

JARVIS, ONT.

Tom Blott

VOL. III.



December, 1902.



NO. 12.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARVIS

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

JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

Probably this number will be the last issue of the Deanery Magazine. The editor finds that the revenue has not quite equalled the expenditure, and regrets that there has been a lack of interest in one or two parishes. He is, however, pleased to know that many subscribers have expressed themselves delighted and benefited by the contents of the periodical. He has reason to believe that the historical sketches are worthy of preservation, and would recommend that each parish place a copy of its own history in safe keeping, inserting it in its vestry book. The engravings also are of permanent value. Subscribers are strongly recommended to take a weekly church newspaper. The clergy will be pleased to cooperate with them in obtaining this benefit.

* *

Answers to the following Bible puzzles* have been received from Miss Hettie E. Ward:—Sept., II, III, IV, V; Oct., I in part, II in part, III, IV in part, V.

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A few complete sets of the numbers of the Magazine for 1901 and one or two sets for 1902 are obtainable. price 25 cents per set.

* *

The editor's map of the diocese meets with a welcome generally. There have already been sold 168 copies. Many kind expressions regarding it have been received, and the Hagersville News last week favorably commented on the valuable information it contains.

* *

The editor wishes all readers a very joyful Christmas and a prosperous and happy New Year.

NANTICOKE.

The Women's Auxiliary have raised by subscription about \$35.00 for the purpose of building a new fence about the Cemetery. This was a much needed piece of repairing, and the Women's Auxiliary deserve a great deal of praise for undertaking it.

A canvass for the Deanery Magazine for the coming year has resulted in adding twenty-two names to our list of subscribers, making thirty-four in all. The young ladies who so kindly undertook this work were Miss Effie Evans, Miss Leda Thompson, Miss Amy Low, Miss Lily Ward, and Miss Lucy Ross.

The Sunday School will hold its annual entertainment and Christmas tree on the evening of Monday, Dec. 29th. In connection with this there will (D. V.) be a special service for the S. S. children on the morning of Innocent day, Sunday, 28th.

BAPTISM—On Nov. 14th, James and Julia Ann, infant children of William and Julia Bartlett, Cheapside.

BIRTH—On Wednesday, Nov. 5th, the wife of the Rev. T. H. Cotton, of a son.

DEATH—On Sunday, Nov. 23rd, George Agar aged 83 years. The remains were interred in Christ Church Cemetery, Nanticoke.

On Sunday, Nov. 16, James Bartlett, infant son of William and Julia Bartlett, Cheapside.

JARVIS

On Wednesday, Nov. 12th, there were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. William Sidney Smithson and Miss Annie Jane Waters, the ceremony being performed in St. Paul's Church. The congregation was sufficient to fill the building. The choir attended and musically assisted. The service was deeply impressive. The incumbent commended the bride and bridegroom for their courage and earnestness in having thus publicly sought the Church's ministration and God's blessing.

On Nov. 13th, there took place the baptism of Kathleen Marguerite, infant daughter of William E. and Luella Morrow; sponsors, Walter and Kathleen Elmore.

On Nov. 30th, the offerings for the D. S. fund, ac., amounted to \$5.30. The amount thus far sent to the Synod office on account of Apportionment is \$16.30.

Special attention should be given to the Advent Services both Sunday and work-day. The Bishop has earnestly requested this. Christmas will, D. V., be right joyfully celebrated. The Holy Communion will be administered at 8 a. m. and 11 a. m. Special music, now in preparation, will make the service extremely bright. The incumbent lovingly invites all parishioners enjoying health and strength to "come up to the house of the Lord" on that great festival, and entreats all who have been confirmed to "wait upon the Lord" in the holiest and most blessed mystery of His Church.

"Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The Xmas S. S. festival has been appointed for Monday, Dec. 29th. Great and careful preparation is being made, and we may expect a very pleasing and instructive entertainment. Entrance will be "without money and without price"; but every person will be allowed to give an offering, the amount being proportional to his appreciation of S. S. work and the benefit received from the occasion.

Excellent meetings of the Ladies' Guild and of the W. W. continue to be held. The Junior Auxiliary also is doing a good work.

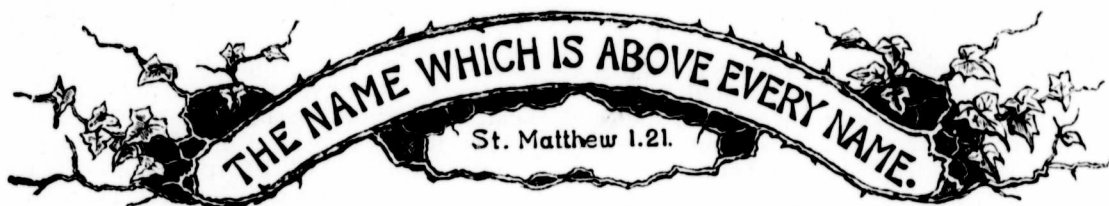
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BRINGING IN THE HOLLY.

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

Engraved by C. LYDON.



THE NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME.

St. Matthew 1.21.

BY THE REV. CANON DUNDAS, M.A., *Vicar of Charminster (late Dean of Hobart).*

WHAT'S in a name?" is sometimes said. There may be nothing in it, or there may be everything. If the name be a mere "tag" or label, anything will serve the purpose. But a true name is much more than this. It is descriptive of the essential nature of that to which it belongs. And of this kind of name the name of Jesus is the most perfect example. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." His name is no unmeaning label. On the contrary, it answers to His special characteristic, His most distinctive quality. His title of "Jesus" or "Saviour" exactly describes Jesus Christ. It tells us in a word the essence of His character; it sums up the effect of His presence, it shews the nature of His work, and that work is a "saving" work, because the "virtue" which goes forth from Him is a saving force, and the result of His presence is salvation.

There are many forces in the world which are destructive forces. Their tendency is to cause degeneration and decay. Where they are allowed to operate deterioration is the result. Men's characters are affected for the worse. Those in whom they work do not go "about doing good," but doing harm. Where they come they come, not to save, but to destroy.

But the entire opposite follows upon the coming of Jesus, for He comes, "not to destroy, but to save." And this property is peculiar to Him. It belongs to no one else. The saving force was introduced into the world by Him. It came through Jesus Christ. It came when He came. Christmas was at once the birthday of Jesus, and the date of the appearance of this saving force.

That this is so, is brought out more clearly in the rendering of the Revised Version. Not only "He shall save," but "*It is He* that shall save." The world has long needed such a Saviour. And He has come—this is He. They must not "look for any other." Men have hoped and prayed for some one to help them to overcome the forces of evil, and He it is that will do all that they desire. Others of whom we have heard much, and from whom we have expected great things, may not have come up to our expectations. We may have been disappointed in them. The reality does not quite correspond with what our antici-

tion had pictured. But Jesus proves to be *all* that, and more than, we desired. That which the Queen of Sheba said of Solomon—"The half was not told me"—is truer far of Him who is a "greater than Solomon." The mistake men make in His case is not in expecting too much, but in not expecting enough, in framing their hopes on too low a scale. The better they know Him, the greater they discover to be His wisdom, the stronger His power, and the more unfailing His love. *No one was ever disappointed in Jesus.*

But the words "it is He" convey a further meaning. It is He Himself, *i.e.*, of and by Himself, *in* His own person, and by the force of His own personality. That is to say, being *what* He is, and just *because* He is what He is, He produces of necessity this saving result. It is the natural outcome of His being, the inevitable issue of His personal influence. The Gospel often speaks of the "touch" of Jesus, which really means the exercise of this personal influence, *i.e.*, the "inflowing" of His inner being, or "spirit."

For it is in the communication of the life and character of Jesus that the "saving" process actually consists—"He shall save His people *from their sins.*" Man's life and character is full of defects, covered with moral disfigurements. But as the spirit of Christ flows in, and builds up the "Christian" character, these defects of the "old manhood" are filled in, and its moral blots are removed. They are not merely *overlooked* or excused. They are got rid of. For to "save" means much more than to "pardon." Pardon is but the beginning of the saving process. "Salvation" is a much richer and more precious gift than that. It involves "making whole." When Jesus said to the blind man at Jericho, "Thy faith hath saved thee," He did not mean that his bodily infirmity was passed over and ignored. He meant that it was taken away. And when He saves men spiritually, a like healing and health-giving process takes place. It is not *in* their sins, nor in spite of their sins, that He was to save them, but "*from*" their sins. When He saves He does not leave us in our disorder and corruption, nor yet in a state of arrested development. He restores us to moral health and soundness. He makes us spiritually "whole."

He cures the diseases of our souls, and furthers our growth towards maturity and fulness of spiritual strength, until our "spirit, soul and body are found entire and without blame"—free from flaw, and failure, and fault.

It is this that gives its great value to the religion of Jesus—*viz.*, that it is a "power to save." And that religion is the "one religion" for the whole world of men, because this power is found no where else. It is a power, too, which is never exhausted and never at fault. It is able to save *all* men from *all* sins at *all* times. But its possession of this power depends upon the personal presence of Jesus—a presence which (thank God!) He has promised to His Church "all the days unto the end of the world." Christmas, therefore, is a universal festival.

The birth of Jesus into the ranks of men was the bringing in of the hope of better things. It was the planting of a germ which was intended to spread over the whole surface of humanity, no matter what may be the nature of the particular soil or climate. It was the infusion into man's being of a vital force, which has the

power to throw off from its system all false humours. Wherever that force is given a fair field, whether the race be white or black, red or yellow, it draws forth all the best qualities of human nature. "Christian" manhood is the only genuine manhood. The life of the Christian is the true life of man.

Jesus Christ, then, has a perfect right to His "Name." He is "Jesus," a saving presence, to all who "receive Him." But have we an equal right to our name of "Christians"? Only if there is about us something of the same saving influence, the influence of "Christ in us."

He was "the Christ," the "anointed" Prophet, Priest and King in one, because in all these capacities He is a saving power to men. The truth He taught, the sacrifice He offered, the rule He exercises, each and all have a saving force. Their aim is man's perfection. Their function is to "save," to instil saving principles, to make saving atonement, to supply saving governance—in short, to make man "whole," and so to bring him to his true end, "eternal life."

