

Tom Blott

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

On Sunday, May 6th, offerings were given in both churches for the relief of the sufferers by the terrible fire at Ottawa and Hull. The congregation of St. Paul's contributed \$10.60, and that of All Saints' \$4.46.

On Thursday, the 24th, the double character of the "Festival" was properly marked. The day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Paul's at 8 a.m., there being present 15 communicants. At this service \$1.35 was given towards the completion of the apportionment for the year 1899-1900. At 10 30 a. m., service was held in All Saints', the congregation numbering 23. The incumbent after explaining the great importance of the Ascension of our Lord spoke of the long and happy reign of the Queen. He stated that the three queens, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria, had by their goodness of heart and life exercised a remarkably beneficial influence upon the members of the court, and that the latter had set a good example to humbler subjects. Thus the whole nation had under the blessing of the Almighty wonderfully prospered. Both Church and State had reaped a benefit from the uprightness of the Sovereign. During these three reigns literature, science and religion had each advanced in a remarkable degree. There might be applied to these periods of English history the words of King Solomon—"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice."

At the evening service in St. Paul's 29 persons were present. The morning offertory collection was increased to \$2.00. The sermon was similar to that preached in Hagersville.

The response to the Bishop's Ascensiontide appeal for missions in Algoma and the Northwest was \$9.60, of which Jarvis gave \$4.20 and Hagersville \$5.40. For so good a cause the offerings should have been much more liberal. Each special collection should bear a fair relation to the whole sum of the apportionment, which is \$50.00 for each congregation. This sum does not include what is needed for Foreign Missions or for the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund.

As the readers of these local items are interested in the general welfare of the parish, the incumbent gives the following information gleaned from his statistical report to the Bishop of the diocese for the year ended March 31:

	JARVIS	HAGERSVILLE
Number of families.....	55	57
Number of souls.....	240	232
Baptisms.....	4	2
Whole No. at any time confirmed..	121	122
Communicants.....	100	70
Largest attendance at H. C.	53	35
Average att. at Sunday services..	123	71
Marriages.....	3	3
Burials.....	3	4
Visits to sick and well.....	124	138
Raised for parish purposes exclud-		

ing minister's stipend	\$ 965.00	\$ 302.00
Minister's stipend.....	400.00	400.00
Value of church.....	6000.00	4000.00
Church insurance.....	3100.00	2500.00
Debts.....	900.00	105.00

The illustrated lectures on South Africa and the War given by Rev. P. L. Spencer excited considerable interest. The views are certainly very fine, and they enable one to form an accurate notion concerning the natural features of that part of the empire as well as the size and importance of the cities and towns. The scenes connected with the war, while causing one to feel extremely sad on account of the destruction of life and property, create the highest admiration for the noble conduct of the empire's soldiers, sailors, and volunteers. Let us hope that "when this cruel war is over" commercial industry and missionary activity will soon restore friendship and happiness among the various colors and languages of that Southern clime.

On the 15th of the month Mr. Spencer after attending a special meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese in Hamilton, went to York in order to be present at the spring meeting of the clergy of the Deanery of Haldimand. A service was held that evening in the church, at which he spoke on "The Bible in the School" following Rev. E. H. Molony on "The Bible in the Home." On the evening of the next day he addressed a large audience in the Town Hall, Cayuga, on "South Africa in Peace and in War," and gave numerous illustrations. He has decided to let the proceeds of lectures on this subject go to the support of the Trinity College Mission in Japan.

On the 30th of May there took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David J. Lindsay, lot 13, concession 11, township of Walpole, the marriage of Mr. George Arthur Howard, of Springvale, and Miss Sarah Fidelia Jane Harris, of Hagersville. Mr. John Howard and Miss Stella Harris acted as chosen witnesses. The weather was delightfully fine, although the early morning had been cloudy. May this prevailing characteristic of brightness be typical of the married life of the two young persons! May the sunshine of happiness and prosperity far exceed the gloom of adversity!

It may not be too late to draw attention to the remarkable fact that only once before during the reign of Queen Victoria, has her birthday coincided with Ascension Day. That was in the year 1838.

BAPTISM.

On May 27th, Sadie Constance, infant daughter of Edgar H. and Margaret May Keffer, in All Saints' church, Hagersville.

BURIAL.

On May 19th, in Springvaie cemetery, James Ingham, who died at the great age of 86 years, 6 months.

During the month Rev. Arthur Francis, M.A., presented to St. Paul's church a set of beautifully wrought communion linen in commemoration of the following facts: Mr Francis was born on the day on which was



"SPRING FLOWERS" (see page 112).

From the original oil painting by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The History of A CUP AND SAUCER



BY THE REV. J. TETLEY ROWE, M.A.,
Rector of Chatham.

I SUPPOSE there has always been a fascination about china and pottery? Certainly to-day it is not only interesting, but touching to listen to the villagers of England telling what they know of the history of the often quaint and sometimes beautiful china that hangs on the dresser in their cottage homes. One has only to read of the fabulous sums paid for old china to estimate the value set upon it by the rich. Comparatively few people know much about the history of the different kinds of china and pottery in the world, for the subject begins with the oldest nations of antiquity, and continues down to those of the present time. Indeed, in many ways the potter of ancient days has greatly assisted the historian in presenting to us "the mind and character of ancient peoples who may have left no other trace behind."

But though few have time or opportunity actually to study china from its scientific and historical sides, yet we all love to look at beautiful china, and the possession of it is to many a great source of pride. I have taken the commonest articles of daily use as the subject of this article, and propose to describe how I saw them made in the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester.

But before I do this, perhaps I might give a very short sketch of the history of this famous factory. It was founded by Dr. Wall, in 1751, a very able chemist and artist, who succeeded in producing china and porcelain of very great beauty. In 1776 Dr. Wall died, and in 1783 Mr. Flight bought the business, taking into partnership a Mr. Barr. One of Dr. Wall's great pupils, a Mr. Chamberlain, who left the works when they were sold to Mr. Flight, also established a factory with the co-operation of his family. In 1840 this establishment was united with the original one founded by Dr. Wall and became a company. This lasted for eight years, when the company was dissolved. For a time certain gentlemen

of the old firm carried on the business, when in 1862 the present company was founded.

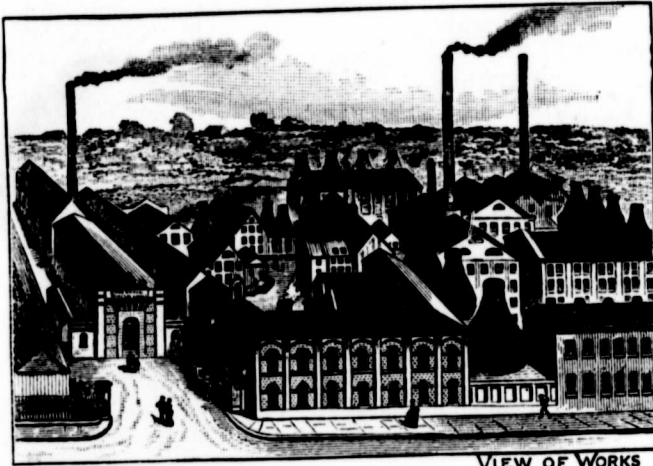
George III. and Queen Charlotte were the first members of the Royal Family to visit the now famous works. The services for use in the household of George IV. were ordered to be made here. Her Majesty the Queen was taken to see the manufacture of Worcester china by her mother in 1834, and both before and since many members of the Royal Family and thousands of people from all parts of the world have visited this famous centre of china art.

But now let me give you, if I can, the history of a cup and saucer from the time the materials leave the quarries and mines until they reach your table in their very familiar forms.

Have you ever realised how much skill, ingenuity, and care are required to make a cup and saucer? How many materials have to be brought from all parts of the world? How numerous are the processes which are necessary to make these common articles of daily use? Let me try and give you the history of a cup and saucer.

In the first place one is greatly surprised at the large number of substances required, and the many widely separated places from which they come. To make the cup you drank out of this morning at breakfast, china-clay and stone were brought from Cornwall, Dorset, and Devonshire; flint from the County of Kent; granite from Cornwall; lead from Montgomery; manganese from Warwickshire; soda from Cheshire; felspar from Sweden; fireclay from Stourbridge and Broseley, from whence also was procured marl; another brand of flint from Dieppe; and calcined bones from America.

Secondly, one is almost amazed at the number of men employed in making such small and common articles of daily use as a cup and saucer. These include the chemist, the miller, the slipmaker, the



VIEW OF WORKS



CORNER

the gilder, the enamel fireman, the burnisher. Yes, all these men, besides those who helped them, were required to work at some portion or other of your cup and saucer.

We know now the substances, as well as the men that are required to make our cup and saucer. Let me try to describe to you how these various substances are dealt with, and what all or most of these men do with them.

Of those who take part in making the cup and saucer, the most important person is the chemist, for he discovers what materials will make the cup, and in what proportions they must be used. When this is decided, the materials are first ground in a mill separately, and then all together. Sometimes it is necessary to grind these for ten days, but all must be ground fine enough to pass through a sieve with four thousand holes or meshes to a square inch. The flint, felspar, and Cornish stone are thus ground with water to the consistency of thick cream. So hard is this grinding process in these iron vats that the iron itself is worn off, and must be extracted. This is accomplished by rows of magnets, which are worked through and through the vessel which contains the mixed materials. Then the water must be got out until the cream-like liquid becomes a paste, which then has to be

beaten and turned over and kneaded to make it tough, or as the cook would call it, good workable dough.

Now comes the part which is beautiful to watch, and shows marvellous dexterity of hand. Imagine a man not yet twenty. He sits in front of a flat revolving wheel. He seizes a piece of "the dough," and in a moment he has it flying round before him on his wheel or flat revolving plate. He presses it, he pats it, he seems to caress and bend over the clay, then he folds it as it flies round and round in his hands. One moment it is a pyramid in shape, the next quite flat. Still flying round, he presses it in the centre and raises it with the other hand. It is circular

in shape—it is a cup of soft clay! Quickly and dexterously he places it in a mould, which in a short time will have absorbed sufficient moisture to allow the cup to become detached and taken to the turner. Such is the first process which I saw, but which is now, for cheapness and speed, almost entirely superseded by the use of moulds, which do away with the potter and his wheel.

