous and trembling she made her way up the steps with head slightly bent.

When she reached the top one she was more than startled to find the street door partly open, and a "telegraph boy" standing just inside. She was looking for the letterbox, all eagerness to hurry unnoticed down the steps, when an elderly woman, dismissing the boy, called to her.

"What is it, Miss? Step inside, please."

"Oh! it is nothing; only a letter which should have caught last night's post, but the cuffs were not finished in time," said Letitia, with glowing cheeks and heaving chest, quite certain before her words were really spoken that she had made a blunder. Perhaps the woman before her was the "inquisitive landlady." Anyway, what need to give her confidence to a stranger?

"And who may the letter be for, Miss?" said the woman, not, however, attempting to take it from her hand.

"Mr. Lawrence Andover," said Letitia, reddening. "He lives here, I think?"

"Yes, Miss; but he is out just now. Would you like to see his wife?" asked the woman.

"Oh! no, no—thank you," replied Letitia nervously. "It is not *that* Mr. Andover—not, I mean, one who is married. The gentleman this letter is for is—a—a bachelor. He is engaged to be married—that is all."

"Then you have come to the wrong house," said the woman hurriedly. "There's only one Mr. Lawrence Andover lives here—a tall gentleman, with a dark moustache and a scar over his right eyebrow which he got when he was a child by falling on some spiked railings."

"Oh! don't, don't!" gasped Letitia, putting her hands up before her face.

Alas! the description was only too life-like, bringing before her the face of the one to whom the letter her hand held was addressed. But she rallied suddenly, and said:

"There's some horrible blunder somewhere. I cannot understand——"

By this time the woman's manner had changed. At first she was polite, then as one informing a stranger, now she was dealing with an intruder.

"Yes, it certainly seems as if there *was* a mistake somewhere, but it's not *here*, I know that well enough. Come now, Miss, I think you and your letter had best be off. The Mistress is none too strong and I wouldn't have her upset for the world! Perhaps, though, you could tell her where the Master chances to go on Sundays? She don't like his being away so much; and it makes her fret. But there, of course you know nothing about his movements! How should you? Pardon my boldness, Miss, and don't stop, for I think I hear the Mistress coming downstairs. Is yonder your cab?" and as she spoke the woman opened the front door which she had closed when Letitia had first come in—and bowed "good-morning" as if to end the short interview there and then. Letitia by this time was weeping—weeping bitterly. In a moment she realized the terrible calamity which had befallen her. Some one who was not free to win her affections had dared to make love to her.

By one cruel blow the beautiful castle in the air which had been building for the last three months fell with broken fragments at her feet. But Letitia was a high-spirited girl. As the consciousness of the cruel wrong done her fully dawned upon her mind, she brushed her tears away, and gathering herself together with dignity said:

"Good-morning. Please tell Mr. Lawrence Andover that Miss Letitia Denby called," and turning round she walked slowly down the steps. She became sick and giddy ere she reached the bottom one, stumbled, and would have fallen but for a kindly hand stretched out to save her.

The next moment she was clinging in pathetic silence to the arm of her old school friend, Gladys Peebles.

(To be continued.)

THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—Bishop Daniel Wilson mentions in his account of interviews with Bellingham, the infamous assassin, that nothing he could say appeared to make an impression until he spoke of his mother, and then the prisoner burst into a flood of tears.

GOLD IN THE HEART.—Andrew Fuller, when visiting the Bank of England, took up some gold and said to a friend, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart!"

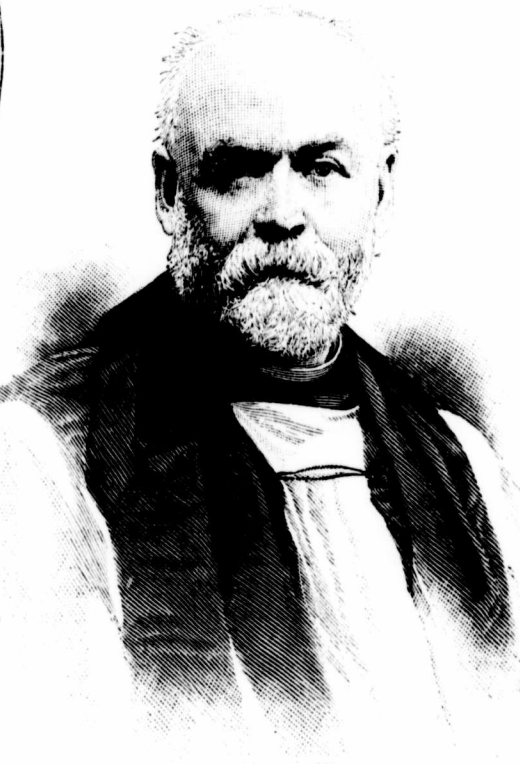


ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

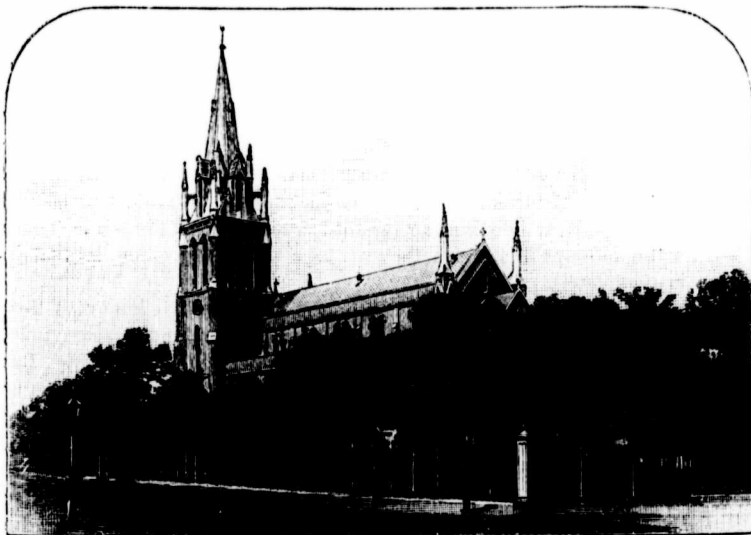
I.—THE BISHOP OF BARKING.

THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS STEVENS, M.A., F.S.A., Lord Bishop of Barking, was a scholar and exhibitor of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1863. In the same year he became an Assistant Master at Charterhouse School. In 1865 he was ordained to the curacy of St. Mary, Charterhouse, and in 1866 he took a similar appointment at Woodford, Northants. Two years later he returned to London to become Curate and subsequently Vicar, of St. Mark's, Victoria Docks. In 1872 he resigned the charge and took up the curacy



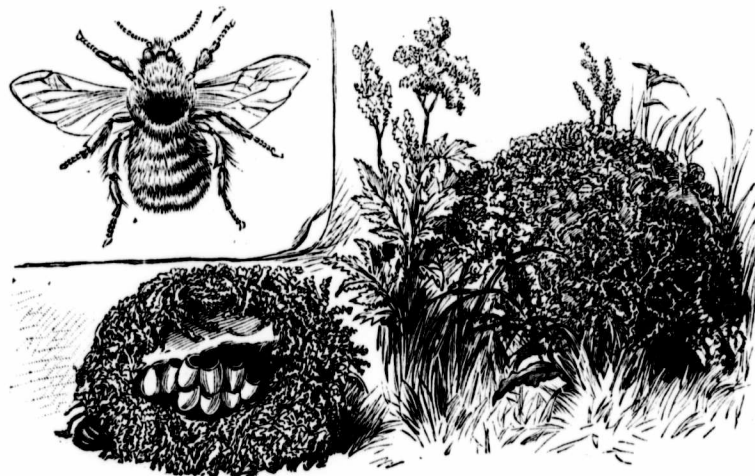
THE BISHOP OF BARKING.

From a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by MR. W. G. STONE, 178, The Grove, Stratford, E.



ST. JOHN'S, STRATFORD

Hospital Chapel of St. Mary and St. Thomas of Canterbury at Ilford. He was appointed an Honorary Canon of St. Albans in 1891 and Archdeacon of Essex in 1894. He was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Barking in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on February 17th last. Bishop Stevens thus continues to work in the diocese of St. Albans, in which he has laboured with so much zeal and success for so many years.



CARDER BEE AND NEST.

CURIOUS BEES.

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

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

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

ALMOST every one knows something of the ways and doings of that extraordinary insect, the hive bee. But few people are aware that its wild relations are very nearly as wonderful, and in some respects even more curious.

There is the Carder Bee, for instance—a very hairy insect, with a golden yellow body. You may see the future Queen flying along a mossy bank on any warm day in spring, only an inch or two from the ground. Watch her, and you will find that she is looking for lodgings. As often as she notices a little hollow in the bank she will settle in it, and explore it thoroughly. Ten times, twenty times, perhaps, it does not suit her fastidious taste, and she flies off with a dissatisfied buzz to look for another. At last she discovers a site which fulfils her requirements. Then she repairs to the nearest patch of moss, tears off fragment after fragment, and works them up with her jaws and her fore feet into a kind of close felt. Day after day she labours steadily on, and as fast as the material is prepared she builds it up in the form of a dome-like roof, which at last completely covers in the hollow that she has chosen.

This, however, is only a temporary home, in which to bring up her first little brood of young; and when these have attained their perfect state they help her to enlarge it. The way in which they obtain the building material is exceedingly curious. Only a few of the bees actually prepare the moss, "carding" it very much as we card wool. The others range themselves in Indian file behind them, so that four or five long lines of bees extend from the moss to the hollow in which the nest is situated. Then as fast as one of the bees in front prepares a little pellet of moss it passes it under its body to the bee behind it, who passes it on again in like manner to the next bee, and so on until it has reached the nest. There other bees still are waiting, and as fast as the moss-pellets arrive they arrange them in position, so that in a very short time the permanent dome is completed.

Still, however, it has to be made weather-tight. So all the larger workers eat as much honey as they can possibly swallow, and then remain quiet and still for twenty-four hours. By the end of that time, each bee has secreted eight little plates of wax in eight odd little pockets underneath its body. But these plates are so brittle that the wax is quite unfit for use. Each bee, however, pulls out plate after plate from its pockets, and nibbles it up into fragments. Then it masticates these fragments, moistening them with its tongue as it does so. And the result is that before very long it has a small pile of nice, soft, pliable wax; and with this the whole inner surface of the dome is plastered over.

The roof is waterproof now. Not even the tiniest drop of rain can find its way through. And after making a tunnel-like entrance in just the same way, a foot long, perhaps, and half an inch in diameter, the bees set to work to build their combs, and bring up another generation of young.

But it *does* seem strange that they never seem to know how big the cells ought to be! They always make them much too small, and the result is that by the time that a little grub is half-grown it entirely fills its nursery! Still, however, it must feed, and of course it cannot eat without growing. So the walls of the cell split open, and have to be filled in with wax. Day after day this happens, till the growth of the grubs is completed. Then each grub spins a silken cocoon, shaped like a little barrel. And when the time comes for the perfect insects to appear, the bees drag out the empty cocoons, clean them thoroughly, line them with wax, and use them as vessels for containing honey!

Equally curious, too, although in different ways, are some of the Solitary Bees.

As we walk along a hard-trodden pathway in spring, we may often notice a round hole in the ground, with a quantity of fine mould heaped up beside it. If we wait and watch for a little while, we shall find that a small, hairy, round-bodied bee very soon comes crawling out. The hole is the entrance to its burrow; and down at the bottom of the burrow, twelve or fourteen inches from the surface, are four or five little cells, each containing an egg and a supply of food for the future grub. Four or five caterpillars, perhaps, are packed away in every cell, or three or four beetles, or as many large spiders. It does not seem very wonderful, perhaps: but remember the small size of the bee. If a man were to perform a similar piece of work, only in proportion to his greater size, he would first have to sink a well one hundred and fifty

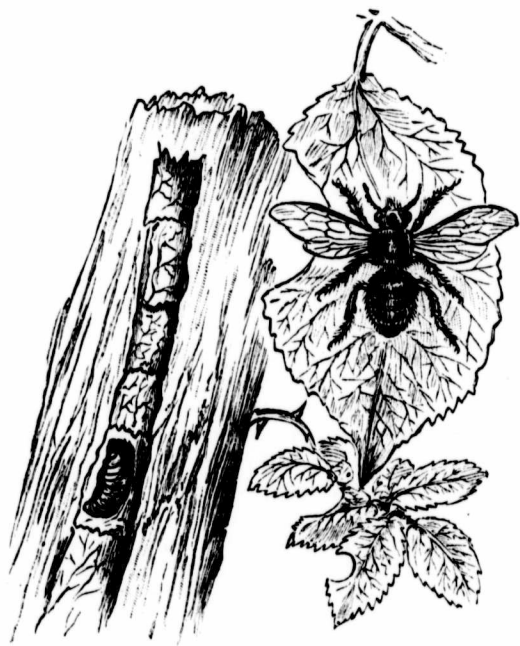
feet deep, by means only of those tools with which Nature has provided him. Then he would have to excavate four or five large cellars at the bottom. And finally he would have to scour the country for many miles round in search of cattle, kill some twenty or thirty with his own hands, and then drag them to the well by his own unassisted strength, carry them down one by one, and pack them away in the cellars until every cellar was full!

So the task performed by the bee is much more wonderful than at first sight it might appear.

