

*Tom. Blott*

JARVIS, ONT.

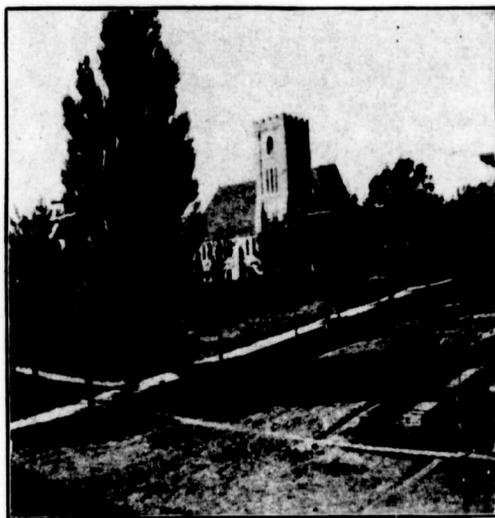
VOL. III.

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NO. 5.

# The Haldimand Deanery

\* Magazine. \*



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CAYUGA.

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

JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

### EDITORIAL.

The Bishop of the diocese has appointed Wednesday, June 11th, St. Barnabas day, for the assembling of Synod. The opening service will include the Ordination Office

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A new mission, comprising the two stations Colbeck and Damascus, has been formed.

\* \* \*

Rev. Wm Bevan has removed to Niagara Falls South. Rev. Thos. Motherwell is preparing to remove to Stamford. Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick will succeed the latter at Dunnville.

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The number of subscribers to the Deanery Magazine is 249.

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The editor has received from G. H. B. answers to the following April Bible puzzles: I, part of II, III, IV, and V.

### YORK.

The chief event in this parish since the previous number of the magazine was issued has been the Deanery Meeting of May 8th and 9th. The service on the evening of Ascension Day was well attended although a political meeting was being held in the village. Rev. L. W. B. Broughall preached an interesting sermon on the Ascension; and the choir of St. Paul's church, Caledonia, ably assisted that of St. John's church, York. Portions of the service were taken by Rural Dean Scudamore, Rev. P. L. Spencer, Rev. Arthur Francis, and Rev. T. H. Cotton. The offertory collection was applied to the purposes of the Deanery Chapter. The union of two choirs on this occasion was so advantageous that the clergy long to see tried at some convenient place within the Deanery a combination of all, or nearly all, the Church choirs of the county. On Friday the 9th, Rev. W. E. White joined the clerical gathering, thus making the number present 6. The studies comprised the reading of Gen iii and St. John iii in the original tongues and the consideration of a paper by Rev. L. W. B. Broughall on the question, Is a revision of the Prayer Book at present desirable? The majority of the clergy seemed to be in favor of revision. The removal of Rev. Wm Bevan and Rev. Thos. Motherwell from the Deanery was referred to in a formal resolution of regret, and Rev. L. W. B. Broughall was introduced and welcomed. Arrangements for the annual missionary meetings and services were made, the opinion being that the autumn rather than the winter should be chosen as the season during which to hold them. The Rural Dean and Rev. P. L. Spencer were chosen as the deputation speakers, the former to take Jarvis, Hagersville, S. Cayuga, Port Maitland, and

Caledonia, and the latter to visit York, Cayuga, Nanticoke, Cheapside, and Dunnville. The studies appointed for the next meeting were Gen. xxii, 1-14, Heb. i and ii to 5, in Hebrew and Greek respectively, and a paper on a subject to be selected by Rev. W. E. White. Rev. P. L. Spencer was asked to prepare the Old Testament lesson and Rev. L. W. B. Broughall the New. Sept. 11th and 12th and S. Cayuga were chosen as the date and place of next meeting.

### PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

Incumbent—Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M. A.  
Delegates to Synod—Jas. Lyons, John Bradford, Robert Logan.

#### CHRIST CHURCH, PORT MAITLAND.

Church Wardens—S. H. W. Hornibrook, Henry King, Sr.; Organist, Mrs. Hornibrook.  
The Sunday School—Superintendent, The Rector; Teachers, The Rector, Miss Splatt, Miss Turner, Miss Eilure Hornibrook; Organist, Miss Hornibrook; Curator, Miss Evelyn Hornibrook.

Woman's Auxiliary—President, Miss A. Docker; Vice-Pres., Mrs. J. Bradford; Secretary, Miss Splatt; Treas. Mrs. Brennan, Jr.; Incumbent's Representatives, Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Hamilton; Delegates to Diocesan Board, Miss Splatt, Miss Taylor; Auditors, Miss I. Splatt, Miss Taylor.

Young People's Society—President, The Rector, Ex-officio; Vice-Pres., Miss M. Taylor; Secretary, Miss Eilure Hornibrook; Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Docker.

#### ST. JOHN'S, SOUTH CAYUGA.

Church wardens—Arthur Docker, Jas Lyons; Organist, Miss Fanny Docker.

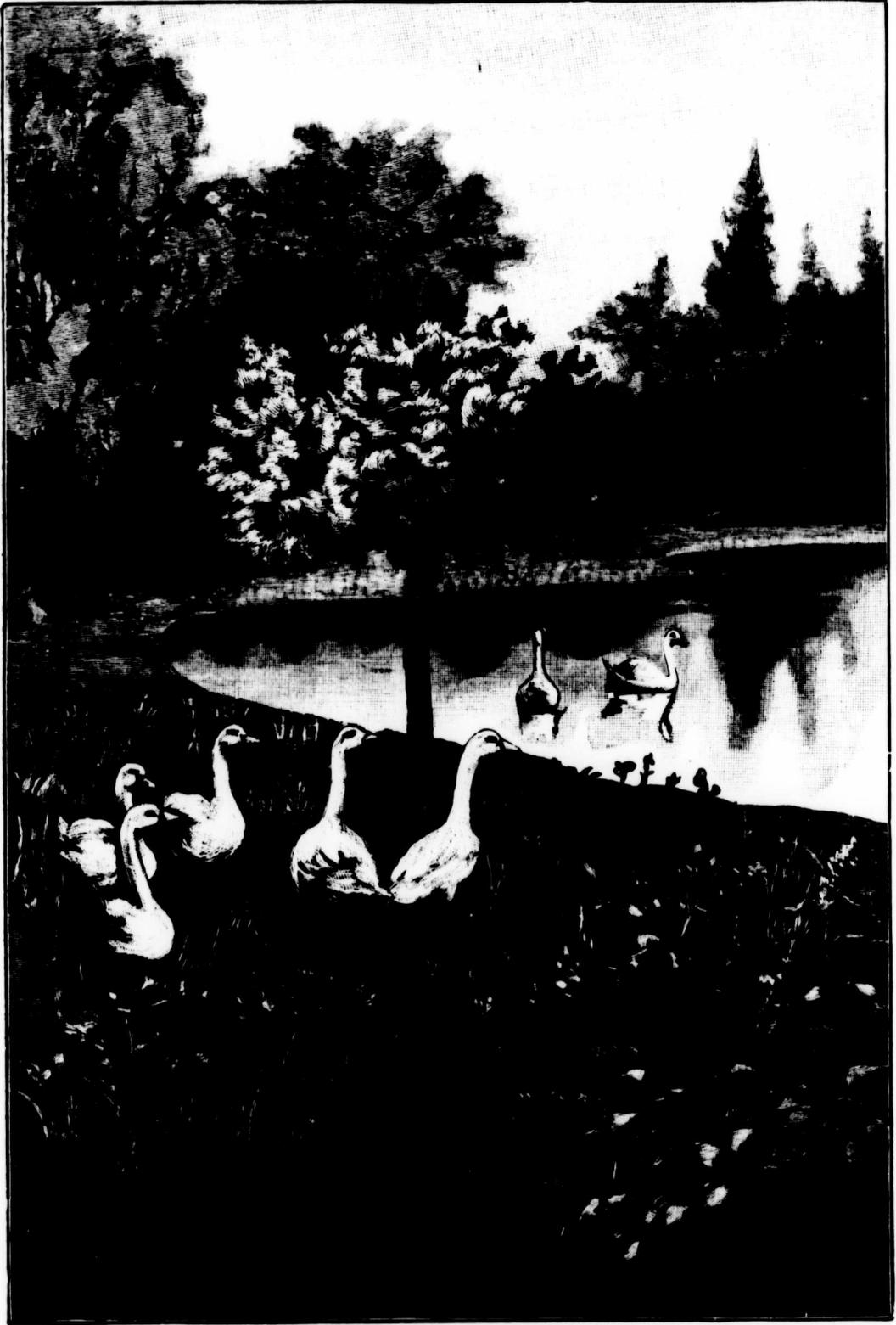
The Sunday School—Superintendent, The Rector; Teachers, The Rector, Mrs. T. Blott, Miss Connie Bate, Miss Helen Blott; Organist, Miss Helen Blott.

Woman's Auxiliary—President, Miss C. I. Docker; Vice-President, Mrs. Lyons; Treas., Miss Fanny Docker; Acting Secretary, Mrs. I. Blott; Incumbent's Representatives, Mrs. W. Logan, Miss F. J. Docker; Delegates, Mrs. B. Bowden and Mrs. Dickhout; Auditors, Mrs. E. Blott, Mrs. T. Blott

Young People's Literary Society—President, The Rector Ex-officio; Vice-President, Henry Bate; Secretary, Miss E. Docker; Treas. Geo. Ramsev.

BAPTISMS—April 21st. Stanley Hugh, child of Daniel and Eleanor Wardell, born 1st March, 1898. May 4th Muriel Irene, infant daughter of Harvey and Lillian Diette, born 24th Sept., 1901.

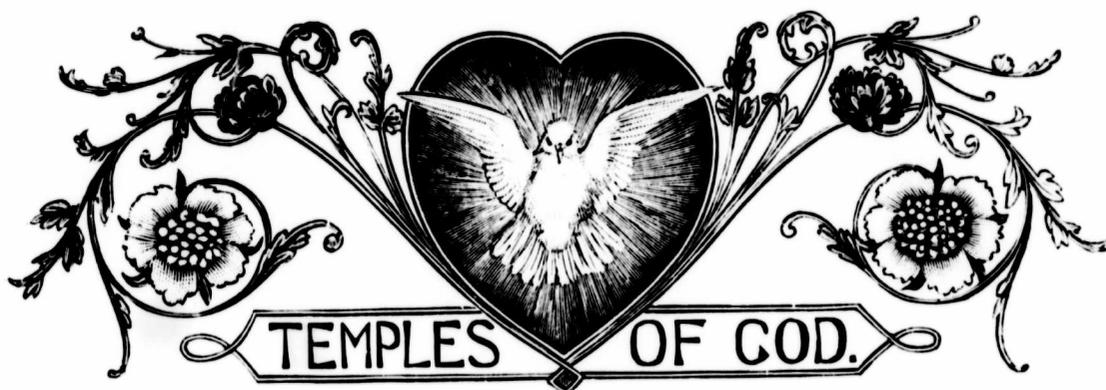
BURIAL—April 27th, at Christ Church, Port Maitland, David Robinson. April 30th, at Sweet's Corners Union Chapel and Burial ground, Peter Wardell, aged 90 years.



A QUIET SPOT IN A GARDEN.

