

*Louie Blatt*

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### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

The incumbent's visit to Montreal for the purpose of attending the Provincial Synod, necessitated his absence from the parish on Sunday, Sept. 15th. His place was ably filled by Mr. Harrison Arrell, barrister, of Caledonia, one of the licensed lay readers of the diocese; and to Mr. Arrell are due the thanks of both clergyman and people. On that Sunday, Mr. Spencer delivered a S. S. address at St. Mary's church, Montreal, and preached in St. Jude's church.

On Sunday, the 22nd of September, Rev. T. H. Cotton, M. A., conducted the services in Jarvis and Hagersville, Mr. Spencer celebrating the Holy Communion at Nanticoke and Cheapside. Mr. Cotton left on the next morning for a short vacation, and it is said that after his return the parsonage at Nanticoke will be honored by the presence of a "help meet for him."

On the last Sunday in September the incumbent took duty at Hagersville for the last time as the pastor of All Saints' congregation. The evening sermon was founded on Heb. XIII : 8—"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and forever." After speaking about the changes of various kinds that Christian people experience in this life, the preacher legged his hearers to trust to Him who never changeth. He stated that he heartily approved of the change being made in the parish, and believed that it would be for the advantage of all concerned. The Hagersville News speaks very kindly concerning Mr. Spencer's ministry of two years. The division of the parish indicates progress and improvement. The stipend at Hagersville will be \$600.00. That at Jarvis has been increased from \$400.00 to \$520.00, the incumbent's enjoyment of "commutation" making the whole income \$920.00.

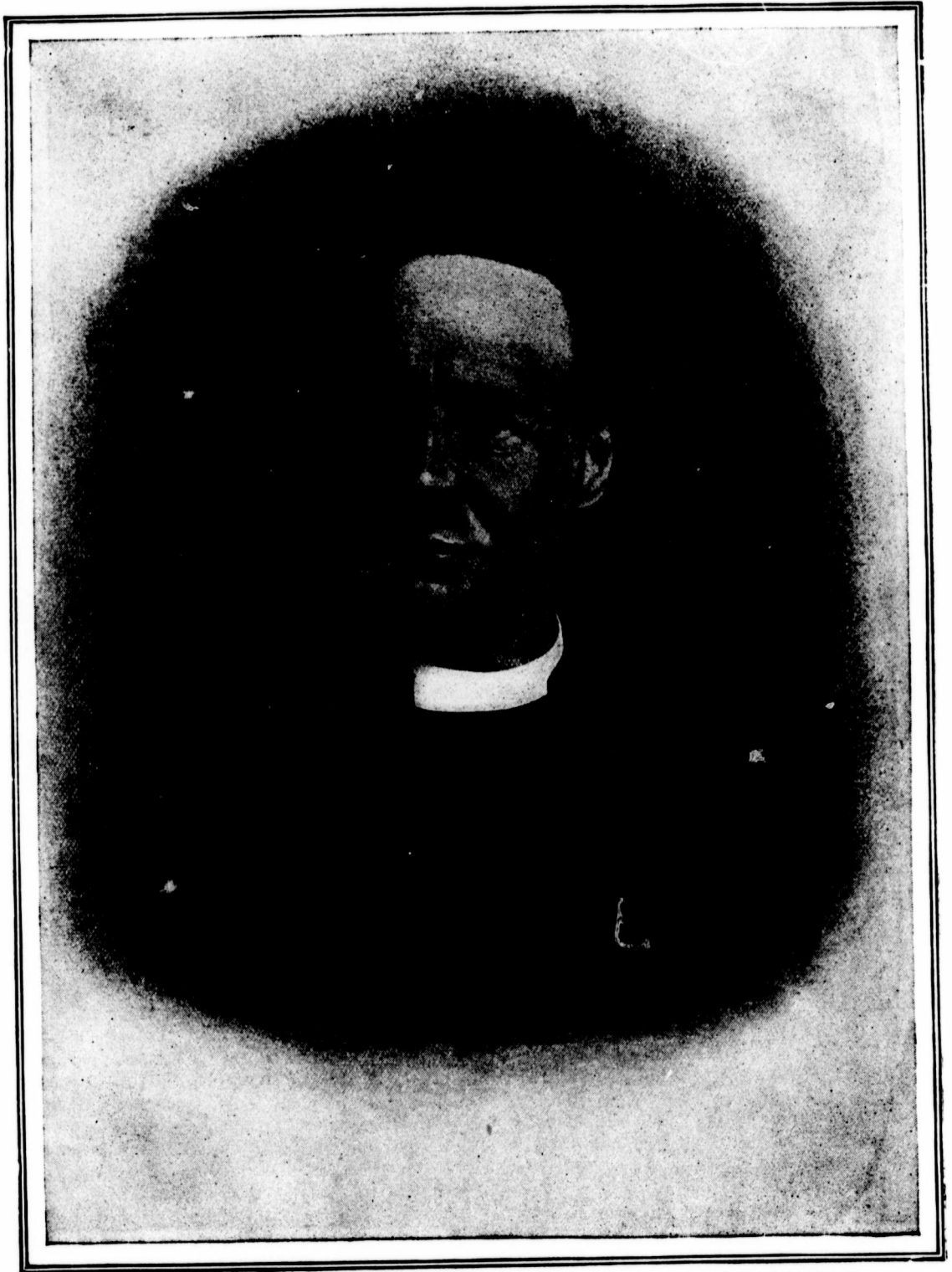
On Sunday, the 29th ult., Jarvis gave \$2.30 for W. and O. fund, and Hagersville \$3.10.

Subscribers to the Deanery Magazine who have not yet paid for this year's number, will greatly oblige the incumbent by handing the price to one of the church wardens on a Sunday or otherwise sending it to Mr. Spencer. Kindly place the 35c in an envelope marked "D. Mag."

As the incumbent is now free to devote all his attention to Jarvis, he purposes using two evenings a week for the mental improvement and the spiritual advancement of the congregation of St. Paul's church. These will be the evenings of Wednesday and Friday. He begs the people to remember the Sunday afternoon class for the study of the Bible and the Prayer Book. Both Jarvis and Hagersville should now rejoice. They will have greater privileges than they have ever previously enjoyed. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me?" "Praise the Lord, ye people."

### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK.

The superintendent and teachers of St. John's Sunday school and their friends, numbering about 120, held their annual pic-nic on the charming flats by the side of the Grand River at York, forming part of the farm owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Bain, who kindly gave the necessary permission. Friday afternoon, Sept. 6th, was selected for this agreeable outing and was all that could be wished for in point of weather. The superintendent, Mr. W. H. Mallon, marshalled the happy children at about two o'clock in the S. S. hall, and after a brief but hearty service, a procession, headed by the banner class bearing its handsome silk banner beautifully designed and worked by a former teacher, Miss A. Wickett, passed through the little village of York to the south and soon reached the shelter of the splendid shade trees, which form so beautiful a part of the spot chosen for the pic-nic. An excellent list of competitions and races were carried out under the direction of Messrs. D. Dils, Isaac Gowland, Wm. Murdoch and the Superintendent. A first and second prize was awarded to the victors of each of the eight classes forming the school, and two additional prizes called several adults of the party into active competition. Soon after five o'clock a splendidly furnished tea was announced and the company partook of the excellent provisions in hearty, though simple woodland style, the table cloths being spread upon mother earth, which required those partaking of the good things to kneel or recline according to fancy. Friendly manners and good will were shown by all. At about seven o'clock the children and their friends gathered up the baskets, etc., and returned to their homes highly pleased with the pleasant hours so spent, all assenting to the general opinion that this was probably the best pic-nic held in York vicinity for many years—one regret only seemed felt, which was that the few hours had flown too fast.



THE RIGHT REV. E. R. WILBERFORCE, D.D., LORD BISHOP  
OF CHICHESTER.

*From a photograph by CHARLES H. BARDEN, Chichester.*

## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### II.—THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.



CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

**T**HE RIGHT REV. ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE, D. D., Lord Bishop of Chichester, is a son of the late Samuel Wilberforce, successively Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. His mother was Emily, daughter and heiress of the late Rev. John Sargent, of Lavington House, Petworth.

He was born at Brighstone, Isle of Wight, on January 22nd, 1840, and educated at Harrow, proceeding to Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1864, M.A. in 1867, and received the D.D. degree in 1882, in which year he was also made an Hon. D.D. of the University of Durham.

He was ordained in 1864 to the Curacy of Cud-desdon, and became Chaplain to his father; in 1866 he was Curate of Lea, Lincolnshire, which he resigned to become Rector of Middleton Stony. He was appointed Vicar of Seaforth, near Liverpool, by Mr. Gladstone in 1873, where he worked with great zeal for five years. In 1878 he became a Canon of Winchester and Warden of the Wilberforce Missionary College in the same city. He was Sub-Almoner to Queen Victoria from 1871 until 1882.

Upon the formation of the Diocese of Newcastle, Dr. Wilberforce was appointed the first Bishop, and was consecrated in Durham Cathedral on July 25th, 1882, when his brother, Archdeacon Wilberforce, the present Chaplain to the Speaker, preached the sermon.

With regard to Bishop Wilberforce's work in the North, a clergyman benefited in Newcastle Diocese sends us the following particulars:—

"For a long time Bishop Wilberforce had a difficult position to fill. He was asked to follow Bishop Lightfoot and to work amongst many who still looked in feeling to Durham. Then a certain air of reserve in his official character was not at first understood by Northumbrians, who are nothing if not suspicious

of new-comers; but, at any rate, very soon the better class of laymen came around him, and the Commission which revealed the sadly spiritual destitution of a great area like Tyneside not only led to a remarkable wave of church-building and the appointment of extra clergy, but made the clergy and laity alike in touch with his splendid initiative and earnestness.

