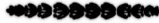


Tom Blott Tom Blott

OCTOBER



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

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In accordance with the rule made by the Synod of the diocese, offerings for the assistance of the widows of deceased clergymen who have labored in the diocese, were given in both churches on Sunday, Sept. 30th, Jarvis contributing \$2.87, and Hagersville \$4.74. These sums were subsequently increased to \$3.00 and \$6.00, respectively. The number of widows partially supported by the W. and O. Fund is six, the amount given to each being \$200. Thus the diocese devotes to this fund \$1,200.00 per annum. The clergy are required to pay into the capital account of the fund \$5.00 each per annum. The full amount expected from this parish as its annual contribution to the fund is \$26.00, each congregation being asked to give \$13.00. Last year Jarvis gave \$12.00 and Hagersville \$7.00. The incumbent earnestly hopes that the full amount will be contributed this year. It is not wise to wait until the end of March before giving one's chief offering for any diocesan object. The better way is to give as much as possible as each separate appeal is made. Who will do this for the W. and O. Fund?

Owing to the pastoral vacancy existing in the mission of Nanticoke and Cheapside, Rev. P. L. Spencer has performed several duties within that mission. On Sept. 28th he baptised in the church at Nanticoke the following children:

BAPTISMS.

Charlotte Marguerite, daughter of Robert J. and Anna L. Evans, born Aug. 15th.

Hazel Adelaide, daughter of James and Margaret L. Townson, born June 19th.

Arthur, son of Robert and Elizabeth Frances Stone, born Oct. 31st, 1899.

Muriel, daughter of John W. and Agnes Evans, born Jan. 1st.

In each case the sponsors were the parents.

On Sept. 26th, Rev. E. H. Molony, of Homer, united in holy wedlock, R. Emerson Millar and

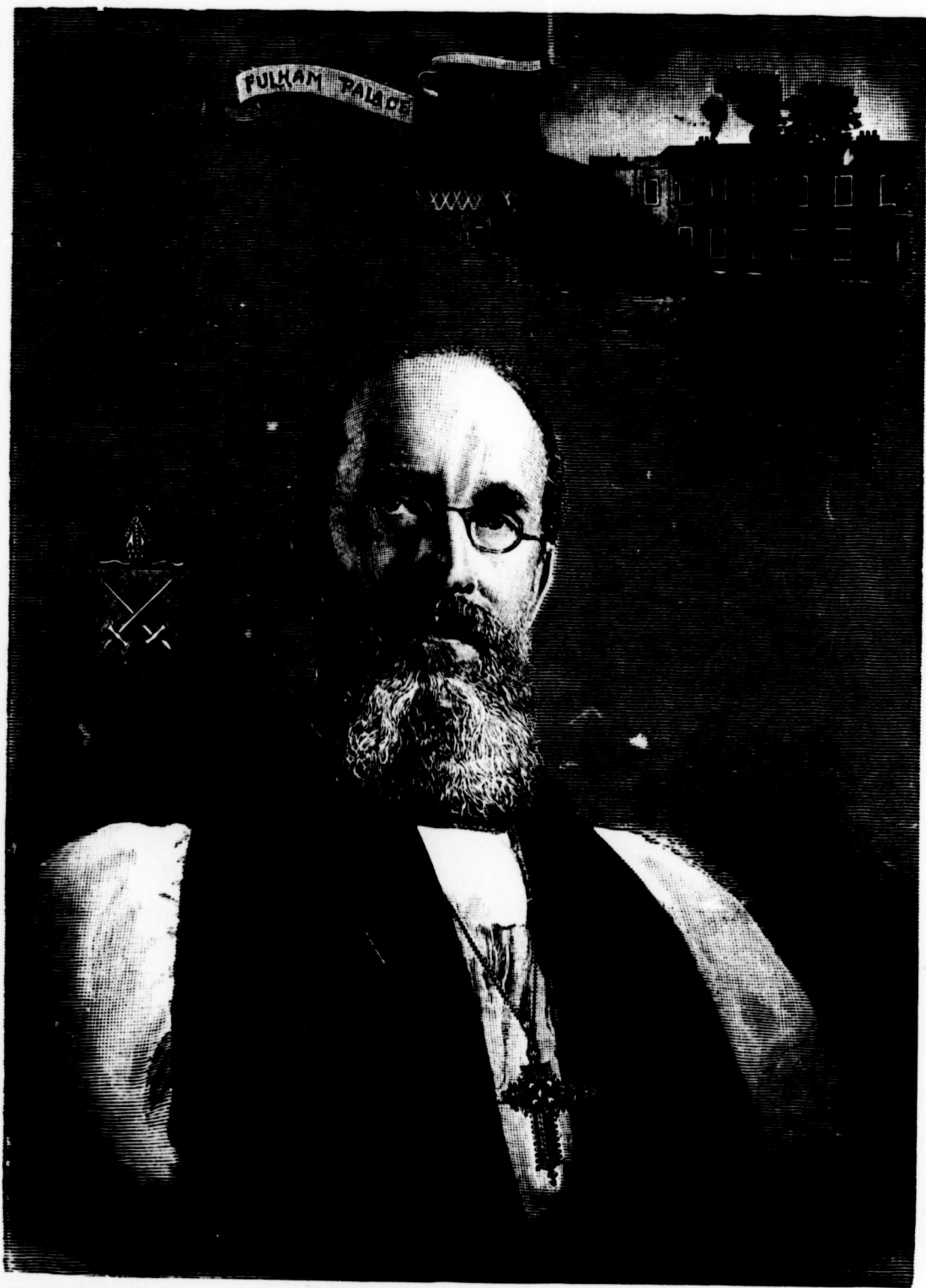
Catherine Parkinson, both of the township of Walpole.

On Sept. 21st, Rev. P. L. Spencer performed the burial office over the body of Florence Martha M. Westerby, the interment taking place in the graveyard of the church at Cheapside. Very true, as applied to the brief life of this little child, are the words of the Psalmist, "Thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even nothing in respect of Thee."

"Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love."

This infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Westerby was born into the world on June 16th, was received into the Ark of Christ's Church on Sept. 1st, and was taken to Paradise on the 20th day following.

The incumbent has received a circular from the Bishop requesting a due observance of Thursday, Oct. 18th, St. Luke's Day, as the day of general thanksgiving. The offerings will be used for assisting aged or disabled clergymen, the fund being commonly referred to as the A. and D. C. F. The Bishop lays stress upon the importance of making proper arrangements for the annual missionary services and sermons. This matter will be carefully attended to at the next Deanery meeting. His Lordship asks the clergy to remember that Sunday, Oct. 21st, and Monday, the 22nd, are days appointed by authority for special prayer on behalf of Sunday Schools. He also requests that the eve of St. Andrew's Day, or one of the eight days following, be observed, as a day of intercession on behalf of missions. This is in accordance with the practice of the Anglican Church during the past twenty-eight years. The incumbent fervently hopes that the parishioners will heartily enter into the observance of these days and thus give due heed to the monitions of the chief pastor of the diocese.



THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., D.C.L.,
LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by W. H. & A. FRY, Brighton.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VII.—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Creighton, and was born at Carlisle in 1843. He was educated at Durham Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. His academic career was distinguished, for he took a Second Class in Law and Modern History, as well as a First in Classical "Mods." and "Greats." He was ordained in 1870. As Fellow and Tutor of Merton, he was a man of mark at Oxford; but on his acceptance of the living of Embleton in 1875, it seemed that, like so many other distinguished scholars, he had turned his back upon academic life. Whatever his wishes may have been at the time, this was not to be. In 1879 he was appointed by Bishop Lightfoot Rural Dean of Alnwick, and three years later he was made one of the first Honorary Canons of the New Diocese of Newcastle, and at the same time Examining Chaplain to Bishop Wilberforce.

His position in the learned world was recognised in the following year by the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* conferred upon him by Glasgow University; while in 1884, when the chair of Ecclesiastical History was founded at Cambridge, he received the signal honour of being chosen to fill it. Durham University added him to the roll of its distinguished scholars in 1885 by conferring upon him the degree of D.C.L.; and in the same year he was appointed by the Crown to a resident Canonry at Worcester, which he subsequently resigned upon being appointed a Canon of Windsor. In 1886 he received the honorary degree

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of LL.D. from Harvard University. He is an honorary D.Litt. of Dublin University, a D.D. of Cambridge, and a D.D. of Oxford. He is a Corresponding Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and of the American Church History Society and a Fellow of the Società Romana di Storia Patria.

His old Alma Mater has frequently availed herself of his valuable services as public examiner, and he was one of the most favourite select preachers of the University. The Bishop was the founder of the *English Historical Review*, and among his best-known works may be mentioned "Primer of Roman History" (1875), "The Age of Elizabeth" (1876), "The Life of Simon de Montfort" (1877), "Primer of English History" (1877), "Carlisle" in the "Historic Towns" series, and his great work, a "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation." In 1891 Dr. Creighton succeeded Dr. Magee in the Bishopric of Peterborough, and in 1897, upon the elevation of Bishop Temple to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, Bishop Creighton was called to succeed him in the rule of the vast Diocese of London.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

BY THE REV. C. DUNKLEY,

Vicar of St. Mary's, Wolverhampton. Editor of the Church Congress Official Report, 1882-98.