*Specially drawn for "The Church Magazine" by C. L. ALLPORT.*

*Engraved by C. LYDON.*



BY THE REV. JOHN INGLIS, *Senior Curate of Driffield Parish Church.*

"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" 1 Cor. iii. 16.

**T**HERE is, perhaps, in the whole field of science, no more interesting or engrossing study than that of the human body. The house of clay which man's soul for a few short years inhabits, is so fearfully and wonderfully made, that the more we learn of the details of its construction and the laws which govern it, the greater becomes our wonder at the strength of its delicate mechanism, and at the wisdom of the All-wise Being who designed and created it. Within the last two hundred years medical science has made great progress. Doctors can now understand the working of the beautiful machinery of the muscular and nervous systems: they can even in some measure connect the size and shape of the brain with the qualities of its owner, the desires which animate it, and the thoughts which flash through it. But, wise and learned though many of them are, there are limits to their knowledge. There are many problems which are yet unsolved by them, and some which they can never hope to solve. Though they can, for instance, perceive that the body is set in motion by the action of the will upon the brain, yet they do not know how the will connects itself with the brain; in short, they do not understand the nature of that mysterious force which we call Life—that principle which gives to every part of the human frame the power to do its work. But where science fails, religion supplies the need: where knowledge ends, faith begins. Though the doctors cannot find it, there dwells in the body an immortal spirit, which is our real self; more wonderful still—and beyond all science—is the way in which this spirit is guided, controlled, and strengthened by the Spirit of God. For in the bodies of all those who will admit Him,

there dwells, not only a human spirit, but a Divine Spirit also, influencing and sustaining it. Is not this the most mysterious fact about these wonderful bodies of ours? Yet it is quite true: "Ye are the Temple of God . . . the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." St. Paul repeats the statement in 1 Cor. vi. 19: "Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" and again in 2 Cor. vi. 16: "Ye are the temple of the living God."

Temples of the living God! The very awfulness of the thought seems to take our breath away. That mind must be lost to all sense of shame which does not fill with humble repentant thoughts at the contemplation of such a truth. What? Are these weak bodies of ours, so full of unholy desires, so stained with every sin, indeed the dwelling-place of the All-holy God? Yes, it is true—may the Holy Spirit help us to remember it.

A temple is devoted to two great uses—worshipping God and meeting with Him. The simplest little country church is just as much a Temple of God as the grandest cathedral. In it we can worship Him by offering Him our best—our prayers, our praises, and our substance. Out of overflowing hearts we shew God how much we love Him, and we call it "service." In the same way our bodies are to be used for worship: we use them to honour God when we kneel in prayer or bow the head at the sacred Name of Jesus. But, in a wider sense, our bodies should be always engaged in worship—for what is worship but "worship," giving to God His "worth" or His due? So let us worship Him by doing those things which please Him; let us "shew forth His

praise, not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to His service."

But a Temple a Church is not only a "place of worship," as we so often hear it called: it is the place where we meet with God where He is present in a special manner. It is God's House, hallowed by His presence in the Sacrament of His love.

"It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet."

That is why we should try to make our churches as beautiful as possible not that people may come to see them and pronounce them pretty, not that we may be proud of them and take credit to ourselves for their beauty but that He who comes there to meet us may be duly honoured.

Yet the home He loves the best is not the temple made with hands: it is the humble and contrite heart. "Ye are the Temple of God." The Church is God's *House*, but the heart of man is God's *Home* (Isaiah lvii. 15). Oh, what condescension! Our hearts cannot of themselves rise to God, so He comes down, not only *near* to them, but *into* them. As Faber beautifully says:

"But God is never so far off  
As even to be near;  
He is within: our spirit is  
The home He holds most dear.  
"To think of Him as by our side,  
Is almost as untrue,  
As to remove His Throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.  
"So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn and weary,  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth  
Myself God's Sanctuary."

What thoughts surge up in our minds as we try to realise it! Amid our confusion of thought two great fears possess us: first, lest our bodies the temples of God should be defiled; and, secondly, lest they should be deserted by Him Who dwells there.

Think how often we defile the House of God by irreverent thoughts and actions, by bringing into it thoughts of the world with its cares, and of self with its passions and feelings. And is there not something terribly presumptuous in the proposals of those who would give up our churches to secular uses? In times gone by some of them have been desecrated even by those who called themselves Christians. The beautiful Cathedral at Lichfield was at the time of the Great Rebellion turned into a stable by the troops of Cromwell. The rude soldiers, to shew their contempt for the Sacrament of Baptism, baptised a donkey at the font, and

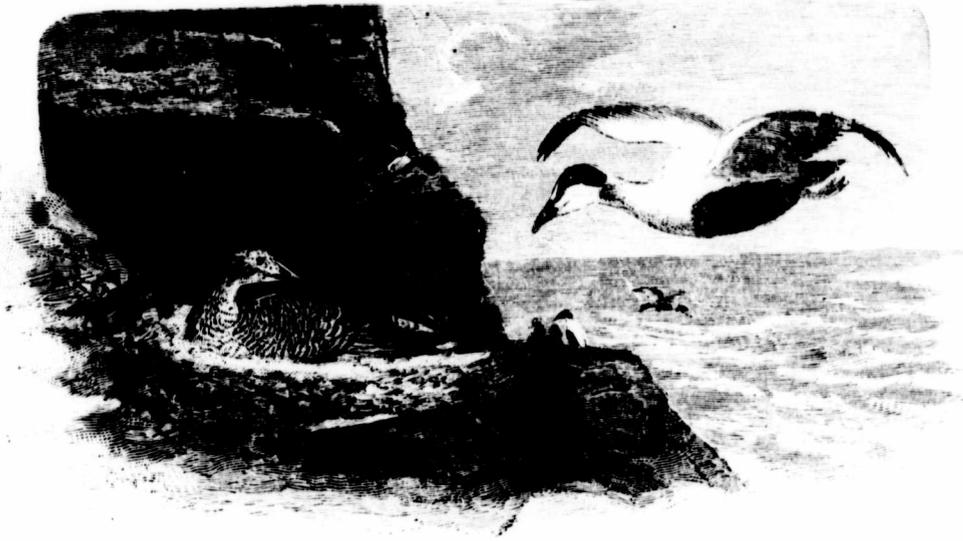
committed many other acts of daring irreverence. How revolting all this sounds, does it not? Yet how much better are they, who, carrying about with them a temple of God more wonderful and beautiful in its construction than the most gorgeous cathedral, defile it by the degrading sins of drunkenness, gluttony, and impurity? As we look upon the shattered frame and feeble movements of one who has ruined his body by self-indulgence, how awful seems the warning of S. Paul: "If any man destroy the Temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

There are scattered over our country many ruined temples ancient abbeys and monastic churches, the monuments of departed piety. Is there not something inexpressibly sad about the crumbling grandeur of these deserted temples? As we walk along the grass-covered aisles, open to the sky, bounded by broken pillars, to the place where once an altar stood, we think of the time when long ago white-robed priests and choristers sang God's praises there, and we can almost imagine the angels hovering over it in its desolation, mourning the departure of the spirit of praise. But sadder still it is to see a *human* temple of the living God deserted by the Spirit Who once dwelt within it. How came it to be so? By flagrant and obstinate continuance in sin. God is very patient with our sinfulness. Whenever we turn repentant to Him, He lovingly pardons us. But if we persistently shut our ears to the voice of conscience, to the pleading of the Spirit repentance after a time may become impossible, because of the hardness of our hearts, and (Oh, awful thought!) the Spirit may leave us. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." May God avert from us such a terrible fate!

Thus we see what dignity the body possesses as the temple of the living God, and the duties which are attached to this great privilege. Let us ask God for a new outpouring of His Holy Spirit as on the Day of Pentecost, that these wondrous temples may ever be filled with His Presence and kept pure and undefiled vessels meet for the Master's use where we may worship and serve Him to the end.

"O Father! grant Thy love Divine  
To make these mystic temples Thine!  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust Thy mercy warms,  
And mould it into heavenly forms."

[O. W. HOLMES.]



## THE EIDER DUCK.

By A. F. LYDON.

**E**IDER down has long been a luxury amongst civilised communities, so prized as to be carefully sought after and made a valuable article of commerce, and yet, I suppose, little thought is bestowed by those who luxuriate in the soft down that it once formed a lining to a bird's nest, the devoted mother plucking it from her own breast to make a warm bed for her eggs and chicks.

It is after serving this laudable purpose that the down is gathered, purified, and then becomes the much-prized covering for even the most exalted in the land.

The Eider Duck is essentially a sea-bird, never found wandering far from the surging tide, and is rarely met with south of Northumberland, but on the Farne Islands, lying off the coast of the latter county, it has made its home and reared its young from time immemorial.

Along the coasts of Scotland it is likewise a familiar object, but has rarely been met with in Ireland.

In the Arctic regions, and in Norway and Sweden it is abundant, vast colonies being found on some of the cliffs or sea-girt islands. Sir W. J. Hooker, in his "Journal of a Tour in Iceland," describes in his most interesting way what he observed of the Eider Ducks and their ways on the little island of Akaroe, where they are protected, and congregate in vast numbers.

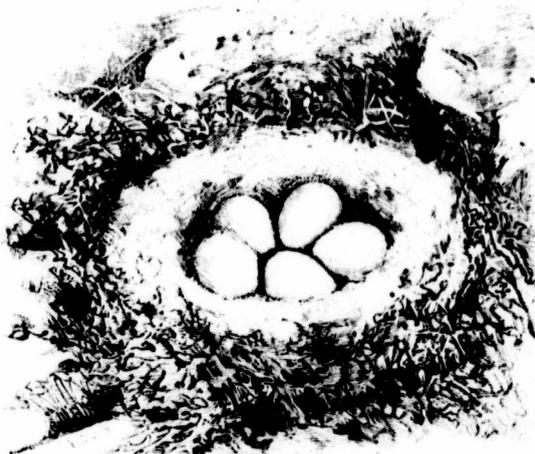
"On our landing on the rocky island, we found the Eider fowls sitting upon their nests, which were rudely formed of their own

down, generally among the old and half-decayed seaweed, that the storms had cast high up on the beach, but sometimes only among the bare rocks. It was difficult to make these birds leave their nests, and so little inclined were many of them to do it, that they even permitted us to handle them, whilst they were sitting, without their appearing to be at all alarmed." In the island Bidöe, the residence of the ex-governor, he says, "we were shown the immense number of Eider Ducks which lived on Bidöe," and which were then sitting on eggs or young ones, exhibiting a most interesting scene. The ex-governor made us go and coax some of the old birds, who did not on that account disturb themselves.

"Almost every little hollow place between the rocks is occupied with the nests of these birds, which are so numerous that we were obliged to walk with the greatest

caution, to avoid trampling on them. No Norfolk housewife is half so solicitous after her poultry as the ex-governor after his Eider Ducks, which by their down and eggs afford him a considerable revenue."

The nests are made, and then from five to eight greenish grey eggs are laid towards the end of May, and about a month afterwards they betake themselves to the water under the protection of the mother, who is brave in withstanding the numerous enemies who seek to prey upon her callow brood. The down collected from each nest will average about three ounces annually.