"He discovered Newcastle Diocese as difficult to bring into 'line' as it is hard to manage geographically; but, as Sir B. C. Browne has lately said, 'Bishop Wilberforce found the clergy an undisciplined rabble; he left them an orderly regiment.' To bring this about he started what is now common to all parts, a Diocesan Society, and insisted, through good and evil report, on the Diocese being the unit for which each parish should work.

"Under his episcopate the old parish church of St. Nicholas was made into a cathedral, several new rural deaneries were formed, the clergy were got together in periodical conferences, while the laity found the son of the great Bishop of Oxford interesting them in such good works as Homes of Mercy, C.E.T.S., and many agencies for Church effort.

"Bishop Wilberforce, in the midst of attending for thirteen years to all his vast correspondence unaided by any secretary, found occasion to be careful in regular centres of Confirmation (a lesson his father had taught him), and always himself to publicly institute, with few exceptions, a new priest to his cure of souls.

"Some of his own appointments became distinct successes; amongst which we may name the present Bishop of Thetford as Vicar of Newcastle, with Canon Gough as successor, and the late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, as his chaplain; but in several instances his judgment was not so much at fault as that it has since happened the object of his choice has not always risen to the occasion. To those who knew him and his wife in private life, his departure to Chichester was a great loss, while his unrecorded ministrations to many a poor sick clergyman in time of need will be remembered by many with gratitude when the outer world is thinking only of his more public life, and judging him by that alone."

In 1895, upon the death of Bishop Durnford, Dr. Wilberforce was translated to the See of Chichester. He has for many years taken an active part in the work of the Church of England Temperance Society, and was elected President a few years ago in succession to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by A. H. FRY, 63, East Street, Brighton.*

### BRIGHTON CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

*Vicar of Brewood, Staffs; Editor of the Official Report of Church Congress, 1882-1900.*

**T**HE first Church Congress of the new century is to be held in the first week of the present month (October 1st to 4th) at Brighton, and the full and varied programme of subjects to be discussed is worthy of the occasion and of this renowned watering-place, and augurs well for a large and successful meeting.

Nearly every year the publication of the official programme is the opportunity for the critics to severely handle the Congress and its proceedings, on the ground that the same subjects are presented time after time with wearisome iteration, and that there is little or no variety in the choice of readers and speakers. There is some appearance of truth in the impeachment, and occasionally (let it be confessed) some ground for it. But it should not be forgotten by our critics

that the Church Congress programme must of necessity be a reflex of the mind and the movements of the Church at the time: it can neither lag behind the thoughts and hopes which stir men's minds nor move in advance of them. The questions which occupy attention in Convocation and Conference, and in less formal and non-official meetings, and find ventilation in the Press, are the subjects that call for discussion in the free air and on the wider platform of the Church Congress. One of the principal functions of Congress is to enlighten the rank and file of Churchmen, and to guide and form public opinion on matters affecting the life of the Church in contact with the world. A glance backward over the twenty-seven years intervening between the first Brighton Church Congress in 1874 and the present meeting



BISHOP DURNFORD.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by WILLIAM MALBY, Chichester.*

will show how considerable are the varieties of subjects debated, how numerous are the changes in the points of view from which kindred subjects are considered in different years, and what immense advances have been made by all Church movements during this quarter of a century. And the Congress has admittedly given a great impetus to these movements.

This year's Congress marks a still further advance of Church opinion on highly important and practical topics. Let us run the eye over the programme. First comes "Church Autonomy." The subject was discussed last year at Newcastle in regard to "Mode of Achievement." This year's Congress will be invited to consider how it is exercised in Established and non-Established Churches, and how it should be exercised in the Church of England, regard being had to the restoration of the Church's Synods and the Convocation Bill of 1900. We are evidently forging ahead on the road of Church Reform and the self-government of the Church!

Another subject of first-rate importance (would that all Churchmen realized this!), which registers a decided advance in the trend of public opinion, is "Temperance and Temperance Legislation." Now, a quiet review of the present position of the Temperance cause does inspire the hope that a better day is dawning. The labours, prayers, and self-denials of more than two generations are bearing fruit. The sunshine of sobriety is beginning to overtake and disperse the deep shadows of a great national degradation; and it would be a very easy task to show that public opinion has advanced by leaps and bounds in favour of more actively aggressive, remedial, and legislative measures.

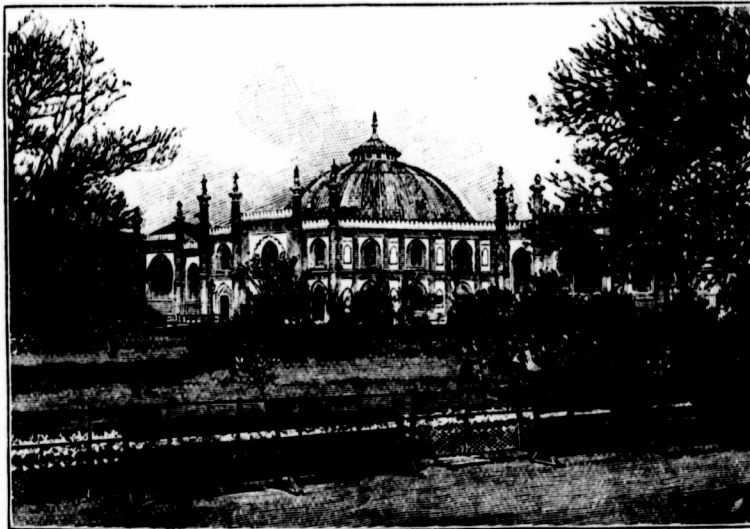
It may not be out of place in THE CHURCH MONTHLY to note the fact that the subject of "Easter Offerings" makes a first appearance in the Congress programme; and Mr. Sherlock's special knowledge of

this subject should enable him to still further enlist the interest of the laity in this important matter.

The Ritual controversy still holds the attention of the Church, and of the world, alas! and Congress seeks to help forward a solution of the Church's present difficulties by calling general attention to "The Reformation Settlement" and the appeal to antiquity as a principle of the Reformation and of present-day application. When once great principles are understood and accepted, small details will adjust themselves, and if inconsistent and untrue will speedily disappear.

Enough has been written to prove that Congress assembles each year not to listen to a torrent of small talk on trivial matters, but to seriously discuss grave questions touching the inner life of the Church and her relation to the world.

And if any one should ask what good comes out of this perennial flow of speech, since no definite conclusion is arrived at and no vote taken, an answer may very appropriately be given in the words of the President of the first Brighton Congress, the late Dr. Durnford: "Its functions are



THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by A. H. FRY, 68, East Street, Brighton.*

none the less useful because it disclaims all coercive authority. . . . Just as the aeronaut sends up his pilot balloon to ascertain the prevailing currents in the sky, the Church Congress explores the set of public opinion for the guidance of higher councils."

The Congress will be opened with Divine Service in three Churches: the Parish Church, Brighton, the Parish Church, Hove, and St. Mary's, Brighton. The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, under the enterprising direction of Mr. John Hart, will be held in the Royal Sussex Drill Hall. As in past years, it is sure to be a great attraction to Congress visitors. At THE CHURCH MONTHLY stall specimens of the January Number and the Almanacks for the New Year will be exhibited. We venture to predict for Brighton Congress a success which will be phenomenal both in respect of membership and usefulness.

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES

## VI.—ST. PETER'S, BRIGHTON.

**H**IS commodious edifice, which is built of Purbeck stone, was erected in 1824 from the designs of the eminent architect the late Sir Charles Barry. The total cost was upwards of £20,000.

The foundation stone was laid on May 1st, 1824, by Dr. Carr, then Vicar of Brighton, who in the same year was appointed Bishop of Chichester, from which See he was translated to Worcester in 1831. Horsfield, in his "History of the Antiquities of the County of Sussex," says:—

"Owing to the shape of the ground, the church was placed north and south, instead of east and west as usual. The style of architecture adopted throughout is of the period of Edward III., or the highly enriched order of English architecture. The lower part of the tower, to an equal height with the clerestory of the church, is partly concealed by an outer tower, in three sides of which are large pointed arches, with pedimental canopies, crocketed, and attached pinnacles on each side. The tower has in each of its faces a pointed doorway and window, and the space between the wall and the tower has a neatly groined roof; the portion which rises above the exterior wall has octagonal buttresses at the angles, ending in similar turrets to those belonging to the outer tower. In each face is a handsome clock dial, and above it a pointed window with two lights, with trefoil heads and a quatrefoil enclosed in a circle in the sweep of the arch. The finish of the tower is a very elegant pierced battlement with a small pinnacle in the centre of each face. The east and the west sides of the church are divided into five portions by buttresses of two gradations, which finish above the parapet in very elegant pinnacles, crocketed, and terminating in finials; in each of the divisions is a large pointed window of three lights. Each window has a weather cornice resting on human heads, exquisitely carved. The clerestory, which ranges with the lower portion of the tower, and has a similar parapet, is made into six divisions by buttresses, without gradations, ending in pinnacles; in each division is a square-headed window of two lights, trefoil heads, and intersecting arches, with a quatrefoil in the centre. The north end of the aisle has a similar window. Each front of the semi-hexagon at the north end of the church is adorned with buttresses, with pointed niches and pedimental heads rising above the church in rich crocketed pinnacles.