THE Church Congress is to meet in London on October 9th, and will continue in session during the five following days. Through thirty-eight years Congress has kept steadily in view the original object of its founders—namely, "To bring together members of the Church of England, and Churches in communion with her, for free

deliberation, and for the exchange of opinion and experience on subjects which affect the practical efficiency of the Church, and the means of defence and extension; also for the encouragement of a general interest in these and kindred subjects amongst the clergy and laity in different parts of the country." And in order to attain this object Congress has met from year to year in the principal cities and towns of England and Wales, so that there is now hardly a community of considerable size which has not welcomed Congress, or a locality which has not felt the beating pulse of this great annual assembly of Churchmen. There are, of course, exceptions, and the Metropolis supplies an example. At first sight it seems

strange that during all these years Congress has never met in London; but it has always been urged that the vastness of the Metropolis was the obstacle to the holding of a successful Congress there. It is impossible to touch London as a whole. Even the Jubilee pageant made little or no impression upon the extremities of the body corporate. And one chief advantage of this annual gathering is the impression made upon the life of the community where it meets. Church folk who have seen the Church only on a small scale in their own towns and neighbourhood have been astonished and greatly encouraged when Congress has discovered to them such a wealth of learning, eloquence, piety, and zeal in the Mother Church. For Congress has brought within sight and hearing of the many thousands of our manufacturing towns the Church's leaders and foremost men—great ecclesiastics, statesmen of first rank, eloquent orators, able debaters, learned apologists, social reformers, and experienced spiritual guides and teachers. But the presence of such as these is an everyday experience to the Londoner; the Metropolis being the natural centre of work and influence of the greatest and best amongst us, both citizens and Churchmen. Nevertheless, the Church Congress *will* meet in London this month; and,

in spite of the long hesitation to make the venture, and the muttered misgivings of a few, and some prophecies of failure, it is confidently believed by those who are in a good position to form an opinion that the London Congress will be unique alike in the numbers attracted to its meetings and in the influence it will bring to bear upon the Church. A glance at the programme will justify this expectation. Everything is on a large scale.

1. *Services.* Three opening services will be held on Tuesday, October 10th, at 10.30 a.m.: viz. St. Paul's Cathedral—preacher, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; Westminster Abbey—preacher, the Lord Archbishop of Armagh; St. Mary Abbots, Kensington—preacher, the Lord Bishop of Peterborough.

On Friday evening, October 13th, a Thanksgiving Service will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral, with the Lord Bishop of London as preacher. As usual, the Sundays before and after Congress will be specially observed throughout the Diocese, and sermons relating to the Congress and the subjects discussed will be preached. In this way the Missionary side of the Congress will be brought out.

2. *Meetings.* The Congress meetings will be held daily in the Royal Albert Hall. Sectional meetings will be held on Wednesday night only, in the Great Hall and the Conference Hall of the Imperial Institute, in the Theatre of the Royal Albert Hall, in the Kensington Town Hall, and in the Guild Hall or Great Hall of the Church House.

3. *Subjects.* After the Presidential address, which will be delivered by the Lord Bishop of London at 3 o'clock on Tuesday, October 10th the Congress discussions will open with "The Church in London in this century—(a) its progress, (b) its needs"; to be followed in the evening by "The Place and Work of the Laity—(a) Church Services and Parochial Organization, (b) the General Government of the Church."

On Wednesday two subjects will be debated in the Royal Albert Hall: (1) The Church and the Evangelization of the World, (2) The Church and Modern Society, the latter subject branching out in three directions, viz. (a) Commercial Morality, (b) Speculation and Gambling, (c) Sunday Amusements and Employments.

On Wednesday evening there will be a mass meeting of men in the Royal Albert Hall, and, besides, six sectional meetings held simultaneously in different halls, at which the following subjects will be treated, viz. (1) Purity and Temperance, (2) Clerical Impoverishment and its Remedies, (3) Women's Work, (4) The Church and Education, (5) Church Music, (6) The Church in Wales.

The Thursday morning session in the Royal Albert Hall will be devoted to "The Church and the Divisions of English Christianity"; and



THE REV. PREBENDARY J. J. GLENDINNING NASH, M.A.,
General Secretary of the Church Congress, and Vicar of Christ Church,
Woburn Square, W.C.
From a photograph by Messrs. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

the discussions will run on two lines, namely (a) "The History of Nonconformity in this Century, and its influence on the life and work of the Church," (b) "The possibilities of a better understanding in the future."

In the afternoon "The Church and Her Services: (a) Principles of Ritual, (b) the Question of maintaining a type of Anglican Service, and the limits of possible variations," will be discussed.

The Devotional subject for the Friday morning meeting will be "Experimental Religion: its Doctrinal Character and True Foundation." The afternoon will be devoted to social questions. The selected subjects extend over a wide range, and both readers and speakers will have their capacities for concentration and condensation tested, and their vocal powers taxed

E. A. Stuart, W. Allen Whitworth, and W. H. Hutton; Viscount Halifax, Hon. Lionel R. Holland, M.P., Sir John Kennaway, Bart., M.P., Sir Paget Bowman, Sir H. C. Burdett, Sir H. H. Bemrose, M.P., Sir Hubert Parr, Sir George Martin, Sir Frederick Bridge, G. Harwood, Esq., M.P., G. W. E. Russell, Esq., Eugene Stock, Esq., etc.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London will receive the members of the Church Congress at a *Conversazione* in Guildhall on Thursday evening, October 12th, at 8 o'clock.

All the arrangements have been made with a care and completeness which augur well for the London Church Congress, and veteran members of the Congress are looking forward to the experiment of holding



THE ROYAL IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

to the utmost to make their voices heard in the vast building. The choice of the subjects bears witness to the desire of the Congress Committee to face the problems and difficulties of the present time; and the list of names of appointed speakers shows that all schools of thought will be ably represented. Among the speakers are the following:—The Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, the Bishops of Rochester, Llandaff, St. Asaph, Hereford, Peterborough, Chichester, Bristol, St. Albans; the Bishops Suffragan of Thetford, Stepney, and Richmond; the Bishop of Sierra Leone; Bishops Barry and Johnson; the Deans of Canterbury, Norwich, and Worcester; the Archdeacons of London, Rochester, and Westmorland; Professor Ryle; Canons Overton, Gore, and Newbolt; Prebendaries Wace, E. S. Gibson, and Webb-Peploe; Principal Robertson; the Revs. H. Montagu Butler, G. C. Bell,

the Congress in the Metropolis with hopeful anticipation of a success in every way surpassing all previous Congresses.

The arduous work of organizing the Congress has fallen to the lot of the Rev. Prebendary Glendinning Nash, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Woburn Square. It is interesting to recall that his brother, the Rev. A. J. Glendinning Nash, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Bradford, was General Secretary of last year's successful Congress at Bradford, and that while Prebendary Nash is Hon. Secretary of the London Diocesan Conference and Editor of the *Diocesan Magazine*, his brother is Hon. Secretary of the Ripon Diocesan Conference, Proctor in the Convocation of York, and Official Principal of the Archdeaconry of Craven.

The CHURCH MONTHLY Stall will be found in the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition in the Imperial Institute.

"UPHOLDEN."

The Story of Three Lives.

BY THE

REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author of "Drift and Duty," "The Jessopps," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A CAGE FOR A BIRDIE.



THE boy sprang forward with a sharp cry, but as he did so a hand roughly laid across his chest pushed him back.

"Now then, kiddy, where are you pushin' to—you haven't got a pass, have you?"

"Let me go, I tell you; I want my sister. Oh, Maggie,

I've been searching every place for you!" gasped Ernest, trying to struggle forward.

"Blest if it isn't our little Ern—the pious apprentice come to fetch his naughty sister back to the paths of rectitude! But what if Miss Sissey won't go?" exclaimed Orlando Perkins, for it was he, with a loud laugh.

"I want to speak to her. I have come all this way to find her. She has nobody but me," pleaded the lad almost humbly.

"Nobody but you! well, I'm blowed! Come and let us look at you, sonny." And the fellow slipped his broad hand upwards, and he caught the poor boy by the chin between his finger and thumb, forcing his head back till he could scarcely keep his feet.

"You brute! let go, or I'll do you an injury," cried Ernest. Then, with a quickness you would not have thought him capable of, he shook himself free from his persecutor and endeavoured to rush past. A stinging blow right across the face threw him back and hurled him violently to the ground.

A tumult was forthwith raised.

"What's up, mates? It isn't the coppers, is it?" cried one.

"No, it's our brave Orlando has been displaying his pluck by flooring a kid," explained another.

"I only gave him a tap on the cheek to reprove his insolence, and then he dropped of himself," retorted the bully.

Ernest was half stunned by the fall and could not rise at once. When he tried to do so his sister was bending over him.

"O Ern, what have they done to you? You just show me that coward that has dared to lay a hand to you, and see if I don't pay him out," she cried excitedly.

