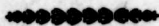


Tom Blott

NOVEMBER



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

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

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

The chief event during the month of October was the administration of Confirmation in each church on Wednesday, the 10th. The Bishop held service first in All Saints', the number of persons presented by the incumbent being eleven. The following is the list of names: Alexander McDonald, Elizabeth Lawson, Rebecca Brown, Mary Jane McCarthy, Helen Ingles, Gertrude Edith McCloy, Ina Leathong, Lottie Utton, Mary Ellen Brown, Irene Slack, and Henry Elgin Carter Ince. The congregation numbered 70; and the offertory collection, which, according to the rule made by the Synod, was for the purpose of reducing the debt on the See House in Hamilton, amounted to \$2.52. The service in St. Paul's church was held at 8 p. m. The number of candidates was eight, their names being the following: Charlotte Lewis, Evelyn Sowter, Ida Rogers, Eva Parsons, Christina Davis, Edith G. Lewis, Walter Jones, John Berkly Armstrong. A congregation of 160 persons witnessed the solemn ceremony. The amount contributed to the See House was \$4.27. The Bishop's addresses were marked by his usual fervency and power. These nineteen volunteers in the army of Christ should add considerably to the spiritual strength of the parish. The incumbent earnestly hopes that they will regularly attend the highest and most sacred ordinance for which Confirmation is a direct preparation.

O, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes."

On Thanksgiving Day services was held in both churches. The attendance was not nearly so large as it should have been. The offerings for the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund, if we include those given on the following Sunday were however, more liberal than a year ago, amounting altogether to \$10.00, of which sum Hagersville gave \$4.50 and Jarvis \$5.50.

The churchwardens have adopted the plan of handing at once to the incumbent all offerings given for objects outside the parish. Mr. Spencer has sent to the Synod Office all such monies contributed since Easter. This plan will prevent confusion in accounts, and ensure the immediate transmission of extra-parochial funds.

On the 24th of October, Mr. Spencer attended the semi-annual meeting of the Board of the D. and F. M. S., which was held in St. James' school house, Toronto. The attendance was large, there being present the Bishops of Toronto, Huron, Quebec, Ottawa and Algoma, besides several archdeacons, canons, ordinary clergymen, and prominent laymen. Most of the dioceses were therefore represented by their appointed delegates. The business included the appropriation of money to Algoma and the dioceses in the North-west, the distribution of the Children's Lenten Offerings among the Indian Schools, the consideration of the best

way of obtaining annual contributions to the Society, and the preparation of the Epiphany Appeal and the Children's Lenten Letter. The evening was devoted to the prescribed missionary meeting, which was addressed chiefly by an earnest layman from the U. S., who represented the Student's Volunteer Missionary Movement. This address was remarkably forcible and brilliant. The next meeting was appointed to be held in London on the second Wednesday after Easter.

BAPTIZED.

In All Saints' church, on Sunday, Oct. 7th, Gertrude Edith McCloy: witnesses: S. E. Emma Spencer and M. E. Almas.

In St. Paul's church, on Oct. 7th, Jane Sharp: witnesses, John Sharp and S. E. Emma Spencer.

In the same church, on Oct. 8th, William, Sarah Ann, Elsie Belle, Harriet Alice, Harry James, children of Harry and Ada Cave: sponsors, the parents.

In the same church and at the same time Hermina Barbara, infant daughter of Isaac and Barbara Osborne.

In St. Paul's church, on Oct. 19th, Harold Brock, child of Thomas and Victoria Underhill.

BURIAL.

On Saturday, Oct. 27th, George Albert Evans, aged 45 years.

The interment, which took place in the Cheapside churchyard, was conducted by Rev. P. L. Spencer, assisted by Mr. Hull, licensed lay reader and Divinity student. The funeral was largely attended by members of the Orange Order as well as by friends and relatives.

The incumbent has lately been holding a series of cottage services followed by lantern lessons. Having reviewed the condition of S. Africa, he is now engaged in describing OUR OWN COUNTRY. The meetings are increasing in interest. The offerings will be devoted to the purchase of a book desk of brass for the Holy Table of All Saints' church, to be first used first on Christmas day.

At Garnet several cottage meetings have lately been held by Mr. Spencer, and the attendants have expressed their warm appreciation.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

EXCHANGE.

On Sunday, Oct. 21st, the Rev. J. Francis, B. D., officiated in this parish, the incumbent being at York, and the Rural-Dean at Cayuga.

W. A. MEETING.

Fairly well attended meetings of the two branches of the Woman's Auxiliary have been held during the month at Mrs. Stephen's and Mrs. J. Brulford's; Mrs. W. Logan's and Mrs. Dickhout's.



"OUR GOOSE CLUB" (*see page 254*).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. BURTON.

THE LIFE OF HOLINESS.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON DIGGLE, M.A., Author of "The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," etc.

(Continued from page 235.)

AS the Holy Life begins with the spiritual birth, so spiritual food and spiritual exercise are indispensable to its health and growth. Spiritual food and exercise, I say; for as physical food and exercise are necessary for physical health and growth, and intellectual food and exercise for intellectual health and growth, so spiritual food and exercise are necessary for spiritual health and growth. The kind of food and exercise must, in all departments of our triune life—body, soul, and spirit—be adapted to its own kind of health and growth. We cannot gain muscular strength merely by feeding on books, or mental growth by simply eating flesh. To grow in knowledge we must feed on thought; to grow in wisdom we must exercise ourselves in habits of observation and attention. Similarly for spiritual health and growth, spiritual food and spiritual training are essential. "Except ye eat My flesh and drink My blood," said Christ, "ye have no life"—i.e. no spiritual life—"in you."* Other life, bodily and mental, we may have without taking Christ as our food, and following Christ as our daily exercise; but to the spiritual Life of Holiness Christ is the indispensable food, and the imitation of Christ the indispensable exercise.

The Life of Holiness also, like every other form of life, and especially of life in its highest forms, is a life of unity in diversity, of simplicity of essence, manifested in multiplicity of forms. Our bodily life manifests itself in many ways, through many organs—ear and eye and head and foot and numerous other members. Yet the many members of the one body subsist by the energy of the one bodily life. So with the soul-life. It manifests itself in countless ways through the instruments of thought and affection and will; yet is the thinking, feeling, resolving soul not many existences, but one being. Similarly is it also with the spirit-life of man. It has many forms of operation and manifestation—faith, hope, love, peace, joy, self-losing, and such like—yet all are but different attributes of the one spirit-life. And in every duly developed man, the body-life, the soul-life, and the spirit-life are all combined together in the single triune life—the complete life of the healthy, thinking, holy man.

In the Life of Holiness, too, there are many degrees. There is no monotony in any department of the Kingdom of God. All athletes are not alike

in their muscularity, nor all thinkers in their thinking, nor all saints in their saintliness. Nor, indeed, are all saints great saints, any more than all thinkers are great thinkers, or all athletes great athletes. In God's great house "there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth"; but every vessel, of whatsoever sort, if only it be "sanctified, is meet for the Master's use."† It is a grievous and deadly error to suppose that the Life of Holiness is meant only for the few chosen heroes—the few splendid saints—of God. In their degree, and according to their measure, it is the life—the necessary life—of all the true children of the Lord. For Holiness is not only the perfection and consummation of the Christian life; it is its prime



ARCHDEACON DIGGLE.

From a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by MESSRS. ROBINSON & THOMPSON, Liverpool.

essence and first condition. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."‡ "This," said our Lord, "is life eternal: to know Thee, the only true God,

* Johr vi. 53.

† 2 Tim. ii. 20, 21. ‡ Heb. xii. 14.

and Jesus Christ Whom Thou hast sent."* "To know" means, in the active spiritual sense of the word, to assimilate, to copy, to *reproduce in ourselves* what we have learned. To know God and Jesus Christ, therefore, is nothing else, and nothing less, than to be gradually transformed into God's image, to steadily copy the character of Christ in our character, to reproduce His conduct in our conduct, and to assimilate Him into ourselves. This life eternal, this unceasing imitation of Christ, is the Life of Holiness, without which we are spiritually dead and spiritually dark; without which we can neither see God, nor know God, nor come to God. The Life of Holiness, therefore, is the necessary Christian life. It is not the exceptional life of the saintly few; it is the life—the only consistent life—of all who name the name of Christ. It is not a counsel of perfection, but a condition of salvation. If we are not following after Holiness, we are not following Christ; and if we are not following Christ, our Christianity is a hollow pretence, a sacramental betrayal, a kiss of treachery.

In the Life of Holiness, as I said, there are now on earth, as there will be hereafter at the resurrection of the dead,† many stages and degrees. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so one child of God differs from another in Holiness. In some the radiance is clear and strong and bright, in others it is broken and feeble and dim. Nay, even in the same persons the visions of Holiness differ at different periods, and under different circumstances, of life. Like St. Paul, we sometimes see through a glass darkly; at other times we behold with open face the glory of the Lord.‡ Degrees of spiritual vision differ as do degrees of physical and intellectual vision. But if there be in us no vision of God at all, no reflection whatever of His radiance, no ray of Holiness, however faint and flickering, then is the lamp of our religion clean gone out, and, should the Bridegroom come, we should be both unready and unable to go with Him to the marriage. ||

* John xvii. 3. Cf. I John iii. 2.

† I Cor. xv. 42.

‡ Cf. I Cor. xiii. 12; 2 Cor. iii. 18.

|| Matt. xxv. 10.

"Do It Now."—"A friend of mine, when a student at Harvard, once asked a famous professor there, a man of encyclopædic learning and colossal achievement, how he contrived, in a world with only twenty-four hours to the day, to know and to write so much. For answer, the professor said his secret was a very simple one, and turning his blotting-pad over on its back, he showed a card pinned to it with the inscription, Do It Now. There is a moral in this, of course, for the whole human race; for all of us know what it is to make resolutions for the future, simply to escape from the exertion of immediate action."—A. B. WALKLEY.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 230.)

CONVALESCENCE.



WE will imagine that, owing in no small measure to the nurse's care and strict obedience to the doctor's orders, the patient has passed safely through the dangers of the disease by which he was attacked, and that he is now convalescent.