"The interior, which is very spacious, is equally splendid. The tower forms a spacious porch, with a staircase on each side leading to the gallery. Beyond this is an ante-porch or vestibule to the church with a pointed door or entrance. The aisles are divided from the body by five pointed arches

resting on a union of four cylinders, the exterior one rising to the clerestory and terminating in a foliated capital, which serves to support the groining of the roof. The latter is plainly ribbed with bosses at the intersections of foliage, etc. Above the arches of separation of the nave from the aisles is a neat string course, and above it the clerestory window, which is pointed, and has beneath it two quatrefoil panels with blank shields. The south end is occupied by a transverse gallery, which is continued on the east and west sides of the church. The supporters of the south gallery are made into three divisions: the two lateral ones have depressed arches; the centre one is more pointed, with quatrefoil tracery in the angles, and above it are three panels; the centre one has the Royal arms painted in an antique style; and the others have blank shields."

The dimensions of the church are 150 feet from south to north by about 70 feet from east to west, and the building will accommodate nearly two thousand persons.

St. Peter's was constituted the Parish Church of Brighton in 1873. It was at once recognized that several important enlargements and improvements were necessary in order to fit the building for its new position. From that time to the present the work has been kept steadily in hand, and is now nearing completion. It is impossible in our limited space to tell in detail the story of this great work; but we



THE REV. PREBENDARY J. J. HANNAH, M.A.,  
VICAR OF BRIGHTON.

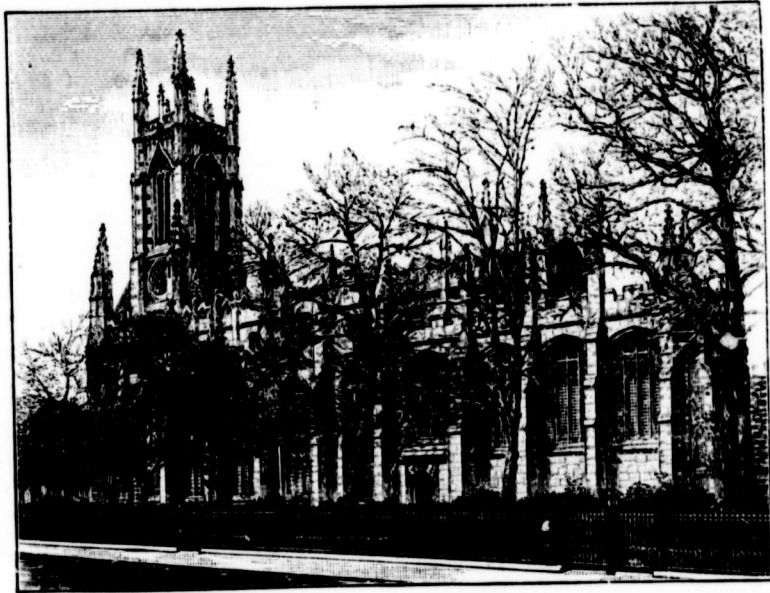
From a photograph by NEWMAN, MAYALL, & Co., King's Road, Brighton.

may mention that it includes the entire reseating of the building with oak seats; a beautiful font of Sussex marble, the gift of Mrs. Cooke; several handsome memorial windows from the studio of Mr. C. E. Kempe; a commodious ringing-chamber, with a peal of eight bells; a heating-chamber; a clergy vestry; and a fire-proof muniment-room. The execution of these works involved a great outlay and exhausted all the available funds, thus necessitating a suspension of operations. The discovery that the Vicar was the owner of a very large supply of good stone on his private estate at Philpots, which he was willing to give in any quantity to the Building Committee, caused the work to be started afresh. The beautiful side-chapel was constructed and brought into use, and the south aisle was extended and connected with the chapel.

The building of the chapel called forth many instances of generosity. Mrs. Hoadly gave the sumptuous east window in memory of her husband; Mr. Attree, senior, presented a pillar in memory of his son; another pillar was erected as a memorial of Bishop Durnford; the family of the late Churchwarden Newnham gave the Holy Table and Reredos in his memory; the Vicar gave the porch in memory of his father; and Mrs. Hallett a window in memory of her parents.

Since the opening of the chapel, although burdened with a heavy debt, the Committee have not been idle. Mr. Alderman Hawkes and his wife have raised a special fund of three hundred guineas, which has been expended in lengthening the north aisle; Colonel Boxall, C.B., gave a pillar in memory of his parents; Churchwarden Attree and his sisters also gave a pillar in memory of their father; and the inhabitants raised a sum of nearly four hundred pounds as a memorial to the Vicar's son, the late Lieutenant Hannah, of the Leicestershire Regiment, who was killed at Dundee in the beginning of the Boer War. This amount will be expended in building a large pillar on the north side of the chancel arch, which will be decorated with a suitable inscription. The Vicar and his wife and the Dean of St. Paul's propose to present a handsome pulpit as the family memorial to Lieutenant Hannah.

There can be no doubt that when the entire scheme is completed, the parish will possess a Mother Church worthy of the famous town. We may add



ST. PETER'S, BRIGHTON.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by A. H. FRY, 68, East Street, Brighton.*

that the side-chapel was erected from the designs of Mr. Somers Clarke, F.S.A.

The present Vicar is the Rev. Prebendary J. J. Hannah, M.A., who has held the benefice since 1887, succeeding his father, the late Archdeacon Hannah.

It is of interest to note that, side by side with this great effort at Brighton, Prebendary Peacey, M.A.; the Vicar of the neighbouring borough of Hove, is erecting a magnificent new Parish Church, of which we shall hope to give an account with illustrations in some future issue.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

COMPILED BY MARY BRAINERD GORE.

Bishop Hannington.

**T**HE following is the last entry in the diary of Bishop Hannington, who was martyred in Africa in October, 1885:—

"October 28th, Wednesday (seventh day's prison).—A terrible night, first with noisy, drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent, and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me! I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii.—In an hour or two fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious.—Evening; fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers; but what news they bring they will not let me know. Much comforted by Psalm xxviii.

"October 29th, Thursday (eighth day's prison)—I can hear no news; but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."



# "To Thy Temple I Repair."

Words by J. MONTGOMERY.

Music by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.  
(Organist of Westminster Abbey.)

1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair, Lord, I love to wor - ship there,  
2. Thou through Him art re - con - ciled, I through Him be - came Thy child :

When with - in the veil I meet Christ be - fore the mer - cy - seat. A - men.  
Ab - ba, Fa - ther, give me grace In Thy courts to seek Thy face. A - men.

3. While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;  
That my joyful soul may bless  
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.
4. While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend ;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;  
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.

5. While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice by faith may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
6. From Thy House when I return,  
May my heart within me burn ;  
And at evening let me say,  
I have walked with God to-day. Amen.

Key F.

m :r	s :f	m :r	d :t <sub>1</sub>	d :r	m :f	s :ta	l :—
d :r	d :r	d :l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :—	m <sub>1</sub> :l <sub>1</sub>	d :d	r :l	d :—
s :s	m :s	s :f	m :r	d :f	s :f	f :m	f :—
d :t <sub>1</sub>	l <sub>1</sub> :t <sub>1</sub>	d :f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :—	l <sub>1</sub> :f <sub>1</sub>	d :l <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :d	f <sub>1</sub> :—

f :m	l :s	f :m	r :d	t <sub>1</sub> :d	l <sub>1</sub> :t <sub>1</sub>	m :r	d :—	d :—	d :—
d :de	r :m	r :de	l <sub>1</sub> :—	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub>	t <sub>1</sub> :t <sub>1</sub>	d :—	l <sub>1</sub> :—	s <sub>1</sub> :—
l :l	l :l	l :s	f :m	r :m	d :r	s :f	m :—	f :—	m :—
f :s	f :de	r :m	f :f <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub>	s <sub>1</sub> :s <sub>1</sub>	d :—	f <sub>1</sub> :—	d <sub>1</sub> :—



## A QUAIN SUNDIAL.

ON the lawn in front of Marrington Hall, Salop, formerly the seat of the Lloyd family, stands an ancient sundial. It is adjusted to utilize the sun's rays at seven different points. It was erected by Richard Lloyd in 1595, who "wrought this," as the legend records. Appropriate mottoes and emblems are carved upon the instrument, together with various armorial bearings of the Lloyd family.

Our illustration has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.

## A CURIOUS TREE.

NEARLY in the centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields may be seen a tree with a large hole, caused by the strange growth of two branches. The lower branch has grown upwards and has met the higher branch, this forming a hole in the tree.

Our illustration has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.





*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from the original painting by MATTHEW WEBB.*

## A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

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

**H**EAVENLY Father, hear my prayer,  
Keep me 'neath Thy watchful care,  
Guard my footsteps everywhere,  
All through the day.

Saviour, Who didst give for me  
Thine own life so willingly,  
Help Thy child to live for Thee  
All through the day.

Gracious Spirit, loving Guest,  
Make Thy home within my breast,  
Grant me power to do my best,  
All through the day.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
May Thy will by me be done  
All through the day.

## Better Than Rubies.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY,

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

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

### CHAPTER VII.

#### AN INTERESTING DECISION.



"I AM AFRAID I SHOULD NOT  
SETTLE DOWN HERE," GLADYS SAID.

GLADYS was thankful to make her home at Mrs. Hurst's when leaving her first situation. By mutual arrangement, she became for the time being a parlour boarder, and so felt on a more independent footing than had she been only a visitor. But the weeks passed on in hopeless search for a suitable position. Again and again when all but engaged

Gladys would find that in her position as companion to the lady of the house, she would be required to hold herself in readiness for Sunday duties. In one case it was to drive out to make Sunday afternoon calls.

"I always choose Sunday," that lady had said, "because I find the gentlemen at home as well as the ladies, and I see that my horses and coachman have Saturday for their Sabbath, so no one suffers."

"And your companion?" suggested Gladys, with hesitation.

"Can have either Friday or Saturday afternoon off by arrangement at the time," was the reply. "It is not convenient to make hard and fast rules for her rest, but in one way or another she gets it. I am a just woman and hold myself responsible to Providence for the treatment of all who serve in my house!"

