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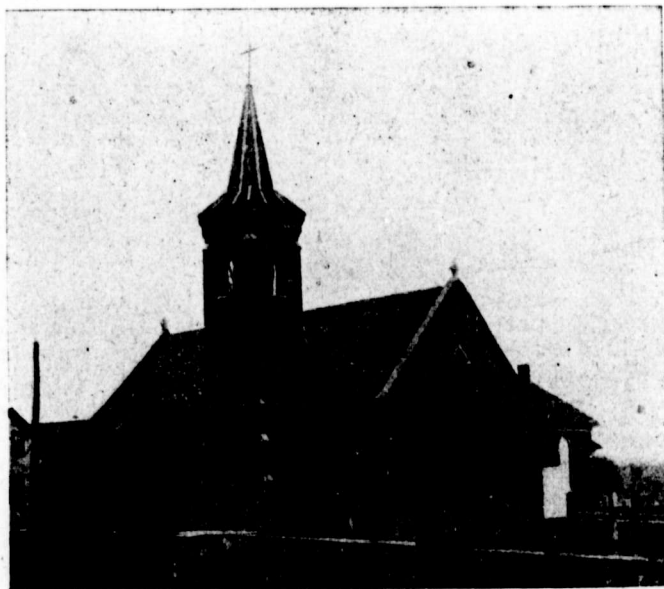
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# The Haldimand Deanery

\* Magazine. \*



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARVIS



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JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

### JARVIS.

The offerings on Thanksgiving Day amounted to \$5.25, out of which our share of A. and D. C. fund has been paid.

**MARRIAGE** - On Oct. 8th, at the residence of the bride and her parents in the township of Woodhouse, Miss Edith May Belbeck, to Mr. Walter John Hayhurst, of the city of Brantford.

Several extremely pleasant meetings of the Willing Workers have recently been held, literary exercises being combined with business and social intercourse. The next meeting will, D. V., take place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Heartwell, on Tuesday, Nov. 15th, the intellectual entertainment consisting of the reading of Shakespeare's tragedy, Henry VIII, Act. III. There should be a large attendance. Exercises thus far have been debates, readings, journeys, book-reviews, &c. The first half-hour is spent in Bible study.

The collectors Mrs. T. E. Morrow, Mrs. Wm. Chambers, Miss Henning, and Miss Bourne have met with encouraging success, having obtained \$52.25 from the parishioners. Though not the whole amount wished for, this free-will parish offering will enable the churchwardens to do a little more than pay the note of \$200, mentioned in last month's magazine.

The editor has received from W. R. Peacock answers to Bible questions; I, August; II, III in part, IV, V in part, September; III, IV in part V October.

### CAYUGA.

Our correspondent has apparently been too busy to furnish the Magazine any notes of our work for sometime. Since the Rector's return from his holiday in the Maritime provinces we have indeed been very busy. Our Sunday School picnic to the Lake Shore was a grand success, there being over one hundred in attendance; and all voted the picnic a most enjoyable event. Confirmation class work was resumed immediately after the holidays; and the Bishop visited our parish on Sunday, Oct. 5th, when 17 Candidates, all adults but two, were presented, making in all 38 confirmed within two years. This should prove a very valuable additional force to the strength of our work. Our Thanksgiving service, which was held on the evening of Thanksgiving day, was also very successful. The church was suitably decorated with grain and fruits; and the large congregation joined heartily in the service, the music comprising the old and familiar thanksgiving tunes. The Rev. Canon Forneret, of Hamilton, was the preacher. The offertory amounted to about \$34.

We hope to have a full budget of news for next month's Magazine.

### NANTICOKE.

The Congregation at Cheapside will feel deeply the loss of Mr. Geo. Martin and family. Mr. Martin moves to Port Dover this month. The congregation met a few evenings ago at the home of Mr. Martin and presented him and his wife with two chairs as slight tokens of their regard and of regret at the departure of those who for more than a generation had been such staunch pillars of the church. We wish this family God-speed, our prayers and benedictions follow them, and we congratulate the church in Port Dover on this addition to their ranks.

The Bishop's Conference in Dunnville was very inspiring, but we are sorry so few of our people took advantage of it. We hope, however, that next year this Conference can be held in some parish more centrally situated.

Our Woman's Auxiliary has commenced work for another year. Part of the year will probably be given to parish work.

The collection for the W. and O. fund at these two appointments amounted to over \$10.00. This is a great improvement on last year's collection, which was less than \$5.00.

**MARRIAGE**:—On Oct. 15th, at the Rectory, Alfred Edwin Aitken of Renton, Ont., to Mary Louisa, youngest daughter of Mrs. Isabella Jackson, of Nanticoke. The young people will make their home at Renton, Ont.

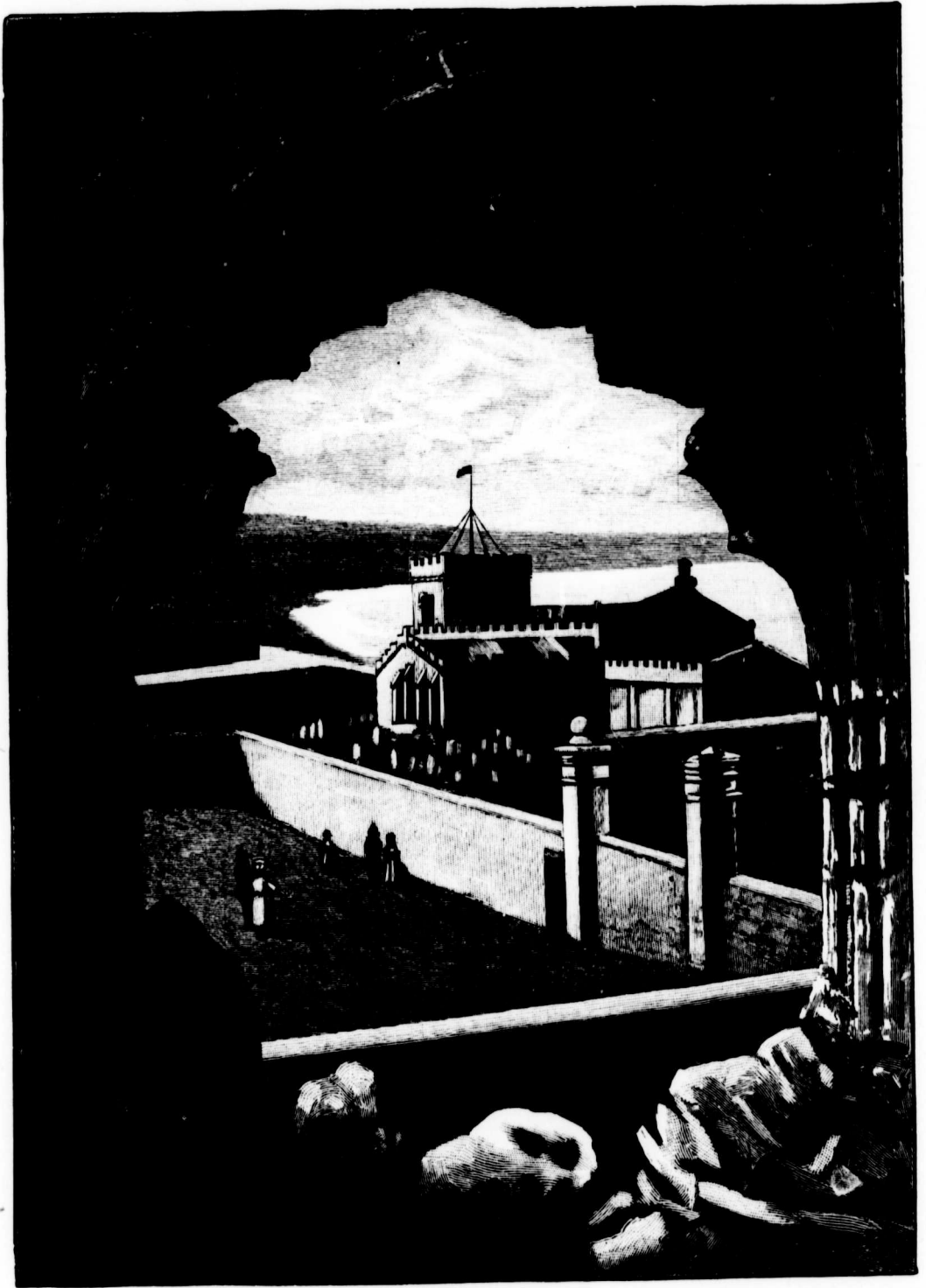
**BURIALS**:—On Sunday, Oct. 5th, at the Public Cemetery, Nanticoke, George Thompson, youngest son of Mr. James Thompson of Nanticoke. The circumstances were peculiarly painful. The young man left home for Michigan last spring in good health, and had found a good position for himself in a planing mill. He was, however, unfortunately caught in a belt which had been thrown from a pulley, and his death was almost instantaneous. The bereaved family have our sincerest sympathy in their sorrow.

“Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
Which finds not here an end.”

An old resident of this parish has also passed away in the person of Mr. John Ross Sr., who died on the 26th ult. The remains were interred in Christ Church Cemetery on the 28th, followed by a large concourse of friends and neighbors. Mr. Ross, who was in his 85th year, leaves a widow and a large family of sons and daughters, nearly all of whom are members of our congregation here.

“Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle-day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.”

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ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WHITBY, AS VIEWED FROM THE ABBEY.

*Specially drawn for "THE CHURCH MAGAZINE" by A. F. LYDON.*

*Engraved by G. LYDON.*



BY THE REV. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., *Author of "Bedside Readings," "Golden Tears," etc.*

**H**OW wonderful is the grace of God! Not only does He load us with favours, all undeserved, but when we thank Him for them, He does on that very account send us more. All that we have is of His free gift, and the least we can do is to thank Him; do our thanks *deserve* anything? No. Yet because we thank Him, He adds to His gifts, and bestows on us even better gifts than before.

God speaks of *rewards*, and therefore so may we. But not of God's rewards, as of rewards in general. A reward is usually the reward of labour or of merit, given either because we have earned it, or because in some way we have deserved it. But God's rewards are of grace. As between Him and us, all is grace and favour throughout; grace and favour from Him and towards us. It is He who gives us all, and also gives us faith to receive it as from Him, and to know and thank Him as the Giver. And now for this very thankfulness (His own work in us) He actually *rewards* us, gives us a *reward* for thanking Him for what He gave before. All is of grace, but this is grace indeed; grace beyond all that could have been thought.

There is a remarkable verse in the Psalms: "Whoso offereth Me thanks and praise, he *honoureth* Me" (Psalm i. 23).

How gracious is God to accept our thanks and praise, and speak of it as doing Him honour! The best thanks we can offer are so unequal to His gifts, and our highest praise falls so far short of what His goodness calls for, and yet He condescends to accept such thanks and praise as we offer! Under the Gospel praise, as well as prayer, to be acceptable, must be presented through Jesus Christ, our Mediator, but when we do approach God by Him with the voice of thanksgiving, then He accepts us and our praises. Poor and unworthy as our best praises are, yet for our Redeemer's sake they find favour with God. This is a fresh gift from Him, a *reward* of grace.