In the case of a typhoid patient, or of any person coming back again to health after an illness, the progress made will largely depend on the kind

of nursing given during the acute stage of the disease. It is true that, in spite of the best nursing, the malady may have worked such havoc that the sick man recovers only to be more or less invalided for life. But as a rule the nurse has the patient's good or bad recovery in her own hands.

It happens not unfrequently that getting well is, for the nurse, the most difficult stage of all. Her charge, submissive perhaps, as long as he was helpless and conscious how poor a creature he was, begins with joyful surprise to feel his strength returning, and is apt, in consequence, to fancy himself much more fit for daily life than he really is; and, if not closely watched, may attempt much more than he is capable of, and throw himself back a long way: he has still to learn painfully that he is only a baby again, and that before he can run he must creep. As well as a craving for movement will come a craving for food, for "something with a taste." But for quite a week after the patient seems well the doctor is likely to keep him still upon milk—"that great sheet-anchor in disease," as it has been called. The return to ordinary food must be very gradual, and made only under the doctor's directions—the digestion of a convalescent for a long while will be fit for certain kinds of food only. With children it is necessary to be specially careful that they do not lay hands on forbidden eatables, and that their companions do not

bring them cakes or fruit. Again, the most scrupulous care must be taken to avoid a chill. The whole system has been so weakened by the illness that it has been left extremely sensitive to the slightest change in temperature. The weather must be taken account of, and on a damp day the fire must be bright and the bed have some extra covering. Especially must draughts be avoided.

It is perhaps in cases of scarlet fever that there is most carelessness during recovery. Dropsy, kidney disease, sore eyes, are legacies of scarlet fever only too commonly left to poor children who have not been properly cared for during convalescence. After the obvious dangers have been passed, there are hidden dangers quite as terrible which have to be vigorously guarded against.

When at length the doctor says the patient may get up, let the first time he sits in a chair be in the late afternoon: half an hour is quite long enough to begin with, and yet not too short a time to make the exertion of getting up not worth while. He must on no account stay up till he is tired—over-fatigue will mean a headache and an unsteady pulse next day. When friends are allowed to pay visits, a fresh difficulty begins. Not more than one or two should be admitted at the same time, and no one should be allowed to stay long. Crowding and much or loud talking are very bad for a convalescent. It is important to keep the patient bright and cheerful, to make him interested in what is going on, and not to leave him alone very much. His occupations should be varied as much as possible; he will want to have something to do, and yet he has not strength to do any one thing for long together. Concentration requires health; and if a patient is allowed to read all day, or to do nothing all day, or to receive visitors all day, at the end of it he will be utterly depressed and worn out, with a head aching as if it must burst, and ready to cry at a word. It must be remembered that, though grown up in years, a person who is recovering from a serious illness is only a child in endurance. Of course, all convalescents are not alike; but as a general rule it may be said that a nurse feels, during the recovery of her invalid, a small or large degree of anxiety in proportion to the amount—large or small—of control which she has exerted over him while he was helpless, and of *self*-control which she has taught him to exert over himself.

From what has been written it will readily be seen that the difficulty and responsibility of nursing is very great; but though it may not be possible for more than a few gifted women here and there to become clever, skilled, first-rate nurses, yet it is within the power of every true woman to be a conscientious, faithful nurse; a nurse who has perfectly learned her first lesson, viz. obedience—implicit obedience—to the doctor's orders; a nurse who never wilfully leaves anything undone for her patient's care and comfort,

who grudges no time and no trouble spent on him; a nurse who loves her patient, and therefore loves the work done for him. A nurse of this kind every gentle and loving woman may learn to be; and though to be a servant of the sick is very far from being so easy and simple a thing that it is unnecessary to spend either time or thought upon it, still, upheld by love and duty, she may into this blessed service unhesitatingly enter, and in it unshrinkingly continue, knowing that, inasmuch as it is rendered to the sick, it is rendered to Him "Who healeth all thy diseases and redeemeth thy life from destruction."



BE GLAD.

BY LADY BEATRICE KEMP.

BE glad, O heart! be happy!
It is good to live and love.
With a future, perchance, before us
And a bright blue heaven above,

It is good to let be forgotten
This old world's sorrows and tears,
Remembering only the laughter
And joy of the passing years.
Sorrows there are at all times,
And hearts that long in vain;
But the sad side of life is shortened
When we think of our joys again,—
The joy that *must* have existed;
For a lifetime, however sad,
Has the thoughts of God's great goodness
To make it feel more than glad—
Glad for the earth we live in,
And the power to struggle and pray—
Glad for the Cross that guides us,
And the Goal of the Narrow Way.

THE ONE BOOK.—Mr. Choate, the American ambassador to England, has a high reputation for oratory. Here is a fragment from an eloquent speech he delivered at Brooklyn: "The revisers of the English Bible gathered at Hampton Court at the summons of King James, and gave us that matchless Book—the only Book for thinkers, readers, scholars, speakers, men, women, and children; if we can have but One Book—oh, save us that!"



“UPHOLDEN.”

The Story of Three Lives.

BY THE

REV. E. NEUENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

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

CHAPTER IX.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *INVER*.

ILL-FORTUNE seemed to cling to the *Inver*. She had not been three days out from the Falklands when a terrific storm came on, laden with sleet and deadly cold. At last the sea became so heavy that it was necessary to heave the brig to the wind and let her drift. In this condition she knocked about through a long, anxious day. Towards nightfall a barque was sighted on the dreary horizon; she had not a stitch of canvas set, and seemed to be absolutely at the mercy of wind and wave. Two hours later the vessels had drifted so close together that Captain Simpson began to be anxious. An attempt was made to attract the attention of the stranger, but there was no response. No lights were burning, and there was nobody at the wheel. The storm was still raging furiously, and the cold was terrible. Nearer and nearer together drew the two specks that tossed on that lonely, wintry ocean, as though drawn by some mysterious attractive force. There was nothing to do but to wait; for to get sail on the *Inver* was an impossibility. Both ships were drifting to leeward; but the derelict, being broadside

on, was moving the faster. On she came, the waves making clean breaches over her, and falling in foaming cataracts. For a few critical minutes it seemed as though she would fall right across the bows of the *Inver*; but Captain Simpson ran up a storm jib and so payed his vessel's head a little away, thus giving room to the barque to forge by without touching. It was a time of awful anxiety; but there was something even more trying to the strained nerves of the exhausted crew than the imminent danger, for just as the barque was at its nearest, the full moon, bursting for a breathing space from the entanglement of the hurrying clouds, revealed an appalling sight! The vessel that they had thought abandoned was manned by a dead crew! The bodies, frozen stiff as they were, lay jammed on the deck, or were rolled hither and thither by the wash of the sweeping waves.

Every man on board the *Inver* stood breathless and horror-stricken. The same question was being asked in every mind,—Was there indeed no living soul on board that phantom-like ship; might there yet be breath in any of those drenched bodies—or might there not be some poor fellows cowering in the darkness below? But however the answer might shape

itself, there was no help possible—nothing that man could do. The barque was evidently about to founder, for while her stern stood high in the moonlight, her bow seldom rose above the water now. In this position she passed the *Inver*. In a few minutes the danger and the horror were passed, the clouds re-established their tyranny over the moon; leaden gloom brooded upon the deep. Before morning the wind moderated, and the sea began to subside; when the sun rose the *Inver* had been put on her proper course, and was sailing northward under a moderate spread of canvas.

During the next few weeks the aspect of affairs continued to brighten. Good progress was made with favourable winds, and the weather grew warmer as the tropics were approached. Captain Simpson revived and seemed for a time to be quite himself again. He took a great interest in the two lads—young men we may now call them, giving them regular instruction in navigation and other useful matters. Partly owing to the friendship of Ben Fairbrother and partly to the arrangements that good old Mr. Withers had privately made, Arthur found himself in a very favoured position. He was practically treated as a gentleman apprentice, and enjoyed the same privileges as young Fairbrother.

And as the days and weeks sped on, the two young fellows were drawn ever nearer and

nearer together. Fairbrother had always been of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind, and the various incidents of their perilous voyage had produced in Arthur a marked effect. Not only was he now willing to work hard so as to qualify himself as a practical seaman, but there came to him a new sense of the dignity and significance of life. He saw the future opening out before him, with all its trials and all its opportunities; he realized, as he had never done before, how manifold were the advantages that he—a poor orphan boy—had enjoyed. The wholesome lessons that had been so faithfully and patiently inculcated at school, now acquired fresh force and reality. He thanked God for the education that had been given him, and daily prayed that he might have grace to put it to worthy and honourable



"THE BARQUE WAS EVIDENTLY ABOUT TO FOUNDER."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

uses. Full of such emotions, he was never tired of talking to his friend about his plans and resolutions; and Ben, who was of a sympathetic and receptive disposition, was never weary of listening.

Thus the time passed; and the *Inver*—ever making towards the north—glided from the winter of the southern hemisphere into the early autumn of the northern. Scarcely a sail was seen, and the only land touched at was the lonely island of Ascension. From thence it was possible that the brig might be reported by some home-bound mail packet, many days before she could herself hope to be in the Channel.

After leaving Ascension Captain Simpson was taken ill again. He grew nervous and irritable, and was haunted by the idea that the crew were on the point of mutiny against his authority. Though at times almost too weak to stand, he persisted in remaining on deck for hours together, because he said he could not rest below with thinking of what might happen at any moment. At first the two young fellows, who were the sole recipients of the captain's confidence, were considerably alarmed; but after a while they concluded that these gloomy forebodings were the outcome of hallucination. The *Inver* was certainly under-manned, and there had been a good deal of grumbling on that account from time to time. The weather, too, had been trying, and the labour involved in working the ship had been continuous and exhausting. Latterly, indeed, matters had improved in these respects; but there was now added a new anxiety caused by the rapid diminution of the stores, both of food and water. Nor were the so-called "officers" particularly competent or trustworthy. Hawkins, the first mate, was a good practical seaman, but possessed of scarcely any education; in these days it would not have been possible for him to hold a certificate at all. The second mate, Jump, was a well-meaning fellow, but apparently altogether nerveless and destitute of force. They were not a helpful pair; but at the same time there was no reason why the captain should have distrusted their loyalty.