Hark! Hark! What News.

Words from
An Old Magazine.

Music by THE REV. GEOFFREY C. E. RYLEY, M.A., Mus. Bac.
Minor Canon in Canterbury Cathedral.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 120. The first system of music includes the lyrics: "f 1. Hark! hark! what news the an-gels bring, Glad ti-dings of a new-born King;.....". The second system includes the lyrics: "Born of a maid, a vir-gin pure,..... Born with-out sin, from guilt se-cure." The score consists of two systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

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|--|---|
| <p>2. Hail, mighty Prince, Eternal King!
Let Heaven and earth rejoice and sing;
Angels and men, with one accord,
Break forth in songs to praise the Lord.</p> <p>3. <i>m</i>/ Behold! He comes, and leaves the skies;
<i>f</i> Aw ke, ye slumbering mortals, rise!
Awake to joy and hail the morn,
The Saviour of the world is born.</p> | <p>4. <i>p</i> With endless love, He comes to dwell
On earth, to save mankind from hell;
<i>f</i> In chorus, then, with joy and mirth,
We'll celebrate our Saviour's birth.</p> <p>5. Echo shall waft the strain around,
Till listening angels hear the sound;
<i>ff</i> And all the heavenly host above
<i>rall</i> Shall join to sing redeeming love.</p> |
|--|---|

MACK THE MISER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Rector of St. John's, Limerick.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

DICK PAYS ONE OF HIS DEBTS.



THE sound came from a room that Bertha had never entered, but which she knew to be Mack's bedroom.

For an instant terror deprived her of the power to move; and when that weakness of the flesh was overcome, a weakness of the spirit took its place. What should she find in that cham-

ber? What? Oh, she must procure help: she could not face the sight alone.

With averted face and unsteady steps, Bertha was groping to the landing—away from the thing she feared, when the dumb cry was repeated. Strange was the effect. The girl's tremors fell from her like a loose garment. All consciousness of self dropped away. She was aware of nothing but a great emergency—a great need that called for help at her hands.

Steadily and quietly, with something of the manner of a trained nurse when she takes possession of her case, Bertha pushed open the door and entered the room.

She entered the room and met the eyes of Mack. From the first second they held her, absorbed her, received her into a solemn hospitality. She was lost in their pain, their patience, their pity.

Yes, their pity. Bertha recognised that feeling as clearly as the others; indeed, more clearly. The pain seemed only an accidental thing—a mere expression of the flesh; the patience was deeper than that: yet she had seen dogs suffer with the same meek fortitude. But the pity—so deep, so sorrowful, so selfless—was something that she had never seen. It was more divine than human. It seemed to receive her pity as the sea receives a river. In some wonderful manner Bertha was made to feel that she, not he, needed help and upholding.

And now Bertha began to observe other things. Mack was lying almost at full length. His head and shoulders, however, were raised upon the seat of a very low wicker chair. His position gave her the idea that he had sunk slowly down till arrested by the chair.

Bertha fell on her knees beside him.

"Are you very much hurt, dear?" she asked. "Oh, how did it happen?"

To the first question Mack answered with a smile whose gentleness cut very deep. To the second question he made no answer. He only looked at her while the pity in his face grew more and more. Then a kind of fear came over him. He dropped his eyes and tried to turn his head away. The sense of awe at Bertha's heart became more chill.

"Will you not speak to me?" she said. "You know me, do you not?—your poor Bertha."

She was holding one of his hands between her own, and, as she spoke, she bent down and kissed him.

For one second his happiness at that caress seemed to conquer everything. He ceased to be, one would have said, a wounded, perhaps a dying, man. He answered her with his eyes and with a pressure of his hand, but he did not speak.

"Where are you most hurt?" she asked. "Is it your head?"

The chintz of the chair was darkly stained, but there was no great effusion of blood.

Mack nodded.

"You are very weak," she said. "You have hardly strength to speak."

He looked at her for a second, then turned his eyes away. A sudden fear almost stopped the beating of Bertha's heart.

"Oh, do speak," she implored. "Say anything; just one little word. Let me hear your dear voice."

There was a gulping noise; again Mack looked at her, and again he let his eyes drop.

"Say 'Bertha,'" she prayed; "just that one word to comfort me and let me know that you are not—are not——"

The sentence would not be finished, even in her thought, but the chill at her heart turned to sickness.

"Try, dear," she said. "I know that you can. You are dreadfully shaken and upset, but it only wants a little effort."

Mack's hand closed upon hers. Without much actual movement, his whole body seemed to turn away from her. Then there was a sound, not a word, but a sound. The half-human utterance of a dumb man or an idiot. Loosing the hand of Mack, Bertha sank back upon the floor as helpless as himself.

For a few seconds, Bertha believed, she lost consciousness, or became a little delirious, for in that dim space she almost fancied she heard Mack's voice, the old voice, but remote and faint, speaking her name. In a very little while Bertha had mastered herself. This was no time for fainting. She had a little skill in ambulance work; with a pair of scissors that she found she cut away some hair from the wound, at the back of the head, then washed and bandaged the place. She also bound with a cold compress the right wrist, which was swollen and discoloured, and then she raised the suffering man till he could rest more easily upon the pillows.

That done, Bertha became aware of some desire of Mack's. There was an anxious question in his

eyes, that once or twice almost forced a passage through his lips. No articulate sound did, in fact, come, and then Mack began to eke out looks with gesture.

Difficult and hampered as this was, it did at length convey his meaning.

"The box—the birdcage?" Bertha asked. "Do you want to know if that is safe?"

The answer of Mack's eyes was enough without the little shower of eager nods. But when she turned to go into the adjoining room Bertha found that she was doing wrong. "Not there? Is it here? Oh, now I understand."

Against the wall stood an old press, and on the top of this was a hatter's band-box. The precious kernel had been transferred to this

commonplace shell. Certainly it seemed safely hidden. It would be the last thing to invite the attention of the ill-disposed.

Standing on a chair Bertha reached the box down. It was heavy. Its outline squared a little the roundness of the box, for which it seemed somewhat too large. This was all that she had time to observe before she had set it down beside its owner. Again Mack began to point, and, following his indications, Bertha found sealing wax and an ancient seal. Having covered the box in foolscap paper—for her mathematics she kept a little store—Bertha proceeded to seal the package with many seals. Then she placed it within the press, locked it, and gave the key to Mack.

Having thus rendered all the help she could, Bertha left the house to summon Kate.

She herself, having seen her substitute installed, went quickly for the doctor. An hour later Mack was removed to the hospital.

There it was ascertained that the injury, unless unexpected complications should ensue, would not end fatally. There was an incised

wound on the head, deep, but not very deep, with some concussion of the brain. The shock to the system seemed to be the worst part of the business.

Standing apart, when all was done, Bertha heard the doctor speak.

"When a man loses speech like that, ah; he must have got a great shock entirely. I wouldn't wonder if he never got his reason rightly back."

This was said in one of those loud whispers that carry information very far.

To Bertha the doctor had been quite cheerful. That whisper reached her where she stood and slew her hope.

There being no immediate danger of a total



"BERTHA FELL ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIM."

issue, the injured man was not required to make a deposition—such deposition by nods and gestures as is possible to the speechless. On the chance of the aphasia (that was the doctor's name for the dumbness) yielding to treatment (that was their name for feeling his pulse, and asking him how he was), the patient was not to be questioned for some few days.

When, almost worn out with sorrow and anxiety, and something worse than these, a nameless, spreading fear, Bertha entered her room at night, she remembered something. It was Sidney's letter. She had kissed him in the hospital, and been answered that all possible risk was over, and that they would send him home to-morrow. His brave letter must be numbered among her treasures. She opened the drawer and put it tidily away, lighting herself with her candle.

"Dear me," she said to herself, "I'm a little light-headed! I see things, queer things that are not there! That number! I thought I read it, there in the drawer!"

She walked away for a yard or two, with the candle in her hand. The number disappeared.

Bertha returned to the drawer.

Putting her chin close to its opened edge, and holding the candle high, she peered intently in.

There, just where the two sovereigns had been, lay the long row of heads and the haunting number. D 92 = 8797.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEWSBOY IN THE SQUARE.



THE next few days of Bertha's life passed in a nightmare. The faces that came and went were wild and unreal. Time had lost its wonted divisions: the world fell back to its condition before the sun was made; there was neither day nor night; her own actions and speech were spectral; her thoughts mere

staring at something that she could not see.

There were times when that ghastly discovery seemed to have happened in some remote past, in days when she, now so old, was young and even happy. There were times when

it seemed not to have happened at all. There were times when Bertha doubted her own existence—the existence of anything at all.

The truth was the girl stumbled on the verge of brain fever. If she could have spoken to any living soul the burden would have been bearable. But the secret, she felt, was not her own. And even if she had disregarded that feeling, shame would have locked her lips.

Once or twice the thought of telling all to the Rector—of trusting implicitly his wisdom and goodwill—had come to her with a sense of delightful safety and relief.

But she had put the thought away. No, she could share her weight of misery with none. She must stagger on in blindness alone.

Blending with the other blacker fears—a vague pervading disquiet—was the recollection of Mostyn. He had disappeared from the town; Sidney had seen him at the station—haggard and harassed. It was said that he was going to America, where, it seemed, he had wealthy friends. Her bitter words, Bertha feared, would go with him, rankling in his life.

Dick was there, in that wild, incoherent world of her's, at table, in his room, on the stairs, present as of old.

Once only had their eyes met, with question, with secret intelligence. Then Dick's gaze had fallen, and a slight flush had risen to his cheeks.

After that, as far as her strange life had any purpose, Bertha had avoided him. He, too, perhaps, had avoided her. Bertha did not know.

In his behaviour she recognised no deep sense of guilt or shame. He went about much as usual. There was talk of his going to a new post. Later he actually entered upon it—even with hints of a new start and better days in store.

