

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Part of the cover pages are missing.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
			✓		
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

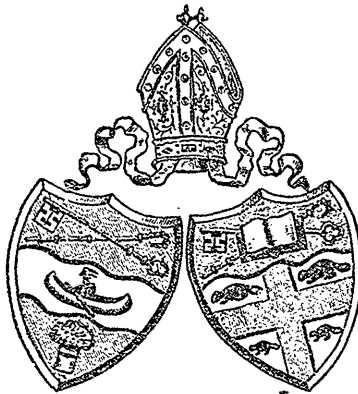
1400
III, NO. 7.

JULY, 1895.

24
"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

The Sower in the West

and Church Monthly.



Dioceses of Saskatchewan and Calgary.

Published by The Gibson Printing Co., Calgary, Alberta.

Price 50-cents per Annum.

R. J. JEPHSON

DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL LAND
SURVEYOR, DRAUGHTSMAN, VALU-
ATOR, ETC.

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON IRRIGATION SURVEYS AS
TO COST. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

P.O. BOX 219, CALGARY.

J. H. TURNER,

Residence, Reinach Avenue, two doors west of
public school.

Chimneys swept, stovepipes cleaned and put up.
Carpets beaten and relaid. Any work of a similar
nature done. Charges moderate, satisfaction guar-
anteed.

Orders may be left at residence, or at Henderson &
Co's office, Stephen Ave. Telephone 92.

Will people ever realize
What good it does to advertise?



Neat, Trim
and
Attr

applies to all

Printing

that comes from

The Gibson

Printing Co.

R · I · P · A · N · S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Van Wart & Livingstone



British Columbia Lumber,

Dealers in: Sash and Doors, Shingles,

Lath and Finishing Lumber.

Wood and Dewdney Brick.

WRITE FOR PRICES.



ATLANTIC AVENUE
EAST,

CALGARY, ALTA.

The Sower in the West and Church Monthly

for the Dioceses of Saskatchewan and Calgary.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." [191]

VOL. 3.

CALGARY, N. W. 1 JULY, 1935.

No. 7.

Published monthly by THE GIBSON PRINTING CO.,
Calgary. Subscription price, 5 cents per annum.
Advertising rates on application.

EDITOR:—Rev. W. F. Webb, Calgary.

Calendar for the Month.

July	7.	4th Sunday after Trinity.
"	14.	5th Sunday after Trinity.
"	21.	6th Sunday after Trinity.
"	24.	Vigil P.
"	25.	S. James, Apostle and Martyr.
"	28.	7th Sunday after Trinity.
Aug.	4.	8th Sunday after Trinity.

DIOCESES OF SASKATCHEWAN AND CALGARY.

Bishop—The Right Rev. Cyprian Prichard, D. D.,
D. C. L., Bishop's Court, Calgary, A. W. C.

CLERGY.

DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN.

- Ven. Archdeacon, J. A. Mackay, D. D., Emmanuel
College, Prince Albert.
Rev. Canon Fleet, B. D., Prince Albert.
" John Hines.
" E. Matheson, Industrial School, Battleford.
" A. H. Wright, Prince Albert.
" John Sinclair, Chewanawin, Cumberland P. O.
" F. Clarke.
" R. McLennan, B. D., Stanley.
" D. D. Macdonald, Battleford.
" R. Inkster, Battleford.
" J. R. Settee, The Pas, Cumberland P. O.
" John Badger, Sandy Lake.
" G. Moore, Rector, Prince Albert.
" C. J. Pritchard, Grand Rapids.
" G. S. Winter, Prince Albert.
" G. H. Hoglin, Battleford.
" T. E. Chilcott, M. A., Duck Lake.
" E. Cook, Cumberland.
" N. Williams, Kinistino.
" J. R. Matheson, Omba Lake.
" Harold Foote, Prince Albert.

DIOCESE OF CALGARY.

- Rev. A. W. F. Cooper, D. D., Rector and Rural Dean,
Calgary.
" Canon W. Newton, Ph. D., Clover Bar.
" J. W. Tims, Calgary.
" R. Hilton, Rural Dean, Macleod.
" H. H. Smith, Pincher Creek.
" H. W. G. Stocken, Sarcee Reserve, Calgary.
" W. F. Webb, B. A., Calgary.
" Alfred Stenden, B. A., Rector and Rural Dean,
Edmonton.
" F. Swainson, Blood Reserve, Macleod.
" A. J. Greer, M. A., Rector, Lethbridge.
" J. Hinchliffe, Peigan Reserve, Macleod.
" M. Webb-Peploe, M. A., Calgary.
" C. H. Andras, M. A., Wetaskiwin.
" F. W. Goodman, Lamont.
" G. C. d'Easton, B. A., Fort Saskatchewan.
" W. R. Burns, M. A., Cammore.
" S. C. C. Smith, Mitford.
" S. J. Stocken, Sarcee Reserve, Calgary.
" H. A. Gray, B. A., South Edmonton.
" E. F. Hockley, Blood Reserve, Macleod.

A PRAYER FOR THE DIOCESES.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who walkest in the
midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and
hast the seven Spirits of God, and the seven
stars, prosper with Thy heavenly blessing the
work of Thy church in the Dioceses of Saskat-
chewan and Calgary; confirm it by Thy power,
sanctify it by Thy grace, and preserve it from
all assaults of evil. And, to those whom Thou
hast called to labor therein, vouchsafe the aid
of Thy Holy Spirit. Strengthen their faith;
enkindle their love; pour down upon them the
spirit of self-sacrifice; and grant them, O Lord,
a mouth and wisdom, which all their adversar-
ies shall not be able to gainsay or resist; who
with the Father and the Holy Ghost, livest and
reignest one God world without end: Amen.

DIOCESE OF CALGARY—PROGRESS.

The Bishop asks the readers of the SOWER
to join him in devout thankfulness to Almighty
God for the gratifying fact that there are now
twenty clergymen holding his license at work
in the Diocese of Calgary, and the arrival of
Mr. Woodin will increase the number to twenty-
one. There are also two paid Lay readers,
one temporarily and the other permanently,
but both wholly engaged in work among set-
tlers.

The total number of clergymen in the pre-
sent Diocese of Saskatchewan is twenty-one.
This was the number in the undivided diocese
when the Bishop was consecrated (August
1887) of whom eight were laboring in what is
now the Diocese of Calgary.

There is need for at least two more at once,
one to be stationed at Olds, on the C. & E. R.,
and the other to work among the settlers at
Egg Lake, Lobstick, and Victoria; some of
whom sent the Bishop an urgent petition lately.

The Bishop earnestly pleads for more funds
to help to provide stipends for clergymen for
these two missions, as well as for grants for
the building of churches and parsonages, and
the general advancement of the work.

NOTES FROM THE BISHOP'S DIARY.

On Wednesday, May 29th, the Bishop, ac-

THE SOWER IN THE WEST.

companied by Archdeacon Mackay, visited the Sturgeon Lake Indian Mission twenty five miles from town, where, for the past few years Mr. Dyke Parker has been teacher and lay reader. On arriving at Mr. Parker's and hearing that Chief William Twat was unable to leave his house they went there to see him, and received a kind welcome. The Chief and all the members of his small band are heathen, but he spoke as if they were beginning to value Christianity. He seemed to have a high opinion of Mr. Parker and wished him to remain on the Reserve. Mr. Parker has done faithful and good work in the school, and matters are in a more hopeful state than ever before. The appearance of the mission premises was very satisfactory.

Thursday May 28th was spent in travelling, the night being spent under canvas, and Sandy Lake Mission was reached early on Friday afternoon. On arriving, the Bishop visited the day school and examined the pupils—a bright lot of children who said the Creed, Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments in Cree and English, and sang hymns creditably in both languages. The teacher is Mr. Louis Ahenuku, who belongs to the Reserve and received his education in Emmanuel College.

During the afternoon Chief Star-Blanket called upon the Bishop.

On Whit-Sunday morning the Bishop preached, and confirmed a class of ten persons. In the evening he conducted service at Snake Plain, the Presbyterian Church having been kindly placed at his disposal for the purpose. Afterwards the Bishop drove all night in order to catch the semi-weekly train at Duck Lake, and he reached home on Wednesday morning.

The Rev. John Badger who has been temporarily in charge of the Sandy Lake Mission since last autumn, doing faithfully the work of this relatively large mission, has found time greatly to improve the mission property.

Sunday June 9th the Bishop spent with Rev. W. R. Burns M. A. In the morning he preached and administered Holy Communion at Banff, and in the evening at Canmore he inducted Mr. Burns Incumbent and preached. The day was a very happy one. Mr. Burns seems to have won his way a'ready to the hearts of his people in these two little towns.

On Sunday 16th. the Bishop admitted Messrs H. A. Gray, B. A., University of Manitoba, and E. F. Hockley, Wycliffe College Toronto, to the Holy Order of Deacons. The Bishop himself was the preacher. The candidates were presented by Rev. Dr. Cooper.

On Thursday, June 20th., the Bishop went to South Edmonton, and on Friday he saw by appointment Rev. C. H. Andras of Wetaskiwin, who is actively engaged in the erection of his church.

On Sunday, June 23rd the Bishop conducted morning service at Olds; afternoon service in St. Matthew's Church, Bowden; and evening service in St. Mark's Church, Innisfail. During the drive between Olds and Bowden there was a severe hail and rain storm.

On Monday, June 24th., the Bishop privately baptized the infant daughter of Mr. W. A. Richards, Churchwarden, Innisfail, and he returned home on Tuesday.

In conversation with the Bishop the Indian Commissioner expressed himself as being highly pleased with the site of the Calgary Industrial School.

BLACKFOOT RESERVE.

A meeting of the Rural Deanery of Calgary was held at S. John's Mission on Tuesday, June 20th.

The proceedings commenced with a celebration of Holy Communion in the mission chapel, after which the chapter engaged in devotional study of Acts iii 22 ff. After luncheon, a very helpful paper was read by Rev. S. J. Stocken, the subject being: "Our duty, as clergy to settlers, towards the heathen in our midst, especially the Indians." In the evening service was held in the chapel, and a number of Indian children were present. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Swainson, missionary at the Blood Reserve, who also attended the meetings during the day, as a visitor.

CALGARY.

Rev. H. A. Gray, one of the newly ordained Deacons, preached at Evensong on the Sunday of his ordination, and again on the Wednesday evening following.

The Ladies' Guild of the Parish held a very successful luncheon on June 19th and 20th. The amount realized for parochial objects was about \$85.00.



193
[]

POWYS BROTHERS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

*Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Ma.," "Bond Slaves,"
"From the Same Nest," etc.*

CHAPTER I.

A DISPUTE SETTLED.

THE present century was barely twelve years old when Rachel Powys was left a widow with a large family of boys and girls, and but a small farm on which to rear and support them. Her husband, a man with strong religious convictions, had ruled his family with a firm hand, his wife yielding the same unquestioning obedience he exacted from his children. And so long as he lived did harmony reign under their roof, along with a sufficiency of food and clothing to supply their moderate needs.

But no sooner was he laid in the ground than the different wills and dispositions of her children, especially her elder boys, began to assert themselves, to the destruction of the peace and love she was so anxious to maintain.

At that time Llantyst was but a small fishing village on the western bank of a tidal river. What it had been when the great castle on the bold promontory—washed on contrary sides by two opposing rivers as they debouched into the sea—what it had been when the castle was the stronghold of a powerful Norman baron, history sayeth not. Doubtless then, and long after its conquest by Prince Llewellyn, it was but a collection of rude mud huts, with pointed doorways, thatched roofs, earthen floors, and neither windows nor chimneys, a hole in the middle of the roof serving to

let out the stifling smoke from the fire of gorse or peat, a fire kept in place by a circle of stones, over which the iron or copper pot was slung, gipsy-fashion, on a triplet of sticks.

The dwellers in these doorless and windowless huts, where pigs and poultry were as free as their owners, would be the mere serfs or slaves of the castle's lord, subject to his will, even for life or death. And such as were fishers would brave the waters of river or bay in the ancient British coracle, a boat a man could carry on his own shoulders, just a light frame of wicker-work covered with hide, the shape of half a walnut, having a single seat across, and a single paddle to navigate it. Yet rude as were the huts, and frail as were the fishers' coracles, they held stout-hearted men; and neither had disappeared from Wales when this century was young.

But then, Llantyst Castle was merely a picturesque ruin, a landmark it might be to mariners afloat, an object for artist or tourist to sketch, or antiquaries to cavil over, and the village was of somewhat better order.

Fishermen, no longer slaves to a feudal lord, had their cottag at the entrance of a pleasant vale close under the last cliff of the long ridge following the river line, and well cut of reach of the insweeping tide. They were cottages of one floor, perhaps of one room, with

wofully small windows and scant accommodation within; but all, to the meanest, resplendent with whitewash, even to the roof and the stones before the door, for lime was plentiful, and the donkey or the pony that carried a load of fish to the market town seldom came back with empty panniers.

And climbing up the wooded valley, like a cleft between the cliff-line and the castle-rock, rose the one irregular and scattered street where houses of one, two, or even three floors turned gables or fronts indiscriminately to the road in most picturesque disorder, but all gleaming white against a background of fruit or timber trees, some few in summer half smothered in roses and honeysuckle, even to the red-brick chimneys.

Partially shrouded by a cluster of such homes stood the fine time-hallowed church, its lofty tower rising high above its surroundings, with a narrower turret rising still higher above it as if at once a beacon and a watch-tower on the look-out for invaders.

Not far away, down the hill, babbled the bright waters of a gushing spring, which ran downhill to the river in a gurgling stream, a little stonework guarding its source and preserving it from pollution, whilst serving to keep cattle or other stragglers to the proper roadway.

Midway up the steep castle hill, lost in embowering foliage, might be caught glimpses of a more imposing and exclusive dwelling, as its yellow coat of colouring proclaimed to the initiated, who spoke of it as "The Plas."

