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St. James' Church,

STRATFORD,

PARISH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1, 1893.

SERVICES :

SUNDAYS.—Morning Prayer at 11 a m. Evening Prayer at 7 p.m.  
Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month  
at 11 a m. ; on the third Sunday in the month at  
8 a.m.

Baptisms every Sunday at 2:15 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Class at 3 p.m.

SAINTS' DAYS.—Services at 5 p.m.

RECTOR—REV. DAVID WILLIAMS, M. A.

Churchwardens,

Mr. E. Sydney-Smith. Mr. Wm. Maynard.

Trustees,

His Honor Judge Woods. Mr. S. R. Hesson. Mr. S. S. Fuller.

Organist,

Choirmaster,

Mrs. R. Smith.

Mr. Clarence W. Young

Sunday School Officers,

Superintend't, Rev. D. Williams, Ass't. Sup'ts., Mr. S. R. Hesson,  
and Mr. H. W. Copus.

Sec-Treas, Mr. H. Patterson.

Librarian, Mr. Wm. Watson

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## Parochial Organizations.

### WOMEN'S CHAPTER.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, \_\_\_\_\_; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Lawrence; Secretary, Miss Irvine. No. of members, 31. Regular meeting first Monday in the month.

### WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

President, Mrs. Williams; Vice-President, \_\_\_\_\_; Treasurer, Mrs. Burton; Recording Secretary, Miss Hay; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Dent. Members of the local Board of Management, Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Buckingham. No. of members, 27.

### BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

President, the Rector; Lay Director, Wm. Maynard; Treasurer, M. H. Westbrook; Secretary, R. Neild; Hospitality Committee, M. H. Westbrook and J. Squares. No. of members, 18. Time of meeting, every Monday at 8 p. m.

### DISTRICT VISITORS.

President, Mrs. Beatty; Treasurer, Mrs. Johnson; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Regular meeting last Thursday in the month.

### YOUNG WOMEN'S GUILD.

President, Miss B. Hesson; Vice-President, Miss Carpenter; Secretary, Miss E. M. Smith; Treasurer, Miss S. Watson. Executive Committee, Misses Burritt, Spencer and Kuller. Time and place of meeting, every Monday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock p.m.

### KING'S DAUGHTERS.

No. of members, 27. Leader, Mrs. Mooney. Time of meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

## Parish Register.

### BAPTISMS.

July 2nd, Allan Metcalf Workman, Daly Ave.; Joseph Alexander Foster, Daley Ave. July 16th, Lida Marion Ellison, Gore st.; Lillian Alice Ellison, Gore st. July 23rd, Mary Macfarlane Woods, and Thomas Stafford Woods, John st.; John James Cartledge, Lorne Edward Cartledge, and Arthur Roy Cartledge, Ellice. July 29th, Leonard Earl Brooker, St. David st.

### CONFIRMATIONS.

Maud Ethel Patillo, William George Patillo, Bertha McLellan, Minnie Thompson, Edith Lucy Beatty, Bessie Workman, Jennie Prendergast, Herbert Robert Neild, Matilda Neild, George MacKenzie Patterson, Sarah Elizabeth Allen, Charlotte Mabel Allen, Julia Beatrice Macfarlane, William Dick, Ethel Mary Lane, Nina May Muma, John Frederick Poland, Catherine Cordella Poland, Thomas Stafford Woods, Francis Widmere Clarke, Ernest Victor Burwell, Mary Macfarlane Woods, Margaret Louise Thistle, Matilda Macdonald, Mary Jamieson, James Martha Emma James, Emily Grace Horne, Mary Anne Roberts, Frank Deacon Vanstone, Ernest Randolph Clarke, Hannah Maria Bradford, Thomas Francis Burton, William Andrew Hesson, Thomas Holliday, Hester Murray Young, Andrew Herbert Monteith, Charles Edmund Barrot, Lillian Maud Fraser, Stanley Lane, Hester Hinchcliffe, Anne Eleanor Thistle, Mary Anne Cardwell, Arthur Joseph Thistle, Alfred Thomas Thistle, Phineas Robert Cardwell, Laura Ellen Thompson, Annie Maze, John Sowerby, Mary Jane Worden, Catherine Jane Ridley, John Nelson Fitchitt, Annettie Cecelia Gertrude Fitchitt, Samuel Moffatt, Sarah Moffatt, James Maze, William Makins (jr), Jennie Makins, Alfred Schmidt. The above were confirmed by the Bishop of Huron, and admitted to Holy Communion on Sunday July 23rd, 1893.

### MARRIAGES.

Stuart-Cook: On July 13th, James Russell Stuart to Ethel Mary Cook, both of Stratford.

### BURIALS.

July 6th, James Steet, Gore St.; July 9th, William Mitchell, William St.; July 16th, William P. Pinder Ellice; July 19th, Elizabeth T. Rowlands, Woodstock; July 20th, Francis Irwin, South St.; July 25th, Jane Wade, Waterloo St.

## The Offertory.

In accordance with his kind promise at the Easter Vestry, Mr. Yorick has already begun the work of increasing the envelope contributions, and so far has met with uniform kindness and on the whole a liberal response. Among other reasons for supporting the Church we would commend the following: (1) If the Church is to exist at all as an organization for carrying on Christian work, it obviously on all business principles should receive not only casual but the regular support of its adherents. (2) The fundamental principle of the Christian life is sacrifice—the sacrifice of the Cross being the supreme example of it, therefore there must be a certain amount of sacrifice in our service to God if it is at all a truly Christian service. And although this principle will show itself in an infinite variety of ways, still one very important and practical way is in the Offertory. (3) Our offerings are a fair test of our appreciation of the blessings of Christ and of the sincerity of our professions. A service in which we are not ready to give something which we value cannot be either very near our own hearts or very acceptable to God. It is only upon what is near and dear to our hearts that we spend effort and money; and if religion is such to

(Continued on 3rd page of Cover.)



## LESSONS IN PRAYER BOOK STUDY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY, D.D.,

*Canon of Windsor; Author of "The Teacher's Prayer Book," etc.*

### THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE PRAYER BOOK.\*

**T**HE true character of our Prayer Book is remarkably illustrated by study of its subsequent history, adding to our consideration of the main principles of its original composition some brief notice of the significance of the various revisions which it underwent between 1549 and 1662. For these revisions arose from the critical examination and testing of these principles, and resulted in the maintenance of them in substance, under some not unimportant modifications of detail.

I. Now, both in the formation and the various changes of the Prayer Book during this period, we trace the co-existence of two main ideas of Divine Service, which are apt sometimes to be in conflict although they ought to be in perfect harmony. On the one hand, in the Service there is, in virtue of our Lord's own promise, the manifestation of God in Christ to His people, through His Word, and through His sacraments. This element of the Service is, to use a common phrase, "objective,"—that is, absolute, independent of the spiritual condition of the worshippers. The Word and the Sacraments are what they are, "whether men will hear, or, whether they will forbear." On the other hand, there is in the Service the response of the people, through Christ as their Head, to this manifestation of God, in praise and thanksgiving, in the utterance of faith, in the offering of prayer. This element is (to adopt once more the corresponding phrase) "subjective"; its vitality depends on the faith of the recipients, the Divine manifestation, in any case real in itself, has reality to them only on condition of

faith; just as, when our Lord was upon earth, the virtue to heal was absolutely in Him through the indwelling of Godhead in His humanity, but only by the touch of faith could be so drawn out as to make a sufferer whole. Now the subjective element is necessarily personal and individual; for in the realisation of God by faith each man must stand alone, face to face with Him. Accordingly, since the main principle of what is now vaguely called "Protestantism" is undoubtedly the assertion of religious individuality, the tendency to lay stress upon this element of Divine Service was strongest in those who most emphasized this principle, and is often roughly designated as the "Protestant tendency." On the other hand, in the recognition of the objective or absolute element of the Service, it is clear that individuality passes out of sight; the manifestation of God is made to the whole body of His Church, especially in the Holy Sacraments, by which men are grafted into that body, and sustained in the corporate Communion with God, which is its life. Hence those who delight to dwell mainly upon the reality and sacredness of the Communion of Saints, have a natural tendency to lay stress on the objective rather than the subjective; and hence this tendency in our Service is often called the "Catholic tendency." It is, of course, clear that, as man's nature is at once individual and social, and as in the covenant with God he still retains his own personality, while in faith he rests that personality wholly on Him, the two ideas are in no sense opposed to each other; on the contrary, they ought to be in harmony, for each

\* This paper is supplemental to the Series which Bishop Barry contributed to our pages last year.

needs and implies the other. But, in actual fact, we find that in the religious life, either of an individual or of a community, one or other is apt to predominate, perhaps to excess; and it is only by a process of vicissitude, and even conflict, that the true relation between them is finally established.

II. Such process we can, I think, distinctly trace in the various revisions through which our Prayer Book passed. These fall into two chief periods. The Prayer Book of 1549 was substantially a reformed "Sarum Use," clearly recognising the subjective element in Divine Service, but subordinating it to the old Catholic conception of that Service, preserved on the ancient lines. With it, in all probability, our English Reformers would have long remained content, had it not been for the growing influence of Continental Protestantism; in which, moreover, the revolutionary spirit of Calvinism was beginning to predominate over the more conservative Lutheran movement. The result of this strongly Protestant influence, backed as it was somewhat recklessly by the power of the Government, and unhappily associated with much of violence and rashness, was to force on the Church a revision of the Prayer Book in 1552. The tendency of that Revision was obviously in the "Protestant" direction. It showed itself, generally, in simplification of ceremonial and ritual, and in rejection of some ancient usages, which the earlier Prayer Book had retained. But the one most important and significant change was in the Office of Holy Communion—altering its ancient order, limiting the prayer for the whole Church to "the Church Militant on earth," changing the Pray<sup>r</sup> of Consecration so as to omit the invocation of the Holy Spirit, and the oblation of "the Memorial which Thy Blessed Son commanded us to make," altering the words of Administration, and inserting the well-known "Black Rubric" (or "Declaration on Kneeling"), denying (as it then stood) any "real and essential Presence" of Christ in His Holy Sacrament.

This revised Prayer Book could have hardly come much into use; for it was swept away by the Marian reaction in 1553. That reaction itself was largely

caused by resentment against the high-handed and reckless policy of the last years of Edward VI.; and it should be remembered that, in the first instance, it simply proposed to revert to the condition of things at the death of Henry VIII. Only under strong pressure from the Queen herself under the Spanish influence, was it carried on, somewhat reluctantly, to formal submission to Rome, and it was at once destroyed by revulsion of feeling against the Marian persecution.

With the accession of Elizabeth the restoration of the Prayer Book was a thing of course. But not without a second revision, made—against, it is said, the Queen's own wish—on the basis, not of 1549, but of 1552, yet designed to undo in some points the changes which had been already made, and to harmonize better the old and the new. This design is seen in the restoration (permissive, as it was understood) of the old vestments, the omission of the "Black Rubric," and of the Suffrage in the Litany against the Pope. But it is in the words of Administration in the Holy Communion that its idea comes out with absolute clearness. The Prayer Book of 1549 had only what is now the first clause, the clause of Benediction, dwelling on the saving power of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Holy Sacrament. The Prayer Book of 1552 struck this out, and substituted what is now the second clause—a clause of exhortation "to take and eat" or "drink in remembrance" of Christ's death, in the spirit of faith with thanksgiving. In the revision of 1559 both were happily united not by compromise, but by comprehension; and so the objective and subjective, the reality of Christ's spiritual Presence, and the reality of its reception through faith alone, were brought into a perfect harmony.

III. This marks the first stage in the history of our Prayer Book. The Prayer Book of 1559 was the first that was used for any length of time. It stood unaltered for about fifty years; for a time it was almost universally accepted, and it is all but certain that the Pope himself, Pius IV., offered to sanction its use, if the English Church would once more acknowledge the Roman supremacy.

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TREAT old age with great reverence and tenderness.—ZOROASTER.  
DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—FRANKLIN.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

## JOHN HARKER'S BOND.

BY E. A. CAMPBELL,

*Author of "A Good Position," "Nellie's Firstfruits," "Miss Priss," etc.*

## CHAPTER III.

## "MAN AND WIFE."



WELL, John, I hope 'twas to settle his bill that Mr. Atherfield came riding down to-day," said Mrs. Harker to her husband, the village wheelwright.

"Why, no, wife," replied John, somewhat in confusion, "'twas not 'zackly that."

"Then what did 'ee want wi' pen and ink, for I saw 'ee run out wi' inkstand as I come in from the ch'ken? You haven't never put your name to any of his bills again, I do hope, John?"

"Well, wife, don't you see, 'twas right the time afore, so why shouldn't I help a neighbour over a temp'rary trouble?"

"Temp'rary fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Mrs. Harker in high dudgeon; "you'll get let in, sure as you're a livin' man, John. What's Mr. Atherfield got to be in trouble

about if he'd stay at home and not go tailing about the country to all the race meetings? Nay, John, 'tis no use to tell me; I knows all about it; and I don't hold with such folks as Mr. Atherfield taking the bread from a poor man's mouth, and that's just what 'twill come to. Why don't he go to his rich relations at the Park to put their name on his bills?"