When the Northern Atlantic was reached the poor captain became much worse. After fainting several times on deck, he was forced to give in, and was, for days together, confined to his cabin. There he was lovingly waited on by Arthur and Ben Fairbrother. Once a day Hawkins would come down to report the result of his clumsy and dubious observations for determining the ship's position, and then the captain would mark off on the chart the run that they were supposed to have made. But it was unsatisfactory work. The mate knew that his chief had no con-



"ARTHUR TOOK THE BOOK AND OPENED IT."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

fidence in him, and the knowledge did not tend to sweeten his temper.

Thus the *Inver* blundered on from day to day, and every one on board became possessed with a feverish longing for the voyage to end.

"I shall never hear the chain rattling through the hawse-hole again, unless it be upon some lee shore where those blundering chaps have shoved us," said the captain one night to Arthur Hopley, who was sitting by his side waiting for the cabin-boy to bring some food from the galley.

"O sir, you mustn't say that! By God's help we may be at anchor in the Mersey in three or four days, if this wind holds."

"Aye, or anchored to the rocks on the bottom of the sea, as many a good ship has been before. I doubt we are too much to the west, and perhaps more to the nor'ard than those fellows think," was the querulous response.

"But why should you say that, captain?" remonstrated Arthur. "There is no reason to think the chronometer's wrong. I was beside Mr. Hawkins when he took the sun yesterday, and everything seemed to be right. Ben and I worked out the latitude and longitude afterwards, and it makes us about a hundred miles south by a point or two west from the Land's End."

"That's right enough, boy," replied the sick man impatiently, "but that was yesterday: who knows where we have been drifting to in this fog since then?"

I tell you, they hav'n't a notion where we are, and that I must be up and at my post by daylight. Why, I never drop off to sleep now that I don't hear the breakers roaring through my brain."

"Well, sir, if you get a good sleep to-night, perhaps you will be strong enough to come on deck in the morning. Here is Jim with your supper. Try and eat something, and then I'll fix you up comfortable for the night. Ben will be down when the watch is changed, and he'll look in and see how you are doing. He'll wake you up if there is any call to, so you needn't be afraid to take a good rest."

This was a prudent speech and it had due effect. The captain took his supper and went off into a sound sleep; he heard no breakers in his dreams that night; nor did Ben, when he came down, "find call" to disturb him.

To the surprise of all, Captain Simpson appeared on deck next day. He walked round the entire ship and spoke to almost every man on board. Nothing seemed to escape his experienced eye, and, upon the whole, he appeared well satisfied. He was anxious to take an observation of the ship's position himself; but as noon approached the weather became even thicker than it had been throughout the night and morning. The clouds overhead were impenetrable, but yet it was light enough on the sea, and a stiff breeze was blowing from the south-east. Running free as she was, to the north, the brig was speeding over the leaden waters in goodly style.

"You must just keep her at it, Hawkins; with everything running so low we have no time to lose." So spake the captain as he turned to go below, leaning a heavy hand on the companion.

That evening he was quieter and more composed than he had been for a long time. He surmised that the fresh air had done him good and strengthened his nerves.

"It may be God's will that I shall see the old country and my dear ones again," he said to Arthur. "The brig is running bravely, and if this breeze holds we may make the land sooner than we thought to. Do you know, I don't think I've quite done justice to Hawkins; and as for Jump, he is a good sailor and an honest man."

"I am sure, sir, they will do their best; and the men are all cheering up at the thought of being so near home. What with the weather and one thing or another they have had a hard time of it," replied Arthur.

"They have indeed, poor fellows—they have indeed. The sea is a hard mistress, at the best of times—a hard mistress and a fickle one."

"Yet I wouldn't desert her for another, sir; or if I did, I'd be sure to want to come back," said Arthur.

Captain Simpson smiled at his enthusiasm. "Aye, that is the right spirit, my lad; and after all, it's not for a man to grumble at the work he has got to do. You can do your duty on sea as well as on land; and I sometimes think the good God has a special word of



"IN THE HAVEN."

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

comfort for us poor mariners, if we will only listen for His voice."

Arthur Hopley was surprised. The captain had been uniformly reserved on religious subjects; indeed, he had seemed rather to discourage anything in that direction that had been thrown out in the course of their various conversations. There was a pause. The brig creaked, strained, and heeled farther over—thus showing that the wind was freshening. The captain lay with closed eyes, but the smile that played round his lips was evidence of consciousness. "Though the waters thereof rage and swell," he murmured; then, opening his eyes, he said quietly, "I'd like you to read to me; one time I always read the Psalms for the day out of the big prayer-book there."

Arthur took the book and opened it at the 21st Evening. It was Psalm cvi., and the words sounded so familiar that, after the first verse, he did not trouble to decipher them in the dim light. "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; and His mercy endureth for ever."

Suddenly glancing down on the page before him, he

could not find the words that he was repeating. He paused in some confusion; but when the captain bade him continue, he did so, repeating from memory—"Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so He bringeth them to the haven where they would be." Only when he had finished did he perceive what had happened; he had been repeating Psalm cvii., while his eyes rested vacantly on Psalm cvi.

"The haven where they would be"; yes, yes, there is a haven for all. But yours and mine will not be the same, this voyage, Arthur. But it is right enough,—there will be rest for both."

Arthur said nothing; he could not speak; he found himself thinking of those frozen corpses that he had seen washing about the decks of the unknown barque.

For a while Captain Simpson continued to murmur words of Scripture and fragments of hymns to himself; then he dropped off to sleep. Arthur watched, half dozing, by his side till four o'clock in the morning; then Ben Fairbrother came to relieve him.

"It is blowing half a gale and is thicker than ever. How is he?" whispered Ben.

"He has slept this three hours without moving. Perhaps we ought to give him something," was the whispered reply.

"Aye, we had better, I don't like the looks of him at all."

They partially roused him, raised his head and induced him to swallow a small quantity of beef-tea with a spoonful of brandy in it; then they let him rest again.

"You'll send Jim for me if there is any need," said Arthur, as he enveloped himself in the oilskins that the other had slipped off.

"Yes, I'll do that; but there will be enough to keep you all busy above before long, or I am mistaken."

CHAPTER X.

THE METAL MAN.

WHEN Arthur reached the deck he was startled by the change that had taken place since last he was there. The sea and wind had risen, and now the *Inver* was careering madly forward, while the great rollers seemed to be hungrily chasing her astern. It was not dark, for the moon was at the full, but a wet, drifting mist was everywhere around.

Hawkins was in charge of the watch, and after a little while Arthur ventured to speak to him.

"It is getting pretty stiff, this, Mr. Hawkins. It wouldn't be pleasant if something were to start up out of the fog there in front of us."

"Didn't the governor tell me to keep her at it? Wasn't them his last orders? and didn't you hear him yourself?" retorted the mate gruffly.

"Aye, but it wasn't like this when he went below yesterday; the horizon was clear, and there wasn't half the wind there is now."

"What's about a capful of wind, and who are you, to talk like that to him that has command of the ship?" cried Hawkins excitedly. "We've had enough of this old tub, and it's better to take your chance of being drowned than to fool about till we are starved, or die of thirst. And don't you know it's the captain is in the biggest hurry of any of us, because he has a grave in the Liverpool Necropolis, and he wants to get the value for what he has bought?" Arthur, concluding that the man had had some drink, and fully recognising the fact that he had no right to interfere, muttered an apology and turned away.

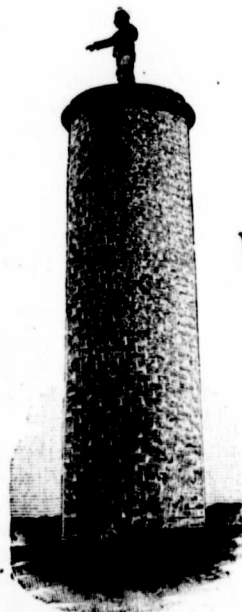
He walked forward and stood beside the watch at the bow. The man was one of those experienced old fellows to whom alertness and caution had become a second nature. There was no immediate danger to be anticipated; for all that was known, land was still many, many miles off; not a sail had been seen for days; but the man was as sternly vigilant as though he knew a dozen catastrophes to be imminent.

"It is just a mad fool's business, this!" he exclaimed scornfully, in response to some suggestion of Hopley's; but he never turned—never, by word or look, encouraged further conversation.

Arthur drew away, and had taken a half turn across the deck when the cry came close to his ear:

"Breakers ahead on the port bow! Helm hard down—hard down for your life!"

