

BOB

Tom. Blott

JARVIS, ONT.

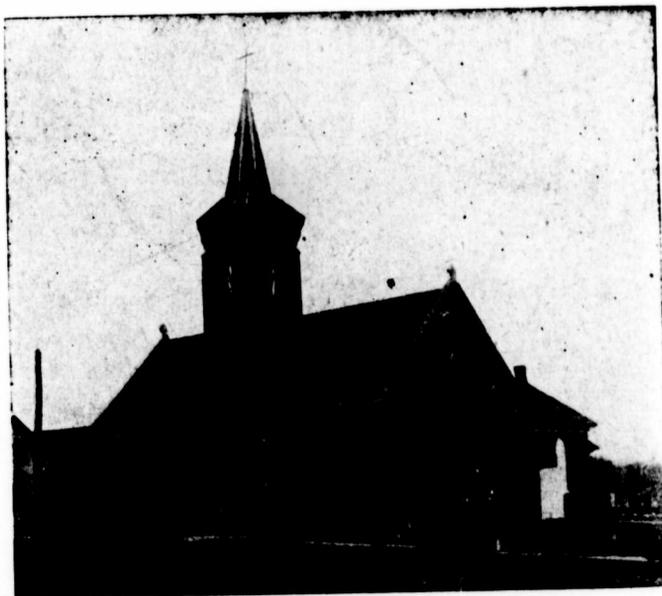
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NO. 6.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARVIS.

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JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

The annual meeting of Synod occupied less than the whole of June 11th and 12th. At the ordination service, held on the morning of the first day, which was the festival of St. Barnabas, there were ordained one deacon and four priests, among the latter being Rev. T. H. Cotton, M. A., of Nanticoke, and Rev. E. P. S. Spencer, M. A., of Port Robinson. The Bishop in his charge expressed a hope that every parish would duly hold the prescribed Coronation service on the morning of the 26th inst., and would also on 29th inst. have public thanksgiving for peace, if such service has not already been held.

For use on either or both of these days the new or special version of the national hymn will be particularly appropriate. The words are the following:—

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Through every changing scene
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign.
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

With Britain's Crown on-day
We hail our King and pray,
God save the King!
Guide him in happiness,
Guard him in storm and stress,
Then in Thy Kingdom bless
And crown our King.

Far from the motherland,
Nobly we'll fall or stand
By Britain's King.
Through towns and forests free,
Britons undaunted we
Sing with true loyalty,
God save the King.

* * *

The following answers to Bible puzzles have been received from Roy Peacock and Hettie E. Ward, R. P., April, I, III; May, II, III, V. H. E. W., March II, III in part, IV, V in part; April, I, II, III, IV in part, V; May I, III, IV in part, V.

Rev. P. L. Spencer has prepared an illustrated map of the diocese, which, besides giving every county, township, and church station, contains a large amount of useful and encouraging information respecting the progress of the diocese since 1875. The size is 18 inches by 23. More than fifty copies have already been sold. The price is only 25 cents, or 30 cents by mail.

* * *

Our illustration this month is a front view of St. Paul's church, Jarvis. It does not show the old church, as did the picture given in the February Magazine; but it well exhibits the stately proportions of the new building. It is from a photograph taken by the incumbent shortly before the leaves appeared on the trees in the spring of this year. In addition to the particulars mentioned in February, there may be stated the fact that the land on which the church stands was given by the late John Jones Esq., who, along with his sons, helped to build the old church. The driving shed, which has served a useful purpose for many years, contains a piece of timber extending the whole length of the building, a distance of 73 feet. The cemetery contains two acres of land divided equally between the old part and the new. The latter was consecrated on Oct. 13th, 1898, by the present Bishop of the diocese. The churchwardens have lately planted several ornamental trees in the churchyard, and sunk a cistern for the supply of water to grass plots and flowers. The parsonage lot, which adjoins the churchyard, contains half an acre of garden and orchard. On the whole the property of the parish is one of the finest properties in the diocese. The church and parsonage are together valued at \$7500.

JARVIS

The Bishop's visit for Confirmation has been the chief event since the appearance of the May number of the Magazine. The weather on May 25th was very disappointing. Nevertheless seventeen persons presented themselves for the reception of the holy rite. Their names are the following: Elizabeth Eaid, Lizzie Mabel Eaid, Lily Priestland, May Priestland, Margaret Iouson, Birdie Dougherty, Harry Dougherty, Ellen Mason, Waddington Mason, Jane Hyde, James Warwick, Herbert A. Howell, Haines Elmore, Ashton Phibbs, Graham Phibbs, Raymond Morrow, Earl Morrow. At the Holy Communion which took on the following Sunday, June 1st, sixty-three persons received the tokens of the Redeemer's love.

"O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them, the victor's crown of gold."

The removal of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Davis and their two daughters to Hamilton has

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"SUMMER REST."

Specially drawn for "The Church Magazine" by A. F. LYDON.

Engraved by C. LYDON.



GOING BACK.

BY THE
Rev. Wm. C. STEWART, L.L.B., T.C.D

NOT very long ago I accompanied a friend, who wished to see once more the place that had been his home in early days. He was not a middle-aged, experienced person; but since he left that house and neighbourhood he had passed from childhood to manhood, had been across the seas to Egypt and India, in fact, had seen something of the wide wide world. That man must be stolid, indeed, who after long absence sets his face homeward to view again the haunts of his childhood, without some little feeling of apprehension that things will have changed. And my friend was by no means a stolid person. So it seemed quite natural that he should like to have company for the journey. Personal anxieties indeed he had none. Since landing from the vessel that brought him to England he had seen his father and sisters, who several years before had left the village and gone to reside in the county town. They were well and prospering. There had been no break in the family circle, and its fortunes had rather improved. So it was merely to gratify a little sentiment that he determined to fill an idle day with the expedition.

Two hours' journey by rail brought us to the station, from which a walk of three miles by road, to be shortened by crossing the fields would bring us to the village. The purlieus of the station were little altered. The same "Station Hotel" stood opposite the booking office, with the little coal-merchant's office beside it, and a baker's cart was waiting before the door. The porter with two hampers on a truck, followed by a young woman loaded with parcels, were the only persons in sight. My friend heaved a deep sigh, but of evident relief, "So far so good," was plainly the feeling in his mind.

We started at a brisk pace, and presently, leaving the high road, struck across the fields, by a path that led us along the river bank, across a little bridge, then up a gentle incline and down the slope on the other side, till passing through a wood we reached the village

The day was fine, the air invigorating, to be once more in the country, in England, was a delight to us both; for he had but lately returned from his journey, and to escape from town was to me a rare indulgence. We chatted away freely, comparing notes of travel, for in earlier days I had seen something of the West Indies and South America. As we neared the end of the wood he became silent, and walking along the last quarter of a mile that brought us to the church, his eyes searched the fields and cottages we passed, as if he were verifying an inventory.

"Just the same old place," he said, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny. Then we turned a corner and came upon "The Laurels," a compact two-storied dwelling standing a little back from the road, shut in by brick wall and privet hedge, and occupying perhaps two acres of ground, with lawn and kitchen garden and a clump of trees bounding the north side. Then came the shock which I knew my companion was to feel, but for which it would have been no particular kindness to prepare him. He stood at the entrance with an expression of mournful amazement on his countenance, which the cheerful aspect of the house by no means justified: a house well built, well kept up, habitable, the little garden in front bright with varied flowers, two rosy children racing to open the gate. In two minutes we were in the front parlour, guests made welcome, and hospitably refreshed with strawberries and cream to support our not overtaxed energies till the mid-day meal should be ready. Then we were shown round the domain, and I exerted myself, certainly no difficult task, to admire the flowers, and the fruit, and the fowls, the newly-built tool-shed and, above all, the arbour beyond the croquet lawn, which the small boy, with a notion of sport, called the "Grand-Stand." The other man, though his brow relaxed, was still tongue-tied. Not till we were half way to the station to catch a six o'clock train did he recover himself. Everything was good of its kind, far better no doubt

than when his own not very practical mother had kept house there ; but "it was all *so different* and *so small!*" Then he told me how, in his memory of childish days, the two acres were a great estate ; the tennis-lawn, but ill kept in those days, was a boundless prairie ; the clump of trees in the far corner a forest, strange and dark not penetrable by light of stars ; the duck-pond a vast inland sea, rivalling the "Serpentine," which they had seen, but named rather, as he remembered, "Lake Ontario", in honour of Uncle George who had gone to Canada.

And so it must always be. It is a right impulse which bids us respect the past, remind ourselves from time to time of the scenes, the struggles, the hopes and fears, the companions, the pursuits of our early years. He that has no memories, has but narrow hopes. It is indeed the shallow or the guilty mind that will never look back. And as with the individual so with the race. The nation that has no interest in its own past will make no great future for itself. If our rulers of to-day—Kings with the sceptre, leaders in the parliament, managers in business, captains in war, poets and teachers—if these, our masters now, care not to trace their lineage to the heroes who fought the fight when England was yet young, they will fail to reach the high standard of England's greatness, they will dwindle down and be little men. And yet more perhaps is this true in Religion. For prophet

voices still speak to us from the far-off days, when the centre of the world's power was far away from this little island, and our nation as yet unborn.

To the voices of the Past we must ever listen. By the good principles learnt and taught in the days of old, we must be fortified, by the sentiment of those days we must be inspired. But our life, our real life, must be in the present. To meet the needs of the day and the hour we must form our plans and fashion our tools. Look back we often must, and should ; to go back is impossible. To think to live again in the same way, the same life which good men lived in "the good old days" is a vain dream, to attempt it a futile effort. We Christians of the twentieth century cannot think quite the same thoughts or execute quite the same tasks as the Gentile converts of the second century, the mediæval saints of the eighth and twelfth, or the reformers of the sixteenth. Those by-gone centuries have left us a noble legacy of experience, of example, of warning. Let us cherish our rich inheritance, and take up the responsibilities which it entails upon us. But our duties are to deal with the present, our goal is in the future. Like the Apostle, "forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forward to those that are before, we are to press forward to the prize of the mark of our high calling."

"Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."



"MEDITATION."

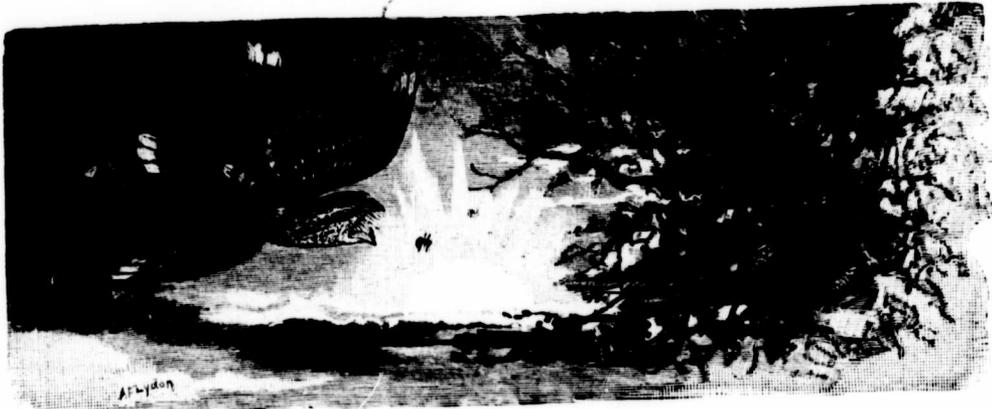


VILLAGE CHURCH MUSIC (Continued).

BY F. CUNNINGHAM WOODS, M.A., *Mus. Bac., Oxon.*

WHEN the band and choir had been ousted from their place in the West gallery, the problem as to the actual use of the gallery itself had to be solved. Some church authorities met this difficulty by simply pulling it down, others banished the Sunday School children to the vacant room. On looking back one cannot but feel regret at the fact that the harmonium, or the small organ, could not have been employed in conjunction with the instruments in use in the band. Perhaps we may some day gradually introduce this style of accompaniment into our midst, now that the prejudice against orchestral instruments being employed in a sacred edifice is fast dying out. Many villages can at least lay claim to higher musical attainments in their church music than the towns during the first decade of the nineteenth century. The late Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Durnford, after enumerating the various instruments in use in the village churches, says: "In towns, owing to the existence of schools, the singing was often done by young girls in their charity-school dresses, to the accompaniment of a barrel-organ." A barrel-organ once came into the possession of the writer, when a boy, perhaps one ought strictly to call it a double-barrelled organ, seeing that it played secular, as well as sacred tunes. On recalling the circumstances of acquiring this singular link with the musical past, one thinks of two points connected with the instrument. Firstly, if by accident the secular barrel had been turned on instead of the sacred, what would have been

the effect? Secondly, how did the congregation keep from laughing when they heard the "Old Hundredth" and other tunes given out with innumerable trill and grace-notes of all kinds? Let us now briefly consider what the village band did as far as the music in the service is concerned. As a rule the actual singing was limited to a performance of two portions of the new version of the Psalms, under the direction of the village clerk, who acted as precentor, whilst all kinds of orchestral instruments—oboes, flutes, clarionets, bassoons and violoncellos among others—accompanied throughout. The Nonconformist churches had no musical accompaniment whatever during the early part of the nineteenth century. A "principal singer," or precentor, was responsible for starting the tunes, but no instrument of music was allowed, and the law laid down in 1805 at the Wesleyan Conference is most explicit on this point. How has the abolition of these instruments in our country churches succeeded? One must admit that, on the whole, the success has not been really great. The knowledge, even if it be elementary, of any instrument demands technical skill, and a certain power of reading at sight. Now-a-days so much of the village church music has unfortunately to be learnt by ear. We attempt more, it is true, but it must remain an open question if the musical doings in the country churches to-day are so heartily enjoyed, or the service itself entered into with as much zest and earnestness as was customary in the days when the village band with its precentor, and the parish clerk at his desk led the humbler style of worship familiar to our forefathers.



THE NIGHTJAR. BY A. F. LYDON.

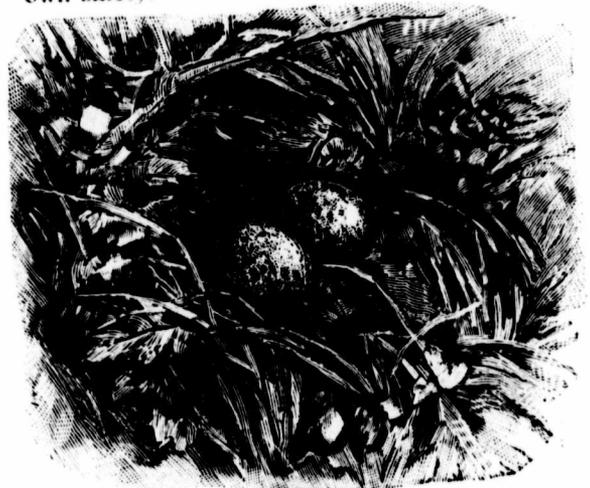
THE old adage, "Give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him," finds an apt illustration in the subject before us, if we substitute "bird" for "dog." The Nightjar, "Goatsucker," "Churnowl," etc., is a mysterious bird, for it lies close out of sight all the daytime, squatting lengthwise along the branch of some woodland tree, sheltered from the sunbeams by the matted leafage, or else down in the semi-darkness of the dense underwood until the glimmering twilight calls it to life and activity.

Then begins its remarkable jarring song, so weird and uncanny, breaking upon the stillness of the dying day, and the author of the peculiar notes may then be seen circling round in swift pursuit of the beetles and other insects upon which it preys. It loves the solitary woodland bounded by fern-covered tracts, its partiality for the latter having gained it one of its numerous names, viz., "fern owl." All through the evening and night such sylvan scenes awake to the echo of its jarring notes, which quiver on the air like the humming of a spinning wheel.

It is thought by some that this peculiar note is uttered by the male bird alone. Whether this is so or not, I must leave to wiser heads to determine, but the peculiar whirring, jarring sound, once heard, can never be forgotten. The nightjar has been always looked upon by quiet country folk as a nocturnal robber, and its familiar title of goat-sucker is the expression of an ancient fallacy which charged the bird with having an inordinate liking for goat's milk, and in the process of stealing it from its slumbering victims poisoning the udder, and so doing the animal an irreparable injury. Such old-wife's fables die hard, and our nocturnal friend, for friend it is to man and beast, is like the dog with the bad name, which sticks to it, for it is more commonly known as the Goatsucker than anything else.

Yet the nightjar lives entirely on insects, which flock out from their haunts when the sun has gone down, such as the droning beetles and the soft flying moths which, in countless myriads, are only kept within bounds by the Nightjar and other kindred nocturnal birds, and so prevented from being a source of terrible injury to the farmers' crops.

The Nightjar arrives in this country sometime during May and remains here until the latter part of September, when it betakes itself to winter in the more genial climate of Africa. Its nest, if nest we may call it, is simply a little hollow in the ground amongst leaves and underwood, where it is difficult to find. Its two creamy white marbled eggs are of a peculiar oblong shape, equally rounded at either end, and are marked with grey, brown and black blotches. The two little chicks when they emerge from their shells are grey woolly mites, dependant for some time on their parents for food, but otherwise quick and alert in looking after their own safety.



MACK THE MISER

BY THE REV
F. LANGBRIDGE,
Rector of **St. John's, LIMERICK.**

Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts,"
"The Lost Sheep," "Little Tapers," etc.



CHAPTER I.

A SUDDEN RECALL.



TELEGRAM for you, Miss Hamilton."

An instantaneous hush fell upon the buzzing school. The little girls in Miss Hamilton's class dismissed capes and peninsulars, and fixed upon the yellow envelope eyes that threatened to penetrate its mystery. The teacher herself laid down the ruler with which she was pointing to the map of Europe, and, with a nervous "Thank you, Ellen," took the envelope into her hands. It was the first telegram that she had ever received. To read it, particularly when one's face was searched by all those eyes, whose pupils were bright notes of interrogation, required a little courage. However the thing had to be done. The girl tore the envelope, extracted the pink paper, and read.

Her face must have told its tale distinctly enough, for, almost before she had come to the end of the short message, two of the small faces near her were washed with tears, and one was looking up into hers and saying, "Never mind, dear Miss Bertha, never mind."

Bertha kissed her little comforter, and then telling the children to go to their seats, walked up to the desk of the head mistress.

"I am afraid, Miss Rayner," she said, "I shall have to go home."

Miss Rayner frowned slightly, it would be awkward to be left short-handed just then, with the diocesan examinations coming on, and the intermediate work in full swing.

Bertha held the telegram towards her superior, and the elder lady resting a hand upon the younger's shoulders, they read it together.

"Please come, dear Miss Bertha, for the mistress is stretched, and me not able to manage the boys at all. Don't let on or she would kill me.—Your obedient servant, Kate."

A sudden smile shot into Miss Rayner's eyes, and two of the little girls, auguring that things were not so bad as they feared, reached across an intervening passage and pinched one another in an ecstasy of relief.

"Kate is not a very economical framer of telegrams," Miss Rayner said. "Is your mother an invalid?"

"No," said Bertha, "not quite that. She never had time to be an invalid. If she has had to go to bed she must be very ill."

