

Joseph Blott

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The
Haldimand
Deanery
Magazine

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A Happy New Year to Our Readers !

With this issue The Haldimand Deanery Magazine begins the second year of its existence. The interest shown in the paper during the past year has been such as to encourage those who were chiefly instrumental in starting it, to continue its publication. It is felt that in addition to putting into people's hands the excellent reading matter of a well-edited English church magazine, it may be made to materially serve the interests of the church in the Deanery, as a medium for local news. One improvement and one change that takes place with the New Year may be mentioned.

Last year the supply of the English Magazine came all at one time by freight. They were the 1899 numbers of the "Church Monthly," which were issued month by month during the corresponding months of 1900. This year the supply, 250 copies per month, will come by post and will be the current issue for the year 1901. The Magazine will thus be strictly "up-to-date."

With this number, at the request of the clergy present at the Deanery meeting in September last, the Rev. A. W. H. Francis undertakes the management of the paper. The Rev. P. L. Spencer, at whose proposal shortly after he came to the Deanery in 1899 the magazine was issued, has had the work of piloting the paper through its first year. It was felt that the work of supervision might appropriately now be done by a younger brother in the ministry, more especially as Mr. Spencer's parish is a large one and he doesn't confine his work for the church to its bounds. Mr. Spencer has, however, kindly consented to contribute from time to time something additional to his strictly parochial items.



York.

The Xmas season just past was surrounded as usual with the pleasant anticipations and hopes of myriads the young and old, who planned and hoped lovingly in accordance with the hallowed spirit of this season. The officials and congregation of St. John's parish, the superintendent, teachers and scholars of our Sunday School, feel convinced that they have not for many years enjoyed greater success and experienced holier Xmas thoughts and impulses than those prompted by our annual ser-

vice and children's Xmas night entertainment. A most hearty service of the special psalms, lessons, chants, Te Deum, hymns, etc., was enjoyed on Xmas morning. Mrs. S. N. Davis embellished this service by singing in excellent voice and manner "Nazareth," much to the gratification of the worshippers present. The offertory was a little in excess of former years.

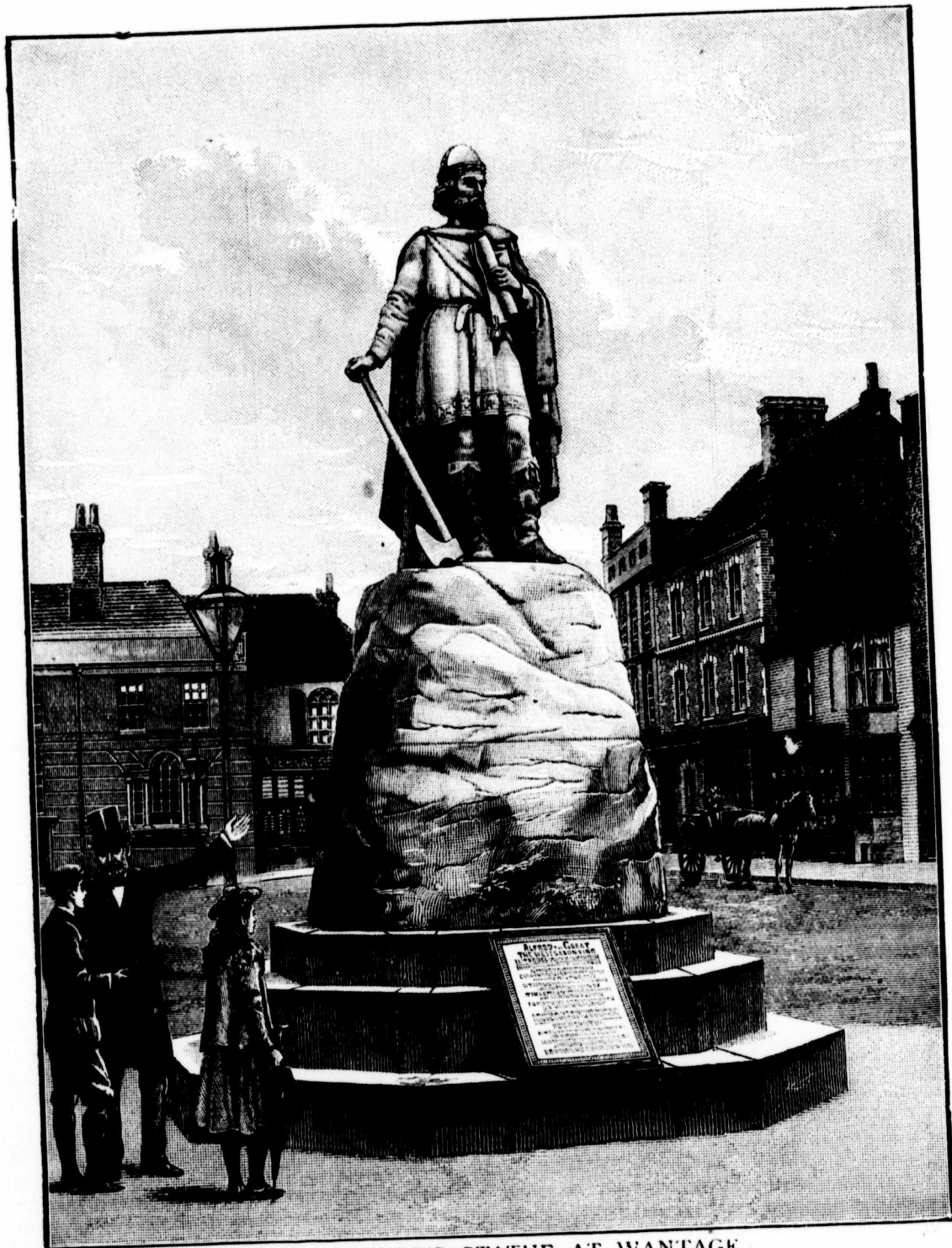
In the evening, the Sunday School children and their teachers and friends assembled in the S. S. Hall. A most interesting program of carols, recitations, drills, club swinging, etc., was presented by the scholars, and both highly pleased their relatives and friends, also showed painstaking care and training by the teachers as well as much natural aptitude for such exercises on the part of those who took part therein. The feature of the evening, which more than realized anticipations, was an old fashioned pantomime entitled "The Old Oak Chest, or The Mistletoe Bough." The various costumes, etc., were most appropriate and the presentation of the details of the old romance was very effective, as constant applause from the audience amply testified. Every member of this amateur company acquitted himself or herself admirably. This happy gathering dispersed homeward after the many useful and valued gifts had been taken from the Xmas tree and other receptacles, and distributed to scholars and teachers of the School. Although the children and teachers were admitted free and the other attendants paid but a small fee of 15c and 10c, the proceeds reached the snug amount of \$31.20, thus defraying all expenses and leaving a balance in the S. S. Fund.



Jarvis and Hagersville.

On Sunday, Dec. 16th, the incumbent exchanged duties with Mr. John D. Hull, who is in temporary charge of Nanticoke and Cheapside. He administered the Holy Communion to each congregation.

On Friday, the 21st, he was present at the closing exercises of the Hagersville High School, at which he gave one of the addresses on progress during the nineteenth century, having chosen for his subject, "Discoveries in Bible Lands." He dealt with the importance attached to the finding of the Rosetta Stone, the Moabite Stone, the Silvan inscription, and the tablets of Nippur Babylonia. The HAGERSVILLE NEWS speaks of the address in highly complimentary terms.



KING ALFRED'S STATUE AT WANTAGE.

BY H.S.H. COUNT GLEICHEN.

Drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph specially taken by MR. TOM REVELEY, WANTAGE.

* * The Inscription reads:—"Alfred found learning dead, and he restored it. Education neglected, and he revived it. The laws powerless, and he gave them force. The Church debased, and he raised it. The land ravaged by a fearful enemy, from which he delivered it. Alfred's name will live as long as mankind shall respect the past."

KING ALFRED THE GREAT, DIED A.D. 900.

BY THE RIGHT REV. G. F. BROWNE, D.D., D.C.L., LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,
Author of "Lessons from Early English Church History," etc.



KING ALFRED'S BLOWING STONE.*

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by MR. TOM REVELEY, WANTAGE.*

the draughts might not make the wax burn too fast. Thus he knew how the time went, by day or by night, and he spent it all well.

When he made up his mind that a thing must be done, he set to work at it with all his might. If it was a great and hard thing, too great and hard for him to do it soon or do it all, he did as much of it as he could, and did it in the best way. He did not think scorn of the day of small things. He did the small things well, so that when the day of great things came, all the small things he had done should count to the good. In this way he did in the course of time much for which there seemed at first to be no hope. Who could have thought that when, near the close of a sad year, he fled from the Danes with his wife and a few friends, and lived for months on a small low mound in the midst of a great marsh, the end would be that in the Spring he would come out and beat the foe? But so it was. His plans had been well laid; each step he took was straight and right and wise; and so in the end he won.

He was a great man of war when he had to fight for the sake of home and of peace. The Danes were too strong for us in all parts of the land; but when they came to face the King, they found him at the last too strong for them. Nine great fights he fought with them in one year. His men might well trust him, and go where he led, and win his fights for him, for he knew how to lead them, and they knew that when the time came he could fight too. We have seen in our own time how men will march and will fight when they are led by one of whom they know that he is in the best sense a man.

He took care to see with his own eyes that things were done, and were done well. He

* The Stone is said to have been used by the King as a kind of bugle to call his troops together. It is perforated with numerous holes, and by blowing into one at the top a hooting sound can be heard for miles. It stands at the bottom of Blowing Stone Hill Berkshire.

trained with great skill his own hounds, to whose help men had in those days to trust for a large part of their meat. His arms for war, his harps for song, his books to tell him how to pray and teach him what he did not know, all were done with his eye on the men who made them or wrote them. It is good for us to know that an Eye is on us in our work and in our play.

I do not think the tale of the burnt cakes is true as it is told. If this King was set to watch cakes, I am sure he watched cakes well, so far as he knew how to do it. It may have been that they were hid from sight, and he had to look from time to time to see how they got on. Cooks know when to look, and even so they burn our bread at times. I feel sure the King did not know what cooks know if he let the cakes burn. He ruled his own house well. Each child was taught with care the will of God, and was taught with care as great, such things as would help it to be of use in the world. On no point was the King more clear than on this, that the child is the man of a few years hence, the soul that shall be when years have ceased to run; and that the child must be so taught from its first years as to be fit for the part it has to play, in this world and in the next. He gave laws to the men whom he ruled. They were not his own laws. He chose out, from laws which men of his race had made, such as he thought best for the time in which he was king. At the head of them he set the laws of God, as God gave them once for all; and he showed how the laws he chose for his own men came from the laws of God. In this and in all things he looked to God as the head and heart and soul of all that he did.

How strong, you will say, he must have been! what good health he must have had to do so much as he did! It was not so. He had bad health. He was one of four sons; three died as young men,—a weak race. He did his work in spite of great pain, which came on him in sharp spasms, and would not leave him free. He had much to bear. How that thought should nerve some of us, and bid us not faint, and teach us not to say we are too weak to do the work of God!