Hawkins was on the alert in a moment. He sprang to the side of the helmsman, and helped him to haul over the wheel. Even while he did so, he shouted to the watch and gave orders for all hands to come on deck. Instantly there was bustle and tumult everywhere. It was a daring venture to bring a vessel, so oppressed with sail, up to the wind across such a sea as that. But there was no help for it. Right ahead on the port bow the white foam was plainly visible as it fell back in streaming cataracts from the dark rocks beyond; in that direction there was nothing but immediate destruction. True, no rocks or breakers were visible to starboard; yet to have run on in that direction before the wind would have appeared madness or a mere refuge of despair. Yet it was what they were compelled to do for a time. For when the *Inver* got into the trough of the sea a great wave made a clean breach over all, carrying away the deckhouse and two of the boats; at the



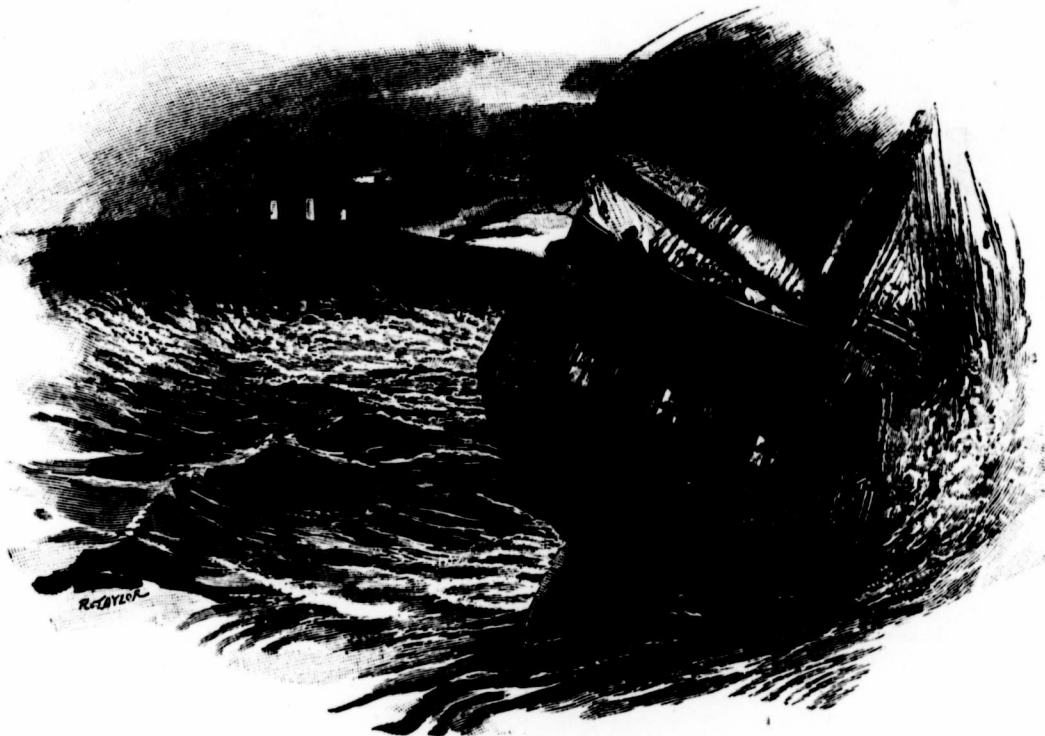
same moment, the foretopmast snapped like a twig and brought down a ruin of canvas on the deck. There was nothing for it but to ease the ship by letting her fall off before the wind, while sail was shortened and the wreckage cleared; but every moment they expected to be upon the rocks.

As soon as the *Inver* could be got in hand, she was brought up to the wind and sailed as close as possible on the port tack; then, land being very soon reported, she was got about and sailed in the opposite direction. The morning was now beginning to break, and with the dawn the fog lifted and cleared away.

"Then this is Tramore Bay, and yon is the Metal Man," cried Arthur, pointing, as he spoke, to three white towers that crowned the cliff at the western entrance of the bay, and towards which they were now sailing. On one tower stood a large, bold figure of a man, pointing with outstretched arm and warning finger towards the open sea.

"And what do you know about it, that you should put in your oar?" demanded the first mate savagely.

"I ought to know about it, since I was there, right under the Metal Man, that my father was lost. My mother has described the place to me a hundred times."



"ON ONE TOWER STOOD THE FIGURE OF A MAN."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

The wearied out, anxious, and dripping men could see where they were.

They were in the mouth of a bay some three miles wide, and perhaps about the same in depth; each side of the bay was lined by black, repellent cliffs; across the end stretched a wilderness of sand, against which battalions of mighty rollers were breaking themselves in futile but ever renewed fury.

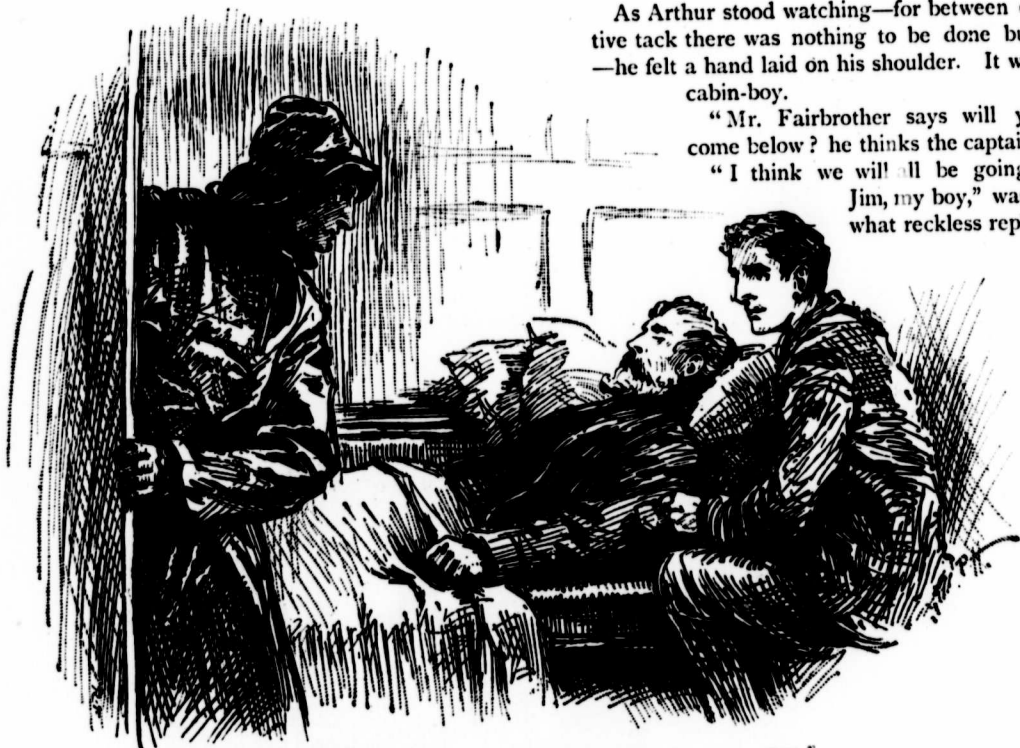
"What sort of a place is this we've got to, I wonder? Is it Cornwall or Wales, or where?" said Hawkins, looking round the dreary scene.

"I believe we are on the south coast of Ireland; the captain always would have it that we were more to the west'ard than we reckoned," remarked Jump in an apologetic tone.

"We don't want no women's tales here," snarled Hawkins, as he went aft to the wheel in the hope of being able to get the brig closer to the wind.

The question now was whether it would be possible to weather the headland. As the labouring ship drew closer, the figure on the tower stood out more sharply against the sky; and there seemed something horribly derisive in its attitude—in that unwearied arm and that directing finger. "There safety lies; but there no power of mine can place you!"

The *Inver* was now close to the cliffs, so close that those on board could distinguish the faces of two coastguardsmen who stood by the towers watching; so close that they could see the waves rolling into the vast cavern by which the headland is perforated.



"HE FOUND THE DYING MAN RECLINING ON THE SOFA."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

As Arthur stood watching—for between each abortive tack there was nothing to be done but to watch—he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. It was Jim, the cabin-boy.

"Mr. Fairbrother says will you please come below? he thinks the captain is going."

"I think we will all be going together, Jim, my boy," was the somewhat reckless reply.

When Arthur entered the cabin he found the dying man reclining on the sofa, propped by pillows, and with his head resting against the arm of Ben Fairbrother, who was kneeling by his side.

"When we got

At last it became necessary to go about, at least, Hawkins did not dare to hold longer on his course. Perhaps it was an error of judgment. Possibly the Metal Man might have been cleared, but then the half-disabled craft would have found herself close on a terrible lee shore with jagged cliffs and huge outlying rocks and islands. It seemed the safest thing to go about and make another tack.

This next tack was the losing one; it was not, therefore, a thing to be alarmed at that the *Inver* came across the bay well inside Brownstown Head, which, with its two unadorned towers, forms the eastern portal of this treacherous gap in the coastline. But when, upon going about once more, it became evident that they would never reach the Metal Man—no, nor to within a quarter of a mile of it, the poor fellows on board the *Inver* felt that they were doomed. They were caught as in a trap. They might beat backwards and forwards for hours; but while the wind held in the south, they would never pass out between those cold white portals that had looked down unmoved on so many tragedies of the sea. Already they heard the thunder of the breakers on that "league-long" strand and they could plainly see how hopeless would be the case of any ship or boat that should once come within their terrible embrace.

into the trough of the sea he was nearly thrown out of his bunk, and he would insist on getting up. He said he must go on deck and see what was the matter; but when he tried to stand, he fell in a heap on the floor, and Jim and I had hard work to get him on the sofa. Can you make out what he is saying?"

Arthur Hopley bent forward and looked into the captain's face. The expressionless eyes were fixed on the Palmer candle-lamp that was swinging from side to side with the uneasy motion of the ship; the lips were moving rapidly, but for the rest the features were calm. Evidently the end was very near. Arthur vividly recalled the scene of his mother's death. The very *unlikeness* of the surroundings but intensified the recollection. It was Death—death only—that was common to both; in the presence of that fact all details sank into insignificance. A human soul was about to quit its earthly tenement; the last articulate utterances were being formed by lips that would soon be cold. Bending yet closer the watchers caught the words; they were incoherent, rambling,—nautical expressions and sharply given orders mingled with children's pet names and terms of endearment.

"Do you know me, captain?" asked Arthur, hoping to give direction to those wandering thoughts.

"Know you? Why, of course I do. Poor little stowaway; I hadn't the heart to give him the rope's

end as he deserved; but I shipped him on to the barque, along with the frozen sailors. You'd like to have seen him, Flo. Now then, my lads; steady steady—hold together—”

The words died off into inarticulate mutterings. Then Ben whispered,—

“Could you say a prayer, Arthur? That might help him and be a bit of comfort.”

Arthur took from the shelf the captain's prayer-book and read therefrom, in a faltering voice, the beautiful commendatory prayer from the office for the Visitation of the Sick. Then having recited the Lord's Prayer he turned the pages till he came to the Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea, and read the first of the Prayers to be used in Storms. As he uttered the touching words, “We confess, when we have been safe, and seen all things quiet about us, we have forgot Thee our God and refused to hearken to the still voice of Thy word,” something resembling a sigh from the sofa caused him to look up. The eyes of the dying man had moved from the lamp and were now fixed on his face with an expression of vague inquiry. Arthur finished the collect and closed the book. Then, as he said “the Grace,” a strange thing happened: the scene before him changed and melted away; he seemed to be once more in the prayer-desk of the old Blue School. So strong was the illusion that he said the words as they say them there—“with us, and the whole Church of Jesus Christ, this night and for evermore.”