Returning down the winding road, or diverging where there was an outlet, the explorer might, in passing some low cottage, catch the buzz of a spinning wheel, or the click-clack of a loom, or perchance over a quickest hedge observe large hanks of blue, red, or other newly coloured yarn hung out to dry, all telling where spinners or weavers were at work.

For here, as elsewhere in South Wales, where fierce hordes of Flemings were first introduced by the barons to overawe and keep in check the rebellious natives, in after time other and persecuted, Flemings, fleeing for religion's sake, had joined their predecessors, and planted the woollen industry in the Protestant land which had given them refuge.

In Llantyst, however, the spinning wheel and the loom were but adjuncts to the farm or the orchard; but even the

hired labourers had some home industry to occupy the dark hours of winter, if it were only woolcombing or knitting.

A stack of oaten straw, not far from the well, served to mark out the two-floored house of Rachel Powys as a farm, if the clattering of pails and the grunting of swine had not already done so. And higher up the hill stood a pretty cottage, where lived Rachel's brother, Richard Hughes, when he happened to be at home, with his wife and daughter Joan.

He had been a good brother to Mrs. Powys, and never more so than when she found herself unable to cope with the masterful spirits of her elder sons. Stephan, the eldest, had been brought up wholly on the farm, and he considered his nineteen years qualified him to manage it as the competent head of the family, his mother of course excepted. He was a well-grown young fellow for his age, resembling his black-eyed father, not only in feature, but in voice and manner, setting his foot down with the firm tread of one born to rule. Much of this was due, no doubt, to his father's frequent absence in the *Seagull*, a fishing smack in which he had a share, and the consequent demands on the self-reliance of the son.

Evan, little more than a year younger, with a ruddy complexion embrowned by sun and sea air, had gone with his father on board the fishing boat ere he was fourteen, and being the youngest of the crew, had there been trained to implicit obedience.

He had warm affections, but also a spice of hot temper, and on shore was well disposed to hold his own against all but recognised authority. When the boat was beached at Llantyst, after sailing up the river with the tide to dispose of the cargo to a fish dealer in waiting a little below the many-arched bridge of the market-town, he lent a hand on the farm as a matter of course, under his father's direction. And had Stephan been less self-assertive, and their mother a little more so, the wheels of the Powys' machine might still have kept in motion without much friction.

But Evan, as representing his father's interest in the *Seagull*, had insensibly assumed a more prominent position aboard, and was the less disposed to obey his elder brother's orders on land, especially when he saw that Richard, fourteen months younger than himself, declined to take instructions from Stephan.

Had Rachel been a woman of stronger calibre, she would have assumed the reins of government at once, and given her orders to each, Stephan with the rest; but she had been subject to her capable husband's direction so long, that the voice of command was strange to her lips, and Stephan took the lead before she was conscious what she had surrendered.

Between Richard—a stout, dark-eyed lad of sixteen and a half years, with an all-sufficient sense of his own comeliness and importance—and Hugh, aged ten, whom he took under loving protectorate, came Winifred, a girl of thirteen, who had not yet learned to dispute her mother's will, any more than had good-tempered Hugh or amiable little Gwen, who had been her father's pet as the image of her mother, with a fair skin, and clustering auburn curls often in a tangle adverse to a comb.

It is a very old axiom that "the one who controls the purse rules the house"; and from the day of their marriage Evan Powys had made Rachel the custodian of his cash, not merely because he knew her to be thrifty and prudent, but also because she was better qualified by education to keep accounts of incomings and outgoings.

It was the safeguard of her authority when he was no more. She received and she paid. James Thomas came to reckon with her for the fish caught and sold; and, although at first inclined to make heavier deductions for the loss of her husband's service on board than was strictly just (seeing that the dead man had been equal owner of the smack and tackle), her clear head for figures carried the day.

Certainly he went away grumbling



"I DO BE MOST THANKFUL."

that "Widow Powys had got the better of him." But no sooner did that come to the ears of Richard Hughes than he marched down to the beach, and asked him if he wished to defraud the widow and orphans—then demonstrated to a nicety the proportion due, when the hire of a man was deducted from the partner's share (a share not to be ignored); and, finding the skipper still disposed to cavil, insisted on laying the matter either before the Justice at the Plas or before the Vicar.

James Thomas objected that they should lose the tide if he wasted time going either to Justice or Vicar over a matter that concerned only Mrs. Powys and himself.

The tide was certainly coming up the river mouth, but there was still a good stretch of sand bare; and, though Evan and the young fisherman were setting the boat in order, it was done in a leisurely way, as if there was plenty of time to spare.

Richard Hughes noted this, and also

that, instead of hiring a full-grown man, James Thomas had added a third son of his own, a lad under fifteen. So he insisted that it was not far to the Vicarage, that it was best to have an independent opinion on the subject, and if James Thomas meant to deal honestly he need not hang back from either Justice or Vicar.

Persistence carried the day; and, though the fisherman grumbled at every step, the two reached the Vicarage just as the Vicar rose from breakfast.

He listened to the case in dispute as laid down by both Thomas and Hughes, asked who was the new man, and what the amount of his wage.

Thomas boldly named his own eldest son, and the sum a man should receive.

"Nay, nay," said the clergyman. "Tom Thomas is not a new hand; he is one of the old crew."

"'Deed, and he do have been growing. He was worth a man's wage, look you," replied the father.

"So has Evan Powys been growing; he will be worth more also. Let us balance things fairly. Is there *no* new hand aboard?"

"Yes, yes," put in Hughes quietly; "Thomas's youngest, a lad about fourteen."

"He will be fifteen next Christmas," jerked out the fisherman angrily.

"And this is February," said the Vicar suggestively. "I think, James Thomas, you are grasping at too much. The calculations need honest adjustment. A lad of fourteen cannot be rated equally with your late partner or yourself." He turned. "Perhaps, Mr. Hughes, while I make fresh calculations and draw up an equitable agreement you will have the goodness to fetch Mrs. Powys hither to give her assent."

A cloak is a good cover-all. Mrs. Powys left the milk she was skimming, put on hers, and her hat over her mob-cap, and stepped into the Vicar's parlour looking as fresh and as neat as many a woman of her age after an elaborate toilet.

The Vicar read out to her his statement of the proportion of profits due to her after each take and sale of fish, the sum at which Evan's services were assessed, James Thomas and his sons also standing at a valuation, and he asked if that would content her.

"'Deed to goodness, sir, it do be much more than James Thomas did be making

it. Yes, yes, sir; I do be most thankful."

"And I say it's not just. I should be having nothing extra for my risk and anxieties," cried out the fisherman in high dudgeon.

"In that case I will put on my hat and accompany you all to Justice Vaughan, and ascertain what he regards as legally equitable," said the clergyman, rising with some dignity. He felt his honour impugned.

James Thomas changed colour. He fidgeted about; his long brown fingers worked nervously. He had no mind to consult the Justice.

"Suer, and I do have no time to go to the Plas. We shall be losing the tide. Perhaps, sir, I had better sign it. It will be all right if you say so, whatever. The tide will be at the flood; we must catch it at the turn."

His agitation was manifest; but he was privately more afraid of an appeal to Justice Vaughan than of losing the tide, was as eager to sign the revised agreement as the Vicar to lay the case before the Justice.

Finally it was signed by all present, and the document went, for security, into the clerical desk. Then the long legs of defeated James Thomas went racing down the village street, his temper rising higher than the tide had risen, whilst a flood of very uncanonical anathemas escaped between his teeth.

The Vicar congratulated the widow on having obtained a written agreement acknowledging her legal rights from one apparently disposed to grasp more than his due, and he hoped the fisherman would deal fairly with her in accounting for fish taken and sold.

"You may be glad you have so clear-headed and helpful a brother to look after your affairs," he said, as they were going.

"Indeed, sir, I do be most thankful," she replied, dropping a curtsey. "There be no better brother in all Wales."

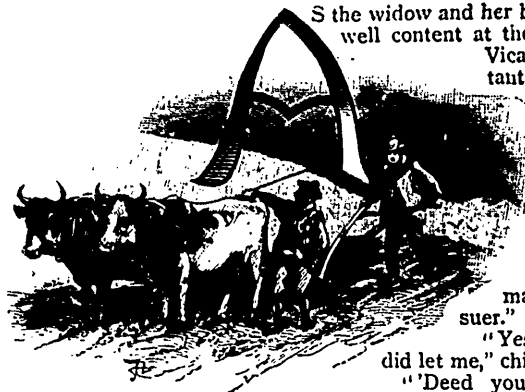
"I've done no more than a brother's part, sir," put in Hughes modestly.

"I am pleased to hear you say so. Long 'may brotherly love continue.' Encourage it among your children, Mrs. Powys. It may prove a rich inheritance to you and them," were the Vicar's parting words as they took leave.

Mrs. Powys sighed. Could the Vicar have heard anything? Was she equal to the charge laid upon her?

CHAPTER II

A SEPARATION.



As the widow and her brother approached the farm, well content at the settlement effected by the Vicar of James Thomas' exorbitant claims, the voices of Stephan

and Richard were heard in loud altercation beyond the farmyard gate.

"Deed, and you do be thinking yourself the master," the latter was saying. "I shall *not* drive the oxen while you guide the plough. Hugh may do it; he be old enough, suer."

"Yes, yes; I can drive. Father did let me," chimed in a younger voice.

"Deed you can be doing anything

Richard bids you, whatever; but you will both of you have to obey *me* now, look you!" came from Stephan imperiously.

Richard's repudiation of obedience was sharp and decisive, Stephan's retort was dominant.

"I be afraid brotherly love will not continue under your roof, Rachel *fach*,"* said her brother gravely, "so long as Stephan and Richard dwell together. You had better accept my offer, and let me take my namesake with me. I will make a man of him."

"Deed, brother, you do be very kind; but Richard has never been away from home, and it would be hard to part with him so close upon my great loss," she gasped. "Besides, he do be wanted upon the farm, look you."

"Well, Rachel, 'a house divided against itself cannot stand.' Envy and hatred are bad crops to cultivate. Better separate your sons before the devil's seed is sown. What is not discretion is danger," he replied sententiously, adding, "The farm will not keep all the boys when they do be grown up and want to marry. So you had better let Richard come with me and learn my trade. What I pay a boy would more than hire a man for field-work. It should be no loss to you, and would be a gain to the boy. He would be loving his home more when he saw less of it. Better love at a distance than dissension close at hand."

They had lingered outside the yard gate whilst Richard Hughes renewed the proposal he had made overnight. The young disputants had moved farther away, but the sound of angry voices reached the ear, Winifred having evidently joined them.

Rachel's striped woollen apron went up to her eyes. "There did never be any quarrelling when my Evan was alive. It be very soon to begin."

"Deed it is. But you must be putting down your foot and crush it out. You do be the keeper of the cash and of the accounts; yours be the right to rule. I will talk to the boys. But you must be letting Richard go with me if you would be preserving peace. Evan will be away with the *Seagull* most of his time. You must not let him dictate on the farm, whatever."

He strode away, drawn by the angry voices, and was barely in time to prevent blows. Winifred had ranged herself on the side of Stephan, Hugh took part with Richard. At the sight of their uncle the hubbub ceased, but faces were hot and angry.

"Look you, boys! you are quarrelling for mastership. No one *here* has a right to command. Yon must be taking your orders from your mother; she is the one to be obeyed. Hugh will have to lead the oxen when Stephan do be ploughing. But remember, all of you, that kind words are golden coins and buy willing service; harsh ones are stones that pelt good-will and brotherly love away. Hugh, go with Stephan; Winny, your mother do be wanting you; you, Richard, must come with me."

* A term of endearment.

No one disputed *his* authority.

Disconcerted and somewhat ashamed, they went their several ways. And when the two Richards presented themselves before Rachel, who had just finished the skimming of the milk in a place set apart as a sort of dairy, the younger was eager to cast in his lot with his uncle, if only to escape from overbearing *Stephan*.

If Rachel had hesitated before, that decided the question. She foresaw discord at home if the strong wills of her elder sons came into collision. The well-being of either was more to her than personal feeling. She knew there would be a wider prospect before Richard if she surrendered him to her brother, and she knew she could trust her boy's welfare, spiritually and temporally, to him with perfect confidence.

Richard Hughes, several years older than his sister *Povvys*, was a man of wide and varied experience, gained in contact with the outer world. He had a shrewd but pleasant face, and at fifty-five was as active and stout a pedestrian as most men twenty years younger. He was a travelling packman—not as the word is now understood. He was one of a class long extinct, and travelled with a string of laden packhorses (the leader of which carried a resonant bell) over the wild and mountainous districts of South Wales, collecting the woollen goods, such as blankets, flannels, shawls, frieze, and duffe, woven by farmers and cottars from the fleece of the mountain sheep, likewise the stockings and mittens knitted by old and young, indoors or out, by the wayside or the hearth, by the milkmaid balancing her pail upon her head, or the market-woman laden with baskets of eggs and butter.

To barter for these his panniers were filled with hardware or cheap fancy goods, tools, crockery, pots and pans, hats, ribbons, smallwares, books and ballads in Welsh and English—all things, in fact, essential to household or personal comfort among primitive, hard-working people.

Everywhere he was welcome, everywhere he was looked for, and, though comparatively little coin passed, the transactions were for mutual advantage, and were mutually satisfactory. He was a medium of communication between producers, merchants, and consumers, and he was a fair-dealing man.

With the goods so collected he attended the great fairs in large towns, both in Wales and on the English

border. But his chief dependence was on his sales at *Welshpool*, *Shrewsbury*, and *Birmingham*, where the Welsh trade was an established institution.

Such had been the occupation of Richard Hughes for more than thirty years, on which he had contrived to marry, to maintain his wife and daughter in tolerable comfort, and to make some provision against old age.

