

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: / **Pagination is as follows: 21, 321-[352], 22-[23] p.**
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Nov 1897

THE
CATHEDRAL
MONTHLY.



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

CHURCH NOTES.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE death of Mr. Inches was a shock to the inhabitants of Fredericton generally, while to his fellow worshippers in the Cathedral it brings a great sense of bereavement. For many years his delight was to attend the house of God, and in spite of his increasing feebleness, he was in his accustomed place almost to the last. The Cathedral has suffered heavy losses during the last few years by the death of members of its congregation. Governor Fraser, Mr. E. H. Wilmot, and now Mr. Inches, were men whom it was good to know and have fellowship with, whose lives were pure and unselfish, and whose example will long be an inspiration for the rising generation. Mrs. Inches and the sorrowing family have the deepest sympathy of the whole community. None of those present last Thursday at the communion service in the Cathedral thought that in less than three days, he who with so much difficulty mounted the chancel steps for that holy purpose would have passed into the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." The clergy of the Cathedral feel that in Mr. Inches they have lost a personal friend whose place cannot be filled.

The floral offerings by friends were many and beautiful. Would it not be as well, if some flowers were sent to the church itself at the time of a funeral?

OUR circulation is increasing steadily, and we expect to give a larger order for the coming year. The magazine will be improved, and we think the quarto size will be used, as that will give us more space for printing on the covers. We shall also have a different cut of the Cathedral on the front cover. Will our friends try to gain some new subscribers for us? If the magazine is worthy of circulation, it is worthy of large circulation; and the wider afield it goes, the more useful it is.

It is pleasing to note that about \$200 a year has been added to the offertories of the Cathedral as a result of the Finance Committee's labours. There must be still a good many who regularly attend the services, who do not contribute through the envelopes. There are also probably quite a number of young people who are earning, or who have, money of their own, for whom it would be a good thing if they contributed to the maintenance of the Sanctuary, even though their weekly amount were small. It is by numerous contributions of small sums, that our average is to be maintained. We hope to see the number of envelopes increased, until we have all our deficiencies made up, and no anxiety is felt about the finances. We need \$200 more.

THE classes during the winter months will be as follows:

The Dean's Bible class for women Fridays at 4 p. m. in Vestry.

The Sub-Dean's Bible class for girls Fridays at 7.30 p. m.

NOVEMBER 1897
 110-112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000

237 The whole of the contents of this magazine are copyright. For permission to reproduce any of the articles application should be made to MR. FREDR. SHERLOCK, "Church Monthly" Office, 30 and 31, New Bridge St., London, E.C.



“THE BLESSED DEAD.”

(ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOVEMBER 1ST.)

“The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead.”—RUTH i. 8.

HOW oft we wish, with vain but passionate longing,
That the dead past might but be lived again,
When sweetest memories round our hearts are thronging
Of dear ones now at rest from sin and pain!

We loved them well—perchance at times too blindly;
With tender touch we soothed the fevered brow:
But did we always deal with them as kindly
As, if it might, our love would tend them now?

Were there no hasty words in anger spoken?
No gentle deeds of love left all undone?
Where was our sympathy with spirits broken?
GOD—pardon all our faults through Christ His Son!

Dear Saints of GOD! your warfare now is ended,
Your toil and tribulation all are o'er;
In pastures green, by the Good Shepherd tended,
Ye rest from all your labours evermore!

Rough billows crossed, ye now have reached the Haven
That ye desired with straining eyes to see;
Your last sweet words are on our hearts engraven:
When shall we gain your perfect victory?

“A little while”—for days and years are speeding
Their onward flight, and we your bliss shall share
In God's dear Land of rest and peace exceeding;
Oh, how we long to go and meet you there!

R. H. B.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A.,

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

mate, Ben Steady ("Old Ben," he was called), was an older man, but not beyond middle age either.

"Yes, thinks I sometimes, a man might be *rich*, if he could get down there, and grope about a bit. Think of the ships, and the cargoes, and the clocks, and watches, and chronometers, and the money, and the silver plate, and all the rest of it! Why, it wouldn't be a bad job, Old Ben, if you and I could get safe down, and pick some of it up."

"Ah, there's more than *that* down there. Think of the lives, man! Think of those sunk and drowned! Some of 'em I've sailed with—many of 'em. I could tell you of lots."

"Well, I know a few myself," said Jack.

"No doubt you do, but not so

I O F T E N think, thinks I, what a lot o' things there is down there, at the bottom of the sea."

The two men were sailors. They were on the same watch that night, and crossed one another now and then on the deck. It was Jack Smart who spoke. His

many as me by long chalks; you haven't lived so long. But just you turn your mind to those who've been drowned, and some of 'em gone in a moment, poor fellows, and leaving their wives and children behind 'em. You think o' *that*: the ships and cargoes don't so much signify."

"Have you ever lost anybody yourself?"

"Oh yes. My father was drowned at sea; he was on a smack. And my eldest brother, he went down in that man-o'-war that was overturned, you know; he, and I forget how many more besides."

"Have you ever been wrecked yourself?"

"Yes, years ago, when I was a youngster, not so old as you are. The ship ran up against an iceberg, and went down in ten minutes, and only I and three more were saved; the Captain and all the rest were drowned, and we lost all we had, except the clothes we stood up in."

"Oh, then, *you've* got something belonging to you down there; something that *did* belong to you."

"I hope I've got something more than my clothes down at the bottom."

"Well, you've got your money, no doubt; and your watch, if you had one."

"I hope I've got more than *that*."

"Well, you are a queer one, Old Ben. That's what we all say you are; you have got such notions. But this beats all—that you should *hope* you've got things down at the bottom of the sea. Why, man, if they were there, you'd have *lost* 'em, you'd never see 'em again."

"That's just what I don't want to do. I hope I never shall see 'em

again; I know I don't want to; I hope they're all right down there, and will never come up any more, *that I do!*"

And Old Ben was so much in earnest that his voice trembled as he spoke.

Jack was surprised at seeing him show so much feeling; but, as he could not make him out, he turned off with a short laugh, and walked up and down again, muttering:

"Well, Old Ben *is* a queer sort!"

But Ben had not done with him.

"Don't you want to know what I mean, Jack?" said he, a few minutes after, when they met again.

"I don't mind," said Jack. "What *is* it of yours that you hope is at the bottom?"

"My *sins*," said Ben solemnly.

"Oh, your *sins*! I wasn't thinking of *sins*. But how can your *sins* be at the bottom of the sea?"

"I'll tell you. Have you got a *Bible*, Jack?"

"I've got one somewhere—at least, I know I had; but I don't rightly know where it is."

"Then you don't often read in it?"

"Can't say I do; I won't tell no lies."

"If you'd kept to your Bible, you'd have come across *this* in it: 'Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.' *That's* what I mean. There's where I hope my sins are, cast down in the depths of the sea."

"I shouldn't mind if mine were along with 'em."

"Well, you may get 'em there, if you go about it the right way—least, that's what I believe. If mine are there, I don't see why yours shouldn't be."

"Well, what *is* the right way then? You seem to know all about it."

"If I do, it's only because God has showed it to me. What I know about it, I've learnt it all out of my Book. You see, messmate, it isn't that my sins are *really* down there, but that's how it's put in the Book, to show us they're *gone*. It's Christ that takes our sins away. He washed 'em away in His Blood, when He died to save us. It's Him I look to. He's my Saviour. He takes our sins right away, so that they're as much gone as if they'd been thrown into the sea. There, now you know about as much as I do; but that's a *lot* to know, to know *that*. I can't teach you much—I don't know much myself; but I do know one thing—that God 'll be as good as His word, and He has promised to forgive all who trust in Jesus, and to take all their sins away. Just you think of what Isaiah says: 'All we like sheep have gone astray' (I know *I* have); 'we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all.' Bless His Holy Name for *that*!"

Here the talk ended for that night. Jack said nothing, but I don't think it was the last talk they had.

THE POWER OF SONG.—Many years ago, Dr. Forrest, the present Dean of Worcester, was preaching in his London church one Sunday evening. At the close of the service a lady came to the vestry to thank him for his sermon, which had greatly moved her. In the course of conversation it transpired that she was Jenny Lind, the well-known singer. Dr. Forrest took the opportunity of telling her that he was visiting a youth in his parish who was dying of consumption, and who was an earnest Christian. One day Dr. Forrest asked him "what had led him to know Christ as his Saviour?" He replied that "some time before his illness he had gone to the Leeds Festival, and there heard Jenny Lind sing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that then and there he had yielded his heart to Christ, and had been His faithful follower ever since!' Tears sprang into Jenny Lind's eyes, and after a long pause she thanked Dr. Forrest for telling her this touching incident. Then she added: "It is not the first time that I have heard of a similar result from my singing of that song, and I never do sing it without first asking God that it may be blessed to at least one soul in my audience."

OLD ROGER'S BIT OF PRIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB,

Author of "The Real Owner of Swallowdale," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCES.



MISS FIELDEN could not help feeling some alarm as she realised Old Roger's extreme weakness, and he seemed conscious of her anxiety on his account.

"Don't be frightened, Miss," he said, "I'm feeling better. I've been badly wantin' to speak to somebody, and I've kept putting off, because I didn't know the right person to trust. Besides, I wanted to make sure of one thing before I spoke. If *it* only came right I knew it would give me confidence to go to a certain gentleman and lay my case before him."

"Has it come right?" asked Norah.

"Not yet—at least, not as I know of. The post may bring the bit of good news I'm lookin' for any day now. Good news, when you're expectin' it, is always a long while on the road. It's the bad that comes by express train and is always in too soon."

"I suppose your news is sure to be good, if it comes at all."

"I think so, Miss, only there's more than one chance. It may be good, and yet might be better. Do you understand?"

"I think I do. You are pretty sure that something will happen to cheer and gratify you, but you are hoping for what would please you still better. The waiting time is always a trial to patience. But whilst you are waiting I should like to be helping. Tell me what I can do, and believe that I am willing to be your friend. You may trust me to keep your secret."

"Don't I know tha'?" said Roger, with an attempt at a smile. "The lady that would put herself about sooner than disappoint a poor body that was expecting to see her, wouldn't break her word if she promised not to tell anything she was asked to keep secret."

"I am glad to hear you say that. If this matter makes you anxious, it will do you good to know that somebody is sharing the weight with you. I always find that a trouble shrinks to half its size when I have told my father all about it."

"I believe you, Miss; but you see I've had nobody that I could trust. It's just wonderful that God has found a friend for me, all unexpected, when I'm so weak and worn out that I'm beginning to think I cannot last much longer. I mustn't die without tellin' and makin' a friend for that boy I told you about, if I can. I'm that tired—I never was so bad before."