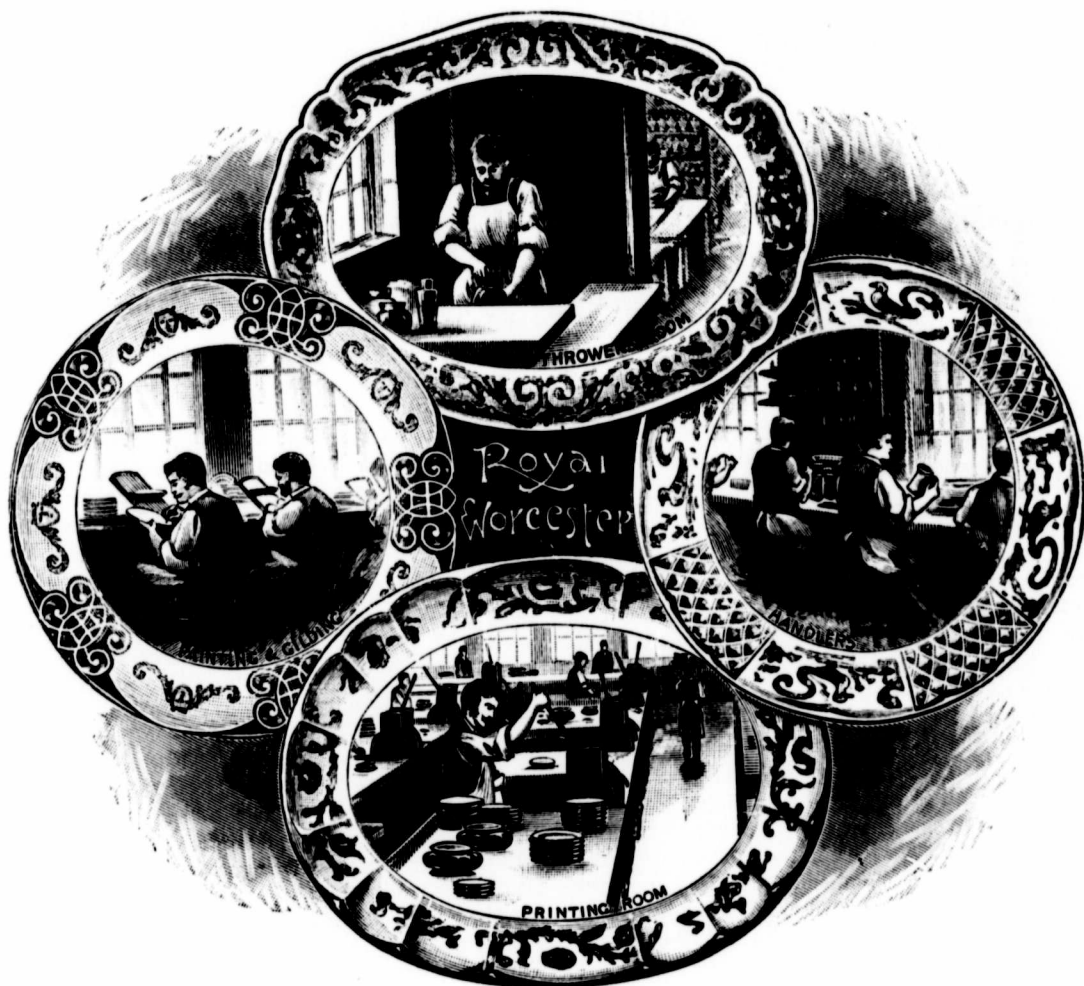
The turner next has the rough cup, and fixing it like a piece of wood on his lathe, he smoothes the rough surface, and passes it on to his next-door neighbour, who spends his life in making and fixing handles to the cups. The handle is cast in a mould, and attached to the cup by a little "slip," a cream-like liquid, which acts like gum.

The cup is now ready for the kiln. In appearance it is a bluish-grey, and one-sixth larger than it will be after it is burnt. The cup is now put in a "seggar" or fire-clay case, and placed in what is called a biscuit oven, with a small ring of clay fitted into the mouth to keep the cup in shape, and covered with fine flint to prevent the ring adhering to the cup. This oven is about fourteen feet in diameter, and is heated by eight fireplaces. For forty hours the cup is baked, and for forty-eight hours it is allowed to cool. It is now withdrawn, when it appears quite white, but with no glaze. The powdered flint used to protect it in the furnace is now rubbed off, and it is ready to be dipped in the liquid glaze. This "glaze" is really glass, and is made of borax, flint, lead, etc., and ground in a mill, with water, until it is like cream.

The cup is now dipped in this, and sent once more to be dried first, and then fired. For sixteen hours more the cup is placed in an oven, and then has to cool for thirty-six hours, when it is pure white, and ready to be decorated, or stored to be sold.



THE TRADE MARKS.



The cup that is decorated with colour and gold has first the design printed upon the cup, and this is then filled-in with colour and gold by hand. The paint has in turn to be fixed on the cup by heat, which, as before, is done in an oven; and the more highly decorated the cup and saucer is, the more often has it to be burnt. This decorative process is not only most interesting and beautiful to watch, it is that which makes china costly. However, I must not enter upon this portion of the subject. All I set out to do was to tell you how you and I obtain a common cup and saucer. This I have tried to do, and there my story must end.

IF JESUS CAME.—Charles Lamb was telling what he should do if the world's greatest men suddenly came into the room. Among others, Shakespeare was named. "Ah! we should all uncover if Shakespeare came in." "And Christ?" With a hushed voice he stammered out, "You see, we should all kneel."

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

Swiss Pudding.		Average Cost.
		d.
1 lb. apples	2½
1 egg	1
1 tablespoonful sugar	}	1½
1 oz. butter		
6 tablespoonsful bread crumbs		5

Cut up the apples after paring and coring them, and stew with sugar and a little water. When soft, stir in the egg, off the fire, and beat the mixture for two or three minutes. Grease a pie-dish with half the butter, and line it with breadcrumbs, about half an inch thick at the bottom. Pour in the stewed apples, cover over with the remainder of the crumbs, and put little pieces of butter on the top. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour, then turn out on to a hot dish.

A SAFE TEST.—"Nowhere is a man known better than in his own family. No disguise is possible there; and he whom father and mother, brother and sister love, we may be sure has deserved to be loved."—J. A. FROUDE.

A MEDITATION FOR WHITSUNDAY.

BY THE REV. E. A. STUART, M.A.,

Vicar of St. Matthew's, Bayswater, W.; Author of "Children of God," etc.

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."—REV. i. 10.



THE aged Apostle was sitting like some caged eagle upon the rock in his lonely isle of Patmos. He had been exiled by the Roman Emperor, and doubtless to-day his heart was very sad, for all around him persecution raged against the saints of God, whilst, within the Church,

heresies were rife and apostasies were frequent. All his fellow-Apostles were dead, most of them had died a martyr's death, and he himself was an exile in his prison home. No wonder, then, that he felt cast down.

It was the first day of the week—the Lord's Day—that wondrous Day upon which his Master rose triumphant from the dead, that Day on which the Holy Spirit came down in cloven tongues like as of fire and abode upon each of the Disciples in the early Church. Christian congregations were gathering together throughout the world: some in the backwoods; some in the catacombs, hiding amongst the dead from the enmity of their oppressors. From little companies in every land prayer was ascending to Heaven in the Name of Jesus Christ: believing souls were breaking the bread in remembrance of their dying Lord, drawing strength therefrom for the daily life, and taking once more the oath of allegiance to their Sovereign and of brotherly love to their brethren in Christ Jesus. And once more the beloved Apostle would be praying tenderly for all these his scattered children in the faith: when suddenly it seemed as if Pentecost was revived, his soul thrilled, his eye became clearer, and he was conscious of the presence of his Lord. He saw Him as the great Priest-King in the midst of His Church upholding all things, controlling all things; and when he saw Him he fell at His feet as dead. His Lord still lived, his Lord still reigned, and although the light of the candlestick might flicker, it would never go completely out. Vision after vision was revealed to the Apostle, which doubtless strengthened and comforted him as they have strengthened and comforted Christians in times of trouble from that day until this.

But may we be in the Spirit on this Lord's Day, this holy Pentecostal day? Remember what St. John says of himself in the ninth verse: "I, John, who also am

your brother, and companion in tribulation"; therefore there is no reason why I should not be. I may be far from home, so was he; I may be cast down and despondent, so was he; I may be cut off from the means of grace, so was he: therefore I too may surely be "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day."

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

Now, if I am in the Spirit to-day, what will be the effect upon my worship? I shall see Jesus. All through the prayers my petitions will not be as arrows shot at random, but definite petitions placed in the Hands of my great High Priest for Him to offer at the Throne of Grace. Can you imagine how real prayer must have been to the Disciples upon the evening of that first Ascension Day? I can picture them gathered together in that upper room, consecrated by such hallowed memories, and uniting together in prayer, and then I can imagine one—perhaps St. Peter—rising up and saying: "Brothers, remember ye not the words of our Lord Jesus, how He said, 'Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My Name. Ask, and ye shall receive'? Brothers, shall we pray to-night in the Name of the Lord Jesus? We have seen Him pass within the Heavens, and we believe He is there making intercession for us: let us pray, then, in His Name." And then first Heaven heard a prayer offered in the Name of Jesus Christ. So, if we are in the Spirit, our prayers will be equally definite, and we shall be praying in the Holy Ghost, and then our hymns and praises will be the overflowing outcome of our heart's gratitude and adoration. We will sing with the spirit and we will sing with the understanding also. Filled with the Spirit, we shall be "speaking to ourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord." This will be our spiritual sacrifice of praise, which will be acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. Then when we listen to God's Holy Word, we shall lose sight of the preacher, for we shall be in that attitude of soul to say, "What saith my Lord unto His servant?" And the Holy Ghost falling upon all those that hear the Word, the Gospel will come to us not in word only, but also in power and in much assurance, and we shall obey the truth through the Spirit. And further, when we draw near to the white-robed table, our eyes will be opened to recognize Jesus in the breaking of bread. How we shall realize also the Communion of Saints! for we being many are one bread and one body, and we shall strive to the utmost to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Being thus in the Spirit on the Lord's Day, we shall be able to worship Him in Spirit and in truth; and not only so, but the influence will be felt in the daily life, for being "fervent in spirit," we shall not be "slothful in business," but remember that we are serving the Lord. "Filled with the Spirit," we shall walk in the Spirit, and we shall bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, and be more loving, less selfish, and more glad.