Gladys declined the post without further considera-

tion. In another instance Sunday was regarded as the one opportunity of the week in which the nursery governess with the companion's assistance took the children out of town "for a little fresh air." While at school in the week it was impossible to find the time, "and fresh air," the mother pleaded, "was so essential to health."

Gladys inquired if the children were not in the habit of attending some place of worship on the Sunday, to receive the reply:

"All in good time: their father and I see the wisdom of letting the matter rest until they are older. We do not want our children to learn to hate a service they cannot possibly understand; when they are older they will doubtless desire to be numbered amongst church-goers, and their brains will be quite fresh for the demand then made upon them."

"I am afraid I should not settle down here," Gladys said, rising to bring the interview to an end. "It would be impertinent on my part to offer an opinion about your mode of action, but for myself I want to find a home with Christian people who honour God's Sabbath."

"Christian people indeed!" was the angry retort; "and pray what do you take us for if we are not Christians? Would you insult us by calling us heathens because we do not just happen to see eye to eye with you in your methodistical cant! Do you imagine half the people who go to church regularly on Sunday are any the better for doing so?"

"I have no right to answer you," said Gladys in trembling tones, as the infuriated lady drew breath; "but the Bible says, 'Them that honour Me, I will honour,' and I want very much to make my home with those whom God thus honours."

"Conceited girl!" said the lady, as she opened the door and bowed Gladys out. Then she broke into a mirthful laugh, as if the position this applicant for the post of companion had dared to take up had at least its comical side.

And poor Gladys, much distressed, found her way back to Arbour Square, wondering how soon her unfortunate experiences would end. Of course, there must be many families who would be all that she sought and desired: she must wait with patience. Meanwhile, letters came from the father to his daughters, telling the news of a second marriage, and the intention to make his new home abroad. The letter to Gladys ended thus:

"I have no anxieties about either of you. You are your mother's girls, and will aim high, and do well wherever you are."

Perhaps Gladys felt more than Beatrice the complete loneliness of their position. Until now there had always seemed the possibility of a new home with their father, when he had grown tired of travelling, or of his life abroad. To-day there was no longer this hope. Dr. Peebles seemed to close a

door upon the past, leaving his daughters completely outside the new life he was starting for himself.

One day, chancing to be in the West End, Gladys called in at a large drapery establishment, where she had been from time to time with her mother. Mrs. Peebles made a principle of supporting as far as possible local tradesmen, so seldom followed the fashion of her day of going to town for her shopping. But the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Proctor, Prothero, & Co. had chanced to be an old Grammar School boy friend of her husband's; hence the inducement to make purchases of him occasionally.

Gladys remembered him to be of dignified mien and kindly face, and thought to see him for a few moments and tell him the latest news about her father.

After some little delay she was shown into his office; and, moved by his unaffected sympathy, in due course told him the story of their troubles: their mother's death, the robbery by the trustee, her father's hurried departure abroad, her own hopeless search for a post as companion.

"My dear young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Prothero, "and to think your own kith and kin who could so well afford to look after you come frequently to my business place in the season!"

"Ah! dear mother gave up the thought of reconciliation as hopeless," said Gladys tearfully. "You see, grandpapa must be a very old man now, and the Countess, his second wife, has always had a very strong influence over him."

Mr. Prothero shook his head.

"I know each time your dear mother approached the Earl," he said thoughtfully, "the door seemed more surely closed than before. . . but I should never give up hope of a reconciliation—never, if it were my case."

Perhaps Mr. Prothero was thinking of the softening effect one such as Gladys would have over an aged relative. She was looking strangely sweet in her deep mourning, for up to the present she had had no heart to lighten it. Her oval face, with the clear complexion of a brunette, owed its chief beauty to the hazel eyes so full of varying expression; but the firmly set mouth added a touch of strength of character, lacking which the face would have been less perfect.

There was a somewhat long pause. Gladys' thoughts had gone back to her mother; Mr. Prothero was meditating thoughts which had to be turned over many times in his mind before he could trust them to words. His hand moved rapidly the while upon the desk on which it rested. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"My dear young lady, you must forgive me if I make a mistake," he said earnestly; "but I think there might be other openings for you than as a lady's companion. Now, some time ago I chanced to have a clergyman's daughter in my employ; a young lady who brought an excellent influence into my establishment. Her father had died, and her mother had gone into a home for clergymen's widows.

Miss Alice Bernard found herself forced to do something, and it just chanced that I knew her well enough to offer her a position here. I was able to give her a good salary to start with, and when she left me after three years to be married to a promising young doctor, she had saved quite a little fortune."

Mr. Prothero kept his eyes fixed upon Gladys' face while speaking. Perhaps had he noted anything there to deter him he might have stopped before saying all he had in his heart to say. But Gladys' earnest gaze encouraged him to continue.

"The post that young lady occupied is vacant to day, and if you will accept it, I shall feel greatly honoured. The duties are quite within

your reach: needing only a good presence and courteous manners, with a conscientious desire to act at all times in the interest of your employers. You would start with £50 a year and your board and lodging; with a rise or commission according as we might arrange at the end of the first three months."

"Do you really think I should be equal to the position?" said Gladys, a sense of relief coming to her as she thought of her long search for work so unexpectedly ended.

"I am quite sure about it," said Mr. Prothero, "and more, I think the work will offer you pleasant variety, and afford you a wide scope for useful influence. You see, I cannot think of your mother's daughter and not feel you will want to be of some good use in the world."



"SHE TOLD HIM THE STORY OF THEIR TROUBLES."

Gladys listened to further details and all too gladly accepted Mr. Prothero's offer.

"We have now only to decide about your name. I have my own reasons for wishing you—if quite agreeable—to be known by another name than Miss Peebles. Have you one to suggest?" said Mr. Prothero.

Gladys glanced up quickly.

"How would Lansdown do?" she asked, adding, "I was christened Gladys Lansdown Peebles—after a lady—a patient of my father's, who came to England with her husband and died before I can remember. We were living in New Zealand at the time."

"Capital! Just the thing," said Mr. Prothero rubbing his hands gleefully. Then he added, growing suddenly grave: "So if you please we will consider the matter settled."

At that moment there was a knock at the door and some one entered.

"If you will come with me, Miss Lansdown," said Mr. Prothero, rising, "I will introduce you to the forewoman of the room in which your duties lie: and I shall be glad if you will commence work to-morrow—that is, if quite convenient to you."

Gladys assured him she was ready to start work at once, and with a beating heart followed him through the various departments on the way to her own. Thus happily did Gladys Peebles slip into a position which raised her to an independence of which at the moment she was supremely glad.

In writing to her sister, for awhile she preferred simply to say, "she had met with a situation." Later, when she had well tested the possibility of being really happy in the midst of these new surroundings, she would explain fully where she was and what she was doing: all her letters should be addressed "care of Mrs. Hurst."

Meanwhile Beatrice Peebles had been spending Christmas with some of the friends in the neighbourhood of her old home, and coming in frequent contact with Hubert Grafton, the Vicar's son.

One day he said to her very earnestly: "I have a special feeling of sympathy for you and your sister. You see, I lost my dear mother so soon after you lost yours, and in a way I always think our loss is much more than it is in some families. My mother and I were such good *chums* always. I miss her friendship more than I can say. When I was abroad she wrote me such long homely letters each week that it kept me in touch with everything here, and somehow I think I got to know her even better than if I had lived at home all my life. Ah! when a young fellow goes abroad there is nothing he prizes more than his home letters. I have seen many a poor fellow's life spoilt because he felt himself quite cut off from his people. He grew reckless and drifted away from good things."

"When Gladys and I were at our weekly boarding-

school," said Beatrice, "our mother wrote to us every day. I know some of our governesses thought it was rather too much of a good thing, but they never knew what it meant to us. I am quite sure it must have helped you to be certain that each mail would bring you a letter when you were abroad."

"When I take Holy Orders," said Hubert, "and find myself—as I hope I may do—plunged into no end of parish work, I don't believe I'll ever fight shy of Mothers' Meetings as some curates do. I shall always have my own dear mother to talk about."

After the conversation, Beatrice Peebles felt more than ever to like Hubert Grafton, and often wished that she had a brother of her own. The news of her father's second marriage had greatly distressed her at the time. Until hearing of this she had always looked forward to the day when they would once more have a home of their own. To-day that hope was taken away. Still, with so much to be thankful for, and the memory of such a devoted mother, Beatrice wisely concluded that life had fewer shadows than might have been, and the deeper earnestness of her sister Gladys' character had moved her to greater longing on her own part, that she too might more and more desire to attain to the standard of the virtuous woman whose price was "far above rubies."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TAKING HER STAND.

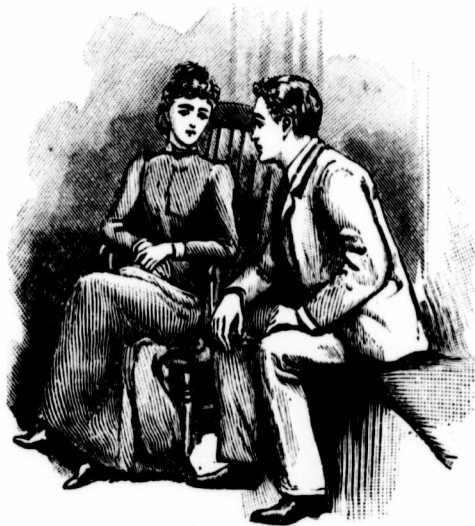


G LADYS was not long before she was quite at home in her new duties, but for some weeks she found her surroundings more or less difficult, because it chanced that the young people who were her companions in hours of leisure

viewed life from an altogether different standpoint from her own. To many of these, freedom from duty meant hastening off to some exciting recreation. Now it would be to read a sensational novel, the plot of which would abound with horrors, too absorbingly interesting to talk about until the very last page of the third volume had been finished; then it would be: "Oh! Miss Lansdown, do read this while you have a chance. It is *too* lovely! a perfectly *superb* romance!" and so forth, to which Gladys would make pleasant answer: "I have so little time to spare that I cannot afford to waste any!" Or perchance it would be some one rushing off to theatre or music-hall. "Miss Lansdown, do come!" The finest thing out! It will be as good as a week's holiday," to

which stated fact and invitation Gladys would be quick to reply: "The recreations I like best run upon different lines from theatre-going. Doubtless to some the theatre can be most enjoyable. I am not suggesting to the contrary, but only that the play holds no pleasure for me."