God is pleased to say: "He *honoureth* Me." Does that mean only that he *wishes* to honour

God by his thanks and praises? No, he *does* honour Him; God has so ordered it that the praises of His servants redound to His honour, and promote His glory among men.

For consider, does not a thankless Christian do dishonour to Him? Does not a murmurer lead others to murmur? Do not gloom and discontent make people think that servants who are so unhappy cannot have a good master? Every unthankful person dishonours God before men, as leading them to think His gifts of little value. On the other hand, a grateful person, content and cheerful, and full of praise, who gives glory to God for all His dealings, and shows on his very face, and yet more in the obedience of his life, a peaceful and happy thankfulness, such a person causes men to think *well* of God, and this does Him honour.

Servants of God, do not forget this. While you seek in all things to live to His glory, and to do Him honour, do not forget to honour Him: by thanking Him. Give Him this honour in your thoughts, let your heart praise Him in secret. But, further, let men see that you are thankful, let them observe in you the signs of a grateful spirit; be not ashamed to speak His praise, and to sing His praise; honour Him with your lips, speak good of His name. Thus honour Him before men. And let it be your comfort, that He graciously accepts your praise as honouring Him.

Thanks and praise should not be a rare thing with us, offered now and then only, for some special mercy, or some great deliverance. "In *everything* give thanks." "While I live, will I praise the Lord." "Giving thanks *always* for *all* things unto God and the Father, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ." It is thus we are taught to praise; and he who does so lives in the spirit of praise; thankfulness is a part of his very life.

We never can be out of the right way in thanking and praising God. Sometimes, when we are on our knees, words of prayer will not come, we are perplexed in mind, harassing thoughts will not be kept out, and we cannot collect ourselves even to know clearly what to ask for. At such a time, do not rise from your

knees, but turn prayer into praise. You know not what to ask for, but you can be at no loss as to what to *thank* for. You have a sense of need, yet your desires are vague, and the things you wish for take no shape in your mind; but the gifts that call for your thanks are in your actual possession, and the things you may praise God for are real and present. There may be confusion of mind in prayer, but there need be none in praise. Praise God then! Count up your mercies and give Him thanks. Weak and confused as you are, yet do Him at least this honour—offer to Him thanks and praise.

This will put your thoughts in order, and help you to pray. Grateful praise will lead to calm and faithful prayer. Paul bids us join thanks with prayer ("in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving"); but prayer will be even *helped* by praise, and often thanksgiving will thaw the frozen thoughts and affections, and lead to prayer, and thus bring down blessing.

"Them that honour Me, I will honour." Now, God declares that he who thanks Him honours Him; He, on His part, will not fail; He will honour that man. But how far more highly than the man honoured Him!

One thing more. *How* are we to thank and

praise God? With the lips only? No, in the life too. If the thanksgiving of the lips does indeed come from the heart, then the heart will surely speak in the conduct also. Empty words of thanksgiving and hymns of praise, to which there is no likeness in the life, bring no honour to God, and find no acceptance with Him. But praise that goes up to Him from a grateful heart, and the thankoffering of a dutiful and loving service, and the honour rendered by a Godly life, He will accept and own.

*When* is this praise to be offered, and this honour done? Every day; in small things, and in great; in everything. Do God this honour in your daily life, in the words you speak, in the tempers you show. Do Him honour in your secret thoughts. Do Him honour in your intercourse with others. Let your main desire be to do Him honour, in word and deed. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him." Will God know? Will He see and hear? Yes, verily, and more. He will *reward*. But the reward will be of grace alone, free and unmerited grace, so that the grateful heart will always echo the Psalmist's words: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake!"



"He sendeth the springs into the rivers; which run among the hills."—*Psalm* civ. 10.

## HEALTH, NURSING, AND SANITATION.

BY CHARLOTTE A. SMITH,

*Assoc. Royal Inst. Public Health, Lecturer Hants County Council, &c., &c.*

### DIETARY IN DISEASE—RHEUMATISM.

**M**UCH can be done for the rheumatic sufferer by properly chosen and properly prepared food, but to understand how to select this we must first understand the nature and cause of the disease.

It has been found that in the blood of persons suffering from rheumatism there is always a large amount of acidity, more especially of those acids which go by the name of uric and lactic. It has also been found that, when there are sharp pains in rheumatic affections, there is always a large amount of tiny crystals of these acids which are pressing on the nerves and so causing the pain. Round the joints and at the extremities of the body, where the circulation is feebler than in other parts of the body, these crystals are deposited more freely than elsewhere, and that is why the most excruciating pains are to be found in these positions.

Acidity and acid crystals are, therefore, the cause of the pains; and the object of the doctor's medicine is to counteract this acidity by chemicals which destroy acids—that is, by alkalis. But if at the same time we are filling the patient with food which causes acidity, the doctor's medicine will be of little use. One great thing to be avoided is sugar, owing to the ease with which this sweet substance turns acid in the stomach. And, of course, when I say "avoid sugar," I mean that all foods containing any large supply of sugar should be avoided, such as jam, condensed milk, sweet biscuits, and sweet fruits. Honey may be taken sometimes, but when it is permissible is a matter for the doctor's decision. Saccharine is sometimes used instead of sugar.

Lactic acid, being the acid found in buttermilk and sour milk generally, we must strictly avoid both of these liquids in rheumatic affections. It is also as well to avoid tomatoes, as they contain oxalic acid. Green vegetables, more especially those which are easy of digestion, are beneficial, as they contain large quantities of alkaline salts. Thus spinach, broccoli, and the inner and softer leaves of cabbage (the outer leaves, being indigestible, are not to be commended), the homely watercress (if cooked like spinach), as well as lettuce, sea kale, or the blanched leaves of the dandelion, are all good in rheumatism.

Potatoes may, in severe cases, be forbidden, but as a rule they can be eaten, and if so, they should always be steamed in preference to boiling. The reason for the latter observation is that by steaming we retain all the potash salts which in ordinary pared potatoes runs out into the water. Potash is a first-class alkali given in nearly all cases of rheumatism by the doctor in the form of a drug—in domestic life we ought not to waste it as we do when we cook potatoes by boiling them without "their jackets." Nowadays a small steamer can be so cheaply purchased that it is within the reach of all. Of course, there is another method of retaining the potash of the potatoes—by cooking them in their

"jackets"—but some doctors are becoming rather less inclined to view this method with favour than they used to do. Irish stew is one of the best cheap ways of cooking potatoes so as to get all the good of the alkalis they contain.

Strange as it may appear, oranges and lemons may be freely given in rheumatism, although this seems at first sight a contradiction to what was said above. For the acids found in these fruits form combinations in the system antagonistic to the rheumatic acids. Thus orange juice is acceptable while orange jelly (made with gelatine and orange juice) is a good dish. Lemon juice is a regular medical remedy and may be freely taken as a drink mixed with water; it may also make whey with milk, and it can, of course, be used with nearly all kinds of cooked fish.

Drinks of the above nature are useful to know in cases of rheumatism, as it is essential that the patient should get plenty of fluid so as to dilute and wash out of the system as much as possible of the acidity. So beef tea, barley water, lemon whey, &c., are advantageous.

Uric acid is formed in the body by the failure of the system to fully oxidise the substance into urea—all forms of indigestion more or less produce uric acid—hence the importance of trying to keep free from indigestion. Indeed it is for this reason that sometimes the doctor forbids meat to the rheumatic patient. The subject of indigestion will be treated later on

### ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

Two old practices are being strongly condemned nowadays—the long indiarubber feeding tube and the rocking cradle. The long tube is the most potent cause of summer diarrhoea by reason of the absolute impossibility of keeping it clean internally. It is of no consequence how much you try, it is impossible to get all the little particles of milk free from the sides of the tube. The result is, that any good milk passing along becomes contaminated, and easily sets up fermentation in the child's stomach. A bottle with a calf's teat is the best, and this kind is quite as cheap as the more dangerous kind. Another objection to the long tube is that many nurses let the child go on sucking it when the bottle is empty, so air is drawn into their stomach and colic arises.

The rocking cradle is not now favourably considered, owing to the belief that any prolonged rocking of a young child will lead to brain injury. Of course very little would not be injurious, but the less the better. If children are not encouraged to be rocked to sleep at the beginning, they would not get into the habit of demanding it. It all lies in the beginning.

Another thing that is well to remember is that babies' pillows must not be high. The use of high pillows in childhood is injurious to the spine and in hospitals only very small ones are allowed.

## BEEF TEA FOR THE SICK.

BEAR in mind that there is little or no nourishment in beef tea—it is a stimulant to help the sick to eat other food. It is best made of freshly killed top side of beef or rump—not the popular gravy beef or shin. One pound of beef to one pint of water is the allowance. Remove skin, fat, &c., and mince remainder small. Let meat soak an hour or so in the cold water (with a little salt) then put meat and water in a jar, and the jar inside a pan half filled with water (a double pan is

better, if it is in the house). Let the pan stand gently boiling on the fire for three hours. Beef tea should not "jelly" when cold, if made properly. It should always be allowed to cool, so as to remove the layer of fat that rises to the surface. Fat is not acceptable to the sick. If the doctor does not object, beef tea may be made more nourishing by the addition of a beaten egg, and more appetising by making it of water in which vegetables and sweet herbs have been cooked. But this is only when medical orders permit.

## AN IMPUDENT FRIEND OF MAN.

BY HECTOR MAINWARING.



**M**AN has succeeded in taming the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea; the only barriers to his complete supremacy being those raised by low mental powers, or insurmountable physical circumstances—the first coming into operation in such creatures as coral polyps and jelly-fishes, which have no brains capable of responding to man's advances; and the second in animals like the whale, which cannot be caged or bound, and therefore cannot be trained to obey. Besides these casual surrenders to his will, a few mammals and birds, and two or three insects, have yielded themselves to his control, becoming part of his retinue, and willingly resigning their liberties and lives into human hands. They have become domesticated and, in some cases, could hardly exist if turned adrift by their owners.

In two or three other instances the companionship of man (apart from any wish of his) is sought with such persistency, that we have come to speak of the domestic mouse, the house-sparrow and the house-fly. The first and the last are not even tolerated; but the mouse, knowing its own interests, refuses to be driven into banishment, and prefers to pay a tribal toll of limb and life to cat and trap rather than resign its pretensions to the companionship of human beings, and a share of the contents of the family larder; while the house-fly, not content with pressing its attentions upon unwilling patrons in the Northern hemisphere, has carried its devotion so far as to follow them to the antipodes. The house-sparrow loves the society of man, and, as a rule, is found only in the vicinity of houses. It enjoys a wide range, not only over our islands, but also over the whole of Europe and a good deal of Asia and Africa; and it has been introduced by its admirers into America, Australia, New Zealand, and many of the islands in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Although sparrows are pre-eminently house-birds,

being most abundant in populous districts, they sometimes yearn for their ancestral homes; and, discarding the usual sites in walls, under eaves and amongst thatch, repair to the open country and build in leafy bowers. It is a curious thing that this change of site seems to suggest a change of architecture. Instead of the dry grass, straws, rags, wool, hair and feathers, roughly flung together into a kind of shallow dish, domed nests are substituted, globular and well woven, with artistic doorways just large enough to admit the parent birds. Sparrows are not too proud to avail themselves of the labours of others; sometimes building amongst the sticks of rooks' nests, in the old nests of magpies, and even underneath those of vultures. But this propensity is not peculiar to them; for the nest of a wagtail has been discovered inside that of a blackbird, and a robin's nest, which contained a cuckoo's egg, inside the old nest of a thrush. Sparrows have long persecuted house-martins, and even barn-swallows, by ousting them from their partly-finished homes; and there is good reason to believe that house-martins are actually diminishing in number in Great Britain, because dishonest sparrows destroy their domestic felicity.