Suddenly the pause that followed was broken by a sharp cry from Captain Simpson.

“What is that for? Who gave you orders to let go the anchor? We are not in the river yet. It's no use—it won't hold.” Then he sank back exhausted—it might have been dead.

“What did he mean? Have they really come to an anchor, I wonder?” whispered Ben.

Something had certainly happened. The brig was no longer lying over on one side: but though she was on an even keel, she was pitching and plunging horribly.

Arthur made no reply. He knew, as his friend did not, how critical—nay, how hopeless—was the position of the *Inver*, caught in that cruel, relentless trap. He was sure that the last hour had come for all on board.

Jim, who had rushed on deck to see what was the matter, now returned in a state of wild excitement.

“Quick, quick!” he yelled, “the brig's foundering, and the boats is ordered out. Quick, or you'll be left behind. It isn't Hawkins will wait for you—nor old Jump, either. Come along—don't you hear me? Well, I'm off, anyhow.”

He disappeared: then the two young fellows looked one another gravely, steadily in the face.

“We can't leave him, Ben,” said Arthur.

“Not likely, mate,” was the quiet response.

(To be continued.)

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.,
Rector of St. Michael, Paternoster Royal, and St. Martin
Vintry, College Hill, with All-Hallows-the-Great-and-Less,
Thames Street; Author of “The Englishman's Brief,” etc.

POINTS OF LAW.

Appointment of Parish Clerks.

That the existing law respecting the appointment of parish clerks is based upon the 91st Canon of 1603, which provides that no parish clerk shall be chosen within the city of London, or elsewhere within the province of Canterbury, but by the Parson or Vicar, or, where there is not a Parson

or Vicar, by the officiating Minister for the time being; and that when so chosen notification of the fact shall be made to the parishioners during Divine Service on the following Sunday. But where, by ancient custom, the parishioners appointed the clerk, the custom was to be held good.

Duties of Parish Clerk.

That the principal duties of a parish clerk are to assist the Clergy in saying or singing Divine Service, either as one of a choir, or by himself, or as leader of the congregation, by saying or singing the responses and the Psalms. In all the minor offices of the Church, the clerk, in parishes where his office still exists, also renders important services, especially at marriages and funerals, and in many cases in making entries in, and in taking charge of, the parish registers. In some parishes the offices of parish clerk and sexton are combined in the same person.

Mode of Public Baptism.

That the rubric in the “Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants” leaves it discretionary with the officiating minister whether Baptism shall take place by immersion or by the pouring of water upon the person to be baptized. In certain cases, however, in which god-fathers and god-mothers certify that the infant brought to be baptized is able to bear immersion, and require that the child should be so baptized, it is difficult to see how, in accordance with this rubric, the officiating Minister could refuse to comply with such requisition.



Where and When Baptism should be Administered.

That it is, and always has been, the law of the Church that the ordinary administration of the Sacrament of Holy Baptism should not only be publicly in the Church, but on Sundays or Holy Days at the services when most people are present, except in cases of emergency and sickness, when children may be baptized at other times in Churches, or, if need be, in private houses, and in cases of great urgency, in the face of death, by lay persons.

How soon after Birth should an Infant be Baptized.

That, although the rubric requires that the Baptism of infants shall take place within a fortnight after birth, yet modern custom has extended the period till within a month; and even then there may be circumstances which might justify its further delay. Still, the obligation rests on all loyal members of the Church, as nearly as possible in letter and spirit, to comply with the Church's requirements.

Officiating Minister may Refuse an Improper Christian Name.

That the officiating Minister may refuse to give a child any name chosen by the sponsors if the name is manifestly improper; and if, through any oversight, such a name be given to a child in Baptism, it may be changed by the Bishop on the occasion of Confirmation.

Children Baptized privately should as soon as possible be brought to Church.

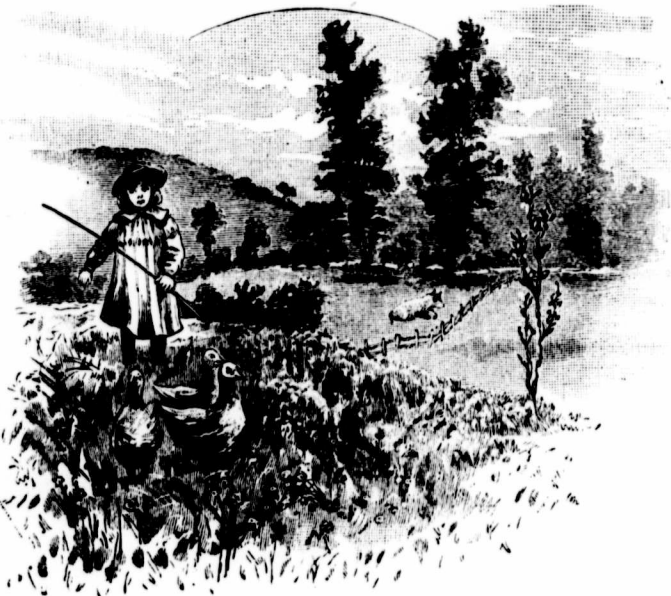
That every child which for any cause has been privately baptized should as soon as possible be brought to the public service of the Church, that there its valid Baptism may be declared and acknowledged, and that consequent thereon it may be publicly received into "the congregation of Christ's flock."

Fees for Baptism, or Registration thereof, cannot lawfully be Demanded.

That, by the Statute, 35 & 36 Vict., Chap. 36 (1872), it is provided that it shall not be lawful for the Minister, clerk in Orders, parish clerk, vestry clerk, warden, or any other person, to demand any fee or reward for the administration of the Sacrament of Baptism, or for the registry thereof.

Baptismal Certificate ought in every Instance to be Obtained and Filed.

That it would be a wise plan on the part of parents, and probably save them and their children much trouble in after years, if, as soon as possible after the administration of Baptism, they obtained and carefully filed certificates of their child's or children's Baptism.



OUR GOOSE CLUB.

BY THE REV. WILFRED H. DAVIES, M.A.,
Rector of Spitalfields, E.

THE first thing that we did in starting our Goose Club last year was to enter into a contract with certain tradesmen to supply the necessary articles for a sum agreed upon. We then issued the following handbill:—

SPITALFIELDS PARISH CHURCH.

Christmas Goose Club, 1898.

A Good Dinner at Christmas for 6s. 6d.

A Goose weighing about 9 pounds.

Or:— A Turkey „ „ 8 „

Or:—A piece of Beef „ „ 10 „

Also

One pound of Raisins. | Half-pound of Beef Suet.

Half-pound of Currants. | One pound of Sugar.

Half-pound of Tea.

Payments must be made at the Parish Room, Fournier Street, every Saturday Evening, from October 22 to December 17, between eight and nine o'clock.

There will be Seven Weekly payments of 8d, and Two of 10d. If you join after October 22, you must pay arrears.

W. H. DAVIES,
Rector.

This was distributed through the scholars of our day schools, members of our clubs, mothers' meet-

ings, etc.; and it was printed as a large poster, and displayed throughout the parish.

On the night of opening, every member's name and address were entered in a register; and the weekly payments were carefully entered opposite the name. Each member was given a card like this:—

SPIALFIELDS PARISH CHURCH.			
Christmas Goose Club, 1898.			
No.			
Name			
Address			
			Note.—The Subscription is 8d. per week for seven weeks, and 10d. for two weeks, and the squares denote the number of weeks.
This Card must be produced at each payment at the Parish Room, Fournier Street, on Saturday Evenings, from 8 to 9, commencing October 22nd, and ending December 17th.			

Great care was taken that the name and number on the card agreed with the name and number in the register; and the payments entered upon the card were also initialled.

On the last pay-night but one, each member was told what the amount of arrears, if any, was, in order that on the final pay-night there might be no dispute.

On the last night for payment, the cards were taken from the members, and two printed order-forms, as given below, different in colour, were substituted.

We paid the tradesmen 5s. for every Beef and Poultry Ticket; and 1s. 5d. for every Grocery Ticket presented. We gave no money to the members.

The contractors were prepared to supply the articles named on the orders whenever they were presented. The ingredients for the pudding, etc., were in nearly every case secured at once, the poultry or beef being applied for two or three days before Christmas Day.

In no case were non-parishioners allowed to join if a goose club existed in their own parish.

The Club worked smoothly from beginning to end, and there was no unpleasantness at any time. Expressions of gratitude were constant and sincere,

and the contractors and the members expressed mutual satisfaction. Occasionally a member, at his or her own request, and by arrangement with the contractors, was supplied with an article different from any named upon the order (e.g. pork instead of beef or poultry), and to this no objection was made.

It was absolutely forbidden to the contractors to supply, either directly or indirectly, any kind of alcoholic liquor in lieu of any article named in the order.

There was nothing in the nature of charity connected with the Club, as will be seen. Altogether, five hundred and sixty-six persons joined the Club. The total receipts amounted to £182 19s.

The contractors were paid 6s. 5d. per member, leaving one penny per member to cover the cost of printing. Five hundred and sixty-six pence are £2 7s. 2d. The printing bill amounted to £2 6s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of 8d.

Imagine pathos in a goose club! And yet on occasions it abounded. "We've heard tell as geese and turkeys is very tasty, sir; but *we've* never tasted 'em. 'An' I'm seventy-three, and she's in her seventy. So we says, me and my missis, 'Here's our chance,' we says. Eightpence on the card, please, sir."

**SPIALFIELDS PARISH CHURCH.
GOOSE CLUB.**

To MESSRS. JOHN ROSE & Co.,
17 & 18, Bishopsgate St., Without, E.C.

Please supply the bearer with—

A Goose weighing about 9 pounds.
Or:— A Turkey " " 8 "
Or:— A piece of Beef " " 10 "

W. H. DAVIES,
Rector.

December 17th, 1898.