"Why, wife, you know that they don't speak."

"Yes, and why don't they speak? Only because our Squire is 'shamed of his ne'er-do-well cousin, and feels he's a disgrace to his name. I wouldn't give him a penny, not if 'twas to keep him from starvin'—no, that I wouldn't!"

"Why, missis, now, I say, don't 'ee say sich things, you that always prides yourself that nobody goes away hungry or empty-handed. Now who was it I saw go off wi' a pudden, and some milk, and a egg or two, no longer ago than this morning?"

"Ah, well, that was for poor old Dame White, a poor old bedridden body. 'Twould be a shame to let her want while we've got enough and to spare; and, John, I said wrong about Mr. Atherfield, I spoke in haste and wrath. I shouldn't have the heart to let him or any other poor fellow-creature starve, I do hope; but it do vex me, that it do, that you will be so come over by the likes of he, and his way of talkin'. What's brought him to this pass, to want to come to a poor working-man to give his bond for him? He should be able to hold his head higher than that. 'Tis his cards, and betting, and racing that's brought him to this pass, 'tis bad ways; and, John, we knows 'tis, and we haven't got no right to encourage him in it, that's what I think. And how much have you signed for this time? Not very much, I do hope."

John Harker looked very sheepish at this question, and hesitated before replying. His silence roused a feeling of anxiety in his wife's breast. Before

she had felt annoyed, now she was alarmed.

"How much?" she asked again, and in so peremptory a tone of voice that her husband started, and answered at once,

"Just a hundred, wife."

"'Tis as much as you've got in the bank, John," and Mrs. Harker sank back in her chair, and threw her apron over her face. Her silence was worse than words, and unable to bear it longer John plucked nervously at the apron.

"Don't take on so, wife," he said.

"The thief, the wicked thief! to come here and take all our earnings and our hard savings like that."

"Now don't 'ee, wife, don't 'ee," urged John again. "Why, the money's in the bank just as sure as 'twas yesterday, and Mr. Atherfield's a gentleman; he won't let me be a loser, never you fear. I did it afore, and I've done it now—ay, and I'd do it again to help a man that wanted help for a bit. Why, Mr. Atherfield told me himself that he stands to win as much as a thousand pounds on some big race that comes off next month, and then he'll pay up this little matter, and we'll make a bonfire of that little bill."

"John Harker!" exclaimed the wife in desperation, "you're as bad as Mr. Atherfield himself, reckonin' on the legs of a horse and the tricks of a man to save you from the work-house in your old age. I'm 'shamed of you! We shall have you off horse-racing and betting next."

"No, no, wife, you do go too far now; a pretty figure I should cut on a racecourse; I'm not for that sort o' thing, I don't approve of it, not in myself, I mean; I can't help what the gentry do, of course."

"You're encouraging of it, John," said his wife earnestly; "remember our trouble with poor Tom. He took to gambling and card-playing, and what did it end in? Ruin and death. Ay, John, 'twas the gambling that did it from the first. When he was a

little, tiny boy, and he'd get away and play pitch-and-toss, and heads-and-tails with that Bob Kershaw, we used to laugh, and think no harm at the time; but I can see now we ought to have stopped it at once, and tried to check the habit in him. Things went on from that to worse with him, and he'd just go to places and into company where he could get his cards, and what did it end in? Oh, my poor Tom, it was your ruin, and your death!"

"I'm sorry if I've vexed you about the bill," said John humbly; "but if you're going to put poor Tom's death at my door I don't think you're doing right by me, Martha."

"I don't want to lay his death or anything else at your door, John; but Tom's death taught me a lesson. We neither of us tried to nip the evil till 'twas too late, and I says 'tisn't right to encourage gambling in any man; and if you lend money to Mr. Atherfield, and it helps him to go racing and betting, why, you're helping him to bad ways."

Poor John walked up and down the neat kitchen in considerable perturbation of spirit. He had an inward conviction that he had done a foolish act, though he would not own it to his wife, who was a shrewd but kindly woman, one whom the village loafers eyed askance with a certain distrust, knowing that if they laid themselves open to the chance of hearing her opinion of them it would not be a pleasing experience. "A sort of a crabstick," was the verdict upon her, pronounced by an *habitué* of the village public-house, who had come over to borrow a sixpence from easy-going John Harker, but who had chanced upon the wife while pocketing the husband's dole. "Ay, but a crabstick that's grafted wi' a real sound Ribstone Pippin," was the reply from one who knew the genuine kindness of Martha Harker's disposition. In sickness Martha was the village nurse. "Knows a'most as much as doctor," said her admiring patients. "And a

great deal more, too," responded old Dr. Marks cordially. "Mrs. Harker is the most thoroughly practical woman I know, and has saved many a life by her promptness and skill."

Martha had no more ardent admirer of her business faculties than her husband, and he generally consulted with her on matters of importance, and bowed to her advice; but a vein of obstinacy would occasionally crop up in him, and he would take the bit between his teeth and go his own way, despite the fact that he knew he was in the wrong. On this present occasion the allusion to his unfortunate son had touched him deeply, yet it is improbable that if at that moment he had had the opportunity of withdrawing his signature from Mr. Atherfield's bill he would have done so. He had a just sense of his own dignity, and considered it beneath him to bow entirely to his wife's opinion.

"Twill come all right, I tell 'ee," he repeated again and again; "'tain't in Mr. Atherfield's natur' to harm a neighbour; the money's as safe as the bank itself."

"Well, I do hope that's safe," answered his wife; "but I should be a deal easier if 'twas in the Post Office bank; Government's sure to look after your money, and not play ducks and drakes wi' it; but I don't feel quite so comfortable about Grimshaw's."

"There, there, wife! 'Tis nothin' but nonsense you do talk. Grimshaw ha' bin Grimshaw afore you or me was born. What more could 'ee wish for?"

"Only that you hadn't been a fullish man, John," answered his wife, rising from her chair with a sigh, and preparing to go about her work. It was greatly owing to her exertions that the hundred pounds, which her husband's act had placed in jeopardy, was in the bank at all. John was of a decided opinion that



"'GOOD-EVENING, MRS. HARKER.'"

the day was sufficient for either the good or the evil which it contained. He could work, but he could not keep, and to his wife's industry and thrift he owed the fact that he had been able to place his children out in life; and now that they were all in positions to provide for themselves, he was able to lay by a small sum which might suffice to keep the couple from want in their declining days.

"We owe it to our children to give them a start in life, and we owe it to ourselves not to come upon them for more than we can help when we're old," said the thrifty dame. "I've seen sour and hard looks given to old folks when they came to live on their children, and I only wants looks o' love from mine."

So she worked hard to lay by a little money, adding the produce of her bees, her pigs, and her chickens to John's savings, spending carefully, till the hardly earned savings had reached to the dignity of three figures, and the bank book showed the round sum of one hundred pounds on its pages.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Harker," said a cheery voice at the garden gate a few hours later, when, the work of



the day being over, Martha gave herself up to her favourite pastime of attending to her garden.

"Good-evening, sir," responded Martha, brightening up as she saw the face of Mr. Denman, the newly appointed vicar of Bruntdale. "I'm glad to see you, sir, for I have just been looking at the briar I budded for you from my York and Lancaster bush; it has taken beautifully, and I was wondering whether you would like it moved this autumn, or whether you would wait a bit."

"I'll wait till next year if you can give the briar room till then, Mrs. Harker. I am too pleased at the idea of having such a good old-fashioned favourite to risk killing it by too early moving; but are you not well? You don't look yourself at all."

"I don't feel myself, sir; I've been worried to-day, and I can't quite throw it off."

"If it is any matter that I can help you in, Mrs. Harker, you know you have only to speak; you may rest assured I will do my best for you."

"It's beyond your power to help, sir," said Martha, with a heavy sigh.

"Then if it is beyond the power of man to help you, you know where to go, and where you will be sure of the best help. Don't you think, Mrs. Harker, we are apt to forget to cast our care upon Him. We talk about our Father's care for us, but we often forget to put Him to the test."

"I'm sure we do, sir," replied the old woman. "I know I've forgotten it now; but if it isn't troubling you too much, I should like to tell you about it, p'r'aps you could give me a little advice."

In a few minutes Mr. Denman was seated in the armchair of the neat little parlour, and Mrs. Harker was pouring out the tale of her trouble.

Mr. Denman looked grave. "I

fear your husband has done a very foolish thing," he said. "My acquaintance with Mr. Atherfield is too slight to warrant me in speaking of him personally, but his general reputation is not good; he squanders money in betting and gambling, and he is heavily in debt. I very much fear there may be losses in store for you and your husband. He will have to suffer for his good nature, and, at the same time, I must say his foolish weakness; knowing, as he must know, the character of the man, he would be sure that the only means of getting his money back would be from Mr. Atherfield's gain either at cards, or on the racecourse, and he has tacitly encouraged him in his evil ways by helping him in this manner."

"That's just what I've been telling John. We both have suffered so much trouble through our own boy going wrong by gambling that we can't be too careful not to encourage it in others; not that I think anything we could say or do would change Mr. Atherfield, but still we ought not to encourage him, and kind of back him up in his ways—at least, that's what I think about it, sir."

"You are perfectly right; we must neither encourage evil, nor the appearance of evil in others. I fear, in this case, that no advice that I, or others, can give will help you; and I trust that if your husband is fortunate enough to escape without loss that he will lay the lesson to heart and never back a bill again."

"I should be sorry to promise for him even then, sir. John is that good-natured and kind-hearted he never knows how to say no, 'cept now and then he rouses himself up, and he'll be that firm, not to say obstinate, that you can't move him, do what you will. I've always wanted to put our little savings into the Post Office bank, but John he do hold by Grimshaw's, and I'm afraid, though I don't 'zactly know why."

"I hope you are not thinking too much about your money, Mrs. Harker; the love of gain is a great snare, and grows upon us just as a love for gambling may do."

"I don't think I'm too much set on it, sir, but I've been anxious to lay by a few pounds for our old age; we're neither so young as we used to be. I'm near upon sixty-one, and John, he's two years older in years, and more than that in strength. I notice how he can't work as he used to do, and I don't want to come upon our children in our old age. I've got the spirit to keep myself as long as I can," said the old dame, drawing herself up proudly.

"Well, your spirit of independence is a good one, one of which I thoroughly approve, but do not let it go too far. Still, it was on something such a matter as this that I came to see you and your husband this evening. I am very anxious to establish a branch of the County Club in this parish. I know how much suffering has been caused by the breaking up of the Village Club, and now I hear some of the old members are desirous of again setting it on foot anew. If this is done I fear a similar result will follow; the funds of a small Village Club are not large enough to bear the strain if many of its members fall ill. Now, in a club like this Benefit Society of which I speak, the funds are large, and are so well managed that everybody can benefit by it in time of sickness or death, without any fear of endangering its stability. I am arranging to have a public meeting on the subject in the school-room, and I hope you and your husband will be present. We shall have two or three speakers, and I think you will hear something which will interest you."

"I'll promise for both of us, sir. I know John will be pleased to come."

"And I hope you will exercise a little influence among your neigh-

bours, Mrs. Harker. I know a word from you goes a long way, and I am very anxious to have a good meeting. I should like to see everybody in the parish present; for I am sure it will be to their interest to well consider and weigh all the statements which will be made at it. I feel really anxious that no other local club on a small scale shall be established, for in the future it only means disappointment and ruin to those who depend upon it."

"Well, sir, the last club has turned out bad enough to be a warning to everybody. There's poor old James Clark, for one, has been paying in his money regularly for thirty years, and never had a penny out; and now that he is laid by, and needs help, there is nothing to come to him; and yet I can't see who is to be blamed. Those who have managed it have been honest enough."

"Yes, honest and well-intentioned no doubt, but not men of business; and such a matter as a club must be established on a very sound and business-like basis, if it is to become a success, and fulfil the pledges it has given."

"Well, sir, I'll do my best, if you think I shall be any help, to persuade some of the folk to come, and I think there's two or three that only wants matters set plain before them to join you in this. I've heard a deal of talk lately about it, and most are discontented with matters as they are, but they seem to want a head to tell them what to do."

"Nobody could be a better man than Mr. Ashford, from Greenhill Farm, to take the lead in such a matter; and he has promised not only to do all he can in the arrangements, but to speak at the meeting, and I think his words will carry weight. He is well known as a just man and a good master, one who has the welfare of those he employs at heart. And now, good-night, Mrs. Harker; I fear I have kept you a long time from your flowers."

## CHAPTER IV.

## "MR. ATHERFIELD AT HOME."



HE life which Ruth March now led was one of many fresh experiences to her. She had to learn to act entirely upon her own responsibility, for Mrs. Atherfield utterly declined to take any part in the supervision of her household, and for the first few days Ruth was often literally at her wits' end to know how to act; but gradually, finding she was thrown solely upon her own resources, she evolved a scheme of management which she was able to work fairly well. By degrees the house assumed a different appearance, and she was able to reduce her work to a regular routine.

