

Tom Blott

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Deanery
Magazine

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Deanery Meeting.

The regular winter meeting of the clergy of the Rural Deanery of Haldimand was held on Tuesday and Wednesday Feb. 12 & 13, in Caledonia, beginning with a service in St. Paul's church on the evening of the first day. At this service Rev. Arthur Francis spoke on the Church's duty concerning missions, Rev. P. L. Spencer on the progress of missions during the 19th century, the Rev. Rural Dean Scdamore on the missionary outlook for the 20th century.

The principal matter of business on Wednesday was the consideration of the scheme proposed by the Standing Committee of the diocese for marking the beginning of the new century and the completion of the 25th year of the life of the diocese. Rev. L. E. Skey, agent and collector, was present by appointment. After explaining that the desire of the committee was to raise a fund of \$40,000 or \$50,000, the chief part of which would be devoted to the support of aged or disabled clergymen, he appealed to the clergy present to subscribe according to their ability. All willingly placed their names on the list. The sums subscribed vary from \$60 to \$90. Three years will be allowed for payment. These sums are to be in addition to the regular and ordinary payments now made by the clergy. Rev. Mr. Skey expects to make a thorough canvass of the diocese and solicit subscriptions from the lay members of the church as well as from all the clergy. He has in a few days obtained in Hamilton promises to the extent of \$5,000. The next meeting of the Chapter was appointed to be held in Jarvis on May 1st and 2nd.



Port Maitland and South Cayuga

CHRIST CHURCH W. A.

The February monthly meeting was held at Mrs. J. Bradford's on Thursday, 7th. There were 10 members present. A dollar and a loaf was voted the Lady Missionary's Fund and a similar sum to the Bishop's Fund for diocesan missions.

The second annual meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Henry King, Sr., on Thursday afternoon, 14th. Cold, colds, and deep snow prevented many of the members from attending and only 7 were present—Mesdames H. King, J. King, Bradford, Hamilton, Lyons, Brennan, Jr., and Miss D. Splatt. The meeting opened with the usual devotional service. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were satisfactory, showing that in spite of difficulties, good work was being done. The following is the secretary's report in full:

The second annual report of the Port Maitland branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.

During the year ending in February 1901, we have held seven business meetings, the aver-

age attendance being nine; twelve sewing meetings with an average attendance of six. All our sewing meetings were closed with prayer, and our business meetings were preceded by the missionary litaney. Received sixteen post cards and six letters, and wrote seven letters and four cards. A bale of clothing and groceries was sent to Rev. G. Holmes of Lesser Slave Lake, last May, for which a grateful acknowledgment was received in October, and our branch decided to continue to work for the same mission. Seven leaflets and one magazine have been subscribed for by our members for the year 1901. One of our members has removed from us, with the good wishes of all her fellow workers.

MISS DEBBIE SPLATT,
Secretary of Port Maitland branch.

The officers for the coming year, elected by ballot, are as follows:—

President—Miss Agnes Docker.

Vice-President—Mrs. John Bradford.

Treasurer—Mrs. Wm. Brennan, Jr.

Secretary—Miss D. Splatt.

The incumbent named Mrs. H. Hamilton and Mrs. M. Armour as his nominees on the board of management. Mrs. J. Bradford and Miss D. Splatt were elected delegates to attend the annual meeting of the Diocesan Board in Hamilton. Miss Ida Splatt and Miss Myrtle Taylor were chosen as auditors.

A very good sewing meeting was held at Miss Splatt's on the 21st.

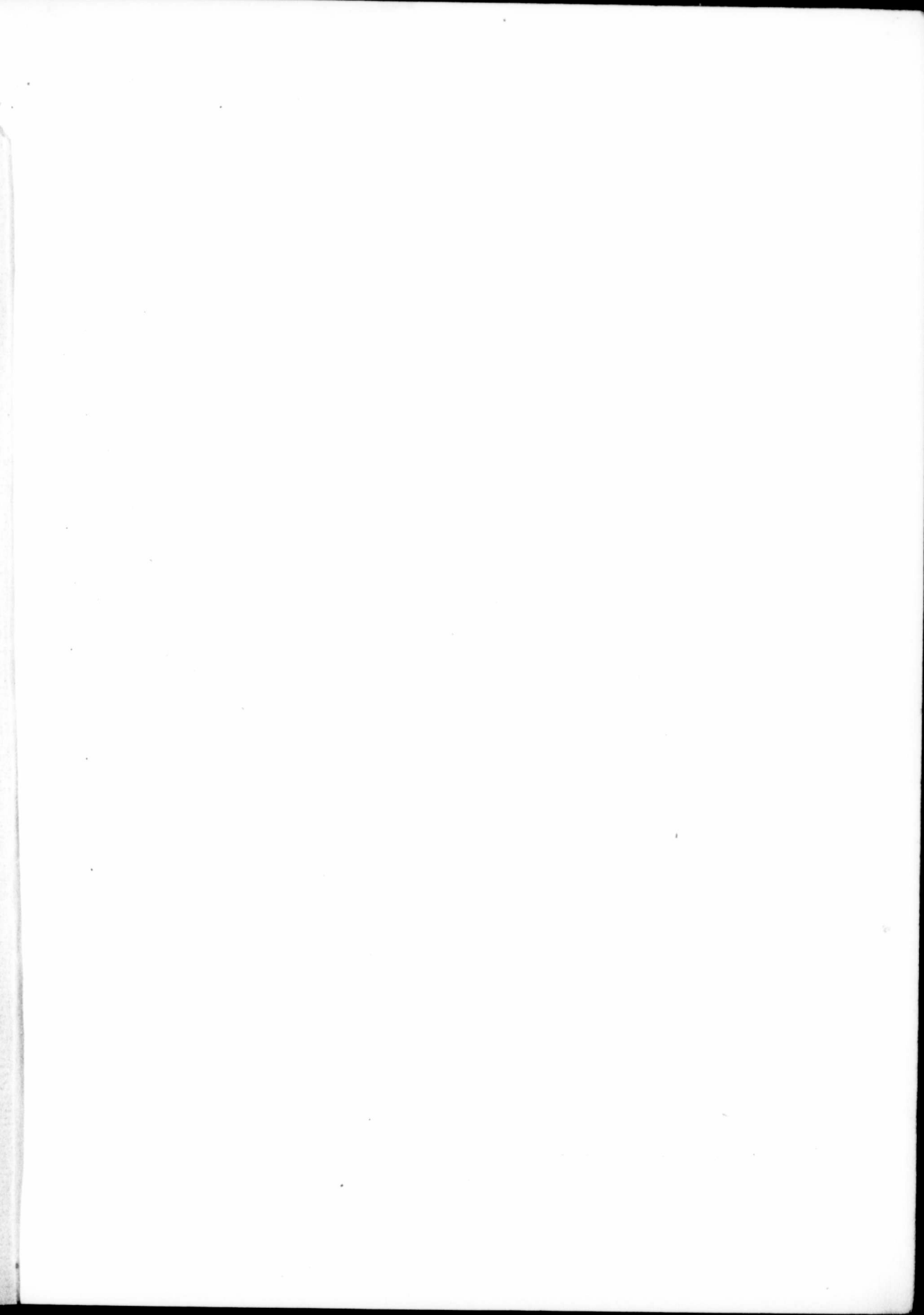
ST. JOHN'S W. A.

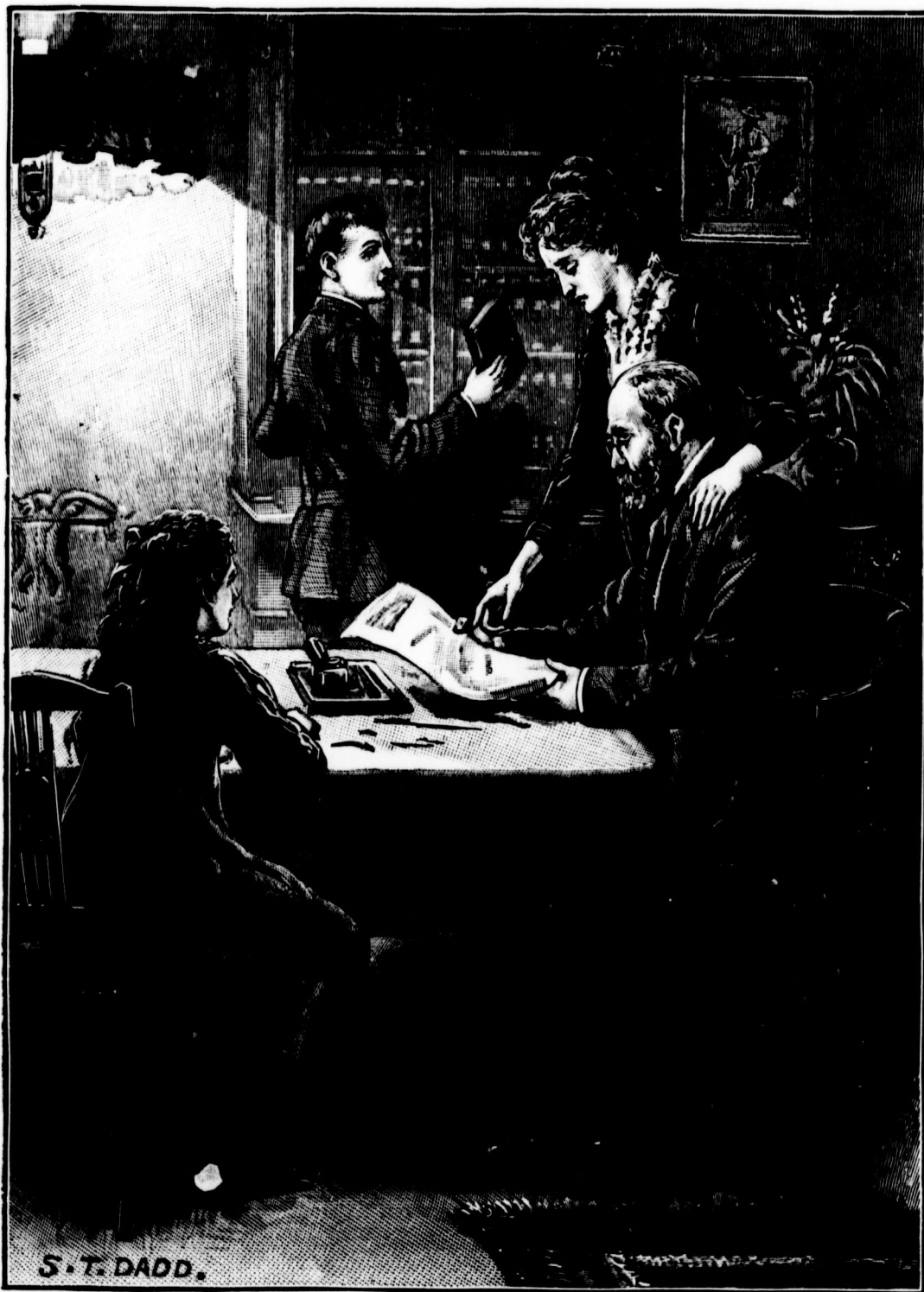
Six members were present at the February monthly meeting at Mrs. Dickhout's.

The annual meeting took place on Friday, 14th. A service was held in the church at 11 a. m., at which ten out of the thirteen members of the branch were present and partook of the holy communion. Through the kindness of Mrs. R. Logan the members were entertained at lunch at her home, and the business meeting was held there in the afternoon. The following is the secretary's report:—

Once more the revolving wheel of time brings us to the close of another "Auxiliary year." May each one of us, in glancing over the past, resolve through divine assistance, to make this the first year of the new century, one of marked success.

This year, there are thirteen names on the roll, an increase of two over last year. In August we were called upon to consign to the tomb one of our most helpful members, in the person of Mrs. Crawford, whose loving counsel we so sadly miss. In the removal of Miss Lizzie Bate from the parish we lost another valued helper.





"AFTER TEN YEARS." (See page 51.)
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. DADD.