Homeward Bound.

BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON.

Author of "A Bunch of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"TAKEN, AND LEFT."

THE long winter was past and gone. The country was smiling in its sweet spring dress, the copses and meadows were carpeted with violets and primroses, and the cuckoo's note could be heard in the woods.

"Isn't it a lovely morning, dear? the very morning to welcome you downstairs." And Mrs. Gwyn laid a

much had happened since last he had been within those four walls! One dear little lamb of his flock safe folded in the arms of the Good Shepherd, and he himself, brought back from the borderland, spared to live and to labour more earnestly than ever for the glory of the Master, since this fresh experience of the uncertainty of life and this gaze into eternity!

The fisherfolk of Scard were rough but kindly, and their feelings had been stirred to the utmost by the incidents of the night of the fire. For days afterwards the whole village might be said to have watched by the bedsides of the Vicar and May, and with as much solicitude as though the sufferers had been members of their own families. The Parson had gone up in their estimation greatly; they saw that his talk from the pulpit and the study-chair was not mere words;



"TOM SAT BY HIS CHILD'S BEDSIDE AS IN A DREAM."

rug softly over her husband as she spoke, and gazed with happy thankfulness into his eyes.

Ever since that frosty winter night—the night of the fire—a dark cloud had been resting upon the Vicarage. Mr. Gwyn had been lying at what for some time appeared the gates of death; and now, through God's good mercy convalescent, restored to wife and children, sunshine reigned through the old gabled house.

The fall from the ladder had been terrible. In an unconscious state the Vicar had been carried to his home; and he still bore traces of the accident in the shape of scars from burns and one arm carried in a sling.

It was with chastened feelings of thankfulness that Mr. Gwyn lay once more on the library sofa and looked round on the familiar surroundings. How

they admitted now that he loved their bodies as well as their souls. And after weary days of suspense good news came at length from the Vicarage, the messengers who had ascended the hill with anxious faces came back with bright ones. "Parson had taken a slight turn for the better: the doctor hoped he was now on the mend."

Not such the report that came from little May's bedside. She had been carried to "grannie's" on the night of the fire, and from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen she had never rallied, lying on her bed with eyelids half-closed, the blue eyes but seldom opening, and when they did showing but little sign of consciousness.

Both little arms had been badly burned, and the exposure had produced inflammation of the lungs.

Tom sat by his child's bedside as in a dream. No

more visits were paid to the Red Dragon now, the remembrance of the last night in the tap-room was too vividly imprinted on his memory; for from it he had been fetched in a half-dazed condition to meet Susan's and the neighbours' reproaches, and to find his little May lying at the gates of death and his home a blackened ruin.

Grannie—dear old grannie was the only one who met Tom without upbraiding. She knew how his heart was bound up in little May, and she saw how the iron was entering his very soul. Tenderly she laid a trembling hand on his shoulder, and with loving sympathy looked into his eyes. That look and that touch were too much for Tom; sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed as if he were a child.

No reproaches of Susan's, no taunts of his neighbours could be half so keen and cutting as those he received from his own heart. To think that while he was drinking and singing his little May was in peril of death! Death from which his strong arm might have rescued her! Then Tom would recall every incident of that dreadful night—once again he would feel the soft little arm clinging round his neck, once again he would hear the sweet voice pleading, "Daddie, stay at home to-night."

Ah, if only he had!

Hour after hour, day by day, Tom would sit by the bedside of the little sufferer, longing with an aching longing to see the blue eyes open once more with their well-known smile, once more to hear the sweet voice whispering "Daddie."

But it was not

to be. Tom, like too many of us, had had his opportunities (his conscience told him what use he had made of them), now they were over for ever.

It was scarcely known how the fire had broken out. Susan had been coaxed by her neighbour into prolonging the evening's gossip, so Jackie had been sent home at nine o'clock; that he had dropped a lighted match on his way to bed was one of the neighbours' surmises; but he shook his head so violently, and broke into such sobs when questioned, that nothing satisfactory could be gleaned from him.

The subject was too sad to be dwelt upon. The conscience of Tom, and that of Susan, told them they were not free from blame.

Meanwhile, it became evident to all—even to Tom, who desperately clung to the last shred of hope—that the sands in May's little hour-glass of life were fast running out. Day by day the small face grew whiter; slowly, but very surely, the frail life ebbed away.

It was the hardest work in the world to keep Daisy downstairs. "Me wants May," "Me go to May," the child would whimper nearly every hour; and when no one was watching she would creep out of the kitchen, and hand-over-hand pull herself up the rail of the steep staircase; though stairs were a great trial to Daisy's fat legs, and, as a rule, she carefully avoided them.

Grannie could never refuse that little tap-tap that came to the sick-room door when she was inside, nor the chubby, wistful face that would be raised so pleadingly. With uplifted finger and a gentle "Hush!" she would carry the child softly into the room, and let her take a long look at the white face resting so peacefully on the pillow.

Poor little Daisy! she couldn't understand why May didn't speak to her. "May asleep?" she would whisper inquiringly. It was such a new experience for May to take no notice of her.

Grannie was standing thus one night at the foot of the bed, with Daisy in her arms, watching the gentle breathing of the little sufferer, her eyes full of tears—for very sweet had been to grannie the love of the little child—when suddenly the flaxen head on the pillow stirred, the blue eyes opened, fixing themselves on grannie and Daisy, and in a low whisper came one word—"Sing."

Grannie looked at Tom and Susan, who were sitting on either side of the bed, and Tom and Susan looked at grannie. They had scarcely expected ever to hear that voice again.

Suddenly there flashed across Tom the memory of the night of the fire. "'Tis a hymn as she wants," he said in a choked voice.

Susan looked at grannie, for she had neither mind nor memory for hymns; too often, she knew in the past, she had caught up May sharply for trilling them about the house, and told her to "hush such nonsense."



"HUSH!"

CHAPTER XII.

"REAPING."

Grannie felt more inclined to weep than to sing ; but the blue eyes were still fixed upon her, and she could not refuse what might be their last request, so her trembling old voice quavered out a hymn she had often crooned over her children's cot at night,

"There is a happy land far, far away."

The tune was a familiar one to Daisy, she and May had often sung it together, and directly the first line was started, she too joined in with her childish treble.

A beautiful smile broke over May's face when the

"PLEASE, sir, a man wishes to speak to you. Will you see him? He won't send in his message."

The Vicarage parlour-maid's tone was aggrieved—in fact, it was only after a solemn conclave had been held in the kitchen that she had repaired to the study at all. "Mistress" was out, and it was considered highly doubtful whether "master" was yet strong enough to see visitors.

"Yes ; who is it, Susan ?"



"TOM'S FACE REMAINED STILL HIDDEN."

two voices reached her, and the blue eyes remained fixed on grannie and Daisy till the last notes died away ; then she looked at her parents.

Tom bent over her. "Do you want anything, darling?"

The beautiful smile became yet more beautiful. "Come too," came in a faint, very faint whisper ; then the eyelids drooped, the pale face became paler, there was a slight catch at the breath, a little fluttering sigh. May was folded in the Arms of the Good Shepherd—safe at Home—in the happy Land of which grannie and Daisy had been singing.

"Well, 'tis a face, sir, we know, but we can't rightly name him. One of the harbour folk, we fancy ; he's dressed as such. If you are not well enough to see him now, sir, he says he'll call later."

"No, no ! bring him in. A few minutes' talk won't do me any harm," and an amused smile stole over Mr. Gwyn's pale face. He guessed from Susan's repeated "we's" that a discussion had been taking place in the kitchen.

"Winter, my dear fellow !" And with a start the Vicar attempted to rise ; but inadvertently he knocked his bad arm, and with a groan he sank back into his chair.

Tom looked on with a wonderful depth of concern. He tried to say something, but no words would come to his lips—the Vicar's helpless condition brought back again so vividly the night of the fire, his little May, all that had been swept from him.

Despite his own suffering, Mr. Gwyn noted Tom's keen distress.

"Give me that glass of water, Winter, and take a chair. I just touched my bad arm, but it will be right again directly."

Tom handed Mr. Gwyn the water, and drew a chair sideways behind the Vicar to hide the convulsive workings of his face. But it was no good. His emotion would not be controlled, and burying his face in his hands, the big tears trickled through his fingers.

The Vicar looked on, distressed, but attempted no word of comfort. He guessed something of the remorse and anguish that were sweeping over the man's soul. He saw that, like Job of old, Tom's grief was "very great."

How wrong are rash judgments! thought Mr. Gwyn. Here was a man, so bold, so rough, so defiant; some might have questioned his possessing a heart at all. God in love lays His chastening Hand upon him, and he becomes softened and broken as a child.

When the broad shoulders ceased heaving, and the storm was somewhat spent, the Vicar laid a sympathising hand on Tom's arm. "Winter, my poor fellow, you have passed through deep waters since we last met."

Tom's face remained still hidden.

"Shall I tell you, Winter, the thoughts that brought most consolation to my wife and myself when some few years back God took away from us one of our dear children?" Mr. Gwyn continued after a pause. "First, that 'not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father'; next, that what He wills and what He orders must be for the best; and best of all,"—and Mr. Gwyn's face lighted up as he spoke—"the thought of our dear little one's happiness, past sorrow, past pain, past sin, in a Home where I trust, through God's mercy, we shall all one day meet again."

Tom raised his head while Mr. Gwyn was speaking, then it sank again. "Them thoughts, they bain't for us," he blurted out, and his voice was stolid with despair.

"Why not?" and Mr. Gwyn laid an inquiring hand kindly on Tom's shoulder. "Winter, your little May was a lamb of the Good Shepherd's. She had given her heart to Him, I know, I feel sure, and now she is with Him for ever. Take, oh! take your child's Saviour as yours, then one day you too may look forward to meeting again."