Very curious, too, is the Leaf-cutter Bee, which snips out semi-circular pieces from the edges of rose-leaves, and uses them in constructing its cells. In the trunk of a decaying willow-tree you may often find its burrows, and each burrow will contain eight or ten of these singular cells, each shaped just like a little thimble, and the end of each fitting neatly into the hollow base of the one before it.

Then the Hoop-shaver Bee makes its nest, very frequently, in key-holes, and lines them with warm, soft down shaved off from the stems of campion. You may see it, sometimes, mowing off the wool from the plants, and working it up into little pellets for convenience of carriage. And as these pellets, if used alone, would not remain in position, the insect first plasters the interior of the key-hole with soft clay, to which they adhere.

And lastly—to pass by many others, quite as curious—there is a little bee which always makes its nests in empty snail-shells, completely filling them with cells, and placing in each cell an egg, with a plentiful supply of food for the use of the future grub.



LEAF-CUTTER BEE.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(*Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*)

XVIII.—Suet Crust.

TAKE one pound of flour and six ounces of beef suet. Chop the suet quite fine, and mix it well with the flour. Work the whole into a smooth paste by adding half a pint of water.

XIX.—Suffolk Dumplings.

Take one pound of flour and half a pint of water. Mix the flour and water to a paste, and add a sprinkling of salt. Then make the paste into small dumplings; put them into boiling water, and boil for an hour.

XX.—Drying Herbs.

Herbs for winter use should be gathered on a dry day. Free them from dirt, cut off the roots, and tie up in small bunches. Dry them quickly in a hot oven, put them in paper bags, and keep in a dry place.



A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540-1876).

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

VII.—PURCELL.

WHAN we, whether old or young (if we have had the satisfaction of visiting that most interesting part of London), forget our first impressions on the sight of the city of Westminster? —the noble edifices that meet the eye in every direction; the great river, with its countless vessels, spanned by many fine bridges; the lofty towers of the Houses of Parliament; and above all the beautiful Abbey Church, standing calm and dignified amidst the ceaseless traffic of the great metropolis.

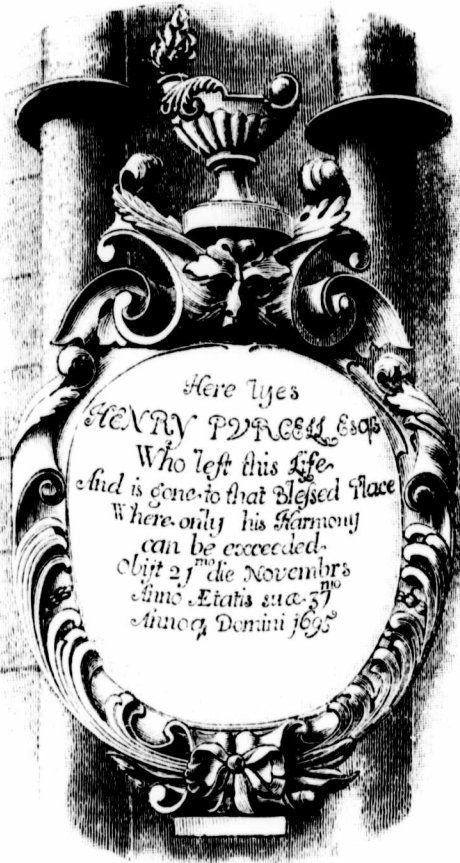
Once again, as we find ourselves in this favourite spot, and standing, as in a dream, transfixed by the charm of its attractions, and deaf to the noise that surrounds us, sweet sounds seem to come from the venerable building, and we hear the words, "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand."

These words, with their familiar musical setting, generally called "the Bell Anthem," which always inspires us with humble cheerfulness whenever we hear or sing it, was written, as many are aware, by Henry Purcell, associated in life and death with the Abbey Church of Westminster. This, our greatest of English musicians, was born in 1658 or 1659, his father, Henry, and uncle, Thomas Purcell, both being Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. Purcell's father died in 1664, and he and his widowed mother, as Sir Frederick Bridge tells us, probably lived in a house in Tuttle, now called Tuthill, Street, Westminster. He was entered at the early age of six at the Chapel Royal, and studied first under Captain Cooke and afterwards with Pelham Humfrey, Dr. Blow also giving him lessons in harmony later on. From the talent and experience of these gifted musicians Purcell must have benefited much.

It would perhaps be tedious to enumerate the many operas and other secular works composed by this wonderful man; but let it be understood that Purcell was only seventeen when he wrote his *Dido and Aeneas*, much thought of in his time, and of the other operas *King Arthur* is the best known. But it is on his Church music that his great reputation rests, much of which is well known to every frequenter of our cathedrals. It is, however, certain that many of his services and anthems were written when he was a mere boy at the Chapel. He was only eighteen years of age when appointed organist of Westminster Abbey, a position then, as now, of great dignity; and at twenty-four he was also received as organist at the Chapel Royal.

Purcell was not only a fine contrapuntist, but he exhibited marvellous talent in fugue writing; also it is acknowledged that he had great power in expressing the meaning and sentiment of the words in setting them to music. His style of writing was so new, and the beauty of his melodies so touched the hearts of the people of his day, we are told, that they came in crowds to listen to his anthems and services; not only so, but for thirty years after his death, no other music was listened to with like attention. One of his works, still often performed, and which cannot fail to impress us, is his anthem, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," taken from the Burial Service. No one can hear it without feeling its pathetic beauty, for besides the power of its composition, the music is so entirely in sympathy with the solemnity of the words. Hawkins, in his "History," gives the following account of the origin of Purcell's anthems:—

"King Charles II. gave orders for the building of a yacht . . . and made a party to sail in it down the river and round the Kentish coast; and to keep up the mirth and good humour of the company, Mr. Gostling (a public singer of great repute) was requested to be of the party. They had gone as far as



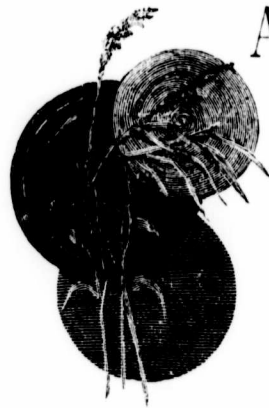
That Purcell's name is still greatly revered is proved by the fact of the bi-centenary of his death being commemorated in 1895 with some enthusiasm, for not only were many of his works performed all over England in different cathedrals at the time, but a special service was held in his memory in Westminster Abbey. Also, principally through the energy of Sir Frederick Bridge, a small exhibition was opened at the British Museum, when many interesting manuscripts and some portraits of the master were displayed to the public. Purcell's *King Arthur* was also chosen as one of the secular pieces to be performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1897, and was much appreciated by a most attentive audience, though described by some critics as "old-world music."

The amount of writing Purcell accomplished in a short life was something stupendous. He was lost to his country in 1695, and his valuable life was thus cut off when he had only reached the age of thirty-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and we give an illustration of his monument.