"AFTER TEN YEARS"; OR, "SIGNING THE CENSUS PAPER."

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING, *Author of "The Fisherman's Friend," etc.*

MY wife and I together sit,—
The pen beside me lies ;
Upon the census sheet are fixed
The children's curious eyes ;
And o'er my heart and brain there rolls
A flood of memories.

Ten years since last I filled it up—
What changes they have wrought !
Small wonder that I pause awhile,
And lose myself in thought
Of all the mingling joy and pain
Those circling years have brought !

First comes my name : a greater strength
Was mine ten years ago,—
Upon the hair that once was black
There lies a touch of snow ;
I'm ten steps nearer to the goal
To which we all must go.

Then comes the name of her I love :
Through shadow and through shine,
Through all the changes of the years,
Our hearts still more entwine ;
Ah ! God be thanked that I can still
Write down that name with mine !

Willie, my boy, ten years ago
A puny mite of five—
How little then I thought to see
You here to-day alive !
Some joys I've lost, but this I have—
To watch you grow and thrive.

Nelly, my sunbeam, how your smiles
Have brightened all my way
Since first I wrote your name and age
Upon this self-same day,
While in your mother's loving arms
An hour-old babe you lay !

Annie, another home is yours ;
But, though we miss your face,
I cannot feel an unmixed grief
Before that vacant space,
For in your husband's love and care
You've found your resting-place.

But as I lay the pen aside
The mother looks at me,
And points her trembling finger where
Our Charlie's name should be,
While in her sorrow-laden eyes
The blinding tears I see.

Charlie, my dearest and my best,
Beneath the sun-scorched sod
Of that far-distant Transvaal plain,
That once you bravely trod,
You lie and slumber, and your soul
Is with your country's God.

Ah ! when the next ten years have passed,
Upon another Shore
Perhaps my God will grant to me
To see my boy once more,
And in that first sweet glance forget
The grief that came before.

Who knows? The future none can see ;
But, though his course is run,
I thank the God Who gave to me
A hero for a son,
And pray that, when we die, our work
May all like his be done.

And though our paths go left or right
As on through life we move,
Or though we live, or though we die,
We all are one in love ;
And on that last Great Numb'ring Day
We'll meet again Above !

For Queen and Country.

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

BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

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

CHAPTER VI.

FAREWELL!

HOW strangely is our life influenced! The disaster to the guns on the Tugela on December 15th changed the career of many a young volunteer in the metropolis, and without it Horace Seymour would never have become a C.I.V.

How those dark December days passed his mother never knew. Sometimes she fancied she was living through a bad, bad dream, or a horrible nightmare; and she tried to believe that she should soon awake and find it all an illusion.

As in a dream she heard one evening—the evening of January 1st—that five hundred of the Volunteers had been that dismal New Year's Day to the

Guildhall, and had been sworn in as soldiers of the Queen for at least a year. "Here is the Queen's shilling they gave me," she heard Horace say to Nurse Johnson. "Look, it is a bright new coin. Mother would hate to see it now, I know, so I will not show it to her. But perhaps she may like to see it another day. I sail on the 13th."

"Ah! the time's gettin' nigh now, Mist' 'Orace. Who'd 'a' thought that, when a day or two ago, like, I said I wished you was a gallyant young hossifer, you soon would be one?"

"Not an officer, Nurse."

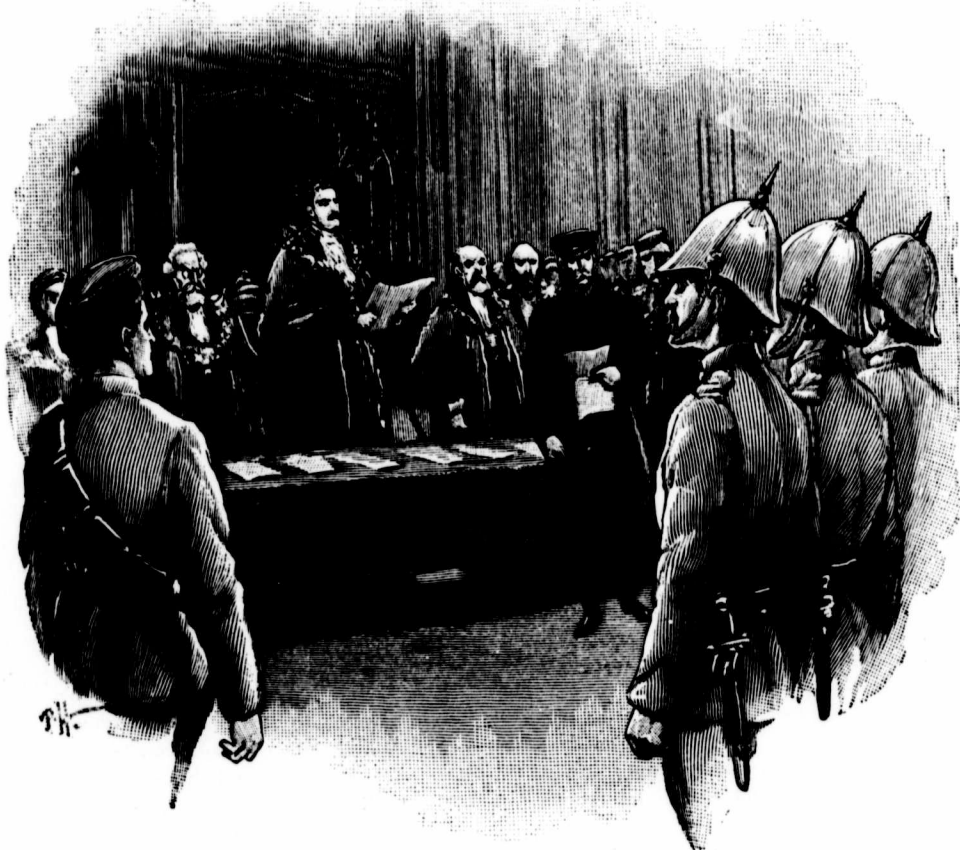
"Oh, well, that won't be long first. You're a soldier anyhow, and that I didn't expect; so if you're the one so unexpected, why not the other? But where's your gay uniform, Mist' 'Orace?"

"I shall have the khaki suit on the Friday evening before we start—"

"Karki! You don't mean to say you're goin' to wear that mustardy-coloured stuff?"

"That is the best for the veldt; it does not make such a good target for the enemy."

"Well, there! I am took aback! I thought to see



THE SWEARING IN OF THE C.I.V.

you in scarlet and gold and splendacious helmet and plumes!"

"Then I should run a much greater risk of being shot, Nurse."

"Oh, I don't see that, Mist' 'Orace. I should hav' thought the wavy plumes would have dazzled their heyes when they was a-shootin'."

"But we are going to have a nice, soft, brown, broad-brimmed hat, turned up on the left side, with C.I.V. on it in black letters. It will protect us from the sun and look very nice."

"Oh, and when can I see it?" snapped Nurse, still hankering after the flashing helmet and plumes.

"Come with mother to the Guildhall or to Bunhill Row on Friday, and then attend service at St. Paul's on Friday evening."

"I doubt if she could stand it," muttered Nurse. "I must go and look after her now."

The first five hundred of the regiment—the first Volunteers ever to go to the front in England's wars—were sworn in at the ancient Guildhall on New Year's Day, 1900. The historic hall was dim with fog, and at the left-hand or western end was placed a table, covered with red baize, and extending almost the whole width of the building. Here sat the Lord Mayor, who attended in state, and several Aldermen. These gentlemen administered the oath of allegiance. Opposite to them stood detachments of the Volunteers, each in the uniform, chiefly grey and green, of their corps. This uniform would, as Horace had said, give place on Friday, January 12th, to a khaki dress, worn for the war. Among the Volunteers were represented several well-known corps, such as the Artists, the Queen's Westminsters, the 3rd London, the London Irish, and several others. These detachments had marched through loudly cheering crowds in the streets, the Artists, under Colonel Edis and Lieutenant Croft, and headed by their band, appearing first.

Soon after eleven o'clock the Lord Mayor took his seat, and addressed the men in a stirring speech which has become historic. "Beyond doubt," said he, in the course of his remarks, "you to-day inaugurate a new era in our national history. You are here with the deliberate and set intention of voluntarily taking on yourselves the hardships and dangers incidental to a serious campaign. The object you have in view is worthy even of your great sacrifice. Your splendid patriotism is deeply appreciated. To you belongs signally the honour of leading the movement which stirs every city, town, and hamlet throughout the kingdom. As the humble representative and servant of the Corporation, and as Chief Magistrate of the City of London, I can but offer feeble thanks in return for your devotion to Queen and country."

The Lord Mayor went on to mention various important details; and when the cheers that greeted the conclusion of his speech had died away, the

business of enrolment began at once. Colonel Mackinnon, who was appointed by the War Office to command the regiment, read the oath of allegiance; and the men, who had previously been medically examined, advanced in parties of ten to the table, where they were sworn in and duly received the Queen's shilling. The names of many had figured as prize-winners at the Bisley shooting contests.

The ceremony was resumed on Thursday, January 4th, when again amid cheering crowds detachments marched to the Guildhall, the 4th Middlesex on this occasion leading the way. A message was on this day read from Sir A. Bigge, assuring the Lord Mayor how highly the Queen valued the corps which, he said, had been so patriotically raised by the City of London. The work of swearing the men in batches then proceeded as before, the number of men being about nine hundred, together with a contingent from the Honourable Artillery Company. The men, however, attached to the battery of artillery were sworn in at the banqueting-hall of the Armoury House, City Road, the Honourable Artillery Company contributing altogether one hundred and seventy to the City corps, while subsequently some remaining members of the corps were enrolled at the Mansion House.

So the days passed, parades and drilling occupying some of the time until the fateful Friday drew near. On that day the men were to attend the Guildhall, and in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Cambridge, and Aldermen were to receive their khaki uniforms and kits; then march to the Tower to receive their Lee-Metford service rifle; then to attend at St. Paul's; then to dine at the Inner Temple; then to sleep at the drill-hall of the London Rifle Brigade, Bunhill Row; and finally to march early on Saturday morning to Nine Elms, to take train for Southampton.

This was the programme; so that when Horace left his quiet suburban home to attend the Guildhall on that Friday, January 12th, he would not return—if he ever did return—until he had seen service in South Africa.

Mrs. Seymour, still moving as it seemed to her in a painful dream, did everything Nurse or her son arranged for her. She quietly said, "Yes, she would go," when they suggested she should accompany him on that last day.

"The excitement will keep her up," said Horace to the faithful Nurse; "and the interest of the proceedings may divert her mind."

"And I'll bring the big smellin'-bottle, mum," said Nurse. "I've had it filled at the chemist's."

The big smelling-bottle was a family heirloom on the feminine side. It was of real cut-glass, with an elaborate gold-plated stopper.

"It couldn't have better salts in it than it's got now, mum," Nurse added; "they made me wink when I smelt 'em jest now. By-the-bye, we ain't seen no

friends lately. Ain't you a-goin' to call and say good-bye to any, Mist' 'Orace?"

"Oh, I have, Nurse; I have seen the Mabeys, and the Wilsons, and the——"

"Oh, I mind me you did; and where was you last night?" asked Nurse, with affected nonchalance

"Last night? Oh, i—I—was at drill."

"Not all the time, Mist' 'Orace. Where was you that hour just afore you came home? Callin' on Miss——"

"I must go now, Nurse!" exclaimed Horace abruptly.

"Good-bye, sweet mother," he said, with infinite tenderness. "I will be back in good time to take you to the Guildhall; and you shall have a good seat at St. Paul's. Thousands of people would be glad to have your seat——"

"Ah! Horace, they should have it and welcome, if only you would stay." She spoke with such a strangely pathetic, heart-breaking note of deep weariness and painful heartache in her tone, that Horace, feeling the tears welling up in his eyes in spite of all his efforts, tore himself away.