Tom raised his head, and his tear-stained eyes looked straight into the Vicar's.

"Look ye here, sir, I'll make a clean breast of it. That there Bible Class night, the evening as I comes up here, I says to Sam May, says I, 'Tis the

last time as I ever sets foot inside the Parson's door; and I meant it, I did; but—since this 'ere business,"—and Tom pointed almost reverently to Mr. Gwyn's helpless arm—"and—and—all ye did for *her*,"—and Tom's voice broke and his eyelids lowered—"I says to grannie and Sam, 'I must take back that there word of mine—I must up to the Vicarage and thank the Parson for what he did for—for—my little——'" But Tom could get no farther, he could not bring his lips to frame the well-loved name.

A spasm of pain shot across Mr. Gwyn's face. "Winter, my dear fellow, don't distress yourself—I want no thanks. Surely any man would have done what I did—at least any father."

"*Her* father was drinking his senses away at the Red Dragon," and Tom looked up almost defiantly. "I suppose you know that, sir?"

Poor Tom! Mr. Gwyn saw only too plainly how his cup of sorrow was embittered by remorse. The sorrows we bring on ourselves stab and rankle the heart, the sorrows God sends us are often blessings in disguise.

"Winter, you know I am the last man in Scard to hold with evenings spent at the Red Dragon, but let by-gones be by-gones. The past is beyond your recall; confess its sins and follies to God. *He* will forgive them; but the future"—and Mr. Gwyn leant forward earnestly—"O Winter, my dear fellow, how, in my Master's Name, would I plead with you for the future——"

"'Tis about that as I've come to speak to you," interrupted Tom, and he got up, pushed back his chair, and took a turn up and down the room as he spoke. "*She*—little May"—and Tom gave a big gulp—"said—they were her last words—'Come too, Grannie and Daisy had been singing about 'the happy land,' and 'twas that I s'pose as she meant. Now, sir, you'll not humbug a fellow—tell me—you know what a bad lot I've been—do you think there's any chance for me? I mind all you said that Bible Class night; you thought I wasn't listening, but I *was* and oh! sir, I does"—and Tom sat down in his chair, and down went his head on his hands—"I does want to meet again my little May."

Swiftly to Mr. Gwyn's mind rose the illustration of the Good Shepherd taking the lambs in His arms to lure the sheep on to green pastures. Was not God thus dealing with Tom Winter? bringing a cloud over his happiness *here*, to give him joys *There* that last for ever and ever?

A Bible lay at Mr. Gwyn's side, and turning quickly to Isaiah he read, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Then followed a few earnest simple words, to show how Christ longed, yea, yearned, over repentant sinners, how it is distinctly told us "that Christ Jesus

CHAPTER XIII.

"CHANGES."



"SAY NO MORE ABOUT IT."

came into the world to save sinners," and how "His blood cleanseth us from all sin"; and then Mr. Gwyn wound up his little talk by repeating that world-embracing promise,

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Side by side, Tom and the Vicar knelt in prayer, Mr. Gwyn pouring out his whole heart in supplication for this sheep of his flock, for whom he had so long travailed in soul, and Tom's "Amen," though low, was very fervent.

"You'll come to Church on Sunday, won't you, Winter?" (For seeing how pale the Vicar looked, Tom had risen to take leave.) "God willing, I hope once more to say a few words to the dear people."

"I will, sir, I will," and there came a warm grip of the hand; "and I'm not a good chap at putting things into words, sir, but there's no one in Scard that will, or ought to be, more glad to see you about again. I thank ye from the bottom of my heart, I does, for all ye've done for me and mine."

"Say no more about it, Winter," and Mr. Gwyn laid a hand kindly on Tom's shoulder. "You've said too much already. Turn your back on the Red Dragon, set your face Heavenwards, show by your life and example Whose you are and Whom you are trying to serve, and the little I have ever done for you will be repaid a thousandfold; and, what is more, not only will you bring joy to the heart of the dear Saviour, but if it is possible to gladden the heart of the dear ones in Paradise, surely you will gladden the heart of your little May."

Mr. Gwyn lay on the sofa that night very tired but very happy, his face lit up with satisfied joy—the joy of which the Bible speaks when it says, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

THREE years had rolled over Scard—three years with all their changes, bringing joy to some, sorrow to others, and all nearer to that last great change which sooner or later must come to each of us.

Many as were the changes in the little village, the villagers thought there was none greater than that which had passed over Tom Winter.

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," and that was exactly the change that had come to Tom Winter.

On his way home from the Vicarage the night of his talk with Mr. Gwyn, under the light of the stars Tom had registered a solemn vow that never again would he set foot within the doors of the Red Dragon; and Tom had not registered that vow in his own strength, or small chance would there have been of his keeping it. No! directly he reached home up the stairs he went and down by his bedside he knelt (the first time for, ah! so many years), and from the bottom of his heart earnestly did he beseech pardon for the past and help for the future. That prayer was abundantly answered.

Morning and evening now on Sundays, as regularly as clockwork, Tom and Sam were to be seen with Jackie and Daisy ascending the hill to the ivy-clad Church. At first the neighbours would run to their windows and point and laugh at such an occurrence. Mates would sing out, "Hullo, Tom my boy! going psalm-singing again? Ye *are* turned saint; how long's it to last?" But such remarks met only with a nod and a smile, and a pleasant, "Come along too, old fellow!" The neighbours, seeing how good-temperedly Tom took all their banter (Tom, who had hitherto been such a pepper-pot), dropped their jeers and fell to consideration instead. "What had so changed Tom Winter? he looked so different, and spoke so different, and acted so different," and the Scard wives and mothers began to wish that, if religion changes a man as it had changed Tom Winter, their "Toms" and "Jacks" and "Bills" would "turn religious too."

The little whitewashed cottage that looked out on the potato-paved street had seen changes too. "Grannie" was not the only Mrs. May that lived there now.

Some two years back Sam had taken to himself a wife, whom grannie was never tired of declaring "was just after her own heart."

Young Mrs. May was a bright, gentle Christian girl, trained by a godly widowed mother, and then for seven years, as cook at the Vicarage, enjoying all the privileges of Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn's household,



“TO THE IVY-CLAD CHURCH.”

and breathing the pure, elevating atmosphere of their happy home.

Such a girl, it is needless to say, made a good wife and a good daughter-in-law; aye! and a good mother too, for now the centre of interest in the white cottage was the wicker cradle drawn up to the fire, which grannie was never tired of rocking, and in which slumbered, rosy, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, just the very picture of a baby, and (if Sam's opinion was to be accepted) the like of which was not to be seen in Scard.

Baby, at grannie's special request, had been christened “May,” and Tom's heart would grow very full when sometimes he took baby in his arms. Such memories would sweep across him of his own little May—she had been just as pretty a baby, just as fresh, and just as fair. Would (thought Tom) he had been such a kind, such a loving father as Sam!

Grannie noted the cloud on Tom's brow one night, and laying a gentle hand on his arm, she whispered, “Don't fret, dear lad, the little lamb is better off.”

“I know it, grannie, I know it. 'Twas not that I

was thinking about.” And Tom put back baby into her arms, then drawing aside the curtain, he gazed out at the stars—such a mist had gathered over his eyes.

Ah! would that it could be written with the pen of a diamond, “Sin leaves a sting”; it may be forgiven, but its consequences are not always repealed. Like disobedient children, we have to take our punishment; and Tom had to take his, the barbed sting of remorse never quite left him.

In other matters, too, Tom had to reap what he had sown. Never could he cross the threshold of the cottage without being vividly reminded of the difference between his home and Sam's. Let Sam's step be heard, with a glad smile of welcome Alice would spring to the door, while grannie poked the fire into a blaze. A cosy armchair would be wheeled up to the fender, the slippers would be waiting on the hearth, and the supper would be neatly spread.

Small things! but small things go far to make the comfort and happiness of life, and small things show the way the wind blows. If Christian love and thoughtfulness peep out in the small things of daily life they are pretty sure to rule the great. “He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.”

Sorrow sometimes softens, sometimes hardens; and, sad to say, in Susan Winter's case the loss of little May had only tended to harden her nature. She missed the child—no one guessed how sorely!—but to none was the fact admitted. If Tom did allude to their little one, Susan would be up in an instant, bustling about the kitchen. “Talking about the past wouldn't mend it,” she would snappishly say, “nor bring it back either.”

But when Tom was out, and Jackie and Daisy were at school, many and many a salt tear would Susan whisk away. Often her thoughts would go back to the past, while her work dropped into her lap, to the small, vanished face, to the halting, gentle footstep, to the loving, bright little presence, which she had never half valued as she ought till they were lost to her for ever. These thoughts, though, Susan kept to herself. To others, her manner was just as stolid, and perhaps a trifle colder than ever. So poor Tom could look but for scant sympathy at home, and he had to battle on and suffer alone, and yet not alone. Tom was beginning to learn what help and what sympathy can be derived from the living, loving Saviour, his true, his constant Friend. Deeply grateful were grannie and Sam to see how resolutely Tom had turned his back on his bad habits, and how earnestly he was stepping Heavenwards. It grieved them much that Tom should receive such small sympathy and love at home.

“Alice, ye should speak to Susan,” Sam would sometimes say. “Tell her to be a bit kinder to the poor chap,” and Sam would smile down at his

young wife as much as to say, "A word from you will surely settle the matter."

But Alice knew better. She would shake her head gravely. "If Susan won't listen to grannie, Sam, is it likely she'll attend to me?"

And what did grannie say? Grannie, so weak and feeble, so seldom able to leave her chair now, and yet so strong in faith. Grannie turned over the pages of her Bible and read, "The things that are impossible with men are possible with God."

(To be continued.)

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

V.—THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

THE MOST REV. JAMES EDWARD COWELL WELLDON, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, is a son of the late Rev. Edward Welldon, Master of Tonbridge School, and was born at Tonbridge in 1854. He obtained a scholarship at Eton, and afterwards at King's College, Cambridge. He was Carus prizeman in 1873, Bell's University scholar in 1874, Browne's medallist in 1875-76, and Craven scholar in 1876. He graduated (Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's medallist) in 1877, and in the following year was elected a Fellow of King's. He was ordained in 1883, and appointed Master of Dulwich College, remaining there until 1885, when he was elected Headmaster of Harrow School in succession to Dr. Butler.