"It was an accident—a pure accident—my fair lady Esmeralda; I but sought to restrain the impetuosity of the youth, and then he stumbled on the stones."

Mr. Perkins, perceiving that he had gone too far,



"LET GO, OR I'LL DO YOU AN INJURY!"

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

hoped that this fine speech would have a soothing effect. His expectation was disappointed, however, for the girl turned on him like a young fury.

"Hold your tongue and stand out of the way, you big coward, unless you want me to spoil your beauty for you!" Then, as she advanced with threatening gesture, the crowd applauded, and was eager to kindle yet more the flame of disgraceful passion.

"Go it, little 'un! I'll back the lady for a pint."

"Now, Orlando, stick up to her; don't be afraid to face the music."

"She'll comb your hair for you in style, but mind she doesn't crumple your nice collar."

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie, come away! don't look and speak like that; don't answer those horrid people," entreated Ernest, who had now got on his feet again. Then taking her by the hand he led her out into the road. There they were stopped by the proprietor of the show.

"Not so fast, my young gentleman. What right have you to be leading away one of my company in this offhand fashion, may I ask?"

"Come along, Ern; don't you mind a word he says, the old villain!" cried the girl, who was still in a towering rage.

The "old villain," seeming inclined to resort to more forcible measures, a policeman who had sauntered up to where the crowd had gathered, interfered.

"You've no call to impede this young lady, Mr. Hook. We've had instructions about her, and if she likes to go with her brother she is free to do so."

"I've every right to stop her," blustered the man; "I've a regular engagement with her, and I'm not going to let her be spirited away like this."

"That being so, you may sue her for breach of contract, but you cannot interfere with her personal freedom," replied the constable solemnly.

"Why, man, the very frock she has on her belongs to me!" exclaimed the showman with a dramatic sweep of his hand.

The policeman hesitated and looked at Maggie. Then the girl quietly undid her spangled skirt and let it drop on the road.

"There," she exclaimed as she stepped out of the tawdry garment, "let him take his old petticoat and wear it himself: it will fit him nicely."

Now Mr. Hook was a short, corpulent, clean-shaven man, and the idea of seeing him rigged up in Esmeralda's skirt tickled the crowd immensely. A roar of laughter arose, in the midst of which Maggie made good her retreat, followed by her brother.

Poor Ernest felt desperately ashamed, but yet he had no idea of shrinking from the task laid upon him.

"Maggie," he whispered, as soon as they had crossed the open ground in front of the vans and were turning into a dirty lane, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to get some decent clothes on me and



"IS THAT ALL YOU'VE GOT?"

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

then I'm going to Liverpool with you—that is, if you are not ashamed to take me."

"No, Mag dear, I'm not ashamed, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin; may God help us both," was the reassuring reply.

They entered a mean-looking house and turned into a wretched parlour. A considerable part of the filthy floor was taken up by Mrs. Hayhurst's basket, behind which the woman herself lay unconscious on a rough wooden settle.

"Wake up; I want my things—I'm going to quit," cried the girl as she shook the sleeper.

"Leave her alone; she'll only be for making a row if you do get her roused," remonstrated Ernest.

"Well, you stay here till I get together what things I have left."

After a few minutes Maggie returned, clad in a shabby dress and battered hat and with a very small bundle in her hand.

"Is that all you've got? Where are the rest of your things and—and—your Sunday frock?" inquired Ernest.

"She's put them away—for safety, I suppose," answered the child bitterly. "But we'd best be off

sharp, or old Hook will be after us. How are we to do, though? For I don't know where we are and I haven't got a penny."

"It's right enough; I know a place—and a woman that will be kind to us."

So they made their way out of the village as quickly as possible and hurried along the road that Ernest had travelled but a few hours before. Only a few words were spoken, but they were enough to let each know what the other was thinking of.

"I am a bad, wicked girl, Ern; you won't like to be seen along of me."

"Don't say anything about that, Mag; it wasn't your fault—it was *hers*."

"No; it is I am to blame for being a naughty girl. What will Miss Ida say? I won't dare to face her."

"She's not home yet: they are coming in a week or two."

"I dursn't face her; I'll have to run away again or something."

"I've had a letter from Arthur; there's a lot about you in it."

"He'll be raging when he knows how I've been carrying on. No word of his coming home, is there?"

"Not just a bit; he is away in South America."

Such brief interchange of phrases served for the whole distance of four miles. But neither of them ever forgot that walk. Ernest felt as though he were a couple of years older at the end of it. A sense of fretfulness at his sister's folly, of shame at her very appearance, had overwhelmed him at first. But that soon passed away as there grew up in his heart a great pity and a tender yearning. It was no longer self-importance that thrilled him, but the simple, humble desire to serve—to be of some use to his sister, to make some return—as to a good Father—for the manifold advantages that he had himself enjoyed. The sense of responsibility pressed, perhaps unduly, upon him; but he cheerfully, bravely accepted the burden. He would work for Maggie, he would watch for Maggie, he would pray for Maggie; this one thing God had set before him, and this one thing he would set himself to do. How it was to be done, and how the future would shape itself he had not yet had time to think, but done, by God's grace, it should be; and towards the future he was now pushing bravely forward.

For Maggie that hour was even yet more important. As she walked along the road in those dirty, shabby garments a new sense came to her. All at once she ceased to be a child and was a woman in heart and will. She felt as though she were walking into the light of some new day. The past was a bad dream; the future was a vague vision of purity, gentleness, and love. The words of Scripture that she had "committed to memory" at school, the fragments of hymns that had drifted into her mind, the formal

prayers that her lips had moulded—all these were in the air around her now, were being chanted in her ears by the unseen presences that lighted her path and lured her on.

"It is a good place you are bringing me to, Ern; is there much further to travel?"

"We are there now," he replied, as he turned into the little shop that seemed so sweetly familiar. "I've brought her along with me, mother—Maggie is here!" he exclaimed as he approached the counter.

"Come forward, lassie; it's right glad I am to see you," and the kindly old body, making her way round the end of the counter, met the girl half-way and took her to her motherly bosom.

They had a cup of tea; then they debated the question—what was to be done next? They might have rested where they were that night; but Maggie was feverishly anxious to get on. All her former audacity and courage had forsaken her; she shrank with horror from the chance of being brought in contact with any of her recent companions, or from having to endure the loud-voiced wrath of Mrs. Hayhurst. Nor indeed was Ern at all keen for such an encounter.

"If we could get to Warrington in time for the evening train I am sure my master would be able to find some place for Maggie," he suggested. "But it's a long road to travel afoot."

"Well, if you could get a lift it wouldn't be so very long; and I doubt you didn't come the nearest road yesterday," replied the shop-woman.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when an empty van drew up at the door, and the driver came in and bought some sweets to take home to his children. This proved a lucky chance; the man readily agreeing, for a small consideration, to leave the young travellers at the station in time for the train to Liverpool. This was faithfully accomplished, and in due time Ernest found himself dropped with his sister at Edgehill, for in those early days the trains went no farther.

It was a long and dreary walk to Renshaw Street; the evening had closed in damp and cold, and the brother and sister were both fairly exhausted when they arrived at the old book-shop.

"I've got back, sir, and I've brought my sister with me," said Ernest in an apologetic tone as he entered.

"Come, that is good—very good; let me have a look at the poor lamb," exclaimed the old man as he came forward.

"I didn't know where to take her, and I thought you might be able to tell me of some place. I'd try to pay for her myself till such time as something could be settled. Mr. Withers will be home soon, and I'll ask him about it." The poor lad spoke nervously and hurriedly, for he feared that Mr. Jenions might resent the intrusion of a child—and a girl child, too—into his premises at that time of the evening. But

the old man gave but little heed to what was being said.

"Tut, tut! don't talk about that now. Take the child in to the fire and get yourselves warmed and dried while I put up the shutters."

Mr. Jenions closed the shop and then stole back into the little parlour and stood unseen behind the brother and sister, watching them. Then he went to the pantry and produced thence the materials for

where everything is kept. He knows how particular I am—a place for everything and everything in its place. I am sure he thinks me very hard and very fidgety."

"No, indeed I don't, sir," protested Ernest; "I like things to be tidy, and I like to be shown about things. But it is getting late, and I thought perhaps you would wish me to see to my sister—where she is to stop and that."



"LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT THE POOR LAMB."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY

a frugal supper. He insisted on arranging everything himself, and then he sat down at the end of the table and entertained Maggie with a sort of formal politeness that at once embarrassed and delighted her. Supper ended, the old man seated himself in a big chair by the fire and lit his pipe.

"Now, Maggie," he said, "let us see what a smart little housewife you can make. Clear away the things and wash up; your brother will show you

"Tut, tut, boy! can't you do what you are told and leave what doesn't concern you to your elders. Now, Maggie, bustle about and let us see how smart you can be. I like to see a neat-handed Phyllis."

Our Maggie knew nothing about Phyllis, but she was determined to show that she too could be neat-handed; she was glad also to have the opportunity of doing something for one who had been so kind to her. So she went to work with a will, and in a very

few minutes everything was tidied up. The old man watched her from his chair well pleased.