Still as in that strange unearthly dream Mrs. Seymour moved beside her son to the Guildhall, and saw the khaki clothes and the kits; still as in the dream she saw thousands of people surge that evening into St. Paul's, and saw the fine stalwart contingent of the C.I.V. sitting there in the great Cathedral; still as in the dream she listened to the Dean's farewell, and heard Watts' noble hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," rolling grandly under the dome; still as in the dream she went away with her faithful attendant, and then in the dark and early morning made her way to the drill-hall, and saw her boy standing there with his comrades, ready to march.

Her heart seemed dead within her; no tears came, and everything seemed strangely unreal. She saw mothers locked in the arms of their sons, and heard fathers choking back their sobs; and then with a heart-rending groan and a scream she flung her arms around her boy, and gripped him as though she could never let him go. But the doors were thrown open; the order was given; some one—she knew not who—disengaged her arms, she heard the tramp of



"IS SHE HERE?" MUTTERED HORACE.

departing men, and she was moved forward with the crowd.

And 'as Horace turned he saw her with his tear-drowned sight amid the surging throng; she paused, looking after him with wild, distracted eyes and parted lips, one hand outstretched and pointing towards him; but while Nurse supported her on the one side, another lady, with a slight, graceful form that he knew so well, supported her on the other.

"Is *she* here?" muttered Horace; and then the thronging crowd shut out the group from his view, and he found himself struggling in a roaring river of humanity.

CHAPTER VII.

TO THE FRONT.

"SURELY there never was such a farewell. We were mobbed, and pressed, and squeezed, though all in good-nature," wrote Horace to his mother; "but I thought we should have had the very clothes torn off our backs.

"I am writing you these few hurried lines," he continued, "in the railway train rushing to Southampton, so pray excuse the wobbly writing. Oh! what a morning it has been! London seemed to go

mad with enthusiasm, and excitement, and the desire to give us a hearty good-speed. It is quite an historic event. Shall I tell you what happened to me?

"At five o'clock the bugle had sounded, and we rose, threw off our overcoats, rolled up our blankets, and prepared for breakfast. After answering the roll-call, the detachments were instructed to 'stand easy,' and it was then, as you know, that many affecting scenes took place. I shall never forget your face, dear mother. Leaving you is the one thing about which I grieve."

"Is it the only thing, Horace?" remarked his mother, as she was reading the letter, and thought of a wan, agonized face that kept beside hers all through that eventful morning. "Is it the one and only thing? He did see some one else beside me, for he adds, 'I am so glad you were so kindly supported by such good friends, for I know good old Nurse is as much a true friend as any one can be.' Curious he mentions no one else," said his mother; "he must have seen her."

"There's some mist'ry afloat, missus," remarked Nurse, "and I must find out what it is. I don't like mist'ries. They're like too much cucumber for supper—gives ye nighthorses."

"Nightmares, Nurse."

"Nightmares and bad dreams," concluded Nurse.

"Well, dear mother," Mrs. Seymour continued reading, "as you know, the crowd outside the drill-hall was enormous. The people had gathered there early in the cold January morning, with the stars shining and the street lamps burning. It was shortly before seven when the doors were thrown open, and then arose a mighty roar of welcome and enthusiastic good-bye, that continued all the way until Nine Elms was reached.

"Colonel Cholmondeley and the band of the London Rifle Brigade led the way, and some mounted police tried to force a path for us through the thronging crowd. But anything like a march in column became impossible. At twenty minutes to eight we were only at the Mansion House—and could scarcely move for the crowd—instead of crossing Westminster Bridge, where we ought to have been at that time.

"There is the Lord Mayor," cried one of our fellows. "Look; he has come to see us off."

"And there is our new flag," shouted the man next to me—a very decent chap, named Martin.

"I turned, and looked about the surging crowd; and, sure enough, I could just see the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress and Aldermen cheering and waving handkerchiefs, and our new flag flying proudly there; it is a white flag with a red cross, and in one corner a crown and sword and the magic letters that we mean to make famous and historic—C.I.V.

"It looks all right, doesn't it?" cried Martin. "But, good heavens! how are we to get through this awful crush?"

"Well, dear mother, I do not know how we got through. We had almost to fight our way, the crowd was so thick. But we took it all in good part, for we knew it was so well meant and so cordial. Still, in Queen Victoria Street, leading down to the Thames Embankment from the Mansion House, some of our fellows actually felt faint, for the pressure was so great, and our marching equipment was so heavy. We had our dark overcoats, and carried our rifles, also a yellow valise on our backs, a haversack slung by our side, a water-bottle, a mess-tin and bayonet at our belt, and bandolier across our shoulders.

"On the broad Embankment the crush was not quite so bad. There the band of the 3rd Middlesex took the place of the London Rifle Brigade. We passed over Westminster Bridge to the Albert Embankment, on the south side of the river. We chatted with friends, and sang songs—though my heart was very, very heavy at the thought of you; and some kissed the girls, though I did not."

"Ah! then he *was* a-thinkin' of somebody else!" exclaimed Nurse triumphantly.

"Oh, I do not know that you can say so," remarked Mrs. Seymour, with some asperity in her tone. "Horace would never kiss any strange girls like that."

"But they might not have been strange," quoth Nurse. "Many might have been friends o' the men. I reckon he was very much taken up with some one else; but, bless me! there's no accountin' for young folks nowadays. Yes, 'm?"

The "Yes, 'm," uttered as a query, was intended as a suggestion to Mrs. Seymour that she might continue reading; and the lady, who was anxious to peruse the letter, proceeded:

"At Vauxhall and in the Wandsworth Road the crush was very great; but at last Nine Elms station was reached, and from there, thank God, the crowd was excluded. I was in the first part of the broken column, and we entered the station about three hours after starting from the headquarters in Bunhill Row. Other detachments arrived at intervals soon afterwards, several of the men having lost some of their accoutrements in the crush."

"It must have been shocking," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour. "Poor fellows! it was rough kindness indeed."

"I'm thankful we got you out of it at once, mum," remarked Nurse. "That keb was a treasure. There's nothin' like a keb when you're tired and squashed, and a bed to foller for rest."

"And I was in bed all day."

"With weak eyes too, mum. But there, there, never mind, mum. Mist' 'Orace got on all right. Yes, 'm?"

"Inside the station progress was speedy. Two special trains were waiting, and on the platform I noticed Major-General Trotter, commanding the Home District, and Colonel Boxall, C.B., who organized the corps, and must have felt proud of the results of his

labours. We entered the carriages, and about a quarter past ten the first train, containing the infantry contingent, steamed away to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band of the Queen's Westminsters. And now I must conclude, dear mother, so that I can post to you at once at Southampton." And then followed many loving words and promises to write quickly, and special injunctions to Nurse to take care of her.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Nurse, almost angrily, mustering up an interjectory word she had read somewhere and suddenly remembered, to express her feelings,—“fiddlesticks! what does the lad take me for? Does he think I should forget to care for you? His head must be turned by some young damsel, or he would not write such rubbishy stuff; but who is it? He ought to know me better by this time. Yes, 'm?"

"Oh, he has not written any more, Nurse. I wonder how he got on afterwards. We may have long to wait for his letter."

"Why, look in the paper, of course, mum. You will see something there."

So Mrs. Seymour looked in the newspaper and read a few sentences, which described that about a quarter of an hour after the first train the second, containing the men for the mounted section, was dispatched to the strains of "God save the Queen," and that Colonel Cholmondeley, who was in this second train, leaned out of his carriage window and shouted,—

"Good-bye, all! We'll do our duty, and we'll come back."

"Ah! I hope and trust they will come back," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, "but I fear the worst."

"Ah! now, don't talk like that, mum dear; think of his comin' back with gowd medals and a gallyant young hossifer. Yes, 'm?"

Thus admonished, Mrs. Seymour continued to read, and her reading may thus be summarized:—

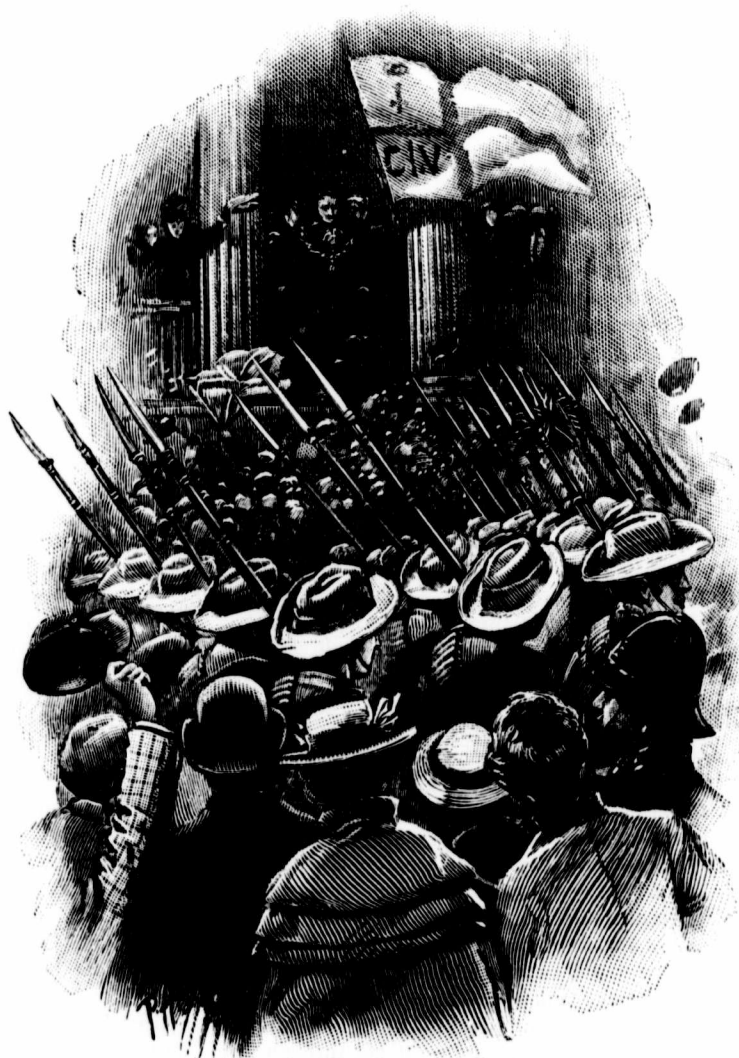
The people replied to Colonel Cholmondeley with a loud cheer, and the train, gathering speed, was gone.

At Southampton the scenes were comparatively brief, but memorable. The men were

given free passages in the *Garth Castle* and in the *Briton*, the last-named a splendid liner which had conveyed the Somerset Light Infantry to Capetown, not long before, in fifteen days all but three hours.

Arriving about two hours late, the Volunteers left the train in the "Extension Shed," and received their orders for embarkation. Then they smartly found their way to their vessels, spectators noticing their ready and admirable appearance, if somewhat dishevelled, owing to their three hours' struggle through admiring London crowds.

The first arrivals were soon ordered to dinner ("Oh! I am glad Horace was among the first arrivals," interjected his mother); but when the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and Sheriffs came soon after in a special train, and luncheon had been served to them in the saloon, they marched in procession from the *Briton* to the



THE MARCH THROUGH LONDON.

Garth Castle, where those troops who had arrived were drawn up on deck. There the Lord Mayor addressed them in a brief and stirring speech, expressing gratification at the success of the project so far, and wishing them the greatest possible success in his own name "and in the name of the Imperial City of London." Three magnificent cheers were given for the Queen. After words of good wishes had been given by the Lady Mayoress, the Lord Mayor's party returned to the *Briton*, and the *Garth Castle*, amid a storm of cheers and singing, started immediately on her voyage of six thousand miles.

"Then Horace was on the *Garth Castle* evidently," remarked his mother.