"THE MADDEST PROPOSAL."

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

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



ACCORDING to the financial statement in the Official Year Book of the Church of England for 1901, the voluntary contributions of Church-people during the year 1899 amounted to the sum of £6,193,552, exclusive of £603,241 raised for elementary education. And this large amount included only sums raised by offertories at the services of the Church, and by such parochial organ-

izations as came distinctly under the notice of the clergy.

And yet, in the face of these comparatively large sums, the cry on all hands is "More money is wanted"—money for the augmentation of greatly decreased incomes of the beneficed clergy, for the employment of additional curates in poor and populous districts, for the building, rebuilding, enlargement, and restoration of churches, the support and extension of the work of home and foreign missions, the maintenance of the Church's various institutions and organizations, and the carrying on of the work which they severally have in view.

the North Foreland when a violent storm arose, in which the King and Duke of York were necessitated, in order to preserve the vessel, to hand the sails and work like common seamen. By good providence, however, they escaped to land. Struck with a just sense of deliverance, the King, upon his return to London, selected from the Psalms those passages which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose an anthem, which he did, adapting it so peculiarly to the compass of Mr. Gostling's voice, which was a deep bass, that hardly any person but himself was then or has been able since to sing it; but the King did not live to hear it." This anthem was taken from Psalm cvii. 23, 24: "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep." This anthem, though well known, was never printed.

Perhaps the most celebrated work of Purcell is the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, composed for St. Cecilia's Day (so we are informed) in 1694, the first service heard in England with orchestral accompaniments. It was performed regularly in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Feast of the Sons of the Clergy from 1698 to 1713.

The fact is that for more than fifty years past the wants of the Church have far outgrown the adequacy of ancient endowments to provide for the stipends of the clergy. Considering all these pressing needs of the Church and the limited extent to which they are met by current voluntary contributions, it is almost incredible that in these days men of any common sense should be found to prescribe to the Church as a remedy for her lack of funds the throwing away of her ancient and modern endowments, the result, as we have previously shown, of past voluntary contributions.

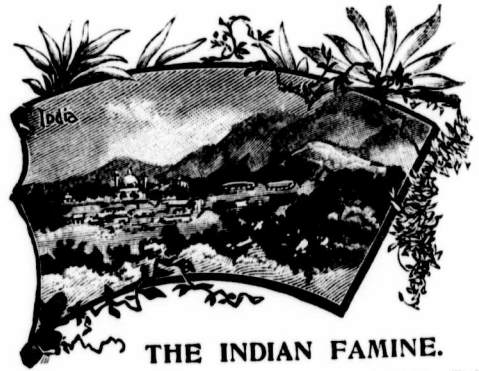
Well might the Archbishop of Canterbury say, in contemplating this reckless suggestion, as he recently did say at a meeting of the Society for Church Instruction and Church Defence: "In these days, when there were so many calls for money for all kinds of religious purposes, the demand to secularize religious endowments was *the maddest proposal which could be held out by reasonable men to reasonable men.*"

But it is not the Church only, which, with all her endowments and large voluntary contributions, is in want of money and funds to meet the expenses of her ever-growing work and urgent claims. Judged by their own confessions, nearly all the religious bodies outside the Church's communion are in much the same condition. Their ordinary voluntary contributions, which are not always spontaneous, fall very far short of meeting their actual needs. Yet they do not propose to abandon their numerous and in many cases large endowments, in order to stimulate and increase the liberality of their members.

The Wesleyans have lately been trying hard, and we believe with some success, to raise one million pounds, the Congregationalists half a million, and the Baptists a quarter of a million, the subscriptions in each case to extend over a given period. The officials of each denomination who have undertaken the organizing of the efforts to raise these large amounts must already have found it no easy work to induce people to contribute, and they must have discovered that the *purely voluntary* principle, even in the midst of professed voluntaryism, is not always in a sensitive and active condition, and that—with many great and noble exceptions—its tendency is to fall into such a state of torpor that it requires the application of a variety of powerful means to quicken its circulation and raise it to activity.

Recklessly to abandon the Church's endowments with the view of helping her spiritual condition and stimulating the liberality of her members would indeed be the *maddest* proceeding.

THE GREATEST DEED.—"Whoever serves the cause of Faith and Christianity is doing the greatest of all deeds to be done, in comparison with which nothing whatever signifies in this world."—W. E. GLADSTONE.



THE INDIAN FAMINE.

BY THE MOST REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

THE great famine in India is over. There is scarcity indeed, and there will be for some time yet, in parts of the country, e.g. in Guzerat, for India with its many millions of inhabitants, amounting perhaps to one-fifth part of the population of the globe, can seldom be wholly free from the visitations of Providence; but the stress of the last year is mitigated now.

The famine has cost a grievous toll of human lives. If it be true that no famine which Indian history recalls has been so successfully encountered as this, and yet that this has involved the sacrifice, directly or indirectly, of some 500,000 human lives in British India and the native states, it becomes possible to realize how terrible is the burden of administration in India.

It has exhausted the strength of the European officials who have been called upon to cope with it. When I was in Rajputana last autumn in the final days of the famine relief there, I thought the few Englishmen who were there looked worse than the natives. The native population needs food, but it needs little else. But the Commissioner, or the Sub-Commissioner, who is appointed to organize relief, and to see that it is administered month after month under the scorching Eastern sun over a district as large as an English county, finds his strength failing, and his brain getting dull, and his temper growing irritable; and yet with splendid patience he sticks to his post and does his duty. It is in India, perhaps, amidst the trials and emergencies which occur there, that the British race exhibits some of its noblest qualities. The famine officer is often a silent, unknown hero.

It is possible that the problem of famine relief in India is not fully understood at home. When famine breaks out, it is necessary to collect the starving people of a district into a famine camp.

If they are scattered over many miles of country, and all the more in desolate and distant jungles, no organization in the world can save them from death. They must come to the food; it cannot be brought to them. And it is characteristic of their immobility that in many parts they are exceedingly reluctant to enter the camps in the beginning of the famine, and in the end they are almost equally reluctant to quit them. Life possesses but few charms for nine-tenths of the people of India; and when some of them find that they can get food without working for it in the famine camps, they try to postpone the evil hour of resuming work as long as possible. It is the object of Government, then, so to organize relief that it may be accepted by the people as a remedy against starvation, but may not be preferred to honest manual toil.

The formation of a camp is itself an anxious matter, for the congregation of a multitude of natives in one spot is only too likely to cause an outbreak of disease, and especially of that most fatal of Indian diseases, cholera. Then the people die like flies, and every death is a further source of infection; and the survivors, panic-stricken, disappear within two or three hours in all directions, far beyond the reach of charitable aid.