## ROY'S FORTUNE.

## A Tale of South Africa Before the War.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

*Author of "Out of Darkness," "The Vicar's Vow," "A Silver Token," "Black or White?" etc., etc.**Illustrated by J. LITTLER.*

## CHAPTER VIII. (Continued).



HE other looked at him with shining eyes, and made another effort to speak. But Roy silenced him with a smile.

"I too intended to take Holy Orders. Shall I tell you my story now?" he said. And forthwith he poured out the whole tale. Davenport listened with all his being. And gradually the heat of the day came over the world, whilst all the wonderful insensate creation of the great lone land, in which Black Fellow Creek seemed but a speck and they two human atoms of infinite unimportance, went on its appointed way, each creature fulfilling its especial duty towards the great Creator. For it is only man who presumes to choose for himself.

But by the time that Roy ceased to speak, one, at any rate, of the wilful race had learnt something that he had never known before.

"To wait for His leading and then to follow it," Roderick ended. "That is what He seems of late to have taught me. Not necessarily to take the path which, to myself, may appear that of the greatest usefulness. But rather to tread the road which the finger of His Providence indicates. Tell me. Am I right?"

The other looked at him wistfully.

"I think I understand now," he said. "He pointed me to a layman's life—and I refused it. Then, with His vows upon me, I left the course I had myself chosen, because I did not find happiness in it. And through it all I blamed my God."

Roderick sank once more upon his knees.

"Lord, pardon all the past. And receive us into Thy dear home at last," he cried, his head falling upon the hand which clasped his own.

"Amen," murmured Davenport, softly.

When Smith looked in, half an hour later, he found them both asleep, patient and nurse. But the sleep of the patient was that which knows no waking. Whilst upon his face lay the imprint of God's unutterable peace.

That was the last death during the fever epidemic at Black Fellow Creek.



WHILST UPON HIS FACE LAY THE IMPRINT OF GOD'S UNUTTERABLE PEACE.

## CHAPTER IX.

"The path is clear, the way that leads to God,  
Through tears and dread and darkness."



WAS led to believe," said Zarah Ducie, leaning back in her chair and surveying Ted Arnold with a look partly insolent and partly merry, "that you'd positively turned good. And that that was the reason why I hadn't seen you lately."

"Oh, indeed," he answered, quietly. "And may I ask who was your redoubtable informant?"

She wrinkled up her heavy eyebrows, made a rosebud of her mouth, and slipped the pearl bangle that she was wearing right up to her elbow and down again, still staring at him. Then she stretched out her hand towards the silver teapot which stood upon a low, inlaid table beside her.

"Who? Well, if you want to know, my own eyes and powers of observation. For, though you didn't suspect it, I saw you and my old chum Mary Desborough, in the garden at Mrs. Dovercourt's extremely slow affair the other night. And I'm sure that anybody who talks as long as you did to Mary must indeed be good. I was good in the days when she didn't bore me. At present I'm wicked, and she does bore me. That is all, in a nutshell."

Now the fact was that Mrs. Ducie had, during the last week, been engaged in that very remarkable and uncomfortable process called "eating out her heart." Even at the moment of hearing of the change in his fortunes, she had feared, with a strange heart-sickness that she had never known before, that she might lose Ted. Within a few moments of experiencing that pang she had caught a glimpse of himself and Mary—Mary, whose influence over him she had always dreaded—in close conversation. And then, for a week, he had never been near her.

To-day, however, he had come. Come, had she but known it, to seek from her the consolation and flattery which he did not obtain from Mary, but which Zarah had always been ready to bestow. She might, had she but guessed how

matters stood, have caught him in the rebound of his angry heart, and have married him yet. But she did not guess. And in her tactless ignorance she threw that sneer at Mary and thereby secured to Mary her lover.

For, in spite of his vices and shortcomings, there had always been a spark of chivalry hidden somewhere in Ted's soul. And Zarah's words fanned it into a flame.

"I love Mary Desborough," he said quietly, and with a dignity she had never seen in him before. "If I could persuade her to be my wife I would. But that's just it. I am not good enough."

Fortunately for Zarah she sat with her back to

the light. Besides the June day was a dull one. So dull that Ted never saw, as she bent over the cups, that the colour had left her cheeks and that a very angry light had gathered in her eyes. He did observe, however, that she remained quite still for a moment and that when, after that moment, she laughed aloud, the tones of



"OH, MY DEAR TED!"

her merriment were shrill and ugly.

"Oh, my dear Ted! Do please accept my congratulations. How glad I am that I shall be on the spot this year all the time, and able to watch the progress of your conversion!"

He coloured hotly.

"Zarah, don't! Didn't I say she wouldn't have me because—"

"Because what? Why, to make you value her the more, my friend, when you do get her. Am I a woman, for nothing? Don't you suppose I know their little ways? We are all hypocrites, Ted, even the best of us. Which of course includes the dear Mary."

"I think not all," he said, shaking his head.

Then, looking at her suddenly, "Zarah, it's all very well for you to laugh, but you went in for that kind of thing—religion and services and—and—oh, all the show, once. What made you? And why did you give it up?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"What made me? Ah, what do you suppose, why did I give it up? Now I just ask you, Edward Arnold, do you think that, even to impress a handsome young curate, I could keep up that kind of affair for long?"

He sat opposite to her, drinking the tea with which she had provided him, and watching her as she talked.

She was beautiful, exceedingly, in her flame-coloured tea gown, with the scarlet geraniums scattered all about her drawing-room. Yet, even so, she seemed somewhat commonplace beside the remembrance of a girl in a soft white frock, sitting in a garden amongst the lilies.

It would be better to belong to Mary's world than to Zarah's.

He finished his tea and put down his cup. Then he rose.

"I'm stupid to-day," he said. "I shall go now, and call again when I can make you laugh. It isn't in me this afternoon."

But he did not guess, notwithstanding all that knowledge of women upon which he prided himself, that, as soon as he had disappeared, Mrs. Ducie rang the bell and gave orders that she was "not at home" to anyone. After which the yellow silk cushions of the sofa could have told of a little frenzied face pressed hard down upon them, of a torrent of tears which bedewed them and of the weary exclamation from a world worn heart, "Oh, Ted, Ted. And how I have loved you!"

It was in that hour that the wrongs which Zarah had inflicted upon Sydney Davenport were, at least in part, avenged.

As for Ted, he betook himself straight to the house of Lord Bankton. Upon the doorstep he met Lady Bankton, just going to her carriage. She welcomed him as she had never done before.

"Oh my dear boy, what great news. All the world is talking of Roderick's generosity—though, poor fellow, it was quite the only thing for him to do, after that rather disgraceful escapade—and of your good luck. Let me congratulate you."

"Awfully decent of him, wasn't it?" he returned, in his usual phraseology. "And thanks for your congratulations. Going out, Lady Bankton?"

She looked at him, and smiled, as she certainly would not, under the circumstances, have smiled a week ago.

"I must. I promised Mrs. Eldridge to look in at her "At Home." But if Mary could offer entertainment enough until my return—"

He needed no further permission.

Mary was sitting in the drawing-room window, that delightful window, filled with pelargoniums, which overlooked the park,

when Ted entered. Emboldened by Lady Bankton's manner he had motioned back the servant in the hall, and had gone upstairs unannounced. Thus it was that, when he opened the door, he discovered Miss Desborough, who had received no warning of his approach, in tears. Before she had quite grasped the situation she found that she was also in Ted's arms.

"My darling," he whispered, close to her ear. "Was it for me that you were crying?"

She put out her hand and laid it on his chest, looking up at him with a most piteous little smile.

"Please don't hold me, Ted. You know you mustn't do that. Sit down and let us talk."



"YOU HAVE NEVER REFUSED HIM, MARY?"

For a moment he gazed at her doubtfully. Should he or should he not obey? Then she felt the arms loosening.

"Mary, if you'll only love me I'll do anything in the world," he said, almost desperately. "Only I can't pretend to be all you want me to be. I'm not good—not like you are. And I don't believe I ever shall be."

Lady Bankton was out that day for nearly an hour, which was a great indiscretion on the part of her ladyship. Although she may perhaps have had her reasons. For when she came home, and found that Ted Arnold had left some time ago, she showed herself very seriously disappointed.

"Didn't you see him?" she inquired, making her way to Mary's own bedroom. And Mary, who was engaged in bathing her face in cold water, an operation which she had begun just as her mother's fingers were on the handle of the door, shivered a little.

"Yes," she said, with a fresh application of the sponge.

"And didn't he—oh Mary, the dressing bell hasn't rung. Do come and talk to me here. Didn't he—child," as she caught a glimpse of her daughter's face, "what is the matter? You have been crying."

Upon which the tears burst forth afresh. Mary buried her burning cheeks in the soft damask towel and sobbed, whilst Lady Bankton grew alarmed.

"You have never refused him, Mary?"

"Yes, mother. What else could I do?"

"Your ridiculous religious ideas, I suppose?" gathering up her skirts and preparing, with crushing scorn, to leave the room. Then when no answer came, "Well, my dear, if you hear within a week that he is engaged to Zarah Ducie you will have only yourself to thank."

So she went away in her vexation, leaving a sting behind her. And Mary, forgetting her own prayer, felt as though the God she loved had forgotten to be gracious.

How could she hold out against her mother and Ted, and even her own heart? And when Ted had told her this very afternoon that in her hands lay the power to mould his life? But yet she dared not yield.

And so the weeks went by.

## CHAPTER X.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all."



UT it was just that very holding out, that extraordinary firmness in a creature whom Ted had always known as the personification of submissive gentleness, that served as the means to accomplish that which nothing else in all the world, probably, could have done.

Had Mary yielded, Ted would assuredly have been kind, and tender, and considerate enough to her about her own religious observances. He would have called her, and thought her, an angel and have begged her prayers. But he would never, perhaps, have dreamed that, with him, the same religion could have anything to do. Just the right thing for women; but for men a needless burden, placing a limit on their pleasures and throwing a shadow over their lives!

As it was, however, Ted found the matter pressed upon him.

Already the incidents of the last few weeks had aroused depths in his nature, the existence of which neither he nor anyone else had suspected. Regret and repentance had long since begun. And now that he saw Mary, the girl he loved, choosing to bear suffering—for, that she did suffer, she did not deny and Ted did not doubt—rather than offend her conscience, the idea occurred to him, for the first time, that he also ought to listen to conscience and to obey.

Having admitted so much, a truly uncomfortable questioning became incessant. Was it manly, was it honest, to allow another to bear the brunt of his sins?

The perpetual uneasiness of mind made him restless. He flung himself with greater fervour than ever into all his former pursuits, going everywhere, seizing each pleasure that offered itself, and flirting even more desperately with Zarah than he had done before.

And once more it was Zarah herself who, quite unintentionally, pulled him up in his rather wild career. God sometimes uses strange instruments.

"I don't believe you're going to become good

after all," she said, one evening when, after dancing together half a dozen times at a ball, he handed her into her carriage.

He laughed a laugh which startled both her and himself.

"Good? I? It isn't in me." Then suddenly, all the yearning of his soul rising to the surface, "Oh, I wish, I wish it were!"