Stella, who had forgiven her the supposed insult to the honour of the Atherfields, was now her sworn ally, and followed her about over the old house, airing her opinions, and astonishing Ruth by her oddities; and yet she found herself more and more drawn towards the desolate child, for desolate she was. Mrs. Atherfield treated her with utter neglect, neither inquiring how she spent her time, nor attempting to give her any instruction; indeed, if supplied with her meals at proper times, and with books to read, Mrs. Atherfield rarely troubled anybody, and apparently she cared for nobody but herself. She was a strangely apathetic woman, very handsome, very vain, yet caring nothing for her appearance, of which she was careless to the point of untidiness when in the house.

"Wait till you see mother going out," said Stella, one day; "you won't know her then. Dad always says she is a credit to his good taste when she is away from home, whatever she may look like when she is here; but she can't go away anywhere now till Dad is lucky again. She wants a new outfit, and nothing will induce her to go away visiting unless she has everything just as it should be. If Dad is only fortunate this time mother will be off just as fast as she can."

"And will you go too, Miss Stella?"

"Not I! Mother doesn't care to take me out with her; she doesn't like me well enough. She says I'm a young savage."

"You mustn't say that sort of thing about your mother, it isn't right; and it's certain you might be more of a young lady, Miss Stella."

"Look here, Ruth, come and look at my old Spangle; see, she is pecking that other pullet. Well, that was her chicken last year, and now she hates it, just like mother hates me."

"Miss Stella, I can't allow you to say these things to me," said Ruth; "you must learn to speak respectfully of your parents."

"How mighty particular we are!" laughed Stella. "Now I'll be off for a run to the top of the hill. Perhaps Dad will come home to-day, and I may see him driving along the road. I think Abraham would have been home by this time if Dad hadn't been coming."

Stella's conjecture was right. Before Ruth had got through her afternoon dressing she heard the sound of loud voices, the hasty opening and shutting of doors, and on entering the dining-room she found the master of the house

was there,—a tall, fine, handsome man, though bearing the marks of hard living on his face.

"Yes, you monkey," he was saying to Stella, "I have got a new frock for you; I declare you're as fond of dress as your mother."

"Just look at my tatters, Dad; don't you think it's time I had something new?"

"You'll find something for you in that parcel," said her father, flinging a brown paper-covered packet at her. "And now, Belle, I suppose you are looking for your share of the plunder."

Mrs. Atherfield sat up with a look of expectation in her eyes, but said nothing.

"There, will that do?" and he tossed a roll of banknotes, fresh, crisp, and rustling, into her lap. "That ought to set you up in furbelows for some time to come. I suppose now you will be wanting to get away for a spell."

"If I may."

"Oh yes; your fond husband and loving child will try to spare you for a while. I daresay you will come back when the money is spent, and the finery worn out; the Old Hall is good enough for you there. Now, girl," turning to Ruth, "get me something to drink, and dinner in an hour."

Ruth retired, somewhat bewildered, to the kitchen, and learned from Stella, whom she met in the hall, that the "something to drink" *always* meant whisky-and-water; and as to dinner, Abraham Choules would be sure to have looked out for that. This proved to be true, for in the kitchen Abraham was busy unpacking a basket which held many necessaries and dainties for the use of the household.

"The bank's come home, you see, and flush of money, too, for a time," he growled. "There, he'll want that steak to-night, and for the other things you must use them as you think best. There'll be those here by to-morrow as will help to eat it all up quick enough, I don't doubt. We've been

fasting at Old Hall, and now 'tis time to feast; you'll find 'tis generally one or another up here."

"But wouldn't it be better to spend less at the time and spread it out more?" said Ruth, gazing at the table covered with fish, poultry, joints, raised pies, and many other eatables. "It seems such a pity to waste; and how can we eat all this while it is good?"

"You'll have some to help eat it, never fear; the jackals will be round soon enough when the lion gets home." And, with this enigmatical sentence, Abraham hobbled towards the door.

"I want you in the stables, Abraham," said the voice of Mr. Atherfield; "and mind, girl, the dinner ready at ——— Why, who——"

"So you see it too," said Abraham, coming back.

"See what, you idiot?" demanded Mr. Atherfield, removing his eyes from Ruth's face.

"The likeness," returned the old man, again walking away. "I thought 'twould ketch your eye."

"All I see is that you're an old fool!" shouted Mr. Atherfield, walking after him, and leaving Ruth in a state of bewilderment.

The next day was a busy one. Immediately after breakfast Mrs. Atherfield, who posed as a semi-invalid, and rarely appeared before noon, summoned Ruth to her room, and sent for her portmanteau; then the wardrobe was overhauled, and the few presentable garments packed. Ruth wondered at her mistress' animation; she chatted, laughed, and sang, and looked as though ten years had fallen from her shoulders.

"How delightful to get away from this hateful house, and everything in it. Here have I been for the last seven months and never moved from it. I wish I might never see it again! Why! what a prim little thing you are, Ruth; you look quite shocked. Ah well! you have never had a chance of seeing anything of the outside world. You are a handy little thing; I wish I could take you away with me. I am

sure you would make a good maid ; you are handy with your needle, and you know how to hold your tongue ; but I suppose I must not think of it. And yet what fun it would be to carry you off and leave Mr. Atherfield and Stella to shift for themselves. I should be delighted to think of it, and laugh about it too. Will you come, Ruth ?”

“No, ma'am,” said Ruth gravely ; “I don't think I am fit for a lady's maid, and I think I ought to stay here and do the work I was engaged to do.”

“Well, perhaps you wouldn't suit me, and very likely I shouldn't suit you ; I am not the same poor, quiet creature when I get the chance to spread my wings and fly as I am here, I can assure you ; and, after all, it is a comfort to think I shall have a tidy servant when I come back, that is, if you stay. Do you mean to do so ?”

“I hope so, ma'am ; if I suit you, I do not wish to leave. I will do my best while you are gone to look after the house and Miss Stella too.”

“Oh, Miss Stella can look after herself, never fear. ‘What's no good comes to no harm’ is true of all of us. Now then, my hat. Ah ! you will see, Ruth, what clothes I shall have when I come home. I will bring you something pretty, Ruth, if you will be good to me then ; I want a little kindness as much as anybody then. You don't know what it is to be lonely, my girl.”

The tears rose in Ruth's eyes. She had been suffering acutely from homesickness and heart-sickness ; she missed the atmosphere of peace with which she had been surrounded ; she missed the kindly advice and wise counsel which had always been present to guide her, the warm-hearted affection of the children, which was but ill-replaced by Stella's ill-regulated and fitful demonstrations ; she felt herself a waif and stray again in the world, and only the knowledge of her Heavenly Father's care sustained her in her present position. But Mrs. Atherfield was too excited and too

full of her own concerns to think of any other than herself.

“Is Abraham round with the horse ?” she asked. “I daresay he will grumble at having to drive me into Skirley to-day. Horrid old man ! he tries to make everything as disagreeable as he can for me. Ah well ! he won't be troubled with me for some time.”

“About Miss Stella's clothes, ma'am. I'm afraid if you are away for some time she will have nothing to wear.”

“Her father must see to that,” replied Mrs. Atherfield carelessly ; and then running downstairs she passed quickly through the hall, and, jumping into the dog-cart which stood at the door, was driven rapidly away by Abraham.

“She's off !” exclaimed Stella, rushing out from the dining-room. “Hurrah ! now we're free for a time.”

“Miss Stella,” said Ruth, “you shall not speak in this way. Did you never learn your Catechism, and how you are to ‘love, honour, and succour your father and mother’ ?”

“Oh, Ruthie dear, what funny things you do say !” exclaimed the child, dancing round her. “No, I never learnt my Catechism, whatever it may be, for I'm sure I don't know ; but I'm so glad just now that I feel I could learn it with pleasure. Just look at my new frock, Ruth ; isn't it lovely !” and the child twisted round to display the folds of a pale blue silk dress.

“But, Miss Stella, you ought not to have that on now ; it isn't a fit dress for this hour of the morning. Why, you'll spoil it in a few days.”

“But I haven't another, Ruth ; what can I do ?”

“You ought to have a serge dress, Miss, or some pretty cottons ; that's what all the young ladies I know wear. I don't believe one of them would put on a dress like that at this hour of the day, it's quite too good ; and everybody says over-dressing is vulgar.”

Stella's face clouded over. “Don't be disagreeable, Ruth ; I thought you

would like my pretty frock, and be glad to see me in something nice again ; I was so shabby before."

"So I am, Miss Stella, and it is a lovely dress, only I like to see things fitting to the time. If you'll only ask the master to let me have some serge I know I could make you a proper dress, and one that you would look quite a lady in."

"You're a dear Ruth, but I will wear it now ; there is sure to be somebody here to dinner. Get something very nice ready for to-night ; lots of company always come when Dad comes back lucky."

During the afternoon the prediction was verified. Visitors arrived on horseback or driving, and entered the house as though they were expected guests ; wine was uncorked, and bottles of spirits were carried in. Stella ran hither and thither, bringing orders concerning dinner, and assuming an air of importance as mistress of the house. But after dinner was over Ruth became uneasy. From the laughter and snatches of conversation which she heard she felt convinced that the dining-room was no place for the child, and on taking in a fresh supply of hot water she tried to induce her to come out ; but Stella was excited with the attention which was being paid her, and was eager to join in the game of cards which was then just commenced.

"Don't you worrit," was all the con-



"THERE, WILL THAT DO ?"

solation she received from Abraham, to whom she confided her fears ; "she's our master's own girl ; let him look after his own. You needn't worrit."

"But I must worry," said Ruth ; "she's got nobody to look after her properly, and I feel I must do my best for her." And so an hour later, after much sinking of heart, Ruth walked into the room and stood at her master's elbow. "I want to take Miss Stella away, sir ; it is getting late," she said.

"She's happy enough, isn't she ?" he asked. "She will come out if she is sleepy."

"Grown-up company isn't fit for so young a lady at this time of night, sir," she answered in a low voice.

Mr. Atherfield looked round. His face was flushed with wine, but he still had perception enough to see that Ruth was right.

"Stella," he said, in a voice which the child knew she must not disobey, "go with Ruth; it is time you were in bed."

"You horrid creature, Ruth!" exclaimed Stella, when the dining-room door closed upon them. "I'll never forgive you, never! I was enjoying myself so much, and I've had such a dull time lately. I didn't dream you were such a nasty, unkind thing."

"I don't mean to be unkind, Miss Stella, indeed I don't; but it is not right for you to be in such company. Drinking and card-playing are not the proper amusements for you. Come to bed now, and try to think I am doing it for your good."

"Get you to bed too, my girl," said Abraham; "I'll do the rest of the waiting in there. You're a rare plucky lass to beard the lion in his den and to fetch the lamb away; but you're right enough. Yon room's no place for her or for you either."

Stella's anger was soon forgotten, and she was quickly asleep, but Ruth lay long awake. The revelry below had become more noisy. She could hear drunken laughter, singing, oaths, and quarrelling, and she shuddered at the idea that this was now the only place she could call home. "I must go away, I must go away!" was her cry; but then her thoughts turned to the child sleeping in the bed near her, and then the current of her thoughts changed. "I cannot leave her," she said; "there is nobody to look to her but me. I must stay, and I'll ask God to show me what to do." Then Ruth knelt in earnest prayer asking for guidance.

Ruth sprang from her bed the next morning feeling that she had overslept herself, and that her work would be late; nobody seemed astir. Abraham,

who was usually a very "early bird," had evidently not left his room. The whole house was in disorder, and the dining-room showed evident signs of a drunken revel. Chairs were overturned, cards and dice lay on the floor, amidst a breakage of broken bottles and glasses.

"Looks nice, don't it?" said the voice of Abraham. "Pretty games here last night playing heads-and-tails for sovereigns, and the highest throw of the dice for a five-pound note. Our master was in luck; seemed to win every way. He'll be in a rare good humour to-day."

Ruth went about her work in great trouble of mind. She could not decide whether she ought to stay at Old Hall; to her it seemed that she was in some measure responsible for the morals of the house if she remained in it; and yet how could she leave Stella with no one to guide her or care for her? At night, when, strengthened by prayer, it had seemed easy to say "I will stay"; but now with such evidence of the character of the place and its inmates before her eyes she felt shattered in her resolution.

Stella awoke cross and fretful, refused her breakfast, and seizing her hat went off for a lonely ramble. About midday Mr. Atherfield appeared, still bearing unmistakable signs of the last night's carouse upon his face.

"Tea, girl!" he shouted from the dining-room, "tea, hot and strong, and quick about it. No, nothing to eat just now; I know what steadies my nerves best; I can eat by-and-by. Now pour me out a cup, and then put in a glass of brandy."

"It will do you more good, sir, without the brandy," said Ruth, her heart beating fast at her own temerity, and she timidly handed the cup to her master.