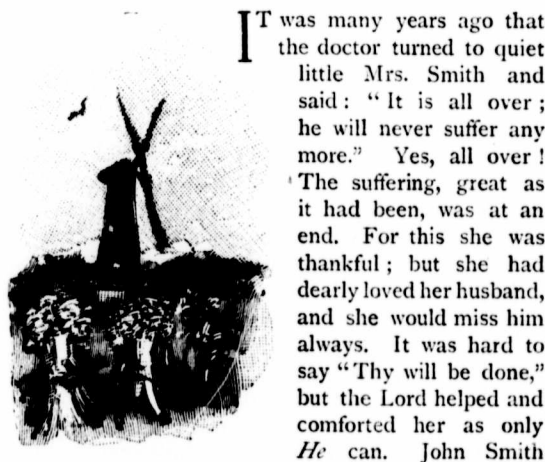
A famine camp is itself a striking spectacle. I think of one that I saw at Chanda, in the Central Provinces. The people get but one meal a day; it is all they need. At noon they are arranged in narrow lines squatting on the ground, with some regard to caste, beneath some rudely extemporized thatching which shields them from the sun. They are all scantily clad; the children wear only a band round their loins. They sit with their wonderful Eastern patience, needing no discipline, hardly speaking even to each other, but remaining quietly until one of the attendants fills their plate with rice and *dhal*, and gives them their drink of water. Now and again some one will rise to replenish his or her cup with water; but for the most part they are absorbed in the meal—the one event of their day. When it is ended they pass out, and no one thinks of them again for twenty-four hours.

The Indian people fear death less than any invasion of their homes or disturbance of their customary practices. They do not fight death as Western people would fight it; they take it as inevitable; it is fate in their eyes, or the act of God, and the signal of His greatness, and they yield to it passively and submissively. It may be

hoped that, as the battle for life is less strenuous, the pain in dying is less bitter; but their resignation in the face of overwhelming power is infinitely touching.

In the recent famine there is no class of Europeans who have rendered nobler service than the missionaries. Their lives and their deaths have been not unworthy of their sacred calling. One of the remarkable features of the famine has been that for the first time, perhaps, in the history of India the native chiefs have accepted responsibility for saving their subjects from death. For that universal sympathy which is hardly found apart from Christianity, the feeling of man for man because he is a man, the unconscious imitation of Christ's spirit, is spreading over India. It portends the birth of a wider and deeper charity, it foreshadows the mitigation of religious and racial animosities, it points to the moral unification of India; and perhaps a minister of Christ cannot be wrong in hoping that the day of that unity may be the day when India, from the Himalayan mountains to Cape Comorin, shall embrace the religion of Him Who, seeing the people around Him hungry, said to His disciples, as He says to all who still bear His Name, "Give ye them to eat."

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**"THE FATHER OF THE FATHERLESS."**



It was many years ago that the doctor turned to quiet little Mrs. Smith and said: "It is all over; he will never suffer any more." Yes, all over! The suffering, great as it had been, was at an end. For this she was thankful; but she had dearly loved her husband, and she would miss him always. It was hard to say "Thy will be done," but the Lord helped and comforted her as only

He can. John Smith had been a true and humble follower of the Saviour; now he was at rest, and they laid his body in the churchyard "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." And then—then she had to think of the future. God had given them eight dear children, the eldest now fourteen years old, and the babe but a few months. How should she provide for all this family? The breadwinner was gone.

John was a carpenter and such a good workman

that he was never without something to do, and so they had been able to live comfortably, though very carefully. There was enough money in the Post Office Savings Bank to pay for the funeral and get them a little "black" and keep them for a week or two, but that was all. The eldest boy was apprenticed to his father's trade, and so he could not help her much for a long, long time. The next five went to the National Schools, and little Florrie, next to the baby, was soon to go too. The mother was thankful that there were no fees to pay, and made up her mind to let the children have all the teaching she could. John would have wished that, she knew. Yes; the teaching was all right, but what about the food and the firing, the clothes and the rent? What should she do? Their relations lived far away; the two brothers who had come to the funeral had to return at once, and, having families of their own, could do little or nothing to help them. But the Lord is the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow, and His help and guidance she sought most earnestly. The neighbours were kind, and the Clergyman, who had comforted her husband in his illness, came to comfort her. Kindly and patiently the Rector talked over matters with her, and she was most thankful for his advice.

The first thing she decided to do was to move into a smaller cottage, and fortunately just such a one as she wanted was to let. A good many tears were shed by the children on leaving the house where most of them were born; but children's tears are quickly dried, and they were soon happy in their new home. But the father was not forgotten. "Oh, mother! if father were but here!" was often said.

Mrs. Smith determined that, if possible, Tom should work out his apprenticeship, for he had set his heart on being a carpenter and his father had been pleased that he should follow his own trade. The next boy, a strong lad of twelve, got a situation as errand-boy (out of school hours) at a stationer's shop in the town; and Mary, the eldest girl, was allowed to go to the Rectory on Saturdays and in the evenings to help the servants. They were both very proud to earn something for "mother."

Some of the neighbours suggested that the mother should go out by the day to cook or to clean—they were sure she would get plenty to do. But that she would not hear of. What would become of the two little ones in the meantime? and how would the others get their meals, and their clothes made and mended, and the house be kept clean? No; mother's place was at home, she felt, and the Rector's wife agreed with her, and kindly got her sewing from a large shop near, and a little washing too.

She had to work very hard, and their food was very simple; but their health was good, and they were thankful for what they had. There were many "poorer than we," she often told the children, and

they would answer, "Yes, mother, and we've all got each other."

The little garden was a source of great pleasure and of profit, too, for Tom was fond of a garden as well as of carpentering, and he worked at it famously in his spare hours, the little ones helping (and sometimes hindering) all they could. He often took care of the children for a bit before they went to bed, "to give mother a little ease"; and the poor woman felt that she could never be thankful enough for her children.

The days sped on, month followed month. The baby could run about anywhere now; and Willie, the errand-boy, was about leaving school. What was he to do? It is often a difficult question to answer, "What is our boy to do?" This was made a matter of special prayer, and the answer came. A lad who was in the shop where Willie worked left suddenly, and the master, having noticed the errand-boy's carefulness and quickness, offered him the place in the shop, and to teach him the business. This would mean more money each week now, and a prospect for the future. How thankful the widow was! She had feared that the boy would have been obliged to seek work away from home, and great was the sorrow at the thought of leaving home, and the Church and Sunday-school he loved so well. But what could be better than this offer? They would still be all together.

But soon a great trouble came to them. The mother's health broke down, and for weeks she could do nothing for her children and hardly anything for herself. But help came. A sister, who was for some years in America, returned to England, and, hearing of her illness, went straight to nurse her through it all, supplying, as far as it was possible, the place of mother to the children. And kind friends helped too, and so they were "not forsaken."