If the fittest survive, house-sparrows are certainly fit; for their half-a-dozen pale bluish-white eggs with their speckles of brown or lilac, are sat upon by the mother with conspicuous success, and large families are almost universal. The young are usually fed by the old birds for some time after they leave the nest, but they are soon able to care for themselves, and, if country-bred, assemble in flocks, and betake themselves to the fields to feast upon grass seeds and corn. Sparrows are very accommodating as regards their food. Town birds feed upon whatever presents itself in the way of vegetable or insect matter, while their country cousins devote themselves chiefly to a vegetable diet. In the Zoological Gardens they multiply to an astonishing extent, regaling themselves on the fragments of food left by the animals kept in captivity. But they are compelled to pay dearly for their entertainment; for, betaking themselves to roost on the evergreen trees, they are netted by the keepers and given to the smaller carnivorous animals.

Few lovers of music set a high value upon the song of the sparrow, which consists of mere twitterings and persistent chirpings. The poor quality of the melody is, however, not the result of inability to sing; for the bird is nearly allied to canaries and finches, and has actually been known to acquire the song of the linnet.



The plumage of sparrows is usually regarded by the casual observer as plain, if not dowdy; but there is really a great deal of beauty and refinement in the tints and arrangements of the grey, white, chestnut, dark brown, and reddish-brown bands. The females, as is common among birds, are plainer than their spouses, yet even they are neat and graceful; and, in spite of the unfavourable impression produced by the sight of grimy town-bred sparrows, the birds must be classed with the cleanest of their kind. They wash sedulously when they have the opportunity, and are extremely fond of cleaning their garments by a course of dust brushing. This sometimes gives them the appearance of having had recourse to powder, like the dandies of a past generation; and, as Seebohm says, "In Derbyshire, where the roads are mostly limestone, sparrows are not unfrequently seen to fly from them with their plumage almost as white as snow."

Prolonged, and even embittered controversies, have raged over the question whether sparrows are a blessing or a curse to mankind. One set of combatants hail the birds as public benefactors, philanthropists disguised in feathers, who spend their days in exterminating noxious insects; and in the fervour of advocacy, almost go the length of describing them as angels in drab. The opposing host cannot find words too strong to express abhorrence of the birds and all their works. They describe them as a nuisance, as destroyers, and as vermin; and a couple of zealots have gone the length of writing a book on their iniqui-

ties, bearing the offensive title of "*The Avian Rat*." Probably the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Dixon sums up the case as follows: "The sparrow eats much that is harmful to the crops—the seeds of the charlock and the dock and other noxious weeds; but as a set-off against this it devours an astonishing amount of grain. It feeds on larvæ and perfect insects, but it also levies a considerable tithe from the fruit trees. Kept in proper bounds, the sparrow is undoubtedly a useful bird; but its increase is so rapid, its conditions of life so smooth, and its enemies so few, that, unless artificial means be taken to keep its numbers in check, it soon becomes a perfect pest. I have known farmers in the north of England cease from growing corn at all, or only in the smallest quantities, entirely owing to the inroad of the house sparrow. It is not what the birds absolutely eat, although one sparrow will take its own bulk of corn in a day, but it is what they waste in the process, by shaking it to the ground or breaking the straws."

In all these contentions it is to be noted that the matter is always regarded from a human stand-point. It might be well occasionally to look at it from the bird's point of view. Sparrows have rights as well as men; and, if they sometimes assert them in inconvenient ways, it is because they do not realise that they are breaking any commandment. They lay claim to a portion of the fruits of the earth, and the writer, for one, is not disposed to deny the justice of their claim.

## PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. T. W. STURGES, B.A., *Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*

**D**URING November and December eggs are always scarce, and therefore valuable. The average price throughout England is about six a shilling, but in large towns and their suburbs they are dearer still, and often sell at threepence each and even at that price I have known eggs which could only be called "new-laid" by courtesy. This is the successful poultry keeper's harvest, and what the cottager wants to know is how to get the eggs, and then how to dispose of them.

I can only offer brief suggestions on these two points. If previous hints have been followed the mystery is solved for many of my readers, and the egg basket is filled. Others will have learnt that it is no use to look for eggs now from pullets only four or five months old. But if early hatched pullets are plentiful and of the right kinds they still need attention.

The reason why eggs are so plentiful in springtime and summer is because of (1) the abundance of food suitable for egg production, and (2) warmth.

Now that these are absent we must supply them. Nature's stimulant is in the form of worms, slugs, and the plentifulness of insect life. We must supply this nitrogenous food in the form of "crissel," or other cheap form of prepared meat (the usual cost being about twopence a pound), unless we prepare it as previously recommended. Where fowls are kept in large numbers it pays well to purchase a bone mill for the purpose of grinding into fragments, not only the bones from the table, but also fresh green bones from the butcher. This is both cheap and appetising to the birds, and is the best of egg producers.



The other element usually lacking in the winter months is warmth. Now, although we cannot create summer weather for our feathered friends (and artificially warmed houses are not desirable), yet we can do much to mitigate the inclemency of the time. A shelter should always be provided for the birds in which they may escape from cold winds and rain, and the floor of this should be covered with soft, dry material. Where they are in confined spaces and there is not much natural shelter in the way of bushes, &c., it is advisable to build the bottom part of the boundary fence to a height of two feet with wood. This not only keeps off the cold winds while they are seeking their food, but catches and refracts the sun's rays, and the fowls may often be seen basking in the glad warmth of it even on the coldest days when the ground is snow covered, save for the narrow strip where the refracted rays have driven away the snow and made dry standing ground. Little attentions of this sort are never lost. The observation of the above-named habit of the fowls also suggests to us the advisability of opening the doors of the covered run during sunshiny days (and the doors and windows should be on the south side wherever possible), and also that they should be only left or rather fastened a little way ajar when the rain and wind are cold.

If in addition to the food and warmth just recommended, we make the fowls work for their meals by scratching in the loose material in their run, we shall help them to warm themselves while they feed. The final hints as to the disposal of the eggs must await the December number.

## MACK THE MISER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., *Rector of St. John's, Limerick.*

*Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," "The Lost Sheep," "Little Tapers," etc.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE NUMBER OF A BANK NOTE.



ERTHA went home that day sad and humiliated. It had been the resolution of her life never to be a coquette; never to angle for love or lovers; never to put on airs or graces to draw the eyes of men. There was a girl in the choir who was her perpetual pain and shame. Her drooping lashes and stolen glances; her gloves taken off to show her pretty hand; her hand turned to make her rubies flash; her giggles and blushes and flutterings; her inability to be natural for one moment in the presence of a man; her atmosphere of provocation, even there in church, were almost more than Bertha could endure.

These things made her ashamed to be a woman. No man, she had resolved, should ever reproach her with reason for unreality or bad faith. If love came her way, she would treat it simply and solemnly. If it were the right love, she would wear it quietly and deeply. There should be no allurement, no frivolity, no clutching at it as the only fruit upon the tree of life.

And now here was a man whom she had made to love her; a man whom she had deceived or had allowed to deceive himself. The pain that had passed from Mack's face would not pass so readily from her heart. For one moment before she entered her home, she even paused on the edge of a resolution. "I have made him love me," she thought, "I am bound, in honour, to take his love."

But that feeling passed away. It was ill repairing a mistake with a crime. No, whatever Mack had to bear he must bear without that salve. Only one thing justified a woman in giving herself to a man. Not friendship, not gratitude, not esteem. Nothing but love. The right kind of love would include them all, and hold something deeper and more wonderful. She must love wisely, but she must love well.

No, there was no help in that thought of sacrifice—unholy sacrifice, and surely to be rejected of such a man as Mack. And then there came the fear, "perhaps I ought to see him no more."

But that also she put aside. It would be hard to refuse friendship because she could not give love. How much her visits meant to Mack she could not fail to understand. Under her influence the dry life had put forth leaf and blossom. The blossom must not fall nor the leaf wither. And there would be no risk of renewal of that mistake. Bertha knew Mack too well to have any fear of that. When that sweet calm came upon his face, the struggle was over. The wrench had been sharp, but it had been final. Mack had taken up the burden of his years, and had put his dreams away.

After all, Bertha felt, a little later, she had not been so very much to blame. To twenty-one, forty-five is very old—too old for "Love's young dream." And Mack had crowned himself with age beyond his years. His long hair, his short sight, his habits of student and recluse, had made him, in the common estimation, an elderly man.

And it was in kindness that she had sought him out, in true kindness and pity.

Still—Bertha came back to this—in some way she had mismanaged. What had happened would never have been but for some fault of hers.

"Anyhow," she resolved, "I won't be quite so hard on Miss Crotty." Miss Crotty was that girl in the choir.

The next day Bertha went to Mack's at the usual hour. Full of thought, she did not observe, until it was forced upon her notice, a very singular thing. The front door of Mack's house stood ajar. Any passing stranger was free to enter. Two little boys were actually peeping in, harmlessly, and with no great degree of curiosity.

What a change from a few weeks ago!

Supposing the master of the house to be upstairs, Bertha entered. She walked into the room of his studies; no one was there. She was just about to sit down and look over the Euclid she had prepared, when something struck upon her vision.

It was the object which, not very long ago, had led to a quarrel between Mack and herself, the mysterious "bird-cage": the guarded

treasure of the Miser. Only once before had she looked upon it, even as she saw it now, in blunted outline under a cover of sackcloth.

Before she was aware of any such intention, Bertha found herself stooping over it, in the corner where it lay, surveying it with fearful curiosity.

This was the origin of those strange sounds which had begotten so many rumours. This, if common talk were to be believed, was the source of Mack's hidden wealth.

A quick flush of curiosity reddened the girl's cheek. Until that moment she had never known how much the secret had piqued her. For some long seconds she bent above the muffled thing, with a galloping heart and eyes whose brightness she recognised and felt.

Was this the thing that made the money, or was it the thing that held it? That Mack was possessed of great wealth Bertha, at that moment, had no doubt. She remembered those glances of Dick's as he passed the house, and their furtive longing came as a whetstone to put the last edge upon her curiosity.

"There would be no harm," she said, peeping round to see if there were any uncovered place, "there would be no harm in looking; but I will not do it, of course I will not do it."

Peep-hole there was none. Bertha put out her hand and felt the shape under the cover. It was baffling. Its partly rounded protuberance made her think of the lid of a type-writer. She gave a little knock with her knuckles and a dulled metallic sound was returned.