At this time Colonel Cholmondeley had arrived, and a mass of people had collected about the shed beside which the *Briton* lay. The bugle sang out its order, and the troops collected in the middle of the ship. The farewell scene was gone through almost exactly as on the *Garth Castle*, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress using almost precisely the same words. And then, at close upon four o'clock, he departed for London amid a tempest of cheers. Soon afterwards the mail-bags were got aboard, and the cry was raised in the darkening twilight of the short winter afternoon, "Any more for the shore?"

And then, with cheering and singing and bands playing, the great ship, with the after part thronged with the soldiers, began to move, and slowly commenced her long voyage to the Cape. It was a memorable scene—a remarkable and historic event: the first time that a contingent of the Volunteer Corps had gone to the front.

"There, mum, and you ought to feel proud that your son was among 'em."

"Oh, Nurse, I am too sad to feel proud."

The days dragged slowly by; and shortly afterwards Mrs. Seymour, who, now that her son was gone, read religiously everything about the war, saw that a week later eight hundred more men of the regiment had embarked, the scenes of enthusiasm rivalling those of the first occasion, though order was much better preserved. On this occasion the Wilson liner *Ariosto* was lent gratuitously by the owners, and the *Gaul* and the *Kinfauns Castle* took others. Again, on the following Saturday, a third contingent of a hundred and thirty-five officers and men of the C.I.V. were dispatched; while on Saturday, February 3rd, the artillery contingent, furnished by the Honourable Artillery Company, embarked at the Albert Docks under Major G. McMicking, taking with them a hundred and fourteen horses and four 12½-pounder Vickers-Maxim guns. The whole of the regiment were given the freedom of the City, and their names entered on the freemen's roll.

On the Tuesday after they departed, Mrs. Seymour, sitting quietly by the fire after breakfast and reading her paper steadily through, saw something which

for the moment caused her eyes to sparkle. "Oh! some of them have arrived safely," she cried. "The Lord Mayor received yesterday a telegram from Lord Roberts, dated February 5th, saying that the Volunteers were heartily welcomed as comrades, and they were a valuable addition to the forces, and would, he was confident, uphold the traditions of the great city they represented. The mounted portion would proceed shortly to the front, as well as the remainder of the corps after their arrival."

In a moment her cry changed again. "Ah! but now he will actually go to the scene of fighting," she exclaimed. "I shall never know a quiet hour now!"

"Oh, nonsense, mum; he's got on well so far; let us look on the bright side, till there ain't a bright side to look on—that's what I say. Law bless us! here's Miss Alice come to see us."

Miss Alice had not been frequently since the memorable morning of Horace's departure, and now she had something definite to say.

"Would you come with me to visit two widows," she asked, "whose sons are now at the front in South Africa?"

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, "I could do them no good. I want comfort myself."

"Yes, I know you do, dear Mrs. Seymour; but you could help them, I know."

"If they told me much of their troubles, and they reminded me a great deal of Horace, I—I should break down," answered Mrs. Seymour tremulously.

"Sometimes even to weep together is a comfort," suggested Alice timidly.

"Ah! to mourn with those that mourn," remarked Nurse briskly; "quite right—that's what the Bible says. Same time, I don't hold with too much mournin'. There's a time to weep, I know the Bible says; but it likewise says there's a time to be glad. And we ought to be glad that Mist' 'Orace has got on so well, so far."

"We do not know for certain that he is well," said Mrs. Seymour.

"'No news is good news,' they used to say when I was a gal," said Nurse gaily, "and they can't beat them sayin's nowadays."

"I am sure, dear Mrs. Seymour," said the quite, gentle voice of Alice Maynard, "you would be a comfort to those two poor women, if you were to call upon them. You could help them in many ways; you could give them hints, without seeming to do so, as to the best means of training their younger children, and soothe their anxiety about their sons at the front."

"But when should I go?"

"Now. I will take you to them at once, if you would like me to do so."

"They will want me to give them money, and I really have none to give."

"We might perhaps collect a little for them, if they really are in need. Shall we speak to the Vicar about it, and hear his advice?"

In the end the gentle, persuasive voice had its way, and the two set off together on their errand of mercy.

The widows lived in the same house, each occupying a couple of rooms under the same roof. Their street was one of those sordid, shabby thoroughfares of fairly large but decaying houses which make their appearance even in the suburbs, and, like a gentleman's old and worn-out frock-coat, betray memories of former greatness and spotless respectability.

For some reason Patcham's Gardens (for that was the name of the street) had been during the past few years let out into tenements—that is, two or three rooms to one household, instead of the whole house to one family; and since that time the thoroughfare had begun to decay—had gone down, as the neighbours expressed it. The gardens had been dreadfully neglected, and were now mere patches of untidy soil, with shreds of grass and of a few shrubs upon it: the dwellers there had no money and no time, they thought, to spend on flowers, and no security that they would not be stolen and plucked up even if they were planted; the railings were broken, like some of the large windows, and the appearance of the whole road, instead of being, as it might have been, bright and pleasant, was miserable and mean. It was let and sublet so often that nobody seemed to regard it as their business or pleasure to keep it in good repair. In fact, Patcham's Gardens was fast becoming a wretched slum, as bad as many of the more historic slums—if we may so call them—in the centre, or east, or south-east of London.

Mrs. Seymour had a certain love of daintiness and neatness in her character that caused her instinctively to shrink from contact with anything sordid, dirty, and disorderly.

"I cannot live in a muddle, my dear," she was wont to say at times; and she repeated it to Alice now as they passed through the streets. It was one of the few very positive remarks the good lady ever made. "I think I should lose my reason if I were compelled to live here," she added with a shudder.

It was quite true; she probably would have become insane had she been obliged to reside there; but she would have made a gallant effort first to introduce some improvement, not only into her own surroundings, but into those also of her neighbours.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Polgren. I have brought a friend to see you."

It was Alice's sweet, soft voice that spoke, and she addressed an untidy woman who was rasping a very mangy and worn-out broom over the step of the basement door.

"Glad to see her, I'm sure, Miss. Any one you bring is kindly welcome. I've had news o' my George, Miss!"

"Oh, that is very nice; good news I'm sure, Mrs. Polgren, from your tone?"

"Yes, mine's pretty good, Miss, 'cept that George has had a heap o' fighting; he was at that awful place they call Spyn' Kop, or some such name. My word! them Bores 'ave heyees like 'awks—they did spy out our fellers. But Mrs. Barber, my neighbour, she've 'ad bad news—her son's wounded very bad."

"Oh dear! I am sorry for that."

"Yes, I'm sure you would be, Miss. It's a queer sort of a world, ain't it, Miss? My son was alongside her'n, and my George warn't hit, and her'n was—badly. His name's in the papers—in the cas'alty lists. I see it myself."



"I HAVE BROUGHT A FRIEND TO SEE YOU."

"Mrs. Barber is much overcome, I fear," said Mrs. Seymour, with genuine pity in her tone.

"Oh yes, she took on dreadful. And I didn't know what to say to her, so I jest sat and cried along with her; we both sat and cried our eyes out, we felt that bad."

"But he may recover; they say that these bullet-wounds heal very rapidly in South Africa, the climate is so good."

"That's what I say, Miss, and I've bin cheerin' her up this mornin'. But perhaps you would like to read my boy's letter, Miss. He do tell you about dreadful fightin'."

"Good-mornin', Miss," interrupted a thin, tired voice, as a little woman with large, hollow eyes and worn cheeks appeared at the end of the passage leading from the basement door. "I heerd your voice, Miss, and I'm glad to see you, Miss, you and your friend. Mrs. Polgren 'ave told you of my noo trouble?"

"Yes, and we are so sorry for you, Mrs. Barber; but we feel sure your son will soon get well. We were just going to hear something of George's letter."

"Oh yes, it makes very good readin', Miss. And I'm sure all the ladies in the 'ouse 'ave been very kind to me. Mrs. Polgren, she went with me up to the War Offiss to see if there was any more noos, and then she sat up cryin' with me 'arf the night."

"Won't you walk in, Miss?" observed Mrs. Polgren. "And p'raps you wouldn't mind bringin' in a cheer or two from your room, Mrs. Barber—the children do racket mine about so."

There were, in fact, but two chairs in her room safe to sit upon, and of these the backs were broken. The room itself was but fairly tidy, and looked very dirty; while the stuffy air and the discoloured tablecloth, with stains reminiscent of a hundred meals and with the bones of a departed and a dismembered bloater still lying upon it, almost turned the dainty Mrs. Seymour sick. But a glance at the genuine grief on the faces of those two women, and the feeling that hearts were aching for their sons, even as her heart was aching for her own son, caused Mrs. Seymour to choke back her feelings of repugnance and to listen patiently to the reading of the letter.

Yet, had she known of a conversation in which her old Nurse Johnson was even then engaged, it is doubtful if she would have sat there and listened so quietly.

CHAPTER VIII.

NURSE JOHNSON MAKES A CALL.

NURSE JOHNSON was greatly pleased at the departure of Mrs. Seymour with Alice Maynard, though she did not show her pleasure. But the absence of her mistress enabled her to execute a little plan she had for some time been maturing.

So as soon as her household duties were performed—and it was wonderful how quickly they were performed this morning—Nurse hastily apparelled herself in her best bonnet and shawl, with far fewer glances into the looking-glass than usual, and set forth on her walk.

She did not go far. The house she sought much resembled that she had left, and was situated but eight or ten minutes' walk distant. She rang imperiously, but greeted the maid who appeared very affably.

Was Mrs. Melbury in, and could she see her?

The maid, who knew Nurse Johnson slightly, answered somewhat abruptly, "No, she ain't in just now, and I don't know when she will be in."

"Ah, then I think I will just sit in the hall a few minutes and wait. Mrs. Melbury knows me well, and will not mind my doing so."

And Nurse stepped inside with quite a stately manner, and sat herself down on a chair in the hall, and smoothed out her skirts and strove to appear very dignified and highly genteel.

The maid regarded her with feelings of mingled astonishment and annoyance. "Mrs. Melbury may be a long time," she said, "and may not like your waiting. Is it any message from Mrs. Seymour which I can give?"

"Matilda Hann," exclaimed Nurse severely, and looking at her fixedly, "who was that young man I see you a-walkin' with last Sunday?"

"My young man," retorted Matilda defiantly.

"Your young man!" cried Nurse in surprise. "You are very young to have a young man!" And she raised her eyebrows until her forehead was covered with wrinkles.

"Tain't no business o' yourn," replied the girl.

"But I may feel it my business to hacquaint your mistress."

"I don't mind. He's the young man I walk out with."

"Well, I didn't say you didn't."

"He's the young man I keep comp'ny with, then."

"Yes, I see you a-keepin' comp'ny with him."

"Oh! won't you catch on what I mean? We're to be married soon."

"Oh, then there will be two marriages—Miss Mabel—"

"Miss Mabel!" interrupted Matilda. "Who is she goin' to marry?" Her irritation with Nurse gave way directly before this pleasant piece of gossip.

"Didn't our Mist' 'Orace come here many times afore he went to the wars?"

"Mister 'Orace Seymour?" exclaimed the girl. "Not as I knows on," and she shook her head vigorously.

"Are you sure he didn't come here just afore he went to South Africa?"

"I never see him," answered Matilda decidedly.

Now this was just one of the points which Nurse

wanted to know, but she carefully refrained from showing her satisfaction; and she was still as far off as ever from understanding what influence, if any, Miss Melbury exercised over Horace.

"He might have called and you not know it," she said.

"Well, o' course he might," admitted Matilda, "but I don't think so. I hanswer pretty well all the doors. Miss Mabel's goin' away."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Nurse, and her surprise almost betrayed itself in her tone and look, but she curbed herself in time. "Where's she goin' to?" she added languidly.

"I don't exactly know where; but I 'ave my thoughts about it. It's a long way off, accordin' to what I hear. I am so glad; I don't like Miss Mabel."

"Oh, and perhaps she and her mother have gone somewheres to see about it this mornin'?"

"Yes, I think they 'ave. They've bin talkin' of it a long time,—ever since that week in December when the disasters was, you know—just afore the C.I.V. came up. Ah! it was one mornin' just after she come back from your house. I mind it well, now!"