Roger paused, and again Norah took out the little flask and glass, saying, "I only gave you half the proper dose of my medicine the last time. Now you must take the rest."

The old man obeyed, and Norah begged him to wait a little before beginning his story.

"What a sweet thought it is for us to call to mind that Jesus knew what it

was to be tired, and that He can feel for us in our hours of weariness, just as He can and does in times of greater trouble!"

"Aye, Miss I remember about Him sittin' by the well-side, whilst the disciples went to get something for them all to eat. I've thought about that many a time, and said to myself, 'The Master was a deal younger man than me. Not much more than half as old. If He got tired, no wonder I do.' I hope it doesn't seem disrespectful to speak about Him like another man, seeing He was God too."

"I am sure it does not," replied Norah. "Was He not perfect in His humanity, as well as in the Divine nature? He 'was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.'"

A beautiful light shone on Roger's wan face as he heard the familiar words. He was one of those simple-hearted disciples who accept God's revelation of Himself in the Person of Jesus Christ, with the faith of a little child.

To Norah, that touch of realism by which Roger compared his own age with that of his Master was a proof of this childlike faith.

"It comforted me ever so, when I thought about it," said the old man, who had turned away from his own pressing anxiety to think of that weary Traveller by the well-side. If his Divine Lord, Who was in all the glory and strength of youthful manhood, knew what it was to be tired before the day was half over, an old man who "had been on the go since four in the morning" might well be weary too.

"I'd felt half ashamed of myself for giving in, before I thought of that," he said, "but I never did afterwards. I just took a rest and was thankful, unless there was something that must be done. Then I bethought myself that when work came for Him He forgot being tired and never troubled about the dinner the disciples were calling Him to. All they could say was 'Master, eat,' never minding whether they were interruptin' Him in the talk He was having with the stranger woman. They meant it kindly, no doubt. But all Jesus thought of was doing the work He came on earth to do, and it was meat an' drink to Him,

though they couldn't see it. It was just beautiful, Miss, wasn't it?"

Norah assented. She was able to enter fully into Roger's sentiments, but seeing that he looked better, she was anxious not to lose the opportunity of hearing his story.

"I have not very long to stay," she said; "perhaps we had better make the most of our time."

"Yes: then perhaps my mind will be quieted. You know that 'collic,' Miss, I daresay, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, merciful Lord, to Thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' I learned all the *collics* off, Sunday by Sunday, when I was a boy at school, and I've never forgot 'em since. They come as fresh as ever when I'm in church, and I don't ever need to look at the book. It's a grand thing to have good words fixed in your mind when you're young, isn't it, Miss? What a lot there is in that one little prayer! To ask for pardon and peace and cleansing from sin, in such a few words, to say nothing of the being able to serve God with a quiet mind. I often say that last bit over, when I'm worried about the little troubles that will come every day of my life."

Roger had wandered off from his intended confidences, and was spending his revived energies on a subject which delighted his listener and with which she was in fullest sympathy. She told him so, then waited, in the hope that he would speak of his anxiety about the boy, and afford her the chance of helping him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he began. "I don't often get the chance you're givin' me. I was going to tell you about the boy. His mother was a lady, quite a lady, in all her ways—just like yourself, I may say. She came to live in Glinderses ten years since, and brought the boy with her. He was only about four, then, but as pretty a little lad as you could see, and as for manners—but dear me, his mother had the trainin' of him, and if you'd known her you'd have known what to expect in the child she owned."

"Where is Glinderses?" asked Norah. She knew many a court and out-of-the-way alley inhabited by the

very poor, but of Glinderses she now heard for the first time. The city was too populous and far-reaching for her to know more than a mere corner of it.

Roger proceeded to describe the locality, told Norah the court had once been called by a finer name, and that "Glinders' Court" was in big letters

things. Not that they're to be called disrespectful. The court wouldn't stand bad characters. It holds itself above that. Only, the folks are too free in their ways and words, and not particular in a many things where they might be, or they'd live in a better neighbourhood."

"But you say you live in Glinderses," said Norah.

"That's true, Miss, in a way. But



"DICK WAS ON THE ALERT."

over the entrance, but everybody thereabouts called it just "Glinderses."

"I've lived there myself for many a year longer than the next oldest tenant, and I'm just 'Old Roger' to everybody. The people that are my neighbours are poor, though many of 'em needn't be if they knew better how to turn money to good account, and spent less in drink and more in decent

I've got a good big room up a little stair all to itself. It has a fine sized window facin' the street, and doesn't look into the Court at all. It goes right across the entrance, and is more private than any of the cottages inside."

"But you say the lady, your boy's mother, lived in the Court. How could she bear such a place?"

"She was poor, Miss; come down

in the world since she lost her husband, and she just wanted to hide away from those that had known her when things were different. It seems queer to say such a——"

Roger stopped.

"Such a——? What were you going to say?" asked Norah.

"I hardly knew *how to word it*, Miss, but the lady had known me—in business—when I didn't trade with a barrow and a basket. I had a tidy little shop once. She'd often talked to me, almost as if I were a friend. You'll wonder at that now. lookin' at me as I am now."

"No, I do not," said Norah stoutly. "I could make a friend of you myself if I were in trouble. I am certain you would be a true one."

"I never felt so proud in my life, Miss. I thought nothing could make me prouder than knowing that *she* trusted me. But for two such ladies to say that much is almost too good.

"I may as well tell you just what happened. She didn't know which way to turn, and she said to me, 'There's nobody in the wide world I can turn to with my boy, to seek help or shelter. What shall I do? I wish I could live somewhere near you. I should have one friend. I have a little money, and I can earn something by work.'

"I told her what a poor place Glinderses was for such as her to live in, but there was a cottage near by to my place empty at the moment. Nothing would serve but she must take it, and her things were brought, after the bit of a house had been cleaned and papered through. She made it a little palace in a wilderness," said Roger, "and everybody saw what she was from the day she set foot in the Court."

In a few more minutes Miss Fielden knew the story of the past ten years. How "she" was always called the "Lady of Glinderses"; how she taught and trained her boy, kept the poor little home in a state of beautiful purity; worked at making articles for certain shops, to which Roger took them, and received the money in return on her behalf.

Over the last sad chapter the old man broke down utterly, but Norah learned from it how the boy, then ten years old, had been confided to his care by a dying mother.

How faithful Roger had been to the trust reposed in him, how he had toiled, striven, and denied himself almost necessities, for the boy's sake, Norah had partly to guess. Long acquaintance with the poor and struggling enabled her to come very near the truth.

The girl was indescribably touched when she found that Roger's great ambition was to keep his charge up to the standard of his dead mother, and that the news he was expecting was about a scholarship which the boy seemed to have a good chance of winning.

"You shall speak to the boy yourself, if you please, Miss," said Roger, in conclusion. "He has holidays now, and he has been begging me to let him help me in my work. But you'll understand I couldn't do that. It's easy to let a boy go down, but not so easy to put him back in his old place again. You'll say when you look at the lad that he's fit for something better than to push a barrow—with the larnin' he's got too."

Roger beckoned to the boy who had attracted Norah's attention on her first coming into "The Green," and who had remained in sight during her talk with the old man.

"I gave him leave to meet me here," said Roger; "I'd no thought of seeing you, Miss, but I am glad he's here, now I've told you about him."

Dick was on the alert, expecting to be summoned, and at once responded to Roger's signal.

If Miss Fielden had been pleased with the boy's appearance from a distance, it impressed her still more agreeably when he came near.

"He looks like a lady's son, now doesn't he, Miss?" whispered Roger, as the boy took off his cap and made a bow to Norah, then turned to the old man, saying, "Yes, Grandad," as if in answer to the mute call.

"I forgot to mention that he calls me 'Grandad,' so as he may seem to have somebody belonging to him," interposed Roger hastily, that the expression might not be misunderstood to mean a real relationship.

"I am not surprised at that," said Norah, with a pleasant smile.

Then she bade the boy sit down, told him what she had heard from his old friend, and encouraged him to

speak of his school work, and his hopes in connection with the scholarship.

Dick, always frank, was only too delighted to find a listener who would sympathise with him. It was a treat to have such an opportunity, and, in a perfectly modest way, he made the most of it.

Miss Fielden was deeply interested, and hardly knew whether the simple-minded, self-devoting old man, or the bright lad, attracted her the most. As to Roger, for the moment he forgot weariness, weakness, present poverty and anxiety about the future, in his joy at listening to Dick. He was worthily sustaining his character as "a lady's son."

"If *she* could hear her boy talkin' this minute, she'd say that Old Roger had not let him go down," was the cheering thought which passed through his mind.

"Now tell me," said Norah, when Dick paused, "if you get this scholarship, what will follow?"

Dick looked inquiringly at Grandad, as if he would ask leave to speak.

"Praps I'd better tell," said Roger. "You go on one side for a bit, and come back when I hold up my hand."

Dick obeyed instantly, and returned to his former seat.

"It's better I should speak for him. Besides, he does not know all the ins an' outs of things as I do. It would never suit for such a young head to be moilin' at the books and worryin' about where the bread and butter's to come from, at the same time. I must tell you the truth, Miss. The selling of his mother's bit of furniture and the club money left a few pounds over, after her funeral was paid for. I'd put her in a club myself, to make sure. I thought so much of her, that I could never have borne for her to have a parish buryin'. The trifle of money helped nicely through the first eighteen months or so. A growing lad is hearty, to say nothing about clothes, and he's going in fourteen now," said Roger, with an admiring glance at Dick.

"Do I understand that, with the exception of those few pounds, which were really your own, since you had paid the club subscriptions, you have toiled to feed, clothe, and educate this boy?" asked Norah.

"Well, yes, *in a way*. But oh, the comfort he's been to a lonely old man I could never tell you!"

Roger tried to give Miss Fielden some idea of all the benefits conferred on himself by Dick's companionship; but the girl could see through all, and that the old man's toil had been doubled, that he had been wearing himself out for the sake of the lad. She could see that the thin, thread-bare clothing was worn by Roger that the boy might be decently clad. In fact, she read between the lines far more than Roger intended. Necessity compelled him to let her know part. She easily guessed the rest.

"If my lad gets the scholarship, it will be no good to him unless he has some better friend than Old Roger to help him on. I'm only a bit over sixty, but I'm getting so weak I might be seventy. I shall never be able to work on. I thought if I could see some kind gentleman, with plenty of money, to take the boy in hand for awhile till he'd finished his schooling! He'd pay him back in time. He's a fine, grateful disposition, and would never think he'd done enough for anybody that was kind to him."