Bertha's curiosity became a very fire. "Such friends as we are. He would not mind *now*, I am sure, just the merest peep.

She reached out her hand and raised the lid a

little way. Then, before anything was visible, shame seized her.

"No," she said aloud, "no, no, no," and she let the lid fall with a recalling clatter.

"Well, it remains a mystery," Bertha thought, and she began to raise herself erect. Even as she moved, the girl's eyes were caught by something. On the edge of the little platform on which the shrouded thing was set there was a dark oblong stone. It bore a singular pattern, seemingly cut upon it with a kind of engraving tool. It might be—it

flashed upon Bertha's fancy—some fetish or sacred stone from Africa or perhaps Australia. And while she made this swift conjecture another thing impressed itself upon her vision. It was a long row, of little pictures—faces, changing from full to side in dwindling perspective across a sheet of whiteish paper—and underneath these, printed in red, a number, D = 8764

It was a one pound note of the Bank of Ireland. Glad to have resisted the temptation so far, and afraid of yielding to, it even yet, Bertha turned away and sat down at the other end of the room. To deaden the fascination of

the forbidden thing, she shut her eyes.

In so doing, she made a singular discovery: she still saw the number of the bank-note. Whether it was a feat of mental photography as unintended as wonderful, or whether it was one of its deliberate efforts, Bertha could not tell. Perhaps, in refusing her eyes the secret they desired, she had given them as a sop this minor piece of prying. At all events, in some way or other, the complicated figures of the note had engraved themselves upon her mind. She could read them off, in slow, yet certain order, as one reads from within the name on a shop-window



"THE GIRL'S EYES WERE CAUGHT BY SOMETHING."

Not long after this Mack came in. In his great pleasure at finding Bertha there he seemed to have forgotten the risk that he had run. His eyes never even glanced at the place where his long-guarded secret lay ready to be surprised. "It was like you," was all that he said, as he took her hand between his own two hands. There was something almost of intentional fatherliness in the action. His whole manner, even his dress, it seemed, had fallen back to earlier times. Age, not youth, was now the thing to be desired. Bertha was quite sure that there would be no return to the mood of yesterday. Yesterday was buried. Deep down in the hearts of both its memory might lie, but it would come forth no more.

Soon the thoughts of Mack turned to his secret.

"You did not, you would not—" he began, and there broke off, finishing the question with his eyes.

"No," said Bertha, "I did not." That was all that she could say, and she rejoiced that she could say as much.

They sat down to their lesson, but, while Bertha was turning over the leaves, Mack drummed upon the table in a brief abstraction.

"Perhaps, after all," he said, and again the sentence was unfinished. But it came in a flash to Bertha what he was intending to say.

It was in Mack's mind to tell her the secret.

But now that the discovery was within her reach, she was afraid to make it. Perhaps it might mean the end of all their friendship.

"Oh, do let us go on," she said, finding the place in her Euclid.

"Exactly," said Mack. And straightway the lesson absorbed them.

When Bertha had finished her usual services to the house, she held out her hand in farewell.

"Good-bye, my dear," said Mack, and the affectionate familiarity fell rather sadly on her ears. It implied so much renunciation of youth and hope. "Good-bye, my dear. I think I'll give you this." And he put into her hands a latch-key. "I have a little business just now, rather pressing business, and possibly I might be kept beyond our time. This morning, for fear of having you go away, I left the door upon the jar. I thought I should not be ten minutes, and I was an hour. I mustn't do that again." With that he led the way down stairs. Turning back for a moment to wave her hand, Bertha saw him standing on the step, a sad, quaint figure, a man strangely and nobly alone. His kindly, wistful smile followed her home. She stepped into the house thoughtful and a little afraid.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"GO AND DO SOMETHING."



NOTHING of moment happened the next day, nor for several days after that, but, towards the end of the week, Dick's behaviour became alarming. On the Friday night he came home late, and went stumblingly to bed. In the morning he was terribly shaken. Once when Bertha

merely looked at him, he broke into hysterical tears. The next day he was worse. He had a startled, hunted look. His hands shook violently; all his movements were convulsive. He stood, Bertha felt assured, on the verge of nervous collapse. She did not like, even in thought, to give the collapse its ugly, haunting name. And, now she remembered, this had been coming on for some time. In her dislike of his company, she had seen but little of her brother, but many things came back, as she reflected, pointing to a long course of drinking. In great despair Bertha wrote to Mr. Harcourt, telling him only a little of the truth. Two hours later Dick came in, opening the door with his latch-key. Listening, Bertha heard him go up-stairs, followed by someone else. Nothing was said, but she recognised the foot-steps; they were those of Mr. Harcourt. For quite a long time, more than an hour, it seemed to Bertha, the Rector and the young man were closeted together. Mr. Harcourt went away without a word to her, and, that night, she saw Dick no more. In the morning, however, he seemed better. Just before he went out, he turned to Bertha. "Bertha," he said, "I've got the sack, and I've made a pretty mess of things all the time. But I've signed the pledge, and all is going to be right."

That evening Dick came home as bad as ever. But that night, without request of hers, Mr. Harcourt was up again. For a second time, as she learned next morning, Dick had signed the pledge. Again he broke it, and again, and again. But Mr. Harcourt would not let him go twice and thrice a day, for Dick was leaving the house but little now, the Rector came to prop his shattered nerves. At the end of a week, the pledge remained unbroken: for four days.

That was a little triumph, and the next pledge was signed with a little more heart and hope. At the end of a month the hold of drink was loosening. Dick was almost a free man. But, as Bertha feared, the monetary trouble was gaining a tighter grip.

Dick remained out of employment; once or twice a summons had been delivered. Whenever they passed Mack's house together, as now and again they did, Bertha saw that furtive glance repeated, and she shivered with a vague fear.

It was on the Tuesday of the following week, the second Tuesday in August, that Bertha, returning from a visit to her dress-maker, was overtaken by Mostyn. For the last fortnight or so he had been little with Dick; little visibly, at least. The girl's feeling of hostility to him was sharper than ever. He seemed to her not only a tempter but a deserter.

She turned slightly aside, motioning him to pass.

"No," he said; "we are not going to part without a word. I want to know what I have done. Why are you so bitter against me?"

He turned upon her his soft yet cynical eyes, now full of feeling that was not cynical. Once again Bertha felt herself—and she was angry at the feeling—mollified by their appeal. Was it that in this young fellow there was some germ of generous feeling, undeveloped but not dead, to which his own emotion made response? Or was it simply the attraction of a very handsome face? Bertha could not tell.

"Angry with you?" she said, affecting an indifference that she could not feel. "One is angry with people for whom one has respect; from whom one expects something. I am not likely to be angry with you."

"You don't know, you will not understand," he said. "Dick has quarrelled with me; not I with him. I did my best to keep him back. I have lost my power over him."

"That is something to be grateful for," Bertha said. "But when you had the power why did you not help him? Your promises are nobly kept."

"I did my best, Bertha, I did my best. I have tried all sorts of things and everything has failed. I know he is in an awful mess, and I am wretched about it."

By this time they had almost reached the Square. It was dusk, but the evening riot was in full swing. Shrieking girls were playing tig; howling boys were in the thick of a football scrum. Almost deafened by the tumult, Bertha slackened her pace. Another step or two would bring them to the house. She wanted to send Mostyn away with one final word, a word that would rankle and sting.

"You asked me to trust you," she said; "it is fortunate that I knew you too well for that. You are one of the persons whose evil is all action, and whose good is all talk. Do something. Go and do it."

They had passed the short, low wall, separating the house from the Square, with no farewell but a look of cold hostility. Bertha turned away to enter the house. Mostyn followed her. "Don't let us part like this," he said. "To-morrow I am leaving the town for good."

"Very much for good," she answered. "Having seen my brother well into the middle of the slough, it is quite time for you to be going."

She was conscious, as she said these words, of the deliberate intention to hurt. The pain upon his face only stimulated the desire. The leisurely steps of Kate coming to answer the



"DO SOMETHING. GO AND DO IT."

door were audible within. Mostyn caught Bertha's hand in his. "Say good-bye," he said. "Say something a little kind. I meant to be a different sort of man."

"More talk," she answered. "Go and do something"; and she pulled her hand away. In her excitement, for some second or two, she had let it lie; and during those seconds, someone had passed along the churchyard wall. Bertha recognised, after it had passed away, the figure of Mack. The recognition gave an added energy to the withdrawal of her hand. What might not Mack, what might not anyone, think?

"Bertha, you don't know," said Mostyn, looking at her with tragic eyes.

"Yes I do," she said, "I know you very well. Go and do something."

"I will," he said, and turned away without another word.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE END OF AN OLD QUARREL.



THE afternoon following on the evening of that stormy scene was full of suppressed heat. Even the blue sky of Ireland was hidden by opaque clouds, muffling and colourless. The poplar tree in the next garden, that hardly ever failed of a tremulous motion, stood

as steady as a soldier at drill. Every window was open, and lazy people hung out into the heavy air. The dogs were silent, the bicycles were still, people dreamed of the sea. Sewing in her room and thinking with a vague fear of her parting with Mostyn, Bertha saw the Rector swinging round the Square. She knew that he had come to talk with her, and hastened down to meet him.

"I've only a very short time," he said. "How are they?"

"Who?" said Bertha.

"The blackbirds! Is the cock a good papa?"

"Almost too good," Bertha answered. "The little ones are growing dreadfully greedy. Would you like to see them have their afternoon tea?"

"I've only just had lunch," said the Rector.

"It's just the same with them. There's only an interval of ten minutes between the two meals." She led him to the landing, and told him to keep a little in shadow.

Two very fat little birds with rusty black coats spotted with brown stood on the perch of the great wicker cage. They had an injured aspect, as of gentlemen who have rung several times for their shaving water. A moment later, a swift shadow fluttered over the cage. There was a squawk, in which pent-up feeling found painful relief; two yellow mouths opened like very wideawake oysters. An enormous worm changed hands or beaks. Then there was a little lattice-work of crossing wings, and more provisions arrived.

"I don't believe the old people get a bit," said Bertha.

"They will be able to fly in a week, these young fellows."

"I doubt it," said Bertha. "You can't eat all day and fly."

It was strange how cheerfulness always came with the Rector. Troubles seemed further off. Peace seemed nearer. Everything seemed brighter.

"About Dick," he said. "Dear me, I've stayed too long already."

He had taken out his watch, and was regarding it rather anxiously. Bertha regarded it too. The Rector looked up and caught the expression on her face.

With a slight frown of annoyance, he slipped it back into his pocket. The watch was an enormous thing of some unknown metal. Such treasures were marked in the windows, *Durable timekeeper. Nine and six.*

"About Dick," he said again. "I've great hopes of him. He's fighting a very plucky fight. You hardly know what it is, the craving, the breakdown, the terror. He's had a frightful time, but it's coming to an end. There's clear daylight through the wood now. I couldn't talk to you before; I thought you couldn't bear speech."

"I don't think I could have borne it," she answered. "If I don't thank you, you understand."

"Yes," he said, "I understand."