"Ah, you don't believe in the 'hair of the dog that bites you' being a cure; perhaps you're right. Give me another cup. My head is burst-

ing, and my throat is like a furnace ; and look here, my girl, here's something for you ; I was pleased with you last night. That dinner was a credit to one pair of hands, and you were right about the child, though it isn't every one would have had the pluck to come in and speak like you did. Another time when I've got company of that sort you keep her away altogether. Don't let her come in at all ; keep her with you ; she'll be safe there. Here, take this," and Mr. Atherfield tossed a sovereign across to Ruth.

"I don't want to be paid extra for doing what comes into my day's work, sir," she said, fingering the coin nervously ; "but if you will let me keep it to get some things for Miss Stella I should be glad. There are many things she wants."

"Why, I brought her home a silk frock only two days ago."

"Yes, sir ; but there are other things beside silk frocks that a young lady wants, and silk isn't always fit wear for her either, sir. I could get her another plain frock with this——"

"Keep that for yourself, girl, and here's something to use for the child ;

get her what you think she wants. Take this ; is it enough ?"

"Too much, sir," said Ruth, drawing back as her master pushed a handful of gold and silver across the table.

"Well, keep it till you do want it for her. Take it now ; my luck may turn, and then you'll get nothing. You look an honest girl, and I'm glad the child has some one of her own kind to look after her. Get Abraham to take you both into Skirley, I shall be about the place all the day, and can spare him."

Stella's good humour returned when she heard of the treat in store for her. "I haven't been into Skirley for months," she said. "I hadn't a dress to go in, and, Ruth, do you know, I've never been to buy a dress for myself in my life ; you are a dear thing, Ruth ; after all, I do love you."

"I want to be as good to you as I can, and I like you to love me, Miss Stella. I've nobody else now but you."

"I'll love you, always, Ruth," said the child, giving her a warm hug. "I do believe you want to be good to me always."

*(To be continued.)*

## SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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

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### VIII.

#### THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OUTSIDE HER COMMUNION.

**T**HE Church of England does not give undue or disproportionate prominence to any one fact or doctrine of the Christian faith above another.

She holds and teaches in her Creeds and Articles and Catechism all the truths of the Gospel in due and relative order. She is founded and built up upon the belief and teaching of not a part, but the whole, of the Catholic Faith of Christ as it has been handed down to her from Apostolic and Primitive Christian times.

Her foundations of Christian facts and doctrines are, therefore, as broad, deep, complete, and perfect as the foundations of any Church can be.

They include the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian Creeds as they have been accepted by the orthodox branches of the Catholic Church of Christendom. The Church of England does not say of any one Christian fact, or of any one Christian doctrine, "This is the truth to which I will give special prominence as possessing a value and importance far above others."



She gives to every Christian fact and doctrine a place in her teaching "according to the proportion of faith." She may, and no doubt did, at times in her history fail in practice to fairly represent and do justice to herself and to her whole accepted body of truth as set forth and taught in her Creeds and Catechism, and as embodied in her Liturgy and in all her Formularies.

But even in her failure proportionately to set forth in due order and with proportionate importance "the whole Counsel of God," her own Creeds, Catechism, and other Formularies were witnesses against her. For though the Church in practice may at times have failed to teach in a proportionate measure the whole body of truth, and may have obscured some truths and neglected others, or may at least have allowed them to remain in the background comparatively unrecognised, still they occupied a proportionate place in her depository of faith.

But the case is very different with reference to this subject on the part of the religious bodies outside the communion of the Church of England. While we have no wish to disparage their position nor to depreciate any good work that they may be doing, we must, in a series of articles, such as we are writing, in all sincerity and candour point out features of remarkable contrast between them and their mother Church, from which they are for the time being, but we hope and believe not permanently, separated.

The religious bodies, then, outside the communion of the Church of England are severally founded upon the recognition and emphasised expression of some one truth or principle to which, as it appeared to the minds of their founders, the Church of England, for the time being, did not give due prominence.

Thus Quakerism had its foundation in the alleged fact that the Church of England did not at one time sufficiently set forth the mission and work of the Holy Spirit, and in the assumed duty of a number of men to band themselves together to supply the Church's alleged defect in this respect.

So Methodism had its origin in the conviction, on the part of Wesley and his associates, that additional means and methods supplemental to those which the Church

supplied were required for the culture and development of the individual religious life; and, further, that supplemental organisations and means other than those which the Church had provided were required to evangelise the masses of the people.

Then the Baptist communities had their origin in the desire to secure, by adult baptism, a pure communion of Christians, which they alleged could not be obtained by the baptism of infants, while the Congregationalists separated from the Church, and formed their independent organisations on the assumption that each enrolled community of Christians had a right—independent of all other external organisations and agencies—to manage its own affairs.

Now it is evident that all these and other religious bodies of a similar character, professedly are not founded upon the general basis of truth, but upon some one specific ground or principle.

Further it is evident, that in proportion as the Church of England practically gives prominence to the specific principles upon which the various Nonconforming Denominations were founded, and supplies the need which they were intended to supply, in proportion do the original and historic reasons for their existence as separate bodies outside the Church of England disappear, and their very foundations as separate religious organisations outside the Church of England are removed.

In plain words. Given that the Church of England to-day, in practice, gives due prominence to the work of the Holy Spirit, attends to the culture of the individual Christian life, zealously engages in effective evangelistic efforts, and does her utmost to secure a pure communion and fellowship, and in all these matters succeeds quite as much as the several religious bodies outside her Communion, where, we ask, are the reasons for the continued existence, as separate from her fold, of the religious bodies of the Quakers, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Baptists?

The truth, in fact, is every day becoming more manifested and accepted, that when the Church of England does her work and fulfils her mission she is everywhere preferred by the people, and there becomes less and less ground to separate from her communion.

## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

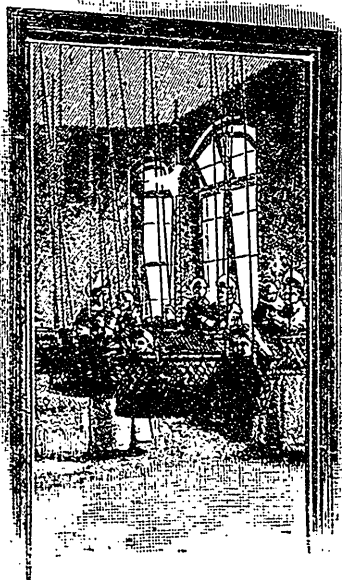
### A. Travelling Cathedral.

**C**OME of the Bishops of the American Church, whose Diocese is in the far West, travels about his see in a long railway carriage, which he calls his "cathedral car." The greater part of it is one long compartment, fitted up like a church.

At the end is a small part divided off from the rest, which serves as the Bishop's sanctum. When the Bishop wishes to reach a place where there is no church, he has his "cathedral" attached to a train, and taken to the nearest station, where it is shunted into a siding. There he stays, holding services, confirmations, or whatever may be needed, until it is time to go on to the next place, which he reaches in the same way.



### A GLIMPSE OF A PARISH IN LONDON OVER THE BORDER.



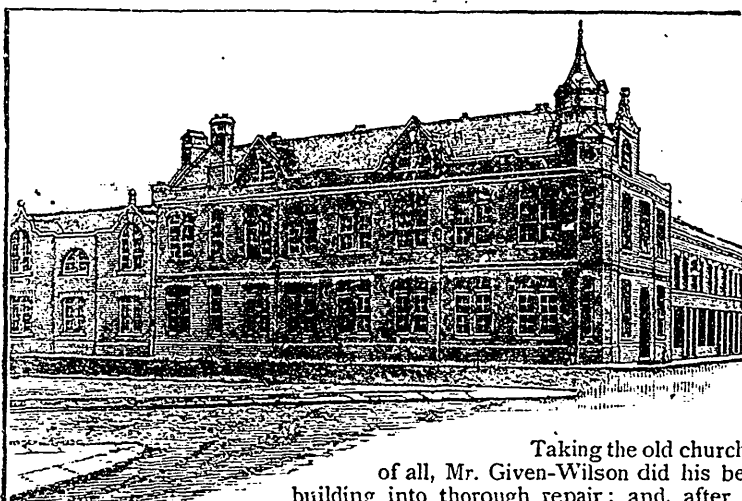
"LONDON over the Border"—for such is the approved name of that portion of the Diocese of St. Albans which touches the Diocese of London—loudly appeals for the support of churchmen, in order to keep pace with the growing population, which increases in density year by year, as new districts are opened up, and miles upon miles of new streets are formed.

A glimpse at the work which is going on in the mother parish of St. Mary, Plaistow, will, we think, be of interest to our readers.

The present Vicar, the Rev. T. Given-Wilson, M.A., entered upon his work in 1884; and side by side with the development of the spiritual agencies—which should have the first place in every Clergyman's programme—he has steadily organized a vast network of social institutions, probably unequalled by those of any other parish in the country.

There was a time when Plaistow was a picturesque spot, inhabited by well-to-do people. Bit by bit the picturesque has, however, been devoured by the works and

manufactories, with their tall chimneys ever turning out volumes of smoke; one by one the large houses and pleasant gardens have disappeared; and where once was



a population of 1,800 people, all told, we have now something like 100,000 inhabitants. Of a large proportion of them it is no exaggeration to say that they find it a daily difficulty to make both ends meet.

Taking the old church in hand first of all, Mr. Given-Wilson did his best to put the building into thorough repair; and, after a few years' work, the congregations had so much increased it was necessary to enlarge the edifice. After great consideration, and much anxiety as to ways and means, the structural alterations took the form of a new chancel, which gave additional accommodation, and altogether improved the general appearance of the building. It is now intended to proceed as speedily as may be with the rebuilding of the nave, and thus complete the structure on lines worthy of the great parish of which it is the centre.

In 1883 there was a place in the very heart of Plaistow, called by its members the Cromwell Club, and by its enemies the "Hell of Plaistow." Here entertainments of the lowest and most corrupting kind were given on Sunday evenings; and it was a stronghold of atheism of the most blatant and repulsive sort. Secularist lectures were constantly given; and on summer evenings the little green outside the club was the scene of the most hideous orgies of ignorant blasphemy. By-and-by, the club fell into financial difficulties. This came to the Vicar's ears, and he stepped in and bought up the premises. The large hall was cleaned and decorated; the drinking bar was turned into a coffee-tavern; bagatelle and game rooms were opened; and various clubs started for the promotion of providence and thrift. The building, under the name of St. Mary's Mission Hall, was, in a word, made the centre of a large amount of the social and religious work of the parish. Here lectures are given, and debates follow, and there are frequent entertainments of an elevating kind. Several cottages, which Mr. Given-Wilson was obliged to buy with the rest of the property, were turned into almshouses, where a number of destitute old widows are supported.

There are two developments of the work in Plaistow which have done much to win the hearts of the people. Nursing is one. It is hard to conceive what the poor undergo in times

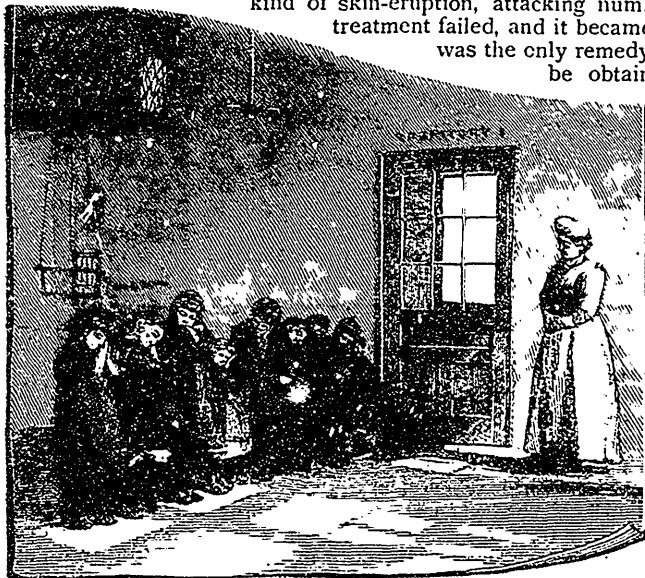


of illness. Many a poor woman drags about attending to her household duties long after she is fit to do so, simply because she must. Then illness comes, and finds the family, probably, with no savings to meet its attack, and with no materials or comforts, or even necessaries, for use in sickness. To meet the difficulty, the Vicar determined to have some duly qualified trained nurses, and, in 1891, he founded St. Mary's Nurses' Home, which has now no less than thirty nurses daily at work in Plaistow. They visit the sick, they nurse the poor in their own homes, or take care of them in the admirably equipped St. Mary's Cottage Hospital, which contains six beds for women and two cots for children, and is under the charge of a resident medical officer. We may add that last year 687 cases were attended by the nurses, which necessitated 9,793 visits; while of district-nursing there were 660 cases and 14,438 visits. A view of the Cottage Hospital is given in our illustration.