Roger looked wistfully at Miss Fielden and paused.

"Had you thought of any gentleman likely to help?" she asked. "If not, I will speak to my father. He is able to help, and I think he would be willing. I suppose you were waiting to hear if your boy succeeded, before applying to any one."

"I was, Miss, but I'll not wait if you think you could do anything. I'm feelin'—rather—bad. Will you tell me your father's name, Miss? I might know it."

"Henry Fielden."

"The great merchant in Prince's Street, that part owns a Bank?"

"My father is a Bank director as well as a merchant," said Norah. "Do you know him?"

"I know of him, Miss. It's wonderful. He was the gentleman I meant to speak to—only—I look so shabby, and I was almost afraid—"

The words died away on Roger's lips. He turned deathly pale, and, but for a rapid movement on Norah's part, he would have fallen forward to the ground, unconscious and helpless.

CHAPTER X.

ROGER BREAKS DOWN.



MISS FIELDEN had no occasion to summon Dick. The boy was watching, and the moment he saw Roger supported by the young lady, he ran forward in a state of terror to see what was amiss. No one else was under the shelter at the moment, for the young lady was well known thereabouts, and if she was seen talking to any one, others would take care not to listen or intrude.

A park-keeper was in sight, and by Miss Fielden's wish Dick ran to call him. By their united efforts Roger was at length restored to partial consciousness. A shade of colour came back to his face; he opened his eyes and spoke; but he knew no one—not even Dick.

The boy bent over him, saying, "Don't you know me, Granddad? I'm Dick. You cannot forget Dick."

He held Roger's hand in his and repeated his question and his name, but all in vain. The old man might hear the sound of words, but he did not grasp the sense of them. He only looked vacantly round, then closed his eyes, as though even that effort had been too much.

"Better take him to the hospital, Miss," said the park-keeper. "He'll be well attended to there. Very decent old man. I used to see him about the markets when I was on duty there. I was on the police for some years."

"No, no," cried Dick. "Grandad must come home. You must not take him away. I'll wait on him. He will be miserable when he comes round if he doesn't see me."

The park-keeper had a heart, but he had seen many such cases, and he was a practical man who ignored sentiment if it interfered with the common-sense side of things.

"It's all very well to say that, my boy. You'd do your best, but maybe that wouldn't be quite enough to meet the case. This old gentleman will want a doctor, and medicine, and good nourishing things to set him on his legs again. By the look of his clothes, I should say he hasn't got a heavy purse in any of the pockets. If there's no money to pay for the things I mentioned just now, and nursing into the bargain, you'd better let him go to a place where they're all to be had free gratis, for nothing. That is, if you want your Grandad to get well again."

Want him to get well! The look of agony on Dick's face at the bare possibility of anything else was pitiful to see.

The lad would bear or do all for Grandad's sake. To be without him seemed too hard. He wanted just the one comfort of his presence, the knowledge that he was ministering to Grandad's wants. The prospect of being unable to supply them was too appalling. He must be parted from him, and then—

"You see, Miss," whispered the park-keeper, "we've no call to ask this youngster's leave. We've got to do what is best for the old party here"—indicating Roger. "We've an Ambulance just by—"

Miss Fielden's heart was, however, softer than that of the ex-policeman, kindly though he was. She could not withstand Dick's mute appeal. "I will

be answerable for all costs," she said. "The old man shall be taken home, in the first instance, if a doctor will give permission."

One was speedily summoned, for it was a doctors' neighbourhood. A few words from Miss Fielden smoothed all difficulties. The doctor and Dick accompanied Old Roger home in one cab, and Miss Fielden followed a little later, with a nurse, in a second.

"She's got a handful," said the park-keeper to himself, as he pocketed a coin presented by the young lady. "It's a good job she has a full purse too, or she'd be rather in a predicament with that lot. I don't think she'll have the old man long on her hands, anyway."

According to the thinker's way of regarding the position, this last idea offered matter for congratulation.

Great was the excitement at Glinderses when the gossips, who were "getting a breath of fresh air" at the entrance of the court, saw Roger's condition and companion.

Everybody wanted to help, and had it been permitted, the whole group, together with a number of children, would have forced themselves up the stairs and into the archway chamber. But the doctor was firm. He allowed one woman to assist in getting Roger to the door, and then dismissed her with thanks as soon as the patient was inside. He might have had more difficulty, but the arrival of the second cab, with Miss Fielden and the nurse, turned the tide of interest in a new direction.

So the gossips stood in little knots, grieving over Roger's illness and congratulating themselves and each other that they had seen what was coming—meaning Roger's condition—and they weren't a bit surprised. To their credit it may be added that had there been neither doctor, nurse, nor young lady to undertake the responsibility, every woman in Glinderses would have offered her services as nurse "turn about," and been proud to act as such without fee or reward.

To Dick's distress, not even the familiar surroundings brought back thorough consciousness to Grandad.

The old man opened his eyes from time to time, but seldom spoke; and when he did, his words bore no relation

to what was passing around him. No one could have entered Roger's home without being attracted by its cleanliness and orderly arrangement. It might be the abode of poverty, but even the way in which the simple meal was arranged, in waiting for Roger's coming, told of purity and refinement.

The doctor and nurse, accustomed to witness the dirt and squalor of many a dwelling where money was far more abundant, were, like Miss Fielden, profoundly impressed by the appearance of the archway chamber. All were determined that whatever was possible should be done for Roger, and when Norah left him, after having spoken comforting words to Dick, she left the means for providing everything that was necessary for the invalid's well-being.

It was late when she reached home, and her father was becoming anxious. Over the dinner-table and after the meal Norah explained the reason of her unpunctuality.

"I dislike to keep you waiting, dear," she said. "I hoped you would begin dinner without me for once, though you always tell me it does not taste good unless I am here to partake of it with you."

"That is quite true, Norah. Dinner may not be improved by delay. For me it would be hopelessly spoiled if eaten in solitude."

Mr. Fielden was deeply interested in all that his daughter had to tell about Roger and Dick.

"I am glad that all you have heard and seen of the old man and his surroundings only serves to confirm the impression you had received from your own observations. You cannot help being mistaken sometimes, dealing as you do with the poor, the tried, and the tempted, but on the whole you have had cause to rejoice over many of your friends in the slums."

"My old man and his boy are no denizens of the slums, though they live in Glinderses," said Norah. "You must see the place to realise how far that old toiler for daily bread is above the neighbourhood in which he lives, though he is, in a sense, an unlettered and ignorant man, like the first disciples of Jesus. I am sure he has led a beautiful life, and I do thank God for giving me the great privilege of learning,

as I have done to-day, lessons of unselfish love from Old Roger's lips. Oh, father, there may be some drawbacks and disappointments attending our efforts to help the needy and raise the fallen, but they are as nothing in comparison with the joy of success, the sum of happiness to which we have been enabled to contribute, not out of our poverty, but because God has made us stewards of so much that giving costs us nothing. Do you know, when I realised what that noble old man has been doing for years, and at what cost to himself, I felt as though I had never known the practical meaning of self-denial in my life."

Mr. Fielden's face and words told how fully he was in sympathy with his daughter, and when she spoke of Dick and his hopes and fears in regard to the scholarship, he at once declared his intention of helping the boy.

"It would be such a pity for his work to be lost."

"It could hardly be that, Norah. No one can fail to benefit all through his after life by early perseverance in what is right, even if he does not reap the full advantage of it, owing to adverse circumstances. This lad, Dick, by your account of him, is not the one to lose what he has won, without an effort to keep it. You and I, dear, will smooth the way for him, and make the old man happy at the same time."

"Did I tell you that the old man seemed to know something about you, and that, just before he became so ill, he said you were the very gentleman he thought of speaking to, only his poor clothing made him afraid to make the attempt?"

Mr. Fielden sat perfectly silent and as if in deep thought for some minutes before he answered,—

"You did not tell me, Norah. I have been ransacking my memory to try and find traces of any person resembling your old man whom I may have known in the past, but I cannot recall such an one to mind."

"If he has known you, father, he will tell us when he is well enough. You have befriended so many that whilst you will probably stand out in his memory as the one friend in some time of need, he will have been lost amongst numbers in your case."

"I hardly think so. Such a man

as you describe would have impressed me, and I should have named him to you."

"If you had known anything about him when my mother was living, you would have told her."

"True, Norah, and in that case I should not have forgotten him. Depend on it, he only knows me by repute as a man with plenty of money who does not spend the whole of it upon himself."

Just then a telegram was brought in and handed to Norah. It was to say that, after all, their friends, the Archers, had decided not to break their journey, but would make a longer stay on their homeward way, if agreeable to Mr. Fielden and Norah.

"I am so glad," exclaimed the girl. "This will leave us quite free to-morrow. It sounds rather inhospitable to say so, though."

"They would perhaps think so, if within hearing, but I understand your reason. It is rather a pity that people do not know their own minds, to begin with. Yesterday, they were coming for a few hours, now not at all."

"Oh, father, everything has been wonderfully ordered! But for the Archers' letter, I should not have gone to 'The Green' yesterday on the chance of seeing Old Roger. If I had not gone, and he had fallen ill, he would have been taken to the hospital, and the poor boy would have been nearly beside himself with grief at being parted from his one friend. Depend on it, everything has happened for the best. I will send a telegram to say that our friends' change of plan will cause no inconvenience, only a little disappointment. I may add that, because it is quite true that we should have been very glad to see them, and shall look forward to a longer visit later on."

"You may conscientiously send that message," said Mr. Fielden, with a smile, "although we are better pleased at the postponement of the visit."

The next morning Norah was an early arrival at Glinderses, anxious to know if there was any improvement in Roger's condition. She went by the tram which passed the entrance of the Court, dressed in the simplest manner possible, and carrying with her fruit, flowers, and dainties for the sick man.

Roger lay quietly dozing, and Dick

sat by the bedside, watching, whilst the nurse rested, after her sleepless night.

Miss Fielden found that the boy's anxiety had hindered him from sleeping much, and the dark rings round his eyes told of weariness and sorrow. Roger's night had been a restless one. He had wandered in his talk, chiefly holding imaginary conversations with customers who were striving to cheapen his wares. Once he had said, "If they did but

"They're not cheap enough for me to venture on. It'll be months before I dare risk them, and I never have customers for such like as these." He evidently thought some dealer was trying to tempt him to purchase stock that would prove unsaleable, and turned away, half indignant. The lovely roses and other flowers, brought to add brightness to the sick-room, also made the old man uneasy at first.



"NORAH TRIED TO GIVE HIM SOME GRAPES."

know how much work and walkin' go to the earnin' of a shilling—but, poor souls! they work hard for their money, too."