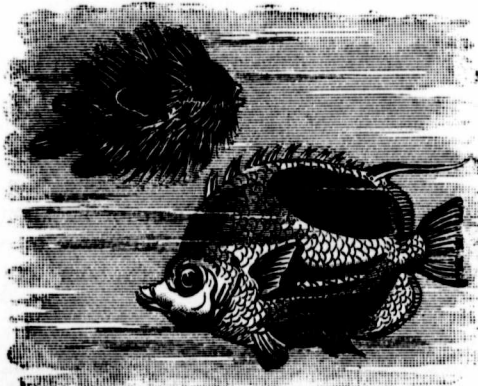
He served God. That was his true strength; there is no strength like that. If he could not sleep at night, he called to his bed side one who could read to him the Word of God; or he got up and went to the church to pray to God there. In the day time he kept in the breast of his dress a small book, in which he had put down from time to time the texts and the thoughts which had helped him most; and when he was sore tried, and felt deep need of help and strength, he took out his book and read the parts that best met his needs. We can all of us do that with the Word of God, and then we shall be strong. This was a great and wise king, a good and true man, from whom old and young, rich and poor, great and small, have much to learn.

A LIBRARY.—"The Bible is an encyclopædia, and a man who reads it carefully will learn more of human affairs than he will from any other book that could be named. The Bible is both a sacred and a secular book. It contains all the poetry, all the history, all the geography, all the politics, all the general information, all the knowledge of the East that can ordinarily be forced into the minds of our poor children. When they have lost the Bible they have lost all."—*The Rev. Thomas Mozley, M.A.*

CURIOUS FISHES.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.



SEA-URCHIN AND BEAKED CHÆTODON.

LAST year we wandered together through lane and field and woodland, over heath and moor and fell, along the river's bank and by the margin of the sea, that we might find the toilers of Nature busied over their appointed tasks, and see what work they had been set to do, and in what way they were doing it. This year let us pursue a different plan. Let us search for some of the curiosities of the natural world. And as there is little of true interest in mere freak, or in simple extravagance of form or structure, let us try and discover the reason for these strange vagaries, and notice how every one among them all is carefully and exactly calculated to meet some appointed end.

And let us begin with the fishes, in fashioning so many of which Nature seems to have been giving the rein to a wild and fantastic imagination.

There is the angler, for instance—the “fishing frog,” some call it—huge, ungainly, even hideous to human eyes, with its clumsy body, its vast mouth, and its staring, upturned eyes. Ugliness, however, is a relative term. Other creatures may see with other eyes than ours, and the angler-fish to angler-fishes may be a thing of beauty. But why should the place of its upper front fin be taken by three long, slender spines, one of which is flattened out at the extremity into a broad and glittering tip?

The fact is that the angler-fish, though a creature of prey, and possessed of an appetite which is scarcely ever satisfied, is yet so slow and sluggish in all its movements that it could never hope to overtake one single victim. If it depended for its food upon its speed and activity it would inevitably perish from starvation. So Nature has endowed it with that singular spine. All that the hungry creature need do to lure fish after fish within its reach is to lie on the mud at the bottom of the sea and dangle the spine up and down. For there are no beings more inquisitive than the finny denizens of the deep; and one after another they come swimming up to examine the glittering object, and one after another they are swallowed by the lurking destroyer. That broad-tipped, shining spine is Nature's spoon-bait; and no human angler wields his rod with greater address, or meets with more success in his angling.

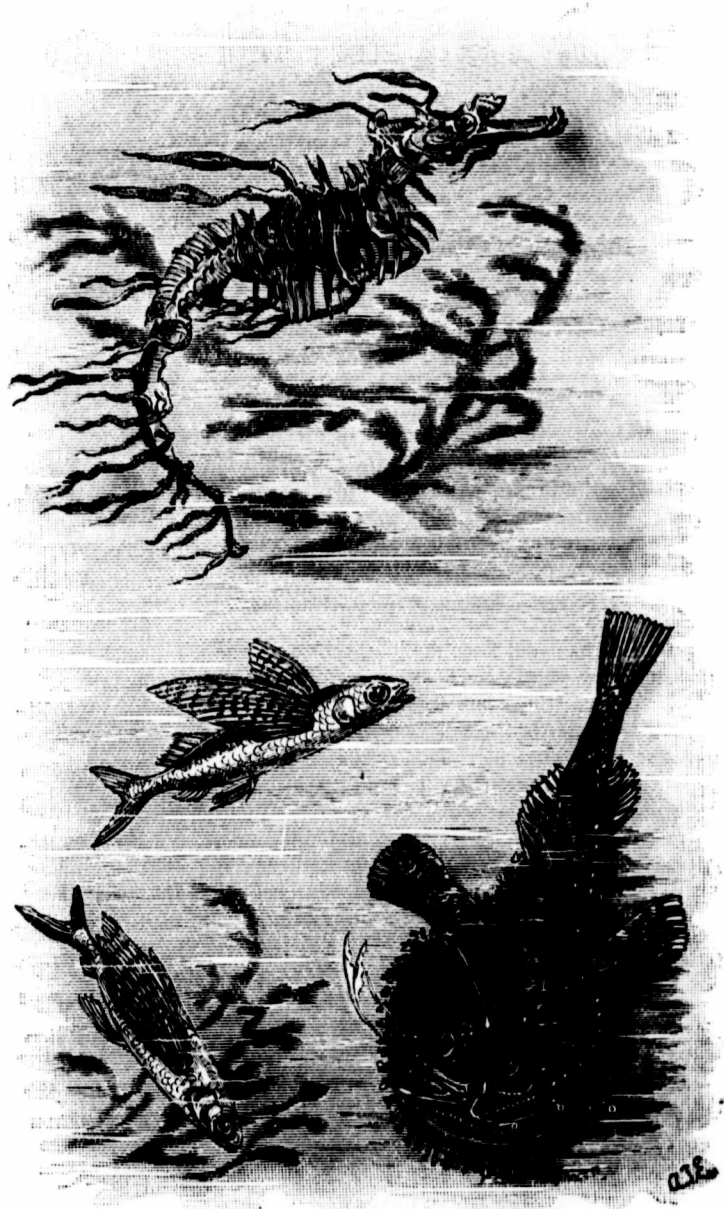
Then why should the climbing perch of India have a little cistern of water inside its head? And why are its lower fins so placed that they lie side by side underneath its body?

The answer is a strange one. The climbing perch lives in fresh-water pools, which are apt to dry up during the heat of summer. It must be able, therefore, to wander overland in quest of another habitation; and this it does by means of its fins, which it uses just as if they were legs. Residents in India tell us that these fishes may sometimes be seen scrambling over the ground in hundreds on their way to a neighbouring pool.

But they have to breathe meanwhile; and fishes breathe water, not air. So the reservoir inside the head of the climbing perch communicates

with the gills; and drop by drop the water oozes out, and keeps their surface moist. So that even on the dusty ground, and under the fierce heat of a tropical sun, these fishes run no risk of suffocation.

Then the mouth of a fish, as a general rule, is soft and delicate. It is the more strange, therefore, to find that quite a number of fishes possess mouths which are modified into hard and horny beaks, like those of the parrots and cockatoos. And the reason is more curious still. These fishes feed upon the so-called coral “insects,” which build great islands in the



SEA-HORSE. FLYING FISH. FISHING FROG.

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

warmer seas, and in time, perhaps, may raise up a new continent on the sunken foundation of an old one. But these wonderful little creatures sting like so many nettle leaves. Their beautiful, spreading tentacles, looking so much like the petals of a flower, are set with thousands of microscopical darts, which leap out at the slightest touch, and convey a deadly poison into the wounds which they inflict; so that a fish which fed upon the coral-builders would pay a terrible penalty for its rashness. These fish, however, are proof against the venomous weapons. Not even the sharpest, slenderest spear can pierce their armoured lips.

Stranger still is the mouth of the beaked chaetodon of the Indian and Polynesian seas. The lips are prolonged into what is nothing more nor less than a natural blow-gun. And as such it is used. The fish swims to and fro till it sees a fly, or perhaps a tiny beetle, resting on the tip of an overhanging leaf. Then it pokes its lips just above the surface, takes careful aim, and discharges a drop of water with such unerring accuracy that the missile scarcely ever fails to strike the insect and knock it into the pool.

The flying fish has long been famous for its habit of leaping out of the water and skimming for hundreds of yards through the air. Its fins are broad and long and support it almost like wings, while its wide, forked tail serves as an aerial rudder. This power seems to have been given it as a means of escape from its enemy the coryphene, against which it would otherwise be powerless. It is easily overtaken in the water; but it cannot be overtaken in the air.

There is a reason even for the strange faculty which the urchin-fish possesses of expanding its body into an almost globular ball. For this fish has many enemies; and when its body is inflated it can bid defiance to them all, since the long spines with which it is clothed stand stiffly out in all directions, and render it perfectly secure from attack.

And that weirdest of all weird-looking fishes, the fucus sea-horse, which reminds one of a chess-board knight drawn out to double its length and decorated with a host of slender streamers, escapes a thousand merciless foes owing to its habit of hiding amongst masses of waving sea-weed, which it so much resembles that even the sharpest eye can scarcely detect it. If it were less grotesque of form it would be seen and snapped up at once.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

I.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY initials read downwards name something which most people like to have; my finals read downwards describe how we should use it. 1. A wild animal. 2. A mineral 3. A musical drama. 4. A goat.

II.—BURIED NAMES.

1. Art hurts no one. 2. Something belonging to the face.—Cilia. 3. "Why linger, Alderman?" as the Mayor said to his friend.

III.—SQUARE WORD.

1. Fear, or dread. 2. What all competitors wish to do. 3. The conclusion.



THE CHORISTERS.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. DADD.

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

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE*

(Of Worcester).

INTRODUCTORY.

AS these papers are intended for choristers, we are going to talk about musicians both old and young. Now, as it has often been asked, "Where are the English composers?" or "What has England done for music?" we also would ask if such names as Tallis, Purcell, or Boyce have been forgotten, or the long list of distinguished men from the Dr. Tye of Edward VI.'s reign to the Wesleys of the nineteenth century, some of whose works may be heard daily in our beautiful cathedrals throughout the land? And, surely, no mature mind can fail to be impressed by Tallis's grand harmonies, and no child but must benefit by hearing such sermons in music as Wesley's lovely anthem "Blessed be the God and Father." Perhaps to our younger readers all this sounds rather dry; but they will probably be interested to know that many of these eminent men began life as choristers, and were

* Miss Done is a daughter of the late W. Done, who was Organist of Worcester Cathedral for upwards of fifty years.—EDITOR.

afterwards appointed organists at the different cathedrals; and also, that by their excellent training and knowledge of vocalisation, they have been enabled to write well for the voice, and to carry on the tradition of a solid and reverent style of Church music. To our boy friends who are fond of organs—and what musical boy is not?—we would say, that to these masters we not only look as composers, but we remember that from them has descended a pure and dignified method of organ-playing, many having been earnest students and finished performers of the wonderful fugues of John Sebastian Bach, the most accomplished organist the world has ever known. Let us also remind those who contemplate a musical career, that the life of a cathedral organist may well be envied; for doubtless many an organist, in thinking of the stately building wherein his lot was cast, must have said with the Psalmist, "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." "Happy is the man in such a case, and who has the Lord for his God."

I.—JOHN MARBECKE.

WE are so much accustomed to have our Bibles and Prayer Books in our hands (especially those of us who take part in the daily services of our cathedrals), that we are apt to forget that the English nation was not always able to worship God with the understanding as well as the heart; also that it was not till the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1539, that the "Great Bible," as it was called, was given to the people in their native tongue. Probably some whom we address, have seen a picture of old St. Paul's, showing the Bible chained to a pillar and being read to the congregation.