It was that callousness—that inability to understand the mean horror of what he had done—that was worst of all and most hopeless.

That he should have no sharp fear of detection was also strange, but not so strange. Actually, the risk was lessening day by day. The incriminating notes, at least, would never rise against him. One night, in a dream, as she believed, Bertha had crept from her bed, and burned them in her candlestick. By some means or other, the girl felt confident her brother had gained knowledge of that extinction. Perhaps some recognizable ash had been left behind.

In another quarter also the risk had suffered a singular abatement. His loss of speech seeming likely to continue, Mack had been

questioned by a justice of the peace. His examination had thrown not light but darkness on the mystery.

This was the way of it. His answers to the various interrogations had constructed a rough picture of his assailant.

"Was the man short?"—"Yes." "Was he dark?"—"Yes." "Were his eyes blue?"—"No." "Brown?"—"No." "Grey?"—"No." There was a deadlock here till somebody suggested green. "Were his eyes green?"—"No."

At last, with a gesture, Mack asked for a pencil. Then, laboriously, for his hand was still almost disabled, he wrote: "He was a foreign sailor—Dutch or German: he had only one eye."

That was vivid, that was salient; that was a clue. Instantly there arose, in various parts of the globe, enquiries for sailors—Dutch preferred; German or Scandinavian would do, with a low average of eyes. One-eyed men generally had a bad time. Absolute ignorance of nautical matters was only a "fake"; soft hands were another "fake." You must show your other eye or go under lock and key. But always, as it happened, the one-eyed man could prove an alibi.

At length enquiry in that direction was checked by enquiry in another.

It was quite dark at the time of the attack. The room was unlighted. The man carried no lantern. Mack had his back turned to him. How did he come to see so plainly the eye that was not there?

When pressed upon that point, Mack became extremely dense. He seemed to be deaf as well as dumb. No question could penetrate further than the hand that shaded his ear. He shook his head, and looked from face to face with baffled, pathetic eyes.

The police frowned and compressed their lips. One of them winked in humorous appreciation.

Mack was a deep 'un. Had he, for objects unascertained, attacked himself from the rear?

"There was no robbery, mind you," the constable was heard to say: "the notes, he's after telling you himself, was never touched."

Once or twice Bertha had been to sit with Mack. But the ordeal had proved almost more than she could endure. Indeed, it seemed hardly lighter to Mack. Their friendly eyes that had talked so sweetly of old were now estranged. Instinctively they sank upon the floor, avoiding meeting. Their kindly intimate speech was narrowed to formal questions from Bertha, and mechanical nods and shakes from him. Then sometimes, under a mysterious spell, their averted gaze would rise and draw together. At such times, before their eyes could slip away and hide, it seemed to Bertha all the truth was told. His knowledge—her knowledge of his knowledge. So tense and dreadful did the silence become, that

Bertha felt she must either scream aloud or utter the truth with her lips. Thus, when two visits had been paid, she abstained from going to Mack.

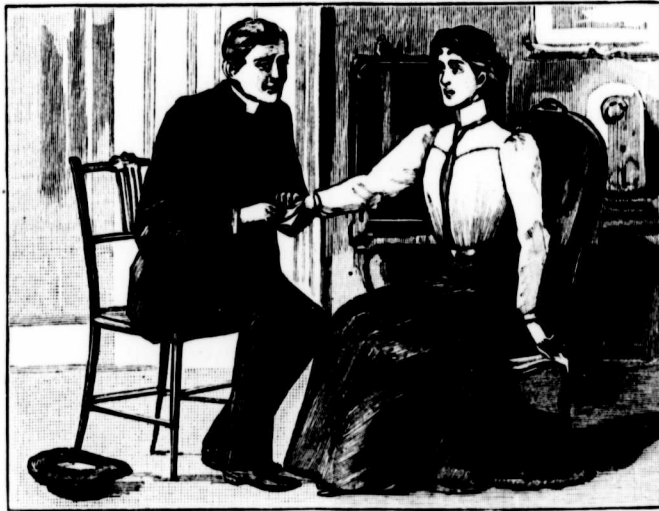
It was about a fortnight after the crime, somewhere midway in August, that Bertha sat at the window with sewing on her lap. There was a knock, and Kate came in. She brought a little tray, hoping to

conquer Bertha's distaste for food by irresistible dainties. There was a plate of pink and buff biscuits, bought with Kate's own money, and a small brown egg.

"'Tis your very own bantam's," said Kate. "And an egg's a nice refreshing thing of a hot afternoon; eat something, Miss Bertha. Try one of the biscuits there. One of the pink ones—'tis almond, they are."

Bertha did eat a biscuit and drink a cup of tea, but not even her close relationship to the bantam's egg could persuade her to enter upon that.

"Couldn't I do nothing, Miss Bertha?" Kate said. "I'm fair heart-scalded at your looks. A puff of wind would make two of you."



"THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WORLD—YOURSELF."

Bertha tried to smile but could not achieve anything, and Kate sighed herself out of the room. What was the matter she did not know, but something was very wrong indeed.

A little after this Bertha became conscious of excitement in the Square. A newsboy was calling out a special edition, a rare event in the calm newspaper life of that town.

"The late murderous attack! Surprising arrest!"

Thus the shrill announcement went through the Square. Several pennies were forthcoming for so delicate a sensation, and the boy hurried on into the old town.

Then, as she sat at the window, Bertha saw eyes lifted to her, and a little crowd gathering. She folded her sewing, and walked to the back of the room. She knew what had happened. There was no need of the confirmation that reached her in a moment: a cry from Kate, followed by a whisper: "Hush! Miss Bertha will hear." No; truth had come to her as the crow flies—Dick had been arrested

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RECTOR COMES AT A GOOD TIME.



ARDLY had this knowledge become established in her brain, when Bertha heard a knock.

The Rector's voice was audible in the hall. Before she could intercept him he was shown in.

She lifted her great dazed eyes, and said nothing. She did not even rise from her place. What could be

said or done? Everything but dull pain was over.

"You have heard," he said. "I hoped I might have been in time. I wanted you to learn it first from my lips. It has been a dreadful shock, I see."

She made no answer, and the look in her eyes seemed incapable of change.

"My poor child," he said. "How you have suffered. All alone, nobody to help you, and I, like a brute, at the sea-side. Well, thank God, I can help you now. It's all rubbish, Bertha. You won't mind my calling you that?

—utter twaddle and idiocy. Dick the assailant! Why don't they say it was I?"

Bertha looked at him now with a stir of something—wonder struggling towards relief.

"You think—he didn't—do it?—but the notes!—Oh, I ought not to have said that. I cannot speak. It's all so hopeless."

Without, in the Square somewhere beyond sight, voices arose in discussion.

"He never done it," one was saying, "a quiet young feller that wouldn't harm anyone at all."

"Then why wouldn't he deny it? Didn't he stand there able to give no account of himself? And the notes—how did he come by them?"

"Ah! then," Bertha dimly thought, "there were more notes besides 'D 92 = 8797.' You see," she said aloud, "it's of no use. It must be he."

"Bertha," he answered, "what will you give me if I prove that it wasn't he? Yes, dear, it's no mistake; come out of your black dream. Wake up, darling, it's all right, it's all safe. Dick was with me—he was with me all that night. We were writing letters together about various posts, and he'd forgotten his latch-key, and I made him up a bed. Look at me and believe."

"I can't believe," she said. "It's too good, too good to be true."

"But when I've proved it, you'll give me what I want? Promise me that, Bertha."

"What is it you want?"

"The sweetest thing in the world, yourself," he answered.

"I think," Bertha said, "it's all a little too much for me."

And therewith she fainted away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MACK'S MYSTERY IS REVEALED.



EXT day Bertha went to Mack.

Dick had been remanded, but already the case against him had broken down. It was known that the Rector was able to prove an irrefragable alibi; the young man's stolid silence was the unaccountable thing. Some believed that he had shared in the spoils of the robbery. There was renewed demand for the short sailor with one eye.

Bertha had been to see Dick, but, at his request, had gone away without an interview.

When she entered the hospital, Mack looked up from the corner where he sat—he was now

permitted to sit up a little—with a keen perceiving eye.

Bertha felt his gaze about the roots of her life. She blushed, a happy blush, and let her eyes fall.

"I ought not to be happy; it's very selfish, I know; but, dear Mr. Mack, I cannot help it. It was so sudden. I'd hardly ever dreamed of it. I didn't even know that I cared for him—Oh, yes, I did; I knew, but I wouldn't know."

The speechless man looked at her with a complicated gaze. There was wonder, and sorrow, and joy and envy, and a strange look that Bertha could not fathom—a look of humour mingled with shame.

There was a movement of his lips, ending in something inarticulate. He motioned for his writing pad: "Who— is he?" Mack wrote: "the man to whom you are engaged? Mostyn?"

"Oh, what do you mean?" Bertha cried. "How could you possibly imagine such a thing? I never cared for him—no," she continued, answering Mack's questioning gaze, "never—never for a moment."

From the invalid's chair came the strangest sound. It was half a cluck, half a chuckle. For a few seconds Mack looked at her. Then he held out his hand and drew her towards him.

"Don't scream," he said, "I'm going to talk."

"Oh!" said Bertha, "You don't mean—it isn't possible! You haven't been pretending all this time?"

"Well," Mack answered, "I'm afraid I have. It seemed the only way. Bertha, I saw you that night on the steps, he was holding your hand."

"Yes, I was trying to pull it away. I was telling him I'd never trust him again. He

never went beyond words. 'Go and do something,' I said."

As she spoke that sense of fear following the first utterance of those words came back upon her now. She realised their pitilessness, their rankling provocation. She saw them strike like a knife. She saw the desperation in the young man's eyes. A swift conjecture rushed through her mind. Looking into the face of Mack she saw her thought confirmed.

"Was it?" she said in a whisper. "Was it—he?"

"Yes," he answered. "He spoke when he struck me. It was Mostyn."

"And you acted speechlessness to screen——"

"The man who loved you: the man whom you loved."