"There is nothing like female fingers after all. Why, she is smarter at the work than you are yourself, Ernest."

"That's as it ought to be, sir ; but," he ventured to add, "I didn't think to hear you say it."

Mr. Jenions chuckled to himself and then gave a gentle sigh. "Well, now the question is where we are to find a cage for this wee dicky-bird that has fluttered in upon us unawares."

"Yes, sir, that is what I am thinking about, if we could find a place—any place at all—for to-night even," stammered Ernest.

"Any place at all ! Do you hear that, birdie ? A nice way for a brother to speak, isn't it ? But come along upstairs and we'll see what can be done. There, Ernest, you can carry the lamp and Maggie will take the old man's hand and follow."

In silent amazement Ernest led the way. So far as he knew there was not a nook or corner in the old house, save the room they were leaving and the attics in which he and Mr. Jenions slept, that was not crammed with books and papers. There was just one room indeed that he had never explored. It was on the first landing, and the doorway had been shelved across and filled with books. There was another door communicating with the room in front, but this Mr. Jenions always kept locked. The boy



"I AM NOT GOOD ENOUGH."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

had concluded that it was here that the old bookseller kept his most valued treasures ; some day, he hoped, he might be trusted to enter and explore those treasures.

Obedying the directions given him from behind, Ernest went right up to the top of the house. Mr. Jenions showed Maggie where her brother slept, showed his own tiny den, showed yet another attic stuffed full of rubbish.

"That brother of yours is always wanting to clear it out ; but it would take him days to do—and even so no blithe birdie could sing in such a narrow cage as that. No, we must go downstairs again and then we shall see what we shall see. Take the light into the front room, boy, and be careful of that pile of books behind the door."

They picked their way carefully across the room till the locked door was reached. This the old man opened ; then, taking the lamp in his two trembling hands, he entered first. The brother and sister, following, looked round with curiosity. It was just an ordinary bedroom furnished in the usual way. The only thing that made it remarkable in that house was that there were scarcely any books there,—at first glance there were none that met the eye at all.

"This is better," said Mr. Jenions, as he laid the clattering lamp on the dressing-table and turned to Maggie. "I don't think you'll find the bed damp, though it has not been slept in for ten long years. We'll have to get you some sheets, of course ; but they won't take long to air at the fire below ; and I'll find you a towel and some soap, and your brother shall fill the water-jug at the tap in the back kitchen." He spoke rapidly, and with a sort of forced gaiety ; then fell silent and looked pathetically in Maggie's face.

"Oh, this is lovely ! but it is somebody else's room, and I must not take it," cried the girl.

"This beats all ; I never knew there was such a place," said Ernest stupidly.

"It's a pretty cage, is it not ? Once my birdie used to sing here of a morning ; but ten years ago she flew away and the cage has been lying empty since. I closed that door up after her, and God forgive me if my heart closed with it. But to-morrow we'll have the shelves away, my boy, and then, maybe, there will be a light step and singing on the stairs again."

Maggie Hopley's eyes opened round and awestruck ; then into them there flowed a grace of love and tenderness ; her figure swayed forward and her arms were extended ; her breath came quickly and she gave an indrawn, gasping sob as she threw herself on the old man's neck.

"And you had once a little girl—a girl like me ; and you are going to let me take her place—going to let me sleep in her bed, going to let me do for you—going to let me sing to you ! But, sir, I am

not good enough, I'm but a rough, wild girl—a naughty girl."

"You are one of Christ's lambs, my child; and it is even He that sends you to comfort an old man's loneliness."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.



WITHIN a very few days Maggie found herself quite at home. She dropped into her domestic duties as though to the manner born, and, after the first, needed but little direction or assistance. Always busy, and always bright, her presence brought new life to the sombre old house as well as substantial comfort to its inmates. The eager, affectionate nature was at last finding a wholesome outlet: the girl felt she could never do enough in return for the kindness with which the old man had received her. It was her highest happiness to be doing

something for him, or to be receiving the instruction which he used to give to her of an evening. Ernest professed himself quite jealous.

Thus the days went by, and they would have passed in perfect satisfaction for the brother and sister, had it not been for two things,—the one was the vague dread of Mrs. Hayhurst turning up and giving trouble, the other was the delay that had taken place in the return of Mr. Withers and his family. The former trouble diminished; but as it did the latter grew. For a time, poor Maggie lived in a state of nervous tension. At night she would start up in terror from dreams in which Mrs. Hayhurst and Hook and Orlando Perkins were mixed wildly together; and even in the daytime a sensation of fear crept through her when a stranger approached the back door. But gradually this feeling wore away as Mr. Jenions's confident prophecy that Mrs. Hayhurst would know better than to darken his threshold seemed to be justified by events.

But in regard of the other matter it was quite different; the lapse of time brought added uneasiness. Miss Ida had written a very loving and sensible letter to Maggie, saying how anxious they had all been about her, and how thankful they were to hear of the

good home that she had found. "Your brother's last letter was a great relief to my dear father. He had been very anxious about you, and that was why he got a friend to call and see Mrs. Hayhurst. I am afraid his visit did more harm than good, and that it was his interference that led to your being carried off so suddenly. But now you are all right, dear Maggie, and I can't tell you how thankful we are. My father is not well and has many things to trouble him, but this is one bright spot—one pleasant thing to think and talk about. I do not quite know when we shall be home; but I will write again to you or Ernest very soon. It is very nice to hear of good Mr. Jenions teaching you of an evening; I can picture you all in that cosy back parlour. The more you learn the better, Maggie dear; and he will teach you nothing but what is good."

This letter was encouraging, but the promise to write again "very soon" was not kept. Weeks passed by and nothing was heard; and when at last Miss Withers did write, nothing definite was said about returning. She herself was longing to be home, but things were unsettled and her father was still far from well. Ernest felt all the more deeply grateful for the home that his sister had found.

There was also cause for anxiety about Arthur. In his last letter he had spoken of the return voyage as about to commence; and as his ship the *Inver* was to call at several South American ports, there would have been opportunities for posting letters. Nothing, however, had been heard for many weeks, nor had the *Inver* been reported anywhere after leaving Rio. Again and again had Ernest called at the shipping office to inquire, but the answer was always the same—no news, nothing had been heard; evidently the owners were as anxious as any one else could be.

On one of these occasions Ernest was turning away disappointed when a gentleman who was passing through the outer office stopped him.

"You were asking about the *Inver*; what interest have you in the ship, my lad?"

"My brother is aboard her, sir—Arthur Hopley," explained Ernest.

"Ah," replied the gentleman, "I have heard of him. My own nephew is an apprentice on the *Inver* and he has frequently mentioned this brother of yours; he is a bit of a scamp, I fear, but Ben says he is turning out a first-rate seaman."

"Ben Fairbrother,—is that the name, sir? He is a gentleman apprentice, and Arthur says he has been awfully kind to him and has helped him in a lot of things."

"Yes, yes—my nephew is a good lad, and I always like to hear of one young fellow being ready to lend a hand and help another. So you are Hopley's brother. Well, leave your address with the clerk here, and as soon as ever there is any news we will let you know. We are a long way off despair just yet;

a hundred things may have delayed the ship, and she has a good man for her captain. We must trust in God, my boy, and hope for the best."

And it seemed as though that hope were to be fully justified when, a week later, there came news of the brig *Inver*, which had been so long overdue. Fairbrothers sent word to Renshaw Street, but a good fat letter had already been delivered by post:—

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—

"For I am hoping that you are both together now in some snug wee place of your own, and where I hope you will both be waiting to welcome me when I get home—as I am expecting to do now before very long. You'll be wondering, Ern, that there was no letter from me before now; but I can tell you we have had a terrible time of it. We were nearly three weeks trying to get round the Horn. Time after time we were blown back, and a couple of times we were almost wrecked. It is an awful place, so it is, and I never wish to be there again. At last we made the Falklands—and that is where we are now. We have got refitted in a fashion and expect to weigh anchor direct for England in two or three days: meantime, the mail starts to-day, so we are all busy writing letters. Captain Simpson is a splendid man; but he looks very delicate, and the rough time we have had has nearly done for him. Please God, though, he will be better when we run into warmer latitude. I've told you a lot, in other letters, about Ben Fairbrother; well, though I didn't deserve it, he has stuck to me ever since, and we are most like brothers now, owing to all we have gone through together. There is no show or fine talk about him; but he is a downright Christian, and for coolness and courage I never met the like of him. There was one night we were almost gone. I was in my bunk because I had been hurt and couldn't move about. Well, Ben came and sat next me, there in the dark, and he repeated hymns and bits of the Bible to me till he had to go on deck to take his watch. As soon as he left me, I got thinking about the old days at the Blue Coat, and how you and I, Ern, used to be together. A strange thing happened to me then. I heard, through all the storm and creaking and banging of the ship, what was like a child's voice saying something about men going down to the sea in ships, about their being at their wits' end and reeling like drunken men. Then all at once I remembered. You mind the Sunday I said that chapter in St. John—well, it was one of the small girls

said the Old Testament piece that day; but I never took any heed to her at all, because I was so full of what I was to do myself. But that was the very piece she said, and the words and the tone of her voice and everything came back to me that night when I thought for sure that we were all going to the bottom. I have looked out the place since and find that it is Psalm cvii. You may be sure I won't forget the words. When Ben came back to me and told how that the storm was going down and that the land was in sight, I astonished him by saying the whole passage down to the words—'Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'

"Now there is another thing I must tell you, brother. I've been wild and sinful at times, but I have never quite forgotten the sort of promise you and I made over St. John xv. I was reading it last night and I was thinking what a lot we've to be thankful for when we have had a good education. I didn't think much about those things at the time nor for many a day since; but it all comes back to me now, and I bless God for what I was taught at the dear old school."