It must truly have been a touching scene, to look upon the large assembly of all ages and conditions, with eager faces intent on hearing the Word of God, for few could read in those days. It was through the influence of the noble Archbishop who laid down his life for his faith, that the English Bible was ordered by King Henry to be placed in all churches. We also have to thank Archbishop Cranmer for the first musical setting of a translation of the Litany in 1544. This Litany is much the same as the one still in use in all our cathedrals.

However, as we are at present more interested in musicians, our attention is drawn to a celebrated man who about this time was seized and imprisoned for writings considered heretical—I mean John Marbecke, or Merbecke, to whom the Church of England owes a great debt. Unfortunately, we hear nothing of him as a boy; but we know he received the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford in 1547. He was also a lay clerk at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and afterwards organist there. John Marbecke was evidently a learned man as well as a good musician, for he was the first to write a Concordance of the

Old and New Testaments in English. It was when engaged upon this work that he was arrested with three others (probably friends) and condemned to the stake. The three poor friends were burnt; but Marbecke, fortunately for himself and the Church, was spared through the influence of the Bishop of Winchester and others.

(To be continued.)

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
Dean of Canterbury; Author of "The Life of Christ," etc.

THE New Year's dawn is brightening,
The dying year has fled;
Swift, swift as summer lightning
Its days and hours have sped:
Time, like some silent river
Which rushes to the sea,
For ever and for ever
Speeds on resistlessly.

Lord, may we wisely number
The days which are Thy gift;
From sin and selfish slumber
Our feeble souls uplift.
And though remorse and sorrow
Mid vanished hours may twine,
Oh, grant that each to-morrow
May be more wholly Thine!

Unstained as yet before us
The hidden future lies;
As yet unclouded o'er us
Shine forth the azure skies:
And oh! lest sin enslave us
To base and evil ways,
Save us, Our Father, save us
To Thine eternal praise!

Redeemer, great and holy,
Before Thy Throne we fall;
Oh, make us pure and lowly,
And kind and true to all!
And then, though death befall us
Before the year should cease,
Thy Voice shall gently call us
To Heaven's unbroken peace.

"ON SAYING WHAT YOU MEAN."—Tennyson, though he never sought to interfere with his illustrators, reserved to himself the right of finding fault with their work when it was done. For instance, Mr. Holman Hunt drew the Lady of Shalott with luxuriant hair. "My dear Hunt," said Tennyson, when he first saw this illustration, "I never said that the young woman's hair was flying all over the shop." "No," said Hunt, "but you never said it wasn't."—From "Tennyson and His Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators," by G. S. LAYARD.

"BE YE DOERS OF THE WORD, AND NOT HEARERS ONLY."—A man was once on his way to church, when he met an old woman returning. "Oh," he said, "is it all done?" "No," she replied, "it's all said; now it's got to be done."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.



LAST year we gave illustrations of the handsome Holy Table in use at St. Barnabas', Clapham Common, and the beautiful Lectern and Pulpit provided at the Parish Church, Howden-Panns, out of the profits resulting from the sale of THE CHURCH MONTHLY in the parishes named, and we instanced these gifts as examples worthy of imitation. We are now glad to call attention to the following extracts

from the localised issue of THE CHURCH MONTHLY in the parish of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Staines.

It is with great pleasure that we are able to place on record the fact that a beautiful silver-gilt Chalice was presented to the Church on Easter Sunday.* This was purchased out of the proceeds of the Parish Magazine Fund, which had accumulated during the last two years. It was the intention of the late Vicar (who, during the many years he held that position, made THE CHURCH MONTHLY a great means of communication with his parishioners) to use this balance for something connected with the Church. It was thought by those interested in the matter that nothing more appropriate could be given than a silver-gilt Chalice, which would match the Paten presented some years ago by a parishioner as a thank-offering to Almighty God for restoring to health after a serious illness a much-loved member of one of the Church families. On Easter Day this Chalice was used for the first time at the early Celebration, after having been dedicated with the following words: "We beseech Thee, Almighty God, to accept the gift of this Chalice for the service of the Sanctuary, to the honour and glory of Thy Holy Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour." The Chalice is beautifully engraved with vine leaves and grapes, the bowl having a chased band round it. A neatly lined oak case has also been supplied, which will contain both the Chalice and Paten. The following inscription is placed in the case: "This Chalice was dedicated to the service of Almighty God on Easter Day, 1900, having been purchased out of the last two years' Magazine Fund Balance during the Vicariate of John Hopkins Armstrong, St. Mary's Church, Staines."

We may add on the authority of Miss Armstrong, who worked the magazine, that "two years ago a sum of £20 was spent on buying furniture for the use of the Assistant Curate, the money in this case

* At a cost of upwards of £15.

having also been provided from the profits on the circulation of THE CHURCH MONTHLY in the parish of Staines. While before that, £15 was spent on a Magic Lantern, and grants were constantly given to the Lending Library; indeed, the Magazine provided a few pounds whenever they were wanted for different parochial objects." Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for us by the Rev. A. J. Judson, M.A.

IN DEFENCE OF THE CHURCH.

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

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

WHEN the Church is attacked, what are we to say in her defence? The answer to that question is, it all depends upon the particular point with respect to which the Church is attacked.

I. Is it said that the present Church of England and the old Church of England are not the same Church; that at the Reformation the old Church of England was swept away, and that a brand-new Church—namely, the present Church of England—was set up by Parliament in her place?

The answer is, there is not an atom of truth in any of these statements. There were no changes in the identity and continuance of the old Church of England at the Reformation. She remained the same Church after as before the Reformation. The only important changes to which she was then subjected were: changes in her relations to the Pope, the throwing off of the Papal power; changes in doctrine, the giving up of all that was erroneous and contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture and the Apostolic and Primitive Churches; changes in worship, the putting aside of all vain and superstitious ceremonies, and the keeping of only such liturgical and ritual uses as were in accordance with the worship of the Catholic Church.

II. Is it said that Parliament, in its partiality to the Church, adopted her as the Church of the State, and thereby placed her in a dominant and privileged position above all other religious bodies in the country?

The answer is, that there is not a word of truth in these statements. The Church acquired, maintained, extended, and strengthened her position in the land long before Parliament sprang into existence, and hundreds of years before any of the religious bodies outside her communion were formed. The Church of England alone for centuries represented the religion of the people of England. None of the religious bodies now in the country were co-existent with her, representing rival religions. They all, from one cause or another, in recent times, sprang from her communion. Parliament therefore could never have set up the Church of England in rivalry with, or as dominant over, any of them.



THE STORY OF HORACE SEYMOUR, C.I.V.

BY F. M. HOLMES,
Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO THE COUNTRY.

"**I** WISH Mister Horace was a soldier, mum, like his cousin."

"Horace a soldier, Nurse! Heaven forbid! Thank God he is safe at home. I should never know a moment's peace if he were a soldier, now there is war."

"Oh, but he would look so handsome and brave, mum, in his grand, gay uniform. You would be so proud of him; and to think he was a-fightin' for his Queen and country! Oh, I'd like to see him a gallyant hossifer!"

"Ah! you are not his mother, Nurse. It is my great earthly comfort that my boy is at home and is so good to me. And he will marry Miss Mabel——"

"Marry Miss Mabel!" screamed Nurse. "La sakes alive, mum, I do hope not. Why, she've got a face like a teapot."

"Oh, Nurse, come, come! you are going too far and forgetting yourself. Miss Mabel is a very intelligent, nice young lady, with, I believe, a good, kind heart——"

"No, mum, beggin' your pardon, that is just what she ain't got. I ain't bin a nurse for nigh fifty years come next Michaelmas, and commencin' at the Squire's lady's when I was twelve year old, without knowin' somethin' o' young gals and boys. You'd 'a' done better, mum, if you'd a-took my advice about your poor 'usbin; but there, he's dead, poor gentleman, and we'll say no more about 'im. But Mister Horace—law love yer, mum; don't 'ee think of his marryin' Miss Mabel; a nasty, ill-tempered minx, with a tongue like a hadder's bite. Why, she looks as though she always had a bad egg beneath her nose!"

"Come, Nurse, I must ask you to stop. You are speaking too freely; you are allowing your tongue to run away with you too fast——"

"She is that supercilibus to me, mum, that she riles me dreadful. I ain't got no patience with her. Now, if he was to take up with that nice little Miss Alice What's-her-name that was here the other day—now there is a nice little lady for you—why, they'd be as happy as two turtledoves in a nest, and I wouldn't so much mind his not bein' a gallyant young hossifer then!"

"Thank God he never will be that," said the anxious mother. "A highly trusted bank clerk as he is, is not likely to go for a soldier. Now, Nurse, if you have finished clearing away breakfast, I think we will go upstairs."

Nurse had been for many years in the family. She had dandled her present mistress on her knee many

years ago, and had come with her, when she married, to her new home. Maid and mistress, wife and mother, Nurse had been with her pretty well all her life; and she often spoke more as a close and intimate friend, or even as a sister, to her than as a servant or dependant.

Nurse was a little old lady, with a wrinkled face, a clear and wholesome complexion, and shrewd black beady eyes that twinkled like lights. Her eyes were indeed the most remarkable feature of her face. Every one that saw her noticed her eyes first.

Her mistress, on the other hand, was almost exactly her opposite. She was large and fair, of a somewhat lymphatic temperament, and perhaps too much desirous to take life easily.

But you must be gentle with her. She had suffered much. She had known what it was to see her husband and two little daughters pass before her into the Silent Land; she knew what it was to hear in her heart sweet childish prattle of girlish voices hushed for ever; and she would steal upstairs at times and gaze at dainty little shoes and pretty little clothes she had once taken so much pride in making, until the tears ran down her cheeks like rain, and she would groan from her aching heart, "O Lord, my God, how terribly Thou hast tried me!" She was like "Rachel mourning for her children, and would not be comforted."

It was at such times that Nurse was of great service to her. She could not understand, or sympathize with, such recurring and such terrible grief; but she roused her mistress from her despair and diverted her mind. She would talk to her sharply—perhaps too sharply—and force her out of the house to visit her friends and her poorer neighbours.

"What!" she would say, "a-cryin' and a-broodin' again, mum; I can't think where all the tears comes from. It's downright wicked, I call it, to keep on so, over what can't be helped. Thank the Lord I ain't got such weak eyes."

"Yes, you are right, Nurse," her mistress would reply. "It is wicked of me to brood so much over my losses. But—but—you never had a child of your very own, and saw it die."

"No, thank the Lord, I ain't. I've sin enough o'

the troubles o' others. But la sakes, mistress, don't let me see no more weak eyes. It's catchin', and I should get that riled if I had weak eyes myself, I should break every crock in the house."

And her mistress would smile feebly and wipe away her tears and say no more. She would strive once again to beat down, and cover up, her own aching pain in ministering to the woes of others.

But gradually, and almost unconsciously, she found herself looking forward to Horace's marriage, which should give her, she fondly hoped, a loving daughter in addition to her son, and should bring again little children about her feet, like beams of sunshine about her darkened path. All her earthly life and hope seemed concentrated now on her son and his happy wedded life; while she also sought comfort in the consolations of religion and in the services of the Church.

"Oh yes," she exclaimed to the old Nurse and faithful friend as they left the breakfast-room that morning, "I am so thankful that my son is left to me! Ah! what should I do without him?"

At that moment a sharp and somewhat imperative ring of the front-door bell sounded through the house.