Of course, Gladys paid the penalty of being singular. She was called "prude," and "old-maidish," and a dozen other names, which the frivolous-minded are so ready to hurl down upon the more thoughtful. But she never lost her good temper, and daily won respect of a kind which is invariably allied with very special power to influence. How often it happens thus! We give up to possess, we suffer to enjoy. We lose our life to gain it. Little did Mr. Prothero know the experiences "Miss



"MY MOTHER AND I WERE SUCH GOOD CHUMS."

Lansdown" was passing through in those days, when he watched with anxiety to see if her work were too much for her. Gladys would meet his inquiring glance with a bright smile, and assure him that she was getting on well and had not repented taking the position, but not one word did she breathe about the special trials of her lot.

It was on New Year's Day, while out on some business for the firm, that she chanced to be passing through Guilford Street, when Letitia Denby, stunned by the news she had just heard in reference to Mr. Lawrence Andover, staggered down the steps and would have fallen, but for the timely aid of Gladys' arm.

"Letitia, another unexpected meeting?" exclaimed Gladys brightly, remembering the last occasion on which they had suddenly come face to face, when her sister Beatrice was about to enter her name at the Agency for Governesses.

"Yes, isn't it odd?" said Letitia, with a nervous laugh. She was trying hard to look her natural self, but her face was very pale and her limbs were trembling. Her voice sounded harsh and strained. Then she induced Gladys to get into her cab, and in the few moments at her disposal before the conveyance pulled up at the door of her aunt's boarding-house, she poured out her grievous story. Surely never had words come more quickly from her lips! Never had a story been more confused in the telling.

It left Gladys in a deep mystery. Only one thing was evident: Letitia was in great trouble and a certain Lawrence Andover was to blame. This was positively all she had gathered when the cab stopped and it was time to take leave of her excited companion.

"Oh, don't go yet!" pleaded Letitia. "See, I will leave my box and settle with the cabman, and then I can walk a little way with you."

And then it was that Gladys heard the full story of Letitia's trouble. We may be sure she did not lose her opportunity of giving her good advice, as well as sympathy of a very sincere kind. As for Letitia, she felt, as weak natures are apt to do when resting upon stronger ones, as if a load of care were lifted off her shoulders, from the very fact that some one good, and kind, and true, was in full possession of her secret.

"I should tell your aunt everything," was Gladys' parting advice. "It will be hard, dear, to own up to your share of wrong-doing, but go through with it. There is nothing gained in giving only a half-confidence."

"But my aunt will be so shocked," pleaded Letitia. "She is so *very* particular about the way people observe Sunday. She would never forgive my absenting myself from church, as I have done to go for a walk with—that cruel man."

"So much the better for you, Letitia," Gladys replied, "that your aunt should take a very strict view of these things. It will help you to see them in their right light. As to never forgiving you, dear, I think you will find that will come right when she sees how much you blame yourself."

"Oh! if only I were good like you, Gladys," said Letitia in a more subdued voice. "I always admired you at school for your downright goodness, although I pretended to snap my fingers at religion. I can see now the difference between living under God's protection and just going one's own way without having any regard to religion. Oh! do write to me, Gladys. How shall I ever look up again. I have been so wicked and foolish, and he—"

"Hush!" said Gladys quietly, "he was not wholly to blame. Think what you might have taught such a man at the first, Letitia, if you had stood firm to what you knew to be right. Our sweet mother always said that a girl's influence might almost decide the life career of the man she called her friend. In proportion to her loyalty to truth, so would he be

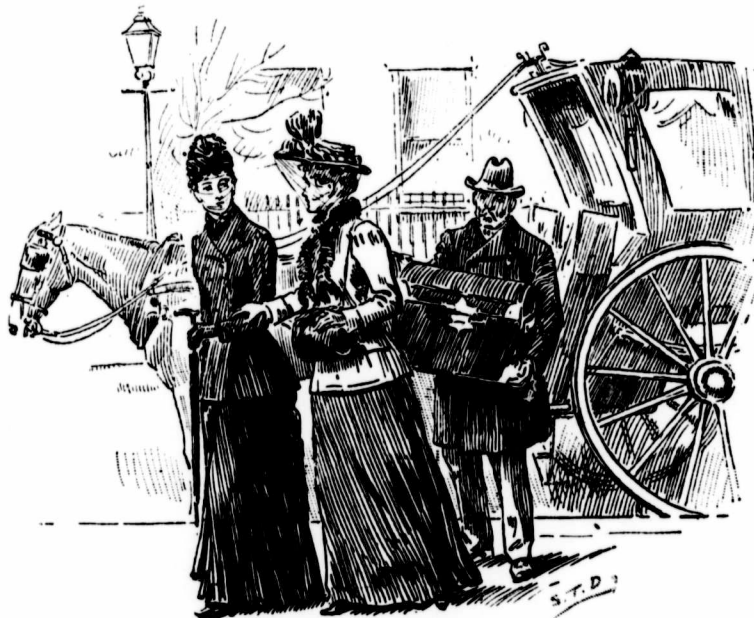
led to think of truth. Men have so many things to tempt them to be irreligious; if a girl's influence goes in the same direction, a man loses a chance of seeing the true side of better things—there, I know exactly what I mean, but I am expressing myself very badly—and I do not want to say even half a word to excuse the one of whom you have been speaking of his cruel and wicked behaviour. Good-bye, dear. "I will write to you to-morrow and give you my address, and tell you where I am."

And thus they parted: Gladys to hasten back to her house of business, seek Mr. Prothero out in his office, and offer an apology for the delay in her return, explaining briefly she had met with a friend in trouble; Letitia to return to Guilford Street, trembling and nervous lest she might chance

Mr. Prothero spoke as one well acquainted with his customer, and Gladys waited with interest to hear the lady's reply.

"You are right," she said, in a voice far less cultured than Gladys expected to hear, although not altogether out of harmony with the lady's somewhat vulgar appearance. "I very much disliked all last year's fashions. Let me see what you can do for me this."

And thereupon Gladys was directed to try on "for her ladyship's benefit" the various new styles, and walk to and fro while each was criticised. She was by this time well accustomed to the special demand upon her patience by customers hard to please. But this one was certainly more difficult than many.



"OH, DON'T GO YET!"

to meet the one of all others she most wished to avoid, to take an early opportunity of telling her story to her aunt. The aunt, let it be said at once, in proof of her sympathy with her niece who had done so much to bring trouble upon herself, removed from Guilford Street early the following day to a boarding-house in the West End of London.

Gladys had been five months in her somewhat novel position, when one morning Mr. Prothero came into the showroom with an elderly gentleman and a somewhat portly lady.

"I think your ladyship will find the present fashion of mantle much more a style you approve than what was worn last spring. I well remember your ladyship's disapproval of the short capes which were then so much worn."

Oh! the weary time that can be devoted to a fastidious purchaser, who only makes up her mind one moment to change it the next! These on the one hand, and those who are always in a hurry for the execution of a given order, demanding much labour at but short notice—these are the customers who, merely through lack of considerateness, increase the toil and add to the hardships of all who labour on their behalf.

It was but the day before that, on going out for a little fresh air after business hours, Gladys had passed one of the "mantle hands" on her way from the forewoman's office to the workroom. She was crying bitterly.

"Are you in trouble? Can I help you?" Gladys had been quick to say, to have in answer poured into

her sympathetic ear a tale of woe, which doubtless could be heard from day to day in many other business houses.

Young Mrs. James Smith, the mantle hand in question, was the bread-winner of the family, owing to the delicate health of her consumptive husband. When leaving home that morning he had been extremely ill, and comforting him with the promise that the forewoman of the workroom had said she might leave early, she had been spared to come away, followed by many wistful looks.

"And I've been counting on it all day, Miss," she said at this point of her story, "for our forewoman always keeps her word, and there! if one of the customers hasn't just been in and ordered a jacket which must be delivered at Berkeley Square to-night, as she starts for the Continent in the morning. Oh! why couldn't she have come about it yesterday! It's nothing to her to give her order late, but those of us who have to carry it out, have we no right to be considered? My poor Jim will be watching and watching for me—"

She had hurried off sobbing, making up in her speed for the lost moment in which she had poured out her story of woe to "the young lady who looked so kind." But Gladys had learnt a lesson, and she longed for the moment to make an appeal to her sister-women throughout the land, "when you leave your orders with your dress or mantle-maker give time for them to be executed without undue pressure upon the workers."

To-day as she fitted on the mantles for the lady so hard to please, Gladys thought to herself, "Doubtless this customer would be like the one that poor little workroom hand was so angry with yesterday—inconsiderate in one thing, inconsiderate in another."

And musing thus her thoughts wandered to the days when she did shopping with her sweet mother, whose courteous manners and gentle considerateness to those who "waited upon her" always seemed to create a little brightness on the spot. Oh! how few there were like her!