And so this tragedy of error was growing clear. The taunt of Bertha, meant to goad him to good, had driven Mostyn to the crime. Dick had been paid for some old debt with part of the stolen notes, and in staunchness to his former friend had kept a stolid silence. And Mack, under that delusion that had come upon him, had acted dumbness, deceiving Bertha and the doctors.

The next day Dick was discharged from custody, a popular favourite, half a hero. In spite of his silence, certain facts had

come out in connection with the cashing of bank-notes. The result of these discoveries was a warrant for the arrest of Mostyn. But Mostyn was not to be found.

Even at the heart of that new joy that had blossomed so suddenly, and so perfectly, Bertha felt the sting of sharp remorse.

If she had had a little more patience, a little more belief in something good in the faultiest nature; if she had spoken gently instead of bitterly, Mostyn might, perhaps, have been

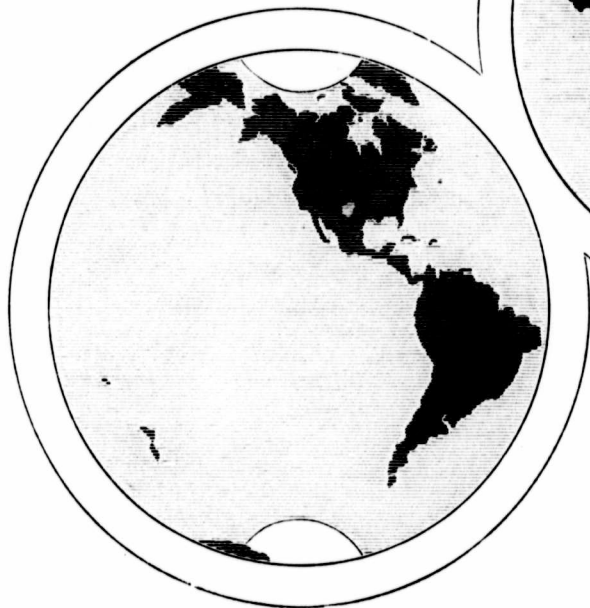


"THANK YOU," SAID MACK, QUIETLY.

The Church Magazine

An Illustrated Magazine

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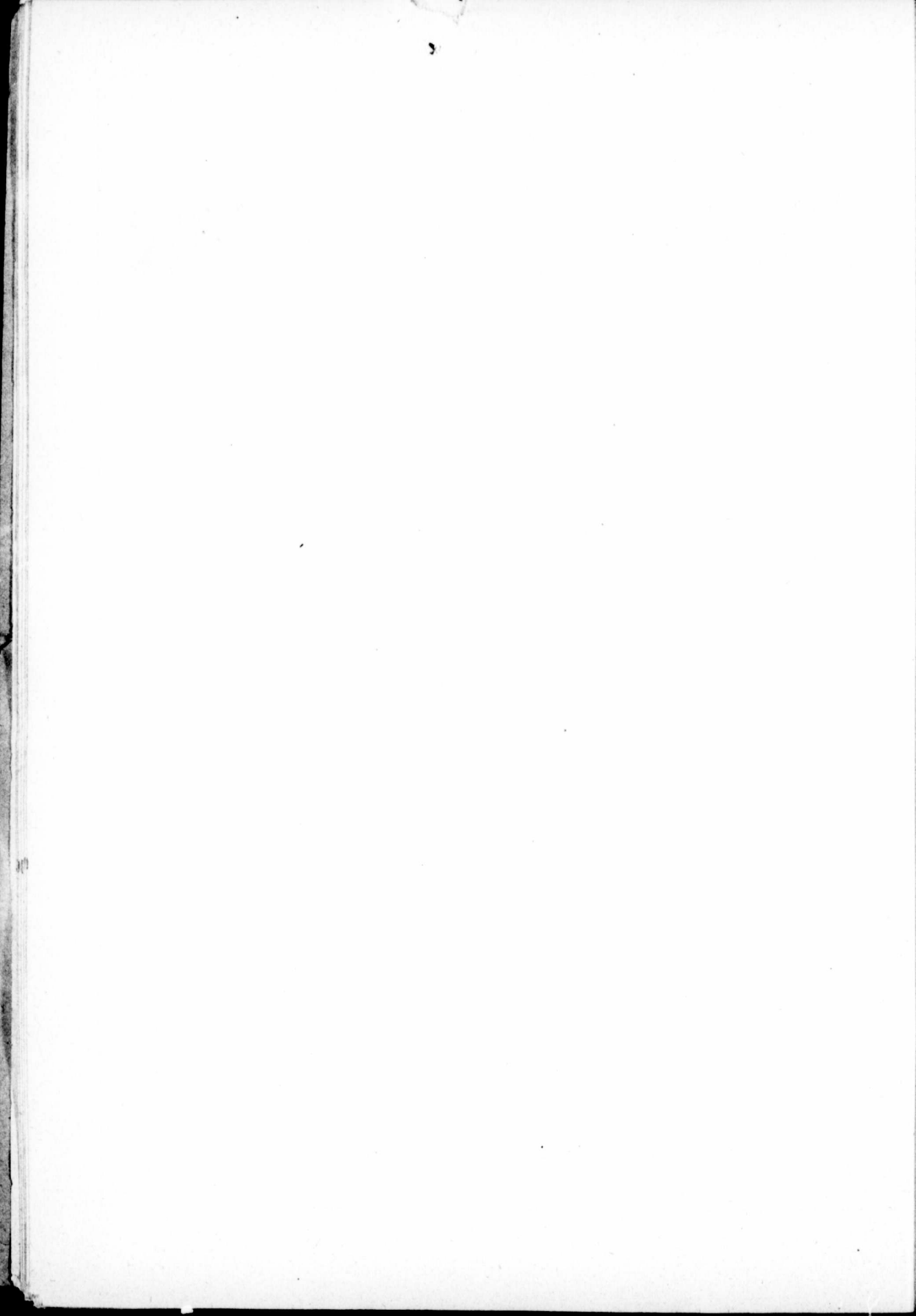


Vol. I

1901

London

The Church Magazine Offices
79-83, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.



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saved. Careless, even vicious, as he was, there was in him some element of better things. In a broken, halting way, Bertha now believed, he had begun to strive after amendment. Half derisively at first, later with some sincere effort, he had sought to turn a new page. If the old writing remained, confusing the lines he had begun to trace, making them hard to write and hard to read, that was no new experience. Our mistakes in life, Bertha knew very well, cannot be rubbed out with indiarubber. She might have brought that truth home to her brother's friend by way of encouragement to patience, not by way of spur to desperation.

And to her brother himself had she not been wanting? The good in him—the power to resist, the courage and staunchness—she had been slow to recognise. And, on the other hand, she had been quick to believe evil of him—monstrous, incredible evil. In loyalty to her own blood, she ought to have refused credence to mere condemning circumstances. Nothing less than demonstration should have made Dick a housebreaker and murderous assailant. Mr. Harcourt had had hope, and trust and patience, and these had saved her brother.

In looking back upon her doings since her return home—a period so short in time, so long in experience—Bertha felt one thing emerge. It was this: severity had always failed, gentleness had always conquered. The wind and earthquake and the fire had passed by, the still small voice had drawn the answer from the heart.

A fortnight from the day of the robbery, Mack was at home again.

Bertha accompanied him in the covered car, —a dingy downhill box on wheels—that carried him from the hospital.

As soon as he had rested a little from the jolting of the journey, Mack put his hand into his pocket—the hand was almost entirely itself again—and gave Bertha the key of the press.

She brought the box and set it before him on an old round table.

"Bertha," he said, "I'm going to let the cat out of the bag."

"Oh, do you think—?" she began.

"Yes, I do," he said. "I'm tired of keeping it in. Besides, I want your sympathy. There is something that I shall have to do without—no, no, don't be afraid. I'm quite reconciled to what must be—but I want your sympathy all the more. Do you know, Bertha, I am going to be rather a famous man."

He paused and looked at her. She only gazed at the box. Mack broke the seals, pulled off the papers, and the thing began to reveal itself.

"There!" he said at last, with a certain proud and tender awe in his face and in his voice—the tenderness, pride and awe of a young mother as she looks upon her newly-given child.

Gazing upon the object before her, Bertha could not respond. A chill of disappointment struck her.

"Why, it's a toy," she said.

"A model," he answered, "and it is going to change one of the world's great crafts. Boots will be soled hereafter on my plan."

He turned a little handle, there was a swift motion of minute wheels and pistons, a peck and whirr, and hum. It was the old, mysterious noise—the origin of so much dispute and calumny.

"Look at that movement," said Mack. "Over and under, over and under, Bertha. It may not seem much to you, but it is my heart's blood, my life's harvest, the thing I came into the world to do. To you it is a little noisy toy, to me it is a romance—a victory—a dream made palpable, a star brought down to earth, a moon cried and agonised for and got. It is my invention."

Bertha said nothing till the humming-bird had ceased from its complicated music: then she bent down and kissed its most accessible surface.

"Thank you," said Mack, quietly. He turned away, but not quite in time. There was a little rolling splash upon the model.

"Don't be ashamed," said Bertha, "I'm doing the same."

"I was saving up for the cost of the patent," Mack said a little later. "No wonder they called me 'Mack the Miser.' Every penny was saved out of food and sleep and exercise and sight: and it was slow work, cruelly slow; pence to shillings, shillings to notes. Who do you think lent me the money at last?"

He looked at Bertha with meaning, and she answered with a charming blush:

"Now I know," she said at last, "what became of his uncle's watch."

"Yes," Mack assented, "I am afraid you do. Well, we must be patient. We have got to save the money up again."

There was a knock; Bertha ran downstairs. It was a registered letter for Mack. After signing the receipt with her fountain-pen, she carried the letter to Mack.

"Look at that," he said, when the envelope

was opened. "Money—American notes! How much?" he turned over the crackling paper. "Five-hundred dollars. Good, the patent is all right."

There was a moment of amazed silence. Then Mack spoke again:

"Bertha, who can have sent it? Some sympathizing millionaire?"