"There! that's that Miss Mabel, I'll be bound! She always rings like that! What does she want this time

o' the morning, ringin' the bell with that impudence too, as if the whole place belonged to her!"

And the old Nurse moved slowly to the door, shrugging her shoulders as though proclaiming her dislike of the duty, and muttering to herself meantime; while her mistress quietly and swiftly re-entered the breakfast-room to receive her visitor.

"Mrs. Seymour at home?" exclaimed a brisk, clear, though somewhat shrill and piercing voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Seymour *is* at home," replied the old Nurse deliberately, and with much lingering emphasis on the "is," as much as to say, "She is at home, but it will be mighty inconvenient to see you."

"Is she engaged?" asked the sharp voice.

"No-o-o, I don't think she's partic'lar engaged."

"I'll come in then—I want to see her very much."

And the owner of the voice stepped into the house, pushed past Nurse and entered the breakfast-room—"all in a pop," as Nurse said afterwards.



"YOU WOULD BE SO PROUD OF HIM."

CHAPTER II.

"NEWS FROM THE FRONT."



"GOOD-MORNING, Mrs. Seymour," cried the brisk voice. "Have you heard the news?"

"What news, Mabel? Something about this horrid war?"

"Yes; have you not heard? The Government are calling out the Volunteers."

Mrs. Seymour suddenly stopped in her advance toward her visitor, and gazed at her in speechless surprise.

"Call — out — the Volunteers!" she gasped

at length, repeating the words as though she could not understand their meaning. "They cannot. Volunteers cannot serve out of the country."

"But if they volunteer to do so, they can, if the Government accept them."

"Ah, then Horace won't volunteer!" exclaimed the lady, with a sigh of relief. "I thought you meant the Government had ordered them out, to go at once. My heart quite stopped when I thought of Horace."

And the good lady sank down into the nearest chair, with a face from which all colour had departed, and fanned herself with her handkerchief.

"Oh, but the Volunteers are offering themselves right and left. The Lord Mayor and the City of London are going to send out a thousand or more: they take the best shots. It is quite an honour to be selected. I do wish I were a man!"

The young lady uttered these sentences in breathless gasps, certainly not soothing to shaken nerves.

As she stood in the centre of the room, opposite Mrs. Seymour, with her head raised in the energy of her words, Nurse told her mistress afterwards the most prominent feature of Mabel's keen, thin face had a very decided upward tendency; and the old Nurse, standing in the doorway, muttered to herself,—

"Just like the spout of my block-tin teapot!"

"Horace is the best shot in his company!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour; "but he won't go. He will not volunteer for my sake. I cannot spare him!"

"It will be a great honour," repeated the girl; "and if he is the best shot in his company, I do not see how he can refuse to come forward."

"Do you say that?" cried the elder lady, rising to her feet and sharply scrutinizing her companion's face. "Then you do not love him!"

"Love him!" echoed Mabel in a lower tone of voice, quiet and cold, while her cheeks turned white even to her lips. "No one spoke of love. You forget yourself, Mrs. Seymour."

"Pardon me, Mabel dear," replied the other lady, sinking again to her chair now the first paroxysm of fear had passed. "I did forget myself. But—but—I hoped that he would speak of love, and that you—you would not refuse."

"And if so," Mabel replied softly—more softly and gently than she had yet spoken—"I would not prevent my husband from going. Do you not remember, Mrs. Seymour, the fine old couplet—

"'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more?'"

"Ah," said the elderly lady, shaking her head, "that was not written of mothers and sons. But tell me, why have they called out the Volunteers? Surely it has never been done before!"

"Have you not heard?" replied the other in her sharp, brisk voice again. "We had three reverses last week, one after the other; there was Gatacre's disaster when his men were misled by guides and six hundred and sixty-five soldiers and two guns were captured by the Boers. I wish I was a General—I wouldn't be misled like that; they want a few women out there with their quick wit, Mrs. Seymour. Then Methuen was—I suppose we must call it beaten—at Magersfontein; the Highland Brigade suffered so much; poor General Wauchope was killed. Oh, it was awful! They say the men were shot like rabbits—"

"Oh yes, I know, I know!" cried the lady, putting up her hands and closing her eyes; "I cannot bear to hear about it! I asked Horace not to tell me."

"And then," continued Mabel, "as if that were not enough, we heard on Saturday morning—and was it not a dreadful, foggy morning?—we heard of Buller's repulse on the Tugela, and the loss of ten guns. It was a black week, indeed. Father says it will live in history as 'the Black Week of 1899.'"

"Dreadful! dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour wildly. "I should lose my reason, I think, if Horace were there! But really, I was forgetting. Do tell me about your brother; have you heard from him?"

"Yes, we have had a letter, Mrs. Seymour. It has been a long time coming, and I thought you might be interested in it. He was in the fighting at Talana Hill before he was shut up in Ladysmith with Sir George White. He writes such a clear and plain account—at least, so I think. It is a mercy he was not killed. Would you like to hear it?"

And without waiting for an answer, the brisk and lively girl plunged into her missive.

"'You must understand,' my brother writes, 'that the upper part of Natal is like a huge triangle, the Orange Free State on one side, the Transvaal on the other: the base being the river Tugela.



“HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?”

“Now the Boers, I myself think, were very cunning. They continued their political negotiations until their armies were massed on our frontiers, and then on October 9th they sent their insulting ultimatum, which you have read in the papers. It was like their check—”

“He still writes like a boy sometimes, you see, Mrs. Seymour,” interrupted Mabel. “I have often scolded him about it, but he will do it. Well, he continues,—

“The idea of demanding that British troops should be withdrawn! Of course such insulting rubbish could not be seriously considered. Well, the plan of the Boers was rather cunning. So far as I can understand it, they had three big forces marching toward the upper part of Natal and intending to meet and overwhelm our little army and drive all the British into the sea. They could then seize Durban and have a port, with which they could communicate with the outer world and receive supplies in artillery and men.

“It was not a bad plan, but we have frustrated their little game so far. The puzzle is to know the numbers of the Boers. They hide behind big stones and stand in trenches and shoot, so that they are generally concealed. But I must hurry on and tell you of my first battle.

“I was at Dundee, as you know, rather high up on the Natal triangle.

“On October 11th we heard that the Orange Free State Boers—called for short “Free Staters”—seized a train from Ladysmith—the most important town in Northern Natal. The train was the property of the Natal State Railway. It was on the Boers’ side of the frontier. Then they stopped a return train from Harrismith, which is also in the Free State.

“These were the first acts of war, and when I heard of them I said, “Look out for squalls now.” Next day the Boers crossed into our territory both from the north and west, and on the 13th the cheeky beggars seized a place called Charlestown, quite at the top of the triangle, and not far from Majuba. The next day they occupied another place farther south, called Newcastle.

““They are coming nearer,” said I; “we shall have it soon.” We were, I suppose, the British force nearest the frontier. Glencoe Junction on the rail-

way is near Dundee, and farther south than Newcastle. The railway passes Charlestown and Newcastle. The Boer main body under Joubert occupied Newcastle, while another column of Boers under Viljoen crossed the frontier on the west and got behind us—that is, between us and Ladysmith—and cut the railway at Elandslaagte. A third body under Lucas Meyer came at us from the east. So, you see, they seemed like coming at us from three sides, and trying to surround us and cut us off.

“Well, the first we actually felt of the war—after the capture of the trains—began in the grey dawn of October 20th. We had an outpost of mounted infantry on the east of Dundee, and that outpost was suddenly fired upon and driven in. Instantly our camp was all astir, and we were under arms in quick time. The enemy’s artillery was booming loud at us.

“Now east of Dundee the ground falls away toward a river-bed, or donga as it is called here, and on the other side the ground rises again, a long ascent, to Talana Hill, where the Boer guns were posted. Towards this donga, General Symons, who was in command, ordered the infantry, and we marched down and formed there for the attack.

“The dawn was brighter now, and we could see the

Boers all along the top of Talana Hill ; then there came a sort of depression, or hollow, which they call Smith's Nek, and then another rocky hill, or kopje. For about two hours we waited ; the Boers' big guns fired at us, and our big guns—the 13th and 69th Field Batteries—fired at them. Then at half-past seven the Boers stopped ; whether we had disabled the guns I can't say.

"We had had no breakfast, and the weather was miserable ; there was drizzling rain and a dull sky. But we were all thoroughly fit and eager for duty when the General should give the word. The Boer guns scarcely did us any harm, but I saw one sight that for the moment turned me sick. I was waiting with my men for the word of command, and was looking round with my glass, when I saw a Boer shell suddenly hit one of our fellows and take off his head clear. It was horrible ; it was the first casualty I saw in this war, and for the moment it made me feel pretty bad."

"Bad ! I should think so !" cried Mrs. Seymour. "Oh, cruel, cruel war ! What must that poor fellow's mother feel ! I know that if he was a good Christian he would go to Heaven, and that his mother would be comforted in her grief. But—but—oh, Mabel," she continued in a piteous tone, as she rose and placed her hands on the girl's arms and looked pleadingly in her eyes, "do, do help me to keep Horace at home ! I know they will want him, he is such a good shot. Fancy his head being knocked off like that ! Do, do help me, and—I—I—am sure he loves you."

"Miss Alice Maynard, mum," exclaimed Nurse Johnson in a most matter-of-fact tone at the door. She had retired during the reading of the letter, but now ushered in a neatly dressed little lady with soft, yet bright blue eyes. The little lady entered the room, yet paused as she saw the attitude of the two ladies within.

"Miss Alice Maynard, mum," repeated Nurse Johnson.

To be continued.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., *Author of "Alone with God," etc.*



WHAT should be our main object in life ? Pleasure ? No ; not even of the purest kind, far less mere worldly pleasure. Our main object in life should be Life itself ; but life in its highest sense—not length of days upon earth.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life : in Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi. 11). These words, it is true, are shown by the verse before to refer to the Resurrection of Our Lord ; but we are justified in applying them to ourselves. As Our Lord and Saviour thus addressed His Father in Heaven, so may all who believe in Him. It is the authorized language of faith.

What is it that God will *show* us ? What is it that we are to ask Him to show us ? What is it that we are to wish above all to know and to have ? Not pleasure, but life ; not a course of pleasure, but "the path of life." This path is the path that leads to life *Eternal* ; but it is itself a "path of life." Life is what it leads to, and life is what it is—true life, life in Christ, life with God.

"Thou wilt *show* me the path of life." I could not find it, O Lord, without Thee. I should miss the way, and be misled, and go astray. I should follow false guides, or take my own way. Thou alone canst show me infallibly the path of life ; and show it Thou dost, and wilt, by Thy Word and Spirit. "Thou wilt *show* me." But many a path is shown, only to be turned away from. Not so with *this* showing. Thou hast already given me a desire after this path ; Thou wilt show it to me, and, yet further, Thou wilt incline me to choose it and walk in it. It is the path of *life*, because only while we are in it are we truly alive. Other paths are paths of spiritual death. It is a *happy* path, and the only path that is so. God will not only show it, but He will bless it with His own presence, and that will make it happy.