In 1889 he served on the Royal Commission which considered the scheme for the establishment of a teaching University for London. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1885, 1888, and 1893, and at Oxford in 1886-87. From 1889 to 1892 he was Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and Chaplain in Ordinary from 1892 to 1898. In 1897 he was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge.

Upon the resignation of Bishop Johnson, Dr. Welldon was called to the Episcopate, and his appointment attracted great attention. The new Bishop is widely known for his sturdy patriotism, and the spirit in which he entered upon his important work may be illustrated by a quotation from his speech at a C.M.S. meeting:—

"Looking back through history, he had found how great empires had risen, had prospered, and had decayed; and he could not doubt that Great Britain would decay in time unless preserved by the divine spirit of Christianity. He therefore, who assisted the spread of Christianity among our colonies and dependencies, did service for the Empire as well as for the Church. An empire to be permanent must rest upon character; and he knew no safeguard for character, no stronghold to preserve men against the temptations and seductions of life, but the Chris-



THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

(From a photograph by J. RUSSELL & SONS, 17, Baker Street, W.)

tian faith. The problem presented by India was unparalleled in the history of the world, and there our responsibilities were greatest. Statesmen, no less than missionaries, had come to recognise the obligations of England to India. The religions of India were breaking down; they were being sapped by education and Christianity, and unless India became Christian, that vast country would be without any faith. The duty of England was to make India Christian."

Dr. Welldon is the author of a "Translation of the Politics of Aristotle, with Analysis and Notes," published in 1885; the "Rhetoric of Aristotle, with Analysis and Notes" (1886); "The Nicomachean Ethics, with Analysis and Notes" (1892); "Sermons in 1885 and 1886 to Harrow Boys" (1887), with a second series published in 1891; "The Spiritual Life" (1888); and "Gerald Eversley's Friendship" (1895). We need scarcely remind our readers that the Bishop has been a contributor to THE CHURCH MONTHLY for some years, and we have in readiness a valuable contribution from his pen on "Modern Literature," which we shall hope to publish shortly.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a new photograph by Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.




RYDAL MOUNT.

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by VALENTINE & SONS, LD., Dundee.

TO THE MEMORY OF WORDSWORTH.*

(RYDAL MOUNT.)

BY THE LATE W. WALSHAM HOW, D.D, *Lord Bishop of Wakefield.*


SINGER! who with Heav'n-taught eye and ear,
 And heart all-loving, could'st new beauty shed
 On all things beautiful, and, singing, wed
 High thoughts with sun-crown'd hill and shimmering mere,
 Making the dear scenes by thy spell more dear,
 And teaching dull hearts in the world outspread
 To trace new gleamings of the Love o'erhead,
 And see all things transfigur'd far and near:—
 Reconsecrator of the God-blest land,
 Voicing each hill and dell and stream and wood
 With sweetest lore for those who understand—
 We'll guard thy well-lov'd haunts from spoiler rude,
 And bless thee who hast taught us to descry
 The spirit pulsing in all earth and sky.

* This exquisite sonnet was the last contribution written for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by the lamented Bishop of Wakefield, who was an enthusiastic student of Wordsworth's poems.

OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the second half of last year—July to December. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as Prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESTED BY
1. JANET MARY ANSELL, 12, Queen Street, Ashford, Kent.	12	Parish Church: Rev. Canon Tindall, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. O. R. Dawson, M.A., Curate.
2. KATHLEEN ALICE ANSELL, 12, Queen Street, Ashford, Kent.	11	Parish Church: Rev. Canon Tindall, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. O. R. Dawson, M.A., Curate.
3. LAWRENCE SMITH, Thorley, Isle of Wight.	10	Parish Church: Rev. V. W. Saulez, B.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
4. MAY COLLETT, Wallcroft Cottage, Etloe Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.	13	St. Alban's.	Miss Cowlin, S.S. Teacher.
5. ROLAND TAYLOR, 7, Cupid Street, Belmont Road, Liverpool.	12	St. George's: Rev. R. Postance, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. W. Hustings, S.S. Teacher.
6. AGNES SIMMONDS, 12, Radford Avenue, Kidderminster.	16	St. Mary's: Rev. S. Phillips, M.A., Vicar.	Rev. H. H. Rackham, M.A., Curate.
7. EDGAR G. LOAT, 14, Elms Road, Dulwich, S.E.	13		Mrs. Loat, Parent.
8. SARAH ANNE HUDSON, Topcliffe, Thirsk.	14	Parish Church: Canon Rowsell, Vicar.	Mrs. Rowsell.
9. IDA WATSON, Avon Lodge, Armagh.	13	St. Mark's: Archdeacon Irwin, Vicar.	Mrs. Watson, Parent.
10. NELLIE DARLINGTON, Edgaston, Wem.	13	Parish Church: Rev. F. T. Purcell, Vicar.	Mrs. Purcell.
11. LILY BOARD, 81, Yerbury Road, Upper Holloway, N.	14	All Saints': Rev. W. J. Hocking, Vicar.	Miss Swan, S.S. Superintendent.
12. BERTHA GARDINER, c/o Mrs. R. Martin, Essendine Road, Caterham.	15	Parish Church: Rev. F. A. Bright, Rector.	The Rector.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Sunday Questions":—

NELLIE BLOGG, Clifton; B. GWENDOLEN TWELLS, Hinxton Vicarage; DOROTHY CROSS, Ashby-de-la-Zouch; MARY M. LEAVER, Dinton; CHARLES DAVENPORT, Wichenford.

We append the answers, July to December inclusive:—
JULY.—Bible Questions: (1) St. Luke x. 42. (2) St. John xii. 3-8. (3) Gen. xxvii. 36. (4) St. Luke xv. 25-30. (5) St. Matt. xi. 16, 17. (6) 2 Sam. iii. 29; xvi. 10.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) "Fear and love." (2) "A heart to love and dread Thee." (3) By steadfastness on the one hand and continuance on the other. (4) His never-failing care, and all-sustaining Providence.

Buried Truth: 2 Kings vi. 3, 5, 12, 15, 32, and 26-29.
AUGUST.—Bible Questions: (1) Gen. xiii. 8, 9. (2) Gen. xiv. 13-16. (3) Gen. xiv. 22-24. (4) Gen. xxvi. 15-21. (5) Gen. xlv. 18-24. (6) Gen. i. 15-21.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) On God's abounding mercy: Ps. v. 7. (2) That of "hearty desire": 2 Chron. xv. 12; James v. 16. (3) Defence in danger, and comfort in trial: Gen. xv. 1. (4) What God has done in giving us "a hearty desire," and what He can do in giving us "aid": Ps. lxxiii. 7; Heb. vii. 25.

Buried Truth: Acts xix. 14, 16; compared with St. Mark v. 9-14.
SEPTEMBER.—Bible Questions: (1) Gen. xlv. 26. (2) 2 Kings iv. 16, 28. (3) 2 Kings vii. 1, 2. (4) St. John xi. 23, 24. (5) Ps. cxxvi. 1. (6) St. Luke xxiv. 41.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) Because of the supreme power and faithfulness to be found in Him, and nowhere else: Rom. viii. 31. (2) Because of His abounding mercy: Micah vii. 18. (3) By preferring God's will and wisdom to our own. (4) All we need in this life, and desire in the next: Ps. xxxiii. 6; Ps. lxxiii. 24.

Buried Truth: See Num. xiii. 16, and 1 Chron. vii. 27; also 1 Chron. iv. 13, and perhaps xxvii. 15; also 1 Sam. xii. 11, and 1 Chron. vii. 17; also 1 Chron. vi. 28, ix. 22, xi. 3, xxvi. 28, and xxix. 29. 1 Chron. vii. 1, 2, and Judg. x. i., may also be compared.

OCTOBER.—Bible Questions: (1) Acts xxi. 9. (2) Ezek. xiii. 17-19. (3) Neh. vi. 14. (4) Exod. xv. 20; compared with Num. xxvi. 59. (5) 1 Sam. ii. 1-10; compared with vii. 15. (6) Judg. iv. 4.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) Job xxxiv. 29. (2) Ps. lxxvi. 10. (3) Acts ix. 31. (4) 1 Pet. iii. 14.

Buried Truth: Solomon, Abijah (2 Chron. xiii. 4-12), Asa, Jehoshaphat, Jehoshaphat (2 Kings xi. 2), Amaziah, Uzziah, Hezekiah, Josiah, Zerubbabel, possibly Nehemiah and Hanani (see St. Luke iii. 25—Nahum; and Neh. vii. 2); also perhaps David and his three companions (Dan. i. 3); Mary, the Virgin, and

Joseph; James, "the Lord's brother"; Jude, the "brother of James"; Mary, the wife of Cleophas; and the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

NOVEMBER.—Bible Questions: (1) St. John xii. 20-23. (2) St. Matt. viii. 34. (3) St. Luke xxiii. 8-11. (4) St. Luke xix. 3-6. (5) St. John i. 46, 49. (6) Acts xxii. 14.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) On account of what God has prepared and what He has promised. (2) The grace of love towards Himself. (3) In such measure that we love nothing else so much. (4) So as to be above all we can "ask or think."

Buried Truth: Gen. xiv. 18, etc. Heb. v., vi., and vii. Ps. cx Josh. x. 1, etc.

DECEMBER.—Bible Questions: (1) 2 Kings xi. 2, 3, and 21. (2) 2 Chron. xxvi. 20. (3) 2 Chron. xxv. 11-24. (4) 2 Kings xxv. 27-30. (5) 2 Chron. xxxiii. 11-13. (6) 2 Kings xxv. 7.

Prayer-Book Questions: (1) By reminding us, first, of what God is able, and, secondly, of what He is accustomed to do. (2) By attributing "all," in both cases, to Him. (3) Because none but God Himself can "graft" in us the love of His Name. (4) Because but for the continuance and increase of His goodness and might, all our faith would stagnate, our goodness be starved, and our expectation be lost.