"No," she answered, with slow conviction. "Mostyn, or his friends."

"I hope so; I hope so, with all my heart."

Again there was a brief silence. Then, touching the model with reverent, almost incredulous hands, "Bertha," he said, "it will yield a great fortune—thousands and thousands of pounds."

"What shall you do with it," she asked.

"Make a wedding present of it," said Mack. "Could you give a guess at the bride?"

THE END.



PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

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



THE demand for new-laid eggs in the winter is always greater than the supply, and those who live in or near large towns will have no difficulty in selling them. Once it is known that really fresh eggs are obtainable purchasers will gladly call for them, or the shopkeeper will take from you all you have to sell at market prices. But the cottager who lives

quite in the country has, at times, more difficulty. Sometimes they will be welcomed at the "Hall" or the "Rectory," for people who live in large houses often know as little of how to make poultry lay eggs as the cottager himself.

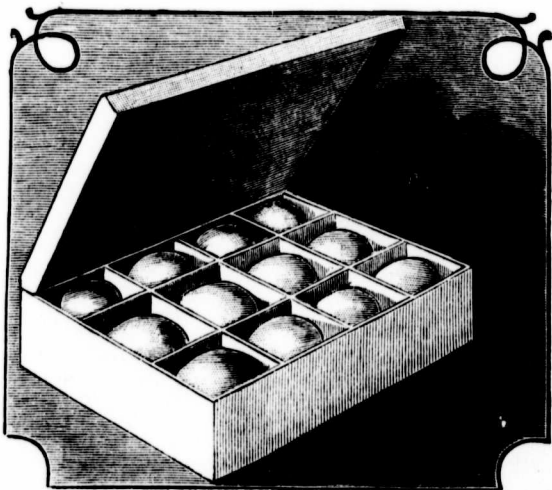
Where these sources of disposal are not available one must either look out for the "higgler" or wholesale dealer, or be prepared to seek a market. One is glad to see signs of organisation in these days for the proper disposal of eggs and poultry, and ere long in many districts the collector will call once or twice a week and relieve you of your treasures. He certainly would do it if a sufficient number of cottagers kept fowls to make it worth his while to "work" a district. This is the way we get our enormous supplies of "shop" eggs from abroad. They are not turned out by the thousand from poultry farms, but collected regularly by the score or the dozen only from the peasants who keep a few fowls.

We should not make much profit if we sold eggs at their rates, but as they *cannot* compete with us in the quality of *freshness*, there is no probability of quite new-laid eggs in winter being less valuable than I have stated. If no shopkeeper or neighbour or no "market day" relieves you of your eggs, it is well worth while either *calling* at some shop in your nearest town, or seeking for private customers to whom you can send by post or rail.

Boxes can be bought for 2s. a dozen to hold twelve eggs, and the cost of sending these by post is only 4d., and when a dozen eggs are worth from 2s. to 3s., even this method would pay. Where they are sent out by the score or the hundred the rail is the cheapest system, and an advertisement would not have to appear many times to secure permanent customers for genuine new-laid eggs not more than two or three days old. After a few days the white of the egg loses that cream

freshness which gives it such an exquisite flavour, and it is therefore not so valuable.

"First catch the hare, then cook it," has, perhaps, crossed the reader's mind. And most poultry keepers would find no difficulty in disposing of their eggs. I can only repeat what I stated when I began to write this series of simple hints, that there is no reason why every intelligent cottager should not have abundance of eggs in the winter. I am scarcely ever without a hundred at least, in the week, in the most severe weather; and most certainly if I wished to have them they would be there by adhering to the rules I have laid down. Success follows the mastery and application of certain details. These concern briefly the selection of the stock, the right time of hatching, the correct feeding and housing, and the protection from wet and cold winds in the winter. The space allotted to me has prevented my entering largely into details, but it has forced me to select the salient points, and to urge them in brief words. He or she who tries to follow them will be the best judge of their usefulness, and I commend them heartily to all my readers who love poultry.



SCHOOL AND MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA.

BY MISS J. E. PUCKLE, C.M.S., Aligarh, N.W.P., India.

PAPER II.



IN a former article we specially considered the life and position of the Purdah and Zenana women, and we realized the sad and miserable lives many are leading. In this paper let us more particularly dwell on the educational and medical work, specially in regard to the women and girls.

When the baby girl is born there are no rejoicings in the house; no hearty welcome for the little one—and so from babyhood the girls are always slighted. The birth of a daughter is regarded as a misfortune, and superstition is so great that it is often looked upon as a proof that in an earlier stage her soul had been so guilty that the gods had punished her by condemning her to become a woman. Marriage is arranged when the girl is about four or five years of age, but it is not till some years later that she finally goes to live in her father-in-law's house. When she becomes an inhabitant of the father-in-law's house she is put under the entire control of the mother-in-law, at whose

beck and call she has to remain. Her chief duties are to cook her husband's food, and wait upon him at his meals. She must be absolutely subservient in all things, and ready to do any kind of work. She receives no attention, and is looked upon as the drudge of the family—only when she presents her husband with an infant son is she in any degree tolerated. Should there be no son her husband will marry another wife, and this is the cause of endless trouble and quarrels in the house, difficulties always ensue and there is constant rivalry and disputes between the wives. It will be seen from the above how entirely girlhood is blighted, and all young life crushed out of these girls' hearts.

Often the happiest time of the girl's life is during her school days, which time, of course, is before the final arrangements are made, and she is taken to her father-in-law's house. Many schools have been opened by Mission ladies, and the attendance is purely voluntary. They go to school three or four hours daily, learning all the rudimentary parts of education. It is a picture of real delight to see these bright little ones, sitting native fashion, crosslegged on the floor, and learning with keen delight. Although many fathers are waking up to the realization that education for their daughters is desirable, yet many hold with great tenacity to the belief that often learning tends to evilness in life. In our illustration we see the children being brought to school in a native cart and "doolie." The younger girls are able



GOING TO SCHOOL.

to walk, but those of riper age, or of very high caste, are taken in carts or "doolies" covered over with a "purdah." For the children of Christian parents there are High Schools and Colleges established, where they obtain the advantages of a higher education, and are fitted to go on to medical work, or to fill other places of trust and usefulness. It is only when quite young that heathen girls can attend school. When once married they are compelled to remain in seclusion in the husband's house. The Hindus are remarkably quick in learning, and are delighted to repeat their lessons to the "Miss Sahib" when she comes in to give an examination. Thus the children are not only taught reading, writing, arithmetic and needlework, but also habits of punctuality, order and method; and above all daily learn the truths of Christianity, for they have regular and systematic Bible instruction.

In dealing with the girls and women in the Zenanas, it is an easy matter to find out those who have formerly been taught in school. Their intellect seems so much sharper, and their faculty for learning so much keener.

It is estimated there are about 38,000,000 young girls in India, of whom less than half of one million are at school. It will be plainly seen that much remains yet to be done in regard to school work.

The above, of course, means the *girl* part of the population, but much might be written in regard to the education of the boys. There are many flourishing and successful schools and colleges carried on under the management of the various Mission Agencies, and not only are the boys of the rising generation receiving a thorough training for the intellectual side of their nature, their bodies are also remembered, and gymnastics with drill exercises are provided for the development of their physical powers; above all they are thoroughly grounded in the Christian doctrines. Many people of ripe experience in the Mission Field in India are convinced that we cannot too highly value the educational side of the Mission work. "The boy is the father of the man," and it is in early youth the mind receives its first impressions which often remain indelibly imprinted

throughout life. Many converts from Hinduism and Mohammedanism have traced their first impressions regarding Christianity to their early school days.

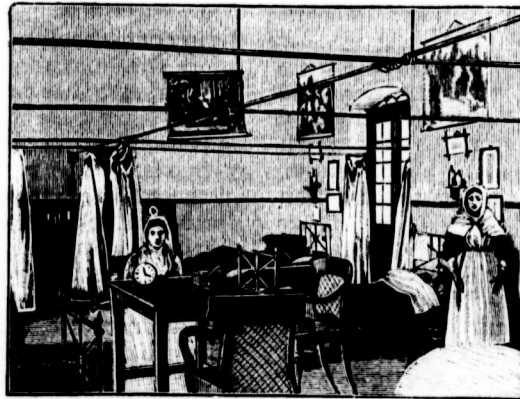
In regard to girls' schools an instance comes vividly before the writer's mind of a Hindu lady who in her early girlhood had attended a Mission School. Hearing her "Mahalla" (district) was being visited by the Zenana Mission ladies, she sent her servant one day to call the lady. Great was her delight once more to commence her studies, and lessons taught her years before seemed as fresh in her memory as if it was but a short time she had left school. The seed faithfully sown by conscientious teachers again and again is seen to spring up and bear fruit in after years.

Before closing, one more important branch of Mission work must be touched upon, *i.e.*, medical work.

In England we can hardly realize the awful sufferings which go on behind the "purdah." Often women when most needing medical aid are left to the care, not only of inexperienced, but utterly careless neighbours. No one is near to administer medicine; no one present to supply the comforts so common in England. Thus hundreds and thousands die simply because there is no

one to care for and attend to them. Medical ladies from England are now going into the Zenanas of the great towns and cities; and they are verily "angels in disguise." The Indian Christian women are being thoroughly taught medicine and nursing, and are thus fitted and prepared to go to their Indian sisters, bringing sunshine and gladness to these sad homes.

In addition to the many Government Hospitals, there are the Mission Hospitals in the large centres, carried on in the very best ways. The lady doctors and assistants in India are now able to reach about two millions of women annually, but there still remain about 140 millions of women without intelligent medical aid. Owing to the strict Purdah system, women cannot be seen, when sick, by men doctors, although often their own native "Hakeems" prescribe. For instance,



WARD IN LUCKNOW HOSPITAL.

a "Hakeem" told his lady patient to eat a quantity of sand. On doing so, but finding no relief, she called in the lady doctor, who found the poor woman in a dying condition. The following instance will show their gross ignorance in times of sickness. A lady of high caste had been wrongly treated before her baby's birth, and growing dangerously ill, a little black kid was brought in, over which some charms were muttered, after which the animal was lifted up and down several times over the patient. It was thought that the sick woman's maladies would thus be transferred to the kid.