"Well, of course you must go; what o'clock is it? Yes, you will catch the four-thirty if you are quick. Mary Yorke shall help you to pack, and there will just be time for a cup of tea."

"I am so sorry," Bertha said; "I know it's a very inconvenient time."

"Oh, never mind that: we shall manage well enough, and—who knows?—you may be back in a week. Run away now, and take Mary."

As the teacher and the pupil—who were about the same age—left the room together, they heard Miss Rayner's voice raised in its utmost asperity.

Relaxed discipline required a tonic, and Trixie Doyle was catching it.

Half an hour later Bertha was poised on one side of an Irish car, with her trunk tremulously balanced on the other, and a red-faced man—all dirt and amiability—on the box-seat. Almost all the school was at the windows or on the steps, and even one or two unfortunates, condemned to penal scales, protested, by their vague and fitful runs, that they were present in spirit.

"Now mind, Flannery," said Miss Rayner, "you catch the train."

"Deed, then," said Flannery, "for such a sweet young lady—not forgetting your honourable ladyship—I'd catch it if it was forty trains."

"Wait a second!" screamed a thin little voice, "oh, please wait." And while Miss Rayner frowned annoyance and Flannery beamed approval, Totty Wallace ran to the steps of the car.

She held up a little parcel, rapidly dissolving from its loose string and baggy paper.

"It's only a sponge-cake and Lord Roberts," she said. "You'll excuse their being a little stale."

Bertha stooped down and kissed the top of her head, assuring her that she preferred her cakes and Robertses stale.

"Now then," said Miss Rayner, impatiently.

"Go on, Wildfire," said Flannery; and the car broke into lop-sided animation to a ripple of waving hands and a chirrup of blown kisses.

CHAPTER II.

A CROWD IN THE SQUARE.



It was almost a year since Bertha had been at home. Money was not very plentiful there, and the railway fare from the North was a solid consideration. Consequently, she had spent her Christmas holidays with Mary Yorke, whose father's place was close to the school.

Exactly how poor they were Bertha did not know. But her father, a lawyer, had hardly begun to make a connection when he died, and could have left little but his insurance policy.

Sitting in her third-class carriage—while two market women exchanged verbal and other civilities over her and almost through her—Bertha ate her dusty sponge-cake, and thought. It must have taxed her mother's resources to keep her at that expensive school, before she became pupil-teacher, and finally salaried teacher. Twelve pounds a year seemed to Bertha rather a stately stipend. With a little help from home, and a good deal from one's own fingers, one could even dress upon it.

Well, her career, she feared, was over now. With her work for the Cambridge Senior Women's so nearly made up, and the near prospect of well-paid engagements, it was rather a pity. Perhaps a tear or two welled up at the thought of ambition abandoned and hard work ending in nothing. For one of the market-women laid a hand upon her knee. "Ah, don't be crying, astore," she said, "d'ye think he'd leave you long—with a face like that?"

Bertha assured the kind woman that she was not thinking about . . . about such things: but she blushed as she made the assurance, and the two women exchanged sly but very palpable winks.

Angry at having betrayed feeling so easily, Bertha set her mouth hard, and made an instant resolution.

"I won't do that again," she said. "Mother

shall never know that I had anything to give up."

It was past nine when the train came into the station. There was a weary waiting, while kindly-bustling, but ineffective porters discovered the luggage and rescued it from one another. At length Bertha, having run the gauntlet of a long line of claimant carmen, was given up to one, strongest in right or in language, and soon afterwards she was being jolted homeward.

Yes, here she was. This was St. Munchin's Square. There was the little high-walled church, with its line of elms and limes; and there was the fine-drawn spire of the great Roman Catholic cathedral, and there was the little public-house, with its patient horses awaiting outside, and there—

Bertha's recognitions were penetrated by a yell. Into the square there burst a crowd of boys, almost all barefoot, mostly clothed in dirt as in a garment, with a sprinkling of women, bare-headed or wrapt in shawls, and here and there a hulking man. Discreetly in the distance hovered two policemen.

Hoot after hoot arose, and there was derisive laughter. What was afoot Bertha could not tell. Suddenly, however, the driver pulled up his steed.

"Faith, miss," he said, "'tis Mack the Miser. Stand up on the board, and you'll see."

Bertha stood up, and now, as the nucleole of the shouting and swaying throng, she discerned a singular figure.

It was that of a man, short but not dwarfish, with long hair almost white, and a face like a sad dream. Even there—hooted, hushed, ringed

about with malicious forms—the man appeared remote, abstracted. If any fear were upon him it did not display itself in looks or movement. He passed on—there was something strange and aloof in his very gait—with perfect deliberation.

Reaching at length the western corner of the square, he stopped for a second. Instantly, with collisions among its own members, the crowd recoiled. One biggish boy who remained on its outer edge broke into a roar of fear. Quite

clearly, if Mack the Miser was disliked he was also feared.

Bertha touched the driver's arm.

"What is he?" she asked.

"'Deed, miss, I wouldn't know then; an honest poor man, I suppose. Look, it was only the key he took from his pocket."

Bertha understood from the driver's manner that he was afraid to speak his thoughts. Evidently, in his secret judgment, Mack was anything but an honest poor man.

"'Cowardly wretches," said Bertha, as recovering from its momentary panic, the mob began to close about the quiet central figure, thrusting it hither and



HE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE NOT HURRIEDLY BUT STUMBLINGLY.

thither, and threatening to overthrow and trample it. "Why don't the police interfere?"

"There's stones convenient," the driver said, suggestively.

Having struggled up the step, Mack the Miser stood before his own door and inserted the key.

At that moment a boy in the crowd stooped, and from a patch of flints set to mend the roadway picked up a large stone.

Just as he was entering his house, moved by

who shall say what impulse? Mack turned his head. His mild unworldly face, framed and almost concealed by its sheaf of white hair—hair so much older than the eyes or the mouth, old-world though they seemed—met the snarling pack around it with a look not angry, not protesting, but surely questioning.

"Yes," Bertha thought, "he is going to ask them why they hunt him like that."

If that really were the man's purpose it was defeated. Bertha saw in the outskirts of the crowd, a hand rise above a shoulder.

"Look out," was on her lips, but the stone was quicker than the speech.

Mack on the step, made a slight movement with his head. There was a second of silence, then there arose a shrill triumphant cheer. On Mack's white face there was a sudden splash of red. He moved into the house, not hurriedly, but stumblingly. The door closed behind him, and it had hardly closed when there was a hammering upon it as of enormous hailstones, and the glass of the windows above slipped in with light tinklings.

"Will I get the box down, miss?" asked the driver, his face lighted by a happy grin.

"Deed, then, that young feller is the great little shot entirely."

Bertha paid him without meeting his eyes, for the "young feller"—the thrower of the first stone—was her brother Sid.

CHAPTER III.

"ONE STEP ENOUGH FOR ME."



HOW is she now, Kate?" Bertha asked of the bright-eyed, willing, untidy maid, as between them they carried the trunk into the hall.

"Ah, please God, she'll be better now. The house was a great weight on her, and Master Cyril and Sidney——"

"Are they very troublesome?" Bertha asked.

"Oh, God bless them, fine young gentlemen entirely; but boys will be boys."

Between that report of Kate's and the report of her own eyes, Bertha found food for rather dismal thoughts. However, she had come to fight and not to sigh. And when—Kate believing Mrs. Hamilton to be then asleep—she had taken off her hat and sat down to scones and tea and a brown-faced egg, she began to recover heart.

The egg, indeed, was served in a wine-glass, but—for the present—that did not matter.

Standing at a respectful distance, Kate watched her young mistress eat.

"The scones got burned on me," she modestly remarked.

"They are splendid," Bertha said.

"That egg . . . 'tis a little hen I have in the kitchen . . . but maybe it wasn't fresh."

"I fear that little hen will have to look out for other apartments," Bertha said to herself. But to Kate she said, "Beautifully fresh; we don't get such eggs at school."

"You get accomplishments, anyway," said Kate, "and sweet looks, and sweet manners. Axing pardon," Kate added, "for the liberty."

At that moment a voice came down the stairs, a voice that rendered with much spirit and a certain resemblance to the tune of the latest humorous song, "The Bloater's Cheeks were Salt with Tears," the words tripped on. Then the door was flung open, and there entered cigarette-smoke and a tall slim young man.

"Halloa," he said, pecking Bertha's ear with a perfunctory kiss. Then, drawing back, he added, "I say, you are pretty."

Kate, now at a more modest distance, brightened all over. She had got hold of Bertha first, and considered the good looks half her doing.

"How is mother, Dick?" Bertha asked.

"Oh, mother's all right. Take care of yourself, Bertha. I'm going out."

"Going out?" said Bertha. "Isn't it very late? Oh, where are the boys?"

"Not a bit. I'll whack 'em in," said Dick, briefly, and the door closed behind him.

A few seconds later the square, where up till then football had been proceeding, was animated

by vigorous howls. On the heels of these came a bang at the front-door and two boys burst in.

One of them—Cyril—had a suspicious brightness in his eyes, and his cheek, Bertha thought, wore rather a mottled hue. Sid looked sulky and ill-conditioned. Both were towseled and torn and not specially clean.

"Well, boys," said Bertha, "aren't you glad to see me?"

"I am," said Cyril, grinning sheepishly. Sid said nothing. He had observed the scones. Both the boys began to eat and the plate was soon cleared.

Bertha, fixing her eyes on Sidney, came to a hopeful conclusion. He looked thoroughly gloomy. His mind must be troubled about that dreadful stone.

She rose and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I saw you throw it," she whispered; "you are sorry, aren't you?"

"I am," Sid answered; "I'm sorry it wasn't bigger," and he slipped from under her hand.