Maggie, who had been reading aloud, paused here.



"MY BROTHER IS ABOARD HER, SIR."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

"What is that about, Erny? You never told me about that."

He told her the compact he and Arthur had made but he did not tell her of how often that scene had come back to him, of how he had wept over that careless retort about the "rotten branch," and had prayed that the life-giving sap might never fail in the heart of the brother whom he so dearly loved.

"Do you know," said Maggie, "I remember that day quite well; it is one of the very earliest things I can remember. I remember Arthur saying about the vine, and my thinking of the big one that Mr. Withers had in his conservatory with so many branches and such lots of grapes. Perhaps I didn't think about the grapes at the time, but whenever I saw them afterwards I used to think of Arthur standing there and saying that about the Vine. It is strange how we mix things up and what queer things we remember them by."

"Let us finish the letter first, and we can talk about it afterwards," suggested Ernest.

Miss Maggie felt snubbed. "There is very little more: only he sends his love and that; you can read it for yourself."

And so, having run her eyes over the few remaining lines, she handed the precious document to her brother.

(To be continued.)

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

LEGAL POINTS.

Membership of the Church of England.

That according to a judicial decision recently given, a person who has been baptized and confirmed or is ready to be so, and is an actual Communicant, holds the legal status of a member of the Church of England.

What is Meant by the Words in an Act of Parliament "Providing a Burial Ground"?

That it has been held in a decision recently given that the words in the Burials Act, 1852,

and 1853, "Providing a Burial Ground," do not

necessarily mean the acquisition of land by purchase or otherwise for a burial, but do mean the doing something to the land, after it has been acquired, to fit it for that purpose.

Churchwardens: In What Sense a Corporation?

That Churchwardens are not a corporation in the full sense of the word, and therefore cannot in law sue or be sued by any corporate name. They are only a quasi-corporation for the purposes of holding land and for the devolution of property.

Parochial Tithe Map: Whose is It?

That in a case in which a Parish Council has passed a resolution that documents relating to tithe in the possession of the Incumbent of the parish shall be placed in their custody, and such resolution has been confirmed by the County Council, justices have power under Section 28 of the Tithe Act, 1860, to make an order that the documents shall be removed from the custody of the Incumbent and be deposited with the Parish Council.

Liability of Lay-Rector.

That the Ecclesiastical Courts have no jurisdiction to entertain a suit against a Lay-Rector who has neglected to perform his duty of repairing the chancel of the Church of which he is Rector, unless the chancel was actually out of repair at the time of the institution of the suit.

Footpath Across a Churchyard.

That while a Faculty may be granted for the making of a fenced-in footpath across a closed parish Churchyard for the use of the parishioners with right of way for the public, it is advisable to have inserted in the Faculty the provision that the footpath shall be closed on at least one day in the year in order to show that such footpath remains an integral part of the Churchyard, though, with certain limitations, thrown open to the public for their use.

Discretionary Power of Churchwardens in Allotting Seats.

That the Churchwardens of a Church built under the provisions of the Church Building Acts in seating the parishioners in seats in the Church not already assigned to seat-holders or appropriated as free seats, may, in their allotment of sittings, give a preference to applicants for seats who voluntarily subscribe to a fund for Church improvements and expenses.

What Constitutes an Ecclesiastical Charity.

That by a recent decision it has been held that no charity is an "ecclesiastical charity" unless upon the construction of the instrument of endowment it can be shown that its benefits are exclusively reserved to members of a particular Church or denomination.

Instances of an Ecclesiastical Charity.

That an endowed charity for poor, aged persons



"who shall have attended Divine service at the Church of the parish of their respective residences every Sunday for the last five years, being at the same time Communicants, and living a godly, righteous, and sober life," is an ecclesiastical charity, and the power to appoint trustees thereof is not vested in the Parish Council.

Instance of a Non-Ecclesiastical Charity.

That a rent charge payable to Churchwardens, to be applied by them to the benefit of six widows in the parish "whom they should judge the properest objects to receive the same, with preference to those who, not being disabled by infirmity or sickness, were most constant in their attendance in the public service of the Church," is not an "ecclesiastical charity" within Section 75 and sub-Section 2 of the Local Government Act, 1894, and therefore the power to appoint new trustees thereof in the place of the Churchwardens is vested in the Parish Council.

Marriages between Parties in England and Scotland.


That by virtue of the Marriages' Validity Act, 1886, the Incumbent of a Church in England can accept a certificate that the banns of one of the parties to the marriage have been duly published in Scotland according to the law and custom with reference to that matter there prevailing, and can solemnize a marriage on the production of such certificate as if it were a certificate of the due publication of banns in any English parish Church.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 202.)

POULTICES AND FOMENTATIONS.



THESE remedies may have to be applied to the chest or abdomen or other parts with one or more of the following objects:—to allay or lessen pain or inflammation, to cleanse a wound and help to heal it, or to help a wound to discharge. One special use of them in typhoid is by means of heat and moisture to relieve the painful distention caused by the presence of wind in the bowel: Some very important facts about poultices and fomentations must be borne in mind:

(i) They must be applied HOT, or they are no good at all. When a doctor orders a poultice, one of the

objects he has in view is the application of heat. A cold poultice is therefore worse than useless.

(ii) They must be constantly changed, day and night. Poulticing does not mean putting on one poultice and leaving it till the doctor's next visit, when he finds a hard, curled-up, cold, bad-smelling, sticky mess. Not unfrequently a patient's life actually depends on the regular and constant changing of the poultices ordered.

(iii) They must be large, and at least half an inch thick, in order to retain the heat as long as possible.

After poulticing has been discontinued, the parts should be rubbed with olive oil, and carefully covered with wool.

Fomentations are used for the same purposes as poultices; they are lighter than poultices, and may be more easily borne; they also require changing oftener. They must be of several thicknesses of flannel, and the coarser the flannel the better, as retaining the heat more satisfactorily; they must be applied, not too suddenly and not too hot, otherwise the patient may be injured instead of relieved.

A mustard blister is a frequently ordered and very useful application in certain cases. The mustard used should be quite fresh, and should be mixed with cold water, hot being apt to lessen its stimulating properties; the paste is spread on brown paper, and covered with a layer of muslin or tissue paper before being applied.

If an *ice-bag* is ordered for application to the head, small lumps, about the size of a walnut, must be placed in a gutta-percha bag, or, if one is not obtainable, a bladder procurable from a butcher will do. A lump that is too large may be broken into pieces with a darning-needle—not with a hammer, which makes the ice fly in splinters that are too small to be of any use. The bag should not be quite filled, but there should always be room between the pieces. It is not, though it may seem, superfluous to add that care should be taken to see that the bag touches the patient's head, and is not at one end of the pillow while the sick person's head is at the other. At the same time, it must not press too heavily on the head. Fresh ice must be put in it from time to time, else, instead of an ice-bag, the patient will have a bag of water, that is constantly growing warmer, on his head.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS WIFE.—A former citizen of Springfield, Ill., tells the following story:—"The fire-hose company of Springfield was very proud of its well-equipped fire apparatus, and got some boys to collect funds. I went up to some dusty rooms over a grocery and entered the law office of Lincoln. He asked me numberless questions. Then he said, 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home to supper (Mrs. Lincoln is generally good-natured after supper), and then I'll tell her I've been thinking of giving fifty dollars to the brigade, and she'll say, "Abe, will you never have any sense? Twenty dollars is quite enough." So to-morrow, my boy, you come round and get your twenty dollars.'"



WHAT is the most remarkable thing about the Bank of England? The gold, you will say, the heaps and piles of shining gold. Well, the amount is certainly large. Close upon thirty millions in coin or bars, are sometimes held to guarantee bank notes alone; in addition to which there is the gold coin of the Banking department. In fact, three acres of vaults are crowded with gold and the Bank records.

Yet this great store is not to our thinking the wonder of the Bank. There is a long narrow room upstairs where half a dozen ingenious machines pour forth some sixty thousand bank notes a day, worth about a million sterling; each note being perfected and stamped with its own particular number by one process.

That is the chief wonder of the Bank—the preparation and issue of its notes. One roll of the press, and behold! the note is complete. It is worth now, maybe, a thousand pounds; it is marked with its own special number, different from all its

other crisp, bright, crackling brethren; it bears its own date, the cashier's signature, and every line and requisite in perfection. And the total cost of production is something less than a halfpenny each.