**SPIALFIELDS PARISH CHURCH.
GOOSE CLUB.**

To MESSRS. JOHN ROSE & Co.,
17 & 18, Bishopsgate St., Without, E.C.

Please supply the bearer with—

½-lb. Tea; 1 lb. Raisins; ½-lb. Currants;
¼-lb. Beef Suet; 1 lb. Sugar.

W. H. DAVIES,
Rector.

December 17th, 1898.

A SCHEME FOR INCUMBENTS' LIFE ASSURANCE.

BY COL. ARTHUR ALLEN OWEN.



THE fact that the professional incomes of 90 per cent. of the Clergy in this rich country are insufficient to provide them with the bare necessities of life, still less to live like ordinary English gentlemen, is not, I think, generally known. To expect them to be able to save anything, or insure their lives, is therefore absurd. If this were realized more generally by the laity, any business-like scheme having for its object an attempt to improve this state of things would, I believe, receive sympathy and fair consideration. This induced me, with the strong support of the Vicar of my parish, the Rev. E. S. Hilliard, St. Andrew's, Fulham, to submit a scheme of "Incumbents' Life Assurance," out of Church collections for the consideration of the London Diocesan Conference. The principle of the scheme was carried by a considerable majority. It was fully realized that its application to all parishes was not possible. In some parishes it would be quite unnecessary, in others obviously impossible. The printed rules below represent the lines adopted in the inauguration of the system at St. Andrew's, Fulham. They are framed purposely in the simplest possible language, and are intended to be considered more as suggestions than as representing a hard-and-fast standard. The idea is that the wardens or finance committee of any parish in which the experiment is made would frame rules applicable to their own special case. The scheme, voluntary in every sense of the word, may be considered a co-operative endowment, forming *ipso facto* a sinking fund in the interests of Incumbents' widows and families. The rules, as I have indicated, aim at neither perfection nor completion; but if carried out, they minimise the chances of the policy being used for any improper use, such as borrowing purposes. The fact, too, of insurance policies being renewable annually is another safeguard. But it is to be earnestly hoped that the discontinuance of premium payments out of Church collections, when once inaugurated, would never be resorted to except under circumstances so grave and rare as to be absolutely exceptional. It is the principle, not the details, one hopes to get recognized by Churchmen, if for no higher reasons than the fact that the Church of England, as an organization in the best interests of civilization and sound, honest philanthropy, has no

equal in the world's history. That being so, those who spend their lives in its service deserve our most thoughtful consideration. It must be borne in mind that no insurance, however small, is to be despised. Most of us have known Parsons with incomes from all sources too small to enable them to save or insure their lives, who would rejoice in the knowledge that even a couple of hundred pounds ready cash was secured to their widows, which would enable them to face dilapidation costs and the innumerable other expenses which crowd in at such a time before leaving their old Vicarage home for ever.

May I suggest one or two likely further considerations? An Incumbent of advanced years, uninsured in his last parish, changes his preferment; or the case of an unsound constitution;—both these cases requiring a largely increased annual premium, it would not be fair to expect the parish to pay all, but a compromise of half, or less, might be suggested. An Incumbent, however old or feeble in health, would, if insured in his old parish, experience no inconvenience in a new one, if the scheme was in existence there—*vide rule (c)* underneath. The advantages of this scheme to poor Incumbents (to whom alone it is applicable) are obvious. Parishioners too would realize that by an almost imperceptible effort they were co-operating in a measure having for its object the interests of their Incumbent and his family, as well as the property of their Church. In the somewhat rare case of bachelor Incumbents the Church Executive might be left to treat his case with kindly consideration, having regard to the possibilities of a change "for better or worse": I mean, of course, his marriage, which would quickly alter the responsibilities of his position.

SUGGESTED RULES.

(a) That, in addition to the amount from offertory funds annually voted towards the Clergy Maintenance Fund, the Churchwardens should require the Incumbent if possible to assure his life. The annual premium to be paid for out of Church collections should not exceed 5 per cent. of the average total collected in the year, and the Policy under no circumstances be for more than £1,000 of assurance.

(b) That the policy be taken out in the name of the Incumbent, and be deposited for safe custody in his name at the bank in which the Church accounts are kept. That the said policy be subject to inspection by the Churchwardens at least once a year, with the annexed receipts for premiums, which should never be detached from the policy. The Churchwardens would instruct the bank to pay the premiums as they fell due, from time to time, until further notice, and advise the insurance office of this arrangement.

(c) That the policy be in every sense the property of the Incumbent, and subject to his testamentary disposition. It would be at his disposal if he left the Church for other preferment, either to sell for its then surrender value, or to continue it at his own expense or at the expense of his new parish—should the scheme be in force there.

The Clergy Mutual Assurance Society give no honorarium to individuals introducing business to them. It comprises all the more modern forms of life insurance, is on a splendid financial basis, and would, I believe, specially adapt its advantages to the development of this or similar schemes. For these reasons this Society (address—2 and 3, The Sanctuary, Westminster) is one of the most suitable to employ in the interests of all concerned.

All necessary information can be obtained there at their hours of business.



Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY, from a photograph by HUNTER & Co., Armagh.

ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.

BY THE REV. H. C. B. STONE, B.A.

FEW Churches have a more interesting history than the "Damhliag Mor," the great stone Church of Armagh. When we hear that its original foundations were laid in the middle of the fifth century, one hundred and fifty years before the See of Canterbury was founded, and that it has been burned by enemies or accident not less than ten times, that it has been a sanctuary for hundreds of refugees, and has been used as a military barracks in time of war, we need no further proof for this statement.

The Cathedral stands on the summit of the hill on whose slopes the ancient city of Armagh is built. It was fortified until quite recent times, and in St. Patrick's time the site belonged to an Irish chieftain named Daire. The saint was most anxious to obtain possession of the hill, and Daire was equally anxious to keep it. However, the chieftain and his horse both died suddenly, and were forthwith miraculously restored to life by St. Patrick, and at once he was given the site for his Church. Such is the tradition, be it worth what it may; at all events, we know for certain that a cathedral has crowned the summit of the hill ever since.

Of the original building; not a trace remains: fire and sword and restorations have long since destroyed every trace of it. The Danes were

responsible for much of this destruction. They did an immense amount of damage to the Irish churches and monasteries, and burned Armagh and its Cathedral time after time. They burned or partially destroyed it in the following years: A.D. 836, 839, 852, 873, 885, and so on until they themselves became Christians. In 1566 it was burned by the Irish; and in 1641, the year of the terrible rebellion, the Cathedral was burned once more by the rebels under Sir Phelim O'Neill. It would be rather hard to expect any building to survive such treatment.

The present edifice is cruciform in shape, with a battlemented tower, in which is a peal of eight bells. The tower is of Armagh marble; the rest of the building is of sandstone.

The most important of the restorations was that which was effected by Primate Lord John George Beresford during the time that he occupied the See. It took six years to complete the work, and the cost was £36,000. A few years ago further alterations were made in the interior, as there was not sufficient space to accommodate a large congregation. The screen was removed, and seats placed in the nave; but, unfortunately, most of the old carving was taken away, and the whole tendency of this restoration has been to take away all appearance of antiquity.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

*From a photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.
Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*



ARMAGH CATHEDRAL.

On entering the building, one notices that the chancel is not quite parallel with the nave, but is slightly bent or inclined to the South. This reminds us that in death our Lord's head fell to one side as He hung on the Cross. The font is only a model of the old Armagh font, which, like many other Irish things, is in the British Museum. The organ is a fine instrument. The choir is well maintained, being richly endowed, the funds having escaped the general wreck of disestablishment. The clerical Vicars-choral are the successors of the Culdees, an order about which many controversies have raged.

The Chapter consists of the Precentor, Chancellor, Treasurer, Archdeacon, and four Prebendaries, the Prebendaries corresponding to the Canons of most other cathedrals. The present Dean is the Very Rev. A. Fitzgerald, D.D. The Archbishop's throne is of carved oak, like the stalls of the dignitaries, and is erected to the memory of the Right Hon. A. Beresford Hope, M.P.

There are many monuments and statues, some of them being by celebrated sculptors. Perhaps the most striking of them all is that of Dean Drelicourt, by Rysbrach. The best of the others are those of Thomas Molyneux, by Roubillac; Archbishop Stuart, by Chantrey; Primate Lord J. G. Beresford, by Marochetti; and that of Primate Marcus Gervais Beresford. The best of the busts is one of Primate Robinson, by Nollekens; that of Primate Knox has only lately been placed in the Cathedral.

Of the other monuments, those of Lieutenant Kidd,

R.N., who was killed in the Redan, and of Colonel Kelly, are perhaps the most noteworthy. A mural tablet to the memory of Elizabeth Beresford is very handsome. There are also several mural brasses.

The stained glass windows are in memory of Lord J. G. Beresford, Chancellor C. K. Irwin, Lady Catherine Beresford, Dean Jackson, Precentor Allot, Rev. C. S. Mangan, Dr. Kidd, etc.

The old colours of the 89th Regiment were deposited here in 1889. The other colours are those of the local regiments of the celebrated Irish volunteers who won an independent parliament for Ireland in the closing years of the last century; and last, but not least, a tricolour. Its presence is explained by an inscription on a brass plate:

"This Flag, taken from a French invading Army at the Battle of Ballinamuck, 8th Sept., 1798, by the 75th Armagh Light Infantry, now the 3rd Battalion Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers, was deposited in the Cathedral by Colonel Thomas Simpson (commanding) and other officers of the Battalion, A.D. 1891."

In the Chapter-house, which is situated in the north transept, there are several monuments and brasses, the most interesting of which is one erected by a Mrs. Robert Carr, a very lovely woman, who began life by selling her wares in the streets of Armagh, and ended it as a marchioness. Two monuments of the Charlemont family are considered very good.

In one corner of the Chapter-room there lie on

the floor the fragments of a beautiful Celtic cross, exquisitely carved. Formerly it stood in the Market Square; but it was torn down and broken by a Protestant mob in A.D. 1813. The other crosses which once adorned the city have also disappeared.