It may easily be understood that he was rarely at home for more than a week, except in the depth of winter, when the mountain roads were impassable. It was therefore quite a matter for thankfulness that his sister's great trouble had come when he was at home to lighten her load. He had done this in many ways. It had been a busy week upon the farm, after the funeral, striving to overtake lost time and keep pace with the season, which they could scarcely have done but for his brotherly help.

The old Welsh plough was in use on the farm, and they ploughed with oxen, as their ancient laws directed, one of which had been borrowed, according to custom, to avoid yoking an ox and a cow together, a loan to be repaid in kind. But had not Richard Hughes gone with horses and panniers to bring a supply of lime to spread upon the land, again a load of culm* from a distant pit, and a barrel or two of yellow clay from the riverside, the ploughing must have been delayed, or the land have lacked manure, and the store of fuel run short.

As it was, *Winifred* sieved the black culm while Richard, in his smock-frock, with his spade, mixed and worked up the dust with the watered clay, rolled the homogeneous mass into balls, which his sister *Gwen* set aside to dry in the open air, and there was no longer any danger of firing running short.

All three had worked together with a will, and though bare-legged *Winny* had to set down her sieve and run for water to the spring, either for Richard or her mother, then washing clothes inside the house, there was never a grumble.

Rachel looked up from her wash-tub, and sighed to think that in a few days the brother who had done so much for her, and the son who could make himself so useful in so many ways, would have left *Llantyst*. And she wondered

* The dust of hard coal, which is mixed with a peculiar yellow clay and rolled into fire-balls. These burn well with peat, and make a *hot fire*.

whether she was doing right to let her boy be taken away.

She was hanging the last of her wash over a hedge to dry, and Richard was cleansing his hands in her wash-tub, when Evan came in at the side gate dangling a cod-fish from either hand.

"Here, Richard," he cried, throwing them both down on the stones. "I will want you to carry one of those to Aunt Hughes, and say I do be sending it."

"Deed, and you will be going your own errands, whatever."

"Suer and you will be doing what I tell you."

"Suer and I will not. Go yourself."

Further altercation was checked by the mother's interference. Winifred was sent up the hill with the fish, but the lowering brows of her sons caused Rachel to acknowledge, with another sigh, that perhaps after all it was best that Richard did go with her brother.

Yet it was not without tears she packed into a bag his flannel shirts, stockings, and a few other necessities, including a hank of blue wool and knitting wires to keep his fingers in practice, and replace or foot his stockings as they wore out. He could not go with his uncle barefooted.

February and the week were wearing out, and the travellers were to start on the Monday.

But it was not until the Sunday afternoon that the pain of parting seemed to take hold of any but the mother. Hugh had hung about Richard all the day, not only on the way to and from church,

but when Richard went to fodder the cattle for the last time, patting and stroking their black sides, as if loth to leave them.

And when the large old Bible was brought out as usual, and the mother read to them the third chapter of Proverbs, it seemed to enter Richard's soul as a direct injunction to himself. But the few words of tearful prayer after-



"SUER AND I WILL NOT. GO YOURSELF."

wards — that the son who was leaving his home might be kept unspotted from the world, and that no distance might destroy family affection—sank into more hearts than one.

"Good-night," said little Hugh, and slid his hand lovingly into Richard's to go upstairs to bed, wondering why his brother hung his head and was so silent. He could not see how conscience pricked for haughty reluctance to submit to control. Nor could either tell what uneasy misgivings stirred the breasts of Stephan and Evan, lest their assumption of authority should be driving their well-loved brother from his home.

(To be continued.)



VIEW FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VII. DEDHAM.

IT is popularly supposed, especially by those who live in the west and south of England, that no beauty of scenery is to be found in the counties of Essex and Suffolk. A visit to the Vale of Dedham will most surely dispel this delusion. More beautiful scenery of its kind cannot be found than on the banks of the Stour, which divides those counties. A drive or walk from Manningtree Station, through Lawford, Dedham, and back through East Bergholt, or from Dedham through Stratford-St.-Mary, and Higham, to Stoke by Nayland, and back through Boxted and Langham, or again a walk along the banks of the Stour from Dedham to Flatford Mill, and back by East Bergholt and Stratford, will introduce the tourist to scenery as beautiful of its kind as any to be found in old England. It is not grand or romantic, but calm and peaceful, and it is yearly becoming better known, owing to the growing popularity of the pictures of Constable.

A run through "Constable's Country," as the Vale of Dedham is often called, is now taken by an ever-increasing number of tourists, while during the last three or four summers Dedham has become

a place of fashionable resort. Every possible lodging and house which the owners were willing to let has been taken.

Constable was born at East Bergholt, on the Suffolk side of the Stour, and lived at Flatford Mill, which belonged to his father, until he took up his abode in London. He loved to introduce upon his canvas the scenery of his native district, and has immortalised the Mill with his pencil and brush.

Of the valley of the Stour the most striking object is the tower of Dedham Church, familiar, since the many exhibitions of the pictures of Constable, to many who have never been in the East of England, because the great painter has introduced it into so many of his works. It can be seen to the left of the line by all travellers to Ipswich on the Great Eastern Railway after they have emerged from a deep cutting some two miles beyond Ardleigh Station, and while they are crossing the estuary of the Stour to the west of the little town of Manningtree.

The tower is the great glory of Dedham Church. It is massive and lofty, one hundred and thirty-one feet high, and well proportioned, being built of brick faced with stone and flint. It is sur-

mounted by four elegant pinnacles, between which originally stood four statues representing the emblems of the Evangelists. The Angel, which was the symbol of St. Matthew, is the only one left. This stands on the east side. The rest of the exterior of the building is hardly worthy of the tower; it is built of brick and rubble covered with stucco, and with stone and flint ornamentation running all round the lower part of the church.

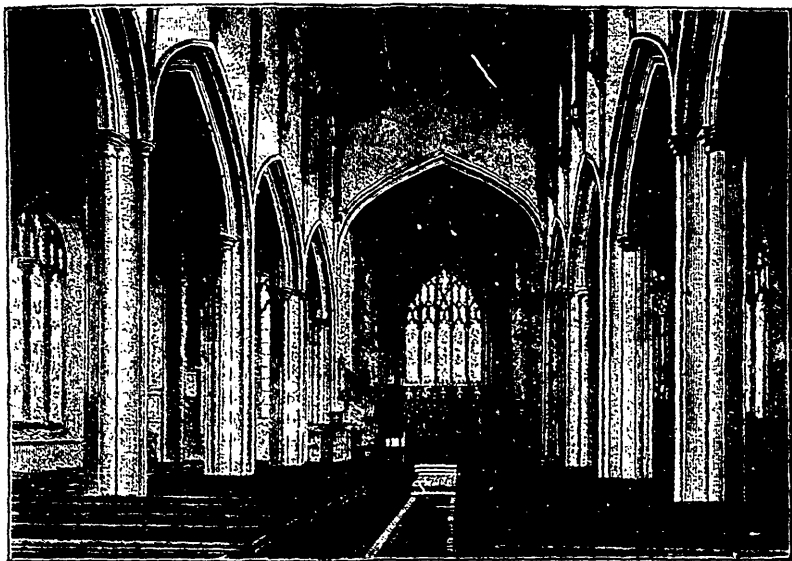
We strongly suspect that the builders of the present church intended that the nave and chancel should be covered with flint work, like the tower, but when they began to build they were not able to finish, for lack of funds. All the exterior of the building, including the north and south porches, but not including the chancel, has been carefully restored in recent years. This work was commenced in 1887, and only finished early in the present year (1895). The flint work at the basement of the tower and all round the church had almost entirely perished, and the excellent way in which it has been replaced by local workmen shows that the art of flint-cutting and fitting has not been lost, as has been sometimes stated. (Lexden Church, near Colchester, restored in 1893 and 1894 by Dedham workmen, affords another proof of this.)

The interior is very fine, but rather cold; it sorely needs some judicious decoration.

The nave is one hundred feet in length, the chancel forty-four, the width of the nave twenty-five, including the piers, and of each aisle twelve. The clerestory of the nave is very fine, and is thirty-six feet high; the height of the chancel is thirty feet. The church was built in the style of Gothic architecture called Late Perpendicular. The church was reseated throughout in 1861, and the chancel was partially restored in 1881, and unfortunately in an earlier style of Perpendicular architecture. However, the restored east window is very elegant, and will, it is hoped, some day be filled with stained glass. There were originally in the chancel six windows besides the east window, but four of them, two on each side, have been closed for years.

There are two very good stained glass windows by Clayton and Bell in the north aisle; unfortunately, those in the south aisle are not so good.

The font, which seems to have suffered severely at the hands of the iconoclastic Puritans of the neighbourhood, was evidently at one time octagonal in shape, and probably dates from the rebuilding of the present fabric. In 1861, during some *interior* alterations, it was found



THE NAVE AND CHANCEL.

under the floor at the north-west corner of the church, and was placed by the then Vicar on a new pedestal. The figures round the font appear to have been those of angels.

When the north porch was restored in 1887 it was found to be standing upon absolutely no foundation, but when under-pinning the porch with concrete the builders came upon the foundations of an older porch three feet below the surface, showing that the present church was built upon the site of an older building. Of the present church two wool-staplers of the city of London, Thomas and John Webb, father and son, were the founders, and their handsome tomb is a prominent object in the north aisle. Unfortunately the brasses are gone.

The church was built at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. The initials of the founders and their trade mark, as well as Tudor roses and portcullises, are to be seen in the very beautiful stone carving on the roof of the passage underneath the tower, one of the special features of the church of St. Mary Dedham. The crowned M is a marked feature of the flint decoration round the basement of

the tower. This M is so formed as to be also the monogram of Maria. There are several points of interest connected with the church, especially a chimney in the south side of the chancel from an opening which may have been an oven intended for the baking of the wafer bread. The subject has been discussed in *Notes and Queries*. There is also a roomy "Priests' Chamber" over the north porch. There are many interesting monuments, notably one of "Roaring Rogers," the great Puritan lecturer, and of Burkitt, the famous commentator of the close of the seventeenth century, who was both Vicar and Lecturer of Dedham. There is an almost perfect list of the Vicars of Dedham since 1367. Till the Reformation the Vicars were appointed by the Prior and Convent of Butley in Suffolk; they are now nominated by the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The vicarage is of very small value. The present Vicar, the forty-seventh recorded, is the Rev. Charles Alfred Jones, formerly Chaplain of St. John's College, Cambridge, and for some twenty-two years a Master in Westminster School. There is an old endowed Lectureship in the parish, at present held by the Rev. Hamilton Ashwin, LL.D.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

BY M. BONA VIA HUNT,

Member of the Central Council.



ONE winter's day, nearly ten years ago, a little band of mothers and children met together at the invitation of the Countess of Meath in her Londonhouse. The object of the meeting was to start a society of children to minister to the poor; but they were also to be "ministering children" in the highest and truest sense of the word. They were given a simple rule—that every child should "try to do at least one kind action every day." Loving deeds

were to be done in the home, as well as to the poor outside. These children were to learn the happiness of thinking for others; not once now and then, but as a daily habit of life, leaving its indelible mark upon the character.

It would be too long a story to tell how from this simple beginning, entered upon in the spirit of love and prayer, the Ministering Children's League has grown to its present numbers of nearly 50,000 members and associates, with a record of work accomplished that may well make its founders proud and happy.

The secret of the great success of the "League" has been its simplicity. The one rule is "to try to do at least one kind action every day." If the child fails he is encouraged to try again; there is no penalty for failure. The object aimed at is to reach the heart and conscience of the child—to strike a blow at the selfishness which is too often fostered and developed by the loving friends who in after years will most deplore it.

And, in the second place, there is no monetary *obligation*. When a new member is admitted he pays for his card of membership a penny or sixpence, as the case may be. Beyond this he is not *obliged* to do anything, though, as a matter of fact, the children have engaged in many works of love and charity, and carried them to a successful issue.

Considering that no member is obliged to contribute towards any fund, it is the more wonderful to note the large works that have been voluntarily undertaken. Among these are the maintenance of "Ministering League Homes" for destitute children at Ottershaw, in Surrey. A piece of ground was given large enough for four buildings. Two are complete, and contain some forty children. The third one will be opened next year. In Richmond, a wealthy branch has successfully started a coffee palace.

The Ministering Children of New York built the Holy Innocents' church for the Red Indians of Dakota, for whom there was no place of worship; in Australia they are working to provide a cottage by the sea for sick children; in Canada a hospital for sick children was founded in memory of Mrs. Lewes, the first Ministering Children's League president in that country; in India many poor sick children are sent away to the hills by the richer members of the League; in England large numbers of boys and girls have devoted pennies or halfpennies of their weekly pocket-money to send sickly children for a summer holiday in the country.

Active service, self-denial, loving thought for others. These are the motives of the League. No child is so poor that he cannot do some little act of "ministering" towards another.

"What can I do?" asked a tiny little fellow who had nothing to give, his mother a poor widow with scarcely sufficient for the needs of her own little flock.

"When poor mother has one of her bad headaches you can be very, very quiet."

And Jackie, who had nothing to give, has become a true ministering child, for his mother reports "that he tries to be as quiet as a mouse when she is bad, and Jackie has the most active pair of feet and the most nimble tongue that was ever bestowed upon a child." A glance at the pretty card hanging over his bed, with its simple prayer, is sufficient to remind Jackie of his promise to be "very, very quiet."

I wish I had space to tell of all the work done by these dear children, the

warm garments sewn by tiny fingers, the scrapbooks and toys saved or mended, the bouquets of flowers sent from country gardens or hedgerows to dingy London homes, the thousand and one acts of loving ministration which have been devised by the members and associates—who are grown-up members—of this beautiful Society.

The Ministering Children's League has found a footing in almost all parts of the world. Its simple prayer has been translated into many strange languages. In England it has received the warm approval of many Bishops, Clergymen, and distinguished men of very different types of thought. Professor Drummond, for instance, "thinks it one of the most beautiful associations the world has ever known." The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol writes: "I recommend it to my clergy. It has a simple and beautiful prayer." And another Bishop, now dead, said of it, "It unites the two things God loves best—children and charity." In many parishes it has been found a fruitful means of bringing parents to church, and deepening their interest in the spiritual life and work of their neighbourhood. It is a union for work and prayer of a very unpretentious kind, but its 50,000 members have already accomplished that which has left its mark for good in the world.