Buried Truth: Note the word "Repent" in St. Matt. iii. 2 and iv. 17. Acts ii. 38 and iii. 19. Rev. ii. 5, 16, and iii. 3, 19. Acts xvii. 30.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

By the Rev. A. C. Harman, M.A.

25. **W**HAT is the Word of God compared in the Epistles and Psalms?
26. Who by his courtesy found a shelter in a strange land?
27. In what city was St. Paul especially assured of his Master's presence?
28. Where does St. Paul describe himself as "an ambassador in bonds"?
29. Who awoke to find that he had lost the gift he thought secure?
30. Who was rescued by his people from his father's fatal oath?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

We offered as Prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each, but we are only able to make seven awards, as the remainder of the competitors have not answered correctly. The following are the Prize Winners (July to December last) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. HAROLD G. BRIGHT, 65, Grace's Road, Camberwell, S.E.	15	Miss Wozencroft, Bible-Class Teacher.
2. HELEN MARY KEEBLE, 68, Roundhay Road, Leeds.	11	Mrs. Keeble, Parent.
3. LILLA SHEPHARD, 7, Bedford Road, South Tottenham.	14	Miss Shephard, S.S. Teacher.
4. BERTRAM H. WEAVER, Avonhurst, Claremont Road, Highgate.	14	Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's.
5. HILDA BIRD, 129, Norwich Road, Ipswich.	15	Rev. W. E. Fletcher, M.A., Curate of St. Matthew's.
6. MARGARET PERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichenford.	15	Mrs. Perrott, Parent.
7. PERCY J. BARTLETT, St. Anne's School House, Chester Road, South Highgate, N.		Rev. E. R. Webster, M.A., Curate of St. Anne's.

The Answers to the Puzzles, July to December inclusive, are as follows:—

XVII. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Example: Precept.

E g g c u P
X a v i e R
A n n E
M a g i C
P i n E
L i P
E a T

XVIII. JUMBLED PROVERBS.—(1) Spare the rod, etc. (2) Necessity knows no law. (3) The early bird catches, etc.

XIX. TRANSPOSITIONS.—(1) Earl, Real; (2) Pear, Reap; (3) Door, Rood; (4) Tea, Eat; (5) Dear, Read; (6) Mood, Doom.

XX. DECAPITATION.—Dangerous, Anger, Range, Ran.

XXI. BURIED CITIES AND RIVERS.—

(1) St. Asaph, (2) Bath, (3) Oxford, (4) Thames, (5) Mersey, (6) Severn.

XXII. ACROSTIC.—Tramcar, Omnibus
(1) To, (2) Rheumatism, (3) Astrakhan, (4) Mississippi, (5) Crab, (6) Adieu, (7) Restless

XXIII. BURIED CITIES AND TOWNS.—
(1) York, (2) Paris, (3) Dover, (4) Ely, (5) Swindon, (6) Wells.

XXIV. CHARADE.—Incubus.

XXV. BURIED PROVERBS.—(1) Nothing venture nothing have. (2) No rose without a thorn. (3) A rolling stone gathers no moss.

XXVI. SQUARE WORDS.—(1) Rose, (2) Open, (3) Seed, (4) Ends.

XXVII. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—

1. Leeds and Wool.
Paisley and Shaws.
Nottingham and Lace.
Dunstable and Hats.

2. Sheffield and Knives.
Worcester and China
3. Glasgow and Ships.
Coventry and Bicycles.
4. Dumfries and Cattle.
Northampton and Boots.

XXVIII. ACROSTIC.—Journey: Arrival.
(1) Java, (2) Order, (3) Under, (4) Ranjitsinhji, (5) Nav, (6) Etna, (7) Yell.

XXIX. RIDDLE.—Thimble.

XXX. BURIED FLOWERS.—(1) Thyme, (2) Heather, (3) Daisy, (4) Celandine.

XXXI. ENIGMA.—Tail: Tale.

XXXII. SQUARE WORDS.—(1) Eye, (2) Yea, (3) Ear.

XXXIII. BURIED FISH.—(1) Trout, (2) Halibut, (3) Eel, (4) Salmon, (5) Pike, (6) Sele.

BURIED TRUTHS.

The Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the Buried Truths published from July to December inclusive is awarded to—
MRS. HOWLAND, *West Dene, Berkhamstead.*

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XIII.—ACROSTIC.

MY initials read down and then you will see
What a racehorse and schoolboy desire to be;
Then consider once more, and my finals explain
The object all workers consider a gain.
My whole's a reward all our readers pursue,
And your efforts successful will bring it to you.

(1) Part of an overcoat. (2) A valuable assistant in a foreign land. (3) A Jewish teacher. (4) A famous canal.
(5) What you're spending now.

XIV.—A PIE.

Gsni a ngos fo pxeecnis a tcepek lulf of yer.
Rufo nda yntewt sabclirkdb dakbe ni a iep.

XV.—BURIED TOWNS AND CITIES.

We're always new. We're twice on the sea.
We're on and we're under, and racy, you see.

BURIED TRUTH.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.

FOR which verses of the Book of Proverbs do we find wisdom and folly represented as using the very same words? And how does folly immediately after prove itself to be folly indeed?

SPRING FLOWERS.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 98.)

THE charming oil-painting, of which we give an engraving on another page, was painted by Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead, R.B.A., and exhibited in the Royal Academy last year. It occupied a prominent place in the large room, a sufficient indication of its merits as a work of art. The painting was a striking and successful portrait, a fact which naturally enhances its value to the owner.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 87.)

NEXT in order for consideration comes the daily sponging, which will be ordered by the doctor; for the sick need washing at least as much as persons in good health. Put as briefly as possible, the following hints deal with all the essentials of the "tepid sponging" which is necessary in cases of typhoid. The washing is done without soap, and the water must be at the exact heat ordered by the doctor. The patient must be rolled from head to foot in a shawl or blanket. Begin by sponging the face, then dry it firmly and quickly with a soft warm towel; next sponge one arm and hand, then dry and replace the blanket or shawl; next sponge the other arm and hand, and cover; then pass the sponge (or flannel) gently and smoothly over the chest from neck to waist, and dry; then sponge the stomach and lower parts of the body gently and thoroughly, drying them carefully; then sponge and dry the thighs, taking first the one that is further off; continue in the same way sponging and drying from the knees to the soles of the feet. All this must be done under the blanket or shawl without uncovering the patient. Next roll the patient on his side, and sponge the back of the chest to the waist, and dry; then the back parts of the body, and dry; then the thighs, and so on to the ankles.

4. When the patient has been sponged, the making of the bed demands attention, and very careful attention, inasmuch as upon it depends much of the patient's ease and comfort. It is quite impossible to be too particular about the cleanliness of it. In a case of typhoid the bed linen requires to be constantly changed, and it is absolutely necessary to have a "draw-sheet" in use. This is a sheet folded and laid lengthwise across the middle of the bed, with the ends tucked in in such a way that it may easily be wholly, or in part, drawn out from under the patient. In making, there must be absolutely no lifting or raising of the patient: he must be rolled from side to side, and the sheets must also be rolled, and unrolled on to the bed—the clean sheet and the draw-sheet rolled in together under the soiled one, which must then be rolled off the bed, while the clean linen is smoothed out and tucked in tightly. The under-sheets need constant watching to keep them perfectly smooth and free from wrinkles. The patient must never be allowed to lie on a wet or soiled sheet; he must be kept dry, and all discharges must at once be cleared away. And one final general injunction under the heading is that the bed-clothing should be both light and warm, and should be always firmly tucked in.

(To be continued.)

REFORM.—"Reform one man—reform thy own inner man: it is more than scheming out reforms for a nation."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

V. & VI.—ST. JOHN-THE-EVANGELIST, WITH ST. STEPHEN, READING.



THE LATE CANON PAYNE.

FEW towns, at least in the south of England, can rival the ancient Borough of Reading in energy and enterprise. Ever since 1006, when Saxon Reading was destroyed by the Danes, her annals show an unbroken upward trend alike in her religious,

commercial, and municipal life. Sutton's seeds and Huntley & Palmer's biscuits have made modern Reading a household word all the world over. The inhabitants are keenly interested in all municipal affairs, while the ruins of the great Benedictine Abbey are a continual appeal to the members of the Church which built its venerable walls to be true to their great heritage. Massive in its decay, modern men marvel what St. Mary's Abbey can have been in its prime. The halls that once sheltered the grave conferences of kings, bishops, and abbots, and witnessed the devotions of tonsured monks, now ring, roofless, with the gaiety of children's games. What is gone speaks of departed methods; what remains lingers to tell generation after generation that neither the spirit nor the ideals of the past have perished, but

are the price-less inheritance and the vast responsibility of the Churchmen of to-day. From 1154 three Parish Churches, dedicated respectively to St. Mary, St. Lawrence, and St. Giles, divided between them the spiritual oversight of the



THE LATE REV. F. TRENCH.

town. There are now nine parishes, with fifteen Churches.

In 1837 the Rev. F. Trench, brother to the well-known Archbishop of Dublin, built the Church of St. John-the-

rag, with Bath stone dressings. The pulpit is of Caen stone, with marble columns, and is very pure in material and design.

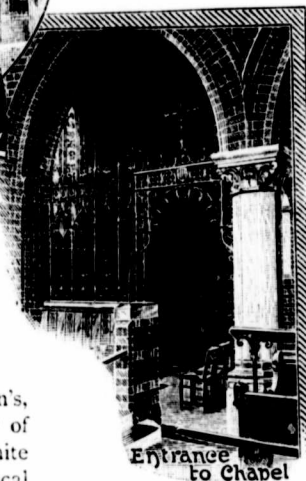
The Church of St. Stephen is of red brick, and consists of nave, chancel, and two aisles, the south aisle and chapel being added in 1886 through the generosity of two friends. Adjoining the Church is the school, originally built in 1871, and since that date doubled in size. The National Schools for St. John's situated in Queen's Road, were built in 1858. The Infant School, adjoining the Church, was rebuilt with the new Church in 1872. In 1897 new choir-stalls were introduced into St. John's Church. The chancel was raised, and a brass eagle lectern was presented by an anonymous donor. The large east window was given by the congregation in 1884, in commemoration of Canon Payne's thirty years' service. The parish numbered at the last census six thousand and ninety-nine souls, many of whom are employed at Huntley & Palmer's biscuit factory, the greater part of which is actually situated in the parish. Few parishes have preserved continuity of administration to a greater extent. Mr. Trench



Evangelist, and became the first Incumbent. The Vicar of St. Giles' assigned him a district for the new Church.