When Ted found himself alone, upstairs in his room that night, he did that which he had not done since he was a child. He threw himself upon his knees at the side of his bed and prayed.

"I can't see the way," he said, half aloud. "Oh God, if there is help for any one, help me."

Was it in response to that cry for aid that next day his accuser was more persistent in its demands than ever? To right his brother. It had gradually grown upon him that nothing in his own life could beset straight until that had been done; though to do it might mean, and probably would, the loss

of all he held dearest on earth. Including Mary, who must for ever despise such a wretch as she would find him to be.

But it came to pass at last; albeit months elapsed first, and the families both of Sir Edgar Arnold and of Lord Bankton had, by that time, gathered in their neighbouring Hampshire homes in order to keep Christmas.

The Eve of the great Festival was already here. And Ted, who had really become very altered of late, giving signs of a morose irritability which he had never shown before, was looking

out of the window of his den at a snowy world. He was dressed for dinner. So too was Ina, when, having slipped into the room behind him, she went and leaned her head upon his shoulder.

"I wish Roy were here," she whispered, softly.

"With all my soul I wish it too," was the bitter response.

The little sister took her courage in both hands.

"Then, Ted, why not own up and tell the truth?" she said.

He turned and looked at her in astonishment. Was it possible that she knew?

"What do you mean?"

She shook her head, making the diamond star that her father had given her on her seventeenth birthday glisten and gleam.

"I can't say," she said. "But you can. You know that it was your fault that Roy was in that place. And I know that you are sick with repentance, you dear old fellow."

Suddenly and

without warning, all Ted's hard reserve broke down. He dropped into a chair by the table and let his head fall upon the arms that rested on the cloth.

"I *am* sick—sick to death, Ina. But how can I hope for pardon either from God or man?"

"You won't get either until you ask for it," she said, cautiously. "And I think I think, Ted, that, as soon as you have confessed everything to God you ought to make it known to the world. Don't you?"



"MAY I HELP YOU?" SHE SAID.

He put his arm round her waist and drew her close, until his head rested against her.

"Oh Ina, what will Mary say?"

She kissed him then. And though she wouldn't have let him see it for the world, she smiled at the top of his head.

"Go and try."

There was no difficulty in putting that good advice to immediate use. And an hour later Ted was standing opposite Mary in the small drawing room at Bankton Hall. Just so had they been standing ever since he began the stammering, stuttering narrative which had made her acquainted with the truth.

Her eyes were upon his flushed countenance as he finished his tale, and her face was alive with a glad and thankful wonder. But how could he tell that, whilst his own gaze was bent upon the ground? Her soul was raised upwards in an overwhelming thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies. But how could Ted guess as much when his own spirit was crushed with shame?

"I repent more deeply than I can tell," he said. "My whole life has been a wasted life. If I could have it back again—"

"It isn't finished," the girl interrupted eagerly, though in a half whisper.

"It's as good as finished—or as bad. For not even to win you can I continue as I have begun. I must restore the money, Mary. And then I must work for my own living and gain it too, as others have done before me. I will begin at the beginning and all over again, God helping me."

Mary flushed a lovely, happy, rosy red. And going a little nearer to him she laid her hand upon his arm.

"May I help you?" she said.

And then, as scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses he stared at her, she burst into tears and threw herself into his willing arms.

"Oh Ted, how can we ever thank God enough that you'd rather live a life of difficulty with Him, than enjoy a life of ease and pleasure without Him?"

As to the money, however, Roy altogether refused to take it back. Even though Ted, with much perseverance and determination, and greatly against the wishes both of Lady Bankton and of Sir Edgar, went to Africa in order to persuade him to do so.



"MARY WOULD HAVE WAITED TOO."

"No, dear old fellow," Roderick said, after they had talked and discussed the matter for hours, sitting in just such another shanty and on much the same kind of seats as those of which Roy had first made trial during his earliest twelve hours in the camp. "Don't ask me. I'm so happy out here. There is so much to be done amongst these rough gold-diggers. They know me a little by this time, and are good to me. There is no one else to care for them. And I am to be ordained shortly for the special work."

"But with more money—"

"I should be comparatively useless. They'd not understand the position. No, I'll be a poor man until—and may it be long—the rest of our mother's fortune falls to me. Then I may reconsider the matter. For the present I stay where I am, and you spend the dollars. I have no fear that you'll waste them now, with Mary to look after you."

Ted positively blushed, as Roy noted with amusement. This was indeed a very unfamiliar Ted.

"Tell me. What had you decided to do if I

had accepted your offer?" Roy inquired, rather curiously, after a moment.

"To work and wait," the younger man answered, stoutly. Then more softly, "Mary would have waited too."

"A nice time she'd have had with that mother of her's!" At which they both laughed. "She shan't have that trial at any rate."

And with that he got down off the box which was too high to allow his short legs to reach the ground, and began to walk up and down the limited space. Ted caught his hand as he passed, and held it.

"Dear chap, how can I thank you for the price you paid for the soul of your brother?" he said. "I know better now than I did

at the time what self-sacrifice that price included."

Roy looked at him with glistening eyes.

"Don't talk to me of self-sacrifice. What good should I have done had not Mary's faithful obedience come in? I've often blamed myself for the difficult position in which I placed her."

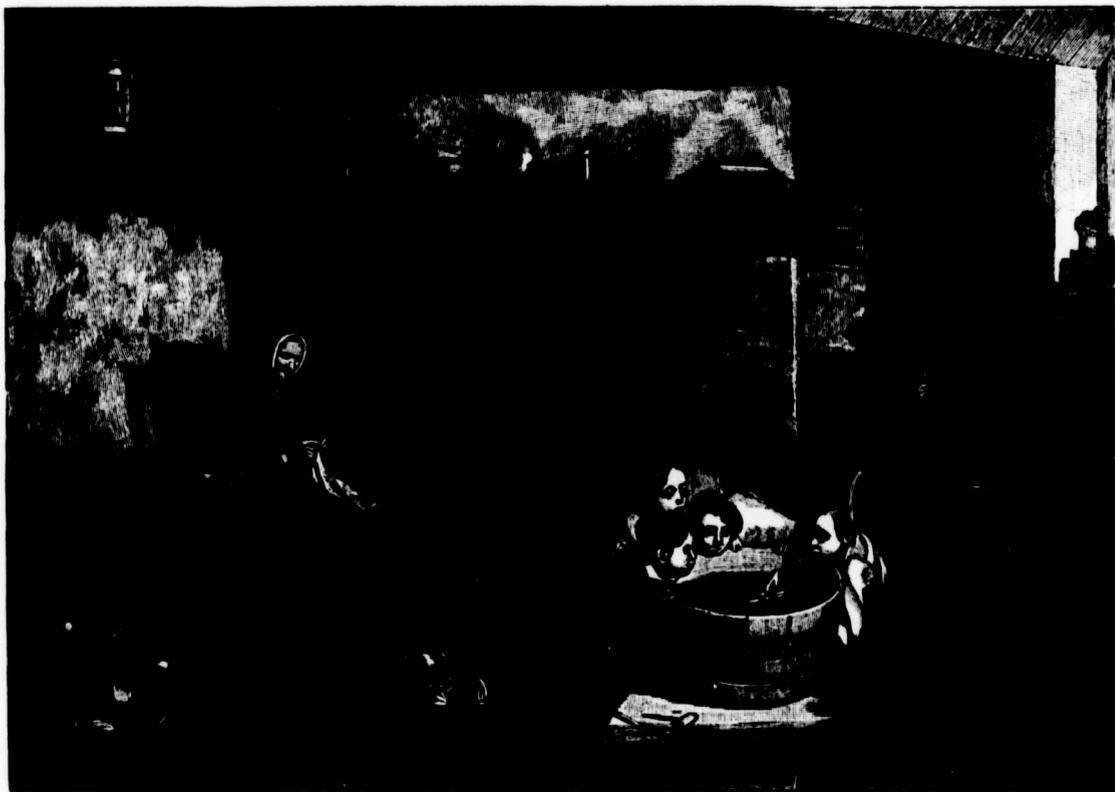
Ted smiled. Mary's praise could not but be sweet in his ears.

"You've been the best of brothers, though," he persisted.

Then Roy smiled too.

"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God Whom he hath not seen?' You know how Ina interprets that, don't you? If not, ask her."

◆◆◆◆◆ FINIS. ◆◆◆◆◆



## CONTRARY WINDS.

*From the picture by THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.*

## THE BREATH OF GOD: A Whitsun Musing.\*

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY VERNON,

Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," "Old and New Century Bells," etc.



**T**HIS is the Day of Pentecost. On this day the Holy Spirit came to the whole Church. Not only to the Apostles, as when the Lord breathed on them, giving the Gift in a special sense for consecration to the ministry. No, on this day, the Holy Spirit came to the whole Church, the breath of God, to give it new life. The life of the new birth, and of renewal. Of new birth, given once for all. Of renewal, continuous through the life of the regenerate—if they will have it so. (See Collect for Christmas Day).

We know little of the spiritual world; little of what *spirit* is; *spirit*, which is in Holy Writ, so continually opposed to *flesh*. God is Spirit, and, made in God's image, man is not, as are *animals*, only *body* and *soul* but also *spirit*. We know, however, little indeed about our own spirit, are ignorant about even the spirit of *man*. We stand beside the dying: the breath ceases, the spirit has fled. What saw we? What heard we? We are, with relation to the spirit world, as men born blind. What know we then of the Spirit of God? He comes to us: makes our body His Temple, sways and influences our will if we resist not His power; enlightens our conscience, gives it a silent voice of guidance as to evil and as to good; works on us by sacrament; speaks to us through God's Word, assists and interprets our prayers; in short, sanctifies us, and fits us for Heaven, if we yield our will to His influence.

Yet we know Him but by His working, we see nothing, hear nothing. The working of the Spirit is compared by our Lord to that of the wind. The wind breatheth where it listeth, and it listeth to go where God directs it. Itself unseen, we know by its *effects*, of its coming and going. But the words might just as correctly be rendered, "The *Spirit* breatheth where it listeth." And by breathing God first gave man life. By breathing Jesus gave the Holy Spirit for the work of the ministry. And, on the Day of Pentecost, the Spirit came with the sound of a rushing mighty wind.

So the soft breathing of an air of refreshment on a sultry day, and the might of the tempest which strews in wreck the cedars of Lebanon, may both be used to illustrate the

working, in the Spirit of man, of the Spirit of God.

Contemplate a vessel that, for her motion, is dependent on her sails. See, she is becalmed: "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." But presently comes a sigh, in the distance, of an awakening wind; the waters roughen; presently it reaches the ship. Lo, at once a change! A change from apathy to motion, from deadness to animation. The sails fill, the cords thrum, the masts bend, and she scuds through the dashing spray, a thing of beauty, and a thing of life.

Again, bring to your thoughts a grove of trees, in close, sultry weather. No branch sways, no leaf stirs, all is as still as in a picture. But a fresh breeze is born from the sunset, it cools your heated brow, it reaches the grove, and, lo, all is movement and animation. The tall poplar sways its feather-grace, the abele is blown into frosted silver; the chestnut lifts its heavy fans, the beech discovers the silky softness of its under-leaves. A sigh of refreshment breaths through the foliage. The coming of the cool wind has transformed the aspect of the landscape.