As Miss Fielden and Dick spoke together in whispers Roger opened his eyes. For an instant there seemed to be a gleam of recognition in them; but it passed away again.

Norah tried to give him some grapes; but having tasted one he refused more.

"They'll die before I can get them sold. I must be goin';" and he made a feeble effort to rise. The sight of a *Gloire de Dijon* rose brought a pleased smile to Roger's face.

"It's all right," he murmured. "That's the one I've saved for Dick's mother. She loves a *Glory*." Then, wearied with the effort of speaking, the old man turned away his head, and fell into a doze again.

The mention of his mother, as it she were still living and able to receive "the Glory" from Grandad's hand, was too much for the boy. He laid his head face downward on Roger's bed, and wept silently.

Miss Fielden whispered comforting words, told Dick of her father's kindly intentions towards him, and the determination of both to let Roger want for nothing.

Then the coming of the doctor made a welcome interruption.

The nurse was asleep, for she had been on night duty before coming to Glinderses at the call of Miss Fielden. Though scarcely fit to undertake the immediate care of Roger, she happened to be the only one on the spot when Norah applied for help at the Nurses' Home. She was kind, competent, and well known to Miss Fielden.

At four in the morning Dick had insisted on his right to watch by Grandad, and, as the old man dozed most of the time, and only needed to have nourishment given by spoonfuls when he was wakeful enough to take it, the nurse yielded and lay down to rest.

Miss Fielden had a whispered conference with the doctor, during which Dick kept looking at the pair with wistful eyes. He longed to hear what was said, but was compelled to wait as patiently as he might until the talk came to an end. He heard Miss Fielden say, "I shall stay until the nurse is awake, and pass on your instructions to her. She can have assistance if needful."

"With the boy on the spot, I think she will manage. I will look in again this evening," said the doctor, and hurried away.

"Will Grandad get well?" asked Dick, after the door had closed behind him.

"No one can tell yet. It is too soon for the doctor to speak with certainty. We must hope for the best, Dick, and ask God to bless what is being done for the dear Grandad. I daresay you have been praying for him already. Your Grandad has told me about your mother. I am sure from what he has said that you cannot remember when you first knelt beside her to say your childish prayers." Dick bent his head in assent; his heart was too full for words.

"I can feel for you, dear boy. My own dear, sweet mother died a few years since. I think she must have been very much like yours," said Miss Fielden.

What a comfort it was for the sorrowing boy to hear such words from such lips! And he smiled through his tears.

"It was through *my* mother's teaching that I learned to love Jesus. How fortunate you and I have been! First, in having good mothers; for though they have been taken from us for a while, we do not forget what they taught us. I still have one of the best of fathers, and you have this dear old man, whom you call 'Grandad,' and who has been like a second father to you."

"I do not think Grandad could have lived without praying," said Dick. "No one can think or know what a real, good man he is, though he is so poor."

"Yes, God knows. He has seen Grandad's daily life and work, his upright dealing, his loving nature, his unselfishness—all the things that are so beautiful in your eyes and even in mine, though I have only known him a very little while. I call Grandad very rich in all that is best."

Dick's face brightened more and more.

"Grandad never thought much of himself. He often said how little he could do, and how much God was always doing for him. Nobody could be more thankful than Grandad, I think," said Dick earnestly. "He never grumbled about having to work so hard and earn so little. He just went on, trusting in God and doing his very best. Now he is ill I feel as if I had been wicked in not getting work of some kind. I wanted to do, but—"

"You must not trouble about this. He knew your willingness and that it cost you more to obey him than to do the roughest work. All you have to do now, Dick, is to be patient and to leave Grandad in God's hands. Helpful I know you will be, and I fancy you and the nurse will manage without any one else. *Nothing shall be lacking that my father and I can provide, so put away all anxiety about ways and means.*

"It will please you, I know, to have a little book and to keep an account of

all that is spent. This will help nurse, and let me know if you are spending enough. I am rather afraid lest she should be too careful for you and herself," added Miss Fielden.

All this cheering talk gave the boy new heart. He began to think of people older than Grandad who had recovered after long illnesses, and

without all the care and comforts he was likely to have.

Miss Fielden was glad to see the brighter expression on Dick's face. She stayed until the nurse awoke, and then, having given special directions for the boy to go out at intervals, and for the nurse to have further relief if necessary, she left the invalid in their care.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.

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

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

XI.—AUGUSTINE AND THE EVANGELISATION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE.

WE have been anxious gratefully to commemorate the coming of Augustine to Britain, and to accord to him his just measure of praise for all the good work that he did in founding the English Church in the kingdom of Kent. We must guard, however, against giving him and his Roman companions credit for the work of the evangelisation of the great body of the Anglo-Saxon people, a work which was carried out, not by Augustine and his fellow-labourers, but by other agencies, the principal of which were those of the Scotie Missionaries and their Anglian disciples.

Augustine's work and influence were to a great extent confined to the kingdom of Kent. He no doubt exercised a temporary influence upon Saebert and Eorpald—the kings of the East Saxons and of the East Anglians; but such influence never permanently affected their kingdoms.

Whatever the reason of Augustine's missionary inactivity may have been, it is a fact that he never personally ventured to enter upon evangelistic labours amongst the heathen people of neighbouring kingdoms.

This was notably so in the case of the kingdom of Sussex, which, though so closely adjoining Kent, was the last of all the kingdoms of the heptarchy to hear and to receive the Gospel. So that really, of all the seven kingdoms of heathen England, Augustine can only be credited with the permanent conversion of the one small kingdom of Kent.

The kingdom of East Anglia—which in-

cluded the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk—owed its conversion to a Gaulish Bishop named Felix, and Fursey, an Irish monk.

Wessex was indebted for its evangelisation to Bishop Birinus, also a native of Gaul, who had studied theology in the Irish Church. Subsequently the influence of the Scotie Missionaries—exercised through King Oswald of Northumbria—largely contributed to the conversion of the King and people of Wessex to the Faith of Christ.

In the case of Northumbria, though a portion of it, in the first instance, was evangelised by Paulinus—one of the Roman Missionaries—under the reign of King Edwin, on that king's death, in battle, it apostatised from the Faith, and was subsequently reclaimed from heathendom and restored to the Faith of Christ exclusively through the labours of St. Aidan, his companion Scotie Missionaries, and their Anglian disciples.

The conversion of the kingdom of Mercia was almost entirely the work of Anglian Home Missionaries, who were indebted to the Scotie Missionaries—Aidan and others—for their conversion, religious education, and their preparation for and their call to the work of the evangelisation of their Anglian heathen brethren.

The South Saxon people were indebted for their conversion, not to any of the Roman Missionaries in the closely adjoining kingdom of Kent, but to Bishop Wilfrid, a northern Anglian, a subject of the Northumbrian kingdom, who owed his conversion to the Faith of Christ, as well as his Christian education, to the Scotie Missionaries.

Thus the plain truth is that though we are indebted to Augustine and his companions for the conversion of the Jutes and for the laying of the foundation-stone, in the kingdom of Kent, of the English Church, we certainly are not indebted to him and his fellow-labourers for the conversion of six of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms.

The large-mindedness and large-heartedness of Gregory in his cherished conceptions and plans for the conversion of the people of the Angles to the Christian Faith cannot be exaggerated. The English people owe him a debt of boundless gratitude; but as for Augustine, he utterly failed to give practical expression, in the shape of actual Missionary work, to Gregory's high ideals of a Mission to the Angle people in Britain.

What, then, is the result? It is this.

The founding of the Church of England in all the heathen Anglo-Saxon kingdoms was not the exclusive outcome or result of Augustine's Mission: from Rome, nor of the Mission of Bishop Felix to East Anglia, nor of the Mission of Bishop Birinus to Wessex, nor of the Mission of Aidan to Northumbria, nor of the Home Missions of converted native Anglians to Northumbria, Mercia, and Sussex—but it was the result of the combined efforts of all these Missions; so that the Church of England, from her very beginning, was the product of various contributive agencies and influences, which left their impress upon her, an impress which she still retains to this day, as a unique national Church, which in her beginning, subsequent history, and characteristic independence, has no parallel in Christendom.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. R.A.E., *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

Hominy.		Average Cost.
		<i>d</i>
½ lb. hominy		½
1 pint milk		1
2 tablespoonfuls sugar		1
		<u>2d.</u>



MASH the hominy in cold water, and soak all night in a pint of cold water. When wanted, allow two hours and a half for cooking. Put it into a saucepan with the milk, and boil very gently two hours; stir often, to keep from burning. When soft, add sugar and pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake till brown. Serve with golden syrup. Hominy is prepared from maize, bulled and crushed, and is very nourishing, but is not so generally used as its good qualities deserve. If cooked as above described, with a little salt instead of sugar, when cold it can be cut in slices and fried in boiling fat, with satisfactory results. Children like it in this form, and have even been heard to compare it to fried sole.

WATCH FOR OPPORTUNITIES.—Henry Martyn, with all his zeal, says he lost, through inattention, the best opportunity for usefulness which he had for many months in India. "O that our heads were waters," exclaimed Cotton Mather, "because they have been so dry of all thoughts to do good! O that our eyes were a fountain of tears, because they have looked so little for occasions to do good!"

HOW HARD IT IS TO BE CONTENT!—A laundress, who was employed in the family of a Governor of one of the Colonies, said to him with a sigh,—
 "Only think, your Excellency, how small a sum of money would make me happy!"
 "How little, madam?" said the Governor.
 "Oh! dear sir, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy."
 "If that is all, you shall have it." And he immediately gave it to her.
 She looked at it with joy and thankfulness—and, before the Governor was cut of hearing, exclaimed, "*I wish I had said forty!*"

THE TONGUE.—There is a world of meaning in the following, from an old scrap-book:—

"If thou wishest to be wise,
 Keep these words before thine eyes:
 What thou speak'st, and how, beware;
 Of whom, to whom, when, and where."

OUR SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

WHERE do we read in Holy Scripture—

1. Of money so found as to fill the finder and all his fellows with fear;
2. Of money found and so used as to occasion the death of its finder, and more than thirty-six others;
3. Of money found and used to supply the requirements of the Saviour Himself;
4. Of a small company of men who found more money than they finally used;
5. Of that found in a "treasure-house" which helped much in building another "house" a long way off;
6. Of certain treasures which surpass all others, both in abundance and value?

QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

(The Collects for the fourth, fifth, and sixth Sundays in Lent.)