Nurse's eyes sparkled and glittered, but she said very quietly, "I mind it too."

"Yes," continued Matilda, "it was the week of the party at Mrs. Dan Jones's, and Miss Mabel went to that, and I mind me now that I heard your Mister 'Orace was there; but there 'aven't been many parties since then, 'cos of the war."

"Oh, Miss Mabel went to that party, did she?" remarked Nurse, still in that quiet tone; and she added in the same unconcerned note of voice, "I wonder whether I had better wait much longer to see Mrs. Melbury?"

Meantime, Mrs. Seymour and Miss Alice Maynard were listening to the letter from the seat of war in Natal. Briefly, it told how, after the failure to force the passage of the river at Colenso, there had been a lull in the hostilities. The Boers worked at their defences on the hills, while General Buller examined the country east and west.

"We had a very good Christmas, considering," said George in his letter; "we had good dinners and athletic sports. The Queen has sent every soldier a nice box of chocolate, and I mean to keep mine and show it to you, mother, when I get home. Wasn't it good of the Queen to remember us all like that? Some men connected with the Army Temperance Association have got a tent near me, and I often go to their meetings. On January 6th we moved out toward the enemy as though we was going to fight



NURSE SAT HERSELF DOWN.

them, but we wasn't. The Boers was attackin' Sir George White on the other side, at Ladysmith, and we went out to prevent more Boers goin' against him. I've heard say that he beat off his Boers all right, and we kept a lot o' Boers near the river from goin' to help their side in their attack upon him. So it was all right.

"But on January 10th we did make an attempt in real good earnest, though the General did not let his plans be known. But we now know that he meant to try and get round the enemy on the west. Lord Dundonald and the cavalry went first, and then others followed with the transport. I never see such a sight in my life. The roads was chock-full o' mud after the rain, and there was a tremenjous long procession of soldiers, and big guns and waggons and traction engines, grindin' along and making a big noise. We have long teams of oxen to pull heavy things, and the niggers shouted at them and cracked their long whips about them; but it was slow work.

"Some of our fellows—belonging to the South African Light Horse—did a plucky thing on the 11th. They swam across the river, and brought back a sort of big boat, or pont as they call it here, though the Boers fired at them from the bank and the ropes of the pont at one time got jammed. A good many of our men afterwards got across on this pont, while others, I've heard, splashed through by holding one another's rifles, though the water was up to their armpits. Sir Charles Warren, with some other generals and their brigades, got across five miles more to the west on a pontoon which the Royal Engineers placed over the river. A pontoon, you

know, is a sort of floating bridge, made over flat-bottomed boats, which are firmly fixed or anchored.

"It ain't only the fighting that's hard work; it's the movin' about such a tremenjous quantity of stores and goods, for such a lot of men wants a deal to eat and drink. I don't rightly know what did take place after that. There was a lot of fighting, and we drove out the Boers from ridge after ridge. They hid themselves on kopjes strown with awful big stones, and we hid behind any stones we could find. But then the order came to charge, and we rushed forward among the bullets, with our men dropping around us; and we drove the Boers away."

"Oh, how dreadful!" moaned Mrs. Seymour; "it is really dreadful to think of men falling dead and wounded every moment like that."

"But it was worse at Spion Kop," continued Alice; "the mountain was climbed at night, and our men drove out the Boers from part of the top, but found that the place was quite a death-trap. The Boers could fire at the British from other hills, and they did fire heavily. Some of General Lyttelton's men climbed up a very steep place, though they lost badly from the fire of the Boers, and they were so tired that they threw themselves down on the top, panting, and quite wearied out. I remember reading about it in the papers. And it is so dreadful, because we had to abandon it after all."

"How was that?" asked George's mother.

"The Boers had a gun our men call a pompety pom, which kept on sending shells, one after the other, fast at them. We lost a number of men on Spion Kop.

General Woodgate was very badly hit, and at last Colonel Thorneycroft decided to retire at night. It was of no use to remain up there and be shot at, and not be able to make an effective advance."

"No, no, certainly not," remarked her hearers.

"It is said that guns were being sent to our men," resumed Alice, "and also engineers to help make trenches and defences; but the men were down before the others came up. And we heard also that the Boers had had enough, and were about to retreat, but in the morning they found the British had gone. And now there seems to be a good deal of fighting at places called Potgieter's Drift and Krantz Kloof. I do hope they will be successful, and will relieve poor Ladysmith soon."

"Oh, George is certain sure they will," remarked George's mother, with confidence. "He thinks a lot of General Buller, and says he's a reg'lar brave old Briton, who'll keep on tryin' till he wins. 'So don't make no mistake, mother,' he finishes up, 'we shall get to Ladysmith yet. But folks who ain't out here can't understand how terrible great the difficulties are; you've got to get across rivers and over hills fairly alive with Boers, who snipe at you at every turn, and whom you often can't see, to fire at in return.'"

"Do you read everything in the papers now about the war?" asked Mrs. Seymour of Alice.

"Yes, I read a great deal," replied Alice quietly, the colour rising slightly in her cheeks. "I like to know what is going on."

"Ah! there's a-many reads now," said George's mother. "Pretty nigh heverybody knows somebody out there."



CROSSING THE RIVER.

"Do you get your part of George's pay regularly?" asked Alice, in her quiet voice.

"Oh yes, Miss, thank you, I have it pretty reg'lar. My George is a very good son, mum," she added, turning to Mrs. Seymour, "and he arranged that part of his pay should come to me. But she," turning to the other widow, "will, I s'pose, lose what her son used to give her."

Thus pointedly referred to, Mrs. Barber could control her grief no longer, and burst into tears and sobs.

"We must try to get her a little money elsewhere," said Alice, while Mrs. Seymour felt her own tears begin to flow as she essayed to comfort the poor woman.

The visitors remained a little time longer, and Mrs. Seymour soon found herself talking to the two women quite freely, sympathizing with their sorrows, listening to their conversation about their other children, and even suggesting in a quiet and friendly manner certain improvements as to cleanliness and tidiness and wholesome food that could be made in their household affairs. She was naturally a sympathetic woman and also an excellent domestic manager, and she could give many a practical hint to these two if they cared to profit by them. She spoke in such a kindly spirit that in their present softened state of mind they were far more readily inclined to listen than perhaps otherwise they might have been.

Meanwhile, Alice moved quietly about, bringing, almost as though by magic, something like order and neatness into the untidy and slovenly rooms. The time passed so quickly that Mrs. Seymour was amazed when Alice presently announced that the hour was nearly one o'clock.

"Thank you kindly, mum, for calling!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Barber, holding her apron up to her tear-stained face. "You have heartened me up wonderful; it is so kind of you to have come."

"We must try to make up that little money to you somehow," continued Mrs. Seymour. "We can get something perhaps from some Society, or some of the numerous funds. But you shall certainly hear from us soon, so you must not despair."

"I am glad I have been," she said frankly to Alice as they walked home. "I hope we may be able to be of some real good to those two poor women."

"Eh, mistress!" exclaimed Nurse, when they reached the house, "goin' out with Miss Alice does ye good, I can see. I ain't see you look so bright for many a day. And now guess where I have been, and what news I've got."

"My son is coming home?" asked Mrs. Seymour recklessly.

"No, no," chided Nurse; "how could that be?"

"Well, I thought perhaps he might have caught

a fever, or been invalided back for some reason. It is not bad news, I hope?"

"That's as may be," returned Nurse.

"Is it anything about Mr. Horace," asked Mrs. Seymour eagerly, while Alice looked on quiet and observant.

"Well, I think he may have something to do with it," replied Nurse, with her black beady eyes twinkling, "though perhaps he don't know it. But it's this. I went over to Mrs. Melbury's this morning just to ask how she and Miss Mabel were, as we had not seen them for such a long time; they were not in, but the maid told me that Miss Mabel is going out to South Africa as a nurse. Fine nurse she'll make, I expect," continued the old woman, with a contemptuous sniff, "for she ain't had much trainin', I'm thinkin'. But anyhow, she is going."

(To be continued.)

A HINT TO CHURCHWARDENS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," etc.



NINE years ago I ventured to throw out the suggestion that Churchwardens should revive the ancient custom of presenting an Easter Offering to the Clergy. The response was so encouraging, that year by year it has since been my happy privilege to record an ever-widening circle of parishes identified with the

movement. In four instances which were brought under my notice, the first Easter Offering was so small that the Churchwardens hesitated to repeat the experiment; but upon my pointing out that the general experience had been that the effort was one of sure but steady growth, it is pleasant to be able to say that in each of the four parishes in question the Easter Offering was again collected last year, and that the whole of them showed a most encouraging increase, three out of the four presenting amounts highly creditable, when local circumstances are taken into account.

The same Rubric which calls attention to the duty of Communicating at Easter deserves also to be read in the light of enforcing the obligation of contributing to the Easter Offering:—

¶ And note, that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one. And yearly at Easter every Parishioner shall reckon with the Parson, Vicar, or Curate, or his or their Deputy or Deputies; and pay to them or him all Ecclesiastical Duties, accustomedly due, then and at that time to be paid.

I have never published any particulars of either the amounts raised or the number of parishes joining in the effort, nor have I felt it right to make public any of the deeply interesting letters received in connection with this work. It will be sufficient to say that last year the requests for notices, cards, and circulars were so numerous that it was with difficulty all were supplied; more over, the sums reported to me were greatly in excess of any previous year, many poor parishes furnishing noble examples of liberality.

It cannot be too often repeated that, apart altogether from the pecuniary value of the Easter Offering presented in any parish, is the pleasant recognition of the Clergyman's work. It is surely well to let the parson feel that his labours are appreciated by his flock. If at least once a year a Clergyman is made to understand that his many acts of pastoral kindness have found a lodgment in the hearts of his people, he cannot fail to be greatly encouraged in his work. The Churchwardens may rightly take the lead in the matter. The following suggestions have proved of service hitherto:—

- (i) Have notices clearly and plainly printed to this effect: "The Churchwardens beg to remind you that your offerings on Sunday next (Easter Day) will be given to the Vicar (or Rector), and they ask your liberal support on this occasion."
- (ii) White cards (about four inches by three inches) are better than paper, as they can be used year by year.
- (iii) Let these notices be placed in the seats on the Sunday before Easter Day. This serves as a reminder to the worshippers, and prevents the Clergyman having the need of making any announcement himself.
- (iv) Call on as many of the parishioners as possible during the days preceding Easter, and mention the matter. The sick may be glad of a means of adding their help to the offertory.
- (v) Write to friends temporarily absent from the parish. At Eastertide people are often from home for a day or two, and sometimes feel sorry that they have not had an opportunity of contributing.

Nine years ago, for the assistance of those who were collecting the Easter Offering for the first time, I volunteered to supply, FREE OF COST, any notices, cards, or circulars which Churchwardens desired to have. I gladly renew this offer, and will only add that applications should be made as early as possible, and addressed to me thus:—

MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK,
 "Church Monthly" Office,
 30 and 31, New Bridge Street,
 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.



THE APTERYX.

CURIOUS BIRDS.

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.

WE have already noticed some curious fishes, and some equally curious beetles. This month let us turn our attention to some very curious birds.

There is the Apteryx, for example, which is found in New Zealand. This is a very odd bird indeed, for it is quite unable to fly. The wings of the ostrich are very small. Those of the penguin are smaller still: but the apteryx has no wings at all, neither does it possess a tail. It is just a big round ball of feathers, with a small head, and a very long beak, and a pair of sturdy legs. But, although it cannot fly, it can run like a greyhound. The swiftest dog, indeed, can scarcely overtake it. It races over the roughest ground, and threads its way through the most tangled herbage, at a pace which baffles pursuit.

And the beak of the apteryx is equally curious. The bird feeds upon worms ; and those worms have to be found as they lie buried eight or ten inches below the surface of the ground. So the nostrils are placed at the very tip of the long, slender beak, and when the bird is hungry all that it has to do is to plunge the beak deeply into the ground and *smell* out its victims, as they lie in fancied security in their burrows.