No further witness is needed to testify to the immense importance of medical work. A native non-Christian newspaper wrote truly in saying, "It is evident the age of miracles has not yet ceased; for Jesus Christ is still

working miracles by the lady doctors who to-day are working in India amongst the women of our country."



NATIVE WORKERS, C.M. HOSPITAL, QUETTA.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN PRISON.

BY THE REV. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A., *Chaplain of H.M. Prison, Maidstone.*



HE night before this story opens John Wallis had been to the Milton Hall, Chatham, to see a sacred performance, consisting of a series of pictures which faithfully and beautifully portrayed the Life of Christ. It was the history of our Lord, from His birth at Bethlehem to His death on Calvary, pictorially illustrated—the pictures being exact representations of scenes from the celebrated Passion Play at Oberammergau. John felt sure that his wife would like to be present at such an entertainment—the pictures were so beautiful and life-like. So next day at dinner-time he said, "Wife, would you like to see the sacred pictures of Christ's Life which I saw last night?" Of course she would. So it was arranged that they should have an early tea, and leave in good time. They reached the Hall just after the first part had finished—for they had stopped once or twice by the way, which made them late. They had to take what seats were left, and when John saw there were so many present, he suggested to his wife that she should try the gallery, whence a better view could be obtained, and she at once made her way thither. Just as they got seated, the husband, slightly excited, looked up and said—"Are you all right, mother?" The words were scarcely uttered when he felt a strong hand behind his neck, and he was almost bodily lifted off his feet, while at the same time he heard the word "drunk" sounded in his ears. It was a police-

man. John resisted, for he knew, or at least thought he knew, that he was not drunk, but was soon overpowered. There was no help for it, and so the evening's entertainment and instruction ended thus suddenly in his being locked up—"quite innocent."

The remainder of the story will perhaps be best told in John's own words:—"Next day was the day before Christmas, and I was in hopes that they would deal leniently with me, and perhaps dismiss me with a caution and a fine, as it was my first offence, and because of my previous good character. But I was mistaken. I had resisted and, according to the evidence, assaulted the officer. I was sentenced to one month's hard labour, 'without the option of a fine.' In the afternoon I found myself being driven in a carriage, belonging to the State, along a road skirting the picturesque valley of the Medway, over the famous Blue Bell Hill with his fine bracing breezes, and past the celebrated and very ancient Kentish Cromlech, or burial ground, called (as I was told) Kit's Coty House, on and on to the County Town, with the lofty and formidable walls of the County Prison dominating the situation, and apparently from its eminence keeping watch and ward over the town and its inhabitants. Soon we came to an immense gate—the carriage stops—there is a jingling of keys and a throwing of bolts from within—the huge doors are slowly opened, and the carriage moves over the threshold with its freight of human beings. But there is another halt, for there is

a second gate of iron bars within, and the outer gates or doors of No. 1 must be closed before the inner can be opened. Presently the officer comes with his big bunch of keys to gate No. 2. The bolts of the second gate were undone, the gate now stands open, and the carriage moves forward, and we are within H.M. Prison, whence, I suppose, we may in nowise go out until we have paid the uttermost farthing.

"And now I began to realise what I was very reluctant to do—that I should have to spend Christmas Day within the walls of a prison. It was difficult amid the quick and altogether unexpected succession of events which had taken place within the last twenty-four hours to believe that I was really where I was. The offence, after all, was not very serious. I was charged with being drunk, but I knew at the time everything that was going on around me at the time I was apprehended, or rather pounced upon. However, I felt that I must now settle down and make the best of it.

"It was to me a memorable Christmas Eve. I had a plank bed to lie on, and sleep was wooed by me in vain. To make me feel my position more keenly, at 12 o'clock the strains of a band, accompanied at intervals by singing, came floating up to me through my cell window, which was evidently not a great distance from the street. The Christmas waits were ushering in the Christmas morn, and they were singing :

Christians, awake,
salute the happy
morn.

"I could not endure this without great emotion, for those touching strains awakened scenes and recalled memories which made me melancholy and miserable. I thought of getting up, but I knew that was useless and was against the rules, and that if the patrol discovered me I would be ordered to go to bed again. I had often read Tennyson's 'Locksley

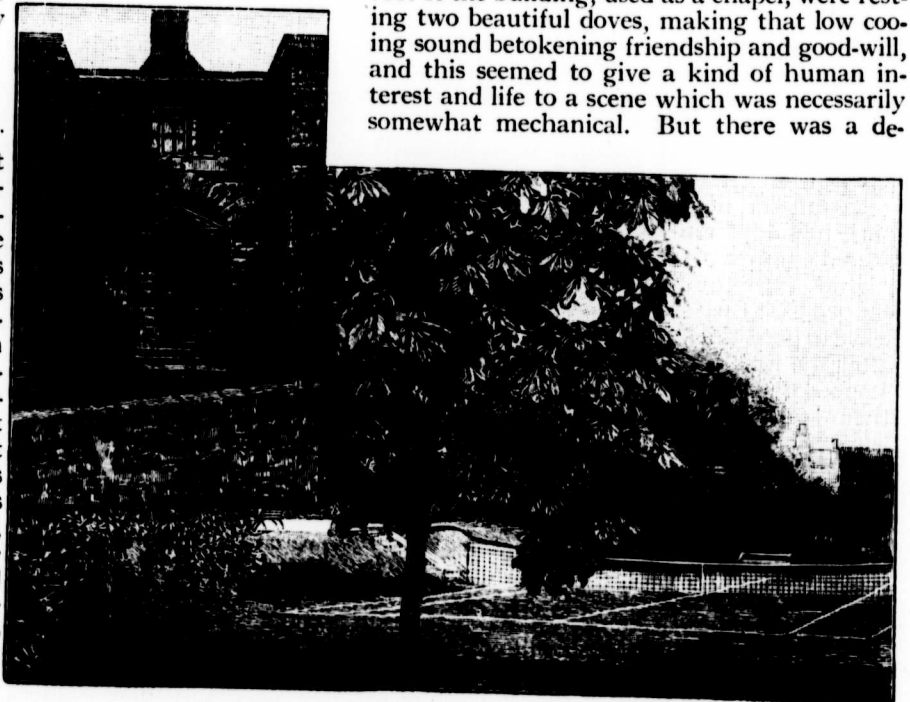
Hall' (for I had always a great liking for reading), but never did I realise the truth of that line—

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things—

as I did now. Time passed slowly, heavily, and I heard all the hours from 10 till 6 as the big prison clock tolled them out across the snow that cold Christmas morning.

"In the grey light of the early dawn a little visitor came to my window, a robin—actually a robin-redbreast fluttering against the thick pane of glass in search of a little shelter from the biting cold, and perhaps also looking for a few crumbs from my prison fare. Next I heard footsteps along the corridor. It was the Chaplain delivering the much-prized Christmas letters and giving to each prisoner at the same time a kind and cheering Christmas greeting. This was the first welcome gleam of light and sunshine, and I felt greatly cheered.

"At 8 o'clock I heard the chapel bell ringing for Holy Communion (as I afterwards learned). But I was not permitted to go to this service. About two hours afterwards the bell rang again—this time for morning service. We were all paraded for chapel. As we marched from the Prison across the court, I noticed the great extent of the grounds on which the Prison stands, which must include several acres. Above the roof of the building, used as a chapel, were resting two beautiful doves, making that low cooing sound betokening friendship and good-will, and this seemed to give a kind of human interest and life to a scene which was necessarily somewhat mechanical. But there was a de-



THE CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE AND GARDEN, MAIDSTONE.

lightful surprise for us inside the chapel. Some one had been here who took an interest in the prisoner. There was the holly, all aglow with its bright red berries, and there were many evergreens besides and flowers artistically arranged. The decorations, simple though they were, made the bare building bright and attractive, and struck that chord of sympathy which makes the whole world kin, and warmed the hearts of us prisoners. There was evidently a friend here who sympathised with the prisoner in his distress. Sympathy helps the prisoner more than anything else, I found, to bear up. The services were bright, the singing helpful and hearty. The Chaplain seemed earnest and sympathetic. His sermon was interesting, to the point, and struck the right note on such an occasion. It has fixed itself in my mind, as indeed it was the turning-point in my life.

"He commenced by showing the joy of the day—of Christmas Day—was independent of outward circumstances, and though we were not surrounded by our friends, as was our wont on such occasions, yet the distinguishing characteristic of Christ's religion, was that it was a religion, not of outwardness, but of inwardness, and that whatever our outward circumstances might be, each one must feel a holy joy, 'a pulseless pleasure' welling up in the heart when one thought of all that this day meant for us and for mankind. Joy in God, joy in Christ, joy in the 'Babe of Bethlehem, Child of Light,' this was the highest, purest joy of which the heart is capable. Such joy, he thought, was threefold. (i.) It was a joy of *adoration*. When they thought of what this happy morning means—a Saviour from sin and from the power of sin—how could they help adoring and praising God for 'the unspeakable gift?' What held my attention greatly was a text which he quoted:—'He that spared not His Own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?' It suddenly dawned upon me, as it never had before, that although I had everything that king could desire, I had been

living like a beggar, with nothing to satisfy the highest and deepest needs. The second division was:—'A joy of *Deliverance*.' He pointed out some songs of great beauty in the Bible, which were songs of deliverance, referring especially to the song of Moses after passing the Red Sea. And was not this Song of the Angels a song after a great deliverance—a deliverance which no one but the Son of God could accomplish—a deliverance from sin and from the power of sin. (iii.) And lastly it was a joy of *gratitude*. Our joy would be incomplete without being a joy of gratitude for what St. Paul calls 'the unspeakable gift.' He concluded by making a strong appeal to give as did the Wise Men of the East—our best to the Saviour—our hearts, ourselves. If coming within these walls should happily bring us nearer to Christ, it would be a blessing in disguise, for which we should never cease to thank God, not only here, but through eternity.