1. In what respects does the teaching of the Collect for the Fourth Sunday in Lent agree with that of Rom. vi. 23?
2. How may the Collect for the First Sunday in Lent help us to understand the latter portion of that for the Fifth Sunday in Lent?
3. How may we compare the earlier portion of the Collect for Palm Sunday with St. John iii. 16, in regard to the extent and depth of God's love?
4. What further proofs of the greatness of God's love may be found in the same passage and in the latter part of that Collect?

BURIED TRUTH.

In which two of the Psalms, in which three utterances of three different prophets, on what occasions in the Gospel story, and in what special connection in each instance, do we find the second place (only) given to "sacrifice"? Would the statements so made be true of "sacrifice" of every description?

St. Andrew's Day (*November 30th*).

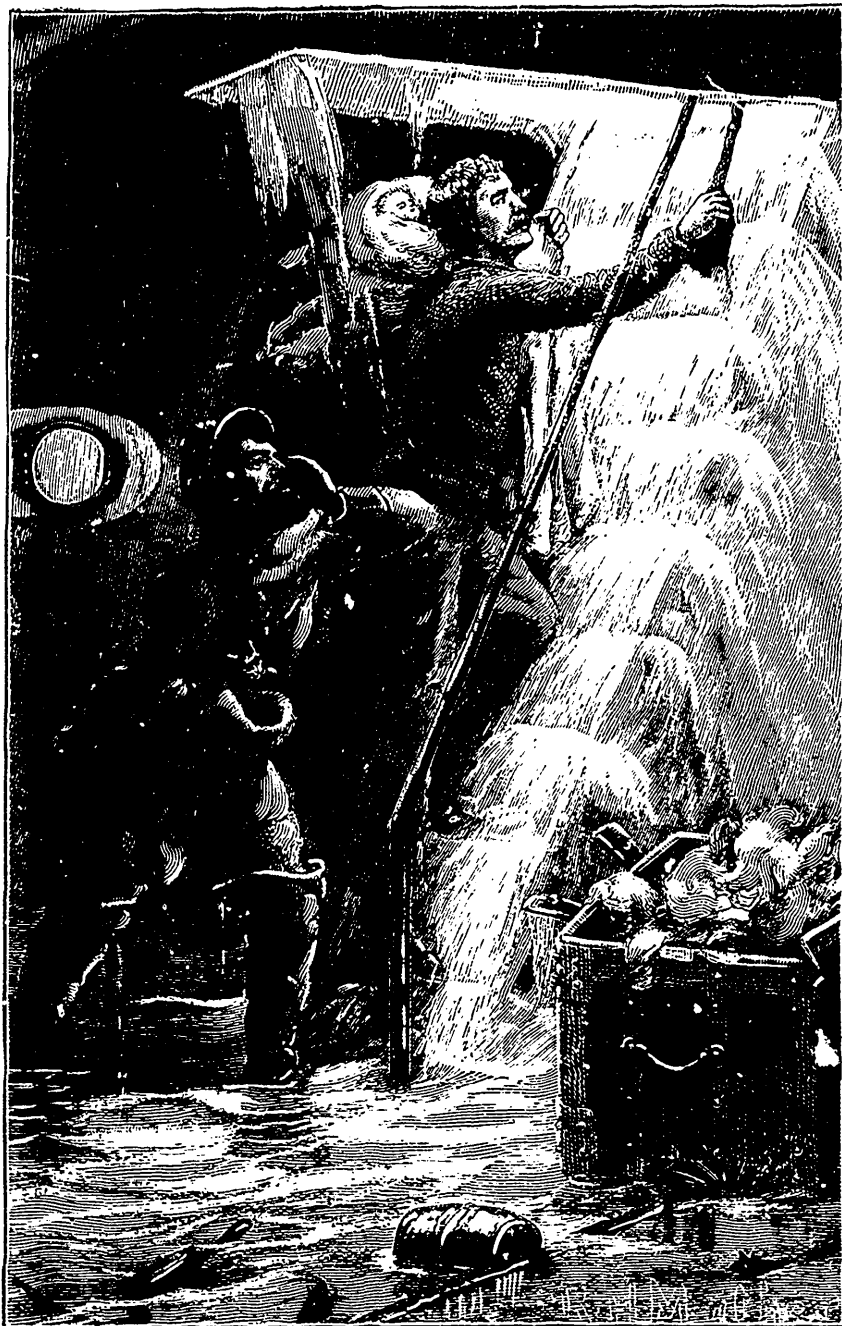
They who nobly died believing,
 Martyrs purpled in their gore,
 Crowns of life by death receiving,
 Rest in joy for evermore.

So may we, with hearts devoted,
 Serve our God in holiness;
 So at last, by God promoted,
 Thrones in Heaven with them possess.

WILLIAM PALMER.



"HE GOT MOST NUTS."—"Visiting with my boy the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles, we were both struck with the very happy and good-humoured expression that was on the face of one of the inmates. There he sat on his hind legs at the bars of the cage, bowing and smiling, while his companions were either fighting or sulking in the background. I asked my boy afterwards if he had noticed the little monkey that was covered with smiles and so civil and good-humoured to every one. "Yes, I did," he answered, "and I noticed that *he got most nuts*." This made me think how many nuts of different kinds we lose by our bad tempers."—THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A



THE LAST BELOW!

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. H. MATHER.



CANON WM. VINCENT-JACKSON, M.A.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII.—ST. MARY'S, BOTTESFORD.

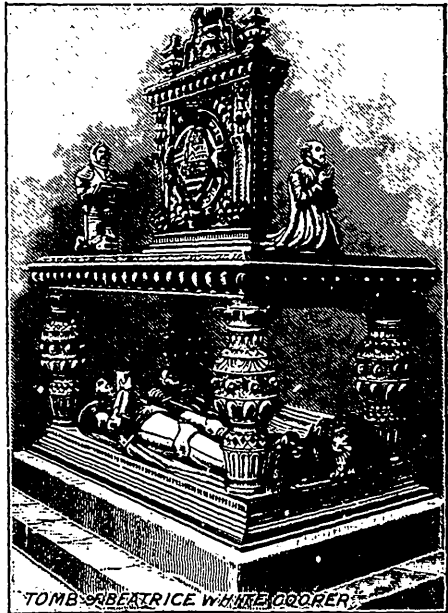
BOTTESFORD is the most northern village of Leicestershire. It is not far from Nottingham and only four miles from

Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. The village has not yet lost its old-world appearance. Its mutilated market-cross, with the arms of De Roos obliterated beyond present recognition, is an interesting feature, rendered all the more so by the adjoining stocks and whipping-post, where many a quaint scene must have been enacted in former days. In still earlier times Roman cohorts must have crossed the ford which still exists on the little river Devon at a point where it is traversed by the Roman road which once connected the old Foss Road from Lincoln to Leicester, and Ermine Street, which went from Lincoln to Stamford. Not far from this spot stands the church on well-chosen ground, erect and elegant; and being dedicated to the Virgin, and seen for miles round in the Vale of Belvoir, it has acquired for itself the graceful title of the "Lady of the Vale," whilst its monuments, crowding the chancel, have made others de-

scribe it as "a corner of Westminster Abbey."

Taking as our guide the late Professor Freeman's rule, to examine first of all the exterior of a building, the general impression we receive is that of the prevalence in the nave and spire of the Early Perpendicular style, with a probable date of 1400, while the eastern jamb of a priest's door in the chancel wall proclaims that part of the edifice, said formerly to have been the nave of a previous church, to be of the earliest type of Early English. The height of the steeple is 210 feet, the length of the nave 75 feet, and of the chancel 60 feet, while the breadth of the nave and two aisles is 58 feet. The most effective feature is the clerestory, occupying the whole wall-space, and having on either side eleven three-light windows, separated by bold mouldings, which terminate in large, grotesque figures.

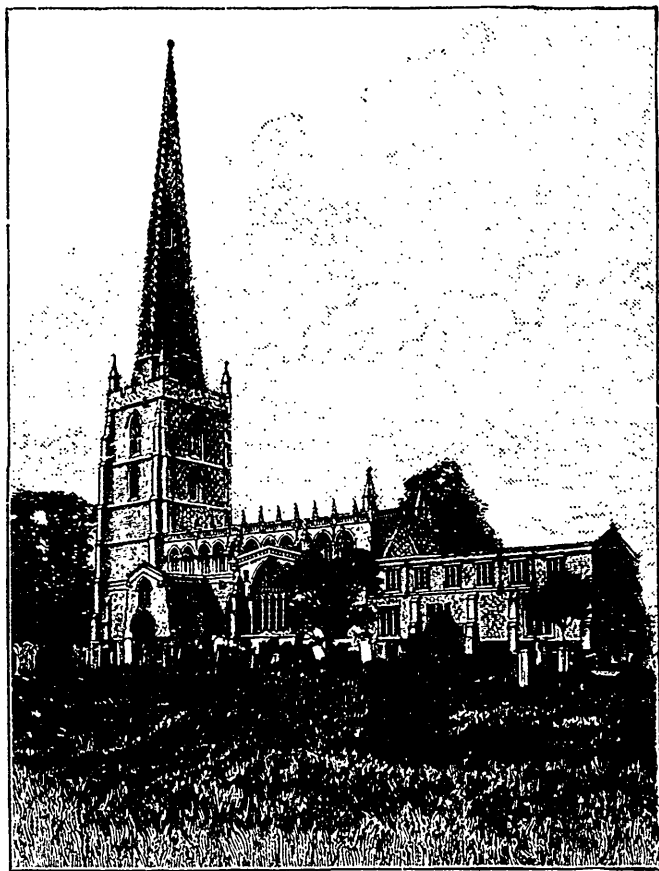
In the south porch are the remains of a parvise, or priest's chamber, formerly approached by an outside staircase. On entering the church, the imposing effect produced is due to the loftiness of the nave, the Tudor clerestory windows already referred to, the



simple grace of the arcading of the aisles, and the fine western arch. Its restoration took place under Canon Norman, about fifty years ago.

The chief attraction in the church is undoubtedly the magnificent collection of monuments in the chancel. Fortunately these escaped the mutilation of

ate Italian workmanship, with its high entablatures, its supporting marble columns, its rich panelling and decoration, its exquisitely carved recumbent effigies and attendant kneeling figures. And then suddenly, as if art had exhausted herself in one direction, there emerges the erect, colourless



ST. MARY'S, BOTTESFORD

Cromwell's followers, owing to the neutrality of the Earl of Rutland of that period. Each of the eight Earls has his effigy, the whole collection forming a gallery of monumental art in historical continuity from 1543 to 1679, through the eventful reigns of Henry VIII. to Charles II. They proclaim the displacement of solid English monumental architecture in favour of elabor-

statue of the classic revival, the result being that the closely girt armour of knighthood reposes side by side with the breezy garments, the bare limbs and buskins, and the speaking attitude, of a Roman orator. No detailed description of these tombs is here possible: they must be seen to be understood.