Returning health brought brighter days, and Mary's school-time was finished, and she was taken into the Rectory altogether as schoolroom maid.

The years rolled on, and the boys and girls grew tall and strong. They had had hard work sometimes to "make two ends meet," but with great care and a little timely help they managed to do so.

At last Tom's apprenticeship was over, and he quickly got regular work. How proud he was when he brought home his money at the end of the week and threw it into his mother's lap! "Now, mother, poor little mother, you shall never work so hard again"; and he has kept his word. He is a good workman, and his earnings have brought to the humble home many of the comforts of former days.

But each week Tom goes off to the Post Office and puts by a certain sum in the Savings Bank; and sometimes in the dark evenings and on Saturday afternoons he may be seen making sundry articles of furniture, which are some day to find their way into a certain little cottage which he is hoping to get hold of. And

somebody else often looks at the cottage, too, and thinks how bright and clean she will keep it when she and Tom have it for their home. The mother is content and thankful about this future home, for she thinks that a good son deserves a good wife, and this she feels sure he will have in Alice. But he will not leave his mother until the others are able to do for her as much as he does.

Over the kitchen fireplace hangs a large illuminated text, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits," Psalm ciii. 2.

E. D.

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM H. DRAPER, M.A.,

Rector of Adel; Author of "Hymns in Time of War," etc.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

**F**ROM God our daily bread we seek,  
And by His words we live;  
We want whatever He will speak,  
And need what He will give.

Through all the world His Voice is heard:  
O give Him thanks for every word.

The Heavens declare His glory bright,  
The firmament His Hand;  
His Presence fills the day and night,  
And shines in every land.

Through all the world His Voice is heard:  
O give Him thanks for every word.

Man is not fashioned all of dust—  
God breathed in him his soul,  
And bade him search with patient trust  
The Spirit-written scroll.

Through all the world His Voice is heard:  
O give Him thanks for every word.

For gracious tones of love that sound  
Through Psalmist, Prophet, Sage,  
For kind yet awful warnings found  
On many a sacred page.

Through all the world their voice is heard:  
O give Him thanks for every word.

And most for Him to Whom they lead,  
Of Whom they testify;  
On Whom what soul soe'er shall feed  
Hath immortality.

Through all the world Christ's Voice is heard:  
O give Him thanks for every word.—Amen.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

49. **S**t. Paul mentions something which God "promised before the world began." What was it? 50. Who was told by Jeremiah not to "seek great things for himself"? 51. Who was it that refused a King's gifts? 52. Quote two or three texts which show that Joshua was an early riser. 53. What four places were chiefly associated with Our Saviour's life on earth? 54. Which is the first mention we have in the Scriptures of a musical instrument?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.,

XXV.—RIDDLE.

**H**ELP to build your houses,  
I help to raise your crops;  
I'm sold at dusty lime-kilns,  
Also in chemists' shops;  
Some order me in cartloads  
When they've big jobs in hand;  
And often as a pleasant juice  
I'm found throughout the land.

XXVI.—CHARADE.

My *first* is what the tailor does  
To clothes out of repair;  
My *second* is a letter which  
In talking should be rare;  
My *third* we all should banish  
From our actions and our speech;  
My *whole* just means a beggar,  
I should put it within reach.

XXVII.—A TREE ENIGMA.

Of what tree are we reminded when we wander by the sea?  
Of what tree are we reminded when there's only you and me?  
Of what tree are we reminded when an almanack we view?  
Of what tree are we reminded when your hand shakes "How d'ye do"?

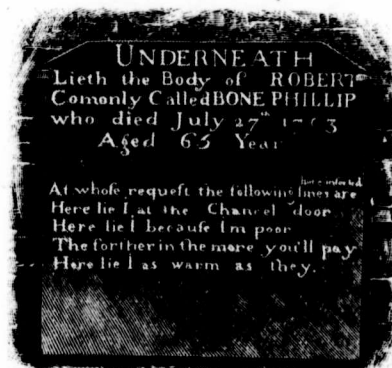
GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

**P**ANSIES may now be divided and planted out. Petunias, fuchsias, and geraniums should be selected for bedding out next year. Cuttings taken from rose trees now will strike freely, if inserted in a shady border in the open ground. Prepare the cuttings in length from three to four inches, and insert them in rows, making the soil firm around them. Plant out lettuce for the latest autumn use on rich soil and in a sheltered position. Late turnips should be thinned, so as to allow of the full development of the plants. Gather apples and pears as fast as they become ripe. If gathered too soon they are apt to shrivel; but if allowed to become too ripe they deteriorate in flavour. The fruit when gathered should be placed as far as possible singly on shelves, where it will have plenty of air. The garden generally should be carefully gone over, weeds and falling leaves being promptly removed, and all decaying plants diligently dealt with.

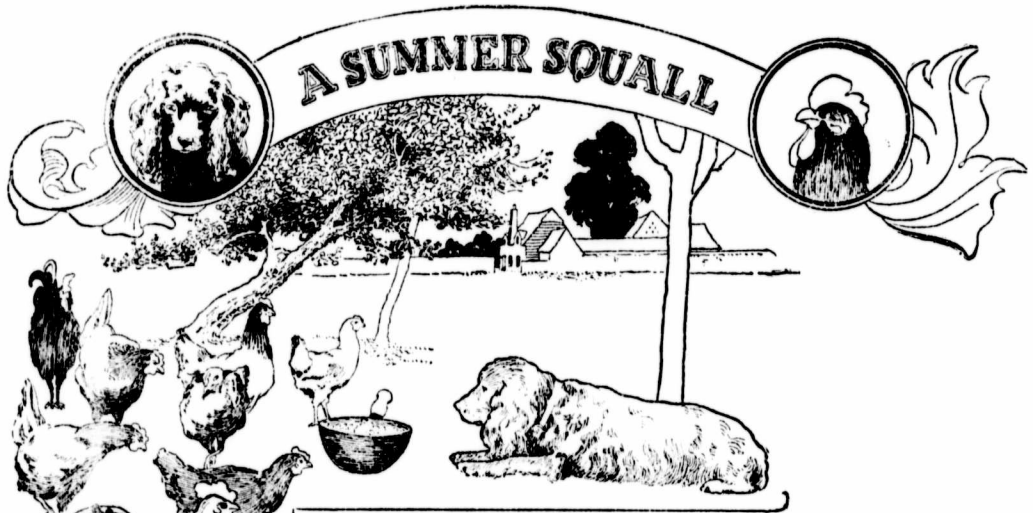
A CURIOUS EPITAPH.



**T**HE tablet of slate upon which this quaint epitaph is carved is to be seen at Kingsbridge Church in South Devon. It is about two feet square,

and is fixed (as is suggested by the lines) to the wall outside the church, slightly to the right of a small door on the south side which leads into the chancel.