With some grumbling and much noise the boys went to their room.

In a few minutes Kate came in to say that the mistress was awake, and had divined the presence of Bertha. Would Bertha go up to her?

"And don't be letting on," said Kate, "'twas myself that sent for you, or the mistress, bless her sweet face, would cut the head off o' me."

Bertha found her mother in a flutter of weak excitement. Stretching out her hands from

the bed she drew her daughter to her, and could not be satisfied with kisses and caresses.

"You are beautiful, dear," she said, "a tall and stately lady. How did I ever come to have such a daughter?"

Indeed, an onlooker might have asked the same question. Mrs. Hamilton—even in illness and in more than middle age—had a soft juvenile prettiness. She was small and round, blue-eyed, brown-haired, and flushed as she was with the

joy of Bertha's coming, looked like a rosy doll. Bertha, with her slim erect figure, her dark coils of shining hair, her dark, changing, questioning eyes, her firm mouth, and a certain wistful quietude that seemed to shadow her face, looked like a woman of another country, almost of another era.

"I don't know," Mrs. Hamilton went on, "how you happened to come just at the right time—some people are so clever. Things were too much for me, dear, but you will manage, I know. I did not give up till I was obliged, but Kate keeps hens in the kitchen . . . and

the laundress . . . and the dear boys . . . really . . ."

She stopped, and suddenly her small face was swimming in tears.

"You were a good brave little mother, and you did wonders to keep going so long. Now it is my time. I am very strong, and rather determined, and—oh, I think we shall do."

"I am afraid I can't help very much, dearest—just for a little while."

"I'm going to be your doctor, mother, and



"I'M SORRY IT WASN'T BIGGER."

doctors, you know, must be obeyed. Just at present you are to lie in bed, and sleep, and eat chicken-jelly. Then you are to go away for a holiday."

"But the dear boys, Bertha?"

"Oh," Bertha answered, with a slight hardening of the mouth, "I think I can manage the dear boys."

As she entered her room that night, and, moving very quietly, unpacked a few necessary things, Bertha became a little sad. Things, she could not help seeing, were all at sixes and sevens. The house, after the orderly world that she had left, seemed a dusty, stragglng jumble. Dick did not impress her as a very steady young man. No! she suddenly remembered — up till then he had not returned from his ramble. She looked at her watch; it was five minutes to eleven. Well Kate had told her he had a latch-key. There was no need to sit up at any rate. The boys were evidently a handful of themselves, and there was Kate, kind but hardly competent, and there were the hens and . . .

Bertha sat down on the bed and let her hands fall before her. It was an attitude of listlessness very unusual with her. But she was tired after her journey, and her head was beginning to beat with small insistent hammers. There came, in spite of her resolution, thoughts of her career—interrupted or abandoned. Of that half-mastered examination that was to float her on the world. What?—was she a baby after all?—tears? Yes, a flood of them, a river in

full spate, sweeping all before it. She sank her head upon her hand and cried with all her heart.

Suddenly Bertha became aware of voices. Hitherto, she had not known for certain where the boys slept. There had been changes since her time in most of the arrangements. Now she knew: for Sidney's voice seemed speaking into her pillow.

"Cyril," he was saying, "d'y'e hear that?"

"Shut up," Cyril made answer. "I want to go to sleep."

"You can do that another time. Shake yourself together, stupid."

Apparently Sidney furnished assistance to that end: a bolster seemed to fall upon the floor.

"Now then! hear that?"

"Well," said Cyril, discontentedly; "I don't hear anything particular."

"Oh, you don't, don't you?" The next words were spoken in solemn jubilation. "We've made her bellow, that's all. Bertha won't bother us much."

Through the sobs which she could not quite repress those words came into

Bertha's brain. Happily she was not without a sense of humour. They touched her tears into a sunshine shower.

"Ah," she thought, "I must not take things too hard. I must be kind as well as firm. I must laugh as well as strive."

"I wish I had someone to help me." And almost like a spoken word, her thought was answered within her.

"You have someone; how strange, Bertha, to forget that."



THE LID OF THE LETTER OPENING WAS FLUNG OPEN.

She knelt down beside her bed and prayed as she had never prayed before. As to a Presence close and hearkening, she poured out all her heart. She told her disappointment, her difficulties, her fears, her hopes, her faults. And gradually peace and guidance came.

"Oh, there is so much to do," she sighed.

"Do a little at a time," it seemed the answer came.

"I cannot see my way."

"Do not ask to see it. You need but light to see the next step."

"I have not even that. Give me that."

"Wait till the morning. Sleep and trust."

"Yes, sleep and trust," Bertha murmured, as she drew her clothes about her.

The sleep came at once. The trust would come in time."

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE VICTORY.



ERTHA'S last words to Kate had been: "Call me at seven, please."

"I will, miss," Kate had answered, "to the very minyit."

Reposing on that promise, Bertha, when she awoke, allowed herself to lie thinking. A certain decision was in her mind, and it almost frightened her.

She was going that day to call on Mack the Miser.

Yes; although she surveyed the resolution with wonder and dislike, she did not attempt to question it. It was a thing settled and not to be shaken. When she had closed her eyes last night no such idea had entered her head. And now, out of the unconscious life of sleep or out of the instant of waking, that purpose had been built. Bertha accepted it reverently and gratefully, as the "one step" made plain to her feet.

The house seemed very still. It must be quite early. Well, it was pleasant to lie and watch the figures in the street glide in shadowy procession over the bayed ceiling.

Ah! there was a clock striking—the good old "Grandfather" in the hall. With lazy interest Bertha heard its early strokes; but when seven rang out she sat up in bed, and when eight followed she sprang upon the floor.

Almost at that moment there came a step, the clank of a can, an insinuating intimate knock. Then there was a voice, the voice of Kate, kindly as the summer morning. "'Tis seven o'clock, Miss, and I have the hot water waiting on you."

Bertha looked at her watch. "Five minutes past eight." She thrust her head through the half-opened door.

"Why, Kate," she said, "you are an hour past time."

"Ah no, Miss Bertha. Not by the hall-clock anyway—and 'tis a great old clock entirely."

"Well," said Bertha, confused, for her watch was trustworthy, "call the boys at once. They will be late for school."

"The boys," Kate answered, "was up dear knows when. They took a fad for fishing these days, and they have the dresser destroyed on me. 'Tis no place to be settling their worms."

"Master Dick?" asked Bertha.

"Ah," smiled Kate, "Master Dick does be taking his time of a morning."

Bertha drew in her hot water—a tepid relic in an open can—and hurriedly began her dressing.

The house seemed to be scantily furnished with baths. While she was making the most of a very small basin, she heard sounds in the hall. It was Kate—a little person—dragging one of the hall chairs. Then something opened, and after a second or two, closed with a dull snap.

Why, it was the glass of the clock-face.

When Bertha went down it was twenty-past seven by grandfather's time.

"Kate," said Bertha, when the maid came in, breathing and bustling, with the breakfast-tray, "will you promise me one thing? Do, Kate, because I like you and we must be friends."

"Deed, Miss," said Kate, "I'd promise you anything at all."

"Ah, but we must not promise too easily, because we keep our promises—you and I. When we break anything, or make a mistake about the time, we won't—will we?—tell fibs about it."

"Oh, no, miss," said cheerful Kate, "not if we was paid for it."

Bertha laid her hand upon the girl's arm.

"We won't put the clock back."

Kate grew very red. "I never touched the clock," she said, and, with lifted chin, left her young mistress to her strong tea and durable toast.

At a quarter to nine Dick came down. He was in desperate haste and a little snappy.

"Oh, Dick," said Bertha, as her brother lit a cigarette, "smoking so early."

"Mind your own business," Dick answered, and the slam of the door italicized the advice.

Bertha felt out of heart. The day had not begun auspiciously. What had become of the boys?

At that moment they burst in. Cyril flung upon the breakfast table three tiny perch, while Sidney threw himself upon the plate of bread-and-butter. Before Bertha could interfere he had tucked its contents into his pockets.

"Sidney," said Bertha, "you must not behave like that."

"Look here," said Sidney, "you're not going to boss me. Mind your own business."

Cyril glanced at his sister a little uneasily, with just a dawning glimpse of compunction.

"Let me cut you some bread-and-butter, Sid. Look, here's your tea."

"I haven't time," he said, as he turned and rushed at the door. There was another grievous bang.

Bertha sighed, as she began to prepare her mother's breakfast. Just then the lid of the letter opening was flung open, and the voice of Sidney called through the space where the box should have been.

"You may have the perch," it said.

"Oh, thank you," Bertha answered, with joyful alacrity; "I'll have them for dinner."

It was the first fruit-blossom that her efforts had borne.

But while she was in the kitchen making toast, another blossom fell into her lap.

Kate, who had been blackening boots in a sullen background, suddenly looked up with a face of melting grace.

"If you please, Miss Bertha," she said, "I won't do it no more."

"Won't do what?" Bertha asked.

"Put the clock back," said Kate.

Mrs. Hamilton was a tiny bit better, and ate two pieces of toast.

Come, the day was not all disappointment.

With quite a cheerful spirit, though a thumping heart, Bertha set out for Mack the Miser's.

(To be continued.)

A PARISH IN A WILDERNESS.

BY THE REV. A. N. COOPER, M.A., Vicar of Filey, Yorks.



GEOERGE THE FOURTH is credited with having said that if only herrings were half-a-crown a-piece instead of a penny, they would be reckoned the greatest of delicacies. The remark was a just one, and seems to show how frequently we neglect those beauties and gifts which lie ready to our hand, which we should doubtless value if only they were some hundred miles away. Thus it is not improbable that if the Wilderness of Cumberland were situated in Judea, there would be ten people who would seek it out and explore it for one who does so now.