The other scheme was the establishment of a Day Nursery. Started at first to provide some check to the abnormally high death-rate among infants and children, which at the time was seriously engaging public attention, it was soon crammed full of babies whose mothers had to go out to work. Ultimately it became so popular, that it was quite impossible to find room for all the babies who were brought to it; and last year, through the liberality of a kind friend (an aged clergyman), a noble building was erected, at a cost, with the land, of £4,500, which will accommodate 150 children, and which is the largest *crèche* in East London. We give a picture of this fine structure, and also some illustrations of the children in the playground, and in their cots, and a group of the children being put through their quaint "sleeping drill" by one of the nurses.

Two years ago there was a strange outbreak in Plaistow of a particularly painful kind of skin-eruption, attacking numberless children. All treatment failed, and it became obvious that pure air was the only remedy. But how could this be obtained? All the monetary resources at the



vicar's command were already drained by the existing organisations; there was no way of sending the children out of the parish. By chance news came of a convalescent home at Southend-on-Sea, which was to be sold at once. Once more the Vicar made one of his splendidly audacious steps. He bought the Home; and, though a great deal had to be spent on repairing the place, it was very soon made

to answer the purpose for which it was designed; and it is now, perhaps, the most valuable adjunct to his great work.

To those who are so fond of asking, "What is the Church doing for the poor?" we can only say, pay a visit to St. Mary's, Plaistow, and carefully examine the varied operations which are so vigorously worked in that dense population, and you will have more than an answer to the question.

Our illustrations, which have been specially drawn and engraved by Messrs. R. and E. Taylor, from photographs taken on the spot, will give some idea of the scope of the work.

FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.



PLAISTOW PARISH CHURCH.

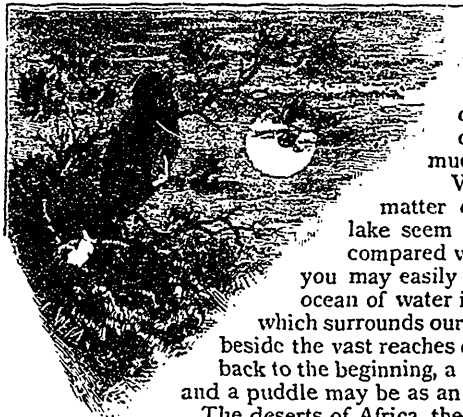
## AWAY IN SPACE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE,

Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," "The World's Foundations," "The Ocean of Air," etc.

### I. SUN AND PLANETS.

(Continued from p. 118.)



THUS far we have looked upon our earth as large. But another view of the question makes the world seem small; because, instead of being compared with little objects on its own surface, it is compared with much greater objects away out in space.

We have already seen how size is a matter of comparison; how a pond makes a lake seem large, while that lake is a mere speck compared with the ocean. This line of reasoning you may easily follow out for yourselves. The entire ocean of water is small beside the mightier ocean of air which surrounds our earth, and the ocean of air is as nothing beside the vast reaches of space which lie beyond. Yet, to come back to the beginning, a pond is mighty compared with a puddle, and a puddle may be as an ocean to an ant.

The deserts of Africa, the wilds of America, the desolate regions of Asia, are little compared with Earth's whole surface; the entire earth is little compared with greater worlds which float in the Solar System, and the Solar System itself sinks into insignificance when one tries to picture the awful distances of the Universe. To a watcher on some far-off globe—if it be a watcher with eyesight such as ours—the great sun may seem only as part of a little gold-dust

flecking one spot in the heavens, and the earth may be altogether lost in surrounding darkness. Yes; this busy world, full of light and life and energy, this world which we count so large, is, to millions of distant suns and worlds, far too small and too dim in her shining to be seen at all by anything approaching to human vision.

You need not imagine that *all* the bright bodies shining over our heads by night, most of which appear so small to us, are larger than our earth. Some are greater, some are less; some are more bright, some are more dim; some are heavier; some are lighter; for there is infinite variety in the universe. We can no more find two worlds or two stars exactly alike in the sky, than we can find two leaves, or two blades of grass, exactly alike on earth.

Take the two heavenly bodies which are most familiar to us—the moon and the sun. As we commonly see them, they appear to be much the same in size; only the moon is pale and clearly defined, while the sun is dazzlingly brilliant, and surrounded by a fringe of radiant light. Nobody would imagine, from mere guesswork, that the one is enormously larger than the other, and for ages nobody ever did imagine it. In fact, it was quite impossible that men should, so long as they counted the sun and the moon to be at about the same distance from the earth.

Now we know how things are; not by guess-work, but by actual measurement. Now we know that the size of the sun, compared with the size of the moon, is, roughly, much the same as the size of a small house compared with that of a cricket-ball. We know that the sun and moon occupy to our vision the same amount of space in the sky, only because the sun, although enormously larger, is also enormously more distant; and the greater distance reduces the apparent size—not, of course, the real size.

We know these facts, as already stated, by actual measurement. The size of the sun, the size of the moon, and their distances from earth, have all been again and again calculated. No plumb-line has been dropped upon the sun from earth, no tape has been carried to the moon. Such modes are not needful. The height of a church steeple can be measured from the ground, without any need to climb it. The altitude of a mountain may be discovered from its base. In many cases the distances and

sizes of heavenly bodies may be measured, more or less accurately, from earth, by means of the right instruments and of careful observation. In many cases; by no means in all; because countless stars and worlds are too far distant. But the sun, the moon, and all the planets, lie within reach of such operations.

We have seen that the earth is about 8,000 miles in diameter, with a circumference at the equator of about 25,000 miles. The moon is much smaller, having a diameter of only 2,000 miles, and a circumference of about 6,000 miles. But the sun, measured straight through the centre from side to side, is 865,000 miles, while his circumference is over 2,500,000 miles.

If the sun were as near as the moon he would be a fearful object; not alone because of his enormous size, but because of the raging ocean of fiery gases which covers his whole surface; because of the whirling storms, the awful heat, the scorching glare. Though, indeed, we ourselves would see little of all this; for long before the sun could approach to the position of the moon, our little earth must have fallen into his fierce embrace, to be speedily transformed into a part of the sun's gaseous envelope. If by any possibility the sun *could* be where the moon is now, and our earth *could* still occupy her present position, then great tongues of fiery hydrogen gas might at any moment leap out from the sun's surface, and enfold the whole world from north to south, from east to west. So, thankful as we ought to be for the sun's heat and light, we may also be thankful that he is very far away.

The moon's distance from us is only about 240,000 miles; a mere nothing compared with the generality of astronomical distances. Powerful telescopes lessen greatly the dividing space, bringing our silvery friend, as it were, to a position only about 500 miles off; some say even as near as 250 miles.

To be sure, one cannot see very much of a place that is 250 miles off. A town on earth is only visible at such a distance, if visible at all, from the top of a high mountain, because otherwise it must be hidden by the bulging surface of the ground. London itself, 250 miles away, would appear as a mere faint spot, and New York would be fainter still. A mountain or a large lake might be more distinctly seen.

On the moon we can detect wide plains and great mountain ranges, and

what seem to be huge craters of extinct volcanoes, but no lakes. To the best of our knowledge, no water is to be found on the moon; at all events, no water in either the liquid or the vaporous form. The fair world, to us so beautiful in her silvery whiteness, appears to be a world of lifelessness; without air, without water, without fire, without plants or trees, animals or men—not a globe of fierce light and furious heat, like the sun, but a dead ball rolling through the sky; bright only when lighted by the sun's brightness.

One might quite reasonably suppose that the sun would be farther from us than the moon; because, while the moon is, as it were, given to Earth for her own especial benefit, the sun is the centre of a whole family of worlds, our earth being only one among many. The sun pours out heat and light upon other planets, as well as upon us, and he has to occupy a central position, for the benefit of all. Some planets are nearer to him than we are, and some are much farther away.

The sun's distance from us "straight as a crow flies," is nearly 93 millions of miles!

To picture to ourselves even 1 million miles is not easy; and 93 millions, whether of miles or of ought else, are almost hopeless. The following comparison, if carefully studied, may be a help.

We have already imagined a train, going steadily at the rate of 50 miles an hour, never pausing or slackening night or day, travelling direct through Earth's centre, from the north to the south pole, and accomplishing the whole journey in *less than a week*.

The same train, at the same unceasing rate of speed, might pass round the whole earth, at the equator, in *nearly three weeks*.

The same train might travel through the moon's diameter, from the moon's north pole to her south pole, in *about two days*.

The same train might travel through the sun's centre from pole to pole, always keeping the same speed unchanged, in *nearly two years*.

The same train might travel round the outside of the sun, at the sun's equator, in *something under six years*.

The same train, passing through space, from earth to moon, would arrive in *less than seven months*.

The same train, passing through space,

from the earth to the sun, would arrive in *two hundred and ten years*.

Now you may form a tolerably clear idea how it is that the sun and moon seem to be so nearly of a size, while in reality so different. The greater size and brilliancy of the sun are counterbalanced by his immense distance; the smallness and dimness of the moon are counterbalanced by her nearness.

Our earth shines, as the moon shines, by reflection of the sun's radiance. One main difference between a planet and a star—or in other words, between a world and a sun—is that stars or suns shine by their own intrinsic radiance; while the light of planets or worlds is, generally speaking, derived from the sun. Our sun is a star, and all true stars are suns. The world on which we live is a planet, and all planets are counted to be worlds; while the little attendant planets, commonly called moons or satellites, really belong to the same category.

The Solar System, to which reference has been more than once made, consists chiefly of the great central sun, the earth and other planets, the moons belonging to some of those planets, an unknown number of comets, and countless hordes of meteorites.

Of the planets, those which we can most frequently and easily see are Venus, Jupiter, and Mars. Venus has sometimes been called "Earth's Twin," because it is nearly of the same size as Earth, and also it is comparatively near,—not so near as our moon, but not so far as most of the planets. "Evening Star" is a name often given to Venus; though in reality she is no star but a world like our earth, shining only by reflection.

Next to Venus in size and brilliancy comes Jupiter. In apparent size I mean, for in real size Jupiter is a huge globe; not, indeed, to be compared 'or a moment with the sun; but bigger than Venus or Earth, as an apple is bigger than a pea. Jupiter has four beautiful little moons, which may be easily seen through a common opera-glass on any clear night when this planet is visible. A fifth and much smaller moon has been lately discovered.

Venus has a position nearer to the sun than ourselves, and Mercury is nearer still. Farther away than we are is the "red planet Mars," and Jupiter lies at a great distance beyond Mars; while farther still, divided by mighty gulfs of space, are the planets Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Between Mars and Jupiter lies a belt of very numerous small planets named the Planetoids.

# WHAT I FOUND ON A ROSE-BUSH.

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

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

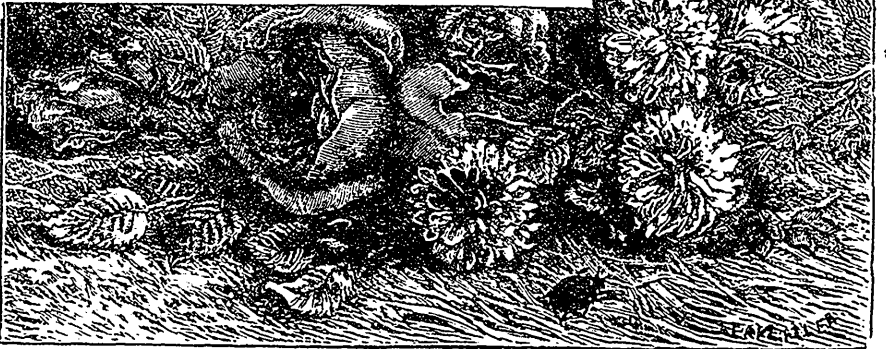
## PART I.

**O**NE of the very best ways of gaining a knowledge of the living creatures around us is to mark out a small area, and examine it thoroughly and systematically. The result is sometimes quite astonishing. In a little wood and a little field and a little strip of railway embankment, not six miles in a straight line from the Houses of Parliament, I captured two hundred and thirty kinds of moths and butterflies, and nearly seven hundred different kinds of beetles. On a single dead birch tree, in the park belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, near Croydon, I once found more than three thousand beetles belonging to at least twenty different kinds, to say nothing of earwigs, and grubs, and spiders, and creeping things of all sorts and shapes and sizes. And in a little backyard, not more than fifteen feet square, I have taken in a single hour more insects than I could mount in a day.

And I had a somewhat similar experience last summer. I was staying near the seaside, and had made up my mind, one day, for a long natural history ramble. But shortly before the time of starting the wind went round to the south-west, the sky became black with clouds, and a few occasional raindrops gave warning of the coming storm. So I stayed in the little garden in front of the house until the rain drove me indoors, and spent a short time in examining a standard rose-bush.