All information as to starting branches, etc., may be had from Miss Medhurst, 124, Inverness Terrace, London, W.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

STEWED PLAICE.

	Average Cost.
	<i>d.</i>
1 lb. Fish	6
Mixed Herbs	
2 Tablespoonfuls Oatmeal	
3 Pints Water	1
1 Teaspoonful Salt	
½ Teaspoonful Pepper	
	7

Wash the fish in cold water, cut it up in pieces, put them in a saucepan with water, pepper, salt, and herbs (a sprig each of thyme, lemon thyme, and marjoram), fresh or dried; place over the fire, and when it boils up take off the scum carefully, put in the oatmeal, remove the pan to the side, and let the stew cook slowly for two hours.

Any sort of fish can be treated in the same way. An onion may be added for flavouring, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley is sometimes put in just before serving, and is usually considered an improvement.

AN UNPAINTED PICTURE.

BY MARY D. HORT.

"Oh, hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the live-long bleat
Of thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds."

TENNYSON.



LAST summer the writer was spending a few days in South Wales, and was fortunate enough to witness there for the first time the operation of sheep-shearing on one of the largest farms in the country. To those who have never been present at such a scene the subject may seem a dull one, capable of affording little interest to any but rustic readers—and yet it struck one spectator at least that it was worthy the brush of a great artist, or the pen of a poet-laureate.

We arrived at the farm on the afternoon of a bright July day, and after a hospitable welcome from the farmer and his wife (very intelligent Scotch folk, who have settled in this remote corner of Wales), we were invited to come and see the shearing. They led us across a great yard, where we had to pick our way through the struggling mass of sheep, and were half deafened by the incessant bleating of the frightened animals, and the barking of numerous collies in charge of the flocks. Wordsworth was evidently thinking of a like scene when he wrote—

"Distant mountains hear,
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamour of boys with innocent despites
Of barking dogs and bleatings from strange fear."

We soon found ourselves at the entrance of a huge barn, open at the end at which we stood, its interior presenting a most striking picture. Two long rows of benches ran along the sides of the barn, and upon them sat the shearers, sixty in number, in their shirt-sleeves, fine stalwart-looking men, with rugged, weather-beaten faces, bronzed by long exposure to sun and wind on the bleak mountain sides. They worked with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, their sinewy brown arms laid bare, with great muscles standing out, testifying to their owners' giant strength and power of grip. Each man held between his knees a sheep, its head resting on his shoulder, the meek face, with great patient eyes, gazing piteously at the spectator, but the whole body motionless and unresisting, with limbs disposed just as the shearer had placed them. One had never before realised the full force of Isaiah's words—"As a sheep before her shearers is dumb"—for not a bleat was heard throughout the building, in strange contrast to the tumultuous noise outside in the open yard.

With lightning speed the shears cut through the matted wool, and, guided by what seemed to the uninitiated marvellous skill and precision, they separated

the entire fleece from its wearer, so that it peeled off like a great blanket, leaving just enough snow-white silky wool to cover the skin of the poor sheep.

It seemed as though the glancing steel must graze the tender pink flesh as it did its rapid work, but we saw no such disaster, and were told that a good shearer rarely makes a false cut. However, up and down the long lines moved the overseer, a tall picturesque old shepherd, with flowing beard, bearing in his hand a bottle of oil and feather to anoint any wound made by careless shears. As each sheep was relieved of its heavy coat—an operation that does not, at the most, take more than three minutes—it was branded on its now shaven side with the mark of the farm, by a boy holding a long stick with an iron brand at the end, dipped from time to time into warm pitch. The little shepherd lads performed this office, and ran up and down the lines with their pitch-pots and dripping brands, stopping here and there where their service was needed. They were, for the most part, rosy-cheeked boys with curly heads and fresh, merry faces, and added much to the general life and brightness of the scene. The sheep, when shorn, were hurried through an open door halfway down one side of the barn, and through this door a flood of sunlight poured in, lighting up the grave rugged faces bent over their work, touching with gleams of silver the glancing shears, and searching out brilliant bits of colour in the red kerchiefs loosely knotted round the men's bare brown throats, and the gay caps of the little lads. Through another opening in the side of the barn one caught a glimpse of sunlit landscape—green flowery fields, and the sweeping curves of distant hills against a soft blue sky.

At the far end of the barn, almost lost in the deep shadow, were dark figures of women sitting to and fro, rolling up the fleeces in great bundles, and storing them on rough shelves, to lie there till the time came for sending the wool to the factories.

The whole scene was so full of life and colour and interest, and so suggestive, in its poetic symbolism and vivid presentation of familiar images, that it seemed to need but the genius and sympathetic touch of a Holman Hunt to transform the every-day rustic scene into a noble picture for the world's appreciative gaze.

THE SERVICES ON DOUGLAS HEAD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

THE services held on Douglas Head in the Isle of Man are a marked, striking, and well-known feature of the ecclesiastical arrangements in that island during the summer months. I am told that the Church public would like a brief account of them, and I gladly respond to a request that I should furnish one. So far as I can learn, then, these services were commenced in 1882 by Bishop Hill, who, in the earlier years of his episcopate, had had a happy experience of outdoor services in his diocese in the Castle grounds at Peel, under the shadow, so to speak, of the old Cathedral there, which, alas! is still in a ruined condition. But though a service at Peel under these circumstances is necessarily invested with an almost

romantic interest, the great mass of the visitors to the island are always to be found in Douglas, so that it is not to be wondered at that the good Bishop gladly accepted an invitation from one of his clergy there, now a London incumbent, and a Northern dignitary, to try the experiment of a service of this kind in the neighbourhood of the larger town. The place selected was Douglas Head, a bold headland rising several hundreds of feet above the sea, protecting the town and harbour to the south, and crowned with grassy slopes which not only suitably lend themselves to such a purpose owing to their configuration, but command, on a clear day, a glorious view of the Cumberland mountains, and even of Wales. The experiment was made on the first



Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]

[From a photograph by ELLIOTT & FRY, 55, Baker Street, W.

THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

Sunday in August of that year, and proved a success beyond the most sanguine expectations which had been formed respecting it. The eloquent Bishop was the gifted preacher, and "was at his very best" on the occasion; the singing, it is said, was

heard at Onchan, two miles away on the opposite slopes of Douglas Bay. The day was brilliant; and the congregation was variously estimated at from eight to twelve thousand people. The promoters had originally contemplated holding only one service of

this kind in the course of the summer season, intending, should it prove successful, to make the arrangement annual; but the interest evinced in it was so marked, and the want supplied so manifest, that the Bishop at once determined to try another fortnight later. This was in all its main features a repetition of the former one, and henceforth it was resolved that they should be held weekly during the month of August every year. I now come to speak from my own personal experience of these services, and may begin by saying that few things gratified me more on my appointment to my present post, than to find how great was the interest taken in them by the people of the island. Inaugurated by my own beloved and departed friend, Bishop Hill, whose striking gifts as a preacher are too well known to need any testimony from me, and continued by his successor—the present Bishop of Carlisle—I found in 1892 that they had become one of the institutions of the diocese, and I had not been here many hours, on a visit prior to my consecration, before I was met with an eager inquiry whether I proposed to continue them. Who can doubt my ready and unhesitating answer when I describe the scene? The service is usually held on a Sunday afternoon, at 3.15, the exact spot on the grassy slopes assigned to the preacher being selected according to the direction of the wind, which, alas! is not always all that could be desired. By 2.30 the road leading round the head of the harbour, past the railway station, begins to look black with a stream of people ascending the hill to the appointed place, while any one already there will see another stream of persons crossing the harbour in the ferry boats from the Victoria Pier, and mounting by the shorter though perhaps steeper route, till both streams converge near the summit of the Head. Some of the incumbents of the town are always there betimes, and when the appointed

hour is reached a hymn is sung, with all the thrilling effect which a vast multitude only can impart to the singing of our well-loved and familiar hymns. The crowd is invariably orderly, considerate, and well disposed to receive any of the little hints which are often given, prior to the service, as to the direction in which the preacher's voice is likely best to carry, and by the time the first hymn is finished, scarcely a movement can be discerned. Then comes the General Confession, a shortened service, and a lesson; and after another hymn, the preacher mounts a little stand and is face to face with from six to twelve thousand people, according to the weather which prevails. It is a solemn thing. For my own part, I reflect that hundreds present have never heard me before and will never hear me again. As I offer prayer it is encouraging to see how the heads of the multitude bow in supplication, and I can truly say I do not think I have ever given out my text without realising (as I think such occasions only will enable a preacher to realise) the touching meaning of the Saviour's words, "I have compassion on the multitude." It is the privilege of most of my Episcopal brethren, when preaching in their respective dioceses, to preach in stately Cathedrals, with all the circumstance and dignity which properly appertain to a Cathedral service. I know for myself how glorious, how touching, and how solemn is such a scene. But I do not know that I have ever felt more solemnised, touched, and conscious of God's presence, than when, speaking under the open canopy of heaven, the sea forming the background to the multitude before me, I address the great congregation to which I am called to minister every summer on Douglas Head. May I give one instance of the attention with which the people listen? I was speaking in 1893 of the ever-abiding Presence of God, and the fact that He is ever near us, albeit His Presence is not

always realised. "Look," I said, with outstretched arm, "at the English mountains to the east. You see them there to-day, and can realise that they are near. None the less will it be true to-morrow, though it by no means follows that a trace of them will then be seen." I confess, as I said this, the result was almost startling. I had not contemplated that ten thousand heads would turn simultaneously in that direction, but it was a convincing proof of interest not likely to be forgotten.

There is one other point of view in which the importance of these services should be noted. They afford an excellent opportunity to the 250,000 visitors who come to us every summer to extend a helping hand to our charitable institutions. The Isle of Man Hospital, the Industrial Home, the Nurses of the sick in Douglas, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, are all, in turn, brought before the Douglas Head congregation, and all receive a liberal measure of support. Two years ago, nearly eight thousand coins, amounting to £57, were collected on the Lifeboat Sunday, and though I will not say that there is no room for improvement in the amount usually contributed, yet the assistance thus received for the local charities of this comparatively poor island is a very material help to them.

I may conclude by observing that I see signs that, just as the original design of the promoters of this service was extended in 1882, so the present arrangements are not unlikely to be further developed in the near future. Both in 1893 and 1894 the August weather in the Isle of Man proved so uncertain that on several occasions the services on the Head had to be abandoned, and were continued on one or two Sundays in the following September. Through the courtesy and kindness of the proprietor, a large hall in Douglas known as the "Pavilion" was placed at my disposal, and special services were conducted

in it, owing to the impossibility of meeting in the open air. Urged to consider the pressing need of further provision for those who visit us, I have asked the Chapter of the Rural Deanery of Douglas to meet and discuss the whole question, and to report to me what may seem most desirable and practicable with respect to "special services" during the summer months. It is not for me to anticipate the result of their deliberations, but one thing I will undertake to say, and that is, that whether or no they be increased in number, so long as I am Bishop, the services on Douglas Head shall never, if possible, be abandoned.

THE CHURCH.

"That He might present it to Himself a glorious Church."

GREAT Founder of Thy Holy Church,
Be Thou her constant strength;
Give peace through all her boundaries,
Extend her breadth and length.

In all the nations stablish her
In purity and grace;
To sin-sick souls of every land,
A home and resting place.

The Church of England bless, O God!
Founded in ancient days;
Part of the nation's history,
Make her the nation's praise.
Her Priests with Thy salvation robe,
Her people deck with joy;
Within her gates give unity,
And truth without alloy.

By her Baptismal waters lead
The children to Thy fold;
Let rich and poor together meet
Before her altars old.
In every Christian enterprise
Engage her active host
To do His Blessèd will Who came
To seek and save the lost.

Add to her work of bygone days
Work of the present hour;
Strong in the strength of duty done,
Do Thou uphold her power.
Firm stand her sacred battlements,
Her palaces upraise;
For situation beautiful,
Home of a nation's praise.

NEVISON LORRAINE,
THE VICARAGE, GROVE PARK, CHISWICK.



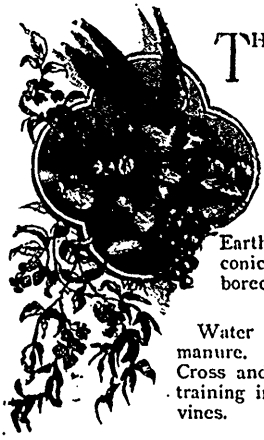
Drawn by SIDNEY COWELL.]

[Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.

A SERVICE ON DOUGLAS HEAD.

GARDEN WORK FOR JULY.

Kitchen Garden.



THE principal crop of celery should be planted. The trenches should be about fifteen inches wide, and about a foot deep. Seven or eight inches of rotted manure should be dug into the trenches. Either one or two rows may be planted in each. The space between each plant should be about eight inches. If more than one trench is required, let them be from three to four feet apart. Let each trench be well watered after planting. Earth up, and stick scarlet runners. If allowed to mingle the stalks are apt to get broken in separating them. Peas should also be earthen up, and sticks put to them. Earth up potatoes as required. This should not be done in a conical shape, but in a rounded form. Plant out cabbage, broccoli, borecole.

Fruit Garden.

Water fruit tree borders plentifully in dry weather, using liquid manure. Vegetable marrows also should not be allowed to get parched. Cross and other shoots on wall and espalier trees not required for training in place should be removed. Remove all small shoots from vines.

Flower Garden.

Propagate carnations and picotees by layering, and pinks by pipings. Bud roses. Transplant biennials and perennials. Take up and store bulbous roots. Plentifully water beds in dry weather.

OUR PARISHES AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

VII. THE PARISH BAPTISMAL REGISTER.

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.