Their eyes met for a moment, and Bertha's filled with tears.

"My poor child, you have had a hard fight; but you were sure to win. I should never have any doubt about you." There was a moment's silence.

"Come," said the Rector, "I must dally no more." And he ran quickly down the stairs.

Bertha followed him. As she opened the door to let Mr. Harcourt out, she saw, passing out of the Square, a little knot of boys. They carried bathing towels. Among them were Sydney and Cyril.

Sidney looked round for a moment, and waved his towel. The Rector went on his way. Just as Bertha was closing the door, Sidney came running back.

"I can do it!" he said, halting a few yards from the door. "My biceps is like an egg!" He nodded solemnly, and ran to catch up his party.

Bertha had not paid much attention to his words, her mind being full of the Rector's recent talk; but as she resumed her stitching, their meaning dawned upon her. The last few days Sidney had been wielding his bells continually. The boy judged that his training was now complete. He meant to settle scores with Cyril that afternoon.

In the thick of troubles more urgent and complex, Bertha had forgotten Sidney's threat. All this brandishing of dumb-bells had seemed to her harmless enough, an adjunct of the work of the Lads' Brigade.

Now she blamed herself for her lack of observation. Almost she was minded to follow the party up; but that was hardly feasible, considering their watery intentions.

She could only hope she was taking the thing too seriously.

About two hours later a little procession entered the Square.

There were two or three men, and half-a-dozen boys—surrounding Cyril; behind them came a ragged tail. Bertha was struck by something solemn in the movement of these

people. There was a kind of hush upon them. The light hearted Irish gabble was not there. And then she noticed that Cyril was being held up on either side. Lastly, she noticed the most significant thing of all: Sidney was not there.

Strangely quiet, but full of a horrible fear, Bertha rose and opened the door. "What has happened?" she said.

"Ah, don't be afraid, miss," one of the men began; "they were bathing in the Hole, bad

'cess to it, for the death-trap that it is."

"Is he dead?" Bertha broke in.

"Not that, glory be to God, not that. He is coming round at the Hospital."

Then Cyril opened his white lips, and spoke:

"I was out of my depth," he said, "and Sidney saved me."



"I WAS OUT OF MY DEPTH," HE SAID.

As quickly as might be, Bertha went down to the Hospital. She was not, however, permitted to see Sidney. He had fallen into a sleep, and was doing very well. Bertha, therefore came away relieved.

In the morning there was a little letter from Sidney, brought up by one of the nurses. He had waked towards midnight, it appeared, in a good deal of excitement, and could not be got to rest until his message was written down.

"Dear Bertha," it ran, "I am very glad I was nearly drowned. I think it has done me a great deal of good. I don't much mind being drowned: it's awful while you are kicking, but then you goes into a kind of sleep, and hears music. You do not live all your life, that is lies. The folks that tell you that was never drowned. You just goes out like candles. We was all bathing together, and I was thinking of where I would give him the knock-out."

And I knew that I could do it, because my biceps was an egg. Then, all of a sudden his arms was up, and I knew he was in the Hole. He could not swim only a few strokes. I don't know how I did it, but I got him out, and he did not strangle me like wimmen does. I am glad I could swim enough to save him. I have had very queer dreams since I was hear. Angles and white cats, and water-lillys. Me and Cyril was always friends and brothers, and there would have been no spite, I would have shaken hands as soon as he came to, but I thought it my duty to knock him out, being the elder brother. I don't feel like that now. When you got people out of the water, you do not want to knock them out.

"Yours affly., Sidney."

Bertha could not read this letter without tears. It was so quaintly blended of pathos and bathos, so boyish, so heroic. She put it into her pocket then and resolved thereafter to keep it in her treasure drawer. Cyril was now out in the Square, explaining to a few friends what you should do when you get into a hole and can't get out. She observed his listeners puffing out their cheeks and making a treadmill movement with their feet. All the same she knew that he was deeply impressed. Once in the night she had had to go to him and to sit beside his bed. When Cyril was ill or troubled, there was only one thing that could comfort him, and that was the story of the Prodigal Son. Bertha had read it to him last night, and, almost before the last words were over, he had fallen into a sound and restful sleep.

## CHAPTER XX.

### BERTHA LISTENS FOR A SOUND.



O Bertha's eyes little sleep had come. For, just as she was returning to her room, a key had clicked in the front door, and Dick had come upstairs. It was some time now since he had been out late, and this return to bad hours frightened her. It seemed to her certain, in her nervous and over-

wrought condition, that Dick had had another lapse, and that of these relapses there would be no end. At length she

had fallen into an uneasy sleep, a sleep full of starts and surprises, in which real and imagined events were so strangely mingled, that which was dream and which was truth she could not tell. There was something which, while she put on her hat, fretted and alarmed her. Was it a mere disorder of her dream, or was it strange and sinister fact, that there had been a creaking on the stairs, and that someone had tried her door? Except that so many other things impossible on reflection seemed to have befallen her in the night, Bertha would have said that this was solidest truth. The very creaking repeated itself now, and the rickety handle went round and clicked back. That morning Dick had been seen by nobody. Kate reported that he had gone out while she was getting up. All this was unusual and strange, and added to Bertha's alarm.

She found Sidney almost his former self. He had eaten a hearty breakfast and was anxious to get up. When the doctor came, the nurse believed, this would be allowed. Yet Sidney was not the same, either. He was older and wiser: a solemn experience lay far back in his nature. Once in his life he had risen almost to the heroic height. For a few mysterious moments his feet had felt the shores of the other world. Hereafter, though for most of his time he would be a boy among boys, there would always be something aloof and apart. At heart Sidney would be a grave and quiet person. But it was strange to see the two boys greet: "Hallo, Cyril!" "Hallo, Sid!" Not another word was said on the subject that filled both their hearts. A little later, when they were alone, they might talk about the root of things. Just at present that "Hallo" was all that they could compass.

On leaving the hospital, Cyril went off on some matter of his own, and Bertha turned through the old town. It was about the time for her visit to Mack. She determined to make the visit without going back home.

As she stood before the door, and felt for the latch-key which she had never used, Bertha became aware of something she could not explain. Was it only her shaken nerves, or was there a difference in the house? To her it seemed that a palpable silence clasped it round. She listened, and this silence seemed to grow. Fear knocked at her heart. The thought of Dick creeping about the stairs at night, and seeking entrance to her room was somewhere at the core of this fear. Walking across the road, Bertha looked up at the chimney. Hitherto, a light curl from its grey funnel had always tempered the house's grimmest stillness.



Now, if that were there, the house would not meet her like a tombstone. Something living and human would reach out to her. She would feel that her nerves must be called to order.

There was no smoke. From every other roof the kindly commerce with the sky went on the wings of a light breeze, that tossed the grey rolls this way and that. Only Mack's cowed chimney gave no token. To Bertha it seemed that the house had ceased to breathe.

So heavy and cold was the dread at her heart, that Bertha shrank from using her latch-key. That entrance seemed a confession of disaster. We force the doors and desks of the dead.

Bertha knocked loudly, cheerfully. For a moment her mind responded to her hand. As the confident din rattled through the house, she felt that the old result would follow: a door would open above, steps would come down the stairs—short-sighted steps, kindly and gentle—then the feet would grow more confident and quicker. Then the door would be opened, and the face that she loved would blossom into its look of welcome.

But no door opened; there was no step, no sound. The house kept dead silence.

"I will not be foolish," Bertha said; and setting her mouth hard she opened the door.

With her entered a brilliant breadth of sunshine. Turning round for a second to glance on the outer world, she met the delighted face

of Miss Crotty—Miss Crotty, between two young men, under a crimson parasol.

"They won't go away," said Miss Crotty. "Isn't it horrid of them?"

The frivolous commonplace of this changed everything for Bertha. The dim mist of terror that surrounded her rolled into blue air. She was in her old world again. Bertha nodded to Miss Crotty with cordial, even with grateful recognition. She laughed aloud as she ran up the stairs, the steep, dark stairs, grown easy to her feet.

"He's gone out," she said to herself, "and so has the fire. Just the sort of day when fires do go out." And, lying back in the one easy-chair, Bertha surrendered herself to Euclid.

How long she thus sat absorbed in her work Bertha could not tell; how the absorption ceased she could not tell. Gradually, however, the power of concentration was weakened in her. Her thoughts became divided; she began to listen. Slowly this vague expectancy became a

certainty. She was hearkening for a sound that would come, not a step, not a voice, something quite different from that. What, she did not know, but she feared it with all her soul. At last she turned her head and the sound came.

A cry—a moan—a groan—all these blent in one, inarticulate, yet appealing. It was an almost dumb cry for help, and he who cried was—Mack.

(To be continued.)



TO BERTHA IT SEEMED THAT THE HOUSE HAD CEASED TO BREATHE.





GOOD MEN  
OF THE EARLY  
MIDDLE AGES.

No. II.—CÆDMON.  
OUR FIRST ENGLISH POET.

BY JESSIE YOUNG.

**W**E must plead guilty to having committed an anachronism in *beginning* these sketches with a chapter on King Alfred; the subject of our present short memoir, as also the "venerable Bede," having lived nearly three centuries before him. Christianity in Cædmon's time was only gradually spreading itself through England, while in King Alfred's reign it had become the established religion of the land.

In the early days of the Saxon Heptarchy, when many of the inhabitants of this country were still heathen, in spite of the labours of Augustine and the other missionaries sent from Rome by St. Gregory, and by the successors of these early evangelists, a holy woman of the name of Hilda had founded a sisterhood at Whitby on the coast of Yorkshire.

It was at that time that *music* seems to have exercised a potent influence over our Saxon forefathers, and we shall see how it proved the means of evangelising a great part of the north of England. At the hall of a Saxon thane, on a winter evening, the feast being ended, the harp went round, and every one was asked in turn, according to the custom of those days, to play and sing something. So they all performed something, but the songs were probably pagan, the only religion introduced being the praise of Thor the Thunderer, Odin, "the All-Father," as they called him (a beautiful name had it referred to the true God), Balder, the fair young god of love and light, Frigga and Frey, Braga the eloquent, and the dread Lok, the spirit of evil. At last the harp passed round to Cædmon, a franklin, or, as we should say, one who farms his own land;

but he, through the instrumentality of St. Hilda, had recently been converted to Christianity, and doubtless could not bear the idea of singing the praises of any god but the true One. Moreover he does not seem to have known many songs, while to extemporise one for the occasion appeared impossible to him, so he made the excuse of wanting to look after his horses—no mere excuse in those days, when robbers abounded, and beasts of prey had by no means been exterminated, and he retired into the stable for the night, to avoid having to sing what he disapproved. And whilst there among his horses, the good franklin began to think within himself, "Why should there not be Christian songs, as well as pagan?" That such an idea should seem a new one may appear strange to us, who have had a stream of sacred verse flowing down for many centuries, but it was not so to a recent convert in a land still to a considerable extent a heathen one. As he lay and pondered over this, Cædmon fell asleep, and in his dreams he thought some one came to him and told him to sing, and when Cædmon replied that he was unable to do so, and did not know what to sing about, the voice told him to sing of the creation of the world; and there came to him, as by inspiration, beautiful words upon that grand theme; and when he woke, unlike our general wont when we wake from dreaming, he recollected them. Next morning Cædmon went to Whitby to see Hilda, and told them there of his dream and of his song. Hilda offered him a home in her religious house, that he might have leisure for composing religious poems, and might by their means be able to forward the spreading of God's truth through England. He accepted the offer, and continued to reside at Whitby for the

remainder of his life, spending his time in throwing into verse the most interesting of the Old Testament histories.