My attention was called to the bush by the sight of a caterpillar, which was feeding upon one of the leaves. It was a queer, hairy creature, with four feathery tufts, like miniature shaving brushes, standing erect upon its back, two somewhat similar tufts projecting, like horns, one from each side of the head, and yet another tuft projecting in the same way from the tail. And I knew that in the course of a few weeks, provided that no accident befell it, and that no deadly ichneumon grubs were preying upon its body, it would become a little brown-winged Vapourer Moth, pretty, bright, and active, and fond, above all things, of sitting to and fro in the sun.

That is, if it happened to be a gentleman; for the feminine sex is not the fair sex among insects. All the beauty and elegance and bright colouring belong to the males. And the lady Vapourer is not a handsome little brown-winged moth at all. She is only a fat, clumsy, grey little grub-like creature, with two absurd little flappers in place of wings, and is almost as unlike her spouse as a





jelly-fish is unlike an eagle. She cannot fly, of course. Nay more, she cannot even walk, and spends the whole of her life clinging to the cocoon in which she lay hidden as a pupa. On this she lays her eggs, arranging them in neat little rows, and fastening them down with a kind of natural glue. And, having laid them, she fails to the ground and dies.

Strange it is, to our minds, that her gay little lover should perceive in her any attractions at all. Yet no doubt, in his eyes, she is an exquisite and peerless creature, far lovelier and more lovable than if she were gifted with wings like himself, and could bear him company in his journeys through the realms of air.

I looked at the spray on which the caterpillar was sitting, and marvelled at his appetite. For he had stripped five or six leaves down to the very mid-rib, and was hard at work stripping another. By-and-by his pretty little furry coat would become too tight for him, and would split along the back, that he might wriggle his way out of it, and appear in a suit of bright new raiment. But how are those long feathery tufts packed away between the old skin and the new? And why do so many caterpillars consider it necessary to devour their old cast-off garments?

While I was looking at the caterpillar, I noticed that from many of the leaves—from nearly all the leaves, in fact, on the lower part of the bush—semi-circular pieces had been cut away with mathematical accuracy, three, four, or five, in some cases, from a single leaf. And this I knew was the work of the Leaf-cutter Bee.

This remarkable insect is solitary in its habits, and digs out a long burrow in the decaying wood of some dead tree—generally a willow—instead of making a nest. Having excavated the tunnel to her liking, she proceeds to make a series of cells, seven or eight in number, shaped like so many thimbles, and composed entirely of the fragments of rose-leaves which she has cut away with her jaws. These she arranges with marvellous skill and dexterity, carefully fitting them together in such a manner that

the natural, jagged edge of the leaf lies on the outside, and the smooth edge which she herself has cut in the interior. A second supply of leaves are fastened inside the first, and a third inside the second, especial care being taken that the junctions in one layer are covered over by the next. As soon as the cell is finished it is filled with a kind of reddish-yellow preserve, composed of pollen and honey (obtained principally from thistle-blossoms). An egg is then inserted, and the mouth of the cell covered in (like a pot of jam) with three circular pieces of leaf, each as neatly and truly cut as though it had been measured out by compasses.

When cutting them, in fact, the bee does transform itself for the nonce into a pair of compasses, one point being represented by her feet, and the other by her sharp little jaws. As she never shifts her feet while thus engaged, but revolves, so to speak, on her own axis, a perfect curve is always produced.

As the bee clings, not to the leaf itself, but to the fragment which she is cutting, it would seem that, when the operation was completed, she would fall to the ground. A second or two before the final cut is given, however, she balances herself upon her wings, and so, when the section is detached, is able to fly off with it in triumph.

One of the leaves upon the upper part of the bush, which had escaped both caterpillar and bee, was marked with a peculiar whitish streak, very narrow at one end, but widening out towards the other, and pursuing a curiously winding course. This was the burrow of a tiny grub, which some day would turn into a tiny fly, and had been busily feeding upon the soft substance lying between the upper and under surfaces of the leaf. Other leaves had been attacked by the caterpillars of a small moth greatly detested by gardeners, which had eaten out the interior in the same manner, and had carefully fastened the two membranes together with silk.

Finally, the young shoots were tenanted by two most interesting insects. But these we must reserve for a succeeding paper.

*(To be continued.)*



## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH,

*(Continued from page 86.)*

## 5. THE BED.



THE making and keeping of a patient's bed is, it is easy to see, largely responsible for his comfort, temper, sleep, and, in fact, his health. And it may not be out of place to remark in passing that, though a patient may be nursed on any kind of couch, or on nothing but a mattress or even straw or sacking, and get well, yet iron bedsteads are the best kind. They are light, and therefore more easily moved than wooden ones. They are clean, and can easily be kept clean, while other kinds harbour insects. They are open, and therefore airy, and do not contract any close or unpleasant smell.

(i) The position of the bed in the sick-room is a very important matter. And though it may be impossible in many cases, owing to want of space, to attend to all the following directions, yet it may be worth while to say what should be done, where and when it is possible.

The bed should be so placed that the air may circulate freely all round it. It should *not* be pushed tightly against the wall, or be closely surrounded by heavy pieces of furniture, in such a way that while the bed is being made a constant and fatiguing warfare has at the same time to be waged with the chest of drawers or the washstand. Nor should the bed be placed so that a door or a window opens full upon it. A window brings too strong a light, and a draught, and a door introduces bad air, the effects of which may be mitigated, if it does not blow full upon the patient's bed. It is also bad for a sick person to be worried by being obliged to be conscious of every opening and shutting of the door. In many rooms it is of course impossible to do anything but make the best of things as they are, and an unavoidable draught should be counteracted

by a curtain, and a glaring light by a dark blind, while between the bed and a door that is too near it a screen made of a clothes-horse with a sheet hung over it may be placed with very beneficial effects.

The space underneath the bed should *not* be used as a store closet for the family boxes or anything else. By such obstructions dust is collected, and the free passage of the air hindered. Above all things, no secretions from the sick person should be allowed to remain there. They give off bad gases, which penetrate the mattress, and make it unwholesome for the patient to lie on. Fresh, pure air is so essential to a good recovery, that everything which may hinder its free circulation should be carefully avoided. It is therefore advisable to remove the valance from the lower part of the bed, and the curtains from the head, if there are any such obstructions.

(ii) The bed-clothing should possess two qualifications—warmth and lightness. Covering to be warm need not be weighty, and when a person is weak and ill a heavy quilt is the worst thing he can have on him. Two light quilts are much better than a single heavy one, though one of the latter kind is often really useful, if folded lengthwise and put across the foot of the bed with the ends tucked in firmly on each side. A patient often likes to feel weight on his feet, and the feet ought to be kept extra warm, and especially if the circulation is known to be poor.

(iii) It is, of course, impossible to be too particular about the cleanliness of the patient's bed. The mattress must have no evil smell, or if it has, it must be thoroughly cleansed as soon as possible. The bed-clothes—sheets and blankets—must be always clean, and this often means a great deal of work, even washing sheets every day in some cases. The patient must never be allowed to lie wet or damp. He must be *kept* dry, and all discharges must be cleared away as soon as discovered. It is advisable to have a "draw-sheet"—*i.e.*, a sheet folded and laid lengthwise across the middle of the bed, with the ends tucked in in such a way as that it may easily be

wholly, or in part, drawn out from under the patient. This contrivance adds immeasurably to a patient's comfort, and saves the nurse much trouble, and is also economical in the long run.

The patient should never be allowed to lie on crumbs, or on a wrinkled sheet. The sheet must be kept, by constant watching, perfectly smooth, else much discomfort will follow, and in long-continued sickness bed-sores will frequently be the result. From time to time the patient should be made to roll over on his side, and the nurse should, with the

palm of her hand, sweep out any crumbs there may be, and draw the sheet straight and tight. By careful attention to these details, and by helping the sick person to roll from one side to the other, so that he is never too long in one position, bed-sores, of which every good nurse has an absolute horror, may, except in cases of very long and persistent illness, be nearly always avoided.

(iv) It can hardly be necessary to add that no linen for the bed or body of the patient should ever be used without having been first thoroughly aired.

## THOUGHTS FOR HARVEST.

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

*Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Late Vicar of St. Lawrence, Isle of Thanet.*

"The joy of harvest."

**T**O many "the joy of harvest" sounds almost ironical. Farmers, and all whose interests and maintenance are connected with the cultivation of the soil, might feel that a more appropriate phrase would be, "the anxieties of harvest." Whether it is that we are more discontented than our forefathers, or that our requirements are not so simple as theirs, the fact remains that we never hear nowadays the expression of satisfaction with the state of the crops.

Yet the prophet speaks of the "joy of harvest" as a kind of joy which is undeniable and very real. A moment's reflection will show us the reason.

Among the Jews the harvest was of vital importance, not only to the comfort, but to the life of the nation. The developments of civilisation and commerce were comparatively unknown among them, and thus they were dependent for very existence upon the grain crop. A good harvest meant prosperity and happiness; a bad harvest meant privation, if not starvation.

Thus it was that they regarded the harvest as something which closely connected them with Jehovah. They felt their dependence upon Him for the fruits of the earth; their joy at the ingathering of an abundant store was a call to them for an expression of gratitude to Him to whom they owed it.

The joy of harvest was a very real thing.

With us, however, there is a loss of the simple faith, the childlike trust which characterised the chosen people in those early days. The majority of our population care little, and know less, of the prospects and results of the harvest. Whether it is good or bad does not affect them. The fact that two-thirds of the corn which supplies us with daily food is

imported from other countries, and that thus the prices are kept at an almost fixed figure, removes that incentive to faith which the Israelites had who were dependent upon the harvest for their sustenance.

Within recent years, the custom of celebrating harvest festivals in our churches has become all but universal, and we may well thank God for this example of gratitude and praise. It is one more opportunity given to men—to the careless and indifferent, as well as to the earnest and faithful—of realising all we owe to Him who has given us "life, and breath, and all things"; to Him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being."

The object of harvest thanksgiving services, however, is wider than the mere offering of a tribute of grateful thanks for the cereal crops. It is a call to men to look around on God's work in Nature; to notice how, in the Father's Providence, the whole vegetable world is ordered and arranged to minister to the wants of humanity; to make the best use of the good thus placed within our reach, not merely from the selfish motive of adding to our own comfort, but from the desire to benefit others.

This may be called the *material joy* of harvest; and it is important, for the growth of our own spiritual life, that we should be as comprehensive as possible in the objects of our gratitude when we take part in a harvest thanksgiving service; that we should dwell upon the blessing of existence, of health, and vigour; on our means of livelihood, whether great or small; on our capacity for enjoyment; on our successes, joys, and the numberless privileges that are vouchsafed to us.

Nay, more; the joy of harvest speaks to us in our disappointments, which constitute

one of the ways in which God prepares and matures our souls for the final ingathering; in our sicknesses, which, if borne in the spirit of Christ, purify and ennoble our higher nature; in our bereavements, when those we love have been gathered into the granary of God, there to wait for the final threshing and sifting at the last day.

There must ever be in our minds, too, the *spiritual joy* of harvest—that harvest of which our blessed Lord spoke when He told His disciples that the labourers were so few and the work so great. We frequently hear the objection raised to the support of Foreign Missions, "Why should I contribute my money to the efforts for the conversion of the heathen when there are so many 'living without God in the world' in every part of our own land?" Is the objection a selfish one, advanced merely as a pretext for niggardliness, or is it seriously and honestly meant? If the former, we would repeat the words of the Lord Jesus, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." If the latter, we would

recall the charter of missionary enterprise given by the risen Christ as His last legacy to the leaders of His Church: "Go, make disciples of all nations, and baptize them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." In how many cases the petition, "Thy kingdom come," is offered day by day as a lip-tribute to "our Father," while the meaning of the prayer—or, rather, one of its many meanings—viz., that the Kingdom of Christ, and the power of His teaching, may be established in the hearts of those who are groping in blindness and ignorance—is entirely lost sight of!

Here, then, is a joy of harvest which should speak to the hearts of all true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Whether it be the reclaiming of one poor sinner at our own doors, or aiding those who in the Divine Spirit relinquish all earthly ties in order that they may win the heathen to a knowledge of the truth, let us share with the angels, in this aspect of the harvest, the joy which they feel "over one sinner that repenteth."

## DIVINE DELAY.

BY THE REV. JULIAN HARVEY, M.A.,  
*Senior Curate of St. Andrew's, Plymouth.*

"When He had heard therefore that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was."—ST. JOHN xi. 6.

THE sisters watch and wait,  
But Jesus does not come;  
He does not turn, with hastening step,  
Towards their village home.  
Yet to that village home,  
How oft, in days before,  
Has He, when tired and weary, come,  
And entered at their door.  
How often have His feet  
The winding pathway pressed,  
Which led Him from the city's heat  
O'er Olives' lofty crest.  
And down the eastern side  
Of that familiar hill,  
His hastening footsteps would He guide,  
With eager mind and will.  
For there the loved retreat  
Lies on the mountain side;  
And there His friends come forth to greet,  
And ask Him to abide.  
Eut now that sorrow lowers  
Upon that village home,  
The sisters wait through weary hours,  
And Jesus does not come.  
Yet they, with steps how quick!  
Have sent their piteous cry—

"Lord, whom Thou lov'st is sick;  
Come ere our brother die."