"It was a powerful appeal, and most of us felt the better for it, and I myself resolved then and there to begin a new and better life—a resolution which I have now steadfastly kept for more than four years.

"In the afternoon we had an address by the Chaplain and carolling by one of the prisoners, who stood up all in prison dress as he was, with the broad arrow before and behind, and sang very nicely. I shall not forget that sweet carol. The chorus went thus, if I remember rightly:—

He sang that first sweet Christmas
The song that shall never cease:
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace.'

"Tears were not far distant in the eyes of not a few, when we thought what the words of that carol meant to us, and I resolved it would mean something more to me in the future than ever it had done in the past. Altogether, it was the best Christmas Day I had spent since I had grown to man's estate. But I determined that the next should be better, and I kept my word. And now I look back with regret, yet with true thankfulness, to that Christmas Day which I spent in one of H.M. Prisons."

COTTAGE COOKERY.

By K. C. JONES (*Staff Lecturer, Surrey County Council*).

Christmas Plum Pudding.

F LOUR, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Mashed potatoes, 2 ozs.
Beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	Mixed peel, 3 ozs.
Raisins, 6 ozs.	Mixed spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful.
Currants, 6 ozs.	Treacle, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls.
Brown sugar, 3 ozs.	Salt, a pinch.
Grated carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	

Chop the suet very finely, stone and cut the raisins, wash, pick, and dry the currants; cut the peel into three slices;

mix all the dry ingredients together. Add the treacle, mix thoroughly, tie loosely in a cloth, allow room for the pudding to swell; boil steadily for 6 hours. Serve with lemon sauce made thus: put the rind of one lemon on in a quarter of a pint of warm water, simmer for ten minutes, strain, and add the juice; mix one tablespoonful of flour or cornflour with $\frac{1}{2}$ a gill of water till quite smooth, stir into the water and lemon. sweeten to taste; boil thoroughly up for 2 minutes to cook the flour, and serve.

COTTAGE NEEDLEWORK.

BY THEKLA BOWSER.



ONE of the prettiest and most economical ways of dressing a small boy is the style of a loose blouse and knickerbockers. Such a blouse will be seen in the accompanying illustration. It can be made of

all sorts of materials, for both winter and summer wear, so that it is quite worth while making a good pattern and keeping it. This will easily be cut from our diagram of the pieces. The front must be some two inches longer than the boy measures from neck to waist, as this is to allow of it being turned under and slightly bulged at the waist. The back is cut proportionately, as it is loose there also. The back is cut on a folded piece of material, so that there is no seam down the middle. The sleeve is a very easy shape to cut, as will be seen, and the collar must be cut on the double so that it does not have a seam.

First of all run up the under-arm and the shoulder seams, and try the blouse on, cutting out the arm-holes and neck to fit. After the sleeves have been run, they should be slightly gathered at the top and tacked into the holes, placing the seam of the sleeve a little towards the front from the under-arm seam. It would be more convenient to first finish the sleeve by putting on the wristband. This may be made to button, or to slip over the hand, as is preferred.

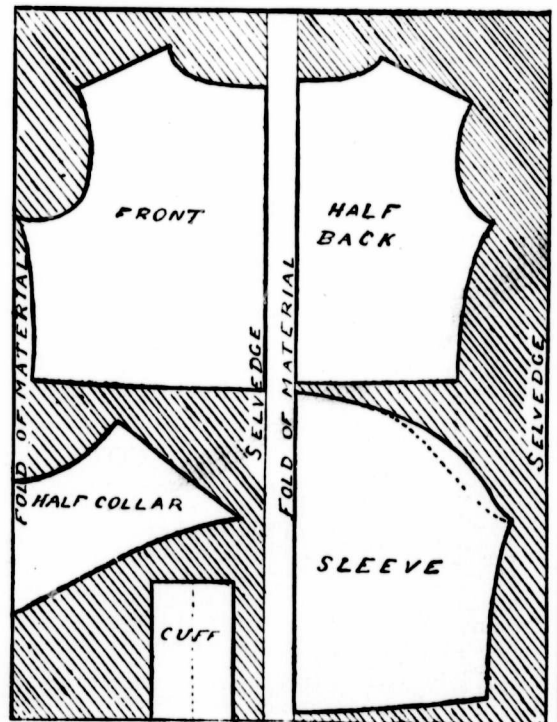
A straight double piece of material forms the box-pleat, and this must be sewn on to the left side of the front; the right side being neatly hemmed down. On the hem are placed buttons and button-holes are made to correspond in the box-pleat. The bottom of the blouse is simply turned up with a hem, through which a piece of elastic is run, which fits the boy and keeps the blouse in position, the fulness being allowed to slightly droop over the waist-belt. Then we come to the collar. The deep points in front look very pretty, but care must be taken to get these precisely alike in shape. The collar may either be hemmed single or made with a lining, and this is really the better plan. It is then run on

to the neck of the blouse, on the top side, turned over, and felled neatly on the underside.

The blouse from which this sketch was made was composed of dark-blue serge on which were laid lines of narrow white braid round the collar, down the box-pleat and round the wrist bands. For a party-frock, such a blouse would look extremely dainty, made of white silk, and in this case the collar and box-pleat should be finished off at the edge with tiny pleated frills of the silk. Steel buttons should be used.

Velvet, or velveteen, too, looks very well, and wears wonderfully, so that when the blouse has done "best" duty for some time, it will come in for every-day use. All heavy materials should be made only very slightly full, but in silk or thin fabrics a little extra quantity in the body part is an advantage, both for look and wear.

This is only a general suggestion of what may be done in the making of a blouse for a boy, but it is a hint which can be varied immensely by a clever needlewoman. Square sailor collars are very pretty for these blouses, and make a welcome change to the one shown in our illustration.



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SOLVE



MY dear young cousins,
As this will be the last chance I shall have of "talking" to you all before Christmas has come and gone, I must first of all wish you a very happy and bright Yuletide. For exactly a year now I have been writing to you month by month, and I believe that during that time I have made many little friends, who are kind enough to look upon "Cousin Joan" as someone who is really interested in them, and wishes to help them in every way that is possible.

In the New Year there are going to be some alterations in this page, but you need not be afraid that it will not be so nice; indeed it will be better still, for I am going to tell you a story every month.

And now, children, I want you to remember the title of this Guild and to think of it a great deal during the month of December. "Goodwill" means kindness and deeds of charity. Never are these little acts of generosity more needed by those who are weaker and less well off than ourselves, than in the depth of winter. So that I hope, when you are thinking of what presents you will be getting yourself, you will also try to make little gifts, which will bring smiles and laughter to some little children who, perhaps, have not the happy homes that you have. You know that Christ's message to us at Christmas was about Goodwill, and that He would like us to take good news to our suffering brothers and sisters. Just try to keep that in mind, and even if we cannot give anything, you can always speak a cheery word or give a helping hand, that will cost you nothing, and yet may really help to brighten the lives of those around you.

I hope many of you will enter for the competition of a Christmas hymn. It must be original and all your own work. It may have as many verses as you like.

Again, with my best and loving wishes to you for a happy Christmas,

Yours affectionately,
COUSIN JOAN.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

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

COMPETITION.

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before December 31st, 1901.
The best original Christmas Hymn.
The name, age, and address of competitor must be clearly written on the back of each MS. The Member winning the most marks in these competitions, from July to December inclusive, will receive a handsome silver watch.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

- 1.—Double Numerical Acrostic :—
This still is here; 'twill soon be past,
And that approaches very fast.
(1) With these St. Peter stood of old.
(2) These safely lay within the fold.
(3) Here, well 'tis just twice nothing at all.
(4) These gates are found in Zion's wall.
- 2.—A word of eight letters, which we are told some people love more than God.
52381—A gift of God to the weary.
7341—What farmers do in summer.
5678—Steadfast.
4135—Animals that Solomon procured.
3458—What sufferers wish for.
5837—A prophet.
41123—What Eve took.
- 3.—Arrange these letters so that they make familiar names in the New Testament :—
NHPETES. PIAPAHSR. SEJPOH.
- 4.—Four letters variously transposed give :—
(1) What St. Paul compares life with (1. Cor.)
(2) What St. Peter says we are to cast upon another.
(3) A place in half of which Jonathan slew twenty people.
- 5.—Word square :—
(1) An old name of Christmas.
(2) Ahab's father.
(3) An old name of Ireland.
(4) What Rahab displayed.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

- 1.—FAITH. TRUST.—Fight, altar, U and I, Thomas Hornet.
- 2.—Be not wise in thine own eyes.
- 3.—Murderer, Serpent, Tempter, Liar, Accuser.
- 4.—(1) Blessed are the poor in heart.
(2) Be thou faithful unto death.
- 5.—(1) Dan. (2) Eli. (3) Asa.

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

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

S. THOMAS, AP.M. December 21.

"Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed ;
blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—
S. JOHN xx. 29.

"Our Lord the Saint enjoin'd
By sense to satisfy his mind ;
With trembling he drew nigh,
Into his Saviour's wounds to pry,
Search'd His gored hands, and feet, and gaping
side,
And loud, 'My Lord, my God!' in rapture cried.

"My Lord, Thy love be praised,
Thou by the doubt which Thomas raised,
Our doubting did'st prevent,
We without sight give firm assent,
With joy thy benediction we receive,
They blessed are, who see not, yet believe."
BISHOP THOS. KEN, 1637.

CHRISTMAS DAY December 25.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with
God, and the Word was GOD."—S. JOHN i. 1.

"From Virgin's womb this day did spring
The precious Seede that onely saued man :
This day let man reioyce and sweetly sing,
Since on this day saluation first began.
This day did Christe man's soule from
death remoove.
With glorious saintes to dwell in heaven
aboue.

"O sing vnto this glittering glorious King ;
O praise His name, let euery liuing thing.
Let heart and voice, like belles of siluer, ring
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let lute, let shalme, with sound of sweet
delight,
The ioy of Christe's birth this day
resight."

FRANCIS KINWELMERSH,
From "The Paradise of Dayntie Deuises," 1576.