A wilderness in England may sound strange, but there certainly is one, and more than ten miles broad too. Circumstances once threw me into the company of the Vicar of this Parish, and I determined to visit him, more especially

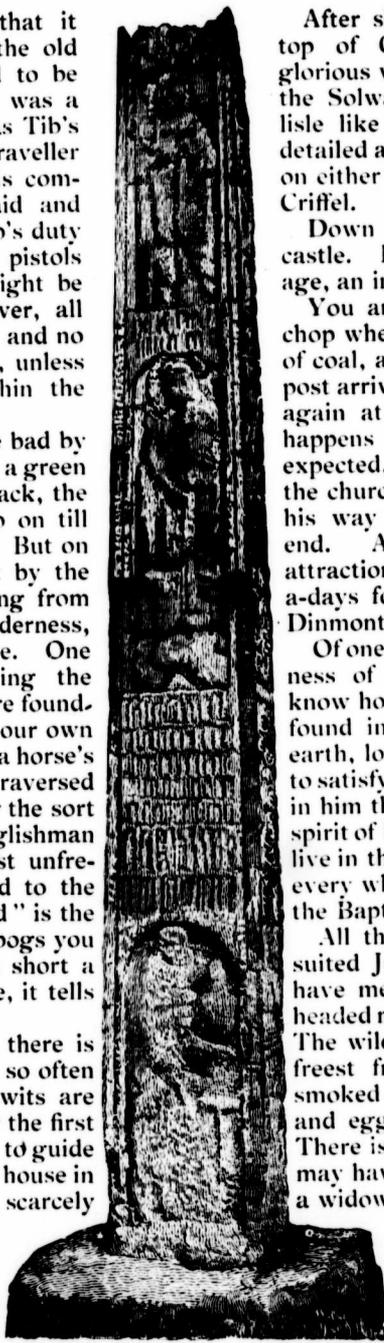
as he has in his churchyard at Bewcastle a famous cross, which is said to have inscribed upon it the oldest piece of writing in England. True, he lives twelve miles from a railway station, but then if you want to see anything of interest, you must be prepared to make certain sacrifices for it, and so I found myself at Gilsland railway station one morning, with twelve miles between me and my luncheon.

The Wilderness of Cumberland gets prominent mention in Scott's novel "Guy Mannering," where our favourite Dandy Dinmont is riding home from the cattle-fair. You are reminded of this as you cross the bridge of the Irthing close by Gilsland station, for you see a public-house bearing the sign of Mumps Ha', or Hall. It is said that Sir Walter himself was wrongly informed as to this sign, he assigning it to the name of the landlady, Tib Mumps. It

seems more probable, however, that it refers to Mumps or Mumpers, the old cant term for beggars. It used to be said that the landlady's husband was a highway robber, and while it was Tib's work to find out which path the traveller was going, the man gathered his comrades together and then waylaid and robbed him. Another part of Tib's duty was to draw the bullets from the pistols of her customers, so that they might be attacked with impunity. However, all that is matter of ancient history, and no danger is to be apprehended now, unless from the fiery spirits sold within the Mumps Ha'.

As a general rule roads become bad by degrees: the paved road leads to a green road, the green road to a cart track, the cart track to a foot track, and so on till every vestige of a path is lost. But on leaving the gravelled path kept by the Gilsland Highway Board, leading from the Topping Stone to the wilderness, you plunge in *medius res* at once. One moment you are proudly footing the King's highway, the next you are foundering in a bog. "You make your own road and look out for the dint of a horse's hoofs," said a person who had traversed the wilderness. This is scarcely the sort of travelling to which an Englishman is accustomed, even in the most unfrequented parts, and when added to the difficulty of "making your road" is the knowledge that in many of the bogs you may sink up to your waist in as short a time as it takes to wink your eye, it tells upon your nerves a little!

It is impossible to deny that there is a track here and there, but it is so often lost in the dells that all one's wits are required to keep upon it. For the first six miles there is nothing in view to guide you after you pass the one farm house in its black fir planting. It is scarcely necessary to add that there is no one of whom to inquire the way, for beyond the peewits and the curlews no living creature is to be heard in the wilderness. I have to beware and bear to the right, otherwise I shall be trapped between the King's Water and some other water, and there I might wander for hours without finding a way across them. Among the few who had crossed the wilderness was the late Mr. Ruskin, and he had got lost between the waters.



After six miles walking I reached the top of Gillalees Beacon, and got a glorious vision of deep blue distance, of the Solway shining like silver, and Carlisle like a toy town with every tower detailed against its wreathing smoke, and on either side the peaks of Skiddaw and Criffel.

Down in the valley beneath is Bewcastle. It consists of a church, a vicarage, an inn, a shop, and two farmhouses.

You are twelve miles from a mutton-chop when there, ten miles from a load of coal, and eight from a doctor. The post arrives at half-past twelve and leaves again at a quarter past one. Nothing happens in the village, not even the unexpected, and were it not for the Cross in the churchyard not a creature would find his way there from year's end to year's end. As it is, it possesses the sole attraction which accounts for anyone now-a-days following in the steps of Dandy Dinmont.

Of one famous inhabitant of the Wilderness of Judea, we all have read, and know how, though living a lonely life, he found in the spontaneous fruits of the earth, locusts and wild honey, abundance to satisfy his simple wants, and to develop in him the bravest and most independent spirit of his time. The lives of those who live in the Wilderness of Cumberland are every whit as lonely as his, but like John the Baptist they have no need to starve.

All the wilderness people would have suited Julius Caesar, who said, "Let me have men about me who are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." The wilderness butter is the freshest and freest from the taste of turnips, the smoked bacon is redolent of the peat, and eggs and honey are in abundance. There is no need to starve. The parson may have occasion to go up and comfort a widow or cheer an orphan family, but he has no need to carry doles. Oh! they are a wonderful people are the people of the wilderness. Hardy, industrious, thrifty, and contented, they may well excite

the envy of those who, with all the conveniences of the twentieth century at their doors, debate whether life is worth the living.

There is nothing to tempt people across the wilderness except the Bewcastle Cross aforesaid, and that is why the inhabitants are undisturbed and unknown.

TRANSPLANTED.

BY MRS. HARDING KELLY,

Author of "On the King's Service," etc., etc.

It was all so strange and sudden,
 When the Lord stole down our street,
 And we heard the far off echo,
 Of His swiftly coming feet.
 Yet we raised our eyes in wonder,
 When he passed into the room,
 Stooping gently o'er our loved one,
 On that wintry afternoon.
 Tenderly He raised our darling
 In His careful loving arms,
 As He stayed the painful breathing,
 With the touch that ever calms :

Bore her then away so quickly
 That we scarcely saw her go,
 And it seemed we'd lost for ever
 One we loved and cherished so.
 Sadly then we watched the Master
 As He trod the snowy street,
 In the cold and dreary twilight,
 Where the evening shadows creep.
 Lo, before Him in the distance
 Glowed a flood of dazzling light,
 From the open gate of Heaven,
 Shining in the depths of night.

Broke upon the ears of angels
 As they paced the golden street,
 Sounds that gave them joy and gladness,
 Hush! The Master's treading feet.
 Paused the Saviour then a moment
 Bending o'er our darling's face,
 While He pressed the lips so silent.
 With a kiss of perfect grace,
 Which appeared to wake the sleeper
 As she lay upon His breast,
 And the eyelids gently opened
 On eternal life and rest.

Then the Master whispered quickly
 To an angel near the throne,
 As He gave to him a message
 To be brought to us alone.
 'Ere we found the time to wonder
 Bore he on his willing flight,
 Down the street, where death in passing
 Touched our lives with with'ring blight.
 Words he spoke of love and comfort,
 Softened all our grief and pain
 For we learned our loss was proving
 Now our darling's endless gain.

And we felt, we need not wonder,
 That for her the Lord had sent,
 Gath'ring for Himself the blossom
 Which was never more than lent.
 For He knew the earthly coldness
 Soon would blight the tender plant,
 Languishing for warmth and sunshine,
 So He needs it must transplant.
 Now within the Father's garden,
 Flowers it on the heav'nly sod :
 By the banks of living waters,
 Flowing from the throne of God.

LIFE'S FALLING PETALS

(continued).

By E. ADYE



CHAPTER III.

THE fair was in progress, and the little drowsy village was awake to-day. In the windows of the old houses, children had placed gay handkerchiefs, and the church had its flag flying; and inside there was a profusion of the white daisies.

The woman sat there alone—it was cooler than the dusty street, and besides she wanted rest. Throughout the day she had walked patiently around the booths, and had wondered where the man was, who had promised to come. Outside the noise and gay laughter of the children was heard, as they swung in the merry-go-rounds. The church, dimly lighted from the sunset, suddenly grew darker, and the woman knew the sun had set. She leaves the church and is back once more in the thronged street. It is with content she turns into the deserted fields and gains the solitude of her own cottage. The twilight hangs over the sea, and for one second she stands and scans the bare horizon. Then she pushes her cottage door open—a letter lies on the mat inside. Eagerly, she unfastens the seal. "My God!" she murmurs hoarsely, and another moment she is hurrying with stumbling steps through the field. Oh, to be young once more, when the veins are full of life, when the heart obeys and quickens and lessens with no effort in its trial!

The woman reaches the inn. There are groups outside and inside the swinging glass doors who look curiously at her bewildered face. Quickly she passes by them all. The landlord pushes suddenly forward.

"Mrs. Stone, the sick man upstairs was asking for you."

"I know; he is a relation of mine." And she vouchsafed no further words.