"Come, my dear, you are giving this young lady a good deal of trouble," her ladyship's husband observed gently, as Gladys for the seventh time reverted to a mantle that seemed most in favour when off, but "quite unsuitable" when on.

"Well, it's her business to wait on customers," said her ladyship snappishly, upon which the kindly old man subsided, but Gladys could not forbear smiling her thanks for his courteous intervention on her behalf.

What was there in her smile which made him start, then pass his hand over his eyes as if shutting out some troubled memory? Surely he had for the moment been reminded of something which had sad associations?

Gladys was too intent upon trying to please her

difficult customer to notice this; but Mr. Prothero had remarked what had taken place, and he moved to the side of the gentleman ready for any question which he might ask. He had not mistaken the interest awakened.

"Who is that young lady?" whispered the old gentleman, so moving that his back was to his wife while speaking.

"Ah!" replied Mr. Prothero, assuming a very confidential tone, "she is a young lady of excellent position, who, owing to the treachery of the trustee of her late mother's property, has lost every farthing. She is highly educated and, what is far better, a young lady of sincere religious principle. Her influence amongst the young people here is very good—I might say extraordinarily good."

"Has she no one belonging to her who could save her from—forgive me, my dear sir—a life that cannot be without its difficulties to a young lady of culture and refinement?"

The old gentleman had risen from his seat, and walked some little distance away from where his wife was sitting. He put his question earnestly.

"Yes, she is somewhat highly connected," replied Mr. Prothero, "and I doubt not would be a comfort to any relatives fortunate enough to get her to make her home with them, but Miss Lansdown has been trained by an excellent mother to prefer independence—pray excuse me, my lord, I see I am wanted," and Mr. Prothero hurried away to the far end of the showroom, where one of his buyers was standing waiting to attract his attention.

It was a day or two after this that Gladys, chancing to see Mr. Prothero for a few moments on business in his private office, was somewhat startled by being addressed by the surname she had of late so signally dropped.

"Well, Miss Peebles, I must congratulate you. You have at last awakened some kindly interest in your grandfather's heart."

"I?" exclaimed Gladys, blushing and thrown into some sudden excitement. "Oh! do tell me all about it. What can he have heard about us?"

"He has seen you and—I think I am right in saying—has admired you," said Mr. Prothero, smiling as one is apt to do when in possession of some pleasant secret.

"When? Where? How?" said Gladys growing every moment more excited.

"He has in his kindly interest actually ventured an appeal on your behalf," continued Mr. Prothero smiling, and greatly enjoying Miss Peebles' excitement.

"But do explain," exclaimed Gladys; "you are mystifying me, Mr. Prothero," and she seated herself by the table—Gladys Peebles for the moment with an old friend—no longer "the young lady of the mantle department" with her employer.





"GLADYS WAS DIRECTED TO TRY ON THE VARIOUS MANTLES."

"The explanation is simple enough," said Mr. Prothero heartily—he was enjoying to the full every moment of this interview—"you had been trying to satisfy his very difficult-to-please wife, and he thought you were getting tired of it—"

"Was *that* my dear mother's father?" exclaimed Gladys, jumping up from her chair and her whole being swayed with irrepressible excitement, remembering as she did the scene in the showroom, where the courteous old gentleman had indeed put in a special plea for her with the imperious customer; "was *that* kindly old man *my* grandfather?"

"The same, my dear young lady," said Mr. Prothero, and his face literally beamed as he was speaking. "Only half an hour ago I received this letter from him, and I was wondering how soon I could lay it before you, when your chance visit to my office has given me the desired opportunity. Now what do you say to *that*—and he with no idea who you are, my dear young lady. Talk about

'A Divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Why, what could have been better than this?"

As Gladys took the letter in her hand, her eyes were blinded with tears. It was some few moments before she could manage to read it.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

XXVIII.—RIDDLE.

**I**'m always in rain, but never in shower;  
I'm ever in leaf, but never in flower;  
I'm not in the months, but ever in years;  
And never in grief, though always in tears.

XXIX.—A SWARM OF BEES.

Take a B from a fish and leave a stream;  
Take a B from a loaf and leave what you should like to do;  
Take a B from a carriage and leave you and me;  
Take a B from an account and then you leave poorly;  
Take a B from a colour and note something missing.

XXX.—A DIVIDED WORD.

Take half of a precious metal, and two-thirds of a public-house,  
and form a word meaning to control.

## GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

**W**HEN plants are taken indoors for the winter they should be thoroughly cleansed, the pots washed, and the soil top dressed. The work of propagation should now be attended to. Geraniums, verbenas, calceolarias, fuchsias, antirrhinums, phloxes, pentstemons, periwinkles, will all repay careful attention in this respect. Cabbages should be carefully cleared of caterpillars, and celery earthed up to protect it from the early frost. Potatoes should be taken up and stored for the winter. Clear the garden of all weeds, and turn over the soil of any beds free of crops. It is a good time for planting fruit trees, and new plantations of raspberry canes may be made.

## A SERMON TO PRISONERS \*

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP  
OF NEWCASTLE.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. xii. 1.



**T**HIS is part of a letter. Who wrote it? A very wonderful Jew, brought up at the feet of the most learned Rabbi of the day, Gamaliel, and so keen a Jew that he felt it his duty

to persecute even to death the followers of what was thought the new religion, and give his vote for the execution of one of their greatest men, St. Stephen. Yes; but he was not only a Jew; he had inherited the citizenship of Rome, and so proud was he, in a good sense, of being a Roman citizen, that when his whole life was changed by the power and love of Jesus Christ, and he came to preach the faith which once he destroyed, he made his journeys to the chief garrisons and colonies of the Roman Empire, and generally along the Roman roads; and nothing would satisfy him but preaching the Gospel at the capital of the whole Empire, and making it the starting-point of fresh victories.

It was a Jew, a Roman, a Christian, an Apostle, nay, the great Apostle commissioned by God to take the Gospel to the Gentile world—St. Paul—who wrote the letter of which I speak to-day. To whom was the letter written? It was written to Christians who lived at the capital of the Empire of which he was so proud of being a citizen. He wished to see them, but when he wrote this letter he had never seen them. He did see them afterwards, but not quite as he had hoped. He visited Rome twice, but how? Both times as a prisoner, and the only reason why he was a prisoner was because he loved and preached Jesus Christ. The first time he was taken to Rome (you will find all about it in the Acts of the Apostles) it was because he appealed to Cæsar, the Roman Emperor. He was kept there for more than two years before his appeal was heard. He was allowed to live in a hired

\* Preached in substance at His Majesty's prison, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

house and see his friends and write a great many letters, some of which (we call them Epistles) you can read in the New Testament; but he was a prisoner for all that, and chained all day and night to a Roman soldier. He was released this time, but another time, when the wicked Nero was Emperor, he was made prisoner again and taken to Rome; and after writing some more letters, he was cruelly killed. So you see it is a little bit of a letter written by a great man, who died as a prisoner at the capital of the world, to Christians in that capital whom he had never yet seen, that I want to talk to you about to-day.

But is not his language a little strange when you think that he was an Apostle sent by God to give good news to all the world? "I beseech." Do you "beseech" people when you have a good thing to give them or tell them? Are you not more likely to grow angry and think them very foolish if they won't listen to you when you have something entirely for their good? Ah! that is just the difference between Jesus Christ and us. An old prophet once said, "All the day long have I stretched forth my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." Men might have been puzzled to know what this meant, but when Jesus hung for six hours upon the Cross He fulfilled that old prophet's words. And He knew that this beseeching, this entreaty, would touch people as nothing else would, for a little while before He suffered He had said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." No wonder then that if Jesus Christ was contented to beseech, though He might have commanded (and we shall all one day have to stand before Him as our Judge), St. Paul, His servant and Apostle, had learnt to beseech too; and he takes good care to show that his beseeching is meant just simply to be the beseeching of Jesus Christ, for he says: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God." That little word "therefore" connects this verse with all that has gone before.

But what is it that St. Paul beseeches the Roman Christians to do? If you read the rest of this letter, or Epistle, you will find a great many things that he urges upon them—such as humility, unselfishness, faith, hope, love, patience, obedience to magistrates, and a great many other things. But he begins with one great thing which really takes in all the others, and which will lead to all the others as it comes to be better understood. He says "that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice."

Now, remember that all the people to whom St. Paul wrote this letter would be familiar with the idea of sacrifice. Those few who had become Christians from heathenism would think of the sacrifices they had offered to appease their gods. Those who had been Jews would especially think of the burnt offering, which was entirely burnt, and symbolized the offering of the entire man to God. In some offerings part was burnt and part was eaten by the Priest and part (as in the case of the Peace offering) by the worshippers, and what was burnt was always understood as God's portion. So when all was burnt, as in the burnt offering, it meant that God required man's whole life, and the "living sacrifice" would teach the Jewish Christian that God no longer asked for the death of a victim, but for the entire life of every man to be dedicated to Him.

And you observe what St. Paul says of this living sacrifice. It is not to be just the mind only, as though we were free to do what we liked with our bodies: He says "that ye present your *bodies*," and if our bodies, then our entire nature, our minds, our hearts, and everything that works through the body. He seems to say, "I have shown you what the mercies of God mean. They all find expression in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, not only the sacrifice which He offered up on the Cross, but the sacrifice of His whole life. Well, then, what I ask and beseech you to do is this: give a sacrifice in return, not the sacrifice of a death,—as though God required this,—but the sacrifice of a grateful life, showing itself in everything you do. Give your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. This is your reasonable service, no mere mechanical act of mere ceremonies or killing a victim, but the service of your whole reason. If God has won you with the most wonderful sacrifice the world has ever heard of, show that you value it by the whole-heartedness with which you offer back to Him just the one kind of sacrifice that He longs for—a life given up to His service, a body used for Him, kept pure and sober and trained to do Him service in the best way that the mind of man can desire. This is what I beseech, or rather, what Christ beseeches through me, as He presents Himself crucified, risen, ascended, to plead with you."