S. STEPHEN, D.M. December 26.

"They conspired against him, and stoned him with stones."
—2 CHRONICLES xxiv. 21.

"Lord, with what zeal did Stephen breathe
Thy truth to such as him withstood !

How stoutly did he meet his death,
To seal Thy Gospel with his blood !
This constancy Thy grace hath crown'd,
And so by dying, life he found.

"With his hot zeal our hearts inflame,
So kind, so constant let us be,
In life so let us praise Thy name,
In death, so let us look on Thee ;
And when our sleep in death we take,
With Him to life let us awake."

GEORGE WITHER'S "Hallelujah," 1588-1667.

ST. JOHN, AP. EVAN. December 27.

"There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples,
whom Jesus loved."—S. JOHN xiii. 23.

"You had of dying Jesus view,
On His dire cross remembering you,
His dearest Mother, deeply grieved,
He wuld by you should be relieved ;
His Mother, He your Mother styled,
And in His room yourself her child.

You, most beloved, loved Jesus best,
You lean'd on loved God Filial's breast

What loves, what heights you there
attain'd
Could ne'er be by yourself explain'd ;
If envy on a Saint could seize,
All Saints would envy you that ease ;
If earth with Heaven in joy can vie,
'Tis next to Jesus' heart to lie."

BISHOP KEN, 1637.

HOLY INNOCENTS, MM. December 28.

"They are without fault before the throne of God."—
REVELATION xiv. 5.

"Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In Heav'n you'll learn to sing ere here you
speak ;
Nor let the milky fonts that bathe your thirst
Be your delay ;
The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,
Milk all the way."

RICHARD CRASHAW, c. 1615-1650.

. . . BINDING ARRANGEMENTS. . .

COMPLETE arrangements for binding "THE CHURCH MAGAZINE" have been made, and all particulars have been sent to the local Editors, to whom subscribers should apply for information.

The year's numbers can be bound up by the local bookbinder in a neat and handsome cloth case (orange and gold), which are supplied at 7d. each, or 9d. post paid, on receipt of order, which should be addressed to—

THE MANAGER, "The Church Magazine" Offices, 79-83, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

Remember the Deanery meeting service on the evening of the 9th inst. There will be a large attendance of the clergy, three speaking on the Lord's Day, as it concerns Rest, Recreation, and Worship.

PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH GAYUGA.

During November bad weather interfered with one meeting each of the two young People's Societies. On Tuesday, 11th, a showery evening kept at home all but a few members from Mr. John Bradford's. A pleasant evening was, however, spent by the few. On the 17th, no one went to Mr. Wickerson's, the rain not coming in light little showers that evening.

The meeting of the St. John's Church Society at Mr. Kohler's on the 3rd, was fairly well attended. A brief, but bright, programme was rendered, and the officers for the ensuing year were elected:—Vice-Pres, Henry Bate; Treas. Geo. Ramsey; Secretary, Miss Counie Bate.

Meetings, large and lively, of the Christ Church society took place at Mr. H. King's Sr. on the 4th, a social meeting, and at Mr. F. Splatt's on the 25th, when the "Diocese of Niagara" was the subject studied. Messrs. J. Bradford, S. Hornibrook, H. Docker and the President taking part. At the close the President exhibited a blue-print map of the Diocese, the work of Rev. P. L. Spencer, Jarvis, announcing that he had copies for sale at 25c. each. The map would make an excellent Christmas present, and suitably framed would be a unique ornament for the wall of a room.

The Rev. J. Francis, B. D., of Hamilton, preached at both churches on Sunday 9th.

The offerings of the Sunday Schools for St. Peter's mission, Lesser Slave Lake, amount to \$3.35; Christ's Church S. S. \$4.25; St. John's, \$5.10.

The services on Christmas Day will be at St. John's Church, 11 a. m. (Holy Communion), and at Christ's church 3 p. m. The Christmas communion at Christ's church will be on the Sunday after Christmas, Dec. 28th.

BAPTISMS.

At Christ's church, Port Maitland, on Sunday, Oct. 19th, 1902., Helen Constance, infant daughter of Fred E. and Frances T. D. Britton, born Sept. 6th, 1902.

At the parents' home, Moulton, on Oct. 31st, William Robert, Son of William and Isabel Hall, born 12th May, 1902.

At Stromness on Friday, Oct. 31st, Wilbert E. C. Sullivan, born 17th July 1902.

At Christ's Church, on Sunday, Nov. 2nd Vera May, daughter of Edward and Nellie B. Martin, born 31st May, 1903; and Abraham,

son of Abraham and Verta C. Diette, born 21st Aug, 1901.

HAGERSVILLE.

The ladies of the All Saints' Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary have packed and shipped a bale of useful and pleasing articles, valued at \$44.00, to the missionary at Onion Lake Mission in the Diocese of Calgary and Saskatchewan. The contents of the bale comprise, quilts, groceries, clothing, cakes, dolls, and home-made candy. It might be mentioned that the dolls were dressed by the Mission Band, which is composed of young children who have met once a week for this purpose under the superintendence of Miss Seymour and Miss Almas.

The first year of the existence of our branch of the Woman's Auxiliary is drawing to a close. During this time noble work has been done by the ladies both in assisting our own parish and in helping others. Among the undertakings two eminently successful bazaars have been held under the auspices of W. A. and the valuable bale mentioned above has been provided and despatched.

The services on Christmas day will be Holy Communion at 8 o'clock and Morning Prayer and Holy Communion at 10.30 a. m. We have two celebrations of the Holy Communion on that day to give every communicant an opportunity of being present at the Lord's Table on this great festival of the church.

The children are practising regularly for their annual entertainment, which will take place (D. V.) on Monday evening, Dec. 29.

We regret to be obliged to record the death of one of our oldest parishioners, Mr. James Howard, who entered into rest on the night of the 2nd of Dec. Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Howard. "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

CALEDONIA.

A very impressive service was held in St. Paul's church on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th of Nov., when Rev. J. K. Godden, M.A., was inducted into the incumbency by Rural Dean Scudamore, assisted by Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, Rev. Arthur Francis, and Rev. P. L. Spencer. The rural dean preached an instructive sermon from the text, "What mean ye by this service?" The attendance of parishioners and others was large, and all seemed deeply interested. The choir very ably led the congregation in the musical parts of the service besides singing an appropriate anthem.

DECEMBER 1901.
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LONDON: F. C. TEMPLE CHAMBERS, LONDON, F. C.

DUNNVILLE.

We expect to have our electric light placed in the church before Christmas. The kneeling benches in the church are also being made over. They will be cut to correspond with the length of the seats, raised, and placed on hinges, so that they can be more easily and conveniently used. The members of W. A. have commenced work with the view of making a large reduction in the debt.

St. Paul's Guild under its able leaders is working hard. The young ladies intend to have a sale of work about the middle of Dec. Their present object is to complete the sum necessary to pay for the Incandescent Light. We had the pleasure and profit of an exceptionally able sermon from Rev. J. Francis, B. D., of Hamilton who was visiting his son, the Rector of Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

At the meeting of the W. A. on Wednesday, Nov. 26th, the Rector gave an address on the mission topic for the month of November, viz., Algoma and South America. It is the intention to have a similar address at the last meeting of every month. In accordance with the Bishop's pastoral there will be special services held during the Advent season. The Rector will preach special courses of sermons both morning and evening on Sundays; and for the week-night services the sermons will be preached by some of our neighboring clergy. The following is the list of services for Advent, 1902:

Nov. 30th, 1st Sunday in Advent—8 a. m., (Holy Communion); 11 a. m., The second coming; 7 p. m., Missions—The duty of the church in view of the second coming.

Dec. 3rd—7.30 p. m., Service, and sermon by Rev. W. E. White, M. A.; of Cayuga.

Dec. 7th—11 a. m., (Holy Communion) The finding of the ark at Ephrath—a type of the coming of Christ in Holy Communion; 7 p. m. "Sin"

Dec. 14th—11 a. m., "John the Baptist—The Messenger of the coming of Christ" 7 p. m., "Judgment."

Dec. 10th—7.30 p. m., Service and special preacher.

Dec. 21st—11 a. m., "The coming in the fullness of time" Gal. iv. 4. 7 p. m. "Mercy."

Special music for Xmas is being prepared by the choir, and it is hoped that every communicant will be present at the Communion services, which will be held at 8 and 11 a. m.

ST. JOHNS, CAYUGA.

The Advent season finds us all busy preparing for Christmas. During Advent (D. V.) services will be held every Friday evening, at which, it is hoped, different clergy of the Deanery will give addresses. The Sunday School children are busy preparing for the annual Christmas entertainment, and it is to be hoped that Santa Claus will have something for each on the Christmas tree. It is a pity that the work of looking after the S. S. Children's entertainment should fall upon so few. Some, who might easily be of great assistance in the good work, apparently look out for themselves only. This is quite opposed to the Christmas spirit, in fact selfishness is opposed to the holy spirit of Christianity. The great Worker 'considered not Himself' and only they who try to follow His example know "that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We shall meet from house to house as last year to prepare evergreens to decorate the church; and we hope that all will enter heartily into the work, and that the church may look prettier than ever in its festal decorations. It is also hoped that everyone will anticipate with pleasure the Christmas services, and that the services will be largely attended, and the anticipations of everyone fully realized. As is most suitable, the Holy Communion will be celebrated on Christmas Day. May all realize, as never before, as they draw near the Holy table to make their Christmas communion, the great teaching of the day—"God with us."

Our Parish Register up to date for this year records 11 Baptisms and 6 Burials, but no marriages. Marriage has evidently gone out of fashion with us, but we hope it may soon be revived.

Owing to our town electric plant changing hands we have been and probably shall be for some time without electric light. Through the active interest and enterprise of one of our members, Mrs. Hall, three beautiful large lamps have been purchased, which will give a very satisfactory light 'protem' and will be very useful, in case of emergency, when the electric light has been restored.

Many of our subscribers are asking about the Magazine for next year and we hope disappointment may not be in store for them.