Then examine the paper. It is unique. There is none other like it. You have perhaps never thought of that peculiarity when you have used bank notes. But if you handle a note critically, you will find that the paper feels curiously crisp and thin, yet is very tough—so tough, indeed, that it is said a double sheet will support a thirty-six pound weight; while the special markings are so peculiar as practically to defy forgery.

The printing on the note might be, you think, comparatively easy to copy, but the paper is altogether different; and it is upon this paper that reliance is largely placed to prevent fraud, added to which the method of numbering and the system of detection are so excellent that successful forgery is now almost impossible.

The paper has been made for years by Messrs. Portal, of Overton, Lăverstock, in Hampshire. A special mill is employed, and the process is secret. But it is known that pure linen rag is used, and that the paper is hand-made, in sheets large enough for two notes; that is, each sheet measures 16½ by 5½ inches. The dies for the water-marks are made, however, at the Bank, the water-marks varying with the value of the note. The shade of white is very remarkable, and forms another peculiarity and

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LOADING POSTAL ORDERS



PRINTING POSTAL ORDERS

safeguard of the notes, while three of the edges are rough and one smooth, owing to the fact that the sheet is cut into two for the notes. Finally, the ink is specially made; it is the finest black, quite indelible, and has been produced for fifty years or more at the factory of Mr. B. Winstone, F.R.C.S., of Shoe Lane.

Now watch a bank note being printed. Imagine yourself in the long narrow room, with the half-dozen or so machines busily at work. They are known as double cylinder machines, the paper passing round the cylinders while the type slides to and fro on a table below.

A lad lays one of the plain sheets from the pile at his elbow at one end of the machine, and after passing rapidly round the first cylinder which presses it on the type below, the paper is carried round the other cylinder, and the two crisp and fresh bank notes appear at a small table at the other end. Each machine prints about fifteen hundred sheets—*i.e.* three thousand notes—an hour. A staid and solemn official presides at this little table, his duty being to

examine each note on its appearance and decide upon its accurate numbering and perfect printing. He handles the notes with a curious mixture of unconcern and yet judicial solemnity. Indeed, all the men and lads employed here, numbering about a hundred and fifty, seem to exhibit much the same characteristics, which are no doubt quite natural under the circumstances. There is the indifference to the value of the notes, born of constant familiarity with them as matters of business, and yet the feeling of responsibility in producing them with absolute accuracy and in thoroughly first-class style.

The printing is accomplished by electrotyped plates cast from a mould. The design is engraved in relief and the mould prepared therefrom, while the plates actually used in the printing are electrotyped with copper by a Smee battery. It was Mr. Alfred Smee, surgeon to the Bank, who about the year 1855 suggested the introduction of printing from electrotype plates. The method is, in fact, somewhat analogous to the production of copper-faced blocks for printing pictures from wood engravings. The numbers of the notes are moved forward one after the other by a lever working simultaneously with the revolution of the cylinders, the figures, after giving their impression, disappearing automatically and the next figures taking their place. The numbers of the notes count backward as they slide out so prettily on the little table, so

that when a ream of five hundred sheets is finished the numbering of the notes runs forward in its natural sequence.

Postal orders are also printed at the Bank. The machines are somewhat similar to those for notes, and were specially devised for their work by Mr. H. McPherson, formerly deputy-principal of the department. They yield two printings—in black and blue ink respectively—but in one process, including the numbering; and the plain sheets are sufficiently large for eight orders. Roughly speaking, each machine produces eighty thousand postal orders in a day. An ingenious arrangement automatically registers the number printed up to any minute; while a further machine slices up the printed sheets into the separate postal orders.

The paper used for the orders is almost the same as that for bank notes, except that it is machine-made; fine linen rags being also used, while the same method of water-marking is adopted. Notes for the Government of India, dividend warrants, and also the ordinary printing and even bookbinding for the various departments of the Bank, are also conducted here.

A bank note is never issued twice. You may receive one at the counter, pay it at once in discharge of a debt, and your creditor may cash it for gold within five minutes; but the note is forthwith passed to the cancellation office, where the signature is cut off. Then it is registered, and is sent down to be stored in the vaults. Here it will remain with many millions of other notes for five years, when they will be burned. They are kept to assist in detecting fraud.

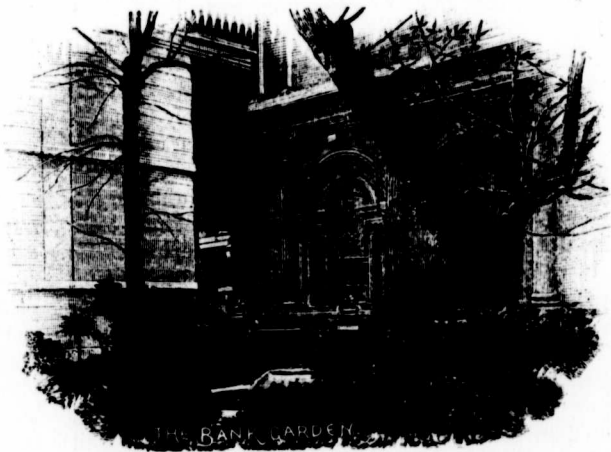
Detectives may desire to inspect notes, hoping to discover some which have been stolen. The directors of the Bank of England take up such a dignified stand with regard to their notes, that they will cash any of them, no matter how defaced, or even if lost or destroyed, so long as reliable evidence as to their genuineness is forthcoming. That is all they require. In fact, the national trust, and we might almost say the international trust in Bank of England notes, has risen so high that they are regarded as equal to gold.

Another reason for this implicit confidence is doubtless the fact that the whole issue is known to be practically secured. The law requires the Bank to issue a weekly statement. Supposing that statement shows the total value of notes in circulation to be fifty millions, of that sum nearly seventeen millions is guaranteed by Government securities, and the remainder by gold coin and bullion actually in the vaults of the Bank. When bars of gold are brought to the Bank, the officials pay for them in notes at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. This is three-halfpence per ounce less than the market price, but it would not pay

the owner of the bars to wait while the Mint coined the gold at the slightly enhanced price. Therefore the arrangement, so convenient for all parties, produces a substantial profit for the Bank.

There are, roughly speaking, three other departments of this great institution. The production and cancellation of bank notes, and the receipt and issue of coin and bullion concerned with them, belong to the Issue Department. Then there is the National Debt Department, occupied with the issue of Government loans and the payment of dividends on national bonds, and all the securities which it controls. Thirdly, there is the Government Banking Department, which practically fulfils the purpose of a National Treasury; and, fourthly, there is the business of an ordinary bank, though some persons regard this department as a subdivision of the third.

Thus the establishment fulfils the functions of a truly National Bank, and a guard of soldiers marches nightly



from Wellington Barracks to keep watch and ward over it; yet the proprietors' capital, amounting to about fourteen and a half millions, is privately held, and can be bought and sold like other stock. The management is vested in a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors, elected by holders of £500 stock. But its relations with the British Government are so intimate that it presents an excellent example of that private enterprise mingled with public functions of which we in England seem so fond; while the numerous and important duties which it discharges, the implicit faith felt in it, and the immense influence it wields, place it not only at the head of our English banks, but render it the greatest and most important bank in the whole world.

THE HISTORIAN'S TRIBUTE.—Of all human writings, those which perhaps have produced the deepest effect on the history of the world have been St. Paul's Epistles.—J. A. FROUDE.

THE LIFE OF HOLINESS.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON DIGGLE, M.A.,

Author of "The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," etc.

THE Life of Holiness is the life which practises purity and aims at perfection. And like every other form of life, the Life of Holiness proceeds from a living source other than itself. God alone is Self-Existent. All other life owes its being to some prior life. Life cannot originate itself: it cannot spring from not-life. It must flow from some living fountain, or spring from some living root, or grow from some living seed. It is so with the Life of Holiness. It is neither self-existent nor self-begotten. Its fountain is in the living well of God's Holy Fatherhood; its root is in the Living Vine; its seed is from God the Holy Ghost.

The Life of Holiness, too, obeys the great creational law, from which, indeed, no manner of life can possibly be exempt—it is according to its kind.* In the beginning God created all things after their kind—trees after their kind, birds after their kind, creeping things after their kind, fishes after their kind, beasts after their kind. Birds cannot be hatched from trees, nor fishes from birds. Everything in the earth comes into being and lives according to its kind. It grows from its own proper seed, and brings forth its own proper fruit. Every life has seed in itself; its own seed after its own kind. Not only is all seed the fruit of some former life, but the fruit of every life is of the same kind as its seed. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. You must have vines to grow grapes, and fig-trees for figs. From thistles nothing but thistles can come, from thorns nothing but thorns.

All spiritual life, no less surely than all physical life, obeys this great creational law. In the spiritual universe every fruit has its own proper seed, and every seed its own especial fruit. In the spiritual, as in the natural, harvest, men reap what they sow. The fruits of the Spirit cannot be reaped from the seeds of the flesh. Holiness cannot be born from unholiness. The Life of Holiness can only spring from Holy seed; and the seed of all Holiness is not in the natural man, but in the All-Holy God.