"In His favour is life." So that, while we are not to make pleasure our chief object, yet in seeking as our chief object the way of life and the favour of God we shall find the very best of pleasure. And that, although the path of life is by no means always smooth or easy. On the contrary, it is often rough and toilsome, and has its hindrances and difficulties and dangers, and much

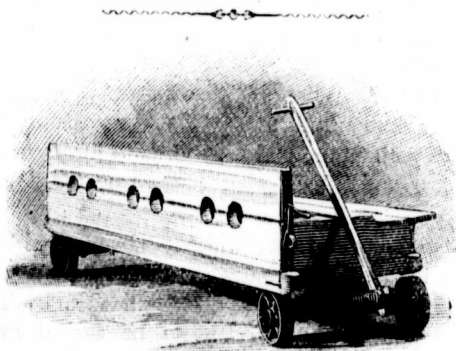
hard service has to be done by those who walk in it, and they must often deny themselves and submit to have their own wills crossed.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy." But how can *fulness* of joy be had in such a path as this? Joy there may be; but, with so many drawbacks, how *fulness* of joy? The joy will not be *full* till the end of the path is reached. Every path leads somewhither; and, pleasant as the path may be, it is far less to us than the place it leads to, the place where we would be. So here: God's presence is with us along the path, and gives us joy; but the path leads to His unclouded and Eternal Presence, and there the joy will be full.

"At Thy right hand" expresses this immediate presence. This is what the path of life leads to—the right hand, the immediate presence, of God. What did Jesus say? "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me" (St. John xvii. 24). He Himself is our Way; He also is our End. He is our Life, He is our very Path of Life, He gives eternal life to all who believe on Him, and He will be their Life and their Portion for ever.

To walk in this path of life, *this* is to live indeed.

Once only can this earthly pathway be trodden, and every step makes it shorter. What is *your* pathway? Is it "the path of life"? Is Christ your *Way*? Have you chosen Him? Are you cleaving to Him? Are you following Him?



CURIOUS STOCKS.

SOME movable stocks are kept in the Guildhall at Much Wenlock. They were intended for wheeling round the parish when persons were punished, as an example to others. These stocks are said to date from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. Simon.

A CURIOUS SUN-DIAL.

THIS picturesque Sun-Dial is on the roadside at Cainscross, one mile from Stroud, Gloucestershire. It dates back to 1754, and contains the following texts: "Now is the accepted time," "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Our illustration has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.



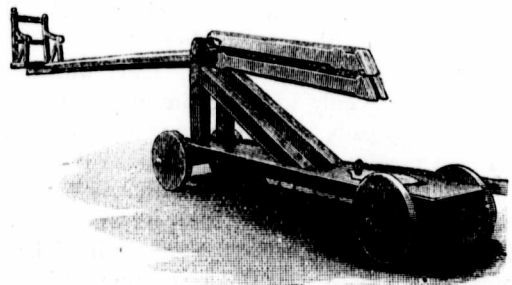
A CURIOUS VANE.

THE Rectory of St. James Garlickhithe, in Upper Thames Street, quite in the heart of the city of London, down by the river-side, is adorned with a handsome Ship-Vane. Our illustration has been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.



A DUCKING-STOOL.

LEOMINSTER Parish Church contains the Ducking-Stool of which we give an illustration, specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. B. Woodburn. It was the punishment for common scolds, and the latest recorded use of it was in 1809.



THE PEASANTRY OF PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., LL.D.,

Author of "Hours with the Bible," etc.



THE fellahin, or peasants, of Palestine are descendants of no one knows how many races that have invaded the land, wave after wave, ever since history began, and doubtless for many ages earlier. No people is ever actually exterminated, and those surviving invasion and intertribal war mingle with their conquerors in a few generations.

At the Dog River in Syria I visited caves, the *breccia*, or cemented rubbish, of the floor of which was full of relics of men of the Stone Age,

showing, amongst other wonders, bones of elephants and other great quadrupeds, which must have wandered over landscapes then unsubmerged, but long since buried beneath the waves now beating against the precipitous walls of the Lebanon Mountains.

Of a more recent date, we find traces of Mongolian Hittites, then a great conquering race, and still flourishing in Bible times. Then, in Genesis, we have a list of ancient nations or tribes, living in Palestine, most of whom are now no more than shades of a remote oblivion.

Not all, however; for the Canaanites, or, as the word was originally used, the Phœnicians, held the rich lowlands on the coast of Palestine, in part under the name of Philistines, to a late period; the Jebusites, who held the site of the future Jerusalem, being another branch of the race, and the people of Sodom still another. The Amorites, or highlanders, a huge race, had walled towns on the hilltops, seeming to the Hebrew spies—who, like all the world in those days, thought Heaven only a little way above their heads—to be walled up to it. Warlike and widely spread, they took ages to crush as an independent race. The Hivites, or Gibeonites, toiled in the field, and the Horites, or cave-dwellers, had their holes in the rocks, in Siloam, in South Judah, and in Edom.

Later centuries brought, in turn, the Assyrian, the Chaldaean, the Persian, the Syrian, the Greek, and the Roman as conquerors, while the Egyptian, before them, had held the land for centuries. Arabs of many tribes, moreover, infested the deserts to the south and east, and intermarried, largely with the races in

Palestine proper allied to them in blood. Then, when Rome had decayed, came the Saracen, the Crusader, and, finally, the Turk, who holds the country yet, to the disgrace of Christendom.

The present peasantry are the mixed result of all this deluge of nations. Thanks to the wretched government, their numbers are so few, that the desolation of the country strikes every passing tourist.

They live in miserable hovels, built by themselves, of mud, or mud and stones, or of stones only. The roof is of earth, resting on a bed of reeds or stalks of weeds, which, again, is supported by undressed stems or branches of the low-growing trees. A roller, passed frequently over the whole, keeps out the heavy rains for a time, but it needs to be often used when the earth-covering gets swollen and soaked by the winter tempests. A single blue cotton shirt, reaching from the neck to the feet, forms the sole dress of the women, except in Christian villages like Bethlehem or Nazareth; and the men are as slightly covered, their shirt, however, reaching only below the knees. In winter a sheepskin, with the wool on it, made into a rude overcoat, protects the house-father when out with his few sheep or goats.

(To be continued.)

"THANK GOD FOR THE YEARS!"

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.,

Lord Bishop of Ripon.



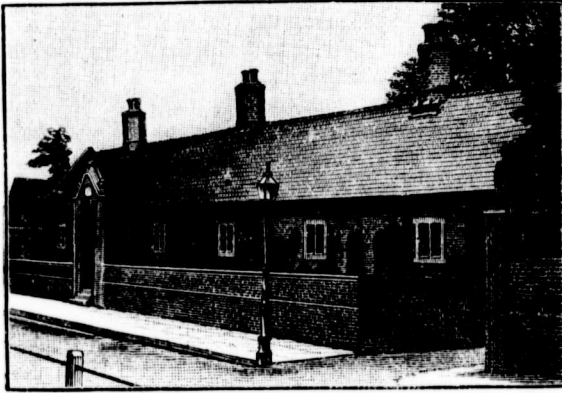
ER the past years we look—
Years that have brought us woe
And joy and friend and foe,
And taught us all we know:
Thank God for the years that go!

Over the sunlit years—
Years that were gemmed with joy,
Glad years, of girl and boy,
Golden without alloy:
Thank God for the years of joy!

Over the cloudy years—
Years that have brought us pain,
Cleaving the heart in twain—
Years of the ceaseless rain:
Thank God for the years of pain!

Cloudy and sunny years,
Write love on every page
Of the book of pilgrimage,
Read clear by whitening age:
Thank God as we turn the page!

Farewell, dear passing years,
Doing Time's stern behest,
Breaking the love-built nest,
Where man is but a guest;
Beyond is still the best!



THE PEMBERTON ALMSHOUSES.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

I.—ST. PETER'S, ST. ALBANS.

The illustrations are from photographs specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. H. W. LANE, 23, St. Peter's Street, St. Albans.

THE founder of this church was Ulsinus, or, to give him his Saxon name, Ulsig, the sixth Abbot of St. Albans, who flourished in the reign of King Eadred, A.D. 950. No record exists affecting St. Peter's for nearly two hundred years after its foundation. Between 1119 and 1146, Geoffrey de Gorham, the sixteenth Abbot, according to Matthew Paris, "gave the Church of St. Peter to the Infirmary of the Monastery for medicines for the sick." At the Dissolution the advowson passed to the Crown, and in the time of Queen Elizabeth it was transferred to the Bishop of Ely and his successors. In the last century it was taken over by the Lord

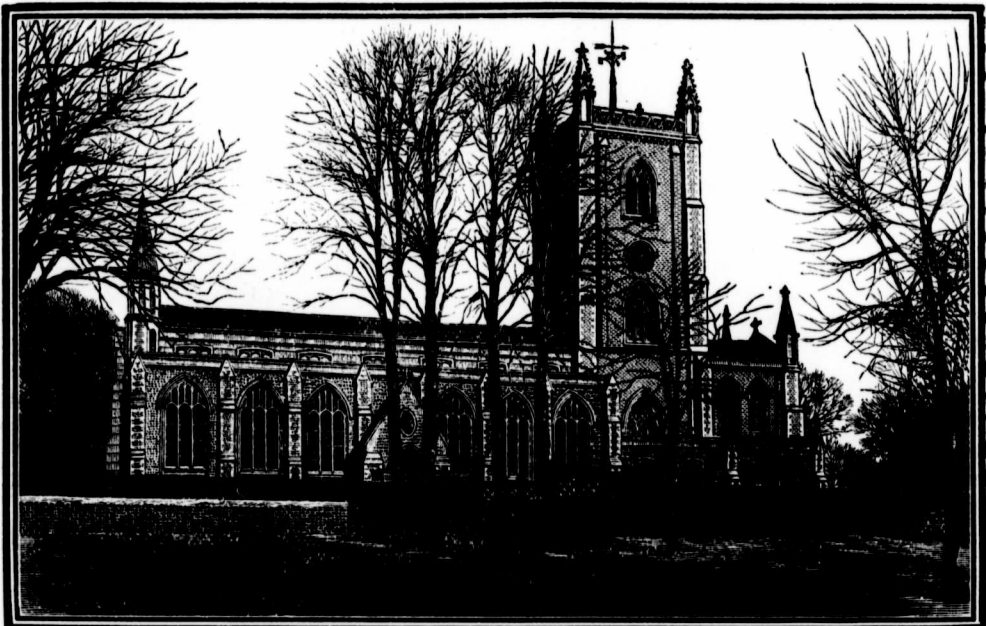
Chancellor; but has now again reverted to the Crown.

With regard to the fabric of the church, it may be said that of the Saxon church, built by Ulsinus in the latter half of the tenth century, we have no knowledge; but that this church, or the principal part of it, was rebuilt in less than two hundred years is clear from the quantity of late Norman stones which were found during Lord Grimthorpe's alterations.

We have hardly more information about the Norman church than we have of the Saxon, although it seems likely, judging from the evidence of the thirteenth century western door, which existed up to the last restoration, that a part of the western end was rebuilt during the thirteenth century.

The windows of the north aisle contain what remains of the ancient coloured glass, with which formerly the church seems to have been well endowed. Pridmore mentions that one window contained the head of Abbot John Wheathampstead, and Pridmore's manuscript contains a sketch of the head, which exactly corresponds with the glass, of which we give an illustration. In a note to the sketch is the following remark: "Painted glass in one of the windows of St. Peter's, by tradition said to be the portrait of John de Wheathampstead, the thirty-third Abbot. The initial letter **J** with a crown over it repeated upon his garment gives some probability to the account."

In 1893, St. Peter's being in a dilapidated condition,



ST. PETER'S, ST. ALBANS.