TO us, in these days, the fact seems almost incredible that there were no Parochial Registers in Europe until they were instituted by Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, in the year 1497, and that until the adoption of Baptismal Registers, even at the great Baptistery of San Giovanni in Florence, the officiating priests had no better means of recording the number of the baptised than black and white beans, which they placed in a bag at Baptisms, a white bean being placed in the bag for a girl, and a black bean for a boy. By these, at the end of each year, the number of the baptised was reckoned.

The entries made in the early Baptismal Registers—after they were first introduced into England—were anything but uniform in the character of their particulars, as they are now.

The incumbents and parish clerks had no prescribed form within which to make their entries as we have in the present day. Their records therefore varied in facts, in brevity, and notably in irrelevant matters, according to the Registrar's capricious whims and fancies.

Sometimes the entry was of the briefest kind, such as in the Register of *Hampstead, Middlesex*: "1609, Abigail Wade bapt."

There is no record of her parentage, though it is stated that she was the daughter of Sir William Wade, Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Again, *All Hallows, Bread Street*: "1608. John, son of John Mylton, Scrivener, bapt. December 20."

On some occasions the time of birth was recorded with minute exactness, and astrological details, as providing data for the superstitious custom of afterwards casting the nativity of the child.

Sometimes there is embodied in the baptismal entry comments on the parents, as at *Loughborough, Leicestershire*: "1581, Margaret, daughter of William Bannister—going after the manner of roguish Egyptians—was baptised the 2nd of April."

Infants who survived their birth just long enough to be baptised were often entered in the Registers of the sixteenth century as "Creatures," or "Creatures of Christ," or "Children of God."

Thus in the Register of *Staplehurst, Kent*, there is the entry: "1547, There was baptized by the midwife and so buried the child of Thomas Goldham called *Creature*."

Baptised infants who died within the month after their birth were at one time shrouded in the white cloth called *Chrisom*, which was put on the head of the child

after baptism, and they were therefore called *Chrismos*.

Illegitimate children came in for their share in the Baptismal Register of very uncomplimentary description; and their alleged or conjectured parentage is stigmatised in varying censurable terms, according to the views and capricious moods of the Registrars.

Beyond recording this fact it would be out of place in this article to quote the terms so applied to them.

The Baptismal entries of *Foundlings* in the Parish Register are interesting. Their names were generally given to them by the vestries, and after the places of the parishes in which they were found.

Thus to children found in the parish of St. Lawrence Jewry the name of Lawrence was generally given, to those found in St. Clement Dares the name of Clement, and to children found in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple there was given the surname of Temple or Templar.

There were between 1728 and 1755 no fewer than 104 of those foundlings baptised, to whom was given the surname of Temple.

Great confusion in the manner and method of administering baptism was introduced during the Cromwellian Rebellion, and survived long after the Restoration, and it is to be feared lingers in some parishes to the present day.

Of this the following entry in the Register of the Parish of *Hillingdon* affords an illustration: "1671, Elizabeth, the dau. of Wm. Pratt, bapt. Feb. 25. The first that

in 11 years was baptised with water in the Font, the custom being in the place to baptize out of a bason—in the Presbyterian manner—only set in the Font, which I could never get reformed till I had gotten a new Clerk, John Brown, who presently did what I appointed."

The Christian names originally and almost universally given to children up till the sixteenth century were the names of saints, and frequently several, if not all the members, of a family were given the same Christian name.

The Italian or Roman custom of giving a child more than one Christian name found no following in England until the sixteenth century, and indeed it was well on in the eighteenth century before the custom was to any extent adopted.

And as to the custom of adopting and using surnames as Christian names we find no records of it in England until the reign of Henry VIII.

The introduction of the custom into this country—now so general—offended the prejudices of many persons, and created against it an aversion almost amounting to superstition.

Even Sir Edward Coke was led to declare of it—that most people who had given them surnames as their Christian names in baptism turned out to be unfortunate.

But Fuller, the great Church historian, living in later times, declares that the good success of many men so named had proved the fallacy of Coke's observation.

ON TAKING CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER, M.A.,

Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.



THE first event in the life of a Christian child is when, within a few weeks of its birth, it is brought to the House of God, and is there dedicated to the service of Christ, and sealed with the Sacrament of Holy Baptism. "We receive this child," says the Clergyman in the Baptismal Service, "into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him (her) with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he (she) shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto li's (her) life's end."

From this time onward, until the child has attained the age of three or four years, it is far better that it should not be brought, save on rare occasions, to the services in Church. The child cannot understand what is taking place, and the physical strain is too great.

After that age, however, the little one, if intelligent, can be taught to comprehend the distinction between the several parts of

our religious exercise—Prayer, Praise, Reading of the Word, etc., and it learns to appreciate the solemnity and beauty of Divine Worship.

The child can then be easily trained to regard attendance at the services as a privilege, and not as a trying ordeal; and the influence of this early education will remain, and has been frequently known to affect the whole after-life.

But the question, which appears at the head of this paper, refers more particularly to the boys and girls attending our Church Sunday Schools.

The practice is a very common one, and appears to be on the increase, of providing a short service for the children in the schoolroom, which is generally taken by a layman, after the hour devoted to instruction on Sunday mornings. The reason for this arrangement is, either that there is no accommodation in the church at that time for so large a number of the little ones, or else that, as the service may prove too long and wearying for them, there is a danger lest it should bring about, in after life, a distaste for church-going.

The point thus raised is one of great importance, and is capable of being argued, with much plausibility, from either side.

I think we shall all agree to the proposition that, on the first view, it is very desirable that the children, to whatever class of society they may belong, should be brought up, from the earliest age at which they are able to appreciate the privileges of public worship, with a spirit of love and reverence for the House of God.

The principle being accepted, the question remains as to how we can best enforce it.

Reverting to the question of children's services held in Sunday School, we may ask—are they desirable, or not?

I venture to think that, where the staff of clergy is large enough to allow of the service being taken by one of them, the practice is deprived of one of the chief objections which can be raised.

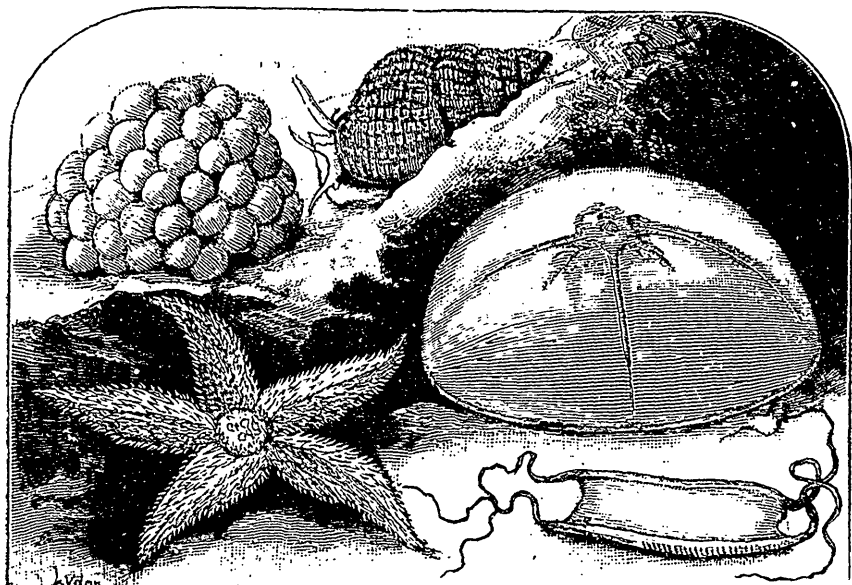
In putting forward this opinion, I wish to guard myself against being thought to be imputing any incompetence to the ministrations of the laity. It frequently happens that the lay superintendent, who combines with natural aptitude for the management of boys and girls the ripe experience of many years, is far more competent to deliver a suitable and telling address than a young clergyman, who

has had little or no previous opportunity in dealing with children.

The point is not one of relative ability, but of prestige. In the minds of the scholars, there is generally the feeling that a Clergyman is in some way different from other men, and they are, perhaps unconsciously, awed by his appearance or his dress. They know the lay superintendent, and they are less likely to pay attention to him when standing in place of the Clergyman, although his personal and individual influence may be far greater. For this reason—as well as from the fact that many laymen have not the gift of riveting the attention of the young when speaking to them—it is desirable, in those parishes where the school service is the rule, that a Clergyman should conduct it, vested of course in cassock and surplice. The prayers should not be extended, and the sermon should be short and crisp—several hymns might be sung. It is necessary to remember that the congregation has been already an hour in the schoolroom, under instruction, and it is not surprising if manifestations of restlessness and weariness are apparent before they are dismissed. For this reason a catechizing is usually more effective than an address.

Whether the above is the custom, or whether the children are habitually brought to the Parish Church after morning Sunday School, it is most desirable that, as frequently as may be, special children's services should be held in church. The old-fashioned practice of holding a children's service once a month is not sufficient. Once a fortnight should be the minimum, or, if possible, every Sunday. The strain is not so great; the interest is more easily maintained; the surroundings are brighter and more cheerful. The boys and girls are thus encouraged to associate their attendance in the House of God with what is pleasant and interesting, and the effect of this early training is not easily obliterated in after years. The clergy, too, thus have the opportunity, by the process of systematic catechizing, of testing the thoroughness of the instruction given by the teachers.

There is no branch of the Church's work which is fraught with more important issues than the shepherding and feeding of the lambs of the flock. "The child is father of the man." The childrer of today will shape the religious history of the country in the next generation. "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."



EGGS OF WHELK.
STARFISH.

WHELK.

JELLY FISH.
EGG CASE OF SKATE.

A SEASHORE RAMBLE.

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

Author of "Our Insect Allies," "Our Bird Allies," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

PART I.

RATHER more than three years ago I asked the readers of the CHURCH MONTHLY to bear me company, in imagination, upon a series of country rambles, in order that we might search out together some of the many marvels with which Nature has almost everywhere surrounded us. Now let me ask them to set out with me upon two similar rambles along the seashore.

We will suppose that a long stretch of smooth and open sand lies before us, bordered on one side by high chalk cliffs, and on the other by weed-covered rocks, visible only at low water; and that we have determined, during our first excursion, to keep to the sand, and during our second to devote our attention to the rocks.

So we set off upon our way, with eyes bent upon the ground, anxiously looking out for objects of interest. Nor are they far to seek. Here, lying almost at our feet as we start, is a round cluster of small yellow bladders, each about as big as a pea. They are the eggs of a whelk. But how did the whelk manage to lay them? Taken together, they are as large as a cricket ball, and at least three times as big as the whelk itself!

But the mystery is easily solved. These little yellow bladders are not the real eggs of the whelk; they are only the envelopes

which enclose the eggs. And, when they are first dropped into the sea, both eggs and bladders are exceedingly tiny. But the bladders have a two-fold property. In the first place, they absorb water very rapidly; in the second, they can stretch to a really wonderful extent. So as soon as they fall into the water they begin to swell, and before very long the ball of eggs has increased to twenty or thirty times its original size.

If we had found these eggs early in spring instead of towards the end of summer, we should no doubt have discovered as many tiny whelks lying snugly within them. As it is, their little tenants have long since left their protecting shelter.

A little farther on are a couple of oblong black objects, tough and horny, with a short projection at each corner. These are sometimes known as "mermaids' purses"; the fishermen, less poetically, call them "skate-barrers." For they are the eggs of the skate; and those four horn-like projections at the corners certainly give them a rather barrow-like appearance. These, too, are empty. The little fish mostly make their way out into the sea before the eggs are flung up on the shore.

A little farther on we find a starfish, which has been left stranded by the retreat-

ing tide. Is he dead? Pick him up and see. No; he is firm, and almost stiff. A dead starfish is always limp and flabby. So we put him into a pool of water in order that he may revive. Before long, he moves. See, he is crawling along the bottom of the pool. Now he is beginning to climb up that great block of chalk. But how does he do it? He has no legs, and he is not using his rays as feet.

No; but underneath his body he has a number of odd little organs which answer exactly the same purpose. Take him out of the water and turn him upside down, and we shall see them. There they are, numbers of them, looking like little fleshy footstalks with a small pad at the top of each. That pad is a tiny sucker, which will adhere firmly to any object against which it is pressed. So, by using these suckers in turn, and pushing itself constantly forward, the starfish is able to travel slowly along, to climb over the obstacles in its way, and even to cling to the surface of an overhanging rock.

One of the strangest facts about this very strange creature is that if it is torn in two, and flung back into the sea, it does not die; it becomes two starfishes instead! For each part begins, very shortly, to throw out the missing rays, and before very long each is as perfect as was the original starfish before the injury was inflicted!

Here is a ridge of small stones and bits of chalk, mingled with quite a large quantity of finely broken coal, the refuse, no doubt, of passing steamers. Now it is a strange fact, which I cannot in any way explain, that shells are found in these coal-ridges far more abundantly than anywhere else. A ridge of pebbles alone will not produce one-tenth of the number. Here they are, in quantities. Beautiful little whelks, scarcely a quarter of an inch long, sculptured and chiselled with all sorts of beautiful patterns; "tops," with their gaudy colours half worn

away by the tacking and tumbling they have endured; scallops of all sorts of exquisite hues; cowries, with delicate raised ridges running all around them; bivalves, with their inner surface decked with sunset hues—how shall I describe them? I cannot; they must be seen to be appreciated. If any one has an hour to spare, and wants to find how beautiful shells can be, let him come and examine this coal ridge.

A little farther on is a jelly fish, washed up by the waves, and left on the shore to die. He is dead already. The sun is too hot for him, and he has begun to melt. Yes, melt; for jelly fishes are really not very much more than congealed sea water. It is true that if you cut one of these creatures across, the water does not seem to run away. But that is because it is enclosed in a great number of tiny cells, only a few of which are destroyed; so that only a small quantity escapes. But if you leave a jelly fish in the sun for an hour or two, nothing will be left of him but a few threads and strands of fleshy matter. All the rest will have evaporated, or run away into the sand.