The Jacana, which is a wading bird found in the great swamps of South America, has its toes drawn out to a most extraordinary length. They look almost like long pieces of wire stretching out in every direction. There is a reason for this, of course. The bird feeds upon water-snails and water-insects, which it finds clinging to the leaves of plants which grow in the pools and streams. But the water is often too deep to allow it to wade. It must walk upon the leaves themselves in order to find its victims. And one would think that the weight of its body would force the leaves beneath the surface as soon as it attempted to do so. But the long, spreading toes distribute that weight over a greater area, and allow it to stand upon four or five leaves instead of upon only one. So the bird is able to walk freely over the floating herbage, and to pick up the snails and insects as it goes.

Then, to come nearer home, there is the Woodpecker. Few who have not examined its structure have the least idea what a very remarkable bird the woodpecker is. Its life-work is to destroy the insects which are hiding in the bark or boring into the solid wood of trees. So we find, first of all, that two of its toes run upwards from the foot, while the other two run downwards, so that it obtains an excellent hold as it



THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

sits on the trunk of a tree. Then we notice that its short, stiff tail is bent inwards. There is a reason for that, too. The bird would soon become tired if it had to support its whole weight simply by the grip of its feet ; but as it sits busily working, the tips of the feathers rest against the tree, so that the tail props



THE OWL.

the bird up, and relieves the limbs from the greater part of the strain which would otherwise be thrown upon them. In other words, it serves as a natural camp-stool.

The beak, too, is very wonderful. It is a sharp and powerful chisel which sends the chips flying in all directions, and never wears down or loses its edge ; and inside it is a very long and very slender tongue, with a little brush at the tip. And this brush is moistened with gum, so that when the bird has cut its way to the entrance of an insect's burrow it can thrust its tongue into the hole and *lick* out the little grub which lies at the end. Thus half its hard labour is saved. But for this brush-like tongue it would be obliged to chip away the wood down to the very extremity of the burrow.

There is the Owl, too. Have you ever wondered what is the object of those great feathery discs which surround its eyes? People sometimes think that they enable the bird to see more clearly on a dark night, by concentrating the light upon its organs of vision. But this would not have the desired result at all. It is not the eyes themselves that require to be illuminated, but the object at which they are gazing. If we ourselves wish to see more clearly we often put our hands to our eyes, telescope fashion, so as to shut out the rays of light which come from either side.

No ; the true purpose of the discs is very different. They simply enlarge the area over which the bird is able to see without turning its head. Our eyes are directed in front of us, and by moving them from side to side, while keeping our heads still, we can see about one third of the whole field of view around us. But the owl's eyes are directed sideways, and by moving them to the right or left the bird is enabled to see, by reason of the discs, about *two* thirds of the whole field of view ; and this is very important. The less that an owl moves its head as it sits watching for prey the better. Its victims are easily alarmed ; the slightest movement on the part of the bird is

certain to frighten them. But the great feathery discs which encircle its eyes enable it to see almost all round it without moving its head at all. And while it is flying, the greater area that it is able to examine, the greater, of course, will be its chance of catching mice.

One more bird only can be mentioned, and that shall be the Pelican.

Here we have a bird which feeds its young entirely upon fish. In order to obtain these fish it often has to fly to a distance of several miles; and if it could bring home only one victim at a time its little ones would be in very great danger of dying from starvation. So the lower part of its long beak is transformed into a pouch. As long as it is empty the presence of this pouch would never be noticed; but the membrane of which it is composed is so elastic that, when fully stretched out, it will contain at least two gallons of water. So when the pelican goes fishing its beak serves, not only as a fishing-rod, but also as a natural creel. Victim after victim is caught and packed away in the capacious pouch; and when at last the bird returns to its nest, it carries with it a supply of fishes amply sufficient for the needs of its hungry young.



THE PELICAN.

A HOME DAY.—Sunday is not only a Day of Rest, but it should be a Home Day—a day when the father does not go out to work, mother has got things ready on Saturday, and husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, may dwell together in the enjoyment of family Home life.—BISHOP KING.

ALCOHOL.—There is practical unanimity in the medical profession as to the undesirability of allowing children to take alcohol in any form, whilst most doctors say that its use is pernicious.—DR. SIMS WOODHEAD.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

13. **G**IVE three texts from Proverbs specially suitable for girls. 14. Give three texts from the same book specially suitable for boys. 15. Who was it who fainted and was sick certain days, and afterwards attended to the King's business? 16. Where do we read of a sheep, a coin, and a young man as being the occasion of great joy? 17. Give three texts showing the value of patience. 18. What verse in the first chapter of the Old Testament can be appropriately compared with a verse in the last chapter of the New Testament?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

VII.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. **W**HOLE I am interesting. Cut off my tail, and burial is shown. Cut off one-sixth of my tail, and still I am able to give pain. What I am is plain before you.
2. I trust you are my whole. Cut off my tail, and it stands for a male. Cut off my tail again, and I am either male or female. Behead my remainder, and I signify to speak, while my head yet stands as a much-used little word of two letters.

VIII.—PUZZLE WORDS.

1. One of the most useful of our organs, backwards and forwards I spell the same. 2. A boy's name, backwards and forwards I spell the same. 3. A girl's name, backwards and forwards I spell the same. 4. A complete word of three letters, which might be expressed in six letters, backwards and forwards I spell the same.

IX.—ENIGMA.

I'm sometimes large, I'm sometimes small,
I cost but little, Still I'm prized by all!
Stuck in your flesh, I give you pain;
Stuck in your clothes, You'll own my gain!

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

V.—Barley Soup.

TAKE a quarter of a pound of pearl barley, two pounds of shin of beef, four potatoes, three onions, and four quarts of water. Simmer gently for three hours and a quarter.

VI.—Boiled Eels.

Take four eels, put them in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover them, add a small bunch of parsley. Simmer for half an hour or thereabouts. Serve them with a little parsley and melted butter.

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

AURICULAS should have plenty of air and water. Carnations may be repotted. Fancies in beds and borders may be spread out. Early sown celery should be pricked out into boxes on a slight hot-bed. Beans and peas may be earthed up and potatoes planted. Carrots should be sown if the ground be dry. Tomatoes may be potted off and put in a moderate heat. Annuals of all kinds may be sown in the open air. Fruit-trees should be carefully gone over, so as to free them of young caterpillars.



TRIED TO THE UTMOST.

A LENTEN MEDITATION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF THETFORD.

"Thy Word is tried to the uttermost: and Thy servant loveth it."—Ps. cxix. 140 (*Prayer-Book Version*).

THE expression is not an uncommon one, as applied to the Word of God or to the seeker after God. It is one that is borrowed from the process which precious metal undergoes in the hands of the refiner before it is pronounced pure. "The Word of the Lord is tried in the fire." "The Words of the Lord are pure Words: even as the silver, which from the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire." Pure gold is so fixed, we are told, that an ounce of it set in the eye of a glass-furnace for two months will not lose a grain.

"Thy Word is tried to the uttermost." Take it first of that Book of books, the Bible, wherein we learn what God is and what man is. How like a piece of good, true metal has "the Book" stood the test of the ages! Through what fires of adverse criticism has it passed! How men have tried to undermine its sacred truths, to explain away its threatenings, to alter its conditions, to soften down its principles! And yet through all it has stood unchanged in its great realities. Now, as of old, is it "a lamp to the feet and a light to the path" of him who would be a stranger and pilgrim on earth. Now, as of old, is it "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness."

"Thy Word is tried to the uttermost: and Thy servant loveth it." Individually, have we not found it so? Those promises, have they not come true again and again? Tried in fresh difficulties, in new temptations, tried to the uttermost, and yet they fail not. "I will with the temptation make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." "Certainly I will be with thee." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Thy Word is tried to the uttermost: and Thy servant loveth it." In a higher sense, Thy Word—the Word from Whom all words come—He, too, was tried to the uttermost. "Tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." Therefore He is able—oh the comfort of it!—to succour them that are tempted. Tried when "He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them"—went down from the beautiful Temple, from the service of His Father in His Father's House, to the carpenter's workshop and the dull routine of village life. Tried when, in the wilderness, He was tempted of Satan. Tried when "He went about doing good," loving as God only can love, and meeting with scarce any response to His love. Tried to the uttermost in Gethsemane, on Calvary, by the scourge and nails, by the gibes of those He was dying to save, by the powers of darkness that crowded round His death-bed and taunted Him in mockery as He hung there. Was ever sorrow like unto that sorrow? And, because so tried, therefore Thy servant loveth it. "We love Him, because He first loved us." *

And yet, in a sadder sense, may it not be said of us that *in* us "Thy Word is tried to the uttermost"? Have we not again and again "set at nought His counsel, and would none of His reproof"? Have we not grieved Him, tempted Him, as far as in us lay, to leave us to ourselves, and thus tried Him to the uttermost? If we had tried an earthly friend as we have Him, what love could

stand out against it?—doing what He would have us not do, shrinking back when He would have us go on, in so much seeking our own way, not His. And yet, try it though we often may, it may yet be true that we love it. For each time that we have forgotten Him and He has not forgotten us, for each time that we have wandered from Him and He has brought us back again, for each time that we have fallen and He has raised us up again, do we not owe Him a double debt of love—love that He has not been willing to cast us off? Yes, as the years roll on, the wondrous constancy of that love becomes clearer and clearer as we recognise it still living on and blessing us, though we have tried it to the uttermost. And as we realize the unwearying patience of the love of God, we learn to know more and more of its depth and length and height and breadth.

“Thy Word is tried to the uttermost: and Thy servant loveth it.” But there is coming a day in which this will be true in a way we cannot now conceive. What the might and the tenderness are of that Word of God Who tasted death for us we shall not know till our turn comes to die. Then, when the powers of evil come round us, when the darkness gathers, and we feel we are treading the way we have not gone heretofore, shall we find Him close to us Who for us was tried to the uttermost, even to death, and is able also to save to the uttermost those who trust in Him.

CONCERNING TITHES.

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.

NO; tithes are not rates on property. Rates are made by parishioners in vestry assembled for some parochial or local object, and when so made they are collected by a parish official. Neither are tithes taxes on property. Taxes are created by Parliamentary votes for national objects, and are collected by Government officials. Tithes are not created by parish vestries, nor by votes in Parliament, nor are they collected by the representatives of vestries or Parliament. Tithe, by which originally was meant the tenth portion of the produce of the soil, was voluntarily devoted by owners and cultivators of land for the support of their Church, with her Bishops and Clergy. Estates of land having, by the free-will of their owners, been made subject to this annual charge, they were subsequently inherited, bought, sold, rented, and cultivated subject to this liability.

Tithes were always collected in kind by the tithe-owner to whom they were due, or by his agent, until the year 1836, when under the changed circumstances of the country, and for the convenience of both the tithe-payer and the tithe-owner, they were changed into money charges on land payable half-yearly, the amounts of which continually fluctuate, because they are regulated by the average price of corn during the previous seven years.

The average price for the past seven years is computed to the Thursday next before Christmas Day, and the result is published in the following January. That average fixes the amount of the tithe rent-charge, payable in lieu of the ancient tithes in kind, for the current year.

Owing to the prevailing low prices of corn, the average value of £100 of tithe rent-charge for the past seven years, 1893-1899, has been only £71 10s. 11½d., and the amount of tithe rent-charge for the year 1899 itself was only £68 2s. 4¾d.

Yes, it is quite true that every incumbent who derives the whole or a portion of his income from tithe rent-charges has to pay rates and taxes upon every pound of that income, in addition to the rates and taxes which he pays on his house and grounds in common with his fellow-parishioners.

It is quite right. Up till the year 1891 the occupiers of land were held responsible for the payment of the tithe rent-charges, but in that year an Act of Parliament was passed, making the landowner only solely responsible for such payment in the future.