There is a high eulogium passed upon Cædmon's poems in the "National Cyclopaedia," which is quoted by Cooper in his "Biographical Dictionary." "His poems," we are there told, "possess extraordinary merit," and the writer goes on to say: "Perhaps there never lived an individual who exerted a greater influence on our national modes of thought, and on this ground, if on no other, he must rank with the greatest names in our literature. For six centuries he was the great model whom all imitated and none could equal; and fragments of his verses may be found in those of almost every succeeding poet." But Cædmon was better than a great poet, he was a hum-

ble Christian. He lived to a good old age. When about seventy-two he was taken ill, and remained so for a fortnight or so. At the end of that time he begged to be taken into the room in Hilda's religious house usually appropriated to the dying, and was accordingly removed thither, at which he said, "It is well." Having received the Holy Communion, he said to those around him, "I am at peace with all the servants of God." Then he asked how near it was to the time when midnight service was held, and hearing it was near, said again, "It is well." Then laying his head on his pillow, he gently slept away his life. It was suitable that he should have died at midnight, since at that hour had come his call to the work of his life. His death took place somewhere about A.D. 680.

## A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS WHO DO NOT ATTEND CHURCH, BUT WHO SEND THEIR CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. E. F. CROSSE, *Vicar of St. Luke's, Barrow-in-Furness.*



**C**HERE are a great many parents who are very good in sending their children to church and to Sunday-school, but seldom, if ever, come to church themselves. They are willing to help to support the schools, and are very wishful that their children should be taught the truths of Salvation, but they themselves are rarely to be found with the worshippers at church.

The Christian Church has always made a great point of the importance of home life and the duty of children to honour and obey their parents. And the Church teaches that the parents come *first* next to God, and that the clergy and teachers only act for the parents. And when children are taught this, they naturally look all the more to home example, and when they see that their father and mother seldom if ever go to church, and do not read their Bibles, nor say their prayers, nor even talk to their children about Holy things it does them such a lot of harm, and the influence of their teachers and their clergyman is lessened by the very fact that they are taught by them

so much the duty of honouring their parents. Will you not, for the sake of your little ones, come more regularly to church, and be more careful about Holy things?

Yes, dear mothers, we know all about your work and difficulties. Your first duty is to baby and to home, and God will not let your spiritual life suffer because you are kept from His Church by your honest home duties, but don't you think you could do more than you do? In some parishes they have what is called a crèche, where mothers can take their babies to be taken care of while they go to church or Bible Class, and though there is not a crèche in every parish, yet surely a kindly neighbour would help you to get away just for one hour to go to church. Why do not mothers take turns and look after each other's little ones for church going just as they do for shopping? And Fathers! What about you? We often talk to your boys about you. They think such a lot of you. You are their hero, their king, and they mean to be *just like you*, and already imitate you in a multitude of ways. Well! We won't say any more, but leave you to think it over. Church-going is not everything, we know, but no one can come to any of the means of grace without gaining a blessing, and there is one blessing you will most certainly gain by regularly attending church, you will be all the more respected and honoured by your boys and girls.



"These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—REV. VII. 14.

Words by  
J. MONTGOMERY.

Music by  
ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

96.

*mf*

What are these in bright ar-ray, This in nu-mer-a-ble throng, Round the Al-tar,

*Org. pp*

*cres.* *foco rit.* *Slightly quicker.* 104.

night and day Hymn-ing one tri-umph-ant song?..... "Wor-thy is the Lamb, once slain!

*Org.*

*cres.* *ff*

Bless-ing, hon-our, glo-ry, power, Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-'ry hour."

2. These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came ;  
Now, before the Throne of God,  
Sealed with His Almighty Name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fear ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.



**PRIZES.**

For General Competitions from January to June, 1901.

**GIRLS' PRIZE.—**Watch:—  
Miss Maud Tucker,  
19, Oxford Street,  
Penkhill, Stoke-on-Trent.

**BOYS' PRIZE.—**Watch:—  
Master Henry G. Kennedy,  
St. Mary's Virage,  
Leeds.

**CONSOLATION PRIZE of a Book.**  
Miss S. J. Wilson,  
Kingarve, Portadown,  
Co. Antrim.

**WINNERS IN BIBLICAL PUZZLES.—**A book has been sent to each:—

1st.—Miss Edith Bentley,  
The Hawthorns, Framfield,  
Sussex.

2nd.—Miss E. M. Dowse,  
Kelinor Rectory, Inch,  
Co. Wrexford.

3rd.—Miss Mabel Vaughan,  
Kelinor Rectory, Inch,  
Co. Wrexford.

4th.—Miss Marjorie Harris,  
King's Square, Mitchelston,  
Co. Cork.

5th.—Miss Gwendoline Cook,  
Cliffe Cottage, Dynas Powis,  
near Cardiff.

6th.—Miss Dulcie de Butts,  
Heatherside, Albury Heath,  
near Guildford.



**COTTAGE COOKERY.**

BY K. C. JONES (*Staff Lecturer, Surrey County Council*).

**Mince Meat.**

**C**HRISTMAS is fast approaching, and people will, if they are wise, set to work soon and make their mince-meat, as the prices of suet and dried fruit rise at the beginning of December. If this receipt is followed exactly a good result is certain:

To make enough for a small family, take,



- |                 |                             |               |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Currants, 1 lb. | Moist sugar, ¼ lb.          | Apples, ¼ lb. |
| Raisins, ¼ lb.  | Candied peel mixed, 3 ozs.  | Nutmeg, ¼.    |
| Suet, ¼ lb.     | Mixed spice, ¼ teaspoonful. | Lemon, 1.     |

Stone the raisins and cut into quarters; wash and thoroughly dry the currants, remove the stalks and grit; chop the suet as fine as possible, slice the mixed peel; pare and core the apples, and chop very small; grate the lemon peel and the nutmeg. Mix all the ingredients well together, add the lemon juice strained, place in a perfectly dry jar, cover carefully to prevent the air reaching it; let it stand a week or so, and it will be ready for use.

To make into mince pies, take 1 lb. of short pastry made by the recipe given for "Fruit Tart," roll the pastry out to an eighth of an inch in thickness, cut in rounds to fit the patty pans, line the well greased pans with the pastry, fill with mincemeat, wet the edges, cover with a lid of pastry, make a small hole in the centre, bake for a ¼ hour. Serve with white sugar sprinkled over.

## WHITCHURCH, DENBIGH.

BY A. M. THOMAS.

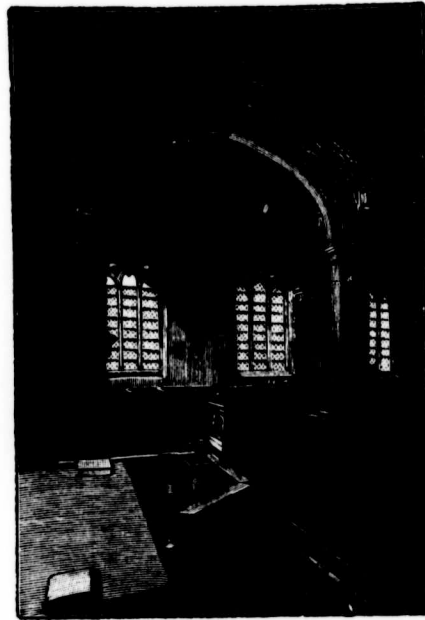
**T**HIS interesting old building, eloquent of *autres temps, autres mœurs*, was the old parish church, and once the church of the White Friars. The parish pulsates with church life and ecclesiastical buildings nearer the town are found more convenient for the frequent services. The Friars may have given their name to the church, or it may have come from the order given at the Reformation for churches to be whitewashed to hide the frescoes on the walls. Sir William de la Montague was parson here in 1284, the living being then apparently in the gift of the Earl of Lincoln, constable of Denbigh Castle.

A fine portrait brass in the porch represents Richard Myddleton, Governor of the Castle, in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary. Other kneeling figures on the brass are his wife and their sixteen children, some of whom were famous in history. William, the third son, was a celebrated Welsh poet, wrote a version of the Psalms, and distinguished himself in Queen Elizabeth's navy. Thomas became Lord Mayor of London, Hugh brought the New River to the Metropolis. A fine altar-tomb in the church commemorates Sir John Salusbury, called by the Welsh "Syr Joan y Bodian," from having had two thumbs on each hand, and two great toes on each foot. His recumbent figure rests beside that of his wife, and their many children figure in relief on each side of the tomb. Tradition says he killed a terrible monster called the "Bych" (from which the town took its name), and its curious effigy rests at the feet of this full-armoured heroic knight. He died 1578. Other splendid monuments, chiefly mural, perpetuate the memory of members of the Salusbury family.

The old-world artist who planned the monument to the local antiquary and M.P., Humphrey Llwyd of Foxhall, represented him in Spanish dress kneeling under small arches. He was born in 1527, skilled in physic and music, a philosopher and rhetorician. He died in 1568.

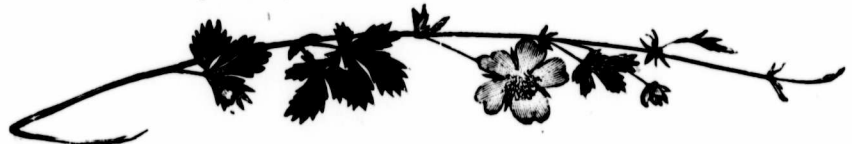
When Sir Richard Clough, "factor to Queen Elizabeth," died at Antwerp, his heart was brought to Whitchurch in a silver urn and placed in the family vault. Later, when this was reopened, it was found that some base individual had replaced the silver receptacle by one of commoner material. This Sir

Richard seems to have been a good patriot, and his wife Katherine of Berain, heiress of Tudor ap Robert, a near relation of the Queen. In Christ Church Library, Oxford, are poems referring to the knight and his wife. They are written by the Welsh bard Cynwal, one being an ode to welcome Mistress Katherine home when she had been beyond the sea, and another an ode to send the ship to fetch Mr. Richard Clough and Mistress Katherine home from Denmark. He also quaintly describes their quartered coat-of-arms: the coat pea green to signify a worthy marriage, the dog's head implying sincerity in the service of the Queen, the



crosses symbolising holiness, when Sir Richard visited Jerusalem, the lion and sword typifying his daring and "heart."

In the full sunshine of a summer day, this glorious old church seems full of happy ghosts and good spirits of the past. One can but regret that it should be used for nothing but burials. A wedding party would be so beautiful passing under the upward-soaring octagonal pillars which support the dark hammer-beam roof and its artistic carved work.



## AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

BY MARY E. LESTER,

*Author of "Love's Golden Key," etc.*

**M**Y father, 'tis so many eventides since thou hast told me aught of the wondrous past, and methinks there is time, ere the dews fall, for one of those tales of thine, which so often help me to feel the nearness of thy mighty God, when I

kneel for mine evening prayer."

The old man, to whom the child spoke, looked up with a kindly smile as he said: "It pleaseth me that words of mine can call up in thy mind, my son, the God of our forefathers."

They were sitting by one of the wells which abound in Samaria, watching the retreating forms of the women, who had lately left the well with their two-handed water-jugs, filled and nicely poised on their shapely heads.

The setting sun bathing them in a warm crimson glow, fell upon the grandfather's long white beard, and the dark clustering curls of the lad, who was just entering into his teens, and then hid its face behind the distant mount of Carmel.

"'Twas a time of famine," said Ben Judah, in a far-off voice, and in a tone as that of a great organ, when its power is felt, not heard; and even his first few words thrilled the child, and made him involuntarily draw his flowing robes more closely to him, "a time of great and direful famine! And Israel was forsaken of its God. Forsaken, yea, even as Israel had forsaken the Almighty to follow Baal. And the well beneath us was thirsty for the rains which came not, and the grass around us was craving for the showers which fell not, and no water was found in the land save the tears of those who wept for the sins of the children. But to Abraham had Jehovah made promise of long-suffering and forgiveness. The King was in sore trouble, and the nation in dread, lest, from the need of water, a worse thing should come upon them, when Elijah was sent unto them, the great prophet of whom thou hast oft-times heard, Abdiel."

"Yes, and of whom I love to hear," answered the responsive listener, whose liquid brown eyes were fixed upon Ben Judah's face.

"He told them of their sin, and the reason of their punishment, but, nevertheless, being

a messenger of the All-Merciful, he brought with him means of repentance, submission and forgiveness. There, on far-off Carmel," here the venerable head was thrown back, and one hand pointing to the dark mass, outlined by the golden purple haze, aided the speaker's words, "he gathered the back-sliders with the base priests of Baal and their infamous King; while the Great Presence was with them, seeing but unseen. Hour after hour passed away while Baal's prophets prayed for the fire, which Elijah had said should be the sign of the Deity's omnipotence. The warm flesh of the slaughtered bullocks grew cold and damp on the waiting altar. The sun dropped lower and lower in the heavens, burning with an angry lurid glow; all was very quiet and still, save round the altar of Baal, where the priests, with heart-rending cries, besought for fire to fall, which never fell, and in despair cut themselves with knives and lancets until the ground was crimson with their blood."

The old man's voice was full of majesty; it inspired the listening Abdiel with awe, while the tale filled him with sad delight.

"Quietness fell even upon the groups of disappointed prophets, as the one great prophet of the Almighty drew near and repaired the altar, ready for the sacrifice; the burning of which would show, by unanswerable proof, the Presence, the Omnipotence and Deity of Israel's God. Awe-struck, the multitudes gazed upon the slain bullocks, which, unlike the former, were surrounded by water-filled trenches. One short swift prayer from the servant to His Master. It pierced the sky, and brought down the looked-for, longed-for, asked-for fire, which lapped up the water and, unaided, burnt the sacrifice in the sight of repentant Israel. My son, with the smoke of the sacrifice went up to the everlasting. Hear one great glad, remorseful cry, as of one voice from the people: "The Lord, He is the God, the Lord He is the God!" The voice ceased, silence wrapped the darkening scene; and the child, with a deep sigh, telling of the loosening of the bands of entralling interest, rose to lead the aged man into the city.

"And the famine, my father?"

"There came a cloud as of a man's hand, followed by abundance of rain."

## WHAT WE SAW FROM OUR WINDOW.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

By E. V. BRITON.



W E, means Dandy and Pat, and our window was their favourite seat, because they took a warm interest in their fellow beings, and liked to see what they were doing, and as they possessed most speaking countenances, it was not hard to guess what they said to each other.

Pat, the little fellow with the black eyes, could say very sharp things sometimes, and when he saw the busy passers-by rushing to and fro without so much as saying good morning to him, he naturally felt hurt, being a dog of good breeding and polite manners, and would whisper a mild complaint to Dandy.

"No manners at all, these Suffolk people; in my country they knew better."

"Don't matter," easy-tempered Dandy would reply. "I hate shaking hands, I do."

"Perhaps, but they might say good morning."

"Half the times they meet they don't say it to each other, they're always in such a hurry," said Dandy, consolingly.

"What about, can you guess?" asked the more inquisitive Pat.

"Don't you know? Look at that good lady; she trod on my toes the other day; I suspect she's going to the butcher's to steal some meat. Hope she'll get whipped."

"Our mistress doesn't *steal* it, the butcher boy gives it her; I saw him bring it this morning, a jolly piece it was. No, she doesn't steal."

"What's that young fellow going to do with all those sticks on his back, I wonder?"

"He's going to play with a little ball; I saw him on the common the other day. He uses all those sticks because he can't walk as we do. Poor fellow! and he gets another fellow to help him sometimes."

"Hallo, Dandy, the boys are coming out of school, look straight in front of you, and don't pretend to see, they always talk about those queer dogs, just as if we were deaf, they've no manners at all. Look straight over their

heads, and say, What a beautiful view, Pat!"

But Dandy was not so dignified. He had an intimate acquaintance with some of these schoolboys' pockets, and never neglected an opportunity of increasing that acquaintance. Pat was disgusted, but a trifle envious also. The boys passed on, and Dandy turned an apologetic face to his companion. "You expect too much, Pat," he said; "they're only boys."

"Did I say they were dogs?" cried Pat angrily; "of course they're boys, and I despise them."

"Perhaps," said Dandy, "but I think they mean well, and when they've good impulses it's a pity to discourage them. I wouldn't discourage a cat if it ever had good impulses, but it never has. Cats are hopeless."

"Don't talk of them," said Pat.

"They're hopeless," continued Dandy, prosing on, "but boys may improve; in fact I've known them turn into men sometimes, and, next to a high-bred dog, give me a high-bred man."

"I've heard you say that before," said Pat wearily. "But I've known some men who were uncommon stupid, couldn't smell a rabbit if it was close under their noses. What's that man doing now? Oh, it's the postman. Now what do

you think of *him*, always smelling bits of paper, and stuffing them into holes in the doors, and ringing and knocking enough to frighten one into fits. Would any dog do that?"

"Of course not, but that postman isn't high bred. Now our master never makes such a fool of himself, that you must allow."

"Dandy, you forget yourself. I always feared you had lived in low society at some time or other. In the company I have kept, no well-bred dog ever talked about his master, but he lived for him, and, if necessary, died for him. But you—"

"Dandy and Pat, come down from the window," said a stern voice, and down they scrambled in breathless haste.





## THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG COUSINS,

Now that the long winter evenings are here again, I expect you will all be anxious to learn new games, which you can play after the lesson-books have been put away and you are free to enjoy yourselves until bedtime. Well, for this reason I have set, for this month's competition, "The best new game." I think you will find it very amusing to try to make up a new game or to improve on some of the old ones that we know so well. You must just write out the rules clearly and send them to me. You can send me games that are not quite new, so long as they are not the ordinary ones that we all know. But I should advise you to try to invent them yourselves, and then you will have the satisfaction of knowing that none of us will ever have played at that game before.

Now, I wonder if you ever heard of the "Um" game. That is a funny title, isn't it? But you will see why it is called so directly I explain it to you. All the players but one must sit in a big circle, this one being blind-folded and stood in the centre. Then she goes and sits down on anyone's lap, and says "Um" inquiringly to the player who is giving her a seat, and must be immediately answered by another "Um." Then if the blind-folded one guesses from the voice, whose lap she has been sitting upon, she changes places with her, and of course the other takes the central position. It is very difficult not to laugh instead of saying the "Um" in a disguised voice, and this will often let the blindfolded one know who it is.

I want to remind all my cousins that, if they wish me to answer their letters by post, they must send me a stamped envelope. I am always glad to have letters from my cousins, and to get questions of any kind that I am likely to be able to help them upon. Before long I hope that not a single boy or girl, who reads this Magazine, will be outside our Guild. You only have to send me a penny stamp for the Membership card, and then you can compete for the lovely prizes that we give for the answers to Puzzles and for the other competitions.

With my love to you all,

Yours affectionately,

COUSIN JOAN



### COMPETITION.

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before November 31st, 1901.  
The best Game for a winter evening (not to exceed 200 words).

The name, age, and address of competitor must be clearly written on the back of each MS. The Member winning the most marks in these competitions, from July to December inclusive, will receive a handsome silver watch.

For Puzzles, see page 264

### ANSWERS TO AUGUST BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

- 1.—Find, Ask, Incline, Take, Hold—FAITH.
- 2.—Every one that loveth is born of God.
- 3.—Dew.  
Eve.  
Wet (Gideon).
- 4.—See, tree, say, stay.
- 5.—Festival.

For List of Prize Winners, see page 259.

All letters, competitions, etc., to be addressed to  
COUSIN JOAN, "The Church Magazine" Offices,  
79-83, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

## THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS. November 1.

"The righteous live for evermore, their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the Most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand."—WISDOM V. 15, 16.

"WAKE, all my hopes, lift up your eyes  
And crown your heads with mirth;  
See how they shine beyond the skies,  
Who once dwelt on our earth.

"Hail, holy Saints, who long in hope,  
Long in the shadow sate;  
Till our victorious Lord set open  
Heaven's everlasting gate.

"Hail, all you happy spirits above,  
Who make that glorious ring  
About the sparkling throne of Love,  
And there for ever sing.

"All glory to the sacred Three,  
One Everlasting Lord,  
As at the first still may He be  
Belov'd, obey'd, adored."

HICKE'S DEVOTIONS.



## THE BOOKSHELF.

FOR practical advice to men on entering life, take *Unto You, Young Men*, addresses by Archbishop Sinclair (Grant Richards), 4s. 6d.

From an Anglo-Catholic standpoint, there is a good book by the Rev. H. V. S. Eck, on *The Incarnation* (Longmans), 7s.

A well-written book representing the theology of the "Higher Criticism," is *Old and New Certainty of the Gospel*, by A. Robinson, D.D. (Williams and Norgate), 2s. 6d.

*An Eventful Life*, by the Rev. A. J. Harrison, B.D. (Cassell and Co.) 6s., is a very instructive bit of autobiography.

From the series "Small Books on Great Subjects," take *Intoldings and Untoldings*, by John Pulsford, D.D. (James Clarke and Co.), 1s. 6d.

*The Seven Deadly Sins*, by the Rev. J. Stalker, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton), 1s. 6d.

From the cheaper publications of the S.P.C.K., I select: *Reading in a Clergyman's Life*, by E. C. Wickham, D.D., 2d. *The Sailors' Calling*, by the Rev. A. Baker, 6d. *The Wild Sweet Briery Fence*, some thoughts for girls, 2d. *Sicantus Mill*, by Augustus Jessop, D.D., 6d. *How to Observe*, by Catherine Pulein; suggestions to young folk about country life.