Here is a small shell with a round hole in it. That hole was cut by the dreaded dog whelk. This animal has a long ribbon-like tongue, set with row upon row of sharp flinty teeth; and with this it first bores a hole through the shell of its victim, and then extracts its flesh through the aperture thus made.

Soon we find another shell thus perforated, and after that a third. Clearly the dog whelk has been very busy near here.

And so our ramble ends. We have no time to look at a tenth of the creatures that the waves have flung up around us; we have not been able to notice half the many points of interest even in those which we have picked up. And next month, when we take our return ramble among the rocks, we shall find that we are even busier still!

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festive Hymns," etc.

Class A. For Competitors Under Sixteen.



WHERE do we read in the Bible—

1. Of two chief men who were of much use at a critical time in the story of the early Church by their prophetic gifts?
2. Of two chief men at a still earlier date who had convulsed Jerusalem by their miraculous gifts?
3. Of two men who are thought to have agreed together at first, but who afterwards differed widely indeed, on the most crucial of occasions?
4. Of two men of Africa (in all probability) whose father was made of use to the Saviour?
5. Of two men of Asia who left their father in order to be of use to the Saviour?
6. Of two men who were sent as messengers by a very great man to one very much greater?

7. Of two timid men who appear to have been very bold when many other men were afraid?

8. Of two men who were left by a relative of one of them at a very critical time?

9. Of two men "eating bread" together, one for the last time in his life?

10. Of two men in such sorrow that it is hard to say at first which is grieving the most?

BURIED TRUTHS.

Class B. Open To All.

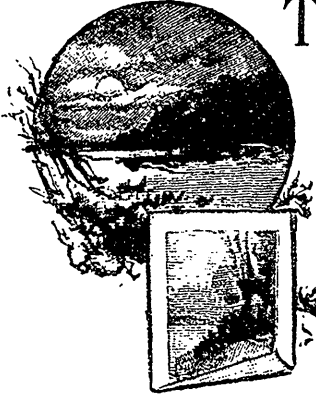
BREAD OF DECEIT.—Where do we read of food unfit for use being made use of on that very account for the preservation of life? How far did the plan adopted accomplish the object proposed? And where else do we read of still more unsuitable food being turned to a much wiser and very wonderful end?

THE COMFORTER.

BY THE REV. ALFRED OWEN SMITH, B.A.,

Vicar of St. Andrew's, Thornhill Square, N.; Author of "Bethel, and other Sermons on Old Testament Subjects"; "Balaam, and other Sermons," etc.

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."—*St. JOHN xvi. 7.*



TO the disciples of old this must have been a "hard saying." Our Lord affirmed that the presence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, Whom He would

superiority, since they include the works wrought by Christ through His followers in all ages of the Church; greater in their local extension, not being confined to Judæa, but diffused throughout the world; greater in that they belong to a higher sphere—viz., to the spiritual, which is superior to the physical, in which Christ's miracles of healing were accomplished; and greater in that they are more enduring, since the dead souls raised to newness of life through their instrumentality are not confined to a few years of earthly life in which to enjoy the blessing bestowed on them.

send, would more than compensate for His own absence; and the more carefully we consider the vastness and importance of the Holy Spirit's work, the more fully shall we recognise the truth of Christ's assertion. Theoretically, probably, we all acknowledge the Personality and Divinity of the Holy Ghost; yet we often speak of Him as though He were merely an influence emanating from the Godhead, rather than a Person—that is, an intelligent agent; and it is comparatively seldom that we address prayer or adoration directly and definitely to the Third Person in the Trinity. Let us, however, subscribe intelligently and heartily to the articles of the Nicene Creed: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets."

And beyond all this, there is another branch of the Holy Spirit's work to which we would especially refer, because it is made prominent by the word used in the text, both in the Authorised and Revised Versions, to translate the Greek word which means "called to one's aid," especially in a court of justice, an advocate, or generally a helper, and in the New Testament *the Helper or Comforter*. How unspeakably precious is this Name, and how cheering the thought that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, will not be impatient at our griefs and troubles, nor chide us for feeling their bitterness, but will Himself help us to bear them, and will take away their sting. The office of a comforter, even of an earthly comforter, is honourable and blessed. The loving Christian who visits the abodes of suffering and bereavement, pouring words of consolation into the ear of the sorrow-stricken, inspiring fresh hope and courage, and dispelling the despair which had begun to settle down there, is not living in vain. The humblest of us, though we may think our powers of sympathising very small and our efforts bungling and unworthy, if we faithfully strive to fulfil the Apostle's injunction, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep" (*Rom. x i. 15*), may know something of the blessedness of the patriarch who said: "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to

Manifold and important is the work of the Holy Spirit, not only on behalf of the Church as a whole, but for individual disciples of Christ. It is He Who convinces of sin, reveals the plan of salvation, witnesses to adoption, unfolds the Scriptures which He originally inspired, prompts to prayer, sanctifies believers, and so vitally unites them to Christ that they are filled with Divine energy and enabled to perform what our Lord declared to be "greater works than" He Himself performed, including even His miracles—greater in their numerical

help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy" (Job xxix. 11-13). But human comfort—tender, blessed, serviceable as it often is—can hardly be compared with that which comes directly from "the God of all comfort," from the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

This title of the Holy Spirit implies an intimate acquaintance with us and with our circumstances. A would-be comforter, with the kindest heart and best intentions, if he be ignorant of the sufferer's inner experience, may easily increase the anguish which he wishes to assuage; but the Holy Spirit will never make a mistake in His dealings with us through ignorance of our feelings or circumstances. The title implies, not only knowledge of us, but love for us and sympathy with us. We might conceive an omniscient Being looking down on the working of our hearts and lives, as on the play of some curious and complicated machine, with cold, critical interest, without sympathy or emotion; but the Comforter regards us with tender affection, and our little anxieties and crosses evoke His kindly sympathy. And, better still, this title "the Comforter" implies that the Holy Spirit administers effectual consolation and relief. He not only tries to comfort, but actually consoles and strengthens. He soothes the wounded spirit by inspiring confidence in the wisdom, power, and love of our Heavenly Father, the God of providence; by imparting hopeful views as to the ultimate good of affliction and the results to be secured by our earthly discipline; by weaning our affections from worldly and sensual objects, and directing them to the things which cannot pass away; by applying the exceeding great and precious promises of God's word to our peculiar circumstances; and by filling our souls with his own deep, unruffled peace—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding" (Phil. iv. 7).

The variety and importance of the work of the Holy Spirit, then, justify the statement of the text. Quite natural is it for us to long for the presence of Our Blessed Saviour. This we still have; but it is no longer a bodily—it is a spiritual presence, and is therefore not localised, or restricted to a small portion of the earth's surface, as in the days of His flesh. The Pentecostal effusion was not a local or temporary gift. It was for all

time, and for every place. Then let us open our hearts to receive the Divine Guest, Christ's Representative in the Church and in the world; that He may dwell in us to enlighten, strengthen, and comfort; that our very bodies may be the shrines of divinity, the temples of the indwelling God; and that we may have a personal demonstration of the truth of our Lord's words to His disciples, "It is expedient for you that I go away."

"GRANNIE."

BY CHRISTOPHER HARE.
Author of "Studies in Village Life."



THEY were a fine old couple, were Timothy and Dinah Foyle, more looked up to and respected than any one else in Combe Dallwood.

They were amongst the oldest inhabitants, and would long ago have kept their golden wedding, if such a celebration had ever been heard of in those parts.

Dear old "Grannie," as every one called her; I think I see her now, with her trim figure, clad in a short brown linsey skirt, short enough to be well off the ground, and showing her white stockings and thick laced boots. She always wore a big apron, usually of lilac print with a spot, to which she was very partial, as she made her corded sun bonnets of the same stuff. Over her shoulders, a little faded check shawl was neatly folded, and the sleeves of her cotton body were well turned up from the wrists, to leave her always ready for work.

The finely moulded face, with the fixed wintry glow on her cheeks, reminded one of a Ribston pippin in colour, the firm, kindly mouth had an ever-ready smile, and the clear grey eyes looked out fearlessly on a world where she seemed to be always on the watch for some one to help and befriend. The story of her life was written

in the deep wrinkles of her pleasant face, with its softening halo of white hair, all framed and rounded off with a quaint frilling of white muslin, which had the marvellous knack of always looking as if it had been freshly quilled and got up.

What a life hers had been! The eldest of a large family, from her earliest childhood there had always been a baby for her to mind and carry about; little toddling feet to watch and guide, and weary, troublesome children to love and comfort, until the time when her next sister was old enough to help mother in her place, and she was sent out to service, that there might be one hungry mouth less to feed at home.

Time went on, and she was dairy-maid at the farm where Timothy Foyle was under carter, and when she married, she was several years older than her husband, so that, with her wifely love, was mingled a feeling of protection. Through all the troubles and cares of her wedded life, there was always something of an elder sister's care in her devotion to Timothy. Not a man in the village was looked after as he was. She made and mended and washed his clothes for him with unceasing vigilance, his meals were always ready to the minute, and the fire of sticks burning on the hearth, when he came home tired, and usually wet and muddy. However sore at heart and weary in body she might be, she was always ready to greet him with a word and smile of welcome.

She cheerfully took upon herself, at once, all the household duties in which most women would have expected the husband at least to bear a share. It was Dinah who did all the work of the allotment, which was nearly a mile off; she it was who dug and planted the ground, got up the crops, the swedes, the turnips, the potatoes, and trudged off there in all weathers to cut the cabbages — a most important crop, which would not grow well in the garden; there were always such a lot of caterpillars.

By-the-bye, the garden was the very joy of her heart, and she was justly proud of her show of flowers. The long narrow plot was gay all the year round with daffodils, stocks, and gillyflowers, with tall lilies, columbines, and roses, with pinks and Michaelmas daisies, all in their various seasons. And nowhere did sweet lavender, and "old man," and purple honesty, and "peace and plenty" flourish as they did with her.

But her garden was only the by-play of odd minutes, when the serious work of the day was done.

As time went on, her labours increased, for many children were born to her, and with so many mouths to feed, and so many little bodies to clothe and take care of, life became one long struggle, which it needed all her courage and energy to carry on. Still, true to her first guiding principle, it was she who took the lion's share of every burden. Dinah never spared herself. She it was who fetched the water for all household purposes from the stream down the village, toiling up the hill with her heavy bucket at least twice a day. Her hands, often stiff and numb with cold, scrubbed the rough stone floor, chopped up the firewood, cleaned out the pig-sty and fed the pig, leaving Timothy as his share the privilege of leaning over the pig-sty on Sunday afternoons, with his pipe in his mouth, and giving the household pet a caressing poke with his stick, to show a genial sense of ownership.

At such times, Dinah would look on with a smile of satisfaction; she was a wise woman and a philosopher in her way, and had long ago formed her own estimate of "menkind," and knew exactly what to expect of them.

She was very proud of her Timothy's personal appearance, and indeed he was a remarkably good-looking man, tall and well set up, with dark eyes and curly brown hair, and with a straight, upright carriage most unusual in an agricultural labourer.

Farmer Yeatman, for whom he worked, had been heard to say that this was not to be wondered at, as old Timothy had never been known to bend his back to a stroke of real hard work in his life.

However this might be, an unprejudiced person must own that a carter's occupation has some hardships and drawbacks of its own. To have to get up every morning of your life at about half-past three o'clock, and to go out in all weathers and grope your way through the dark lanes to the farm stables, to feed your cart-horses, is somewhat trying and monotonous when it goes on without a break, except in case of serious illness, for a matter of sixty years or so.

Just try to conceive what this means, say on a snowy winter morning; to put on heavy hob-nailed boots and gaiters above the knee, all hard and stiff with

constant wetting, and a kind of sackcloth great coat, and then step out into the darkness, holding on to the wooden railings, or feeling alongside the hedge, at the risk of slipping into the ditch full of mud and sludge. Then when he gets to the farm the poor fellow has to fetch a lantern, and after crossing a field of wet grass, to climb up a slippery ladder put against the hay-rick, steadying himself with one knee on the snow-covered thatch, to cut away a big truss of hay; then hoist it on his back and shoulders, and carry it all the way back to the cart-horses in their stable.

He usually took with him, when he set out from home in the morning, his breakfast, consisting of a pint tin of weak tea, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and a slice of blue vinny cheese.

It is true that, in the earlier days of her married life, Dinah used to get up and make her husband a cup of hot tea before he left home in the morning; but there is a limit to all mortal endurance, and after a time she had to give this up, when perhaps she had been up half the night with a sickly baby.

Alas! that was one of her greatest troubles, the children were almost always ailing. "No wonder," we should say in these days, when we learn that all the drainage and sewerage of their cottage ran into the ditch close behind, and there remained, stagnant and polluting.

Wretched indeed was that cottage home, to which Timothy Foyle was attached by every tie of old association, for it had belonged before him to his father and grandfather, who had indeed a kind of property in it, by the curious custom of those parts.

A cottage and garden would be held by some one for the space of three lives, and at the termination of one of these, it used to be optional for the holder to pay a fine to the Lord of the Manor, and so be permitted to carry on the tenure by putting in another life. He was free to select the name of the youngest and strongest person he knew;—it was, in fact, a kind of lottery.

Thus, in the case of Timothy Foyle's mother, he had chosen a child who shortly after died of measles; and then, when he wished to continue the same process, by selecting another life and paying another fine, the old Squire, Mr. Ingram's father, had refused to renew, and so the miserable property had in time fallen into his hands.

This had been a terrible grievance to

the old man, but his son Timothy was an easy, good-tempered fellow, who meekly submitted, even when—as years went by, and his children grew up and left the old home—his cottage was divided to make room for a newly married couple in the other half, and he was charged a shilling a week rent for the half of it.