Lord Grimthorpe generously undertook its restoration. He lengthened the church by one bay westward, and carried the north aisle out four feet, inserting a rose in place of a Perpendicular window at the west end, and putting in the present Decorated windows in place of the Per-

They represent the figures of Roger and Elizabeth Pemberton, their three sons and three daughters. Roger Pemberton was the founder of the almshouses bearing his name in St. Peter's parish. He died in 1627. These three brasses were formerly accompanied by another brass, bearing an inscription to the memory of Roger Pemberton. By the munificence of Mr. Busick Pemberton, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Pemberton brasses have been restored, and a new brass bearing the old inscription has been added.

We give an illustration of the Pemberton Almshouses, which, it is said, were built originally by Roger Pemberton as an act of atonement for the accidental death of an old widow woman. The almshouses were completely restored and enlarged by Willoughby

A Pemberton, Esq., at a great cost, within the last three years. The following is the inscription on the almshouses:—

These six Alms houfes
were Erected &
Endow'd
With Five Pounds
P^r Annum Each
Out of the Mannor of
Skelton in Bed-
fordshire
By ROGER PEMBERTON
of St Albans
Esq^r
Who was bury'd in
the Church of
St Peter
Nov^r. 20th 1627-

pendicular windows on the north side. He also lengthened the chancel, and did away with the old vestry on the north side, building new



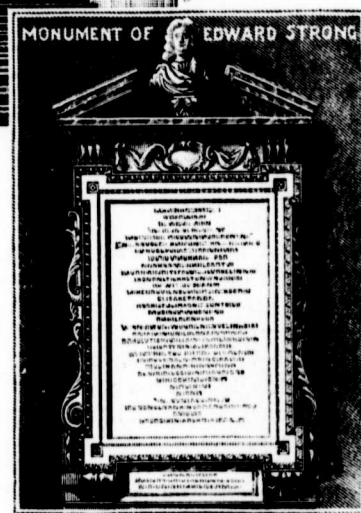
vestries against the tower and chancel on the south side; and he rebuilt the porch. The western gallery was taken down and the organ removed to the east end.

It is of interest to note that the organ was presented to the church by Dr. Christopher Packe in 1723. It had formerly belonged to the Chapel Royal at Windsor, and the crown which still rests on the instrument attests its Royal origin.

The ten bells yield as beautiful a peal as exists in the county, and there is every reason to believe that the metal of which they are chiefly composed is the same as that of which the bells were composed during the Middle Ages and previously.

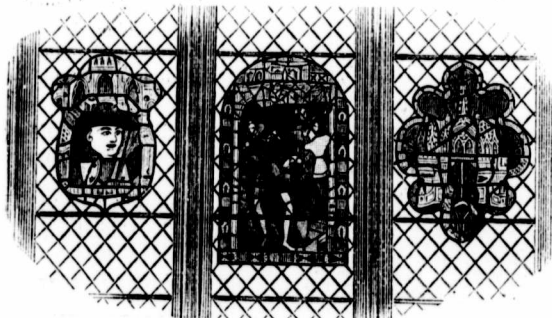
Of the old brasses, three only remain, and these have long been severed from their gravestones.

The monument and bust of Edward Strong is a beautiful specimen of the mason's art. He was the master-mason who was associated with Sir Christopher Wren in the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral. The church and



parish records consist mainly of the churchwardens' accounts from the year 1572 to the present time, vestry order books between 1711 and 1802, and between 1852 and the present time.

The registers of marriages, baptisms, and burials commence in 1558, and extend almost continuously from that year until the present time. The churchwardens' books contain a mass of interesting information. In 1583 occurs a charge of 35s. 6d. for a Bible and the injunctions; also 2s. 6d. for bosses and a chain and hook and silk for the Bible. The practice of chaining the Bible to the desk was continued well on into the following century, for in 1625 we find a charge of 8d. "for mending the clasp of the book and chain." In 1685 a payment was made "for a frame for the King's order (which was posted up in the church) touching the time for his healing the evill." As is well known, from the time of Edward the Confessor down to that of Queen Anne, the English kings and queens claimed the power of curing scrofula by Royal touch. The strong good sense of William III. stopped the practice in his day; but Queen Anne revived it, and amongst others touched Dr. Samuel Johnson, without, however, effecting any cure in his case. The Prayer Books of her reign contain a special service for the ceremony.



ANCIENT GLASS.

We are indebted for the particulars in this brief narrative to a deeply interesting sketch* by Mr. W. Carey Morgan, B.A., one of the churchwardens of the parish; and it only remains to add that the present Vicar, who was appointed in 1895, is the Rev. Robert Alfred Squires, M.A., a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. For the first twenty-one years of his ministerial life, Mr. Squires was a missionary in India. His work at St. Albans has been marked by great activity and earnestness. The parish is growing very rapidly, the convenient train service to London bringing a large residential population. Church extension has become an urgent matter. One new district church, St. Paul's, has already been provided, and it is hoped to find the means for erecting another church before long. There is a complete network of parochial agencies, all sections of the community are catered for, and the Vicar, with his three colleagues, has the assistance of a large staff of voluntary lay helpers.

* Published by Gibbs & Bamforth, St. Albans.

THE BELLS OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY THE VEN.

W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.,

Archdeacon of London,

Canon of St. Paul's,

and Chaplain-in-

Ordinary to the Queen.

The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. E. HUITT.



INSIDE GREAT PAUL.

IT was in the year 1882 that the bells of St. Paul's were finally completed by the erection of "Great Paul" in the south-west tower of the Cathedral.

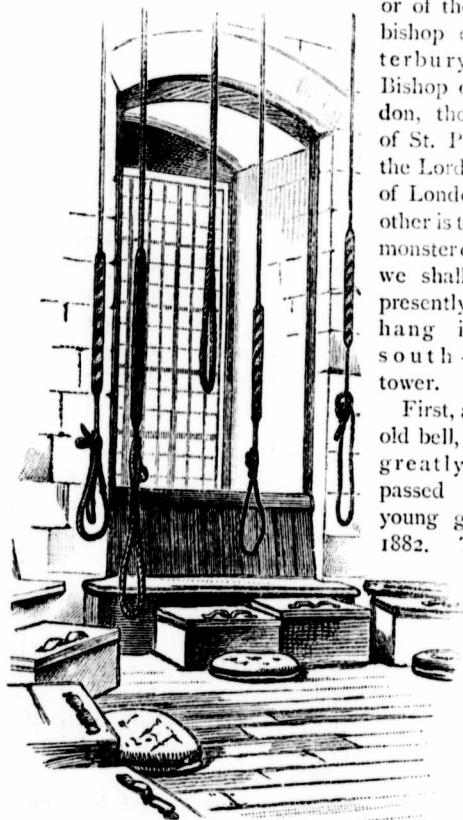
It must be remembered that there are two great bells at St. Paul's: one, the old State bell, which is

still tolled on the death of any of the Royal Family,

or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor of London; the other is the huge monster of which we shall speak presently. Both hang in the south-west tower.

First, as to the old bell, now so greatly surpassed by the young giant of 1882. The old

bell was originally cast in the reign of Edward I., and hung



A CORNER OF THE BELLRY.



THE BELFRY, LOOKING NORTH.

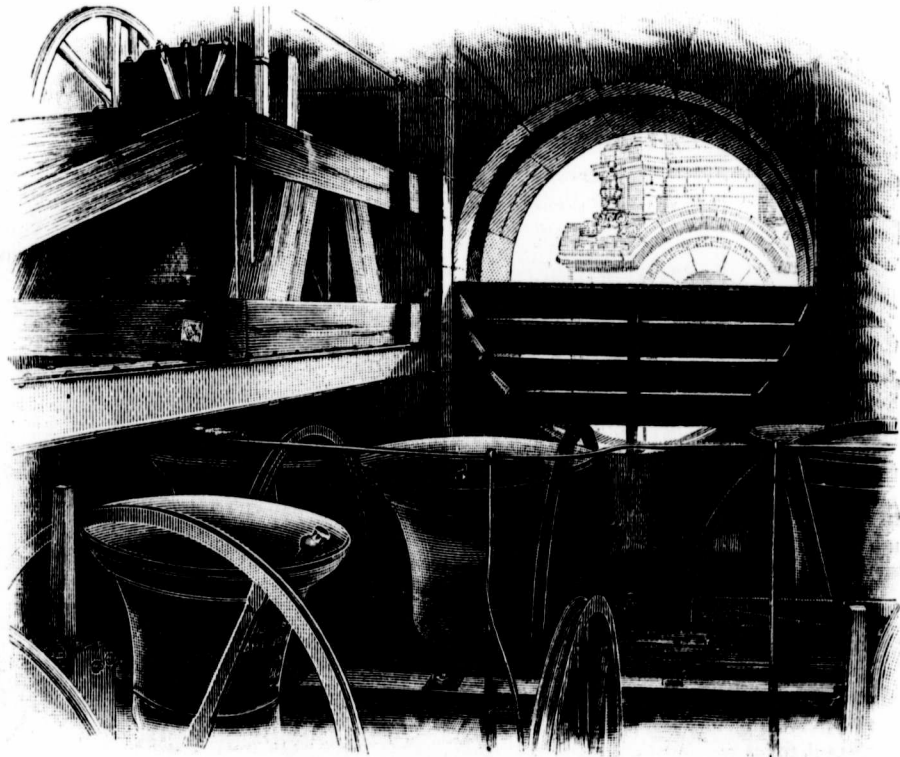
at the gate of Westminster Hall to notify the hour to the judges. It was first called "Edward of Westminster," afterwards "Westminster Tom." King William III. gave it to St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was brought on New Year's Day, 1699. It then weighed 8,271 lbs., but it has since been twice recast with additional metal. It now weighs 11,474 lbs., and is 10 ft. in diameter. Its metal is 10 in. thick. The hour is struck on the bell by a hammer weighing 145 lbs. The clapper

weighs 180 lbs. The chimes are struck on two smaller bells below.

Before the Great Fire of 1666 a bell-tower stood at the angle of the east end of the churchyard of old St. Paul's, which, Dugdale tells us, "contained four very great bells, called 'Jesus Bells,' in regard that they specially belonged to Jesus Chapel, situate at the east end of the undercroft [crypt] of St. Paul's." He also narrates how these bells were in existence until the time of Henry VIII., when a certain Sir Miles Partridge, "having won them from the King at one cast of the dice, pulled them down." Sir Miles Partridge was put to death for high treason by Edward VI.

During the great revival of the activity of St. Paul's Cathedral, which was begun under Dean Milman, and reached a climax in the time of Dean Church, it was determined to have a new "ring" of twelve bells. They were rung for the first time on All Saints' Day, 1878. The Corporation of London unanimously agreed to take part in the cost, on a petition presented by Canon Lightfoot (afterwards the famous Bishop of Durham), the organist (Dr. Stainer), and Dr. Webber (the Sub-Dean, the head of the Minor Canons).

The following list contains exact information about this great addition to the cathedral; namely, the donors of each bell, its musical note and precise weight, details which, we are sure, the reader will be glad to have.



THE BELLS.