But let us note that the wind may cease to stir the foliage; the dead calm come again upon the vessel. The breath which gives life and sound and motion, needs to be again and again *renewed*.

Our parable is plain to read. Even thus, if there is to continue in our being, spiritually, life, sound, motion, we need, and must seek, by use of means, by prayer and sacrament, the renewing day by day of the Holy Spirit's first in-coming. And just through non-realization of this need, and neglect of this use of means, how unspiritual are the most of the Baptised content to be!

"The Spirit breatheth where it listeth," true; but where the Father wills, there the Spirit will list to breathe. Need, then, the dull-hearted *remain* apathetic, inactive; acquiescing, as though to an inexorable Fate, in their dull-heartedness? Not so. Hear the words of the World's Saviour: "If ye being evil, give good gifts to your children, *how much more* shall your Father which is in Heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

To have over-looked the appointed means; to have lost the soul through indifference, through neglect. What a reflection for Eternity!

\* The idea of this musing is developed in "The Parable of the Organ," from "The Granary."

## QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT HOME.

By MARY E. GARTON.



EVERED and loved as our new Queen Alexandra will be, by millions of her subjects all the world over, as the ideal sovereign and consort of our King, Edward the Seventh, she will be still more loved and admired for her true womanhood, which has for so long showed itself in numberless little acts of kindness, thoughtfulness, and sympathy, which had been done so quietly and unostentatiously, that they have only leaked out many months afterwards, and added another link to the chain of love and gratitude that encircle "Our Princess."

The real Princess was the one known to the dwellers around and about Sandringham, always the best beloved of our new Queen's homes, since not only is it the scene of her early married life, but from the heights above it she can command a view of the North Sea, across which are wafted breezes from the country of her birth, this spot in Norfolk being the nearest one in England to Denmark. Here, Queen Alexandra has lived the ideal existence of an English gentlewoman, untrammelled by the cares of royalty, and the tedious routine of Courts. When a young mother, the Princess' great delight was to escape from her visitors and spend an hour in the nursery, where, enveloped in a large flannel apron, she would give the latest comer his or her bath, or, girl that she was, play "pick-a-back" up and down the corridors with the little Princes Eddie and George and their small sisters.

As the children grew older she superintended their lessons, and made them her constant companions, and, unlike so many less exalted mothers, one of the principal lessons she taught them, both by precept and example, was that of thoughtfulness and generosity, two very prominent characteristics in the Duke of York's disposition. A pretty story is told of how Princess Maud, after a hard struggle, with her inclination, once gave up to a little guest some special dainties which she greatly desired for herself. Upon the guest showing an inclination to decline the gift, the royal mother whispered

to her, "Please take it, it will teach her to be unselfish."

The Queen is above all things a domesticated woman, due probably to her early training, for so poor were her parents that the three pretty daughters used to make all their own clothes, and purchase them too out of a *very* slender allowance. Queen Alexandra even now rarely wears a new bonnet without altering it to suit herself, and her boudoir and drawing rooms at Sandringham contain many beautiful examples of her skill as a needlewoman, in the shape of chair seats, cushions, etc. She is also a clever knitter, and spends much of her leisure time in making coverlets, comforters and stockings for her pensioners on the estate. One old woman tells how she visited her cottage one afternoon and "turned the heel" of a stocking she was knitting with great rapidity.



Then there is housekeeping and dairy work in both of which the Queen excels, and she often, together with the Princesses, makes butter in the lovely little Swiss cottage, the "Princess Dairy," in which she entertains her most intimate friends to tea, treating them to butter and cakes made by her own fair fingers. She can at once detect anything wrong in the making of butter, and can often point out some remedy or improvement. Few prettier sights can be seen than this great royal lady, covered with a large white apron having big pockets in it filled with bread, visiting her kennels or her poultry yard—for the Queen is a great poultry fancier, and often exhibits her bantams at the shows—feeding her pets who clamber round her, or fly on to her shoulder or her finger, for her magnetic powers are as visible in her relations with the animals world, as in those with human beings. She is a lover of animals, horses, dogs, cats, birds, all coming in for a share of her coveted affection and care.

It is as "Lady Bountiful," however that Queen Alexandra will live in the hearts of the Sandringham people. She visits them in their homes, taking them dainties when they are sick, and entering into their domestic trials and rejoicings as heartily as though she were one of the family.

When one of her servants marries she not only goes to the church, but attends the wedding breakfast, and many a sad bereaved wife and mother tells how a quiet, gentle woman comes quietly in, and sympathizes with her, and so womanly is she that her royal rank is utterly forgotten. Queen Alexandra has had a hospital built on the estate, so that the long journey, hitherto necessary when a patient had to be carried to the neighbouring town, may be avoided, and in order to teach the younger subjects of the King and Queen, she has established a technical school where the children are taught many useful things, including spinning and weaving, wood carving, etc. The Queen herself is a good spinner, and at an exhibition held a short time ago in London, there was shown

some wool spun by Princess Victoria from the coat of her favourite French poodle. Sunday is a veritable "rest day" at Sandringham. No carriages are used except that in which the Queen—who as everyone knows is very lame—is borne to St. Mary Magdalene's Church. The afternoon is spent in strolling in the beautiful grounds, or inspecting the kennels, farm, or other parts of the estate. In the summer the Queen and her daughters frequently attend evening service at a neighbouring church. Music, especially sacred music, appeals to our good Queen very strongly, and she has for many years regularly attended the performances of Bach's Passion Music at St. Anne's, Soho; doing so quietly as a private individual, and being quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

## Practical Hints to Cottagers on Poultry Keeping.

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

IT is not yet too late to hatch out and rear chickens with success, especially the Mediterranean or lighter breeds. The directions given in earlier numbers of this magazine should be carefully followed. In the more genial weather which this month frequently brings the hen and chickens already hatched may be placed out in the open garden or field with the coop front facing south so as to catch the sun. The little ones will not now require so much flesh meat, or rich food of any kind, as insect life is more abundant. For the first day or two an egg boiled and finely minced with stale bread crumbs is very appetising, but should not be continued longer or ill consequences may follow, such as indigestion and diarrhœa.

A very large percentage, more than half, of chickens die through injudicious feeding, and more die through food being given in too large quantities than through its scarcity.

In a state of nature they would have to work hard and walk far to find sufficient food, and liberty and exercise are still necessary to obtain the best results.

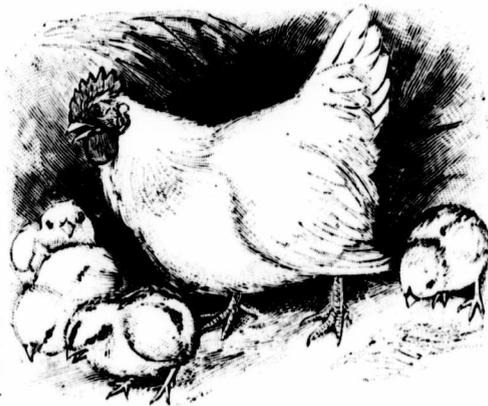
Where only a few chickens are reared, it is advisable, as soon as they are a week or ten days old to let them out with the hen on fine days. But this cannot be done with safety where several broods are placed near each other, or where space is limited.

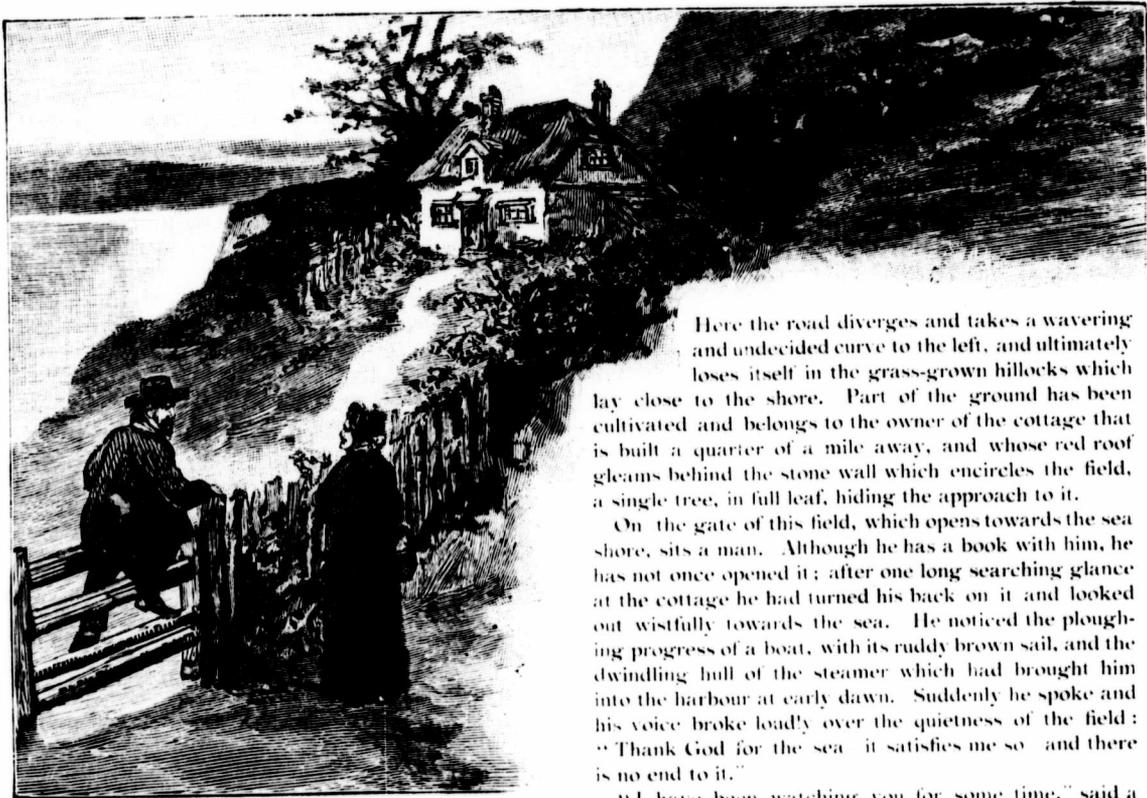
Where the chicks have not access to the high road, they should be supplied with some fine flint grit to help them to digest their food, and where this is not available a little coarse sand, or even finely sifted ashes from the hearth are not a bad substitute. A little green food, such as grass, lettuce or dandelion leaves, all finely chopped should be given daily, especially where there is no open field or grass run in which they may find it for themselves.

If any of the little ones are found troubled with diarrhœa, one or two meals daily of boiled rice should be given; and if it still continues, a little chalk should be sprinkled over the rice, and a little bone meal should be added to their soft food.

A watchful eye should be kept for the first symptoms of any ailment, that it may be checked in its first stages—the object of the successful poultry keeper being to keep the birds *growing* from hatching

to maturity without any check to their growth, as a chicken that suffers seriously from any drawback rarely makes up for it afterwards. Too great care cannot be taken to see that the food is always perfectly sweet and clean, and that water or milk (when they are allowed to have it) is fresh and cool, and the vessels should be cleaned every day.





## LIFE'S FALLING PETALS.

By E. ADYE.

I.