In truth, this small sum would not have been sufficient to keep the place in good repair, had it been spent for that purpose. As it was, the rain came through the thatch in places; the door hung loosely on its hinges, leaving a vacant space where the wind blew in; the chimney was out of repair and smoked badly; many of the tiny latticed window panes were broken; and the stone floor, made of rough pitching stones, became each year more and more damp and uneven.

But all this was an old story to Dinah, and she was not one to sit down and lament over what could not be cured. She did her best to make the poor home as comfortable as possible. A kind of wooden screen was rigged up inside the door to keep away the draught from the chimney corner, and this she had pasted all over with old picture papers which were also made use of in other places to hide the uneven surface of the rough stone walls. Every spring she gave a coat of whitewash herself to all the inside, a work of necessity indeed, for the low ceiling used to get black with smoke in a few months, though the door was mostly kept open in all weathers, and a little short curtain was hung across the whole width of the chimney corner, to try and persuade the smoke to go up the chimney.

"Grannie" was a wonderful woman. After all she had gone through in those past years, she was still hale and hearty at eighty-three, and able to go out at harvest time with the rest of the village, and even take her share of reaping.

Poor old body! She could not bear to give up; and yet it must have been exceedingly hard work at her age to bend over the corn, and swing the sickle, under the scorching sun; indeed she did own when she reached home at night that it "made her back yache."

She was usually a silent, reserved woman, but if you could get her to talk of old times, it was good to hear the tale of the past, told with her shrewd mother wit.

"I beant no scholard, maäster, nay nor

Timothy nayther, wuss luck! We hadn' a gotten the chance, not we ould uns; there wasn' nar a school in them days. And when our childern was all little uns to hoam, Paäson he did zay: 'Do 'ee zend em down to school, to get some book-larin''; but there, Lor' bless 'ee, whatever could us do? It were tar'ble hard for we, all they hungry mouths to feed, and I've a knowed many a time when there was nar a bit o' nothing in the pot for dinner but big yaller swedes. So when t'ould farmer—not this un, but his vather—zays to I: 'Tell 'ee what, I'll give 'ee two shillin' a week for that Dick o' your'n to help with th' plow—I be a vair man and ask 'ee plain'—why there, we let un go, and he warn't no more nor eight year old, poor little chap!

"He'd come hoam wi's bare veet all cut and a'most shrammed wi' could, along a drevin th' plow droo the mud and the vurrows. And the dear lad, he'd be that weary and dummel, many's the time I've a knowed he go straight off to's bed, and never touch a bite o' zupper."

Poor Grannie! As she recalled the hardships her boys had gone through, one after the other, in those bygone years, her eyes were dimmed with tears, which she wiped off with the back of her hand, turning aside to hide them.

"Then did none of your children go to school?" I asked presently.

"Ay, we let Paäson ha' the maäds down to school; they couldn't yarn two shillin'a week, look' ee, same as our boys," she replied.

"Polly now, her got on fine wi' her larin' and took kindly to her needle, and Paäson's leady, her were main good to un, and give she and the little uns frocks and pinnys. Her were quite a scholard, were our Polly, and her'd read beautiful to we out o' vather's Bible of a Zunday. Jem Barton come a courten she, and her be wed now and bides down to Mere, and be a tidy, bus'len woman wi' a mort o' childern. That be her little Janie as comes to bide along o' we, now ad agen. The very moral of her mother, she be."

"All your children seem to have turned out very well, Grannie; but surely those fine big sons of yours were not brought up on swedes?"

The old woman looked up with a sudden smile, which lighted up all 'er face: to say one word in praise of her "boys," as she still called those grisly, middle-aged men, was the surest road to her heart.

Then while her head gave a pathetic accompaniment with its tremulous shaking, she went on to tell me more about those old times.

It had been a very hard life, with poor living for them all, but one thing she laid great stress upon: always she had made her own bread, baking it in the brick oven built against the side of the cottage, which had to be filled up with sticks, the fire kindled, all burnt and raked out; leaving the oven ready for the big loaves, of which enough were made at one time to last the whole family for a week at least. She was very scornful on the subject of "boughten bread," with which the women feed their children in these degenerate days, to save themselves trouble; there was no "heart" in it, she said.

As her boys grew older and were able to earn more wages, while still living at home, the family was comparatively well off, and could afford to live better and have fat bacon more frequently.

This was mostly of her own curing, for there was always a succession of "pig" in the sty; beginning quite little and steadily growing on till it was scarcely able to move, so big and fat was it; then its day came . . . and its successor reigned in its stead.

The bacon was all dried and kept in a rack under the low ceiling, and to an unprejudiced palate it always tasted of that rack.

Then, too, the sons helped in the allotment, which produced fuller crops, "a rare lot o' taties" sometimes. But now times had changed, for all the family were married or dispersed except the youngest son, Ted, who had come back to the old people, crippled with rheumatism.

He was a queer character, was Ted Foyle. Even the familiar country saying that "Housen were made to sleep in, not to bide in," hardly went far enough in his case. Life in the open air was to him such a second nature that, ever since he was a lad, he would sleep by preference under a hedge, or in an outhouse, rather than in the stifling, crowded bedroom, where every breath of air was carefully excluded.

He had come back from a spell of work in another part of the county, to find that his home was reduced to two rooms, but this made very little difference to him; he simply put a heap of straw in the woodshed and slept there. No one interfered with him, for Ted was a handy workman in his way; he was

always ready for any odd job, and was the best thatcher in the village.

In his quiet, undemonstrative way, he was very fond of his old mother, and in her last illness it was touching to see what a tender nurse the big, rough fellow could be.

Poor old Grannie! Her last thoughts and her last words were for him, her Benjamin.

I shall never forget the scene at her deathbed. Unselfish to the last, she had sent her poor old husband downstairs, where he sat in the chimney corner, with his head buried in his hands; while Ted stood near the top of the narrow stairs, which went straight up from the lower room to the upper one, without any door or passage.

"Thee be a good lad, Ted," said the feeble voice in quavering tones, "and keep theeself clean, and thee mind what Paäson say to thee down to Church, and coom along to I in Heaven."

Then she turned her face away to the wall, and never said another word till the end came.

With her last failing strength she had put ready her final raiment, all neatly starched and quilled, and her daughter Polly knew where to find it.

All the village turned out to do homage to dear old Grannie's funeral, and not a soul there but felt the loss of a friend who was always ready with help and sympathy in every trouble.

Poor old Timothy was quite crushed with the feeling of his helplessness now that his guiding spirit was gone, but the expression of his grief took a strange form, as he muttered,—

"Whatever will I do now, Paäson? Who'll go down to shop for I, now her be gone?"

It was no lack of feeling on his part, poor man; it was simply the first touch of the overwhelming sense of loss, which was his deathblow.

He lingered on for a few months, almost in second childishness; a mere drifting wreck, now that the pilot of his life was taken from him.

Then they carried him down to his last rest by her side.

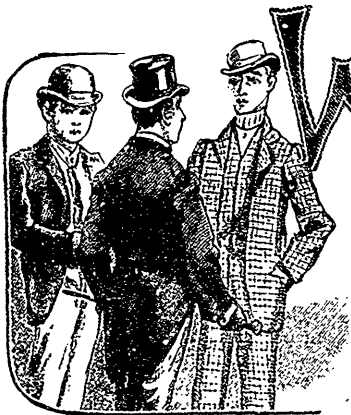
IN TIME.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.,

Author of "The Patience of Tove," "Strayed East," "The Rose of Truscott's Alley," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.



WITHOUT any unusual incidents troubling the peace of Marksman House life went on for some months. In business Cragey was doing well enough to satisfy his employers, but out of it he had not shaken off the reputation which his first associations with Jenks had given him. Critters still invited him, now and then, to some lecture or meeting which would, he thought, be useful. But, unhappily, Cragey's tastes did not run very much in this direction. Moreover, he had told himself that Critters only asked for his company as a matter of duty. Now, the sturdy Suffolk lad did not want to be patronised by anybody, and of late Critters' kindly and well-meant invitations had all been declined. It is not so easy, so Critters found, to do good

when you fain would be your "brother's keeper."

Summer came, and nowhere did the sun's rays seem to strike down with greater force than in the City streets and lanes around the premises of Marksman & Hunter. Fine ladies who entered the shop sometimes condescendingly said that it was quite pleasant to get in there out of the sunlight; but if they had been compelled to spend the whole day in its atmosphere, they would hardly have called the experience pleasant. Often enough, too, when the day's work was over, everybody felt too weary and spiritless to care about any journey long enough

to bring them in sight of green fields and pure air, even in the parks.

But Saturday afternoon at least offered some chance of healthy recreation, and of that everybody gladly took advantage. Some played cricket, others went on the river, and not a few found their chief pleasure in making up little parties for country excursions. It was for one of these that Jenks again approached Cragey.

This time he was prompted by no particular feeling of friendship or enmity. The simple fact was that they wanted a few more to make up the number of the party, and get their railway tickets cheaper, and Jenks had made himself responsible for one. Cragey occurred to him as a very likely person for his purpose.

He was not mistaken. "I should very much like to come," said Cragey; but in a moment he added, "only I'm very short of cash, and I don't think I have enough to carry me through."

"Nonsense," said Jenks.

"All right—'nonsense' if you like; but I can't come."

"Look here," said Jenks, after a moment's hesitation: "I'll lend you a couple of hob; that will cover everything."

"Thanks, very much; but I don't like borrowing. My father—"

"Oh, if you are going to drag the family into the business again, I shall cry off."

Here was the "way of escape" for Cragey if he had really wished to take it. But Jenks' words hinted that he, Cragey, was a weak-minded fellow, quite incapable of managing his own affairs without incessant advice from home. He was foolish enough to think this a very serious imputation upon his character as a young man, and at once began to waver about the excursion.

"Oh, I don't want to do that," he hastily explained, "only borrowing is a bad habit I don't care to get into."

"Excellent youth!" said the tempter. "Long may you keep those principles up! But it strikes me that you will often find yourself in a pretty hole if you do. Is there any disgrace in taking advantage of a friend's kindness?"



"TRY THESE, MAN!"

"No, I don't know that there is any disgrace, but——"

"Oh, all right; if you stick to the 'buts,' I must be going."

"What a frightful hurry you are in! I was only going to say that I hardly liked taking advantage of your offer."

"Humbug! I'll take advantage of yours some day; see if I don't."

So the money passed, and Cragey was booked for that Saturday's jaunt. Again conscience accused him.

When the day came, and the company met at London Bridge Station, Cragey did not much admire some of his new companions. One tall, sallow youth seemed to him the very model of all the things which he, Walter Cragey, did not wish to be. He answered to the name of Patsford. Compelled by the rules of his house to dress quietly during business hours, he made up for this by the splendour of his raiment when out of business. His shirt-front, collar, and cuffs showed a gorgeous pattern of pink bars on a white ground. A tourist suit of large check tweed ("This style at 42s.") showed that he was, for a few hours at least, his own master. A brown felt hat was set jauntily upon the side of his head, and a penny eyeglass jingled against his watch-chain. During the day Cragey noticed that Patsford sometimes went a little apart from the company,

and made frantic efforts to screw the eyeglass into position. But his expressionless face was so very much of a dead level that the eyeglass never would stay in its place for more than two seconds. This was not the only disadvantage. The City youth will endure patiently many odd and foolish things from his companions, but he is disposed to draw the line at an eyeglass. Thus Patsford's equipment was made the subject of many jokes.

These, however, he took from them with some complacency. They seemed to him fit and proper signs that he had marked himself off from the common herd of shop-assistants, and was a very superior person indeed. Happily, too, Nature had given him a rather dense intellect, and he did not see a joke or feel it as his critics would have wished.

He had arrived early, and was walking up and down the platform with the air of one to whom the entire place belonged.

"Excuse me, sir," said a serious-looking little personage, who suddenly left a group of friends and approached Patsford, "but are you anybody in particular?"

Patsford knew nothing of Theodore Hook's old jest. He stammered, and gasped wildly at his eyeglass.

"By your leave!" shouted a porter, thrusting a truck of luggage against him from behind.

Patsford hastily turned, alike to skip out of the way and to denounce the porter. But when he looked around for his questioner the serious-looking person was again amongst his friends, who seemed to be enjoying something very much.

Then Patsford was able to give some attention to his light trousers, which were none the better for contact with the dirty wheel of the luggage truck.

He had made two or three vain attempts to get his eyeglass into position in order to examine the amount of his damage, when a youthful Scotch assistant, anxious to stand well in the graces of so gorgeous a person, snatched off his old thick-rimmed spectacles, and thrust them into Patsford's hand.

"Try these, man!" said the eager youth.

"Get away, you Scotch donkey!" was Patsford's angry reply. "Do you think I'm blind?"

"Well," said the other, "as you wear an eyeglass I thought you wanted help."

"So I do, but not that kind of thing."

"No, my boy," added Jenks, who came up in time to hear this dialogue, "a pennyworth of window-glass will serve your purpose as well, eh?"

Patsford looked at his tormentors in silent contempt, and at once made for the refreshment rooms, where, in exchanging some very foolish, but, as he thought, smart remarks with a pert barmaid, he worked himself back to the old self-satisfied mood.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

The Returned Missionary.

THE returned missionary, said one of them the other day, "is like Noah's dove. He has no rest for the sole of his feet." How few think of this!

"We must have a real live missionary, they say, 'for our annual sermons' for our meeting. And the missionary has come home in broken health or worn out with years of toil. He must hurry from place to place, preaching, addressing, talking incessantly to fresh sets of people, who in public and private ply him with all sorts of questions, fatigued with journeying and constant mental effort. Some enjoy it, but many more suffer for their labours. The doctors tell us that Bishop Hill met with his death in Africa because he was exhausted with his deputational work in England, and had not strength enough left to battle with the deadly fever. Will the day never come when people will allow the returned missionary an honoured rest?"