Turning to more general topics, we may take down from our "Bookshelf," *Through Persia on a Side Saddle*, by Ella Sykes (J. Macqueen) *Naples Past and Present*, by Arthur H. Norway (Methuen and Co.), 6s. *The Thirteen Colonies*, by Helen Austie Smith (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 vols.), 12s. *The Complete Works of C. S. Calverly, with a Biographical Notice*, by Sir Walter Sendall, G.C.M.G. (George Bell and Sons), 6s. net. *Men and Letters*, by Herbert Paul (John Lane), 5s. net, is a plea for essay-writing, good both in matter and form.

Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from The Manager, "The Church Magazine" Offices, 79-83, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

S. ANDREW, APR. M. November 30.

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him."—S. MATTHEW iv. 19, 20.

"Bless'd Andrew! in your call we trace  
The conduct of preventing grace.

"Meek Andrew, by loved Jesus fired,  
To copy Jesus' love aspired,  
His brother Peter out with zeal he sought,  
And to obtain like bliss to Jesus brought.

"Two days he on the cross, aloud  
Preached Jesus to the listening crowd,  
Conversions numerous made, while thus he hung,  
Till he in transport his own requiem sung.

"From penitent to Saint he rose;  
From Saint he was apostle chose;  
The martyr's crown he, when apostle, gained,  
And ever since with Blessed Jesus reign'd."

THOS. KEN, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1637.

## BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

Vicar of St. Augustin's, Bournemouth.

1.—Acrostic:—

- (1) He told a tale not strictly true.
- (2) His prayers were heard, though not a Jew.
- (3) She clothed the poor with willing hand.
- (4) He praised God, when he could not stand.  
The initials give a well-known book,  
You'll find them in it, if you look.

2.—If you write the correct words in CAPITAL letters, and, reversing the paper, hold it up to the light they will still read correctly through:—

- (1) What all the patriarchs (except one) did.
- (2) What Eli told Samuel not to do.
- (3) What every one says when they are confirmed.

3.—Make a Bible sentence of these words:—

Of — wisdom — is — Lord — the — the — fear — of —  
beginning — the —.

4.—Supply the missing words:—

Within the tent the warrior — ;  
Then to his side she softly —,  
And with the nail she pierced his —  
And at her feet the foe lies —.

5.—Lions:—

Mention three men in the Bible who slew lions, and one who was slain by a lion, and another whom lions could not kill.

For Prize Winners, see page 259.

## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

### YORK AND SENECA,

According to annual custom the above churches were decorated with fruits, flowers, grain and vegetables by the members of the W. A. and others of the congregations, and Harvest Thanksgiving services were held on the Sunday nearest to the day proclaimed by order of the Governor General as a day of National Thanksgiving, viz., Sunday, Oct. 19. The choirs rendered suitable music, and the Rev. L. W. Broughall, M.A., rector of Hagersville, preached the special sermons, the time of service being, St. John's, York, 11 a.m., and St. Mark's, Seneca, 7 p.m. The services were hearty, the singing was very commendable, and the instruction in the sermons was profitable and appropriate, so that these services were not only enjoyably encouraging, but doubtless spiritually beneficial.

On Thursday, Oct. 16th, general Thanksgiving Day, the usual dinner and entertainment took place (under the auspices of the Sen'r W. A.) in St. John's S. S. Hall, York, being patronized by a large attendance of the residents of York village and vicinity. The dinner was excellent in quality, abundant in quantity, and well cooked and served, eliciting the usual practical demonstration of these good features in the enjoyment displayed at the pretty tables. Miss Russell of Hagersville gave in good style and taste a varied selection of recitations, receiving a plain measure of the audience's appreciation in the encore requested for each piece. Mrs. Scudamore, Miss Maude Renshaw and Mr. F. Renshaw sang duets and solos (the latter in costume as negro comedian) to the satisfaction of those present. Mr. James Kerr and family rendered instrumental selections at intervals during the evening, being assisted by Mrs. Robert Nelles as accompanist. These items were highly applauded. After paying all expenses the Auxiliary added \$25 to its bank account on behalf of parochial and missionary objects. The usual votes of thanks and singing of the National Anthem closed a very pleasant evening.

This year an enthusiastic and vigorous branch of the Jun'r W. A. was duly launched on its useful career in this parish, and after various meetings for work and entertainment, the members held a missionary, literary, elocutionary entertainment and bale party in the S. S. hall on Thursday, Oct. 30th. Mr. W. H. Mellon admirably filled the position of chairman; the order was excellent, and the entertainment splendidly rendered and wisely diversified, including recitations by Miss Zella Wright of Brantford, who was encored for each selection, tableaux vivants representing in three scenes the story of Bluebeard and his wives, also one entitled "Little Black Me" in two scenes. Music by Mrs. Scudamore, Miss Renshaw and Mr. F. Renshaw brightened the

program and was heartily received. During intermission refreshments in the form of coffee, cake and sandwiches were served by the young ladies and their friends. A comedy named "The Calf of Gold" was well presented in two acts by the Misses J. Brooks, B. Lowery, J. Taggart, N. Rixon and Mr. Wm. Clark.

### PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

The Bishop of the Diocese visited this parish to administer Confirmation on Monday, Oct. 6th. His Lordship arrived at Dunnville by the morning train, from Cayuga, and was met by the Rector and driven out to Mrs. M. A. Docker's, "The Elms," in time for dinner. The Confirmation service was held at St. John's Church at 3 o'clock. The congregation was not as large as it ought to have been. It is true that the two previous Sundays when the service was announced had been wet, with small congregations in consequence; but a notice had been put in each of the three local papers. It is also true that the roads on the day itself were muddy; but all are accustomed to a little mud and some of the candidates came 10 or 11 miles through it. The Incumbent felt disappointed that a service of such interest and importance should not have been more largely attended. He is, however, not unmindful of the fact that necessary duties made the attendance of some impossible.

The service began with Hymn 270, "Soldiers of Christ Arise." Shortened evensong with special lesson was said by the Rector. Then Hymn 349 was sung, "My God accept my heart this day," during which the candidates, who occupied the first four seats on the north side of the church, ranged themselves in order in the aisle. The confirmation office with its solemn promise, the significant and impressive "laying on of hands" of the church's chief Pastor, and the beautiful prayers followed. Then came Hymn 271, "O Jesus I have promised," after which the Bishop preached a most appropriate and helpful sermon from a portion of the Epistle for the day before, the 19th Sunday after Trinity. After the offertory and benediction Hymn 280, "Thine forever, God of Love," was sung as a recessional.

Twenty-three candidates were presented at this service; and one, unable by recent illness to come the 10 miles to this church, was confirmed in Dunnville the next evening, the whole making the largest class for some years.

The Incumbent is glad to be able to record that on the first regular Communion Sundays following the confirmation, Oct. 26th at St. John's, and Nov. 2nd at Christ Church, all the candidates made their first communion.

The St. John's W. A. had a well-attended meeting at Mrs. Dickhout's on Wednesday.

## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

29th. So many meetings from various causes are not well attended that the last gives fresh encouragement.

The Sunday Schools closed for the winter as usual on the last Sunday in October. The offerings of the scholars for the Rev. Mr. Holmes' work at Lesser Slave Lake, Atha., given through the regular church offertory on Sunday, Nov. 2nd, in envelopes specially provided for the purpose, amounted to \$3.75 from Christ Church and \$3.60 from St. John's. This with the \$4.00 and \$5.00 respectively sent in August to Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Japan shows the children to be deserving of praise for their interest in the church's work.

The Rector and Mr. H. Docker went up to Brantford on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, and Mr. Geo. Ramsey followed the next evening, to be present at the annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Mr. Francis returned on Saturday evening. The others remained for the Sunday and were present at the mass meeting for men on Sunday afternoon in the Y. M. C. Hall, at which some 600 men were addressed by Bishop DuMoulin and Dr. Hoyles, K. C., of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Logan have moved to Dunnville. The congregation of St. John's miss them from their accustomed place in church, and their loss will be felt in church work generally. Mrs. Logan was a most helpful member of the W. A. Their retirement, however, has been well earned, and we wish them many happy years in their cosy new home.

We congratulate Mr. John Logan, who succeeds his father on the farm, on his recent marriage, and heartily welcome his bride to the parish and its people.

### DUNNVILLE.

The Conference which was held here on Oct. 7th was in many respects very successful. The papers which were given and the discussion which followed them were all good—very good; and the Bishop's summing up was most inspiring and encouraging. We only regret that so few from this parish were present owing to the impossibility of any Dunnville man getting away on Tuesday from business. However, the event was so well spoken of by those who were present that any future conference in this neighborhood will no doubt be largely attended.

At the Harvest Thanksgiving services we had the pleasure and profit of two earnest and masterly discourses from Rev. H. C. Dixon of Toronto. There were over 70 communicants at 11 o'clock, and the very large thank offering of \$100 was presented for the purpose of improving the lighting of the church. The church was beautifully decorated, and many thanks are due to those who worked so hard

at it and also to those who so kindly loaned their plants and flowers. We are especially grateful to Miss Docker of "The Elms" for the lavish and beautiful gift of flowers for the occasion.

Mr. Dixon's lecture on Monday evening was largely attended, and \$15 was realized.

The Woman's Auxilliary held a very enjoyable social in the school house on Thursday, 23rd, at the close of which Mrs. Mobio counted out \$21.

### HAGERSVILLE.

We held our annual Harvest Thanksgiving Service on the evening of Oct. 16th. The church was very prettily and tastefully decorated with grain, flowers, vegetables, and autumn leaves. The Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, M.A., of Dunnville, was the preacher. His admirable sermon was much appreciated. There was a good congregation at the services. The music was especially good.

The delegates from this parish to the Rural Deanery conference held at Dunnville on the 7th ult. were the Rector and Wardens, D. J. Almas, Esq., and J. C. Ingles, Esq.. Those present were unanimous in their appreciation of the meeting.

The Parish Guild was re-organized for the winter's work on the 3rd ult. This year we decided to meet from house to house instead of as formerly in the Oddfellows' Hall. It was thought that by this course the meetings would be more informal and so much more sociable, and incidentally we should save rent, etc.

The Sunday following the Harvest service, the Incumbent exchanged with the Rev. Rural Dean Scudamore, who came to place the claims of the mission fund before the people.

On Thursday, the 23rd, our branch of the W. A. had the privilege of a visit from Miss Ambrose and Mrs. Sutherland of the Diocesan Board, and Miss Carter, General Treasurer of the W. A. for Canada. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. J. Howard and was fairly well attended. The three ladies each addressed the meeting briefly. Miss Ambrose spoke on mission work in general and shewed how that work is the command and will of Christ and the duty of every Christian. Miss Carter gave us some valuable and interesting information regarding the work the W. A. is doing to help missions in the North-West, the polar regions' among the Chinese in British Columbia, in Japan, China, India and South America. Mrs. Sutherland spoke to the ladies on the Dorcas work of the society and explained how best to make up bales for the benefit of the missionaries. After the conclusion of the meeting an hour's conversation was indulged in, when tea was served by the ladies of the auxiliary.