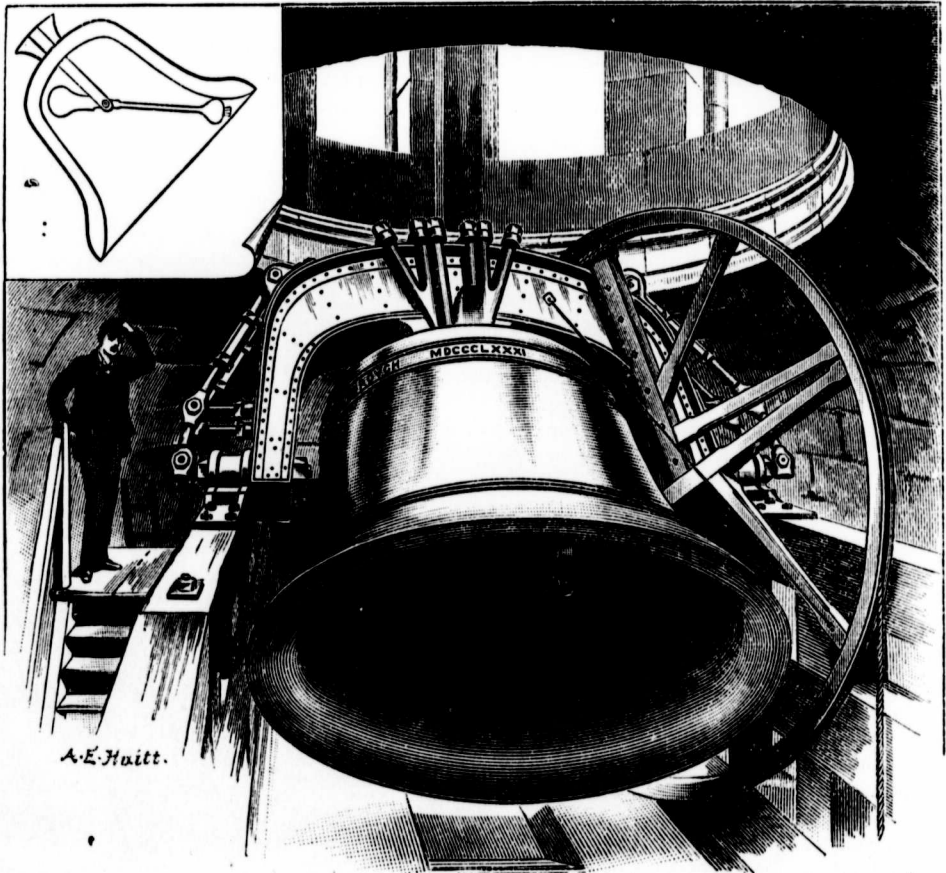
No.	Note.	Cwt.	qrs.	lbs.	Donor.
1.	F.	8	1	16	Drapers' Company.
2.	E ⁷ .	9	1	15	"
3.	D.	10	0	3	Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Turners' Company.
4.	C.	11	3	21	"
5.	B ⁷ .	13	2	14	"
6.	A.	14	0	4	"
7.	G.	16	2	21	Salters' Company.
8.	F.	22	1	18	Merchant Taylors' Company.
9.	E ⁷ .	28	0	7	Fishmongers' Company.
10.	D.	30	0	22	Clothworkers' Company.
11.	C.	44	2	0	Grocers' Company.
12.	B ⁷ .	62	0	0	Corporation of the City of London (Lord Mayor Cotton).

The bells were cast by Messrs. John Taylor & Co., of Loughborough, and were pronounced by Lord Grimthorpe (then Sir Edmund Beckett) to be "on the whole unquestionably the grandest ringing peal in England, and therefore in the world."

The bells are rung by a Guild of College Youths (so called from a Society founded in the reign of Charles I. in connection with a church on College Hill, E.C.) on Sunday mornings, the Great Festivals, and days of National rejoicing. The Guild also practises from time to time, after six o'clock, when houses of business are closed and very few are left in the city. There are several records of change-ringing on this new and glorious peal. One of the most notable was on December 10th, 1881, when 5,014 changes of Stedman's

Cinques were rung in 4 hrs. 17 mins., the St. Paul's bells being the heaviest set of twelve bells in the United Kingdom. Amongst other sets of twelve, the highest place is usually given to those of St. Peter Mancroft, in the city of Norwich.

Now we come to the great bell of all—the young giant, as I have called it (giantess, perhaps, it should be, for bells are treated as feminine in the craft)—"Great Paul." It was founded by Messrs. Taylor & Co., and was placed in the south-west tower in 1882. It weighs 16 tons, 14 cwts., 2 qrs., 39 lbs. The height is 8 ft. 10 ins. The diameter at the base is 9 ft. 6½ ins.; the height inside the crown is 6 ft. 11¼ ins.; and the thickness where the clapper strikes is 18¾ ins. The clapper is 7 ft. 9 ins. in length, and weighs 4 cwt. 20 lbs. The note is E flat. The witty and devout Canon Liddon chose the motto, which is inscribed under the arms of the Dean and Chapter: "Vae mihi si non evangelizavero." In St. Paul's Epistle the words meant, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." Canon Liddon, translating on behalf of the bell, said: "May I be cracked if I don't call people to church." Sir John



GREAT PAUL RINGING FOR SERVICE.



Stainer, writing to *The Times* on December 7th, 1881, after witnessing the casting of the monster, said: "The general appearance of the bell is handsome, and all campanologists should, if able to get to Loughborough, take a walk round her, and also have an eye to the many valuable appliances which Mr. Taylor has brought together for the perfecting of his art. The cost of the bell and hoisting it in its place in the upper part of the south-west tower will be about £3,000. It has been decided to use the bell on Easter Sunday next, when I shall be surprised if Londoners do not

realize the fact that 'Great Paul' is worthy alike of their ancient city and splendid cathedral."

The pilgrimage of "Great Paul" from Loughborough to London attracted great attention. It was by road, and the machinery consisted of two traction-engines and a trolley. The trolley weighed 2 tons, so that the weight on the roadway was nearly 19 tons. The journey took about a week. The lifting of the bell took about fifteen hours. The work was done very expeditiously and quietly. The appliances for raising the bell answered their purpose admirably. No hitch whatever occurred. "Great Paul" is now heard every day at 1 p.m. tolling with solemn and melodious tones for the midday meeting for prayer in the midst of the vast and bustling emporium of business.

"Great Paul" has not superseded "Edward of Westminster" as the State bell of St. Paul's Cathedral. "Edward of Westminster" still tolls for the national deaths before enumerated. But "Great Paul," in being by far the largest bell in the United Kingdom, has added dignity to the Cathedral of the Imperial City. And his twelve companions in the opposite (north-west) tower give voice to the various emotions which pass through the building and city, as the haunts and homes of living men and women, with all their daily tale of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, aspirations and experiences. The cathedral has become the centre of religious life in London, and its bells, great and small, new and old, contribute to the outward expression of that life. May the Christianity of London ever grow deeper, broader, and truer, like the strong note which booms forth daily from our chief House of Prayer!

NOTE.—Much of this information has been gained from my old friend Mr. J. R. Haworth, formerly one of the ringers at Westminster Abbey. He rang at the Queen's Accession, Coronation, and both the Jubilees, as well as every other Royal event when the Abbey bells were rung. He is in excellent health, and received a portrait of herself from Her Majesty on the occasion of the Jubilee of 1897.

TEMPERANCE.—No minister of the Gospel who did his work of bringing souls to the Lord ever felt that he had brought about a full result. We get on slowly, but that is no reason why we should stop doing the work. It is a reason for being more earnest. We believe Temperance work is God's own work, and in God's Name we will persevere in the endeavour to do it.—*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*

A POET'S MONUMENT.

THE stately Priory at Christ Church, near Bournemouth, contains a handsome and striking marble monument to the poet Shelley, who was drowned near Leghorn in 1822. It is the work of the sculptor Weekes, R.A., and was erected at the cost of Sir Percy Florence Shelley, of Boscombe. The monument contains a touching inscription giving some appropriate lines from one of Shelley's poems. Our illustration has been specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co.



“Room for Thee!”

Words by E. E. S. ELLIOTT.
Not fast.

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

- 2. Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy Royal decree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 3. The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 4. Thou camest, Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
- 5. When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!"
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee. Amen.

Key C. *Not fast.*

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in

2. Beth - lehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - - ty: Oh,

3. come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

G.t.

Beth - lehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - - ty: Oh,

A

rall.

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee. A - men.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE,
Rector of Finchley, Middlesex; Author of "The sower went forth sowing," "Christ, Who once amongst us," etc.

HORD, to Thy child in love draw near,
To bless me in the bright New Year;
While for my life I give Thee praise,
And thank Thee for my past glad days.

Cleanse me from all that was not good;
Help me to love Thee as I should,
And grow each year more wise and strong
To do the right and flee the wrong.

Thou Who didst give Thy Life for me,
May all my years be given to Thee;
That I with Thee at last may spend
The glad New Year that will not end.

* As this Hymn has been specially written in words of one syllable, it is hoped that many Mothers will teach it to their young children. No doubt in after-life a hymn thus learnt will often recur to the memory.—EDITOR.

PRAYER-BOOK CALENDAR.—January 1, Circumcision; 6, Epiphany; 8, Lucian, Priest and Martyr; 13, 1st Sunday after Epiphany, Hilary, Bishop and Confessor; 18, Prisca, Virgin and Martyr; 20, 2nd Sunday after Epiphany, Fabian, Bishop and Martyr; 21, Agnes, Virgin and Martyr; 22, Vincent, Martyr; 25, Conversion of Saint Paul; 27, 3rd Sunday after Epiphany.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO YOUNG HEROES.

WE have decided to mark the commencement of our Fourteenth Volume by an endeavour to encourage our young readers to cultivate a spirit of bravery and heroism, especially in the matter of saving life. To this end, we offer the sum of THREE GUINEAS, which will be awarded to any boy or girl, under the age of fifteen, who shall be recommended for the distinction by the Clergyman of the parish in which the act of bravery has been performed. The prize will be accompanied by a handsomely framed certificate, setting forth the circumstances under which it has been gained. Our artist has depicted an imaginary scene of presence of mind. A sturdy little chap has discovered that the storm in the night has brought down some trees, right across the railway track at an awkward curve in the line; so the young hero has taken his stand on the embankment, and by attracting the attention of the driver has succeeded in stopping the train, thus preventing a serious accident. We shall be interested to see which parish will be the first to inscribe a name on our honourable list of Young Heroes.

FREDE. SHERLOCK.

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

HARDY roses may be planted this month. The roots should be protected by a layer of ashes. The ground should be well manured. Crocuses and any other hardy bulbs may also be planted. Cuttings of gooseberries and currants may be taken. They should be planted three inches deep, about four or five inches apart. The ground should be covered with a coating of manure. Early peas can be sown, also celery, lettuce, carrots, spinach, etc. Pruning should be carefully attended to, and a general clearance made of dead leaves. Nothing is more unsightly than an untidy, neglected garden.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

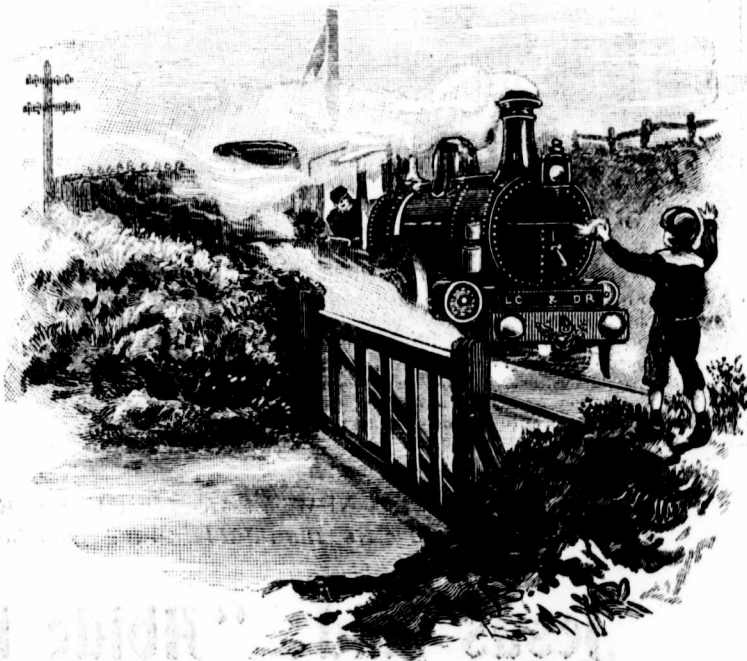
(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

I.—Toad-in-the-Hole.