**A**BOVE the village lay sloping, emerald and saffron-coloured downs, colours the sun and rain were lending them for a time. The chalk ridges showed up sharply in their even bed of green, upon which a few sheep were browsing. No movement of alarm was ever felt by them here, seldom even a stranger crossed this way, for it would but lead on and over undulating country, and past a neglected copse of wood, whose ways only the birds really knew of, and all the earthy treasures it contained. Here the first weak chirps of young nestlings were heard, and the sad pipings of some forlorn feathered mate left disconsolate; the wood was a birth, and burial place all in one to them.

This evening a primrose-hue stained the western heaven, hanging like a yellow curtain, with a border of misty blue texture to the earth, and the old-fashioned village lies beneath in its draped valley. There is but one important thoroughfare in this village—a long straggling street runs between the old-shaped houses, with their mossy uneven pavements. The church, still elder, stands at one end, and the sea peeps through at the other,

Here the road diverges and takes a wavering and undecided curve to the left, and ultimately loses itself in the grass-grown hillocks which lay close to the shore. Part of the ground has been cultivated and belongs to the owner of the cottage that is built a quarter of a mile away, and whose red roof gleams behind the stone wall which encircles the field, a single tree, in full leaf, hiding the approach to it.

On the gate of this field, which opens towards the sea shore, sits a man. Although he has a book with him, he has not once opened it; after one long searching glance at the cottage he had turned his back on it and looked out wistfully towards the sea. He noticed the ploughing progress of a boat, with its ruddy brown sail, and the dwindling hull of the steamer which had brought him into the harbour at early dawn. Suddenly he spoke and his voice broke loudly over the quietness of the field: "Thank God for the sea—it satisfies me so—and there is no end to it."

"I have been watching you for some time," said a complaining voice behind the man. He started and looked attentively at the woman who had approached him unawares, over the grass. "That is my cottage, and this is my field," she remarked impatiently, as the man turned away with a half-stifled cry.

"I am only resting awhile and admiring the sea," he answered.

"Well, you look ill, so you can stay; but why do you watch the sea so long, I do not understand, it's always the same to me."

"You cannot really mean that," he answered almost sharply.

"I tell you it is the same—restless and cruel."

"I have never thought it so," and as he turned his head the woman's old face softened, for she noticed the delicate outline of his cheek and the sunken chest, the fine partially grey hair blowing in the wind. "There is so much life about the sea," the man continued; "and on the shores and in every pool, you find some treasure; and then, how careful the sea is of its dead, it holds them safely." Here the man stopped, for he heard the woman's cry of anguish.

"My husband was drowned," then she gathered her dress and shawl about her and turned away, and the man watched her figure till it disappeared behind the opening in the wall, and he heard the cottage door shut.

II.

NEXT evening the man went down again to the same

spot, and his face looked more wan and tired than before. As he passed along through the field he saw the woman gathering moon-daisies which grew in the ditch beneath the wall.

"I have to pick all these by to-night, perhaps you will help me?"

"What are they for?"

"To decorate the church, of course; why, it's the fair day to-morrow."

"And to pick daisies is a *sine qua non*," the man answered, and he obediently began to gather the flowers.

"If I get a lot I shall be well paid," said the woman.

"Ah, and I thought you were doing it for love," laughed the man.

The woman's face flushed; the laugh reminded her of other days, now long passed. Quickly their hands moved through the multitude of stalks, and after an hour there was a dearth of daisies.

"You seem to have enough," the man remarked as he straightened his back, and walked away to the gate.

"Yes, and thank you," answered the woman brusquely, but she did not seem in a hurry to finish her task, and went on adding to the heap of daisies. "I do not believe he is reading, I think he is troubled, and the evening is too cold for him," she thought, as she heard him cough.

Presently the man rejoined her. "I am going now, so good-night, to-morrow we shall meet at the fair."

"Yes, I should like you to see the church decorated," then as the woman's eyes fell upon the thin hand which

(To be continued.)

held the book she said: "Have you read much to-night?"

"No, very little; but I was thinking over what I have read, which is much the same."

"What is it about?" said the woman, with a longing to find out whether the book had anything to do with his sadness.

"Theology," he said, with a slight smile.

"What does that mean?"

"A book that teaches about God."

A hard look came over the woman's face which the man had thought would come. "What's the use of that?" she cried.

"The use, the use? Why, don't you like to find out things you do not understand?"

"No, I don't. I have quite enough to bear with the things I do know of."

"You thought the same about the sea yesterday," the man replied thoughtfully.

"Well, and did I say I had altered my opinion?"

"No; still I feel you think differently," he pleaded, with the same quiet smile he used when urging a point.

"Yes," said the woman, "I did, but to-day the sea is my old enemy again. Oh, I cannot love God—I should be a hypocrite to say so to you long, long ago perhaps I loved Him, but yet I am not sure—sometimes I am very miserable," she said, and she fastened her deep-set eyes on the silent man beside her. Then, like the day before, she went quickly across the field—but the man's face was beat in his hands.

## GARDENING FOR MAY.

### The Flower Garden.

**T**HIS will be a busy month in the Flower Garden. Bedding out work should now be carried on. The plants should be hardened gradually by admitting fresh air into the frames. Towards the end of the month geraniums, fuchsias, dahlias, calceolarias, etc., can be bedded out. Sow stocks, asters, mignonette, and other annuals. Rose bushes should be well searched and kept clear of grubs. The green fly should be strenuously destroyed by regularly washing the infested plants and bushes with a syringe.

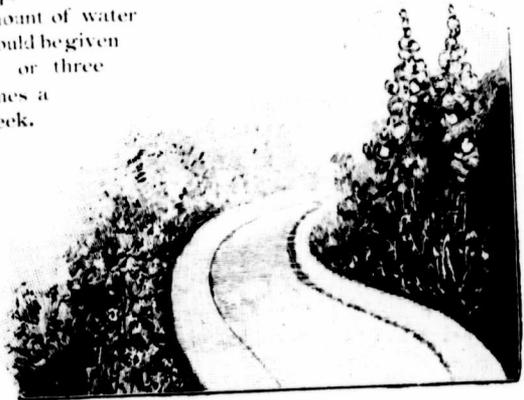
### Fruit Garden.

Special attention should be given to the vines, in reducing the number of shoots by removing the weak and superfluous ones. If nailing and pruning the fruit trees has been neglected, it should be attended to at once, and should the nights be cold proper protection should be given in the way of woollen matting, supported by ropes stretched upon thick sticks. Newly slacked lime or soot should be sprinkled upon any branches or bushes to prevent the inroads of caterpillars. The roots of gooseberry and currant bushes should be well dressed with soot to prevent the gooseberry caterpillar.

### Kitchen Garden.

In the kitchen garden there is plenty to do: sowings for the general crop should be continued, especially

scarlet runners and kidney beans. Peas should be earthed up and sticked. Potatoes which are now showing should be well forked in between the rows. Cauliflowers and cabbage plants should now be ready for transplanting, and this work should be undertaken at the first available opportunity. If the weather is dry plenty of water should be given. Cucumber plants should be well looked after, the frames should be raised in the middle of the day to admit a good supply of fresh air, but care should be taken to close them in good time to protect them from the cold evening air, a moderate amount of water should be given twice or three times a week.





## THE POWERS OF THE KING IN THE CHURCH OF GOD.

BY THE REV. C. H. SIMPKINSON, M.A., *Rector of Stoke-upon-Trent.*

**L**AST month we enquired into the Rights of the King in the government of the Church of God; and explained that he was the Lord's Anointed. In practice the King has most to do with the government of the Church when a new Bishop has to be appointed.

When a Bishopric is vacant the King is at once informed, and he is asked to allow the Cathedral Chapter, which is made up of the Dean and Canons, all ordained priests in the Church, to elect a new Bishop. In giving this permission, the King has the right to advise them to elect a clergyman whose name he mentions in a letter sent to them. At the same time, this clergyman must be in Priest's Orders; he must be a man of sufficient learning; and he must be of good character. If there is no reason to disqualify him, the Chapter are expected to elect him; and they always do elect him, after solemn prayer to Almighty God that they may choose a fit person.

Some people object to this plan, and think that the Chapter ought to be allowed to choose any one they prefer. But surely the King is much more likely than they to know who is the man among the priests of the whole Church who is really fitted for the difficult work of a Bishop in the Church of God. The King is responsible to God for the wise and good government of the Church. He has the widest knowledge; and he always or almost always takes the advice of the Prime Minister, who is the man the people have chosen at the last General Election to rule the country under the King. But the choice rests with the King. In 1805, King George the Third, our new King's great-grandfather, heard that Archbishop Moore was dead. He knew who was the Bishop that the Prime Minister wanted him to propose to the Chapter, and he did not think he would

make a good Archbishop; so he ordered his horse and rode straight to the house of Dean Mannors Sutton, and told him he should propose his name for election to the Chapter at Canterbury. He was soon after elected as the King wished.

If the Sovereign were to propose a man who was not worthy, it would be the duty of the Chapter to refuse him, and to elect some one else in his place. But this never happened in the Queen's reign. Once in King George the First's reign, the Prime Minister did try to have an unworthy clergyman chosen, but Archbishop Tenison told him that he should not allow it, and the Ministers gave way. We shall see in a moment how the Archbishop can stop a bad selection. Every one who believes, as the English Constitution teaches, that the King is the Lord's Anointed, would wish him to have a voice in the choosing of Bishops. How else could he carry out his duty to see that the Church is kept free and rightly ruled? for it is through good Bishops that he is able to ensure this.

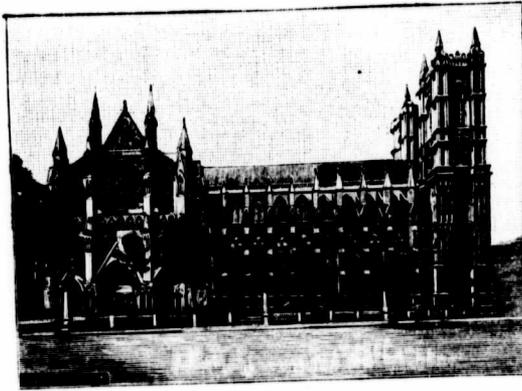
After the election, the new Bishop's name has to be sent to the Archbishop of the province — that is to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the south of England, and to the Archbishop of York for the north. The Archbishop publishes an announcement that he will sit to hear any objections to the proposed Bishop in some public place, and that if any one knows any objection he must come and declare it openly, so that no unworthy man may be consecrated to the great office. If the Bishop-elect has done anything evil, he could not dare, however secret it had been, to face such an ordeal of publicity.

Should the Archbishop find anything wrong in his life or false in his teaching, he would, as

Archbishop Tenison threatened to do, refuse to confirm his election; and another clergyman would have to be appointed in his place.

The question was brought up before the judges some years ago, whether the Archbishop could be compelled to listen to complaints against the clergyman chosen. Five judges heard the case. Two of them were well acquainted with the Church laws. They pronounced that he had no choice, but must listen and enquire. Three said he ought not to listen. But the reason they gave showed they had not studied the facts. They said that King Henry the Eighth was a tyrant, and that he meant to insist that any one he liked should be made a Bishop. They were very hard on King Henry: he has often been made out to be much more wicked than he was; for with all his faults he did wish to do right.