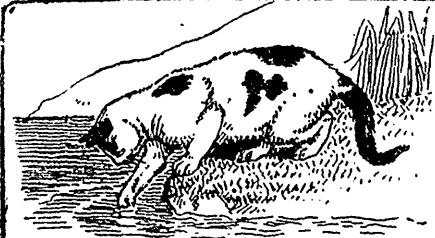
"More Workers Wanted."

THERE is news of great blessing on the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the Telugu country, in the Madras Presidency. Whole villages are seeking to know about Jesus. The missionaries exact as an evidence of the reality of their desire, that each village shall erect a prayer-house. In their eagerness, many villages have put up a house for a teacher too. All these are exceedingly poor people. In the year 1890 more than two thousand of them were baptised. It is sad to learn that many villages have to wait in vain for teachers.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND THE BEGGAR.—The following story, says the Rev. J. N. Hoare, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, was told by Carlyle to Mr. Gerald Blunt, Rector of Chelsea: "When he, Carlyle, was a boy of about six years of age, being left alone in the house one winter's day, an old man came to the door to ask for something to eat. There was not any food in the house; but the boy bid the man wait while he dragged a form in front of the dresser. He took down his money box; this he broke, and gave the old man all the money in it; 'and,' said Carlyle, 'I never knew before what the joy of Heaven was like!'"

A MODEST AUTHOR.—One day a man came to see my father, and brought with him a MS. As he laid it on the table he said, "Mr. Murray, here is a book which has cost me many years of hard labour. The preparation of it has afforded me the greatest interest, but I can hardly hope that it will prove of any interest to the general public. Will you bring it out for me, as you have done my other books?" The author was Charles Darwin, and the book was his famous work on "Earthworms," which in the course of three months reached a fifth edition.—JOHN MURRAY in *Good Words*.

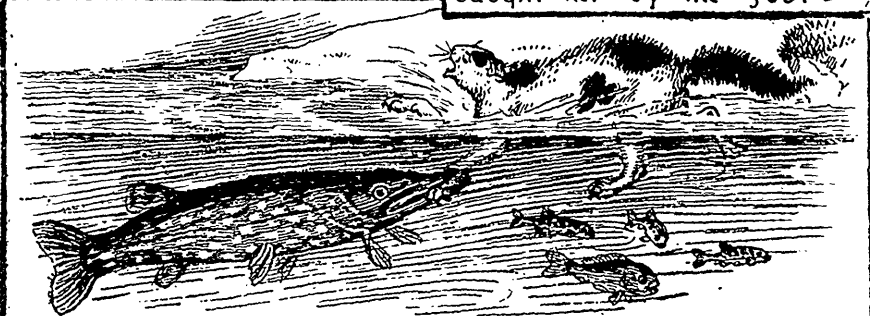
A FISHING CATASTROPHE; OR, POOR PUSS AND THE PIKE.



There was once a little cat who used to go fishing.



But one day a big Pike caught her by the foot.



and he pulled her into the water and gave her such a ducking, it made the little fishes laugh.



Puss was very glad to escape alive!

A. Headen.



So now she stays at home and attends to her own business.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XVII. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is useful when we take our tea,
 My second when our boat puts out to sea.
 My third is of the infant's earliest word,
 My fourth a female name we all have heard,
 My fifth in every case is always single,
 My sixth makes red-hot iron tingle.
 The Initials and Finals of my whole
 Give daily comfort to many a soul.

XVIII. CONUNDRUM.

11. What is always last in summer and winter alike? [relents?]
12. When is butter like a stern parent who

XIX. DECAPITATION.

Whole I am something which children enjoy,
 my beginning and ending are a delightful beverage, heed me, and you have what we all do frequently.



"Our Heroes."

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

(Respectfully Inscribed to Dr. F. R. LEES, F.S.A., Edin.)

Words by FREDK. SHERLOCK.
(Editor of *The Church Monthly*.)

Music by G. C. MARTIN, Mus. Doc.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

mf

Vigorous.

1. We sing the glorious-heart-ed band Who in the days of old Gave up their time to free our land From

Al-co-hol's grim hold! They heed-ed not the scorn and sneers Of those who thought them wrong, But

molto rall. *Slower, and with great emphasis.*

brave-ly fought all doubts and fears, And kept their courage strong! All hail we then The no-ble men! The

men who led the fight! We say a-gain, "God bless the men Who live for Truth and Right!"

2.

Come, patriots, join us in our song!
Sing of the good and true,
Who worked with mind, and pen, and tongue,
Who strove that we and you
Might find ourselves in happier days,
With less of sin and strife;
Come, give these heroes hearty praise,
The dead—and those in life!
Chorus—All hail! &c.

3.

Wherever Temperance men are found,
Where'er the Truth is sown,
The praises of these men shall sound,
Their noble deeds be known!
We Britons never can forget
These heroes we have seen,
The happy hours when they we met
Shall keep their memories green!
Chorus—All hail! &c.

OUR INDIAN WORK.

A visitor to the Missions of our Church on the Indian Reserves cannot but be struck with the work of education amongst the young.

Last week, Miss Turner, who has been acting as Matron at St. John's Home, Blackfoot Reserve; and Miss Macklem of Toronto visited the Blood and Peigan Missions at the request of the Toronto W. A. M. A. They were accompanied by the Rev. J. W. Tims. Sunday and Monday were spent at St. Paul's Mission, Blood Reserve, where there were over seventy boys and girls under Christian instruction.

The accommodation for pupils is about to be increased through the liberality of a friend whose name is withheld, and there will then be room for about a hundred children.

The service on Sunday morning consisted of Morning Prayer in English and portions of the Ante-Communion Service: a address in Blackfoot. The young people were nearly all supplied with prayer and hymn books and followed the service better than an average English congregation.

The buildings at the Mission consist of missionary's residence with girls' home attached; school room with chancel separated by sliding doors and only thrown open for services; boys' home, teachers' dwelling, laundry where four girls were seen on Monday doing washing for the whole establishment, convenient stables and wagon shed, the latter at the present time being filled with stores since the old store room has been fitted up as an extra dormitory for girls.

The Rev. F. Hockley, ordained on 16th June, has joined the Rev. F. Swainson in this mission. His chief work for the present will be the study of the language, and we wish him God speed in his new sphere of work.

On Tuesday the party drove to the Peigan Reserve and spent a night at the Mission there.

They were welcomed by the Rev. J. Hinchliffe and Miss Brown, Ontario's Lady Missionary. Here there were six girls and seventeen boys, some pupils having recently been discharged on account of ill health. The children's quarters were comfortably furnished, thanks to the kindness of Eastern friends, but Mr. Hinchliffe experienced great difficulty in finding sufficient money to carry on the work,

notwithstanding the grant in aid from the Government.

Here they saw Jack Strong Buffalo, who appears to have enjoyed immensely his visit to England, but feels much disappointed at not having obtained an interview with her Gracious Majesty, the Queen.

Mr. Hinchliffe hopes to erect a church this year on the Reserve, and amongst the names on the subscription list he had Jack Strong Buffalo and other Indians, who have already paid in \$14.00, and promised to do some of the hauling.

The party returned to the Blackfoot Reserve on Thursday morning, and left for the East on the 23rd, taking with them a Blackfoot boy twelve months old, who will be brought up and educated by them.

 DIOCESAN NOTES.

A fire broke out in the teachers' residence, Eagle Run's Camp, Blackfoot Reserve, one morning early in June and in a few minutes both residence and school room were burned to the ground. Mr. and Mrs. Mahood escaped with but little of their furniture. Beds, bedding, clothing, and other valuables were lost to the extent of some \$300 or \$400. The loss of property to the mission is \$450, and to the Government \$100.

Rev. H. A. Gray, B. A., has been licensed to the curacy of Holy Trinity Church, South Edmonton, and Rev. E. F. Hockley to the curacy of St. Paul's, Blood Reserve.

Immanuel Parish, Wetaskiwin, has been canonically defined.

The Rev. J. H. Lambert, M. A., Oxford, Rector of Pencombe, and Vicar of Marston Stannet, Diocese of Hereford, who has bought 640 acres of land near the Forks of the Saskatchewan, has reported himself to the Bishop for work, after he has had a few months' holiday. He is accompanied by his wife and children as well as by two Oxford men.

The Innisfail Mission, which includes Innisfail, Olds, Bowden, Penhold, Wavy Lake etc., has been offered to Rev. L. J. H. Wooden of the Diocese of Kansas by whom it has been

accepted. Mr. Wooden is an American and his wife is an Englishwoman. Many Canadian clergymen go to the States, it seldom happens that an American clergyman comes to work in Canada. He is expected in August.

The people of St. Paul's Parish, Prince Albert, are actively engaged in the erection of a parsonage for Rev. Harold Foote.

PINCHER CREEK.

An oversight of some importance took place in your correspondent's item for June. The Guild of St. John's, besides reducing the mortgage on the rectory property by \$300, also spent the sum of \$50 in improvements on the building. These improvements were much needed, and when done added greatly to the comfort of the Incumbent and his wife. The Guild are anxious to raise further funds, and are just now talking of an entertainment of some kind, which we hope will materialise through the summer sometime.

In looking over the enclosure within which our little church stands, one's eye is offended by the leaning over of some of the fence posts. The present fence was erected some four years ago, and as the timber used generally does not seem to stand for a longer period than this, it would be a labour of love for some members of the congregation, who are able, to replace this shabby structure with one that would add to the greater neatness and beauty of the premises.—something in keeping with the neat, substantial gate, which was made and placed in position by an individual member of the church. The Incumbent or churchwardens would be glad to have suggestions from any who wish particularly to interest themselves in this. We cannot do too much for the house of God, nor for the beautifying of the grounds upon which that House of God stands. The internal arrangements for Public Worship and for the convenience of worshippers might well compare favourably with older and more favoured parishes, but the ascent with which we go up to the House of the Lord as necessity demands should also receive some attention at our hands.

The cemetery grounds are also requiring oversight, more particularly now, as lately some handsome memorials have been erected

to some "who have fallen asleep." The wish of the officers of the church is that the present acre be divided into four quarters and marked off in lots, duly numbered, so that difficulty in finding graves may be obviated.

The promise of good fir posts and a roll of barbed wire has been made by two individuals, and probably when the time arrives for the erection of the fence, there will be others ready to offer voluntary labour in the digging and setting up if it is necessary.

We have a little contention just now in the matter of "conduct of service," but it is hoped that love for God, and for His church, will much more greatly abound, to the restraining of our personal opinions, and to the edifying of the Body of Christ.

THE BLACKFOOT MISSION.

The Rev. J. W. Tims, who has been a Missionary on the Blackfoot Reserve for the past twelve years, has just retired from the direct supervision of that mission, and applied to the Church Missionary Society for removal to some other sphere of work in the Diocese.

When the boarding school system was introduced on the Reserves in this Diocese, they were without government support, and children were permitted to enter and leave at the will of the parents. Since the Government has undertaken to support this work by grants-in-aid, it has made regulations about the detention of children in the schools that have been particularly obnoxious to the Blackfoot parents, although there is no doubt that they are for the welfare of the young and in the interests of education. The burden of carrying out these regulations has fallen on Mr. Tims, as principal of the schools, and the Indians, having got it into their heads that Mr. Tims is the originator of them, made things so unpleasant for him that he felt it best to retire.

Since the murder of Mr. Skryner and the shooting of his murderer the Indians have been excited and menacing towards missionaries and government officials on the Reserve, and for some time the greatest fear was entertained lest they should commence a revolt. There is no doubt that several grievances the Indians have, the school question amongst them, accounts for this state of affairs; but the recent visit of the Indian Commissioner will have a beneficial effect as any grievances the Indians have are sure to receive attention at his hands.

The C. M. S. Finance Committee has recommended the appointment of the Rev. H. W. G. Stocken as Mr. Tims' successor, but until the mind of the Committee in England is known Mr. Tims will continue to manage the affairs of the Mission.



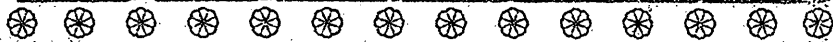
It is important

That we should have a few more subscribers in Lethbridge, Macleod, Innisfail, and Edmonton. Our subscribers in these places are not as numerous as they should be.

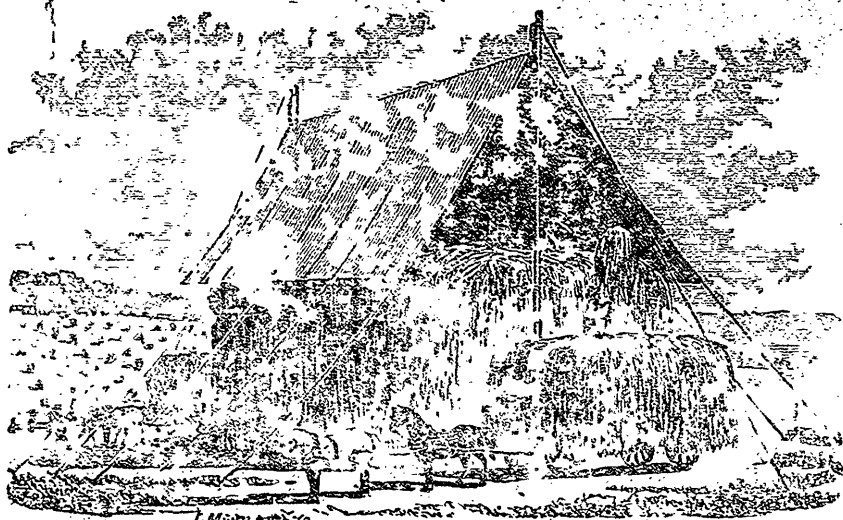
Send fifty cents for a year's subscription. You will get twice your money's worth, and also help along a good work. —The Gibson Printing Co., Calgary.



Calgary Tent and Mattress Factory.



TACK COVERS A SPECIALTY.



Tents, Awnings, Mattresses, Pillows, and Camp
Furniture Supplied.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

NEWHAM & CO.

P. O. Box 258.

Calgary, Al.