Almost as perfect as the tombs of the Earls, but of greater antiquity, are

the two altar-tombs of the Barons de Ros, which were transferred to this Church from Belyoir Priory at the dissolution of religious houses. Each contains a recumbent figure in armour, wearing an S.S. collar of the kind introduced by Henry IV. about 1400, the reduplicated S. being said to be the initial letter of his favourite motto "Soverayne." On the bassinet is inscribed in Old English letters "FRO, NAZARE" (Nazareth). The first of these barons died in 1411, and the barony subsequently became attached by marriage to the Rutland family.

splendid execution, to the memory of Lord Robert de Roos, who died in 1285, and of Isabella, his wife, who was the heiress of the De Albinis.

Two sepulchral brasses, containing effigies of former Rectors, lie on the chancel floor, each being robed in ecclesiastical vestments. One is of John Freeman, who died in 1420. The other is a fine brass, six feet by three, in excellent preservation, of an insculptured figure standing under a triple



ST. MARY'S, BOTTESFORD

Adjoining one of these effigies is a highly interesting figure in Purbeck marble of diminutive size. Its probable date is about A.D. 1230, inasmuch as effigies in armour are not met with on tombs much before A.D. 1200, and very possibly it is commemorative of William de Albini III., a great-grandson of De Todeni, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror.

Not far from this curious relic is a slab of freestone which was brought from Croxton Abbey. It bears a Latin inscription in Old English lettering of

canopy and vested in the usual canonical habits of a collegiate foundation. The facing of the cope is richly ornamented with a series of niches, filled with saints. At the four corners of the brass are winged animals, a bird and an angel. The inscription shows that Henry de Jodyngton was Rector of Bottesford and prebendary of "Oxtoun and Crop-hill" in the collegiate church of Southwell, which is now the cathedral church of the diocese of Southwell, and that he died in 1404.

On leaving the chancel, the oak pulpit

and reading-desk call for attention. They are excellent specimens of Jacobean workmanship. The pulpit has the date on it of 1631. Close to the pulpit steps is a small Tudor doorway leading to the Rood-screen which formerly existed. The upper doorway to the screen is a prominent feature in the wall above.

The stained-glass windows in the chancel are all of recent erection. The east window is a subscription one, and was erected as a memorial to Canon Norman and his wife, Lady Adeliza, daughter of the fifth Duke of Rutland. Two other small but rich windows were erected, one by the sixth Duke to the memory of his sister, the above Lady Adeliza Norman, and the other to the memory of the sixth Duke by the present Duke of Rutland. The old glass has almost entirely perished. Only a few fragments remain in the window of the south transept, where, amongst others, a mitred figure is visible which is probably that of Bishop Marshall. With the warm tints of stained glass and of the fresco of the Last Judgment above the chancel arch, slight traces of which can be observed, the nave would possess in olden time that enrichment it at present lacks.

The transepts formerly contained chantry chapels which are said to have been erected by the Rectors John and Henry Codyngton. There are three niches in the north transept indicative of the existence of these chapels. In the south transept are two bench ends of the time of Henry VII. Over one of the piers which flank the south transept may be seen a shield giving the bearings of the See of Exeter on the right with those of Llandaff on the left, with the letter *M* in base, and the figure of a bishop in a kneeling attitude. John Marshall, Bishop of Llandaff from 1478 to 1495, was born in Bottesford in 1420, and was probably of the same family as Henry Mareschall, Bishop of Exeter, who died in 1206, and was also connected with Bottesford. Bishop John Marshall had been chaplain to one of the chantry chapels. He bequeathed "to Sir Thomas Vincent twenty marks for two years' stipend for services in the church of Bottesford, also his best office book, his best surplice and best chalice, and a small missal for his use, and afterwards to



—(Christ) in Colchester. From the drawing of Canon Sir
Clayton, in *St. Michael, Colchester Church*.

See & Author's name. See also *St. Michael's Church, Colchester*.

whatever priest should celebrate in the said chantry of Bottesford in perpetuity."

Of other Rectors, it may be well to mention that the earliest on record is Ralph, who was instituted by Hugh de Welles, Bishop of Lincoln in 1220. He was followed by several members of the De Albini family; after which appears the name of Peter de Ros, who, whilst only a sub-deacon, was appointed in 1273. The two Codyngtons were appointed in 1349 and 1361 respectively. Dr. Samuel Fleming, afterwards a prebendary of Southwell, was instituted in 1581. A brass tablet records the fact that his brother, a Rector of St. Pancras, London, died while here on a visit. Dr. Thomas White, Rector in 1679, was Vicar of Newark, Archdeacon of Nottingham, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. He was one of the seven Bishops sent to the tower by James II. Sir John Thoroton, Rector in 1782, was knighted by George IV. when Prince Regent. Canon Norman was instituted in 1846,

and was succeeded by his son Robert in 1888.

The present Rector, Canon Vincent-Jackson, was formerly Vicar of St. Stephen's, Nottingham. He is an Honorary Canon of Southwell, and is thus attached to the same foundation of Southwell with which his predecessors at Bottesford of exactly three hundred and five hundred years ago were also connected. Bottesford is in the Diocese of Peterborough.

The late Bishop Trollope considered the octagonal bowl of the font to be

"very ancient." The balusters supporting it are clearly enough of the type found in the tomb of the second Earl. Decidedly the most ancient part of it is the base, which is ornamented with rude carved heads. The church has a fine peal of six bells. The tenor weighs twenty-seven hundred-weights. The registers date back to 1563.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved by Messrs. R. Taylor & Co., from photographs by Mr. Broadhead.



A VISIT TO JOPPA.

BY THE REV. S. F. HARRIS, M.A., B.C.L., *Vicar of Walton-le-dale.*

(Continued from page 281.)

IF the outside appearance of Joppa warranted the name "Beauty," the aspect of the interior warrants the title of the other creature associated with Beauty. The two views—Beauty and the Beast. To use the words of an observant writer who is describing the town: "No thought of drainage crosses the mind of an Oriental; the space before his door serving for a sewer. Dustbins are equally a Western innovation, of which the East has not heard, so that every kind of foulness and abomination bestrews the way, or rises in pestilent heaps at its side. . . . By night you need a lantern, or at least a pilot bearing one before you, to guide you clear of the holes, pools, rivulets of sewage, mounds of rubbish, blocks of stone, and varying uncleanness." The appearance of the people, too, is in strict keeping with that of the town. Soap is one of the chief manufactures; but it strikes one that it is all exported, for there is certainly very little used by the natives. What a motley throng these inhabitants are! Poverty and disease seem to have many victims—the blind and lepers being specially numerous; both, as in days of yore, standing at the gate to beg alms. Thomson, speaking of the squalid appearance of the people of Jaffa, well

remarks: "I was reminded of Dorcas, and the widows around Peter exhibiting the coats and garments which that benevolent lady had made. I devoutly wished she might be raised again, at least in spirit, for there is need of a dozen Dorcas Societies in Jaffa at the present time."

If we are going to explore the town we must not think of doing it by carriage, for a carriage is never seen inside its gates. There are no streets that would allow of a carriage. Says Hepworth Dixon: "No machine on wheels—no drag, coach, stage, gig, van, or barrow—has ever been known within these Jaffa walls. Every one goes on foot: the lady in her veil, the priest in his robes, the peasant in his rags. Everything is carried on the back; the camels being drays, the donkeys carts, the fallahen trucks, in this primitive system of life and trade."

And what loads these "atals" can manage! English porters would never dream of attempting the like. Boxes, or pieces of furniture, or barrels bigger than themselves, are thought nothing of. With wonderful skill they can make use of their only stock in trade, a piece of rope five or six feet in length. Would it not be a sight of such burthen-bearers as these that made our Lord speak of heavy burdens and

grievous to be borne, and made Him, too, offer His rest to those that laboured and were heavy laden?

The bazaar street is fairly broad—that is, for an Eastern street—but there are other streets or “clefts” where it is a matter of skill to pass any laden animal. One remarks the long string of camels and the patience required in waiting until they had passed by. The shops are for the most part mere arches, placed with a charming irregularity.

the road prevents many a doctor's bill or, at any rate, many an illness. (Isaiah lvi. 10, Psalm lix. 14, 15.)

Perhaps most Englishmen connect the word Jaffa with oranges. And the orange-groves are a thing of beauty. There are between three and four hundred gardens round the town, varying in size from three to twelve acres. They produce yearly at least eight million oranges. And what oranges! Some reach seventeen inches in circum-



A STREET SCENE, JOPPA.

Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

We noticed a brisk trade going on in some, the arrangement of prices being as usual in the East a matter of considerable art and ingenuity and obstinacy. Before passing away from the streets we must render a tribute of praise to those animals which are a disagreeable and yet a most useful feature in the Eastern town. The dogs, if they make the night hideous by their howlings, certainly save the town from much sickness. They are the only scavengers—and their attention to the offal and refuse which are thrown into

ference. Our juvenile readers will long for a ticket to Jaffa when they learn that these oranges are sold wholesale for threepence or fourpence a hundred, and retail, ten fine specimens can be bought for the schoolboy's penny. We have a very grateful recollection of these oranges. Those bought on our re-embarkation at Jaffa were a solace for many a maritime woe.

“And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter; he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside.”

Of course one of the most interesting spots in Jaffa is this house. Whatever may be our degree of confidence about its being *the* house, it is of interest, because its condition and situation correspond with those of Simon's house. And there is much to make us believe that it is the house, or rather, on the site of the house. It is close to the seawall. It has its well, which must be of ancient date. It has a flat roof, from the like of which St. Peter saw his vision. Canon Liddon's sister in writing a letter whilst touring with him states what must have been his as well as her conviction: "About this house there seems to be little doubt, the site being well established by history, tradition, and common-sense. The freshwater well close to the seaside, which would have been necessary for carrying on a tanner's business, is still in daily use."

Dean Stanley wrote: "One of the few localities which can claim to represent an historical scene of the New Testament is the site of the house of Simon the tanner, at Jaffa. . . . The rude staircase to the roof of the modern house, flat now as of old, leads us to the view which gives all that is needed for the accompaniments of the house. There is the wide noonday heaven above; in front is the long, bright sweep of the Mediterranean Sea, its nearer waves broken by the reefs famous in ancient Gentile legends as the rocks of Andromeda. Fishermen are standing and wading amongst them—such as might have been there of old,

recalling to the Apostle his long-forgotten nets by the Lake of Gennesareth, the first promise of his future call to be 'a fisher of men.'"