Up the dark, timbered staircase she hurries. "Room 22!" is shouted up to her. At last outside No. 22 room she stands, with a prayer on her quivering lips. She turns the door handle slowly. The sudden draught causes the candle to gutter near the bedside. The figure lying so still upon it moves uneasily. "Come in, come," it says, wearily.

"My son!" murmurs back the woman; then beside the bed she kneels, her arms supporting the man against her breast.

"At last," he whispers—but the woman's sobs are catching her words. "I tried to meet you to-day, mother, but something broke here," and he pointed to his chest. "I sent a messenger," he panted out. He felt a kiss on his lips, and his mother's hair across his face. "I was a bad son once—"

"Hush! it was I who was to blame; oh, those long five-and-thirty years, John, when I wondered whether you were dead or living, but now—"

"Ah, now," mutters the man; "those long years have robbed me of everything, and I only come back to leave you."

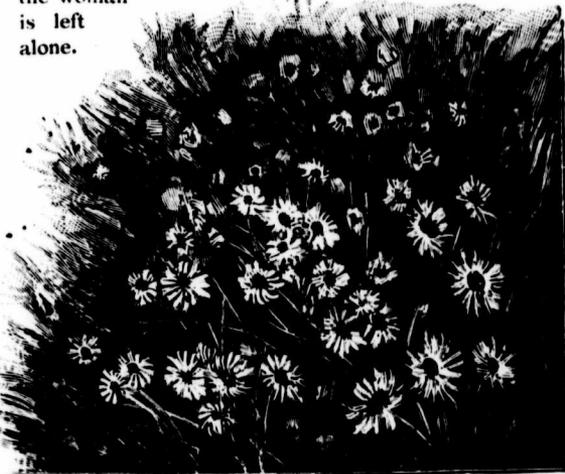
The woman clasps him yet nearer. "No, no. You will live—I feel it—I know it—I—"; then her voice is silent. The man's eyes look dumbly into hers, and there is no noise save his uneven breath in the room.

"You did not recognize me—when we picked the daisies?" he added, painfully.

"Oh, why did you not reveal yourself? Why?" she added, as he made no reply.

"Because I had been a bad man and a worse son,—and I waited till—"

Again the woman holds him closely to her. "God knows how I have always loved you," she says in sobbing tones. And thus she holds him, even whilst he slept, through the long night, till with the dawn he passes into unconsciousness. Sometimes words rise to his lips. They are but scattered reminiscences of his childhood. The dark past is buried, and when the tide is running out and the sunshine gilds the sea shore, the man's spirit passes away, and once more the woman is left alone.





THE MESSAGE: A PARABLE.

BY E. SEELEY.

WHY did He not tell us when it would be."

This was said in a complaining tone by a tired, fretful-looking woman by the roadside as I passed along one day, and it so chanced that I could guess what she meant and did not need to ask. For there had been a stir in the place, men had been going about from house to house to deliver, as they said, a message from the King.

The message was short, it was merely this: "I am coming soon, see that you are ready for Me." Now when I tell you that none of the people in that town had ever seen the King, you will not be surprised that the message made a stir and commotion.

To me it seemed strange that there should be any people who were not interested, but so it was. There were some who said to the messengers, "I don't believe you know anything about the matter. If you can tell me when the King is coming, perhaps I may believe that He sent you, but when all you say is that He is coming soon, why it is plain enough you know nothing at all about it. Soon! it's easy enough to say soon!" and they laughed and went away.

But there were others who took the message more seriously, and a sad-looking woman sighed and said: "Oh, if only the King had said when He was coming, we would take such pains to be ready for Him, for it is true enough that our houses are not fit for Him to see nor our streets such as His feet should tread, but since we have no idea whether He will come to-day or to-morrow, or next week, or next year, how can we make ready for Him? It is absurd."

"Well," said the messenger, "remember we have told you, and if after you have received the message you are taken by surprise, and the King comes before you are ready, you *can blame* no one but yourself."

The woman had nothing to say to this, but she went into her house and sat down to consider. It seemed to her that she could not have had the message at a more inconvenient time, just then she had so many things to do

and to think about, a son to settle in the world, a good chance of buying some land and improving her children's prospects, and to put these things on one side, and to set about preparing for the King was certainly troublesome just then, and especially as nobody knew what *soon* meant.

Perhaps she spoke her thoughts aloud, for at that moment a little child looked up from its play and said, "Mother, hadn't we better get ready for the King first, and see about other things afterwards." The little child sat still and thought. "The man who brought the message said, 'The King loves little children,' I wonder what he likes them to be doing? I must try and find out, else maybe I shan't be ready when He comes."

But there were others in the town to whom the King's message came with quite a different sound. "Coming soon," they said to each other. "We have been looking for Him for years past; do you think that soon means to-day or to-morrow?" and some said, "He cannot come too soon for me."

There was one of these last, a young girl who had had rather a sad life, having been ill for many years, nearly crippled and often in pain, and when she heard the message, she said: "Now I need have no more dull days, for every morning when I wake, I shall say to myself, perhaps the King will come to-day; and oh! to think of seeing His Face, what joy that will be! When a light comes into my room, which for the most part is dark, I shall think it is the King coming, for you say that in His presence is light. And another said, "I have no troubles here worth thinking about, for my life has been a glad and happy one, but that is only because the King chose that it should be so, it will be happier still when He comes and I shall thank Him for it."

And so all those who loved their King thought the message the best that could have come, and with joy in their hearts kept looking around them to see what yet remained to be done to make the King's coming glorious. Some went out into the very outskirts of their land to tell those who had not yet heard the message, and all sent petitions to the King that He would do as He had said and come quickly.



Music by FRED. G. GILLIES, Organist and Choirmaster,
Holy Trinity, Walton Breck, Liverpool.

Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bos - om - ty, While the gathering wa - ters roll,

While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of

life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of Life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

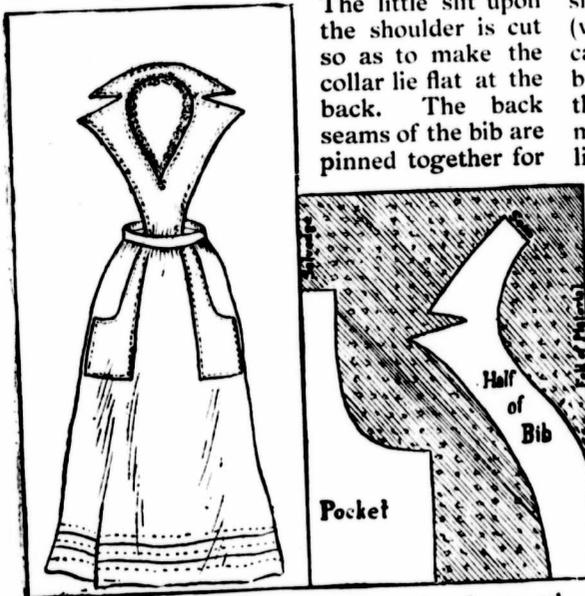


HOW TO MAKE AN APRON,

BY THEKLA BOWSER.



There is nothing more useful to possess than a big apron that will cover up the dress and yet not be ugly to look at, we give a pretty design for one this month. The skirt part is simply made of as many widths as you choose, the length, of course, being according to your height, whilst six inches extra are allowed for the hem and two tucks. By the little "detail sketch" it will be seen that the cutting out of the bib and the pockets is a very simple matter. A good plan is to cut these out in paper as nearly like the diagram as you can manage, and then fit the bib on yourself. The little slit upon the shoulder is cut so as to make the collar lie flat at the back. The back seams of the bib are pinned together for



trying-on, and this can be tightened or loosened just as is most comfortable. When this has been done, the material must be folded and the front of the half-bib put to the fold, so as not to have a seam down the middle of it. The pockets are cut out on the double material, so that they are exactly alike.

The first thing to do is to join the widths of the skirt together; if selvages they may be simply sewn. Then the back edges must be hemmed and the bottom turned up and tacked and the two tucks run in. After this the hem may be secured firmly by a line of fine feather-stitching at its head, and each tuck should also be ornamented with the stitching. Now the pockets are hemmed neatly all round and then

tacked into position, the top edges being placed level with the top of the apron and leaving about four inches space in between them. These are tacked down firmly and then fixed by feather-stitching, which is also carried round the upper edge of the pocket, though this must, of course, be left open. The bib is treated in exactly the same way. Hemmed all round after the back seam has been run and felled, and then feather-stitching is worked all round the edges, and if liked, a little flounce of lace can be put along the inner edge of it, to make it look pretty.

All that remains to be done now is to join the bib and skirt together. This is best done by putting on a straight band that is open on both sides, so that the bib and the edge of the skirt (which has previously been slightly gathered) can be neatly put inside it. A button and button-hole at the back of the band completes the apron. It can be made of coarse linen if for morning work, or will look well in a coloured linen if it is to be used for cooking or gardening. Red twill can be used very effectively for this kind of apron if it is feather-stitched in black, or any pretty print, feather-stitched with the colour that predominates in the design, looks nice and washes admirably.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY K. C. JONES (Staff Lecturer Surrey County Council).

Rock Cakes.

MOST women wish to know how to make cakes, and reliable recipes are much sought after. The one below will be found to produce sixteen nice sized cakes, and the cost will be about 7d.

Flour, 1 lb.	Ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful.
Dripping, 5 ozs.	Baking powder, 2 "
Moist sugar, 5 ozs.	Salt, a pinch.
Currants, 6 ozs.	Eggs, 2.
Candied peel, 1 oz.	Milk, a little.

Mix the flour, salt and baking powder well together, rub in the dripping till the mixture resembles bread crumbs; add the sugar, the currants (well cleaned), the candied peel cut in thin shreds, and the ginger; beat the eggs till light and frothy, add a little milk, stir with a fork into the dry ingredients, make into a stiff dough; take small portions up with two forks and form sixteen rough heaps, place on a lightly floured baking tin, bake at once in a quick oven for about ten minutes.