In 1865 St. Giles' had built a new Church for the easternmost part of the parish. This Church was dedicated to St. Stephen, and consecrated by Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford.

In 1872, when the second Incumbent of St. John's, the Rev. W. Payne, was meditating the rebuilding of his Church, Bishop Mackarness proposed to unite St. John's and St. Stephen's into one ecclesiastical parish, carved out of the parish of St. Giles. On November 6th, 1872, the foundation-stone of the new Church was laid; and on the same day, in 1873, the sacred edifice was consecrated. It was built at a cost of £11,100 to hold nine hundred and twenty persons. The architecture is French Gothic of the thirteenth century, and the Church consists of nave, north and south aisles with transepts, and chancel. The nave is 85 feet long by 30 feet wide and 54 feet high to ridge, flanked on either side by clerestory, traceried windows with internal arches, supported on Mansfield stone shafts and carved caps and bases. The roof is open timbered, boarded and felted, and covered externally with Staffordshire tiles. There is a gallery over the west end capable of seating sixty children. It is reached by winding stone stairs, the approach to which forms a feature of some importance in the west front. The tower and spire are 150 feet from base to summit, the spire being of Bath stone exclusively. The building is of Kentish



Entrance to Chancel



Angel over Pulpit.

resigned in 1857, and was succeeded by his Curate, the Rev. W. Payne. Mr. Payne held the living till his death, in 1892, being made an Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1881. Upon his death an old Curate was again appointed, and the Rev. F. T. Colson, who had received his title from Canon Payne in 1881, was called from the Vicarage of Christ Church, Warley, to direct the parish he had left four years previously.

At Canon Payne's death the parish was still without a Vicarage; and it was felt that no better memorial could be chosen of his thirty-seven years' work than the provision of a residence for the Vicar. The money came in readily, and in due time a suitable house was bought.

The two Churches and the thorough organization of the parish require a staff of three Curates. The present Vicar and three Curates were all trained under Dr. Moule, at Ridley Hall, Cambridge. The utilization of lay-help is by no means overlooked, and the district



REV. F. T. COLSON.



VICARAGE



S. JOHN'S
SCLEADING

THE FIRST EDIFICE



NATIONAL SCHOOLS



THE NAVE

visitors number forty-five, Sunday-school teachers eighty-three, and "temperance visitors" forty-three. Every house is also visited monthly by a voluntary committee of men in connection with the men's services.

Temperance work has for many years held a front place in the recognized routine of the parish. So successful has been the effort to keep this important subject to the fore that St. John's attained to the position of being the largest branch of the C.E.T.S. No pains are spared to keep an accurate roll of members, their names being published with the annual report. The numbers in the last report were: Adults, 656 (General Section, 45); Junior branches, 253; Band of Hope, 330; Total, 1239.

Equally prominent with temperance work has been the subject of Foreign Missions. Four Curates have gone out under the Church Missionary Society, and in October last a Sunday-school teacher left to take up work in mid-China. The total sum contributed to the Church Missionary Society in 1898, including £150 for the support of "Our Own Missionaries," amounted to £556.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from new photographs, several of which have been most kindly taken for the purpose by one of the Clergy. W. H. C.



"YOUNG ENGLAND."

THE OBSERVANCE OF ASCENSION DAY.

BY THE REV. WM. MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A.,

Vicar of East Twickenham, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.



THE importance of Ascension Day as the memorial of the crowning event of our Lord's ministry has not kept pace with the extension and deepening of the life of the Church. There still lingers in many men's minds a suspicion that holy days are a relic of the

dark ages: and an unhappy association of ideas leads such persons to classify their commemoration with bleeding crucifixes, and offerings at shrines, and masses for the dead.

It is enough to answer that in the observance of holy days we have no superstition, but a thankful remembrance of all that God accomplished by His great workers; and that in dealing with Ascension Day we are doing only what we and all Christendom—conforming and non-conforming, heterodox and orthodox—do with regard to Christmas and Easter. It cannot be wrong to assemble for an hour in God's House and thank Him for taking His Son up to Heaven and placing Him upon the throne of glory and of intercession.

In the primitive Church the day was not only observed, but was surrounded and filled with everything which could enhance its prominence and importance. A remarkable book has come down to us called the Apostolical Constitutions, which was written before the Council of Nicaea, and most of it probably about the year 250. It contains rules respecting public worship, the observance of festivals, and the conduct of Christians; and it enjoins that the Ascension of our Lord should be commemorated, as well as His Nativity and Resurrection; and that even slaves should refrain from work upon the appointed day. Augustine of Hippo at the beginning of the fifth century found the festival so firmly established that he attributed its institution to the Apostles or their immediate successors. Socrates Scholasticus, writing of the year 427, mentions that in the village Elaea, which lay on the confines of Constantinople, "the festival of the Saviour's Ascension was from an ancient usage celebrated by the whole people in general." These

facts show that the primitive Christians were not unmindful of the triumph of the Incarnation.

If we turn to the Prayer-Book—the solemn and deliberate product of the profoundest thought and the most earnest prayers of the Church of England—we shall find the day marked off in a manner that is unmistakable. Every red-letter day has its Collect, Epistle, and Gospel, with its special lessons; but Ascension Day has along with these special Psalms and a proper preface in the office of Holy Communion. Only six days in the year are distinguished by proper psalms, and only five by a proper preface. Now what does this imply? It means that the commemoration of Christ's Ascension is something more than daily prayers. It is the united gratitude of the whole Church rising up in public praise and thanksgiving to Heaven and the binding of ourselves more closely still in that zone of Christian brotherhood and work by partaking of the Holy Eucharist.

Throughout the Continent we find the same conception. In Roman countries we expect to see this day kept; though it passes the comprehension of common sense why the Roman communion should excel us in doing honour to our Lord. In Italy, Austria, Spain, all public offices, schools, and shops are closed. In the Evangelical parts of Germany business is nearly all suspended. In Russia the day assumes the likeness of the English Sunday. In Norway and Sweden full Sunday services are held in the churches, no one opens a shop or goes to an office.

The thought which lies beneath all this is worthy of consideration. It must be of importance and use for so much of the world to be swayed by it. The Bible points emphatically and continually to our Lord's return. That was the inspiring hope of the early Church. "Till He come" was almost a watchword. His own words rang in the consciences of saintly men—"Watch: be ready." But between the Ascension and the return lies the whole mediatorial ministry of Christ. Every creed recites the Ascension and with it the sitting at the right hand of God. That sitting implies—victory, acceptance, honour, equality with the Father, the perpetual presentation of the cause and the wants of man before the throne. To celebrate the Ascension aright brings home to our hearts all that Christ is doing now. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." This is a fact too often overlooked. But there is more than this. We recognise the essential nature of the Lord. We look not merely at the triumph of a champion, but at the ennoblement of the nature and at the Godhead of Him Who had assumed that nature, and has borne it up with Him to Heaven. There, in that one fact, you have embodied the Incarnation and Nativity, the Ministry of the Gospel, the Atonement and the Resurrection. There, too, you have the secret of our admission into the presence of God, and the

direct and immediate communion and intercourse which we enjoy.

How then are we to mark our own personal and corporate sense of such high thoughts? Are we to suspend the work of the day, and forbid the wheel to turn and the traffic of the street to roar? England, Scotland, and Ireland will be far more religious than they are now before such measures are taken. But within the scope and restrictions of our busy lives some portion of the day might well be reserved. An attendance of busy men at an early celebration of the Holy Communion, for which they have made earnest preparation by the observance of the eve before the Day; the Morning Prayer for folk who are less fully occupied, and for *all* children, with every adjunct that on Sundays gives dignity and devotion to public worship; a late Evensong after the day's work is done, with an address in which the dominant note will draw away the soul and heart of weary men to Him Who was often more weary than they, and help them to rest with Him in the triumph and the calm of Heaven. These are not much: but little as they are, they will make the day a reality, and the reality will be all the greater because of the benediction which gratitude and adoration will bring upon the worshipper.

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

Incumbents who have a Right to the Designation of "Vicar."



That the Incumbent of every new parish or ecclesiastical district becomes entitled to the designation of "Vicar" if he shall become authorized to publish banns of matrimony and to solemnize marriages in his Church, as well

as to perform the offices of the Church, and to receive for his own sole use, without any reservation thereout, all the fees thereto pertaining.

Curate's Licences: How terminated.

That the licensed Curate of a parish is only removable from his position on six months' notice by

the Incumbent given to the Curate by consent of the Bishop of the diocese; but a Bishop may of his own will alone, without assigning any reason, withdraw or cancel a Curate's licence. A Curate on his part may resign his Curacy at three months' notice to his Incumbent.

Curate's Licence: Not made Void by the Vacation of Benefice.

That upon the vacation of a benefice by death or otherwise, a Curate's licence is not thereby made void. A Curate still remains in charge of the parish until the institution of a new Incumbent, who, after his institution, may at any time within six weeks give the Curate notice to quit his Curacy.

Churchwardens' Power over Church Bells.

That the general powers of Churchwardens over the fabric of the Church do not give them any right to interfere with the bells, so far as to decide, independently of the Incumbent, when they shall be rung for purposes other than summoning the parishioners to public worship.

Right of Seating Parishioners vested in Churchwardens.

That, subject to the control of the Bishop, the Churchwardens have the sole right to assign seats to the parishioners within the body of the Church; but though parishioners have a right to be thus seated so far as the accommodation afforded by the Church will allow, they have no right to a pew unless assigned to them by a faculty or some ancient prescriptive authority or use. But non-parishioners have not any right either to a pew or a sitting.

Clergy of the Church of England debarred from Sitting in Parliament.

That though ministers of all religious denominations are capable of being elected as representative of constituencies and sitting in the House of Commons, no person in Holy Orders in the Church of England is so capable, but is legally disqualified, though a Clergyman who is a peer of the realm can take his seat in the House of Lords.