The photograph has been taken for us by Mr. Alfred E. Huitt.



Daisy in the orchard lies,  
 Where the chicken's food she spies;  
 Sees their bowl of barley meal  
 Watches it with greedy eyes;  
 Envy's the forbidden treat—  
 Grudging food she cannot eat



Hens and chickens stand askance,  
 Fearing Daisy's wrathful glance—:  
 Till one chick of mettle proof  
 Toward the bowl makes brave advance,  
 Leads his tim'rous comrades there,  
 Of the food to take a share.



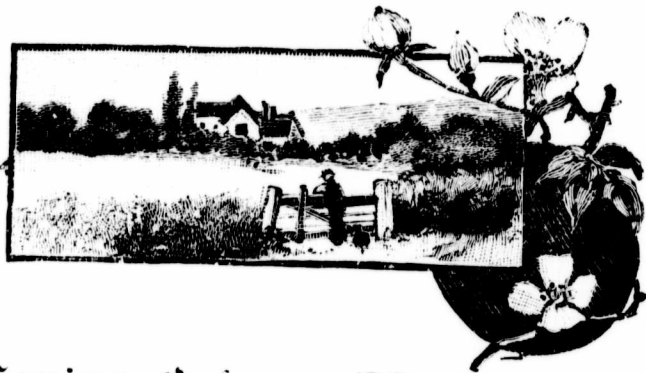


Daisy springs with sudden bound,  
Scatters wild confusion round,  
Chickens flutter far and wide-:  
Food lies strewn upon the ground-:  
Sure in summer orchard green,  
Such a squall is seldom seen.

Now the moral of my tale  
Children may be understood-:  
Never cast a greedy eye !



Never envy others' good !  
When at home, and when at school,  
"Live and let live" be your rule !



# "O Loving God, we Meet once more."

(FOR THE DEDICATION OF AN ORGAN)

Words and Music by N. A. DONAVIA HUNT.

1. O lov - ing God, we meet once more To sing Thy praise and glo - ry here;  
 2. Ac - cept and bless this gift of Thine That now we ded - i - cate to Thee:

O help us now Thee to a - dore More per - feet - ly. A - men.  
 So may we hymn our songs di - vine More sweet - ly still.

3. The Organ pealeth solemnly,  
 And music echoeth all around;  
 Our souls are raised to ecstasy,  
 Brought nearer Thee.

4. O grant that we may sing on high  
 With Cherubim and Seraphim,  
 And laud the Blessed Trinity  
 Eternally. Amen.

Key D.

|         |    |                |                 |                |                 |                |                 |   |   |   |     |   |    |    |     |                |
|---------|----|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|---|---|---|-----|---|----|----|-----|----------------|
| 1. O    | :s | s              | :m              | d              | :r              | m              | :f              | s |   | l | :d' | t | :l | t  | :l  | s              |
|         | :d | t <sub>1</sub> | :t <sub>1</sub> | d              | :s <sub>1</sub> | s <sub>1</sub> | :t <sub>1</sub> | d | d | r | :d  | r | :m | r  | :d  | t <sub>1</sub> |
| 2. Ac - | :m | r              | :f              | m              | :s              | s              | :s              | s | f | f | :s  | s | :s | fe | :fe | s              |
|         | :d | s <sub>1</sub> | :s <sub>1</sub> | l <sub>1</sub> | :t <sub>1</sub> | d              | :r              | m | f | r | :m  | r | :d | r  | :r  | s              |

|    |     |    |     |   |     |                |    |    |                |   |                |                |                |     |     |                |                |                |     |     |
|----|-----|----|-----|---|-----|----------------|----|----|----------------|---|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----|-----|----------------|----------------|----------------|-----|-----|
| O  | :s  | f  | :m  | l | :t  | d'             | :l | s  |                | d | m              | :--            | r              | :-- | d   | :--            | d              | :--            |     |     |
|    | :de | de | :de | r | :r  | d              | :r | r  | d              | d | :--            | t <sub>1</sub> | :--            | d   | :-- | l <sub>1</sub> | :--            | s <sub>1</sub> | :-- |     |
| So | :l  | l  | :l  | l | :se | l              | s  | :f | f              | m | s              | :--            | f              | :-- | n   | :--            | f              | :--            | m   | :-- |
|    | :d  | l  | :s  | f | :m  | l <sub>1</sub> | :r | d  | t <sub>1</sub> | d | s <sub>1</sub> | :--            | s <sub>1</sub> | :-- | d   | :--            | f <sub>1</sub> | :--            | d   | :-- |

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—September 1, 13th Sunday after Trinity, Giles, Abbot and Confessor; 7, Eusebius, Bishop; 8, 14th Sunday after Trinity, Nativity of S. V. Mary; 14, Holy Cross Day; 15, 15th Sunday after Trinity; 17, Lambert, Bishop and Martyr; 18, Ember Day; 20, Ember Day; 21, St. Matthew, Apostle and Martyr, Ember Day; 22, 16th Sunday after Trinity; 26, St. Cyprian, Archbishop; 29, 17th Sunday after Trinity, St. Michael and All Angels; 30, St. Jerome.

## Jesus said: "With God all things are possible."

ST. MATT. xix. 26.

**Jarvis and Hagersville (Continued).**

the wisest and best. God, moreover, can compensate them by giving them additional grace and more inward peace. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

Offerings to the extent of \$2.00 at All Saints' and \$3.00 at St. Paul's have been given for the relief of the sufferers by famine in China. The money has been forwarded to Miss Macklem, Rosedale, Toronto

**Nanticoke.**

The work of repairing the parsonage has just been completed. It has been painted and papered throughout and should now be one of the most comfortable parsonages in the Deanery. The overhauling was all done by Mr. Walter Evans of Nanticoke.

Mrs. R. J. Winyard of Seikirk has been so kind as to trim the pulpits and other parts of the chancel of the church at Cheapside with a heavy gold fringe. It is needless to mention what an improvement it makes in the appearance of the church.

**BAPTISM.**

On Sunday, Aug. 25th, Minnie Elizabeth, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson.

**BAPTISMAL SERVICE.**

On Saturday, Aug. 31st, at 3 o'clock a special baptismal service was held, when a number of infants and adults were received into the congregation of Christ's flock. The names of those admitted to the rite were as follows:

Dorcas Wabel, daughter of John and Elizabeth Hamilton, Varenay.

Harry Caines, son of Geo. and Clara Martin, Cheapside.

Jennie Mahou, infant daughter of David and Francis Ward, Nanticoke.

Bertha Almeda, daughter of Enos and Matilda Blanchard, Brantford.

Harvey Maunsell, infant son of William and Mary Jackson, Nanticoke.

**MARRIAGES.**

On Sunday evening, Aug. 25th, in Christ Church, Nanticoke, Sarah Van Valsenburg of Woodhouse to James Smith, also of Woodhouse.