But it happens that in the great library at Oxford there is a book published at King Henry's request by the Bishops of his time. In it this very question is discussed. It is said that the King does not claim the right to make Bishops; and the book goes on to show how our present plan, which was arranged in his time, protects the Church from any mistakes the King may make in choosing the right man. This volume at Oxford was King Henry's own copy, and in it there are many remarks in his own handwriting. It was very blundering of the three judges to attribute bad motives to a dead man who could not answer.



So they would see if they were alive now how wrong they were. There is no question that it is the duty of the Archbishop to refuse to confirm the appointment of an unworthy clergyman as Bishop. After he has been confirmed, the Bishop-elect, as he is called, has to be publicly consecrated, and again any objection can be made against him.

The Church of England thus remains quite free in the choice of her Bishops. Magna Charta promises this freedom in the very first clause. The Kings have to renew the promise when they are crowned. And so the King, the Clergy, and the Bishops all take their part in being responsible that good men are chosen.

This is the matter most important to the Church which the King has to do. But there are other powers given to him. As he is the Lord's Anointed, the Laws of the Church cannot be altered without his consent. He calls together

the Bishops and Clergy to decide about these laws and also about the doctrines of the Church. They cannot meet without his summons, but he cannot decide about doctrines; this is their duty and their right, not his.

But all this shows how necessary it is for the Church in England that the King should be a good and a religious man. Therefore, we pray for him very often in our Services, and we ask God to guide him to rule well. Do not let us forget to pray for the King in those family prayers which we all ought to conduct in our homes.

## HYGIENE, NURSING AND SANITATION.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH,

*Assoc. Royal Brit. Inst. Public Health Diplomee, San. Inst., Lond. and South Kensington, with Honours, and Lecturer, Hants County Council.*

### Health Dietary.



YOU will scarcely believe it, yet it is a well-attested truth, that ordinary white flour contains much less nourishment than the wheat grains from which it was milled. For in order to give us that very white and very fine ground flour the miller has to remove a great deal of the flesh-formers and bone and teeth formers contained in the grain. This is a serious evil to us all but more especially to growing

children. Indeed, Sir J. C. Browne, the eminent physician, has given it as his opinion that to this cause may be ascribed much of the dental decay so prevalent now-a-days. For there being a deficiency of earthy salts in the food, the teeth suffer first of all, then the bones, then the general system, according to Nature's laws.

Besides the loss of the flesh, bone and teeth formers, the refined flour is deficient in that peculiar digestive ferment found in the whole grain called diastase. This substance is of great

value when the digestion is weak, as it acts on the starchy elements and converts them into what is known chemically as grape sugar, a far more easily digested substance than starch.

Possibly for rich people, whose dietary is already too luxurious, this refined flour, deprived of the nourishing and digestive qualities of the wheat grain, may be most befitting. For it is as injurious to take too much nourishment as too little. But undoubtedly, where every penny is a consideration, the loss sustained by the "bolting" is serious, and the question is how can it be remedied.

Various manufacturers, perceiving the difficulty, have brought into the market different preparations of the whole wheat grain, such as shredded wheat, "Grape Nuts," Hoovis, Bernaline and other breads, etc.; but none of these preparations are suited for a large family where every penny has to be considered on both sides. Hence the only solution is to purchase whole meal at the corn shops and bake our own bread at home.

This proposal will doubtless frighten some of my readers, for the good old practice of home baking is dying out even in villages, but I can assure you the matter is easy enough after a few trials. It is true that just at first you may lose heart a little for in bread baking neglect of some small detail often ruins the batch, but if you "try, try, try again" you will find it is really an easy matter in the end. And then you will have the compensation of knowing that you are doing the best for your family and helping to build up their bodies strong enough to face the battle of life.

For those who already bake their bread at home, let me urge you to give up your white flour and use whole meal. It is not only slightly cheaper, but much more strengthening and delicious after you have become accustomed to it.

#### About the Little Ones.

Your children will seldom grow up into strong men and women if you are not careful about their dietary. For if the infantine digestion becomes chronically irritated it is likely to leave life-long results. Improper food or improper methods of giving proper food is at the root of most children's ailments.

One important point is don't feed too often nor between meals. Mothers often give babies milk whenever they cry, though sometimes they are merely crying because they have had too much.



A baby should be fed every two hours, from 5 a.m. to 11 p.m. during the first six weeks of its life. After six weeks and up to six months it should be fed every three hours. As to night feeding, that depends on the doctor's opinion. Some babies do not require more

food than at the hours indicated others need feeding once or twice at night. But whatever system you adopt let the feeding be done at regular hours, not simply by caprice.

You must never give any farinaceous food to a baby under six months old. By "farinaceous" I mean such food as bread crumbs, arrowroot, sago, tapioca, rice, potatoes. This is one of the most fertile sources of disease, as the baby's stomach becomes irri-

tated by such foods until certain glands round the mouth have become developed.

After six months you may begin to give a very little farinaceous food, but "make haste slowly," as the Latins said. A teaspoonful of well-baked bread crumbs three times a day (morning, noon and evening) together with about twelve tablespoonfuls of sweet milk at each meal will be a good beginning. A baby from six months to one year old should have five meals a day, but at the other two give milk only twelve tablespoonfuls at each meal.

See that the bread crumbs are well baked to a light fawn colour in the oven before you give them. This baking should take about two hours. It makes the crumbs more digestible. Only stale bread should be used.

If you can afford it there are many excellent infants' foods for this period, which serve as an introduction to farinaceous food. Neave, Ridge and Benger (for very delicate babies) are examples of these digestible foods which should be tried if the baby is not strong.

#### Care of the Sick.

Nothing more contributes to the rapid recovery of a patient than the position of the bed. Its side should never run along the wall, for this prevents the free circulation of the air. Let the head of the bed stand near the wall but not quite close to it. In this way pure air is more likely to reach the patient, and air is the best of medicines. No curtains should surround the bed.

Weight without warmth is injurious, so see that you do not use a heavy counterpane. If you have none other simply put on a plain sheet or a strip of coloured calico.



Words by REV. J. KEBLE.

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

*Slur. p*

O LORD my God, do Thou Thy ho - ly will I will lie still - I will not

stir, lest I for-sake Thine arm, And break the charm Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast, In

*pp*

per - - - - - feet rest, In per - - - - - feet rest. A - - - - - men.

*Ball.*

*pp*

rest - - - - - In per - feet. per - - - - - feet rest.

- 2 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart  
He doth impart  
The virtue of His midnight agony,  
When none was nigh,  
Save God and one good angel, to assuage  
The tempest's rage.
- 3 Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find  
All to thy mind,  
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend  
Thee to befriend:  
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,  
Thy best, thine all.
- 4 "O Father! not My will, but Thine be done!"  
So spake the Son.  
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise  
Of griefs and joys:  
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast  
In perfect rest! Amen.

## THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL:

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK).

**M**Y dear little Cousins,  
 Once again the time has come round for you and me to have our little chat together. Since I last wrote to you, such a number of young people have enrolled themselves as my "cousins," that in future it will be quite impossible to give their names in this page, but I hope they will believe that they are just as heartily welcomed as ever. I hope, presently, that not a single boy or girl, who reads *The Church Magazine*, will be outside our Guild.

This month there is something specially interesting on our page; I am giving you the Answers to the January and February Biblical Puzzles. These have been crowded out before, but now I shall be able to give some answers each month. Are not these puzzles splendid? Some of you get all the answers correct, but I think you must "puzzle" your heads a good bit before you do that. A few of you are gaining very high marks, and evidently mean to become possessors of those beautiful books which we offer as prizes.

The descriptions of your pet animals have pleased me very much, for now I seem to know you better. I am very fond of all dumb creatures myself, and like to hear that my little cousins take a pleasure in looking after their pets. And

what funny pets some of them were too! There was a hedgehog that would only come out at night to eat his bread and milk, and the pussycat who would meow "No, no," if his mistress did anything to offend him. Then there was a khaki-coloured terrier, who played "pick-a-back" with the baby of the family, a white rabbit with pretty pink eyes, who liked being combed and brushed by his little mistress, and a Scotch collie who was called "Jill," because her poor little brother "fell down and broke his crown." This Jill dislikes tobacco smoke very much, and her owner tells me how his brother used to blow bubbles filled with smoke, and then Jill would snap at them, and, of course, the smoke would come out!

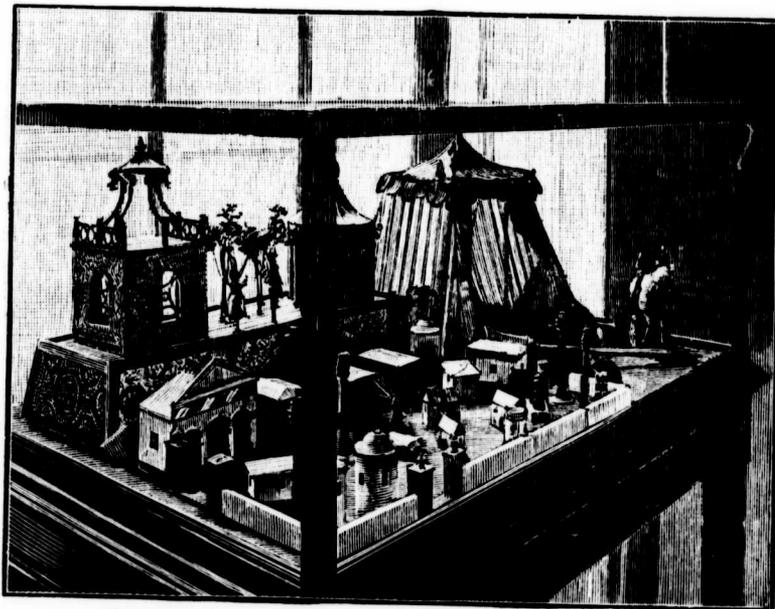
I have given marks to each of the competitors, but there were far too many to give their names here, and so I can only say that the best description was sent in by Maud Tucker, aged ten years.

I hope you will all enter for the Hymn Competition. I shall give the highest number of marks to those who have chosen the hymns named by the most competitors.

Hoping that many of you will write to me before this month is out,

I am, yours lovingly,

COUSIN JOAN.



REMINISCENCES OF THE CHILDHOOD OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

### 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.

#### SPECIAL PRIZE.

A Silver Watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of Members to the Guild between now and September, inclusive.

(For Puzzles see p. 120).

ANSWERS TO BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

JANUARY.

- I. C huz A  
A bi B  
I sreal E  
N athanae L
- II. (1) Consider the lilies how they grow.  
(2) The Lord is my Shepherd.
- III. E Z R A  
Z O A N  
R A I N  
A N N A
- IV. VIOL. Isaiah v. 12.
- V. (1) Mary the mother of Jesus. (2) Mary Magdalen. (3) Mary the sister of Lazarus. (4) Mary the wife of Cleophas. (5) Mary the mother of Mark. (6) Mary the friend of S. Paul.

FEBRUARY.