Does not this pleading come home to you and me to-day? The groundwork of it all is "the mercies of God" as revealed to us in Jesus Christ. Other religions have tried to convince men. This

is the one religion which has touched men. There is no one so uneducated or so degraded as not to be able to be touched by love like this, a love which could make God become man, and then, as man, go through all forms of human suffering, and at last die the most cruel death, and, after rising from the grave and ascending into Heaven, go on day and night for centuries taking no refusal till men should come to see what love really meant. It is the same crucified, risen Jesus Who is pleading with you, my friends, to-day. What does He ask back from you when you have come to be just a little touched with His love? He does not ask for costly gifts, or for slain victims. He asks you to give just simply yourselves—body and all as a sacrifice of gratitude to Him for what He has done for you.

That poor body of yours, my brother or sister, which has been such a tyrant to you, as you would not keep it under, which has dragged you down as you gratified its passions, until at last it was hard to see any of God's likeness in what vice or drunkenness had brought so low, is, in spite of all that, consecrated and holy, the temple of the Holy Ghost, a member of Christ, and able to be raised again, though, perhaps, after many a battle and many a wound, until Christ can see His own likeness there. That brain, my brother, which perhaps you have been using wrongly and against your own better mind, for purposes which you know to be selfish and untrue, is part of a body that God wants you to offer to Him as a living sacrifice. Won't you train and develop it so that it may yield its very best as a sacrifice to Him whose love has at last touched you? Whatever your besetting sin may have been, you may by God's grace be cleansed and pardoned. "A living sacrifice," that is what He asks, and He Who asks it has died that we might make Him this gift.

SUNDAY REST.—"I don't say it lightly: I believe the contempt into which the Sabbath has fallen bids fair to accelerate the ruin both of Church and State more than any other single circumstance whatever; and it is the bounden duty of every friend to our civil happiness, no less than to our religious interest, to hold up its authority."—WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

HOW TO AVOID WRINKLES.—"I once asked my friend Mr. Herbert Spencer how it came about that a man who had thought so much and so deeply as he should have no wrinkles on his forehead at over seventy. 'George Eliot asked me that,' he said, with a smile, 'and I answered at once, 'I suppose it is because I never worried over anything. I let my thinking come of itself. Never in my life did I sit down deliberately to get up a subject. I read, observed, and thought, when I liked and where I liked, and allowed my ideas to frame themselves naturally.''"—GRANT ALLEN.

**A HANDSOME FONT.**

**T**HE very striking and handsome font of which we give an illustration has been recently erected in Christ Church, Blacklands, Hastings, by the Rev. Alfred Hodges, M.A., Vicar, in memory of his wife. The font has been most carefully and beautifully executed by Messrs. Boulton & Sons, sculptors, of Cheltenham, and is a replica of the font by Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor, which is to be seen at Copenhagen, in the Vor Fruekirke, the Metropolitan Church of Denmark. It represents a life-sized angel in a



kneeling posture, holding a shell which is used as the font for Baptisms. The angel, shell, and pedestal are carved out of one solid block of pure white Carrara marble, and stand on two green granite steps. On the pedestal under the angel are carved the words, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," and around the rise of the upper step is the following inscription :

"To the glory of God and in ever pious memory of dear Lucy, for nineteen years the good and true wife and helpmate of the Rev. Alfred Hodges, M.A., Vicar. Fell asleep March 16th, 1900. Until the day break."

Along the front of the lower step are the words, "Her husband's grateful tribute to her worth and goodness."

Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for the purpose by Mr. R. W. White Ford, J.P.



JUMPING SPIDER.

**CURIOUS SPIDERS.**

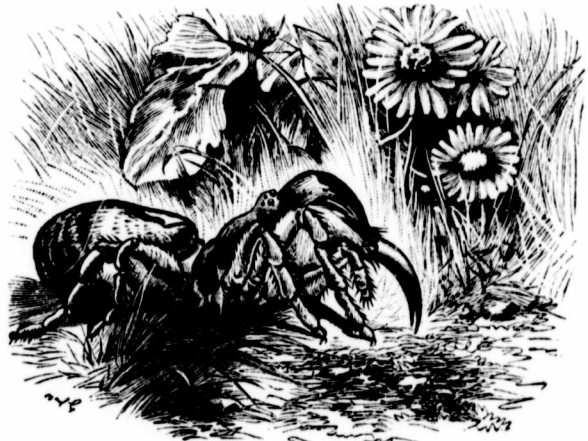
BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,  
*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets,"  
"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

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

**S**PIDERS are very curious creatures indeed, in many more ways than one.

They have no heads, for example—or, rather, their heads are so sunk and lost in their chests that it is quite impossible to decide where the one leaves off and the other begins. The result is, of course, that the eyes have to be placed on the back.

These, too, are curious. There are generally eight of them, arranged in a sort of pattern; and the odd thing is that this pattern varies in different kinds of spiders. Hardly any spider has its eyes arranged quite like those of any other. Then each eye looks in a direction of its own. A spider squints, in fact, with every eye. And most spiders, finally, are so short-sighted that they cannot see clearly for more than two or three inches around them.



TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

Then spiders breathe in a curious way—by means of about twenty little holes underneath their bodies, each furnished with movable lips which open and shut. They have enormous hearts, a great branch of which runs down into each leg; and they have throats almost bigger still, a branch of which is disposed of in just the same way. Probably this latter arrangement enables them to store up a quantity of liquid nourishment, which can be drawn upon when other food is scarce.

Many spiders, however, have peculiarities of their own. There are the great Bird Spiders, for example, which roam through tropical forests by night, and prey upon small birds as well as upon insects. Huge creatures these are, with hairy bodies as big as a man's fist, and legs which cover nearly a square foot of ground when fully extended. They know no fear, and as their first impulse when attacked is to fling themselves upon the enemy, and to bury their poison-bearing fangs deeply in his flesh, even man himself is obliged to be cautious in dealing with them.

Some of our own British spiders, too, are extremely curious in some respect or other. We have a trap-door spider, for instance, which does not make a trap-door. It lives in burrows in the ground, like others of its race, and lines those burrows with a double layer of silk. But instead of closing the entrance by means of a door, it continues the silken lining *outside* the tunnel to the distance of about a couple of inches, and allows it to lie flat upon the surface of the ground. If you were to dig a hole of the size and shape of a stocking, and to line it *with* a stocking, the knee part of which lay flat upon the ground outside, you would have a very fair imitation of the home of this singular spider.

But to make the resemblance quite complete, you would have to sew up the knee; for there is no entrance of any kind to the spider's tube. She spins her silken dwelling around herself, and remains a life-long prisoner within its walls.

This might seem to prevent her from obtaining food. From time to time, however, beetles, caterpillars, and other insects walk over that part of her tube which lies upon the ground outside her burrow. Then she rushes up with the speed of lightning, strikes her fangs into them through the walls of the tube, and retains her hold until the poison has taken effect. Then, withdrawing one fang, she cuts a slit in the tube, drags her victim through it, and stitches up

the slit from the inside—darning it, in fact, just as one might darn a stocking: after which she carries her prize down to the bottom of her burrow to be devoured.

There is another curious feature with regard to this spider. Its fangs are so immensely large that if the eyes were placed in the usual position it would be unable to see over them. The view in front, in fact, would be completely blocked out. But from the middle of the body springs a kind of watch-tower, on the top of which the eyes are situated; and so the difficulty is overcome.

This spider is known as the *Atypus*, and is found on Hampstead Heath, and also on several of the large sandy commons in the South of England.

Hunting Spiders, too, are very curious. You may see them on any fence or wall on bright sunny days in summer—little black hairy creatures, with three diagonal white streaks on either side of the upper surface of the body. They do not try to entrap flies, like most spiders, but literally hunt them, creeping cautiously up to them as they sit basking in the rays of the sun, and then springing upon them as a lion



BIRD-EATING SPIDER.

might spring upon a deer. Both spider and fly go falling towards the ground together, locked in one another's embrace. But never do they reach it, for wherever a hunting spider goes it trails a silken rope behind it, which it fastens down at intervals. So when it leaps into the air its fall is checked by this rope, and all that it has to do to regain its position on the fence is to turn round and climb up its line as soon as the struggles of its victim are over.

Then very few people seem to know that baby spiders, at any rate, often travel for long distances through the air. This they do on warm sunny days in autumn. Early in the morning they climb a bush or a low tree, and make their way to the very tips of the leaves. Then each little spider pours out from the end of its body a delicate thread of silk. Now on still warm days the heated air near the ground slowly rises; and as it does so it carries up these silken threads. Before very long sufficient thread has been carried up to support the weight of the spider. Then the little creature loses its hold and rises at the end of its line, perhaps to the height of a couple of hundred feet. There it meets a gentle breeze, which carries it along mile after mile, sitting on its streamer of silk in perfect safety. And when it wishes to descend to the ground, all that it has to do is to roll up the thread till it loses its supporting power, when the little voyager sinks gently back to earth.

It is in this strange way that spider families disperse themselves, five or six hundred of the little creatures mounting up into the air together, and travelling for many miles from the place of their birth.

**OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

BY GERALD BLUNT,

*Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."*

55. **S**T. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke all mention a saying recorded by the prophet Malachi. What is it? 56. Who accompanied St. Paul on his first missionary journey? 57. Which of Our Lord's miracles is given by St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John? 58. Two parables are mentioned by St. Mark only. Which are they? 59. Show by Our Lord's example that prayer should take the form of thanksgiving. 60. St. James and St. Peter both give a proverb about "pride." Name the verse.