The house is now occupied by Mohammedans, who look upon it as sacred. One of the rooms is used as a place of prayer, to commemorate the fact that "the Lord Jesus here asked God for a meal, and the table came down at once"—the Mussulman distortion of the vision of St. Peter!

A certain house is pointed out as the spot where Dorcas was restored to life. It is about three-quarters of a mile east of the town; but no reliance can be placed on the tradition as to the site. The people of Jaffa are very proud of her memory. On May 25th in each year a festival is held, when the youth of the town spend the day in the orange groves, singing hymns and ballads in her honour.

Want of space prevents us from noticing stirring incidents in the history of the town, such as the prowess of the Maccabees in gaining the town for the Jews, the captures and recaptures during the Crusades, the cruelties of Napoleon Bonaparte. Those reefs have been witnesses of some strange, some sad scenes—not all sacred, many far from it. The modern German colony, founded in 1868 by members of the German Temple sect, the settlement of the Universal Israelitish Alliance, the vigorous work of the Church Missionary Society, with its four to five hundred scholars, are all worthy of more than passing notice.

OUR NATURAL HISTORY PRIZE.

Is the April number we offered a Special Prize of Half a Guinea's worth of Books for the best Essay on "Some of our Feathered Friends." A very large number of papers have been sent in, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., has awarded the prize to Miss Kate Twinch, Chippenham Lodge, Slough. Mr. Wood writes: "Several papers, otherwise good, were put out of court by the fact that the writers included such birds as the ostrich and the stork, evidently from inattention to the terms of the competition. And several others confined their remarks to one bird only. I also return a paper—by James Barnes, Junior, Twyford Farm, near Shaftesbury, an agricultural labourer—which is naturally wanting in literary merit, but deserves a special word of praise owing to the fact that it is entirely the result of personal observation."

How MUCH OUGHT I TO KEEP?—In conversing with a friend to the Foreign Mission cause a few days ago, he said, "I have often asked myself what I ought to *give* to the Mission cause. I have recently been thinking, and asking myself, **WHAT OUGHT I TO KEEP?**"

This is the question every Christian ought to ask himself. We may keep *some of the comforts of life*, but are not at liberty to *indulge in luxuries*, and give little or nothing for spreading the Gospel. For the use we make of money "every one of us must give account of himself to God." Let every one ask, "**How much ought I to keep?**"



THE MESSAGE OF THE FIR-TREES.

BY E. M. UTTERTON.

ONE quiet Sunday afternoon, when the world seemed hushed, and the silence was only broken by the music of the wind as it sighed through the fir-trees, I lay on a soft bank of purple heather and green moss, under the dark pines, which were here and there interspersed by a tall spruce or stately larch. Above me was the deep-blue sky and great, fleecy clouds slowly moving across the heavens, which seemed as if they only veiled the brightness of the angelic host by just a soft white film which now and again parted to let a ray of glory through.

Below me lay a little loch reflecting the heavenly blue on its peaceful surface, and which was surrounded by the purple hills in their restful strength.

While I thought and dreamily gazed before me it seemed as if the wind playing in the branches spoke to me; and yet I could not understand its voice.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth:

so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Yes, I thought, and how often do we feel the influence of those whose lives are led by God's Spirit without being conscious of it or able to understand its secret!

Looking up I said half aloud, as if speaking to the fir-trees,—

"Tell me your message—why you are so different from other trees, and what is the secret of your life?"

Then as I listened the sound of the wind seemed to frame the answer:—

"Wouldst thou know the message God sends through us? 'Seek, and ye shall find.' *Look up—straight up—to God alone.* Other trees are beautiful; other trees have great spreading branches, which give shelter and shade from the noonday sun; others bear good fruit; but none point like we do straight to God. As the spire of a church, from the rocky sides of the mountains or from the deep glades of the valley, our message is the same: neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight up to Heaven.

"Again, other trees turn colour and shed their leaves when autumn winds

blow cold and summer sun gives place to winter's frost and snow; but as long as we have *life* we are ever-green—always the same—always showing forth God's glory and praising Him by wearing the garment which He has provided for us. So, if you would follow our example, put on the garment of His righteousness, and in heat or cold, joy or sorrow, cloud or sunshine, glorify Him. As long as you *live* in Him He will clothe you with the beauty of His grace and cover you with His presence.

"Once more, look at us closely, for we are not all the same. Though we grow side by side and belong to one great family, there are among us the dark fir-tree, the paler spruce, and the graceful larch; so, in like manner, to

you—who, separate from the world, are one family in Christ—God gives His special gifts of grace and virtue, though you have not all the *same* beauty: one aim, one object borne out in each individual, linking them together.

"And, lastly, there is the *message* we bear—the sound you hear—a voice different from that of any other tree or flower; and yet it is not our own voice, but the wind breathing through us. So, surely, have not *you* a message to deliver? Not of yourself, but the Spirit of God speaking through you; and the message which is sent forth by the inspiration of God's Spirit can '*never*' return unto Him void,' though they who hear it may not always understand the meaning of His voice."

ON SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.,

*Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, E.C.;
Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.*

"Putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour."—EPHESIANS iv. 25.



IT is so easy to tell a lie, and its apparent advantages are often so attractive, that we cannot wonder at its occasional employment and seeming expediency.

Of course, indeed, lies are witnesses to truth.

There would be no bad money unless the good were in use. A liar is trusted only when honesty is the rule. Thus, so far, any success in falsehood testifies to the value of fairness.

There are, indeed, some foolish people who yield a sort of admiration

for ingenious deceit, like the lord in the parable who commended the unjust steward. But this is bestowed on the cleverness shown by the liar, not on the lie he tells. I am happy to believe that lying is not a prominent English sin. It prevails in Eastern countries abundantly, but, as a rule, English people believe one another.

Still, there is enough of it among us to demand great watchfulness over ourselves among Christians, for there are lies and lies, of all shades between black and white, and a habit of deceit is easily formed. Nothing, moreover, breeds faster than a lie. A man who tells one is tempted to tell another to conceal it, and so the string or sum of lies grows on at compound interest, until the liar cannot tell how to get free.

Suppose we look shortly at a few forms of deceit. There is the manufacturing lie, when an article is made of bad materials, in order to look like the good; or when work is scamped, that only which is "seen" being done

well. Perhaps a man who behaves thus would not *tell* a lie, but he acts one, which is quite as bad, and sometimes worse.

Then there is the official lie. Of course, no one is bound to volunteer a telling of all that he knows, and reticence is often right; but when, say, an institution is charged with some questionable practices, the purely official mind often sets itself at once to throw dust in the eyes of the accuser, and to conceal defects rather than to cure them. Now, truth is "the account of things as they are," and this is the last thing some officials desire.

A man hears a thing, about a neighbour perhaps, which he cannot resist repeating, especially if it has a spice of naughtiness. So-and-so has said this or that (which probably he soon wishes had been unsaid), or done some foolish thing, as you and I have, many a time. Perhaps it could hardly be called wrong or sinful, though nothing is insignificant, and small mistakes often bring mischief, just as a slate off a house may let the rain in, and give some one a cold which leads to a dangerous illness. But the hearer of a tale, especially if he or she be a gossip or busybody, about a neighbour's stupid blunder, tells it to a friend, who in turn tells it to another, adding his or her touch to the story, until, at last, the original statement is so swollen and distorted as to convey a false impression, quite unjustified by the facts of the case. No one who has helped to hand the thing on has any intention to deceive, and yet the result is a sort of cumulative lie, made by successive talkers contributing a little flavour of exaggeration to the story as it came to their ears.

The worst of it is that this comes to pass by the exercise of a power which is sometimes useful. I mean that creative ability which gives life to a description. A man hears a thing, and then touches it, often unwittingly, with the colour of his own thoughts.

But, as I have said, this may eventually produce disastrous results, and falsely bring mischievous discredit upon the original maker of the small stupid remark, or doer of the foolish little act.

And who is to blame? The thing has grown into a lie, and every one who has thus passed the story on has helped to tell it. We are not, indeed, always bound to keep silence about the faults or foolishness of a neighbour. Social comment is often wholesome and corrective, but if we must needs repeat a tale, it should leave us as it comes, without any twist or increase of our own. That is doing as we should be done by, "for we are every one members one of another."

Sometimes it is so unpleasant to speak the truth that a man lets his good-nature get the better of his good sense. This is occasionally the case when he is asked to give a "character," or the candidate for a post begs a friend to furnish him with a written testimonial, which perhaps he prints. His friends are glad to say what they can in his favour. One contributes this, another that. The result is sometimes a testimony which announces perfection. Meanwhile, possibly, some who have contributed to it feel secret qualms about the fitness of their friend for the post he seeks. And thus many men are slow to appreciate any written testimonial; and when those who are asked to give one cannot freely speak well of a man, it is best to evade the giving of one at all. We owe a duty to those before whom it goes, "for we are every one members one of another."

As we speak truth, and act it in our lives, so we best discharge our duty to man, and are freed from the deadly harm which follows departure from the law of God.

And to be true, to understand the manifold forms of deceit, and master the many temptations to deceive ourselves or others, there is no spirit to be used but His, Who said of Himself, "I am the Truth."



SIDE-LIGHTS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

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

Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital.

II.—MISSIONS AND COLONISTS.

AMONGST the facts about Foreign Missions which often escape fair recognition at home, is the relation between the work of missions and the spiritual welfare of colonists and others of our countrymen abroad. People occasionally remember that in some of our colonies isolated groups of settlers, or even single families, are often out of reach of any Church or resident clergy; but it is commonly forgotten that many colonists owe such ministrations as are within their reach to the agents of the Church's missionary societies, and further, that organized efforts to supply spiritual aid to colonists are in their origin and in actual work closely connected with missions to the heathen.

The connection between the two is a very natural one and has always been recognised. The work of the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has from its foundation in 1698 remembered the dwellers in our dependencies and colonies as well as the mission-field. When the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was incorporated in the year 1701 it was for the purpose of aiding "the Queen's subjects beyond the seas; for the maintenance of clergymen in the plantations, colonies, and factories of Great Britain; and for the propagation of the Gospel in those parts." But from its first efforts it has steadily aimed at the conversion of the heathen as well as the aid and care of our own people abroad. A single land, very much in our minds of late, will show how

this double duty has been carried out. The Society sent a chaplain to Cape Colony as early as 1825. When Bishop Gray was consecrated in 1847, it immediately strengthened his hands by large grants, including a thousand pounds towards the endowment of a college. For years the Society was responsible for the stipend of a bishop for the Orange Free State, and sent liberal aid to the missions in that diocese. The work in Zululand began under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In the thirteen African dioceses in which the Society was at work last year, both missionary and colonial work were being helped side by side.