You are right as to some parishes being free from tithe rent-charge. There are indeed many hundreds of parishes in which there exists no tithe rent-charge payable to the incumbent. Their exemption from it is owing to the fact that such parishes, having common or waste lands, procured Parliamentary authority to enclose certain portions of them and hand them over as enclosed to the incumbent of the parish, in consideration of his relinquishing the tithe rent-charge.

There is an important distinction between the “commutation” of tithe and the “redemption” of the tithe rent-charge. The commutation of tithe was, as has been stated, their change from payment in kind to payment in money. This change was made once for all by the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836. Under certain Acts of Parliament the tithe rent-charge on certain lands may be redeemed, and the

lands thereby rendered altogether free from the charge. The sum of money to be paid for the redemption is twenty-five times the amount of the tithe rent-charge.

Yes, since the year 1818, in some special cases, charges on property other than tithes were created by Parliamentary authority, in some instances for the building of new churches in populous districts, and in others for the maintenance of their ministers, and in some cases for both objects.

The vast increase of the population of many parishes, especially in large towns and manufacturing districts, had greatly outgrown the accommodation for public worship provided for them in their parish churches. To meet the spiritual wants of the people, the parishioners of some of such parishes, in vestry assembled, imposed upon their property certain rates on charges to make provision for the object stated.

In most of such parishes in those days the vast majority, if not nearly all the parishioners, were Churchmen who voluntarily created these charges upon their own property; and when their property changed hands, it passed subject to these charges, which are now for the most part commuted or in process of commutation or redemption.

Of course, all payments of incomes from the settled property of the Church are enforceable by the provisions of Acts of Parliament, and all changes in the nature of such property can only be effected by Parliamentary authority. This, however, is no more than is the case with all legal charges on land made in favour of religious bodies outside the Church, and all lands and buildings put in trust on their behalf. No changes in these things can be effected but under provisions of Acts of Parliament.

"LOVE COVERETH A MULTITUDE OF SINS."

BY THE REV. J. A. SHARROCK, M.A.,
Missionary at Trinchinopoly.



WINTER, thou spirit chaste, who dost array
And hide this bare and sombre earth from sight

With softest raiment of pure virgin white,
And dost deck out with gems each leaf and spray,
And bid them sparkle with their ice-drawn breath
In rays more lustrous than a queenly crown!

Thou yet from out those flakes so lightly strown
Dost make of bridal veil a shroud of death.

Love, gentler spirit! 'tis thy nobler part
To spread thy golden wings and hide the stains
In evil lives, to hush the tongue of strife,
To drown the discords of the wilful heart
In thy full concert of harmonious strains,
Yet covering all to fill with warmer life.

THE PEASANTRY OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., LL.D.,
Author of "Hours with the Bible," etc.

(Continued from page 15)



WITHIN his home a clay oven stands in the corner near the door. The front half of the earthen floor is a little higher than that at the back, which is reserved for the ass, if there be one, or for the goats or sheep, a roost for fowls stretching along overhead. There are seldom any windows, the only light coming in at the door, which is always open. How dark such a place was, even in Our Lord's day, is touchingly shown by the woman who lost her piece of silver having to light a lamp, even in the daytime, to search for it. Sometimes a bench of clay runs along one of the walls, the only seat by day, and the sleeping-place by night, though, as a rule, both men and women lie down in their day clothes on thin grass or reed mats on the clay floor. If a fire be needed, the oven serves for it, as well as for baking the daily bread, which is ground by the wife, over whom the mother-in-law, if there be one, is too often a harsh tyrant. Tall, thorny weeds, or grass, which a day dries, supply fuel.

A patch of ground, sown with barley, wheat, or root crops, is all the farming one sees; and the tilling is worthy of the agriculture, for a plough so light that a boy may carry it on his shoulder, and a mattock, or hoe, are the only implements in use.

Education the fellah has none, though he is often very anxious that his children should get it. Indeed, the high-priest of the Samaritans, at Nablus, touched my heart by his deep regret that his request for a teacher had been refused by one of the Missionary Societies, because his people could only be taught from the Five "Books of Moses," which alone they hold inspired. Surely, however, it would have been well to have made the most of the opportunity by sending a teacher, instead of leaving the poor folk entirely like sheep without a shepherd!

I was amused, at one place, by the peasants saying frankly that they did not care for preaching; what they wanted was schooling, which of necessity, though they did not think of this, would lead to a desire for other instruction than knowledge of their letters.

The language spoken is a corrupt Arabic, which gives the people the name of Arabs in the country generally, though they are not Arabs at all, or anything in particular. A great many words, however, of the old Aramaic spoken in Christ's day still survive.

The religion professed is the Mohammedan, but outside towns the only sign of this is a small, white-washed, domed building on the hilltop nearest each village, a relic of the old worship of "high places," so hard to suppress among the Jews before the Captivity. This building is always reputed to be the haunt of some fabulous sainted sheik of past times, but his shade has a beneficent influence even yet. The Jews used the word "makōm" for a "holy place," as we see in the story of Jacob's dream at Bethel (Gen. xxviii. 16, 17, 19), and often elsewhere in the Bible. The same word, slightly changed into "mukam," is now used by the peasantry for the domed "welys" on the hilltops, which are virtually local sanctuaries, for no one touches anything left for safety in one of them, however much he would like to carry it off. Fear of the shade supposed to be near terrifies them into honesty.

Poverty reigns everywhere, thanks to the taxes extorted by the Turk. Some dried dates, thin scones of barley-bread, soured milk of the goats (which is very nice, however), any eatable weeds (including, as I have seen, even the stalks of vetches and grass), and at times a bit of soft cheese made from goat's milk, almost sum up their frugal fare. Having no pockets in their gaberdine, they still, like their ancestors in Christ's day, make one out of the "bosom" of this pretence of dress, a strip of leather round their waist keeping its contents from falling through. I remember at Shiloh a boy offering me a few withered dates, which he groped for in this strange wallet, where they had lain, one knows not how long, next his not too frequently washed skin.

Cleanliness, indeed, is not a special virtue among the fellahin, some of them being dirty beyond description, while only too many support nameless insect colonies on their persons. At Baalbek, for example, I noticed one poor fellow making himself comfortable, in the lee of a wall of the great temple, by picking off unlicensed intruders on his person.

Their ailments, such as colds and sore eyes, have no mitigation from medical help, unless some European physician chance to pass by. My companion—an army surgeon—was thus a ministering angel to a poor dirty fellow who came to our tent with his wife and a child to show us his stomach, which was swollen with dropsy. When it was tapped, his gratitude was touching. Kneeling, with his hands on the ground, to let the water run out to the last of it, he looked up with eyes that paid the richest of all fees—heartfelt thanks. Yet his visit did him more good than it did us, for he unwittingly left some of his surplus stock of vermin behind him.

The prospects of these poor fellahin are dark. Scattered, ignorant, and just able to keep themselves alive, one hardly knows how they are virtually, as to their higher interests, like sheep without a shepherd, as when their similar conditions in Jesus' day woke His compassion for them. Meanwhile, rich men of Beirūt or elsewhere do not make their lot much the lighter by buying up as much of the good land as they can, leaving the peasant entirely uncared for.



ELY CATHEDRAL.

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

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

II.—DR. CHRISTOPHER TYE.

THOSE of us who have travelled through the Fen country, taking Cambridge on their way, as they drew near to Ely cannot fail to have observed the stately towers of the Cathedral rising high above the town. Here, under the shadow of this beautiful and historical church, lived Dr. Christopher Tye, where he was appointed organist in 1541 (as notable a musician as Europe could boast of at the time in which he lived, say his biographers). A quiet and rather isolated position for a man of ability, some may think, as they picture to themselves the Isle of Ely, in those early days frequently surrounded by water. A quiet life, maybe, but, with the many duties connected with the Cathedral and all the interests of an elevating profession, certainly not a dull one. Besides this, Dr. Tye must have spent much of his time in composing; and among the finest of his works, and one which is well known, is his anthem "I will exalt Thee, O Lord," in C minor, the second part of which, to the words "Thou hast

turned my sorrows into joy," is considered as fine as anything of Tallis and Palestrina. Much music was also written by him for the Reformed Service in the reign of Edward VI., but most of it has been lost. As a boy Dr. Tye was chorister at King's College, Cambridge. He was educated there, and afterwards became lay clerk in the same chapel. We like to think of him as happy with his boy friends at Cambridge; but it is not every lad who would have chosen to be a chorister in those days, for however well a boy might be placed, he was liable to be pounced upon by the master of a Royal chapel and carried off to sing for the King.* In 1551 a warrant was issued by Edward to Richard Gower, Master of the Children of the King's Chapel, to take up from time to time as many children to serve the chapel as he should think fit.† So anxious also was Queen Elizabeth to have the most perfect music for her service that she gave a command to the same effect, that any boys with good voices and musical promise should be seized from any place or church to sing for her, without heeding complaint or entreaties to the contrary. This illustrious lady, however, made an exception in favour of St. George's, Windsor, and St. Paul's Cathedral.

We imagine that such doings would not find favour either with parents or children in these days of independence and liberty.

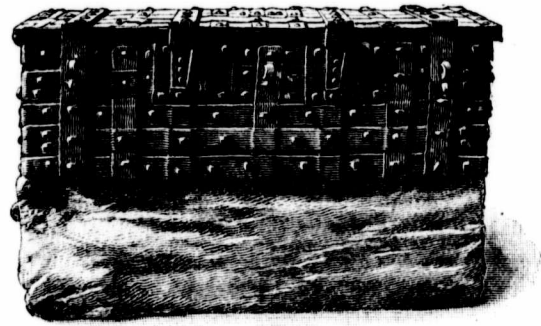
But to continue our account of Dr. Tye. We learn that he took his degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge in 1545; and that he had a great reputation as a musician is shown by the same degree being conferred upon him in the year 1548 by the University of Oxford. He was also gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and the first layman on record appointed as organist. Dr. Tye was Edward VI.'s music-master, and he probably taught both Queen Mary and Elizabeth when young girls. He appears to have been on quite friendly terms with the King. The date of his death is uncertain, but he was still living in 1589. In speaking of him, Anthony à Wood describes him when growing old as being peevish and humoursome; and "one time playing on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth what contained much music but little to delight the ear, she sent the verger to tell him he played out of tune, whereupon he sent word in reply that her ears were out of tune."

Dr. Tye may have been irritable from the nervous temperament peculiar to most musicians and the infirmities of his great age, but nevertheless he was evidently a cultivated gentleman, and certainly an ornament to his profession.

Of the other distinguished musical men of this period whose names can only be mentioned are John Sheppard, White, and Farrant, all of whom were gentlemen in the Royal Chapel of Edward VI.

* MSS., Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

† Burney's "History."



TWO ANCIENT CHESTS.

BY CHARLOTTE MASON.

IN the sacristy of St. James's Church, Louth, are two fine old chests of great interest; the older one, supposed by many antiquaries to be a "Peter's Pence Chest," is very ancient in appearance, and its lid is secured by five locks. It is hewn out of a solid oak trunk, and is fastened to another great log, black with age, by massive bands of wrought iron, closely strapped across and across. The chest is 3 ft. 6 in. long, 1 ft. 3 in. wide, and 1 ft. 2 in. deep; in the lid are two slits, one for the parson and the other for the clerk, and the holdfasts are studded with iron nails. The "Sudbury Hutch" is of more artistic character, and has three circular-headed panels in front carved with the portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, between which is a shield charged with a rose, which displays an admirable example of Tudor heraldry. The shield is surmounted by the Royal crown, with a lion and a greyhound as supporters; the ends of the panels are carved with the linen pattern peculiar to this period. There are several references to the Sudbury Hutch in the Wardens' accounts. There were two



Vicars of Louth called Sudbury—*viz.* John and Thomas; the former was Vicar in 1450, and the latter in 1473.

The illustrations are from photographs specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. Joseph Matthews, of Louth.