What strange, mysterious love  
To thus so long delay!  
Could He from Jordan's bank\* not move?  
Was He too far away?

How can it seem like love  
In those grief-moistened eyes,  
Which shed such bitter tears above  
The grave where Lazarus lies?

Oh, are there any now,  
Who, loving their own way,  
Find it so difficult to bow  
To this Divine delay?

Just read the story through  
With care, and it will tell  
That Jesus knew what He would do,  
And what He did was well.†

The present moment "now"  
Is all that *we* can see;  
So we must let the "when" and "how"  
In God's Hands ever be.

And should that present "now"  
Be but a flood of tears,  
Leave to His love the "when" and "how,"  
And wash away our fears.

\* "Jordan's bank." See St. John x. 40, and i. 28.

† "Well." For carrying out this thought, see St. John xi. 15, 40, 45, and xii. 17, 18.

## “PLAYING FOR HIS COLOURS.”

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,  
*Vicar of Upper Tooting, and Rural Dean of Streatham; Author of "Drifted Home," etc.*

### CHAPTER II.

“WHO’S GOT IT?”



“LUCKY shave that!” exclaimed Prior next morning, just as he and Tubbs were going up to school. “There’s a hole in my trousers pocket, and that half-sov. my pater gave me for the ‘teapot’ was just off on its own account.”

“Where’s your purse?”

“Don’t know; no time to look for it now. Never mind; it will be all right here on the corner of my desk. Nobody will bag it.”

So saying, out he went with Tubbs up to school.

They had a good morning’s work, and at midday Tubbs returned to the study to fetch a pair of Fives’ gloves, while Prior was kept back by the Doctor for a few minutes.

On his way from school the collector for the testimonial overtook him, and asked if he could pay up his promised ten shillings then.

“Come up to my study, and you shall have it,” was the reply.

“Well, that’s a rum go!” panted Prior, who had lost his breath in running upstairs. “I left the half-sov. on the corner of my desk—just there,” indicating the spot with his finger, “and now it’s gone.”

“Who has been in?”

“No one that I know of, except Tubbs. He came for his Fives’ gloves while I was with the Doctor I believe.” “Well, I suppose Tubbs hasn’t got it?”

“No; I would as soon suspect myself as him.”

“That’s pretty strong. I do wish he would give up that fool’s habit of betting; he’s such an idiot over it, too. He knows absolutely nothing about horses, and one fellow gets another to stuff him up with some nonsense just to diddle him out of his money.”

“Young jackass!” replied Prior. “I’ve

talked to him till I’m sick of it; but now he knows very plainly that if I catch him, or any one else, at it, even if it be our worthy and noble chief Mortimer, I shall report it. Yes, I will, if I get flayed alive for it. It’s a mean and detestable habit; and once let it get a hold of the younger fellows here, and there’s no knowing the consequences. But, all the same, Tubbs didn’t take my ten shillings; and, what’s more, I really haven’t the face to send to my Dad for another, so unless it should turn up I must drop out of the list.”

“Let’s go and ask Tubbs if he saw it when he came up for his gloves.”

Off the two started for the courts; and as there were several sets of them in opposite directions, they naturally went to the wrong ones first, and it was nearly dinner-time when they found him.

They agreed not to speak in the presence of any one else, as the more widely the matter got known the less chance of getting back the money.

When the game was over, and the three other players had gone off in another direction, Prior asked Tubbs where he had found his Fives’ gloves.

“On the cupboard at the back of the door,” was the reply.

“Did you happen to go near my desk or to look at it?”

“What are you driving at, Prior?”

“Why, my half-sov. has gone, and I want to know whether it was taken while we were in school, or after you had fetched the gloves.”

“Oh, I see,” said Tubbs, with a momentary confusion, arising from a thought about another ten shillings that he might or might not get. “Oh, I see. No; I didn’t go near the desk; I wasn’t in the room five seconds. I’m afraid I cannot throw any light on it.”

“It’s a horrid nuisance, for I really can’t get any more; and I don’t want to do less than I have promised.”

“I thought you pitched into me for not liking to do less than other boys,” said Tubbs maliciously.

“Not quite the same thing after all, is it? You said you would give ten shillings or nothing. I had already put my name down for ten shillings.”

"I'm awfully sorry for you, and hope it will turn up."

With that Tubbs ran off to escape the collector.

"H'm" and "Phew" went the collector.

"And what do you say now?"

"That Tubbs is as innocent of it as you are."

"I'm sure I hope so; but, as old Harper says about Aristophanes, 'there are various ways of taking the passage, some of which we will now proceed to consider.'"

"I distinctly refuse to consider the possibility that Tubbs could be such a low-minded cad as to steal my half-sov. unless he confesses to it, or else I find him with it."

"Heroics, heroics of the first water. I wish I had as much faith in human nature in general, and Tubbs in particular. But I can't trust fellows who bet; and I won't, that's more. I know he bets."

Tubbs' sudden flight from the collector had not secured its object, for as soon as dinner was over he was run to earth in the Library, fortunately for him, when no one else was there.

"Hullo, Tubbs! lucky for me. I've been after you ever so long about this 'teapot.' What are you going to do?"

"Hand over the list," and then, as Tubbs perused it, and saw that all the Upper School were giving ten shillings each, he decided to chance winning his bet, and said, "Put me down ten bob; but I can't pay you to-day."

"All right, Saturday will do," replied the collector. This was what he said; what he thought was something of this kind: "It isn't all right, it's all wrong. You can pay me now. You've got Prior's half-sov. in your pocket, you contemptible thief!"

In thinking thus he was utterly wronging poor Tubbs. It was indeed his own entire unconsciousness of suspicion that led him

to put his name down for ten shillings. He was innocent, and it simply never entered his head that Prior or the collector would suspect him of stealing; but he was most anxious to keep the betting to himself.

The collector conceived an intense desire to rush on Tubbs, upset him, shake him by the heels till the half-sovereign rolled out of his pockets—then, keeping him prostrate on the ground, he would deliver an address; then, raising him to his feet, would carry him off to Prior, and leave him to settle the matter.

But there was one great objection to this course—viz., that the collector was a weakly stripling, whereas Tubbs was a sturdy sapling.

The sense of right adds a measure even of physical strength to a man sometimes, but it does not enable seven stone to catch hold of ten stone and dangle it by the heels.

So he put aside his virtuous and warlike intent, and strode away more convinced than ever that all fellows who gambled were cads.

However, he would go and see Prior. He knew Tubbs was safe in the Library, so up he went, three steps at once.

"Well, Prior, have you found your half-sov.?"

"No; I've told the Matron, and we've hunted the place over. No one seems to have come up during the morning. It's gone, and bad luck go with it."



"NOW CLEAR OUT!"

"Ha! Of course you haven't found it, because you haven't looked in the right place."

"Where?"

"In the pockets of the trousers of Henry Glyde, otherwise known as Tubbs."

"Look here! I wish you would drop that. I tell you I can't believe he has had anything to do with it."

"I'm certain he has, and I have just as much right to my opinion as you have to yours."

"Not at all. When you say you are certain you mean you strongly suspect—unless, of course, he has owned up. Your suspicions, if you go bellowing them out as certainties, may damage the fellow for life. My strong conviction of his innocence cannot injure him in any case."

"You're so plaguy logical and all that sort of thing. Why, you make no more fuss about losing half-a-sov. than if it were a bone collar-stud."

"Well, if I'm content to be calm under such a crushing catastrophe, what do you want to make a bother for—eh?"

"Now, Prior, look here," said the collector, producing his book with an air of triumph, and pointing to "Henry Glyde, ten shillings."

Certainly Prior was taken aback for the moment, but he determined, as a point of honour, to keep his suspicions to himself—the collector was prejudiced enough already—so he only replied—

"What of it? Did he give you half-a-sovereign?"

"No, you idiot! Oh! I beg pardon. That's just the point of it. He said he hadn't got it then, but would fish it up before Saturday. Bah! when the sneak had it in his pocket all the time."

"How do you know?"

"Know. Why, of course I know, and you know, too. You know, you know; now don't you know?"

The collector was fast becoming incoherent, which made it all the easier for Prior to keep his counsel.

"I say, Prior, you're enough to vex a saint. I thought I'd got evidence enough to track your half-sov., and you won't even look at the case, but sit there grinning like a big baboon."

The collector was a privileged individual. He was so small and weakly that big boys left him alone, because they feared he would come to pieces if they hit him. Little boys couldn't touch him because he was surrounded with the halo of the Sixth Form.

"It vexes a saint because I won't believe another chap to be a sinner. Who is the saint? Where is he? Let me kick him."

"Oh, very well! I don't care about your wretched ten bob, I'm sure. I haven't lost it."

"A fact of which I reminded you just a minute ago. Now clear out, vanish, scoot!" exclaimed Prior, throwing a cushion at the collector's retreating form.

All the same, when he had gone Prior turned the matter over and over in his mind. "Curious, yesterday Tubbs had only three shillings; to-day he promises ten shillings. If the collector had only known the little fact—I sincerely hope he does not—he would have found some even more complimentary epithets to bestow on my stupidity. No! I can't think it; I won't think it; he's going to write to his father after all, and chance it. Tubbs may be a fool; he may be easily led; but I do not believe he is a *thief*."

(To be continued.)

## GARDEN WORK FOR AUGUST.

### Kitchen Garden.

**S**OW winter spinach. Dig the ground, and sow in drills, about a foot between the rows. When the plants have come up thin them out to three or four inches apart. The spinach will be ready for picking in October. Sow cabbage about the middle of the month, also coleworts and red cabbage. Also winter and spring onions. Cauliflowers should be sown about the third week in the month. When the plants have come up they should be pricked out in glass frames. They are very tender, and will not stand the frost. Plant out broccoli, savoy, and coleworts. Transplant celery into trenches, and earth

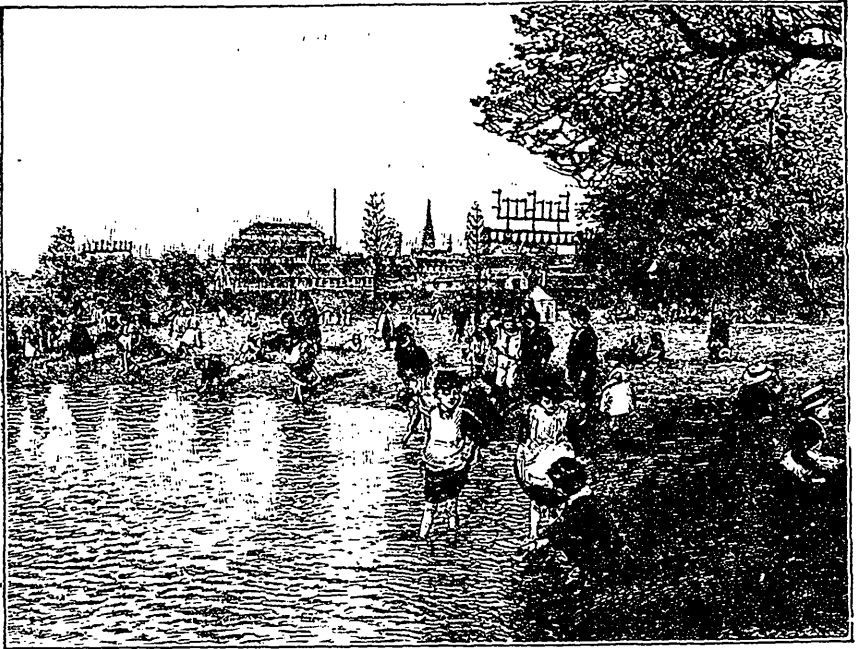
up the plants which require it. Sow turnip, lettuce, mustard, cress, and radish seed. Seeds which are now ripe should be gathered. After being cut down the stalks should be spread out in the sun to dry.

### Fruit Garden.

Protect fruit from birds, wasps, and other insects.

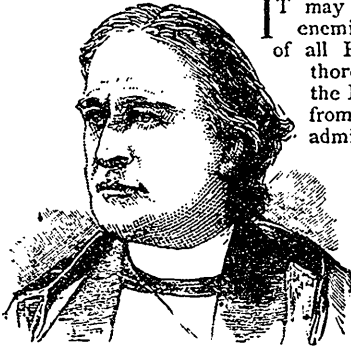
### Flower Garden.

Take up perennials which have now done flowering, and divide the roots into as many pieces as are desired, but not too small, and plant them out. Transplant seedlings of perennials and biennials. Gather seeds, and clear away all withered leaves and stalks of plants in flower.