**HOMELY COOKERY.**

BY DOROTHY STUART.

*(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)*

**XXI.—Tapioca Soup.**

**M**AKE two pints of skimmed milk, an onion cut into small pieces. Simmer slowly until the onion is cooked, then add three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and cook slowly for a quarter of an hour.

**XXII.—Bread Pudding.**

Break some bread into small pieces, and soak them well in boiling water. When the water is cool, mash the bread with a fork, and to every quart add half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pound of currants, one and a half ounces of butter, and three ounces of brown sugar. Mix all well together, and put into a well-buttered pie-dish; bake for an hour and three-quarters.



WILLIAM BOYCE.

*Sketch of an Engraving from life by SHIRWIN, engraver to His MAJESTY GEORGE III., 1788.*

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

*SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.*

BY AGNES E. DONE.

VIII.—DR. WILLIAM BOYCE.

**F**REQUENTLY in these papers mention has been made of the Chapel Royal, and certainly much interest is attached to it as being the House of Prayer of our sovereigns, and also the training-ground of so many of our most famous Church musicians. Dr. Burney\* tells us that the origin of the musical establishment of the Chapel Royal seems to have been as early as the reign of Edward IV., and he gives the account of it from an ancient book, a small portion of which we quote (relating to the boys), as follows:—

"Children of the Chapelle VIII., founded by the King's privie cofferes for all that longeth to their apperelle by the hands and oversight of the Deane, or by the Master of Songe assigned to teache them, which Mastere is appointed by the Deane chosen one of the number of the fellowship of chappelle after rehearsed and to draw them to other schools after the form of sacotte as well as in songe in orgaines and other. . . . These children eate in the Hall dayly at the Chapell board. . . . And amongst them all to have one servante into the Court to trusse and bear their harness and lyberye in Court. . . . And when any of these children comone to 18 years of age, and their voices change,

\* "History of Music," vol. ii. p. 430.

he cannot be preferred in this Chapelle, the nombre being full then yf they will assente the King assynethe them to a College of Oxford or Cambridge of his foundation, there to be at fyndyng and studye bothe suffytyently tylle the King may otherwise advance them. . . ."

From this little extract we see that in those times the choristers were taken care of, and also that their future was well provided for. The present Chapel of St. James dates, we believe, from the time of Henry VIII., but has no special architectural beauty to recommend it. Perhaps we should consider the brightest spot in its interior to be the smart singing boys in their scarlet frock-coats covered with gold braiding.

Associated with this chapel, both as one of its composers in 1736 and afterwards as organist, was the famous Dr. Boyce, with whose music we are familiar, and with whose name we are well acquainted. To him we are not only indebted for many good anthems and services of his own writing, but also for the fine collection of the compositions of the earlier masters. This work was begun by Dr. Greene, and afterwards completed by himself with the greatest care and patience.

Dr. William Boyce must have possessed great amiability of character, for his biographers speak of him in a most kindly manner as "that worthy gentleman, as well as excellent musician." He was born in London during the reign of Queen Anne, in 1710 (the date of the arrival of the great Handel in England), was educated as a choir-boy at St. Paul's, and afterwards articled to Dr. Greene, then organist there. What a pleasant relation that of master and pupil may be if they are drawn together by the bonds of affection, the two so constantly working with the same object in view, and with all the interests of a study delightful to both! We can well imagine the feeling of respect and reverence on the one side, and the fatherly pride to one who is as his child in Art exhibited on the other. We consider Dr. Boyce to have been a most fortunate youth, for not only had he a truly distinguished master, but he had the privilege of receiving instruction upon one of the finest organs of his day, a beautiful instrument erected by Smith in St. Paul's Cathedral, and acknowledged to be of great sweetness of tone. Many a happy hour he must have spent in perfecting himself in his useful and elevating profession in the silence of one of the noblest of England's churches.

Boyce's first appointment was at St. Michael's, Cornhill, as organist; and we are told that he took his degree of Doctor of Music in Cambridge in the year 1749, on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Newcastle as Chancellor, when he set to music the drama of the *Chaplet* and Mason's Ode.

Boyce was a diligent student of the old masters,

and though living when the genius of Handel overshadowed the world, it is allowed that he never copied him in style or matter, and his work is considered both original and elegant.

Not the least to be admired, we think, is his anthem "O where shall wisdom be found?" We listen always with unfailing interest to the fine yet quaint rendering of the verse parts, and to the dignified and satisfying finale. His service in A is also a great favourite.

Hogarth, in his "History of Music," speaks of Boyce's harmonies as full of ingenuity and learning, and having the breadth and massive grandeur of the choral works of Handel; also of his anthems "By the waters of Babylon" and "Turn Thee unto me, O Lord," that they are remarkable for their pathetic expression. The full anthem for eight voices "O give thanks unto the Lord" has probably never been surpassed for the wonderful command of harmonical resources which it exhibits, and the grandeur of its effects.

Dr. Boyce had the honour of conducting the triennial festivals of the Three Choirs till his death, which, though they had not at that time attained their present dimensions, were of considerable importance, the gentlemen and boys of the different cathedrals meeting for the performance of sacred and secular works alternately at Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester; and many a clergyman's widow and orphan has had cause to be thankful for help received through these music meetings, for ever since the year 1724\* large sums of money have been contributed to a fund for their relief by collections made after the services.

As has been the case with many musical men (not forgetting the great Beethoven), Dr. Boyce was afflicted with deafness, which must have caused him much sorrow, for he was not only obliged to give up his professional engagements, but was entirely cut off from the pleasure of hearing those beautiful compositions, many of which he had been instrumental in placing before the world.

He passed away in 1779, was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, and entered into the Land where "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped."

Boyce's musical contemporaries were William Hayes, organist of Worcester, James Kent, organist of Winchester, John Alcock, organist of Lichfield, and Jonathan Battishill, all men worthy to be remembered.

\* Lyson's "History of the Music Meetings," p. 122.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Abraham Lincoln once gave the following piece of advice: "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your husband. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."



"GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT," BY HAYNES KING.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1901.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by express permission of the Artist.*



## WHAT THE CHURCH OWES TO OPPOSITION.

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.*

MUCH good has often come to the Church out of apparent evil, and frequently the opposition that has threatened to destroy her present organic existence has increased her vitality, inspired her with new vigour, and incited her to unprecedented efforts in her own defence which have signally defeated her opponents. Attack has led to defence, and, had it not been for organized attacks, organized defence would never have been necessary.

The Church of England, as the National Church, might have had worse enemies than those who have so zealously laboured to bring about her Disestablishment and Disendowment. Their very efforts to deprive her of her established position and to secularize her endowments have aroused Churchmen to action. The attack upon her sacred citadel has called forth a large army of Church defenders who, apart from this attack, never dreamt of engaging in any ecclesiastical warfare.

To the Liberation Society and its efforts to carry out its scheme of Disestablishment and Disendowment we owe the origin of the Church Defence Institution and kindred societies for the defence of the historical and legal position of the Church, with her property and endowments. To the erroneous assumptions, fallacies, and misrepresentations of history by which, on the platform and in the Press, the attacks upon the Church have been carried on, we owe the origin, growth, and rapid accumulation of Church defence literature and the widespread study of Church history in recent years. Further, to the organizations of the opponents of the Church throughout the kingdom, which have had for their

object the influencing of the electorate of the various constituencies to vote for Disestablishment and Disendowment, we owe the existence of the numerous parochial committees in every Diocese, whose work is the defence of the established position and the endowments of the Church. And it is not too much to say that to the efforts of the Church's opponents to circulate in every parish and hamlet in the country tracts and leaflets written to prejudice the minds of the people against her we owe the vast, extensive circulation of cheap Church literature, by which it is sought to refute current errors and misrepresentations, which for a time have tended to prejudice the minds of uninformed people and hinder the Church's usefulness.

The result has been the general enlightenment of the people on Church matters, the safeguarding of their minds against wrong impressions, and the rendering of them proof against anti-Church statements by which previously they were liable to be misled. Nay, more than all this, the opposition of the opponents of the Church and the efforts of Churchmen in her defence have led thoughtful Churchmen to give their special attention to the subject of the great and inestimably valuable spiritual and ecclesiastical inheritance they have in the ancient Church of England and the Church of their fathers, and have inspired them with the resolve to defend that inheritance when attacked to the utmost of their power.

As it has been with the Church in the past, so it will be, we believe, with reference to the Church in the future relative to all attempts by her opponents to compass her Disestablishment and Disendowment. All such attempts will fail if Churchmen will only meet them with earnest, united action. For political and other reasons there is at present not only a lull, but a dead calm in the storm of Church opposition. But the opposing forces are not extinct. They are held in restraint for only a short time. They may break forth much sooner than we expect, with manifestations of greater power than ever; but Churchmen have only to unite, combine, and withstand to the utmost the attack upon their spiritual inheritance, and it will, as we have said, fail, as it has hitherto failed, and Churchmen will come out of the conflict in defence of their rights and privileges victorious, and the Church herself will be strengthened and consolidated in her historical position, and will be more and more recognized as not only the Church of England—the National Church—but the Church of the people.

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—October 1, Remigius, Bishop; 6, 18th Sunday after Trinity, Faith, Virgin and Martyr; 9, Denis, Bishop; 13, 19th Sunday after Trinity, Translation of King Edward; 17, Etheldreda, Virgin; 18, St. Luke, Evangelist; 20, 20th Sunday after Trinity; 25, Crispin, Martyr; 27, 21st Sunday after Trinity; 28, SS. Simon and Jude, Apostles and Martyrs.

## Jesus said: "I and My Father are One."

ST. JOHN x. 30.



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