Rules for Making Cakes.

Cakes in which fat is rubbed into the flour should not be mixed too wet, as this mistake is apt to make them heavy. Currants should be washed and dried.

All cakes should be baked at once after mixing, and especially those with baking powder, as the effervescence passes off and the powder is useless.

Small cakes require a quick oven.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING

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

GENIAL weather should now be with us and our chickens growing apace. If we have from any cause had bad luck with our hatching, or if the chicks have died or been stolen by cats, or killed, it is still not too late to hatch some of the lighter varieties which will lay in the early spring. In fact, I have often hatched Leghorns in June and July which have begun to lay early in February. But such birds rarely attain the size of the earlier hatched ones, and the eggs are usually smaller. Much depends upon the kind of autumn and winter through which the brood has to pass. If mild, they may do well, if unusually cold or wet, they will not thrive, and the weaker ones will die.

Great care will now be required in managing the earlier chickens; the March and early April birds will have been forsaken by the hen. Indeed, if the weather is warm and the chicks strong, they will do as well, or better, without her after they are two months old, and, frequently, before this time the hen will give notice that she wants liberty again by laying an egg in the coop, or by pecking at the young ones as they come for food, and by standing or walking about all day instead of sitting to warm her brood. In such cases she is much better removed.

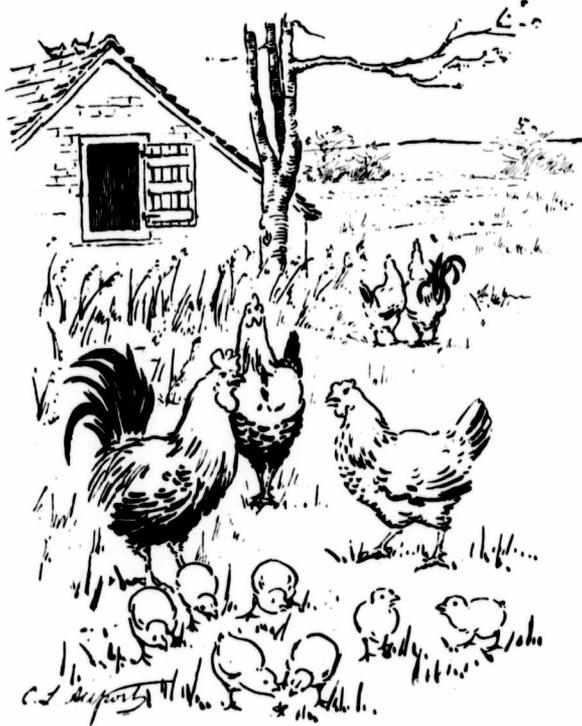
The coop should then be well cleaned out, and fresh peat moss, or hay put on the bottom to keep the chicks warm, especially for the first week or so, when they will miss the warmth of the hen. If the night is cold, an

old sack thrown over the coop will bring additional warmth.

Care should now be taken to keep the drinking water out of the rays of the sun. It is better always placed behind the coop on the northern side. Nothing sooner upsets the little ones than drinking sun-warmed water. This and sour food causes much sickness.

Another fertile source of disease and death is the insect pest. If a chicken is observed to be pining away, with ragged plumage and wings dropped, and uttering its mournful "cheep," "cheep," it should be caught and examined, especially on the head and throat, and under the wings and tail. If insects are found they should be dusted with insect powder. An effective powder is made by mixing together equal quantities of Pyrethrum powder and "flowers of sulphur." A cheap pepper box is handy for administering this, and where any are found the chicks should be examined every few days till all traces of them have disappeared. For the head and throat a useful application is a little oil and carbolic acid. One of the latter to fifty of oil, which is best mixed by a chemist. This should be sparingly applied with

the finger. It kills all insect life immediately. The hen should be examined and well dusted also if needed. It is, in fact, always advisable to make her perfectly clean before the chicks are put with her.



PUZZLE ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

I.—Hosea, Esther, Acts, Amos.

II.—Hannah, Noon, Deed, Ewe.

III.—(1) Lamb. (5) Silas. (9) Ornan.
 (2) Ox. (6) Timothy. (10) Uzzah.
 (3) Vashti. (7) Tiberius. (11) Manasses.
 (4) Esther. (8) Herod. (12) Ephraim.

IV.—(1) The palsied man when let down at His feet. St. Matt. ix. 2.

(2) The disciples on the lake. St. Matt. xiv. 27
 (3) The disciples in the upper room. St. John
 (4) St. Paul in Prison. Acts xxiii. 11. [xvi. 33

V.—(1) Jonah. (2) Nehemiah. (3) Paul and Silas
 (4) St. Peter. Acts x. (5) St. Paul. Acts xx.

Small things are best:
 Grief and unrest
 To rank and wealth are given;
 But little things
 On little wings
 Bear little souls to Heaven.

Hearts good and true
 Have wishes few
 In narrow circles bounded;
 But he who lives
 On what God gives
 Has Christian hope well founded.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)



Y dear little Cousins,
I have been very pleased to receive so many letters from you all. I see that some of you do not quite understand our system of giving prizes to the Members of the Guild. It is this way: we have had a competition every month, and each member who has sent in for them, has received so many marks each month, according to how good the effort was. Now, after the June Competition has come in, been judged and the marks awarded, all the marks given to each Member during the last six months (that is from January to June) will be added up and the boy or girl who has the largest number will receive the Silver Watch. So that you see it is better to try for every competition and get three or four marks each time, than only enter once for something you specially like, and get, perhaps, eight or nine marks for it. It will be some little time before I am able to tell you who is the happy winner, but I hope that all my members, old and new, will begin to go in for the new series of competitions that will begin in July and finish in December. We have not decided yet what the prize will be, but I can promise you that it will be something very delightful.

The Puzzle Prizes are given in just the same way. After the June answers reach me, I shall be able to reckon up the marks and see who is going to get those pretty books we are offering as prizes!

For the special prize of a lovely paint box given for the best design for an Easter card there have been many excellent attempts. I heartily con-

gratulate Alfred Richmond (Leeds) on being the happy winner of the prize.

I hope that all of you will be able to give me some very nice reasons for liking to go to Sunday School. I think you will agree with me in thinking it is a very easy competition this month, because I am sure all my little cousins must love their Sunday School, and will not find it difficult to tell why they do so.

With my love to you all,

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN JOAN.



HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

All boys and girls under 15 years of age are invited to join the Guild of Goodwill. Each must send his or her full name, address and age, accompanied by a penny stamp, to Cousin Joan, who will be very glad to forward the pretty Card of Membership.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARJORIE.—Thank you so much for thinking to send me some Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.
 HUGHIE COLE.—I have received your very nice letter but you did not enclose the penny stamp or put any address on your letter. I hope you will see this and will send me your address and stamp so that I can send you the Certificate of Membership.
 PRIMROSE.—Your letter was very interesting and beautifully neat.

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

(For Answers to March Puzzles see p. 141.)

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to Members of the Guild).
 To be sent in on or before June 31st, 1901.
 For the best reason "Why you like to go to Sunday School."

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A silver watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of members to the Guild between now and September next.

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

(For Puzzles see p. 144.)

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

TRINITY SUNDAY. June 2.

"Go, and tell this people, Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not."

—ISAIAH vi. 9.

"All in himself, all one, all euerie where,
 All in the center, all out, all in the spheare.

Comprehended in no circumference,
 Of no beginning, nor ending essence.

Immortall, and without infirmitie,
 Of everlasting splendent maiestie,
 One in essence, not to be divided,
 Yet into Trinitie distinguished.

The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost, these
 three
 Are subsistent persons in the Deitie."

NATHANIEL BAXTER, Tutor to
 Sir Philip Sidney, A.D. 1606.

S. BARNABAS, AP. M. June 11.

"Whether he be rich, noble, or poor, their glory is the fear of the Lord."

—ECCLES. x. 22.

"Saints him for sweetness famed,
 The Son of Consolation named;
 They Barnabas decreed
 The name of Joses to succeed;
 And ever since by none
 But that sweet name the Saint is known.

"All praise to God above,
 For our soft Saint's condoling love;
 May we our passions chain,
 Strive his sweet temper to obtain,
 And on the Christian race
 Shed like consolatory grace."

Bp. KEN'S "Christian Year," 1637.

NATIVITY OF S. JOHN BAPTIST. June 24.

"The day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

—S. LUKE i. 78, 79.

"The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth
 bring,
 Which he than man more harmless found and
 mild.

There burst he forth: 'All ye, whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn;
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn.'
 Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their marble caves, 'Repent,
 repent!'"

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, of Hawthornden, 1585-1649.

FESTIVAL OF S. PETER, AP. M. June 29.

"Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

—S. MATT. x. 32.

"Thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

—S. MATT. xvi. 23.

"Who more loves heav'n from such rebukes as
 these,
 Seems fittest to be trusted with the Keys.
 When all is done S. Peter proves the stone
 Which Christ had hewn to build His Church
 upon;
 Yet not his person, but his Faith's the Rock,
 For that was shaken, this endur'd the shock:
 And though all tempests do this Faith assail,
 Yet never shall the gates of Hell prevail."

Scintilla Altaris, DR. SPARKE, 1700.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,
Vicar of S. Augustin's, Bournemouth.

I.—MISSING WORDS.

Supply the words left out ;
 He preached in the bare ———,
 Of shaggy camel's hair his ———,
 And when the crowds to hear him ———,
 He told them sternly to ———.

He faced the champion all ———
 And slew him with a little ——— ;
 He needed neither spear nor ——— ;
 Because he trusted in the ———.