- VI. WATCH. Words. VII. Gethesemane.  
A ctions. Gabbatha.  
T houghts. Golgotha.  
C ompany.
- VIII. " My son, give me thine heart."  
IX. (1) Pharaoh. (2) Jotham. (3) Darius.  
X. A-male-kite. 2 Samuel 1.

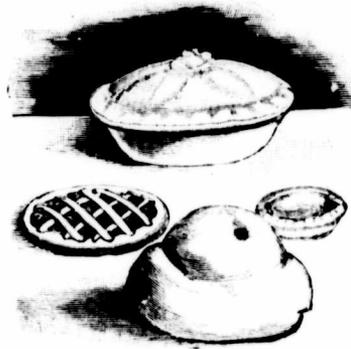
COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to Members of the Guild).  
To be sent in on or before May 31st, 1901.  
The first line of the hymn you like best.  
All competitions must be written separately, and on one side of the paper only. The name, age, and address must be clearly written on the back of each.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

MARION F. BROWNRIE.—You can always see, under the competitions, when they must be sent in.  
EMILY DAWBER.—I was very interested in your letter, and wish more of my cousins would write and tell me about their hobbies.  
GERTIE BUNKER.—I am very glad to have you, and hope you will often enter for the competitions.

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



COTTAGE COOKERY.

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

FRUIT TART.

THIS month I am giving a useful recipe for short pastry, and one which is quite easy to make; any fruit which happens to be in season may be used for the tart. The amount of sugar and water required depends on the fruit chosen. For the sized tart I am describing, take one and a-half

pounds of fruit, demerara sugar to sweeten, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of short pastry.

Prepare the fruit, and half fill a pint pie dish, add a table spoonful of sugar, fill up with more fruit, sugar, and a little water.

For the pastry, take

- |            |   |                  |   |                            |
|------------|---|------------------|---|----------------------------|
| Flour      | - | -                | - | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound.       |
| Butter     | - | -                | - | $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.     |
| Shortening | ( | Lard or Dripping | - | $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces.     |
|            |   | Baking Powder    | - | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful. |
|            |   | Salt             | - | a pinch.                   |
|            |   | Cold Water-      | - | To mix.                    |

Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in the shortening with the tips of the fingers as lightly as possible, until the mixture resembles bread crumbs and is free from lumps; stir in with a knife enough water to form into an elastic dough, being careful not to make it too damp; work into a ball, put on to a slightly floured board and roll in an oval shape to the size required.

Cut strips about one inch wide from all round the pastry, wet the edge of the pie dish, and lay them carefully round it, wet the pastry and put on remaining piece to form the cover; press the edges lightly together and trim neatly with a knife, cutting away from you.

Bake about half-an-hour in a quick oven; test the pastry with a skewer, if it comes out clean it is ready.

N.B.—Do not make a hole in the top or the crust will sink with the fruit.



The well-known publishers, Walter Scott, Limited, are issuing a series of *Manuals of Employment for Educated Women*, edited by Christabel Osborn, on Teaching, Nursing, and similar matters, which might be useful to girls not as yet quite "educated," but willing to spend a shilling or eightpence for useful instruction.  
A series called *Westminster Biographies* (Kegan, Paul), 2s., opens

with "John Wesley," by Frank Baufield, who has shown no little skill in condensing the too ample materials available. One might notice also *A Life of Robert Browning*, by Arthur Waugh.

From among books on South Africa, more exciting, technically more instructive, a churchman might incline to take up the Bishop of Natal's little volume, in form of a diary, *My Diocese during the War*, a record of experiences and impressions written, in the first instance, for the Bishop's relations in England (Bell). Those who want the judgment of the expert will go to the library for Captain Mahan's *Story of the War in South Africa* (Sampson, Low).

In respect of northern Africa, we observe that Dr. Traill's volume, *England, Egypt, and the Sudan*, is published by Constable at 12s., but there is a little book by W. Basil Worstfold (Horace Marshall and Son) which can be bought for eightpence, and is well worth the money.

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

HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

FEAST OF SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

May 1.

"James, a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ." S. JAMES i. 1.

In the first synod James alone,
Who sat in the Arch-shepherd's throne,
The last decisive vote express'd.
In which the Saints all acquiesced.
'Twas Jesus' chair, not Peter's, which then
sway'd,
And Peter to bless'd James submission made.

In preaching Philip spent his might,
And little leisure had to write.

We double praises, Lord, this day,
To Thee for Thy two pillars pay,
For strength the faith in Asia gain'd,
When Philip saying-truth explain'd;
For James by saints most worthy judg'd to be
First Bishop of the first establish'd See.

By THOMAS KEN.

ASCENSION DAY, OR HOLY THURSDAY.

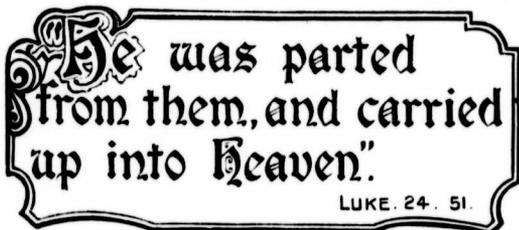
May 16.

"He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." S. MARK xvi. 19.

Bright portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars,
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold,
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold,
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

O glory of the heaven !
O sole delight of earth !
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth !
Of mankind lover true,
Indearer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be Thou our salvation and our song !
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, 1585-1649.



WHIT-SUNDAY, OR PENTECOST. May 26.

"There should be no schism in the body. . . . Now ye are the body of Christ." 1 COR. xii. 25, 27.

Wellcome, white day ! a thousand Suns
Though seen at once, were black to thee !
For after their light darkness comes,
But Thine shines to eternity.

Since then Thou art the same this day
And ever as Thou wert of old,
And nothing doth Thy love allay,
But our heart's dead and sinful cold ;
So let Thy grace now make the way
Even for Thy love ; for by that means
We, who are nothing but foul clay,
Shall be fine gold which Thou didst cleanse.

HENRY VAUGHAN (Silex Scutillans), 1621-1695.



BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

I.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two prophets who brought dread tidings of woe,
You will find in the initials and finals below.
(1) A district wherein Bethlehem lay
(2) A town in Nehemiah's day.
(3) A man who came to Christ alone.
(4) In "Exodus" a precious stone.
(5) The children sang this joyful lay.

II.

HIDDEN BIBLE NAMES.

- (1) Nothing is better than a thankful disposition.
(2) If you try these puzzles you will have had a most useful occupation.
(3) St. Jerome was a great writer.
(4) And an earnest defender of the Faith.

III.

From each of these texts take one word and form a Bible sentence with them :

- (1) "Let your conversation be without covetousness"
(2) "Come unto Me."
(3) "Ye are the Light of the world."
(4) "How can these things be?"
(5) "Brethren, what shall we do?"
(6) "This man hath done nothing amiss."

IV.

WORD-SQUARE.

- (1) This to the world its sorrow brought ;
(2) The same as wrath, with danger fraught ;
(3) In this the heedless soul is caught.
(Psalm xxxi.)

V.

St. Paul tells of something in Eph. vi. ; if you add the letter S you will find what he says it is like. What is it ?

## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

### NANTICOKE.

A solemn memorial service was held in both Nanticoke and Cheapside on Sunday, April 20th, in honor of the gallant Canadians who fell at the battle of Kleinharts River, S. A., on March 31st. The service in Cheapside was especially in memory of Corporal Knisley of Selkirk, who, we are sorry to say, was amongst the slain. Rev. Mr. Cotton took his text from Jud 5:18, "Zebulun and Naphthali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their Country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung:  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

### CAYUGA.

The small picture on the cover of the Magazine this month is that of St John's Church, Cayuga. Although the work of an amateur photograph, Mr C. C. Gibson, it gives a very good idea of the architectural beauty of the building and its surroundings. Substantially built of stone and well finished within and without the present St. John's church will stand as a fitting monument to the self-denying efforts of the Rev. J. Francis, B. D., during whose incumbency it was erected.

The ground upon which the building stands is already historic church ground, upon it have stood two other church buildings. Of the first scarcely any one can give an accurate account, those who worshipped within its walls having all gone to their rest. It was built of wood, and was destroyed by fire, after which the Church people were obliged to worship in a hall and later in the Court house, until the second building was erected in 1853. The latter was constructed of wood and was considered a good building in its day; but after long years of usefulness it was finally taken down and replaced by the present up-to-date church building, the corner stone of which was laid in the year 1896.

Previous to the erection of any church building the Rev. Dr. Miller ministered occasionally in the hotel and school-house from 1835 to 1837. From 1837 to 1838 the Rev. H. O'Neil rendered similar service. Many persons, however, were baptized by the late Sheriff Martin who was in Holy Orders, although never in charge of any parish. The great missionary, Rev. B. C. Hill, of whom we have heard already

in the history of York parish, began his ministrations in 1838, and succeeded in laying the foundation of what many years afterwards became the parish of Cayuga. Since Mr. Hill passed to his rest the following clergymen have ministered to the congregation of St. John's church: The Rev. H. Mussen, M. A., now rector of Collingwood; Rev. J. M. Ballard B. A., to 1874, now rector of St. Anne's, Toronto; the Rev. R. J. Locke, B. A., 1874-78, now superannuated; the Rev. Wm Lumsden, M. A., 1878-82; the late Rev. A. Boulbee, B. A., 1882-89; The Rev. J. Francis, B. D., 1889-1900; The Rev. W. E. White, M. A., 1900.

The Vestry meeting of St. John's church, Cayuga, was held on Monday, April 7th. The various reports were satisfactory. The accounts of the fiscal year gave a balance on the right side, and showed the total revenue to have been \$1,100.85, to which the W. A. contributed about \$200. More than \$100 will be applied to the church debt. The following officers were elected: Rector's warden, W. T. C. Morson; People's warden, H. Gardiner; Treasurer, Mr. Farmer; Lay-delegate, W. T. C. Morson; Sidesmen, J. Sheppard, C. C. Gibson, E. Davis, S. Cotter; Grounds Committee, E. Davis, R. Martin, A. K. Goodman.

### JARVIS.

On Sunday, May 11th, Rev. T. H. Cotton, conducted the services in St. Paul's church, Mr. Spencer celebrating Holy Communion at Nanticoke and Cheapside. The latter clergyman was greatly pleased by the evidences of spiritual life and energy in Mr. Cotton's parish.

The Junior Auxiliary is showing great interest in missionary study and work, and the attendance continues good.

The Synod Assessment, \$5.60, has been paid, and the Apportionment has been completed, the Willing Workers' Society having generously voted \$10.00 towards the latter and the Ladies' Guild having cheerfully added \$5.00.

The church has been thoroughly cleaned, the S. S. building included. Trees have been planted in the church yard. Several new monuments have been erected in the cemetery. The church and its surroundings present a pleasing and impressive appearance. In order to provide abundance of water for flowers and grass plots in the cemetery the churchwardens have sunk a cistern in rear of the S. S. building.

The Lord Bishop has appointed Sunday, the 25th inst., for Confirmation at Nanticoke, Jarvis and Hagersville. The service will be as follows: Nanticoke 11 a. m.; Jarvis 3 p. m.; and Hagersville 7 p. m. All candidates are earnestly requested to be present at the meetings of the classes until that date.

The incumbent has lately preached a course of special sermons on Mohammedanism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, and Christian Science.