Pew Rents in Ancient Parish Churches Illegal.

That the levying of pew rents by the Churchwardens in an ancient Parish Church is altogether illegal, and cannot be made legal even if the Incumbent and Churchwardens with all the parishioners consent thereto.

In what Sense a Parish Church is the Property of the Parishioners.

That though a Parish Church may be said to belong to the Incumbent, Churchwardens, and parishioners, it does not in any sense belong to them as a pecuniary property, but belongs to them solely and exclusively for ecclesiastical purposes and uses, as prescribed and enjoined by the laws of the Church and realm. Thus when a Parish Church becomes disused and pulled down, and its site by law is appropriated to other purposes, the parishioners get no pecuniary compensation.

Have Residents in "New" Parishes a Right to Seats in the Mother Parish Church?

That whether in some cases the inhabitants of new ecclesiastical parishes retain a right to sitting accommodation in their ancient Parish Church depends upon the provision of the Act or Acts of Parliament under which such parishes were constituted; but as a rule on the constitution of a new ecclesiastical parish, within which a new Church is provided, the inhabitants of such new parish forfeit their rights to sittings in their ancient Parish Church.

In whom the Power of appointing Churchwardens in "New" Parishes is vested.


That the power of appointing Churchwardens in new ecclesiastical districts and parishes is variously vested, and can only be correctly ascertained by reference to the provisions of the Act or Acts of Parliament under which they were severally constituted. Thus, in what are called "distinct" and district parishes, the power to appoint Churchwardens is vested in the Incumbent and inhabitant householders; in district chapelries and "consolidated" chapelries the power is vested in the resident "householders"; in "separate" parishes the Churchwardens are to be appointed, one by the Incumbent, and the other by the inhabitants in vestry assembled; and in "Peel" and "new" parishes, one by the Incumbent, and the other by the "inhabitants" residing within the parish at a meeting summoned as the Incumbent "shall in all respects direct."

Whether Churchwardens must be Resident within their Parishes.

That whether the Churchwardens so appointed or elected must be merely "householders" or "inhabitant householders" or merely "inhabitants" within the new parishes concerned must also depend upon the provisions of the Act or Acts of Parliament under which such new parishes severally were created.

MAY DAY.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 119)

UR artist has given a pleasing rendering of a May Day custom which still survives, but which is, unhappily, becoming more rare every year. The little mites have bedecked one of their play-fellows as "May-in-the-green," and are now making house-to-house calls in the hope of gathering in the pennies which will be dealt out share and share alike when the visits to all the likely houses have been made. "Here we come a-maying, a-maying!" and then with an important "rat-tat-tat" at the knocker they wait in suspense, wondering what their fortune will be. Well, they are evidently fully impressed with the importance of the work which they have in hand; let us hope that they will be thoroughly satisfied with the result of their united efforts. No doubt these are the same little folk who will by-and-by build up that dainty little house of oyster shells, and call upon every passer-by "to please to remember the grotto!"



"HERE WE COME A-MAYING!"

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by F. W. BURTON.

Why should I Fear the Darkest Hour?

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

(Tune—"RIDLEY HALL." S.S.S.)

Music by the
REV. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D.

1. Why should I fear the dark - est hour,..... Or trem - ble at the
2. Though hot the fight, why quit the field? Why must I ei - ther

tempt - er's power? Je - sus vouch - safes to be my tower.
fly..... or yield, Since Je - sus is my might - y shield.

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| <p>3. I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.</p> <p>4. Though sin would fill me with distress,
The Throne of Grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousess.</p> | <p>5. Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.</p> <p>6. Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power Divine—
Jesus is all, and He is mine.</p> |
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MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

"Making It Plain."

THE Rev. R. S. Heywood, Principal of the Divinity School, Poona, says:—
"While itinerating in the Poona District one Sunday afternoon, some Hindus collected near our tent to listen as we sang Marathi hymns. Afterwards we had a talk with them, and one, an ordinary labourer, said: 'You should tell the people the meaning of Yēsu [Jesus] this way. "Ye" means "Yēnārā," He Who comes, for Jesus came here from Heaven; and "Su" means "Su mārga dakhavinārā," He Who shows the good road. [Su = good.]' Of course philologists would not accept this derivation of the word, but we felt encouraged, for it seemed to show that the man had been thinking for himself, and also that he had known who Jesus was and is."

A Daily Prayer.

MOST glorious Benefactor of our race,
Thy feast of love, oh, spread in every place!
Roll back the curtain of our night, and shine
Till all the world shall see Thy light Divine.

THE BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.

"The Labourers are Few."

VACANCIES for clergymen exist in many dioceses abroad, and some of those for missionaries to the heathen are of a painfully pressing character. Not a few clergymen have offered themselves in recent years for work among English-speaking people in the Colonies; but there seems to be hesitation in meeting the call for missionaries to the heathen. Borneo and India are in such need that it is not too much to say that many inquirers are turned away, while missionaries are hazarding their lives by remaining at their posts, preferring to run the risk of over-straining their health to leaving their missions to be ruined."—*The Mission Field.*

"India Will be Won."

THREE hundred years ago a great heart sailed along the coast of India, and in the bitterness of his soul cried out: "O, Rock, Rock, open to my Master Jesus Christ!" I cannot tell the story of Henry Martyn, and Middleton, and Heber, and the long line of sainted men who in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles have witnessed for Christ—who have worked and waited for the dawn. *There has been no failure.* Slowly but surely have difficulties been conquered, and we know that India will be won.—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

held the first harvest festival in old St. Paul's church, his father, Rev. J. Francis, B.D., being then incumbent of the parish. When the first festival of a similar kind took place in the new church, on the same day of the month, viz, Sept. 28th, in the year 1898, Mr. Francis was present in the chancel as a Presbyter of the diocese and incumbent of a parish in the deanery, and his father preached the sermon, being incumbent of the neighboring parish of Cayuga. The circumstances of the coincidence are extremely interesting. Mr. Francis has made the gift as a thankoffering and memorial

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

Four members of the W. A., representing the two branches in this parish, attended the Diocesan annual meeting in Hamilton on the 24th, 25th of April. From their accounts we gather that their visit was enjoyed beyond their expectations and that as regards the church's missionary work it was a revelation. Their unselfish desire is that others may go as delegates next year, for they feel that no one could attend these meetings without catching something of the spirit of enthusiasm and earnestness which characterizes them.

ST. JOHN'S.

The April monthly meeting of the W. A. was held at Mrs. Watson Logan's on the 4th, there being a fair attendance despite the heavy roads. Full arrangements were made for the social to be held on the 17th.

When that date arrived, however, the weather proved very unpropitious, and the four individuals who turned up at Mrs. Crawford's at the appointed hour, not being considered a quorum, the event did not take place. Next morning hand bills of peculiar shape and style were sent abroad by special agents, and it became pretty generally known that the social would be held that evening. Again wet weather kept most of those who purposed going, indoors, but upwards of a dozen were present, and from all accounts thoroughly enjoyed themselves. \$2.60 for the W. A. was the financial result reported.

The service on Easter morning was bright and hearty. The decorations were confined to a floral cross and extra flowers on the re-table, but these by reason of their very simplicity were the more beautiful. There were 28 communicants.

The annual vestry meeting was held on Easter Monday at 2 o'clock, and was very slimly attended. The accounts showed a small deficit. Messrs. Arthur Docker and James Lyons were re-appointed wardens, and Mr. Robert Logan was elected delegate to the Synod for the ensuing three years.

The Literary Society's closing meeting was held at Mr. W. Patton's on the 23rd. A short though very good programme was rendered. The Secretary, Miss Emmie Docker, read a very complete and well written report for the past year.

The Society has held during 1899 and 1900 ten regular meetings including to-night. The average attendance has been very small owing I think to the very

bad roads, and the members being so scattered that it has been hard to let them know when and where the meetings are to be held, though our Vice-President has done his best in choosing as central a place as possible. I am glad to report we have ten new members on the roll. Our annual entertainment was the most successful we have ever had both socially and financially. The quilt which we undertook a year ago last autumn is very nearly completed and so far has fulfilled all our hopes in a financial way, and we hope when it is ready for inspection you will all come and see it. Mr. Francis, who kindly undertook to go on with the Church History again this year, has succeeded in making it most interesting to all, and the entertainment nights have been taken part in and enjoyed by all.

BAPTISM.

April 29th, Josephine Martha, daughter of Robert and Martha J. Crosby, born August 26th, 1899. Baptized at Christ church, Port Maitland.

CHRIST CHURCH.

The April W. A. monthly meeting was held at Mrs. J. Stephen's on the 5th. There was a very good attendance. Arrangements were made for a social at which the Dorcas work would be exhibited, at Mrs. F. Docker's, on May 9th. We were glad to see Miss Jessie Stephens out again after her severe illness.

The annual vestry meeting was held on Easter Monday at 10 a.m. The warden's accounts showed a balance in hand of \$23.89 with only one or two trifling items of indebtedness. Messrs. S. H. W. Hornbrook and Hy. King sr., were appointed as wardens.

The following appeared in the Dunnville Gazette of May 18th :

On Wednesday evening, May 9th, a very enjoyable social was held at the residence of Francis Docker, Esq., Lake Shore, under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of Christ church, Port Maitland. After a goodly number were assembled Rev. A. W. H. Francis, in a short, but interesting talk, explained the object of the "tea" and introduced the programme. Recitations were given by Misses Ada Logan and M. Armour. S. W. H. Hornbrook favored the company with several patriotic songs. Mrs. Hornbrook also sang two numbers. Instrumental selections were played by Mr. and Miss Splatt, Mrs. Hornbrook, Mrs. Harvey Diette, Miss Helen Blott and Miss Byers. After luncheon and the National Anthem, good nights were said, and all, in departing, expressed themselves well pleased with the evening's entertainment provided by the W. A. During the evening the guests of the society were shown the work of the ladies during the past winter. The ladies had tastefully arranged their work for the inspection of all. Many contributions of groceries were received to be added to the already large bale which is to go to Lesser Slave Lake. The Society realized nearly ten dollars at the door.

Ascension Day was observed by evening service in St. John's church—there were 35 present. It being the 24th of May the National Anthem was sang at the conclusion of the service.