The famous *Backall Isa*, the staff of Jesus, a treasured relic of St. Patrick, was destroyed at the time of the Reformation. The wonder is that, between the iconoclastic spirit of the settlers and the burning and destructive tendencies of the Irish, there are any memorials of the past left at all. The altar is one of the very few stone altars existing in Irish churches. The graveyard round the Cathedral is very ancient, having been used ever since Christianity was introduced into the country. There is no trace of any very old graves, the oldest legible inscription being one of A.D. 1638. This is a pity, as some of the Irish kings were buried here, notably Brian Boon, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014.

In the crypt rest the ashes of some of the Primates, some of the Charlemont family, and a few others. It is still used on special occasions as a burial-place. The Cathedral is also, strictly speaking, the Parish Church.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs by Messrs. Hunter & Co., Armagh.

SEED-THOUGHTS FROM MY COMMONPLACE BOOK.

SELECTED BY
THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,
Rector of St. Peter's, Watworth.

ILL-DEVELOPED buds turn to thorns: thwarted affections and virtues to sins.

STATUES of great men stand: great Christians should be represented kneeling, for thus have they risen to eminence.

THE faults of childhood are the green fruit of sin.

A WISE parent will not check mirth in children, for suppressed spirits are as dangerous to character as suppressed perspiration is detrimental to health.

DULCE DOMUM.

HUMAN knowledge and thought combined can only spell the first letter of the alphabet of God's Love.

FAIZI.

HUMANITY is a great tree, of which each generation is the foliage, each individual a single leaf.

DEEP roots mean high and broad branches. Growth in humility is the best evidence of growth in grace.

GOD'S secret dews and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride, and fall on the low valleys of humility and make them pleasant and fertile.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

LIFE IN A DEAD TREE.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



IT may, perhaps, seem rather a contradiction to say that a dead tree is always teeming with life; but no statement can be more literally and more absolutely true. Only the life in question is not the life of the tree; it is the life of the destroying insects which have come to remove the tree from off the face of the earth.

No sooner does a tree die than it becomes odious in the sight of Nature. It is an excrescence now—a useless encumbrance, filling up space which ought to be occupied with healthy and vigorous vegetation. So it must be removed; as fast as possible. The ground on which it stands must be set free, in order that a strong and sturdy tree may replace the dead one.

And the first thing that is necessary is to strip off its bark. As long as *that* remains, decay can never take place, for the solid wood beneath it will be protected from the rain and the frost. So, one hot sunny day, a little brown beetle flies to the spot. Led by some strange instinct, it chooses that one dead tree out of the hundreds of healthy trees which surround it. Quite a little beetle it is—barely one-sixth of an inch long. No one would think that it could take even the smallest share in the work of felling a mighty tree. But in its tiny horny jaws and the powerful muscles that work them that beetle has a weapon as effective and as certain as the carpenter's axe; and from the very moment that it settles upon the trunk, the doom of the tree is sealed.

For a while it crawls backwards and forwards, in search of a site for its burrow. Then it begins to eat into the bark, and half an hour later has pierced it and reached the solid wood. Then it tunnels downwards, just between the two, for a foot or eighteen inches; and as it does so, it keeps on laying eggs, first on one side of the channel and then on the other, till perhaps a couple of hundred have been laid. When the last egg has been deposited, it ceases to burrow. For a very short while it rests. Then slowly it begins to retreat, moving backwards along its tunnel until at last it reaches the entrance. And then it dies, for its bodily powers are exhausted. Yet even in death the maternal instinct is strong, for

it invariably expires in the very mouth of its burrow, so that its own dead body may keep out the many hungry creatures which would only be too ready to feed upon its eggs.

Very soon those eggs hatch, and each gives birth to a hungry little white grub, with jaws as sharp and almost as strong as those of its parent. And every little grub forthwith begins to cut a burrow of its own. Day and night, almost without a pause, it works unceasingly on, shearing away the strong fibres which unite the bark with the wood. And no grub ever interferes with another grub's burrow. Hundreds of little tunnels radiate out at right angles from the central shaft, but never do they run into one another.

At last the tiny workers can eat no more. Their life as grubs is at an end, and each one changes into a little helpless chrysalis, out of which a perfect beetle will shortly emerge. But their work is done. They have fulfilled their mission, and the thousand connective fibres which bound a large sheet of bark to the trunk have been cut away. So it falls to the ground, and the face of the solid wood is left exposed.

Meanwhile other beetles and other grubs have been equally busy. Trunk and branches alike have been attacked, and everywhere the bark is falling off. The first part of the work of destruction has been accomplished, and now Nature sends other beetles

to complete the task. Bigger beetles these are, with long, waving antennæ: some bright orange with markings of black, some scarlet or vivid blue, and some rich bronze and copper and green. Place one of them beneath the microscope, and view it in a favourable light, and you will be



astounded at the splendour of its colouring. Its wing-cases are set with thousands of brilliant jewels: emeralds and rubies and diamonds and sapphires are massed together in a perfect blaze of coloured light. You cannot help thinking of the fabled glories of Aladdin's fairy palace. Who sees these beauties while the insect is still alive? Does the beetle itself? One can hardly suppose so: its eyes are not made for vision like that. Do other beetles? They never seem to notice them. And not one beetle in ten thousand ever comes before the eyes of man. Does the Creator look upon His handiwork, made beautiful for His own sake, and rejoice in it, and pronounce it still to be "very good"?

The big beetles lay their eggs as the little one did, only in the wood, not on it. And very soon these eggs also hatch, and the little grubs which emerge bore into the solid trunk. Backwards and forwards they burrow, day after day, night after night, eating the chips as they cut them away, and thriving and even growing fat on that singular nourishment. So they go on until the whole of the trunk is honey-combed with their tunnels. Then the rain enters the burrows, and soaks into the spongy wood. The frost comes, and freezes the moisture, and expands it as it freezes. And so the entire trunk at last breaks up, and falls to the ground in pulp and powder. Nature has accomplished her task. She has removed the dead tree; she has cleared the space for a healthy and vigorous tree to grow in its stead. More than that, she has provided that tree with an abundant supply of nourishment to serve it during the first few months of its life.

And so the little insects—Nature's foresters, we may surely call them—go working steadily on. Few of us ever see them as they labour; yet the fruits of their task surround us on every side. Where every tree of the forest stands now, a dead tree stood before it. Insects removed that dead tree when it died, and allowed a strong and healthy tree to grow in its place. They have enabled the forests to live on through the ages. Even now they are toiling for the benefit of generations still to come. Truly the world owes much to its unseen and unrecognised workers.

TOIL AND REST.

SO let me toil!
 Wrestling with life's duties
 As rising sun wrestles with lingering darkness,
 Nor tires till beams of light
 Fill Heaven and earth—victoriously!

So let me rest!—
 When life's work is done,
 As sinks the sun in western glow,
 Lighting the shadows with Heaven's glory,
 Keeping back the advancing night.

FECKENHAM VICARAGE.

A. MARSHALL, M.A.

A MEDITATION FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BY THE REV. JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A.,
Vicar of Langrish.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God."—*Wisdom iii. 1.*

SINCE the beginning of the seventh century, the first day of November has been dedicated to the memory of the Saints of God. The Festival is the summing-up, in a most touching and beautiful manner, of all the Saints' Day celebrations of the Christian year. It reminds us of all those who, in every age of the world's history, have lived virtuous and godly lives, and who, now that their warfare is accomplished and their victory won, have entered upon those unspeakable joys which God has prepared for those that unfeignedly love him.

On All Saints' Day, then, we meditate on the lives of the righteous whose souls are in the hand of God. We look back down the long range of history, and we think of the patriarchs and prophets, of the law-givers and psalmists, of the Old Testament. We think of the Master's friends, of His chosen Apostles and many disciples, of the holy women who ministered unto Him of their substance. We think of the early Christian martyrs, of St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp. We commemorate St. Anthony and the Hermits; St. Benedict, and his band of followers, with their noble motto, "to work is to pray"; the blessed St. Francis, who made poverty his bride. We commemorate all heroic missionaries, like Francis Xavier, and David Livingstone, and Bishop Patteson; all glorious philanthropists, like Howard, and Wilberforce, and the good Lord Shaftesbury; all noble women, like Sister Dora, and Grace Darling, and Joan of Arc. But we commemorate likewise the myriads of good men and good women who, unknown to the world, have lived faithfully the hidden life, and who rest in unvisited tombs.

"The bravely dumb, who did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
Who love Heaven's silence more than fame."

But All Saints' Day has yet tenderer associations. As we get on in life. we come to have a domestic calendar of our own. Our parents, it may be, are gone from us. The old familiar faces of our childhood have passed away. We are travellers "between the cradle and the grave, and the great fact of life is death; and the centre of human interest moves gradually towards the other world." But when, on



All Saints' Day, we think of those whom we have loved and lost, we do not sorrow, as those who have no hope. We think of the "many mansions" of the Father's house, and we know that the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and that no torment shall touch them. In the light of Christ's presence, which has shed its glory over the unseen world, we are enabled to thank God, in the beautiful words of the prayer for the "Church Militant"—words which are specially appropriate on All Saints' Day—"for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear." We feel instinctively that the words of the Christian poet are true:

"They are not dead, the friends of our affection,
But gone into that school
Where they no longer need our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

"In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live, whom we call dead."

Yes, the "souls of the righteous are in the Hand of God." And on that other side, towards which "all faces, all footsteps, whether of young or old, parents or children, are looking and travelling, we hope to be gathered together into one family, under the wide

roof-tree of our Father's house." We shall meet and love each other there, in that life of which it is written that "God shall wipe away tears from off all faces; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXXI.—ACROSTIC.

F'twere not for my finals,
Which you up must read,
The form th' initials spell would
Never to the Church be seen to speed.

- (1) The housemaid's friend. (2) A Shakespearian character. (3) A preposition. (4) A graceful animal. (5) An article of food. (6) A herb. (7) A girl's name. (8) A city destroyed by Israel. (9) A useless fellow. (10) A dull colour.

XXXII.—ENIGMA.