II.—TRANSPOSITION.

The same four letters variously transposed give—

- (1) Part of the Tabernacle. (See Heb.)
- (2) The ministers of the Tabernacle. (Mal.)
- (3) What two, who ministered at the Tabernacle, were. (1 Sam.)
- (4) What they did.

III.—ACROSTIC.

The initials give a Christian virtue—

- (1) One whom St. Paul calls his "son."
- (2) A book of Moses.
- (3) His sister.
- (4) A Roman Governor.
- (5) A title of the ministers of Christ. (Acts).
- (6) What we should do to the Lord's Day.
- (7) A very untruthful man.
- (8) A King who was driven from home.
- (9) The greatest of Christian graces.
- (10) One of "the Judges" who was left-handed.

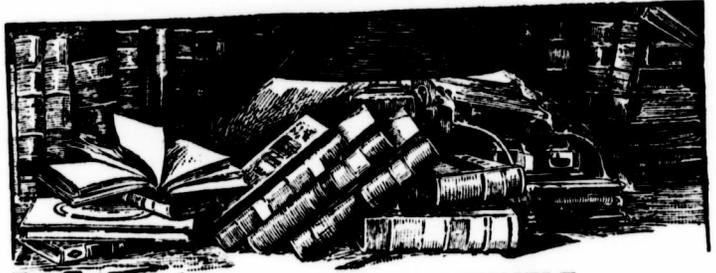
IV.

Decipher this sentence : the vowels are left out—

- (1) n r t h p e .
- (2) Y r t h l g h t f t h w r l d .

V.

Mention four different Simons (or Simeons) in the New Testament.



THE BOOKSHELF.

Readers of poetry, who find much to admire in Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, or William Watson, do not, therefore, throw Tennyson aside, and will be glad to notice a new issue of Stopford Brooke's book *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life* (Isbister), 5s. nett, two vols.

Starting with Church matters, I note *The Church and New Century Problems*, containing papers by the Bishop of Durham and others (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co., 2s. 6d.).

A History of the Church of England, edited by the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. W. Hunt (seven volumes sold separately at 7s. 6d. each; Macmillan). *The Life of Archbishop Bevan* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. nett), gives in reasonable compass, and with many good illustrations, the substance of the larger biography.

Of books aiming at edification, I name especially the anonymous volume *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*; essays which throw a new light on some old questions. A less profound but useful little book is *Types of Christian Life*, by E. Griffith Jones.

Small Books on Great Subjects (Jas. Clarke and Co., 1s. 6d.). *The Religious Spirit in the Poets*, by the Bishop of Ripon (Isbister, 6s.).

Truths New and Old. Sermons by the Ven. J. M. Wilson (A. Constable and Co., 6s.).

From works on History, I select *The Spanish Conquest of America* by Sir A. Helps, edited by J. Oppenheim (in four volumes, Vol. I., 3s. 6d., John Lane).

Russia and the Russians, by Edmund Noble (Gay and Bed, 6s. nett).

A History of Rhodesia, by Howard Heusman (Blackwood).

A stimulating book of adventure, and instructive withal, is *Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope*, by H. A. Vachell (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.).

By Land and Sky, by the Rev. J. M. Bacon, F.R.A.S., suggests that the aeronaut has more moving experiences than even the Alpine climber (Isbister, 7s. 6d.). *China from Within*, by S. P. Smith, gives a missionary's account of the "Boxer" rising (Marshall Bros., 3s. 6d.).

The interest of *One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V.*, by J. Barclay Lloyd, lies in the fact that it gives the impressions of a Volunteer, who marches and fights as he must, and writes when he can, and very well too (Methuen, 6s.).

Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from the Manager, "The Church Magazine" Offices, 79-83, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

GARDEN WORK FOR JUNE.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.



BEDDING out should now be completed as far as possible, and the successional sowing of annuals for the Autumn should now be made. Standard roses should be well attended to, being continually

disbudded and the suckers kept down. Frequently stir the surface of the ground occupied by plants, and give special attention to watering.

FRUIT GARDEN.

Fruit trees and bushes may now have their summer pruning. Cut or break off the shoots to within six inches of the old wood. Strawberry plants should be well watered in dry weather; new beds may be made at the end of the month. Straw should be placed between the plants in order to keep the fruit clean.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Continue and make final sowings of peas and French beans. Make a good sowing of turnips. Plant out cauliflowers, celery, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, and broccoli. Earth up potatoes. Thin out parsnips. Plant out vegetable marrows and cucumbers. Keep the hoe well employed in every part of the garden. Trap the slugs as much as possible, and well sprinkle the plants frequented by them with a mixture of soot and lime. Plant out tomatoes in a good warm position and keep well watered. Leeks should be transplanted into rich soil. Sow radishes in a shady corner. This month being generally exceptionally hot and dry, plenty of watering will be required. Efforts should be made to use rain water for this purpose. Where, however, rain water has not been saved, fresh water should be exposed to the sun for a time in an open tub or water barrow before being used.

Always take care not to water during the heat of the day; just after sunset is the most suitable time.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

caused much regret among members of the congregation. Let us hope that the change may be for the advantage of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Elliott and two children have come from the neighborhood of Stony Creek to reside near Garnet. The parishioners should welcome them.

All three lay representatives of the parish were present at the Synod

The hour of service on Coronation day will be 10.30 a. m. The members of the Jarvis band have agreed to attend, playing appropriate music on their way to church. It is suggested that the villagers who purpose being present should walk in procession after the band. Souvenir copies of the form of service, having covers printed in purple and illustrated with portraits of the King and the Queen, may be obtained from the incumbent at 5 cents each. Get one, and write your name upon it. The parishioners should all make a strong effort to be present. The day will be worthy to be remembered all one's life time. Come with your children, and invite your friends and neighbors to accompany you.

Remember the Coronation day festival at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Rodgers. Much enjoyment may be looked for. After the service in the morning, rejoicing in the open air on the green sward only a short distance from the village will be seasonable and proper.

BAPTISM—In St. Paul's church, on Whit-Sunday, May 18th, Miss May Winifred Priestland; witness, the mother.

NANTICOKE.

The W. A. have packed and sent off a bale of 140 lbs to Reverend Charles Weaver, Wapuskow Mission, Athabaska. The value of the bale is estimated at \$40.00.

Service in Christ Church on Ascension day was held at the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., and the school children were especially invited to attend and to bring offerings of flowers for the sick. The attendance numbered forty, and the offering of flowers was both profuse and and pretty.

A baptismal service was held in Christ Church on May 21st, at which two adults and two infants were presented for the rite as follows:—Adults: Addie Mav, daughter of Daniel W. and Mary C. Johnson, S Bloomfield, N. Y.; and Edward Blake, son of Gilbert and Rebecca Field, Nanticoke. Infants: Pearl Louisa, infant daughter of Frank and Maud Jackson; William Ernest, son of Thomas and Esther Thompson.

Confirmation service was held in Christ Church, Nanticoke, on Sunday, May 25th, the Rt. Rev., the Lord Bishop of Niagara officiating. A class of 20 young men and women offered themselves for the rite. Their

names were as follows:—Effie Evans, Amy Low, Pearl Field, Nancy Dosser, Lulu Ward, Lucy Ross, Mable Evans, Alice Snowdon, Mrs. Charles Ross, Theresa Vokes, Carrie Bartlett, Frank Gunning, Charles Ross, Sr., Victor Evans, Edward Field, Charles Ross, jr., Albert Evans, Stanford Vokes, Bert. Thompson, Gordon Bartlett.

A Sunday School was opened in St. John's Church, Cheapside, on the first Sunday in May. The following officers and teachers were elected:—Superintendent, Rev. T. H. Cotton; Sec'y-Treas., Miss Harding; Teachers—Rev. T. H. Cotton, Miss Best, Mrs. Hoover, Miss Martin, Mrs. Westerby, Mrs. Abrahamart; Organist, Miss Nellie Martin.

Delegates to Synod—Michael Wederick, S. A. Thompson, Robert Jepson.

A very successful strawberry festival was held on the church grounds on the evening of June 19th. The Jarvis Band contributed excellent music, and Rev. P. L. Spencer showed 100 lantern views illustrative of "The Abbey and the Empire," or a visit to the Coronation and the Colonies. The scenes were shown in the open air, and, notwithstanding the brightness of the moon, they were remarkably clear and distinct. Many persons expressed themselves highly pleased and agreeably instructed.

HAGERSVILLE

Sunday, May 25th, was a bright day for this parish. His Lordship the Bishop paid us his annual visit and at evensong confirmed twenty-six persons, 11 males and 15 females. At 7 o'clock the church was crowded and all seemed to enjoy and profit by the impressive service which was bright, hearty, and reverend. On Sunday, June 1st, at the celebration of the Holy Communion, nearly all of the recently confirmed received the Blessed Sacrament. The service throughout was devout and reverend, and there were the largest number of communicants in the history of the parish.

On Sunday, June 29th, the Orangemen of the district intend being present at service.

On Sunday, June 15th, the Incumbent exchanged with the Rev. P. L. Spencer, of Jarvis.

Once more we have to record the passing away of an old member of the congregation. Mrs. Henry Leonard on Tuesday, June 10th, after a long illness fell asleep. Our deep sympathy is extended to the bereaved friends and relatives.

BAPTISMS—Ernest Arthur, son of George A. and Sarah F. J. Howard, on Sunday, May 4th.

Maud Mitchell Jack, on Sunday, May 25th.

Coral Winnifred Jack, on Sunday, May 25th.

Edna Victoria, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Thompson, May 29th.

DIED—Mary, wife of Henry Leonard, June 10th, aged 72 years.