Sometimes the birth unto Holiness is called justification, and its development and growth are called sanctification. But whatever terms we use to designate and to distinguish the Holy birth and the Holy growth, the fundamental fact to remember is, that both the birth and the growth alike depend on God

* Genesis i. 11, 12.

the Holy Ghost. It is from Him that Holiness derives its being; it is in Him and by Him alone that it can continue to exist. He is the essential origin and the necessary environment of all Holiness. Without His vivifying power Holiness cannot begin to be in us; without His sustaining power it cannot develop in strength and beauty and ripeness. It is of no use whatever men attempting to create Holiness in themselves, or to grow in Holiness apart from God. As well might the unborn, non-existent child attempt to make a being for itself without the instrumentality of parents, or the tree to bring itself into being without seed. Let us, therefore, settle it in our minds that, until we are born again from above by water and the Holy Ghost, the Life of Holiness cannot begin in us. "Ye *must*," said our Blessed Lord, "be born again."†

Sometimes the beginnings of the Holy life are conscious and vivid. We often meet persons who can remember—yea, they can never forget—the exact place and hour of the first revelation of the Lord Jesus to their quickened spirit. It was thus, we know, with Saul of Tarsus. He remembered distinctly, years after the event, both the hour and the spot at which the great light from Heaven shone round about him, and he heard for the first time the appealing Voice of the ascended, yet still persecuted Jesus. It was nigh unto Damascus, he tells us, and about noon.‡ So likewise has it happened to great numbers of the saints: their birth unto Holiness has had a conscious, clear, distinct beginning. They have been able to recall and narrate its whence, and where, and when. Yet it is not always so; perhaps not even generally. Our Lord Himself compares the Holy birth to the blowing of the wind. "We know not whence it cometh nor whither it goeth"; so, He says, is every one that is born of the Spirit. The wind often begins to blow very gradually; its first waftings are almost imperceptible. So gentle are they that we can hardly tell from which quarter of the heavens they come, or to which they go. Similarly with the first breathings of the Holy Ghost into human spirits. Multitudes of God's Holy ones have been entirely unable to tell when the first faint pulse of the inner life began to beat, when the first unfolding of the seed began beneath the soil, when the first slow rising of the dawn began to appear in the darkness. Like as in the mental life countless hosts of children cannot clearly remember their earliest thought, so in the Life of Holiness the beginnings of the life are often but dimly discernible. Even St. Paul himself, though he vividly remembered his Damascus call, dates back his first real separation unto Holiness to the period of unconscious life in his mother's womb.§

But whether the Life of Holiness, in any particular instance, has a conscious or unconscious beginning, there is no doubt that in all instances, without exception, it must have a spiritual beginning—a be-

† John iii. 1-12.

‡ Acts xxii. 6.

§ Gal. i. 15.

ginning wholly distinct from that of the natural and physical life. All Holy persons are twice-born. First, they are born in the natural way of all mankind; secondly, they are born again in a spiritual manner, with water and the Holy Ghost. The Holy life comes direct from God; in its origin, therefore, it is entirely unconditioned by matter. Nothing appertaining to it is material or physical. It is an absolutely spiritual life. It does not grow old with years; yea, as the body decays, the Holy life seems increasingly to develop. The nearer we approach to physical death, the more quick and powerful does the Life of Holiness become in us. Coming direct from God, and being wholly spiritual in its nature, the Life of Holiness does not die with our death. On the contrary, it often grows more lively in the prospect of death; and this very liveliness, in the hour of physical dissolution, is a kind of intimation of its immortality.

(To be continued.)

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.



HUMILITY is generally associated with this flower. The Lily of the Valley belongs to the natural order *Liliacea*. It is a native of Europe, Asia, and America, and is largely and deservedly cultivated. It is a general favourite for its exquisite beauty and its sweet and delicious perfume. In the Song of Solomon it is put in contrast with the Rose of Sharon, as a type of the Lord Jesus Christ in His humility, and is often alluded to in poetic literature. One thus writes:

“To the curious eye
A little monitor presents her page
Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,
The lily of the vale. She ne'er affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun;
She to no state or dignity aspires,
But, silent and alone, puts on her suit,
And sheds a lasting perfume, but for which
We had not known there was a thing so sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade.”

The position most favourable for the growth of the plant is along a shady wall or under trees. Plant the roots from two to three inches apart in a sandy loam, and in dry weather they should be well watered. Re-plant in four or five years. One of the prettiest for pot culture is the striped-leaved variety. Pot in leaf mould, silver sand, rotted manure, and loam. These need not be disturbed until they have filled the pots.

M. BUCHANAN.

BURIED TRUTH.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Late Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.

HOW is the meaning of the name Jeshurun (Deut. xxxii., xxxiii., etc.) illustrated by what is said of other names of the same people in two or more of the Psalms and in certain verses of St. John, Rom. ii. and ix., Gal. vi., Rev. iii.?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

- 55. **WHO** tried in vain to comfort one whose sorrow they had caused?
- 56. When did a king accuse a prophet of a disaster for which he was himself responsible?
- 57. Who remained with St. Paul during his last captivity at Rome?
- 58. What does our Lord say of those who walk by faith and not by sight?
- 59. What money could not be cast into the treasury?
- 60. Who was asked to bring St. Paul the goods that he had left behind at Troas?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXVIII.—SQUARE WORD.

- 1. A light beverage. 2. An inspiration. 3. A holy season. 4. A girl's name.

XXIX.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Two ancient towns often coupled together,
In name they are akin to each other,
To the first the Romans gave its name,
While the second's a town of episcopal fame.

XXX.—ENIGMA.

- 1. I am a word of two meanings: (1) I am an ancient city;
- (2) I describe what gypsies do.

WISE WORDS.—A long experience impresses me with the belief that selfishness does not grow in intensity as we move downwards in society from class to class. There will always be scandals to make us humble, and faults and wants crying aloud to make us diligent.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

THACKERAY AND LUXURY.—One day the great writer Thackeray was visiting the studio of Baron Marochetti, when the host took down a small engraving from the wall, and presented it to him. The subject was "Saint George and the Dragon." Thackeray inspected it with great delight for a few minutes, until suddenly, becoming grave, he turned to one of his friends, and said: "I shall hang it near the head of my bed, where I can see it every morning. We all have our dragons to fight. Do you know yours? I know mine. I have not one, but two." "What are they?" "Indolence and luxury." "I could not help smiling," says his friend, as I thought of the prodigious amount of literary labour he had performed, and at the same time remembered the simple comfort of his dwelling next door." "I am serious," Thackeray continued. "I never take up the pen without an effort; I work only from necessity. I never walk out without seeing some pretty, useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I'm safe. Then comes the day of weakness, and I yield. I shall look at this picture, and think of my dragons, though I never expect to overcome them."

AN ANCIENT SUSSEX VILLAGE.

BY THE REV. E. E. CRAKE, M.A., F.R. HIST. SOC.,

Rector of Jevington.

MANY an ancient legend and world-forgotten custom linger in the old Sussex villages. There is an air of deserted quietude about them, as if the busy world around had gone on its bustling way and had forgotten them. Teams of majestic black or russet oxen with huge curved horns draw the plough through the furrows; the shepherds still carry the crook, which surely was the first type of the Bishop's pastoral staff; and here and there one meets a labourer in the clean white smock which is the survivor of the old British garb. Quaint words and expressions linger on the lips of the rustic, which have come down from the misty ages, and would be unintelligible to the modern Board School instructed youth from the "Shires." "I'll come when I have done my dussick," said a genuine Sussex man to me, meaning his *day's work*. - Warm-hearted, kindly people are they, but slow to move. "We may be led," say they, "but we wunt be druv."

The village I am going to talk about lies off the beaten track, and though the artist has long since found it out and made it his especial camping-ground, the outside world has long let it severely alone. Very beautiful is it for situation, lying in a gap between two great ranges of downs, with a view to the north across green fields and marshes, till the weald terminates in the rising ground about Heathfield and Battle. The little river Cuckmere glides through it, falling into the sea through Exceit (surely a corruption of *Exceat*), into Cuckmere Haven, and is still navigable, though the busy scene which the quay once presented, when Alfriston was a thriving place of business, possessing breweries, laundries, and a glove manufactory, has become a vision of the past. Older than the Domesday book, Alfriston figures in it under the name of Alvriceston, held by one Alvrice under the great Earl Godwin. Some have supposed that Alfred the Great founded the place, but the name is evidently derived from the fact that it was the "tun" (enclosure or settlement) of the said Alvrice. It possesses one main street, called, as usual, the High Street, and a West Street, Star Lane, and a street known by the curious title of "Down the bricks." Besides these it boasts a Square, in which stands a market cross, now consisting only of an upright pillar of stone. Once it was surrounded by ancient steps, at which many a band of pilgrims had knelt as they made their way to the shrine of the good St. Richard of Chichester; but they have long since been removed, on the plea that "they impeded the traffic," or, as another tale has it, to be utilised as door-steps and for draining purposes by the villagers! Close by this cross is the famous inn, the "Star," which dates from 1520, though an aged Alfristonian did not hesitate to tell me that it was

"nine hunderd years old!" It is a lovely old house, rich in its fine timber-work and curious carvings in dark wood. The steep roof overhangs a yellow-washed front, which is relieved by the quaint projecting windows, lit by diamond-shaped panes of glass. On one side of the door there is a carving of St. George and the Dragon, while the other is guarded by St. Julian, the Patron Saint of travellers. St. Giles the Hermit, with a hind at his feet, is represented on a bracket hard by, and under the centre window is a carving of two serpents with tails entwined. Another device, of a bear and a lion climbing a staff, is said to be the effigy of the Dudley family, who owned much property hereabouts in the time of Henry VIII.