*Drawn and Engraved by R. TAYLOR & Co.]*

## ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S FRIENDS.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

IT may be that the Archbishop of Canterbury has some enemies, but we are certain that he has many friends; and of all His Grace's numerous friends there are none more thorough than the working people of Lambeth, to whom the Lambeth Palace meadows are open freely for recreation from May to September. To prevent overcrowding the admission is by tickets, which are distributed through the local clergy. The grounds comprise a large area, flanked on the south by the London and South-Western Railway, and a good-sized pond in the north-west corner is not the least attractive feature. Some of the young followers of Izaak Walton ply the rod here with a devotion worthy of the true angler; and as their "takes" are not large, even the local fishmongers placidly tolerate the sport without feeling aggrieved. It is worth a visit to see the hundreds of boys and girls enjoying themselves to the full without let or hindrance in all those inno-

cent romps in which healthy children delight; and one can hardly believe that this is a patch of the overcrowded five-millioned-peopled metropolis of the world. Cricket and rounders for the boys, skipping ropes and a "ring-a-ring of roses" for the girls, battledore and shuttle-cock, kite-flying, tick, and other odds and ends of sport, varied on high days by the performance of some local band, and always crowned with rippling peals of laughter, which, after all, is the very finest music in the world,—Lambeth fields are, indeed, the place in which to spend a happy day. Now and again the Archbishop, with Mrs. Benson, or some other member of the household, pay a surprise visit to his large family, and are greeted with an enthusiasm which shows how much His Grace is beloved by his poorer neighbours.

There are knowing little children, who have somehow or other found out that the Archbishop has some big pockets, and that oddly enough, now and again, these pockets contain stray pennies, which have nestled away between packets of sweets; and it is said that occasionally, when there are not too many people about, there have been hastily arranged foot races, in which the stakes have been provided—yes, and even held, by a grave dignitary. Well, well, sometimes when I have seen the Archbishop taking part in an imposing public ceremony, I have thought that perhaps that pleasant smile which lights up his happy face is the result of his having had a ten minutes' romp with the poor children at Lambeth half an hour previously. Who knows?

F. S.



## SUNDAY BY SUNDAY;

OR,

## BIBLE QUESTIONS ON THE "SUNDAY GOSPELS" THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

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

*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.; Author of "Festival Hymns," etc.*

August 6th, Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke xix. 41-47.)

1. In how many ways do verses 43, 44, show us the completeness of the overthrow there predicted by the Saviour?
2. Of what verses in St. Luke xvii., St. Matt. xxiv., Job. xxxix., may the contents of verses 45, 46, remind us when connected with that overthrow?
3. What lessons may be gathered from a comparison of the last words of this Gospel with the first, and with verses to be found in Psalm cxxvi. and 1 Kings xix.?

August 13th, Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke xviii. 9-13.)

1. In how many ways did the Publican spoken of in this Gospel testify his humility before God?
2. What astonishing illustration of the last words in verse 9 do we find recorded in chapter xvi.?
3. When we combine what St. Paul says of himself in other places with what he says of himself in the close of the Epistle for to-day and elsewhere, how does his case exemplify both the cases described in the Gospel for to-day?

\* \* \* We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted from July to December inclusive, and Twelve Volumes published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. The winners will be allowed to choose the volumes. Competitors must be under six and twenty years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. For example, the answers to the above questions for August must be sent in on or before September 1st. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman, Sunday School Superintendent, or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please give their names and addresses in full, state their ages, and address the envelopes containing their replies thus:—  
"Bible Explorations," or "Puzzles," MR. FRED. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

August 27th, Thirtieth Sunday after Trinity.

(St. Luke x. 23-37.)

1. How can it be shown that the good Samaritan taught both by example and precept?
2. In what way does the Gospel for to-day illustrate the concluding verses of the Epistle for to-day; and with what verse in Heb. vii. may both be compared?
3. What may we gather to the same effect when we take a symbolical view of the story, and contrast the conduct of the good Samaritan with that of those who had "passed by" before?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A.,

*Vicar of North Holmwood, Dorking.*

## 21. REBUS.

Interpret the following—(1) MEICUR.

(2)  $\frac{\text{you taking}}{\text{rate my}}$   
what is right.

## 22. A PROVERB BURIED IN PROVERBS.

- (1) "Too many cooks spoil the broth."
- (2) "Handsome is that handsome does."
- (3) "Fine feathers make fine birds."
- (4) "The darkest hour is just before the daylight."
- (5) "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

## 23. ACROSTIC.

From each of the following verses take a noun: the initials tell what we should do over them all.

- (1) Ps. xix. 14. (2) 1 Sam. ii. 3. (3) Ps. cxxxix. 23.
- (4) 2 Thess. iii. 14. (5) Prov. iv. 23.

## 24. A BOTANICAL STUDY.

Find six *famular* female names, connected with plant-life, and beginning with the following initials—D. L. M. O. R. V.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY M. RAE,

*Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

**Shepherd's Pie.**—Cold meat (average cost, 4d.); 1 small onion, 1 teaspoonful flour, 1 tablespoonful dripping (melted), 1 teacupful gravy (3d.); 1 lb. potatoes, pepper and salt (1d.). Total, 8d.

Boil the potatoes, and mash them, stirring in the melted dripping. Cut the meat very small indeed, and remove all skin and fat. Boil the onion till tender, and chop finely. Mix in a bowl the flour and gravy with pepper and salt to taste, press out all lumps with the back of the spoon, pour into a saucepan, and stir till boiling. Boil for three minutes, and then add the chopped meat and onion. Now put half the meat into a pie-dish, next a thin layer of potato, then the rest of the meat, and lastly the remaining potato. Spread smoothly with

a knife, mark across with a fork, leaving the surface rather rough, and bake in a quick oven till light brown.

**Stewed Green Peas.**—½ Peck green peas (average cost, 4d.); 1 teaspoonful white sugar, 1 teaspoonful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls water, 1 onion, 1 oz. butter, 1 sprig mint (2d.). Total, 6d.

Put into a stewpan the butter, water, sugar, mint, and onion; stir till boiling, then put in the peas, and let them stew gently till soft. The length of time taken depends on their age and size. When they are tender remove the onion and mint, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold water, stir this into the stewpan, and after boiling for three minutes to cook the flour, serve at once very hot.



"WHAT JOHNNY THINKS!"

How pleasant it is on a hot summer's day  
To sit in the shade and to rest from my play;  
To watch the big steamers sail far out to sea  
When there's no one about but my sister and me!  
Oh, yes, it is pleasant, but pleasanter still  
To sail in the boat with my big brother Bill!

# Let us, with a Gladsome Mind.

Words by MILTON.  
SEMI-CHORUS.

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D.  
(Incumbent of St. Paul's, Kilburn.)  
CHORUS.

1. Let us, with a gladsome mind, Praise the Lord, for He is kind: For His mercies  
2. Who by His wis- dom did cre- ate The painted heav'ns so full of state: For His mercies

aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure!  
aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure! A - men, A - men.

\* Use smaller notes where required.

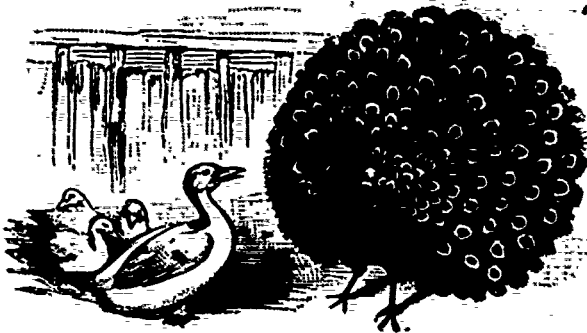
3. Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!
4. Who, by His all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!
5. And caused the golden-tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!

6. The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!
7. All living creatures He doth feed,  
And with full Hand supplies their need:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure!
8. Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure! Amen.

## ORIGINAL FABLE.

BY ELEANOR PROSSER, Author of "Fables for You," etc.

### THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.



"TELL trouble you to move out of my way, friend," said a peacock to a duck with her young brood, as he strutted along a grassy path with his tail outspread to catch the glories of the morning sun. "I should like to know why," said the duck, waddling steadily on. "We have as much right here as you."  
"That may be," said the peacock loftily, "though of course it is a matter of opinion; but there is clearly not room for us both, and I

suppose you can hardly imagine that those people down below came out to see *your* tail."  
"It certainly wouldn't pay them," said the duck calmly.  
"I'm glad you have sense enough to see it," said the peacock; "and now perhaps you'll be good enough to make room for me."  
"By all means," said the duck. "Get out of the way, children; it would be a pity not to give the poor gentleman a chance of doing what he can. If you haven't sense enough to be useful, I suppose the only thing left is to be ornamental."

us we shall willingly and regularly give our offerings to its services. (4) Consistency demands that we either serve God as Evangelists personally or else support those who serve Him. When we pray "Thy Kingdom Come"—i. e. may the Gospel of Jesus Christ flourish and abound and become more a power in our midst, and may the knowledge of Christ be spread abroad to distant lands—if we neither strive for these ends ourselves personally nor support those who do, can the prayer be much more than a mockery? Is it consistent to ask God to do all, while we do nothing? (5) God Himself has commanded that we should not come to the public services without a suitable offering. "They shall not appear before the Lord empty; every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee." (Deut. 16, 16.) (6) St. Paul exhorts the Christians to lay by their offerings regularly on the first day of the week, i. e. on Sunday: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him" (1. Cor. 16, 2).

## General Parish News.

We call particular attention to our Register for the month of July. It is remarkable in most of its Departments. We wish, indeed, the last Department in it were not so full; but so it has pleased God. The list of those confirmed will serve as a certificate of Church-membership, and therefore should be preserved by the candidates as a duplicate with their card.

Mrs. R. Beatty has returned from her extended vacation, and is once more busy among us.

Mrs. Brotherhood and her children have come among us once more, and will be with us at least for the summer months. May we hope that they will remain with us for good?

Mrs. Maynard and the children are at Point Farm; Mr. Maynard is gone to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Sydney-Smith also have gone to Muskoka for an extended holiday.

News has been received from all the members of our congregation in the old country. All are apparently having a pleasant and profitable time.

The Rector wishes to thank Mr. Andrew Monteith for a load of hay, and Mr. William Makins for a load of straw. Both are much appreciated.

The congregation on Sunday, July 9th, was one of the largest in the history of St. James' church. We thank the Orangemen for their large attendance.

Mr. Young, our choir-master, has gone on a yachting tour down the St. Lawrence. He will return in about a fortnight's time.

The Wardens have decided to put in proper drainage and make a cement floor in the cellar of the Rectory—improvements which are sadly needed.

Mr. R. R. Neild and his bride have taken up their residence on Grange street, near Waterloo street. We wish them both long life and happiness, and to Mrs. Neild we extend a cordial welcome to our midst.

In the absence of the church wardens, Messrs. S. R. Hesson and W. Dick make admirable substitutes.

We are glad to see Mrs. Beaumont (sr) Huron Rd., so much better than she was in the winter months.

Mr. Sydney Johnson has left for a two months' absence on a surveying expedition to Algoma.

Mr. James Wade has been transferred from the Stratford to the London branch of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Armstrong, his successor in this branch, is also a member of our church.

Mr. Roland Thompson of Fairview is, we are sorry to learn, still suffering from the result of his accident in the winter.

The ladies of the congregation worshipping at No. 4 school house, Downie, are nearly ready with their bale for the North West Missions. The bale will be a large and valuable one, and no small credit is due to the zeal and energy of that branch of our Auxiliary.

The S. S. Picnic was held on Tuesday, July 17th, in Queen's Park and was attended by a very large number of parents and friends of the Sunday School as well as children. An admirable programme of sports had been arranged by H. W. Copus. The Rector acted as starter, and Mr. Henry Watson as judge. Messrs. S. R. Hesson and the Mayor (J. C. Monteith) distributed the prizes at the end, thus closing what had been a most pleasant afternoon to all. Misses Elworthy and Roberts were indefatigable in looking after the Infant Class, and the teachers generally left nothing undone to make the enjoyment of the children complete.

The Young Women's Guild intend to hold a Garden Party on the beautiful grounds of Mr. H. M. Johnson on Wednesday evening, August 9th.

On Monday, July 31st, a joint meeting of the Women's Chapter, District Visitors, Young Women's Guild, King's Daughters and Women's Auxiliary was held to consider the advisability of erecting some memorial to the late Mrs. Wade. It was decided that the memorial should be from all the Women's Societies in the Church. Fearing that a brass Lectern would be more than the Societies could afford, it was suggested that two brass desks for holding the Prayer Book on the Communion Table be presented instead. These would form a handsome tribute to her memory and would certainly be most useful.

# BANK of MONTREAL

Capital, . . . . . \$12,000,000  
Rest, . . . . . 0,000,000

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Fashionable Barber and Hair  
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Call to get Catalogue and Prices.

## "Cleaning Up" Time!

Step Ladders, Carpet Whips, Carpet  
Felt, Carpet Sweepers, Paints, Paint  
Brushes, Japanese Enamels, Varnish  
Stains, Alabastine, Rakes, Hoes, Forks,  
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## W. & F. WORKMAN'S

## Tolton & Co.,

Are Universal Providers.

Before purchasing what you wear or  
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## NASMYTH & CO'Y,

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Leading Lines at Lowest Prices.  
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