CUT a pound and a half of beefsteak into small pieces; place in a pie-dish with a seasoning of salt and pepper. Add a tablespoonful of flour, two eggs, a pint of milk, half a saltspoonful of salt. Bake for an hour and a half.

II.—Hotch-Potch.

TAKE three ounces of pearl barley, one cabbage, three or four carrots, two onions, one turnip, two ounces of butter, a seasoning of pepper and salt. Put the pearl barley into a saucepan in three quarts of water. Chop the vegetables into small pieces, and add them when the water boils. Boil the soup for two or three hours.



Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL THIIRIAT.



MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

COMPILED BY MARY BRAINERD GORE.

With Illustrations specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. DADD.

Work Amongst the Blind at Peking.

TO show how thoroughly in earnest these Christian blind women are, I know two instances in which a blind Chinese woman has induced her relatives to bring her a whole month's journey day by day across the rough ice of frozen rice-stubble fields, in order to reach Mr. Murray's school for blind women, that she might go back to her own village able to read the Scriptures to herself and others. They could not travel in summer, because the country is all rice-swamp, and there are no roads. The wheelbarrow is the only means of locomotion the poor in China have.—Miss C. F. GORDON-CUMMING in "The Gleaner."

"He must Wait for His Father!"

I AM reminded of an earnest seeker who was Baptized last Sunday. She is the first of her village to come, and was so hotly persecuted that when I saw her a year ago she seemed to have given up the contest. But she was still praying in secret, and God heard her prayer. I shall not forget her joy when she told me how her husband and mother-in-law were both becoming inquirers, and were willing that she should come to school. I met her on her way to church to be Baptized, and asked her if baby was to be Baptized too, and she said sweetly, "No, he must wait for his father!"—Miss E. M. K. THOMAS in "The Gleaner."

"His Life for Me."

THE Rev. Henry Mathews, S.P.G. Missionary at Tai-an-Fu, North China, referring to the murder of his fellow-worker, the Rev. S. M. W. Brooks, says:—"I need not say what a terribly anxious time I have had. My poor Christians are many of them burnt out, one of our churches has been plundered, and another burnt to the ground, while my dear, brave fellow-worker is dead. I cannot tell you all it means to me. He practically gave his life for my sake, for it was almost entirely in order to cheer me in a difficult time that he determined to return. He was very brave, for he knew it meant danger. His was a martyr's death, and I know, from what he has often said to me, that he was willing to meet it. Very strangely, he dreamt some time ago that he saw his name (the only one there) written upon the wall of the cloisters of St. Augustine's—his college—in a space reserved for the names of martyrs."—From "Church Bells."

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT.

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

- 1.** **W**HERE was Our Saviour born? where was He baptized? and by whom? 2. Give three examples of Our Saviour's use of the Old Testament. 3. Give an instance of Our Saviour's healing of a man suffering from three terrible afflictions. 4. How many different trades are named by St. Matthew? 5. How many different animals are named by St. Matthew? 6. Give some examples of Our Saviour's love for little children.

* * We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors are to be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers should be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday-school Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—"Bible Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO EVERY READER

Be of good cheer! Be thankful! Make somebody glad every day!

Jesus said: "Abide in Me."

ST. JOHN XV. 4.

Jarvis and Hagersville.

On Christmas Day early Communion was celebrated in St. Paul's Church, and the full morning service with holy Communion was given at a later hour. The communicants numbered 40. Service at Hagersville was held at 2 p. m., the communicants numbering 17. The attendance at all services was disappointing. No doubt the extremely rough state of the frozen roads was considered by the rural parishioners a sufficient excuse for non-attendance. If, however, the clergyman could go six miles, surely the people should have gone or come half that distance. Business or an election would not have kept them at home. To those who were present and who kindly and affectionately remembered their pastor by their offerings, the incumbent returns his very sincere and earnest thanks.

On the evening of the 28th, the S. S. children of St. Paul's church, with their teachers, enjoyed together in Music Hall tea and entertainment, some of the parents being in attendance and participating in the enjoyment. The evening was very pleasantly spent, both old and young feeling glad to be present. The intention had been to have as the chief feature of the entertainment the singing of songs by a young lady of Toronto, but the unexpected sickness of this young lady's mother necessitated the omission of this part of the programme. This disappointment was keenly felt both in Hagersville and in Jarvis, for both S. Schools were hoping for this treat. Perhaps at another time the pleasure may be realized.

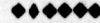
On Sunday, the 30th, Sergeant Edward Kelly was present at the service in All Saints' Church, at which he joined with the congregation in returning thanks to Almighty God for having bought him back to his home and friends from S. Africa. Rev. P. L. Spencer, although informed of Sergeant Kelly's wish and intention, only a few minutes before the beginning of the service, delivered a very appropriate address. The service was extremely impressive from beginning to end, being as much as possible adapted to the circumstances of the occasion.

BURIALS.

On Dec. 18th, in St. Paul's cemetery. William Peterson, aged 75 years.

On Dec. 23rd, in the family vault in St. Paul's cemetery, Mary E. Jones, aged 74 years.

These two persons had long lived in the parish. They were well known and highly regarded. They were removed from their earthly sphere, in the one case by prolonged sickness, in the other by a sudden visitation. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."



Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

BAPTISM.

Dec. 9th, John Angus, infant child of John and Victoria Stephens, born Nov. 3rd, 1910. Sponsors Samson and Jessie Stephens.

We have to chronicle this month the departure from the parish of Miss Byers, who for the past three years has taught the Port Maitland school. Miss Byers has been such a useful, cheerful worker that she will be very much missed by the Christ's Church congregation. On her last Sunday with us (Dec. 14th) she was presented after service with a handsome Oxford Bible as a slight token of regard and memento of her stay among us.

Willing Workers assembled on Thursday evening, Dec. 20th, at Mrs. Docker's and Mr. Taylor's to make the decorations for Christmas. Cedar was used at Christ's Church this year instead of juniper, and the effect was very pleasing.

The congregation at Christ's Church on Christmas morning numbered 40, and there were 19 communicants. This attendance is not an adequate representation of the congregation when the significance of the day is considered. The incumbent desires to express his thanks for the customary Christmas offering presented to him amounting at the two churches to over eighteen dollars.

On the day after Christmas Mr. Francis journeyed to Marshville (returning in time for the Christmas Tree at Mr. Thomas Docker's in the evening) his errand being an interesting one—to join in holy matrimony two former residents of this parish, Mr. Reginald Docker and Miss Birdie Bate. The wedding was held in Christ's Church, Marshville, in the presence of a large and reverent congregation, the rector, Rev. Alfred Bonny, assisting in the service. A wedding breakfast was held at the home of the bride's parents afterwards—the whole affair passing off most pleasantly. Their many friends in this parish will join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Docker every happiness and blessing in their married life.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

The Christmas Tree Socials on the 26th and 27th of December passed off pleasantly and successfully. Last year we felt ourselves a little "scarce" one evening, and uncomfortably crowded the other. This year the number both evenings was sufficient to make the social a hearty one, while no one felt crowded.

The Christ's Church tree came off first at Mr. Thomas Docker's. Soon after 8 o'clock the short programme was given, which was heard by more than is usually the case when a programme is given in a private house. For the preparation of the three carols which were sung we are indebted to Mrs. Hornibrook. Recitations were given by Miss Taylor and the following Sunday scholars: Minnie and Andrew Armour, Tessie and Archie McDonald, Nettie McKee and Harold Hornibrook. The incumbent then gave a report of the S. S. attendance for the year, and presented the prizes. Sunday School is held from May to October, inclusive—26 Sundays. 47 names appear on the roll but of these 11 had attended less than 5 Sundays and might be looked upon as visitors, as in fact several of them were. Of the remaining 36, 12 (or 33½ per cent.) had attended 20 Sundays, or over; 9 (or 25 per cent.) had been 15, but under 20; and 6 (or 16½ per cent.) 10 to 15 Sundays. The rule of a prize for those only who had attended 20 Sundays had been broken and a book been given to all who had been 10 Sundays—though of course much cheaper ones. We give the names down to 15 Sundays:—Hattie Hamilton and Mabel Bain 26, Percy Hamilton 25, Archie McDonald 24, Willie Bradford, Minnie Armour, Harold Hornibrook, Jessie McDonald, Julia Hamilton, Lillian Hornibrook 23, Hugh Bradford 22, Mary Stephens 20, Aggie Stephens, Howard Jones 19, Ruby Drake, Millie Thomas 18, Evelyn Hornibrook, Harry Hamilton, Percy Siddell 17, George Docker 16, Ethel Logan 15. The tree was next relieved of its load of presents to the delight and satisfaction of the children. Brilliantly lighted by candles, it was admired by all, but when the cotton batting at its base, meant to hide the tub in which it stood, suddenly assumed the role of illuminant, some consternation was felt. Fortunately the fire was put out in time. Refreshments were then served, during which the collection, amounting to \$6.45, was taken up, and soon afterwards the gathering broke up.

The same order was observed the next evening at Mr. Tom Blott's. The children sang very well two carols, the practicing of which had entailed for some of them a walk on one or two evenings when it was more pleasant in doors than out. Recitations were given by Maurice, Willie and Robbie Blott, Edith, Nina and Kenneth Rowden, and Bertha Wickerson, and a reading by Ethel Bate. The incumbent reported 35 names on the roll, 3 classed as visitors, leaving 32 more or less regular attendants. Of these 7 (or about 22 per cent.) had attended 20 Sundays or over; 9 (or 28 per cent.) 15 to 20 Sundays; and 9, 10 to 15 Sundays. Prizes were presented according to the same rule as at Christ's Church. The names of the prize winners down to 15 Sundays were as follows: Alice Blott, Vernon Bate 24, Ethel Bate 22, Birdie Patton, Pearl Diette 21, Guy Bate, Lottie Bate 20, Helen Blott, Willie Blott 19, Robert Blott, Ernest Bate 18, Delos Diette 17, Percy Diette 16, Valery Bate, Kenneth Bowden, Clara Blott 15. The presents from the tree, which was very prettily decorated, were distributed by Mr. Robert Duffy. The collection amounted to \$7.75, and some contributions have been received since. As on the night before all seemed to enjoy themselves and went home happy when the national anthem had been sung.

Robbie Blott and Andrew Armour, two small chaps, made their first public appearance as reciters and did very well.

The presentation to Mrs. Hornibrook of an envelope containing a sum of money in appreciation of her services as organist, was a pleasing feature of the Port Maitland social.

On Sunday, Dec. 30th, the rector found in the vestry of St. John's Church two vestry chairs, the gift of the W. A. The thoughtful kindness of the Society is much appreciated.

The Rev. W. Bevan of Caledonia will conduct the services on Sunday, Jan. 20th. Collection for Diocesan Missions.