"GOD BLESS MY DEAR FATHER, AND BRING HIM SAFELY HOME."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by E. J. PROCTOR.

"O Love Divine, how Sweet Thou art!"

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

Music by ALFRED REDHEAD.
(Organist of St. Augustine's, Kilburn.)

VOICES.

1. O Love Di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart All ta-ken up by Thee?
2. Strong-er His love than death or hell; Its rich-es are un-search-a-ble; The first-born sons of light

ORGAN.

I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of Re-deem-ing love— The love of Christ to me.
De-sire in vain its depths to see; They can-not reach the mys-te-ry, The length, and breadth, and height.

3. God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4. For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my Heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

Key C.

1. O	:s	s :m' r' :d'	t :.l l :l	l :r' d' :t	l :-.s s :s	s :l t :l	s :— —
	:s	m :m s :s	s :-.f f :s	f :f f :f	f :-.f f :r	d :de r :d	t :s :— —
2. Strong-	:s	s :s t :d'	d' :-.d' d' :de'	r' :l l :r'	d' :-.t t :t	d' :s s :m :fe	s :— —
	:s	d :l f :m	f :-.f f :m	r :r r :r	s :-.s s :f	m :m r :r	s :— —
I de- sire De-	:s	i :-.l l :r'	d' :t d' :d'	d' :-.d' d' :f'	m' :r' m' :s	l :d' m :r	d :— —
	:s	de :-.de r :f	m :r d :m	m :-.m f :l	s :f m :d	d :d d :t,	d :— —
	:s	s :-.s l :l	l.ba:se l :l	ta :-.ta l :d'	d'.l :t d' :s	f :f s.l :f	m :— —
	:s	m :-.m f :r	m :m l :l	s :-.s f :r	s :{s :s}	d :m f :l, s :s,	d :— —

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—March 1, David, Archbishop, Ember Day; 2, Chad, Bishop, Ember Day; 3, 2nd Sunday in Lent; 7, Perpetua, Martyr; 10, 3rd Sunday in Lent; 12, Gregory, Martyr and Bishop; 17, 4th Sunday in Lent; 18, Edward, King of West Saxons; 21, Benedict, Abbot; 24, 5th Sunday in Lent; 25, Annunciation of S. V. Mary; 31, Palm Sunday.

Jesus said: "Watch ye and pray."
ST. MARK xiv. 38.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

There have been seven business meetings, with an average attendance of 4.71 and twelve sewing meetings with an average attendance of 5. Last year the attendance at all the meetings averaged 7.

As a result of our sewing, one bale, weighing one hundred pounds, was sent to St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake, and arrived at its destination in good condition.

During the year the president, assisted by the rector, secured the services of Rev. P. L. Spencer of Jarvis, to give two lectures; one in April on Japan and another in December on South Africa. These were fairly well attended.

A social was given at the residence of Mrs. Crawford, but this was not very successful financially, on account of the showery weather. The proceeds of both lectures and the social were placed in the treasury. A very good feature of the branch is that most of the funds raised by it are the personal gifts of its members. It is to be regretted that no meetings, which were solely devotional in character, have been held and it is earnestly to be hoped that we will not, in the future, neglect to seek God's blessing on our work in this way. May we as a branch of the W. A. never forget to praise our Heavenly Father for all His mercies to us and to ask Him to put into our hearts the things that we should do and say to promote His glory and further the objects we have in hand. Respectfully submitted,

I. J. LOGAN,

Secretary St. John's W.A.

The election of officers resulted in the following being chosen:—

President—Miss C. I. Docker.

Vice-President—Mrs. J. Blott.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. Lyons.

Secretary—Miss I. J. Logan.

The incumbent named Mrs. T. Blott and Mrs. S. Bowden as his nominees. Miss Logan and Mrs. Dickhout were chosen delegates, and Mrs. J. Blott and Mrs. Dickhout auditors. The day will be looked back to with satisfaction and pleasure by all who were present.

The report of the Literary Society's entertainment on the 4th has already been seen by our readers in the local papers. It only remains to add that the proceeds amounted to \$13.70, out of which \$3.50 went to pay for the new curtains which the society had bought to be used on these occasions; the balance has been placed in the bank to the credit of the society's parsonage fund account. While the proceeds were less than in any former year, the programme was the most satisfactory one yet given.

No service was held at St. John's church on Sunday, 24th, owing to the blizzard that prevailed all afternoon. The congregation at Port Matland

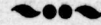
in the morning numbered eleven.

NOTICES FOR MARCH.

Holy communion—Christ's Church, Sunday, 10th, St. John's, Sunday, 17th.

W. A. meetings at Mrs. J. Lyons' on the 6th, and Mrs. J. Blott's on the 20th.

The Literary Society will meet on the 11th and 25th, on the former date at Mrs. J. Lyons.'



Jarvis and Hagersville.

The Queen Victoria memorial services on Saturday, February 2nd were largely attended. The incumbent had on the previous Sunday preached on the subject of "The long and good life of Her Majesty," but on the 2nd ult. he made the whole service suit the solemn nature of the occasion. Both churches were appropriately draped. The sermon was intended to show that while a feeling of deep sorrow for the nation's loss was natural and proper, there should at the same time be expressed, calm and holy satisfaction for the benefits derived from the spotless life and benign rule of the late Queen as well as for the peaceful nature of her last hours. A photograph of the interior of each church was taken. This will serve as an interesting and instructive memento of the day and the service. Parishioners who desire to obtain a copy should mention the fact to the incumbent.

On February 10th, the incumbent exchanged duties with Rev. Wm. Bevan of Caledonia, the latter preaching the annual missionary sermons. The loose offerings were given for diocesan missions, the amount in Jarvis being \$3.82 and that in Hagersville \$3.12.

On Sunday, the 17th, Mr. John D. Hull conducted the services, the incumbent officiating at Nanticoke and Cheapside and administering the Holy Communion in those places.

Lent, which began on the 20th of February, is being marked by a full work-day service in each church and the preaching of a course of sermons on the Beatitudes, Thursday being the day for Hagersville and Friday that for Jarvis.

On the Sundays there are sermons in each church on the six commandments of the second tablet of the great moral law given by God to man at Mt. Sinai. The final week will be observed in a still more solemn manner.

The incumbent is endeavoring to complete the parish apportionment. Jarvis has given \$12.02,

and Hagersville \$15.50. Accordingly there remains to be collected from Jarvis \$37.98, and from Hagersville \$34.50. Kindly reduce the time and labor otherwise needed to be expended by your clergyman by bringing your offering in an envelope to one of the Lenten services and placing it upon the alms plate. Try to give at least one dollar, writing your name on the envelope. Be good enough to do this as soon as possible. The apportionment is devoted to the four following objects: Missions in Algoma and the N. W., widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, divinity students, and Diocesan Missions.

With a view to extinguishing the debt on St. Paul's church the incumbent proposes that the members of the Guild and the Association of Willing Workers undertake to collect once in every month contributions from all parishioners. Such offerings would perhaps vary from \$1.00 to 10 cents monthly per family or individual. If thoroughly prosecuted, this plan would be found to be very successful, the total amount annually collected reaching probably \$150.00 at least.

The incumbent is ready to receive from subscribers the price of the Deanery Magazine. Kindly hand him the sum due for 1901.

MARRIAGE.

At All Saint's church, on Tuesday, Feb. 19th, Miss Edna Alward to Mr. David Jas. Almas, both of Hagersville.

This happy event took place in the presence of many well-wishing witnesses. The incumbent joins with them in hoping that the newly-wedded pair may see many years of the 20th century and find in them much peace and joy. Mr. D. J. Almas had since August 1899, acted as the present clergyman's churchwarden. He served in a similarly honorable and useful capacity in previous years. Mrs. Almas has been a valued member of All Saint's choir.

St. John's Church, York.

A well attended service was held in this church on Feb. 2nd, 1901, consisting of special hymns, Lessons and the church Burial Service, together with an address by the rector to mark the nation's grief at the death of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, of beloved memory.

Mrs. Gowen Wren of Oneida Township was buried in Caledonia cemetery on Feb. 8th, 1901. An impressive service was held at her home, where a large number of sorrowing friends gathered. Mrs. Wren was but 57 years of age, and leaves a family of seven sons.

Mr. Thomas Macdonald, a native of Yorkshire, Eng., died from the effects of pneumonia at his residence in Oneida, near the Gore. Rural Dean Soudamore held service in the house, and then read the church Burial Service in the cemetery at the Gore. The congregation of mourners and friends filled the Presbyterian Church, where the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, in an excellent and instructive manner. The Lessons were read by the rector of York, and suitable hymns were sung very feelingly by the congregation, and by a good and well trained choir.

On Sunday, Feb. 17th, 1901, Rural Dean Soudamore administered the rite of holy baptism at 8 o'clock to Helen Mary, daughter of S. W. Nelles and Emma, his wife, and Ellen Beatrice, daughter of Wm. J. and Esther Oxford. The parents and Miss M. Wickett were sponsors in the first case, and Mrs. C. Soudamore, besides the parents in the latter.

Ash Wednesday was marked by a service that included (besides hymns, prayers and Scripture Lessons) the commination service, and an address on the word "Discipline," occurring in the opening sentences of the service. A very fair attendance encouraged the parish official. During Lent short services are announced for each Wednesday at 7.30, consisting of Litany, Scripture lesson, prayers, hymns, and an address. It is hoped that they will be found helpful to many.

The officers and members of St. John's Branch W. A. to the number of 14 attended a celebration of Holy Communion at the annual meeting and service. The rector addressed those present from the words "Be not weary in well doing, etc." The various reports show much excellent missionary work, as well as parochial, accomplished by this energetic band of church workers. The results are equal to any previous year. The following officers were elected to the various positions for the ensuing year:—

President—Mrs. C. Soudamore.

Vice President—Mrs. J. Thompson.

Secretary—Miss M. Wickett.

Treasurer—Miss J. Brooks.

Delegates—Miss Bell, Miss A. Quinsey.

Auditors—Miss N. Martindale, Miss M. Lowery.

On Sunday, Feb. 17th, 1901, Mrs. Soudamore suffered a relapse of grippe which speedily developed into pneumonia, and has been under the care of Dr. S. N. Davis of York since. We are glad to report that she is making, up to the present time, most satisfactory progress, but will be probably kept to the house for several weeks. She will be missed in the Sunday School and church.

The anniversary services held in St. John's Church on Sunday, Feb. 24th, 1901, were well attended and evidently appreciated. Besides the special work of the choir, Mr. C. Allison sang in excellent voice at the morning service. "The Holy City," while Mr. A. Potter, also of Hamilton, contributed saxophone solos at the offertorium, to the great enjoyment of all. Suitable sermons were preached by Rev. Wm. Bevan of Caledonia, who kept the earnest and interested attention of the congregation and church officers. Envelopes to be used in connection with the Apportionment Funds were handed in at these services and the wardens report the small sum of \$2 only remains to be paid for this current year.

The stormy character of Monday evening accounts for the smaller attendance than usual at the annual entertainment, when a varied and interesting program was presented. Miss Munshaw of Woodburg, Messrs. A. Potter, C. Allison, W. Spencer, Hazell and W. Gibson rendered admirable contributions in acceptable style. Miss Brierley, organist of St. Paul's Church, Caledonia, played the accompaniments with capital efficiency and good nature. Mr. H. B. Sawle, proprietor of the Caledonia Sachem, proved an excellent chairman.

An amusing and irreproachable little comedy, entitled "Christmas Boxes" was well set before the audience by the following young members of the congregation; Misses J. Brooks, M. Lowery, N. Martindale and May Lowery, and Messrs. Robt. Young, Wm. Lowery, B. Thompson and J. Martindale. While all did their selected portion with credit to themselves, the most amusing parts fell into good hands in the persons of Miss J. Brooks as "Norah," and Mr. Robt. Young as "Barney." A vote of thanks to the friends who worked in their various roles and the singing of "God save the King," brought a pleasant evening to a close.