**PRESENTATION.**

Miss Nellie Jackson, the organist of Christ Church, leaves in a few days for Toronto, where she is about to take a course in the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Jackson will be greatly missed, and the congregation as a slight token of their affection, gathered at her home on Friday evening, Aug. 30th, and presented her with a purse. Mr. A. B. How read the address on behalf of the congregation. A very pleasant evening was spent.

**CONFIRMATION.**

His Lordship, the Bishop of Niagara, will visit this parish on Sept. 4th, for the purpose of holding a confirmation service. There will be a class of about twenty to receive confirmation at the hands of the Bishop.

**Port Maitland and South Cayuga.**

On Sunday, Aug. 18th, at the request of the Rural Dean, the incumbent officiated at St. John's church, York, in the morning, and the new St. Mark's church, Seneca Township, in the evening. Mr. Shadbolt of the Huron Diocese Lay Workers' Association, kindly took the morning service at St. John's, and the Rev. Mr. Motherwell of Dunnville the 3 o'clock service at Christ's church.

Acting upon the incumbent's request and suggestion the Christ Church W. A. undertook to pay for the chair purchased by him in Hamilton some weeks since for the use of the organist, by a sale of ice cream some summer afternoon. The sale took place on Wednesday, Aug. 28th, at Mr. Frank Docker's, and the proceeds amounted to over \$10. As the chair and express thereon came to \$3.35, the W. A. will have about \$7 in hand as a result of their kindness. They deserve it.

**BAPTISMS.**

Aug. 25th, at St. John's church, Dorothy, adopted child of James and Mary Lyons, born March 27th, 1894. Florence, adopted child of Watson and Mary Logan, born April 27th, 1898. August 28th, at Port Maitland, Grace, infant child of Robert and Mary Miskin.

**NOTICES.**

Sunday, Sept. 8th, annual collection enjoined by Synod for W. & O. Fund.

Thursday, Sept. 19th, annual harvest thanksgiving service, Christ's church. Preacher, the Rev. T. A. Wright, rector of St. Jude's church, Brantford. Offerings for Parsonage Fund.

Sunday, Sept. 23rd, Holy Communion at Christ's church.

**St. John's Church, York.**

On Sunday, August 11th, the Rev. Rural Dean Sendamore baptized Frank Edward, Maggie May, Harry Roland, Bertha Helen, and Walter Joseph, children of Wm. Ferguson and Mary Emma Bain.

A special vestry meeting of this congregation was held in the church, Monday, August 11th, and was attended by a larger number of communicants and members than for a great number of years past. After full and courteous discussion of the special business, it was unanimously decided that the Sunday services in St. John's should be held at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m., instead of 11 and 7 as formerly, and thus set the rector free for duty in St. Mark's Church, Seneca, at evensong. At date of writing the afternoon service is very encouraging and promises to be acceptable to more members with families and other duties than the former evening service. The rector will watch with prayerful interest the growth of this change, and asks all members of the congregation to unite with him in winning success.

The members of St. John's branch of the W. A. will resume sewing meetings on Thursday, Sept. 5th, at the rector's. 3 p. m. is the hour of meeting.

Our church has suffered a serious loss in the death of one of its staunchest officers and communicants. Mr. Frederick A. Nelles succumbed in less than an hour to a stroke of paralysis of the brain, July 26th. Besides his general high standing in the county as former reeve of Seneca, councillor and county auditor, he was usefully

and widely known and respected as the long-time Secretary of the Grand River Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. The home of this estimable farmer citizen, situated between York and Caledonia gave evidence of industrious thrift and clever management of no mean order, but he will be most lovingly remembered in this vicinity for the faithful work done as a Christian to the Sunday School at Sine's Locks and also at St. John's Church. As founder and superintendent he has been true to the work of the Sunday School; whilst as member, communicant, churchwarden delegate to Synod and general supporter, his brethren of St. John's church know not where to find one who will adequately fill his honored place among them.

The Free Masons of York, Caledonia and Cayuga took a prominent part in the funeral arrangements, and the order of United Workmen of Caledonia followed their brother from his home to the church and thence to St. John's cemetery with a sympathetic farewell, and sorrow for the bereaved family, and their own lodge. Probably this funeral was more representative in the county and more largely attended than any for many years. Rural Dean Scudamore preached an impressive and acceptable sermon from the text Rev. 14 : 2-13, which was ended by his reading the following verses :

"HE CARETH."

We grieve Him much !  
The deed so small  
We do not think it sin at all ;  
But just the selfish, heedless sway  
Of one's own will ; the Master's way  
Ignored quite ; His love so true,  
In all His thought for me and you,  
We pass it by and heed it not,  
Our one excuse : "We just forgot !"   
We grieve Him much !

We please Him much !  
The deed so small  
We never think its worth at all ;  
But he looks on with love so true  
In all His care for me and you,  
And sees the loving thought of Him,  
The cup of water, to the brim  
He sees it filled, for His dear sake  
Given another's thirst to slake,  
We please Him much.

He loves us much !  
The moments small  
We do not think He heeds at all ;  
Yet every thought of grief or praise,  
Each smile, each tear, the glance we raise  
While thanking Him for pardon sweet,  
The trust we feel, the power meet  
He grants for service—all are dear  
To Him ; there's naught for us to fear !  
He loves us much.

BEYOND THE DEEP.

Beyond the deep God grant us sleep  
And everlasting peace,  
God grant us rest among the blest,  
And from all ills surcease.

Beyond the night God grant us light,  
And happiness supreme,  
Without a care in castles fair  
By some celestial stream.

Beyond the flood where vapours brood  
God grant we reach the shore  
Of glorious skies in Paradise,  
And joys for evermore.

Our labours done at set of sun,  
Let twilight's shadows come,  
While from afar the evening star  
Shines sweet as we go home.

St. Mark's Church, Seneca.

On Sunday, July 28th, Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore baptized Grace Irene, daughter of Thon as and Phoebe Moore ; Gordon Frederick, son of Frederick William and Ida May Harrison ; and Clara Isabella, Bessie Mabel and Addie Victoria, daughters of Adam and Isabella Cummings.

Since this pretty little church was opened for divine worship in June, the attendance has been most encouraging—never less than 70, and sometimes over 100 worshippers being present. We also report that the collections have been very creditable and have already been gladly utilized in paying some of the smaller building items. No doubt this church will be a great blessing to many families in the neighborhood. Christian prayers are asked that God's name may be magnified here, and many of our brethren blessed.

Messrs. T. Moore and John Harrison have made a personal canvass of the district and have been very kindly received by most of the residents upon whom they called. They report \$90 subscribed and some promises in addition that will be handed in during the next few weeks. They are encouraged to spend another day or two, hoping to reach the century mark.