Inside, the old hostelry is full of interest: huge fireplaces with ingle-nooks, a kitchen mantelpiece, finely carved, and over the fireplace a turnspit, originally worked by a dog. Legend says that Charles II. rested one night in this inn whilst escaping to France.

But the chief glory of Alfriston is its Church, dedicated to St. Andrew, and popularly known as the "Cathedral of the South Downs." There must have been a Church here ages before the present building was erected, occupying the same spot, for the Church of to-day dates only from the fourteenth century. It stands close to a little meadow called the Tyghe; and there is a curious legend about its foundation, to the effect that this was first laid in a field on the other side of the village, called Savyne Croft, but always at night removed by some unseen power to the Tyghe. The end of the contest was that "a certain wise man," passing through the Tyghe one morning, saw "four oxen lying asleep, rump to rump, in the form of a cross," and thus the site and the cruciform plan of the building was decided.

The Church is a noble one — 132 ft. long, and 70 ft. wide. Its style is Late Decorated and Perpendicular. Its glorious east-end window is one of the finest in the county. In the Chancel there are three sedilia and the remains of an Easter sepulchre. There is a piscina on the south side of the Chancel, others on the east side of each transept. There is a peal of six bells, one of which bears the curious inscription in Saxon capitals:

"*WOF AUGUSTINJ SONHT 3R HURO DES.*"

Oddly enough, the first word is spelt with a letter not known in the Latin alphabet.

There was a pathetic custom at Alfriston that when a young unmarried woman died, a white wreath was placed on her coffin, and was afterwards hung up in the Church. Two or three of these virgin garlands were to be seen not long ago, but the practice is discontinued. Other curious sepulchre rites remain, but our space forbids our dwelling on them.

On the west site of the Church stands a most interesting relic of mediæval days—an old clergy-house, as old as the Church itself. The building consists of



I can hardly close my paper without a passing reference to the abundant flora of the neighbourhood. It is a perfect paradise for the lover of flowers. In June and July the downs are a veritable carpet of flowers—the yellow hawkweed, the delicate mauve scabious, the graceful *spirea filipendula*, with its pink-tinged buds, the purple gentian and rampion, and the less conspicuous, though equally beautiful, euphrasia or eye-bright. Beneath the shelter of the gorse-bushes flourish the rock cistus, the tormentil, and everywhere we see patches of purple thyme. Down in the meadows and hedge-rows is the same wealth of blossom displayed, though of a different kind.



The lovely dog-rose and the honey-suckle mingle with the privet, blackberry-blossom, and blue vetch in the higher hedges, and beneath them flourish the knap-weeds and ragworts. Out in the fields, among the green corn, is a medley of gorgeous



a central hall, 23 ft. by 17 ft., the height up to the roof, which is of fine timber, with large cambered lie-beams and moulded king-posts. This was the reception and general living-room, with an immense fire-place, and lighted by one large window. It might have accommodated three or four priests living together as a community. It was rapidly falling to ruins, but, by the energy of the late Vicar, it has been carefully restored, and is now in charge of the "National Trust for Places of Historic Interest."




colours—scarlet poppies, blue corn-flowers, white marguerites, and yellow, charlock—to delight the eye of the artist, though it often brings sorrow to the heart of the farmer.

The illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

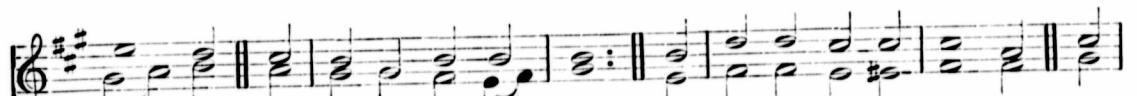
Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

Words by J. MONTGOMERY.


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



1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son! Hail in the time ap -
2. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth, And joy and hope, like



- point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion; To
flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth: Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall



set the cap - tive free, To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty. A - men.
peace, the her - ald, go; From hill to vale the foun - tains Of righteous - ness o'er - flow.

3. Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

4. O'er every foe victorious,
He on His Throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love. Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"Lift up Your Hearts!"

The Work in China.

DO not judge of the success or failure of missions by the number of converts, or by the size of the Church. Simply judge by the spiritual power of the Church, and by the success of those institutions which are established, whether in parochial work or in the schools and colleges for the better training and the building up of the native Christians themselves. One of the great needs of the Church in India in the future will be the need of freedom and independence. We require in India freedom to develop, and freedom for an Oriental Church to develop upon Oriental lines. And, above all, be hopeful and trustful. The one unpardonable sin in missionary work is to lose heart. After all, the work is the work of Christ, and He will bring it to a successful issue in His own time and in His own way."—BISHOP WHITEHEAD (Madras).

THE Rev. Henry J. Brown, writes:—
"Looking at our work as a whole, there is much cause for encouragement. The number of baptisms during the year is small, but the older Christians have had better opportunities of systematic instruction, and I am now more satisfied with the condition of the Church than I was a year ago. Still, there is much to be done. When China wakes from her long sleep, and shakes off her natural antipathy to foreigners, the tables will be turned, and there will be a rush for the Church. Buddhism and Taoism have, to a very large extent, lost their hold on the minds of these Northern Chinese, and when the present antiquated form of Government ceases to be, the religious systems of China will, for the most part, go with it."

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

The incumbent went to Brantford for Sunday, Sept. 2nd, to assist the Rev. J. Bushell, the Rector of Grace Church parish, the Rev. G. C. McKenzie, being absent on his vacation. He officiated at St. James Mission Church in the morning, and at Grace Church in the evening, and preached at St. John's, West Brantford, in the afternoon.

On Sunday, 9th, the Rev. P. L. Spencer officiated at Port Maitland and South Cayuga, having remained over from deanery meeting on the 7th. Mr. Francis was at Jarvis and Hagersville.

On Sunday, 16th, the Rev. P. W. Smith, who was spending a few days at "The Elms" preached at the morning service in St. John's Church.

On Sunday, 23rd, at the request of the Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore, the incumbent preached at the harvest thanksgiving services in St. John's, York.

Mr. Genet, Lay Reader, Brantford, and Mr. Lancefield, of Hamilton, took the services on the 2nd and 23rd respectively.

BURIAL.

At St. John's Church and churchyard on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, John Stephens, in his 90th year.

The autumn meeting of the clergy of the Deanery of Haldimand was held in this parish on the 7th and in connection therewith the annual harvest thanksgiving services of the parish were held on the previous day.

St. John's Church was as usual tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Holy Communion was administered at 10.30 a. m., and the evening service was at 8 o'clock. Two clergy of the Deanery, Revs. Rural Dean Scudamore and P. L. Spencer were, very kindly, the preachers. The offerings—as customary, for the parsonage fund—amounted to \$10.56. The Rev. T. Motherwell was also present and assisted at both services. The Deanery meeting is reported in another column.

The W. A. has resumed work for the winter. Meetings being held during September at Mrs. J. Blott's, Mrs. Lyons', Miss E. Docker's and Miss A. Docker's.

DEANERY MEETING.

The autumn meeting of the Deanery was held at the home of Mrs. Docker, "The Elms," Lake Shore, on Friday, Sept. 7th. The morning session was spent in discussing and arranging several matters. It was decided to hold the next meeting in Dunnville, on Dec. 5th, a special service being held in St. Paul's church on the evening of the 4th, at which addresses would be given on "The Coming of Christ Pre-Millennial," by the Rev. P. L. Spencer, and "The Church's Preparation for the Coming of Christ," by the Rev. W. Bevan.

It was agreed to ask the Rev. F. W. Kennedy, lately returned from Japan, to visit and give addresses in the several parishes of the Deanery.

An important subject was brought forward by the Rev. P. L. Spencer, viz: That this Deanery should invite the other Deaneries of the Diocese to co-operate in an endeavor, through the Diocesan Synod, to have the General and Provincial Synods authorize the use at the Lectern of the Revised Version of the Bible. A motion to this effect was carried and the secretary will communicate it to the several Rural Deans of the Diocese. It was arranged that the Rev. A. W. H. Francis should take the editorial management of the Deanery Magazine next year.

In the afternoon the Rev. A. W. H. Francis gave an epitome of the "Life of Bishop How," touching upon the points in the Book that were likely to be of most interest to the clergy. This was followed by the study of a portion of the New Testament in Greek, and of the Prayer Book. The meeting adjourned at 6 o'clock, the Rural Dean pronouncing the benediction. The four clergy present were agreed that the time had been pleasantly and profitably spent.