I am a word of two meanings. (1) I am constantly turned over. (2) I am at the beck and call of those whom I serve.

BURIED TRUTH.

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

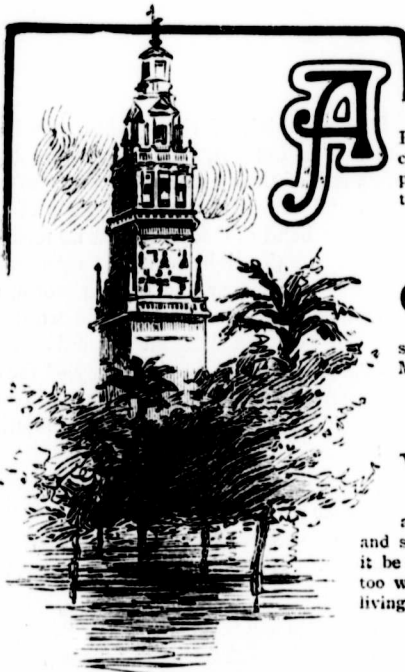
WHO is described in the Bible as being equally conspicuous, in different ways and at different times, for silence and speech, for self-assertion and humility, for commendation and blame, for sorrows and blessings? also, for what we are told, and for what we are not told, of his family? also, again, for being named in one very brief list, and for not being named in a much longer but similar list?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

61. **W**HERE does an apostle describe the protecting power of peace?
62. Who was the last that became first at a great crisis?
63. What is said in the Gospel of those who begin to serve God and turn back again?
64. Who was described as being in the bond of iniquity?
65. In what parable are we taught to forgive sins?
66. Whose death was more destructive than his life?

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.



Worth Imitating.

A pound of fact is worth more than a pound of theory, and this must be the excuse for recurring again to the matter of announcing in the Sunday school every week the total amount of the Missionary contributions of the children. At the Mission Room at Childwall, near Liverpool, the Sunday school, with the names of eighty children on the books, raised £1 16s. for the C.M.S. in the year 1897. Last year the plan indicated above was adopted, with the result that the contributions were nearly trebled, the sum collected being £5 9s.—*C.M.S. Gleaner*.

A Policeman's Offering.

OUR readers will remember our mention in previous years of a Belfast policeman and his collecting-card. This year his card records a larger sum than ever before—£31, made up partly of small sums collected, partly of tips when on special service, such as at weddings. This energetic collector belongs to the Mariners' Church, Belfast.—*C.M.S. Gleaner*.

"A Living Reality."

WHEN the rumour reached Chief Skoten's heathen friends that he had repented and deserted them, one of them who was greatly attached to him followed him to ascertain if it were true. On meeting and explaining matters to one another a striking scene ensued. These two stalwart Indians embraced one another and shed tears. When he found utterance this heathen follower exclaimed: "Well, let it be so. I promised to follow you in everything, and I will not change my word. I too will forsake the old customs, and follow in the new way. It is better to follow a living reality than to follow a corpse."—*ARCHDEACON COLLISON*.

"Using the Box."

A VERY early member of the Gleaners' Union, J. G., Gleaner No. 321, writes as follows about a fifty-year-old missionary-box:—"Two little girls, aged eight and six, went to a country rectory in Gloucestershire the morning after the village missionary meeting in 1848. They went to ask for a small green missionary-box and became subscribers for the 'Little Green Book,' as the old *Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor* was lovingly called. Every year but one since then the box has been opened and the contents sent to the C.M.S. The small green box is set aside now, and a negro-boy box has taken its place; but it is still in the possession of the owner. The full sum collected in the fifty years is not known, but since the year 1877 the amount collected has been £48 10s."—*C.M.S. Gleaner*.

A DOG'S HEROISM.

LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN A. SHAW, of the 1st Regiment of Infantry, was out walking, at Greathead, with his little daughter Grace the other afternoon. They were attended by a thoroughbred St. Bernard dog, the property of Lieutenant Shaw. While at the highest point of the cliff, Grace went close to the edge, and the dog, seeing her danger, walked between the child and the precipice. The turf started and the dog lost his footing. Realising his danger, he made a spring far out over the cliff. The child had turned to her father and was really out of danger when the dog sprang up in front of her, but the noble brute had done his duty in guarding her. He sprang clear of the

rocks and landed on his feet on the beach, a hundred and twenty feet below. It was a remarkable escape, for the dog is extremely large, weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and such a leap, without breaking limbs, seems impossible. Beyond a few cuts on his feet, the dog was apparently unhurt.



Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. CORBOULD.

Around the Throne of God.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus.
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)

Words by J. M. NEALE.

VOICE. *mf*

1. A - round the Throne of God a band Of glo - rious an - gels ev - er stand; Bright
2. Some wait a - round Him rea - dy still, To sing His praise and do His will; And

ACCOMP. *mf*

cres.

things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.
some, when He com - mands them, go To guard His ser - vants here be - low.

cres.

3. Lord, give Thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4. So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy Throne at last.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



TO-DAY.

"TIS a difficult lesson, you know;
I want to be out and away,
'Tis a difficult lesson, and so
I will not begin it to-day.
'T would take me so long to complete
If once I began it," he said;
Then cried, as he ran down the street,
"I'll do it to-morrow instead."

TO-MORROW.

One end of the pen in his mouth,
A tear almost seen in each eye,
As, brought by the wind from the south,
He watched the white clouds in the sky.
He longed to be out and away,
The task was but only begun;
His freedom is forfeit to-day
To yesterday's labours—undone.

Then never, oh never, delay!
For who could such folly excuse?
To-morrow will soon be to-day,
And to-day is the day we must use.

JOHN LI

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

THE CONFIRMATION.

On Thursday afternoon the 11th, the Bishop of the Diocese held a Confirmation service at Christ's church. It was a beautiful October afternoon—a contrast in this connection with his Lordship's last visit—and the church was well filled. The service was reverent and impressive throughout, and the Bishop's earnest convincing words on the sanctity of the Lord's Day were attentively listened to. May they be, not HEARD only, but HEEDED, so shall they bring blessing, not alone to individuals but to us as a congregation. The offering, for the See House Fund, amounted to \$5.47. Seven candidates received the Laying on of Hands making 48 confirmed in the parish within three years.

NEW PULPIT DESK.

The Church of England in Canada, as a whole may have missed the opportunity of which other religious bodies have availed themselves, of marking the close of the 19th century, by raising a large 20th Century Fund, but the congregation of St. John's, S. Cayuga, will have, for the years to come—unless their church building should be destroyed by fire—a substantial commemorative mark of their interest in the closing century, in the handsome walnut pulpit-desk which has been placed in the church and which was used for the first time on Sunday, 21st. The incumbent wishes to thank the congregation for the united and hearty way in which they responded to his request concerning the desk, the offering therefor through the envelopes distributed amounting to \$22.60.

ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD CONVENTION.

The annual convention for the Dominion of Canada of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood was held in Toronto from Thursday to Sunday, Oct. 18th to 21st inclusive. Mr. Francis was present at the meetings on Thursday and Friday; but, not being able to find a substitute, was obliged to journey homewards as far as York for the Sunday services there. He had the pleasure, however, of listening to addresses by such eminent men as the Rev. C. H. Brent, of Boston—a Canadian and a graduate of the Church University of this province—who is fast making for himself an honored name both in the U. S. and Canada; Bishop Potter of New York, and Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee. Not soon will he forget the magnificent address on the Friday evening of the last named Bishop, the subject being "What the Church asks of Men." The Toronto Canadian Churchman reports that at the mass meeting in Mass Hall on Sunday afternoon, an audience of not less than 4,000 men was addressed by our own Bishop, and Bishop Gailor. Mr. Francis very much hopes that should the convention be held again no farther away than Toronto a fair number of men from this parish will avail themselves of the opportunity of being present.

BAPTISMS.

Oct. 5th, at St. John's church, S. Cayuga. George Alexander and Hattie May, children of Ferdinand

and May Hornibrook.

Oct. 7th, at Christ's church, Port Maitland, William Edward, infant son of Edward and Nettie B. Martin.

Maggie Evelyn, infant daughter of Lauchlin and Mary H. McCallum.

Edna Luella, infant daughter of Joseph and Mary H. King.

Roy Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moss, Port Maitland.

Oct. 12th, Martha Louisa and Wilbert Arthur, children of William and Mabel Hall.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK.

On Wednesday, Oct. 10th—a bright typical Canadian autumn day—from about noon till evening, the residence of Wm. Verth, village of York, presented an interesting and animated scene in connection with the marriage of Wm. Verth's youngest daughter, Marion, to a worthy young farmer of Oneida township, George Wharton. The beautifully instructive and deeply impressive service of the Church of England was used by the Rural Dean C. Scudamore. The genial character of the day allowed the service to be held on the verandah, the bridal couple, attended by their companions, Miss Addie Turner, of Caledonia, and Mr. Henry S. Murdoch of the village of Indiana, formed a good-looking group, most becomingly attired to suit this happy occasion. A very bountiful, choice and well served lunch was fully enjoyed by about sixty guests within doors at the close of the wedding ceremony. The hall upstairs was bright with the numerous useful presents made the bride which amply testified to the high esteem in which the bride is held. Appropriate and felicitous addresses were made by Major A. Williamson, Rev. C. Scudamore, the groom and groomsmen, as well as several of the guests. In due time the happy couple started for Caledonia, amidst the customary rice, etc., accompanied by many friends. They carried a host of hearty good wishes with them as they sped "Westward Ho" on the honeymoon.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Oct. 18th, was marked in this parish by special service at 10.30, the collection being in aid of the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund. In the evening, a dinner and elocutionary and musical treat of a very excellent order was held in the S. S. hall. The evening arrangements were arranged admirably by the members and officials of St. John's Branch of the W. A. The evening was one of great pleasure and satisfaction to all who took part therein and added nearly \$30 to the funds of the Woman's Auxiliary.

The Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M. A., of Port Maitland and South Cayuga, took charge of the services in St. John's Church on Sunday, Oct. 21st, to the satisfaction and profit of the parishioners. The rector was at Cayuga doing similar duty.