The Church Missionary Society in principle confines its work entirely to the heathen and Mohammedan work. But, whilst not setting the help of colonists and other English people before it as an aim, it is able to render them much aid. The life of Bishop Horden upon the shores of the Hudson's Bay is a familiar illustration of the way in which the missionary to the heathen may also be the parish clergyman of the colonists and traders dwelling within reach. The 1896 report of the Society bears repeated witness to the services rendered by the missionaries to the scattered Europeans to be found in most inaccessible corners of the far North-West. From Africa we read of services conducted for marines landed to protect a town on the east coast. From Nagasaki, Japan, we hear of sailors coming gladly to services arranged for them. These are but scattered notices of

work which is taken as a matter of course, and receives little attention because it does not appear amongst the Society's direct aims.

The South-American Missionary Society supplies another illustration. It was started in 1844 as the Patagonian Mission, the heroic

and others, were living remote from any provision for teaching or worship according to their faith. The Society was thus led to make provision for their needs, a provision which exists to-day side by side with work amongst the Indians of South America.



BISHOP HORDEN.

Captain Allen Gardiner being the real founder. Its work amongst the people of Tierra del Fuego is amongst the most striking illustrations of the power of the Christian faith. But this work brought into notice the fact that in South America many English merchants, artisans,

The Colonial and Continental Church Society is another agency which, whilst caring for the heathen, also befriends the scattered colonists of struggling communities. At the annual meeting of the Society in 1896 Prebendary Webb-Peploe described what he had seen at one

of its stations under the Bishop of Saskatchewan. He had preached to a body of colonists, who came long distances to the service, and he had seen the mission-work carried on amongst neighbouring Indians by two old members of his own congregation. The happy union of pastoral and mission work which he saw was only typical of what the Society is doing in many other dioceses.

These illustrations can readily be extended by any who read, as Churchmen should, the magazines

and other literature of our missionary societies. They show that workers for Foreign Missions do not forget the colonists; on the contrary, that help to the colonist often began in the work of the mission to the heathen, and that the two still go on side by side, aided from the same sources. It should be added that the colonies are also happily united to the Church in the mother country by sending out missionaries, not only to fields of their own, but also to those worked by the great home societies.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXXI. JUMBLED VERSE.

Leru Nniiatbr tnaniaibr Srlcu tch Vwsea
Son trib verne nreev alshl eb sselva.

XXXII. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Letters three make me ;
I'm sharp and pointed.
Transpose and then suppose
A biting frost appointed.
2. Letters four, no more ;
A wound so sad.
Transpose, cricket galore,
If stumps and ball we add.
3. Letters five, as I'm alive,
So nice at dinner.
Transpose, think how we strive
To beat the cheating sinner.

XXXIII. DECAPITATION.

I am very sweet and good to eat : belicad me and curtail me I become a most important figure : cut off my tail again and I remain on : cut off my tail once more and I cannot help being an exclamation

OATHS GRATIS.—The Rev. William Romaine, a well-known London clergyman in the last century, hearing a man call on God to curse him, offered him half-a-crown if he would repeat the oath. The man started, and indignantly replied,—

"What, sir, do you think I would curse my soul for half-a-crown?"

Mr. Romaine answered, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose that you would refuse it for a reward."

The poor fellow was struck with the reproof and said,—
"May God bless and reward you, sir, whoever you are ! I believe you have saved my soul. I shall never swear again."

OLD CAPTAIN.



BETWEEN old Chestnut's stable and a wall where ivy clung,
In a cosy little corner from the cold,
Stood the kennel of old Captain in the days when I was young—
For I never knew him anything but old.
He lived beside the stable when old Chestnut was a colt;
He was years and years the senior of me.

The house might be protected by many a bar and bolt;
But none was such a faithful guard as he.

Rare companions were we in the summers long ago,
And many a day we've spent on down and hill.
In thought I love to wander where the gorse and heather grow,
And see old Captain romping through them still.

And then there comes to memory a sorrow great indeed,
When schooldays came to part me from my friend,
We took one final ramble through the woodland and the mead—
I could not bear to think it was the end.

I recollect the parting—I hugged his dear old head;
My tongue was tied; my throat began to smart.
His old brown eyes looked up at me, as though they plainly said
That he was sorry, too, we had to part.

I turned round at the corner to wave a last adieu
Before the house was hidden from the lane.
He was standing on his kennel to get a clearer view,
And whining as he tugged against his chain.

In after days I pictured the hillsides we would roam
At Christmas, when the autumn term had sped.
But oh, my heart was broken when they wrote to me from home,
To tell me that my dear old dog was dead.

JOHN LEA.



Advent Hymn.

"REPENT, REPENT!"

Words by the REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.
(Vicar of the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.)

Music by J. VARLEY ROBERTS, Mus. Doc.
(Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford.)

Slow.

Quicker.

1. "Re-pent, re-pent! And be ye clean, God's Kingdom is at hand;" With more than Prophet's pow'r be -
2. And lo, they come, Sin-la-den souls, to loose their hea-vy chain; Sin-bliind-ed eyes, their vi-sion

- hold him stand, The Lord's own Her-ald, cry-ing thro' the land, "Re-pent, re - pent!" A - men.
to re - gain; Sin-stain-ed hearts, to wash a-way their stain—They come, they come!

3. O let the cry,
Ring where sin reigns, till every soul is free,
Till even sin itself hath ceased to be,
And all the captives look and surely see
Redemption nigh.

4. If o'er one soul
Repenting, angels in the Heaven rejoice,
O with what praise, with what surpassing voice
Would those quires sing, beholding all men's
To be made whole! [choice,
Amen.

ARE YOU INSURED?

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL says: "The best and shortest answer I can give to your question is to tell you that I have insured my life five times. I think it the plain duty of every man whose income depends upon his life, and terminates with his life, to effect a Life Assurance."

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER writes: "It is difficult to prove what is self-evident—namely, that every man who has not a sufficient capital of his own ought to insure his life before he marries."
(From "To be, or not to be insured?" By A. A. Reade.)

A STATESMAN'S TESTIMONY.—"If by some reasonable, wise legislation we could diminish the facility of recourse to the public-house and gin-shop, what a very large proportion of scores of millions would be diverted from the liquor-trade and would flow over to other trades and industries. All trades would benefit; more food would be purchased and better kinds of food; more clothing would be purchased, and a better kind of clothing; more furniture would be purchased, and better kinds of furniture; more education would be given to children, and a better kind of education. In every way in which money could be diverted from expenditure on the liquor-trade the other trades of the country would benefit."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.

Dean's confirmation class for boys Friday evenings at 7.30 p. m. at the Deanery.

Dean's confirmation class for men Tuesdays, 8 p. m.

Sub-Dean's confirmation class for women and girls Tuesday, 7.30 p. m. in Vestry.

The Cathedral Chapter Brotherhood St. Andrew meet on 1st and 3rd Mondays at Deanery, 8 p. m. A Bible class is held immediately afterwards for half an hour. Every brother may bring a friend.

The Mills Chapter meets on 1st Thursday at 8 30 p. m.

St. Margaret's chapel, at the Mills, has been doubled in size, and is now large enough for immediate wants. It is expected that we shall occupy it on Sunday, Nov. 7th. Most of the money required has been raised for the building, but we need furniture. Mrs. Medley has most kindly had the chapel painted on the outside. Contributions will be gladly received by the clergy or by Miss Etta Block, treasurer. The Sunday school numbers about 75 scholars and teachers, and is still increasing. The Dean is at present superintendent.

WE have been having good meetings of the Brotherhood Chapters since the Halifax convention. A united meeting was held to hear the reports of delegates sent from Fredericton. The work has received a great impetus, and a spirit of energy and activity is being manifested throughout all our chapters.

It is in contemplation to form a boy's branch of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew within a short time. The great difficulty is to find a director who will throw himself into the work, and who has the necessary gifts for its successful prosecution. We should be very glad of offers from any of our men for this post of honour.

THE boys of the Cathedral and Parish church congregations feel much sympathy for Professor and Mrs. Roberts, in which they include the dearly loved Rector, on account of the death of their comrade and friend, Athelstan Roberts, of a manly and straightforward disposition, bright and genial in manner, and possessed of gifts which bade fair to transmit the family reputation for literary ability. Athelstan was a great favorite with his young companions, who sincerely mourn his early departure from them. But we are comforted by the thought that all endowments both mental and spiritual, are of God, and hence that no gift can be lost or perish; and that in the "green pastures" and "still waters" of Paradise, service will still continue to be found suitable to his gifts and graces. We cannot, therefore, "sorrow, as the others do who have no hope, for them that have been put to sleep."

We are pleased to welcome Mr. F. S. Hilyard among the sidesmen.

Oct. 6.—Charles Jamieson, of Douglas, to Annie Crouch of New Maryland.

Oct. 18.—G. E. Athelstan Roberts, aged 15.

Nov. 3.—Andrew Inches, aged 80.

FRED. B. EDGECOMBE,
Dry Goods,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

194 Queen Street,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

OAK HALL.

CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, and
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

C. H. THOMAS & CO., Fredericton, N. B.

C. FRED. CHESTNUT,

Apothecary.

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Toilet and Fancy Articles.

2 doors above Barker House,
Queen St., F^{ton}.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

Plumbers, Gasfitters and Metal Workers,

DEALERS IN

STOVES, FURNACES, BOILERS, Etc.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Queen Hotel Livery Stables,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.

First Class Turnouts in Single, Double and Barouches.

COACHES TO ORDER.

J. A. EDWARDS.

NELSON CAMPBELL,

INE
FOOTWEAR.

128 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Dr. F. W. BARBOUR,

DENTAL SURGEON,

Corner Queen and York Streets.

Hale Method for Painless Extraction.
Crown and Bridge Work a speciality.

Young lady in attendance.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The best place in Fredericton
to buy your

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

IS AT

LOTTIMER'S SHOE STORE.

WILLARD KITCHEN & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Household Furniture, China, Crockery,

GLASSWARE, LAMPS, Etc

126 Queen St. FREDERICTON, N. B.

Tennant, Davies & Clarke,

Wholesale and Retail

**Dry
Goods,**

House Furnishings,
Carpets,
Linoleums, Etc.

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

G. T. WHELPLEY,

Fine Groceries, = = Flour, Meal and Feed.

BARKER HOUSE BLOCK,

QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.

WHEN PURCHASING

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT

McMURRAY & CO.'S

BOOK STORE,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.