

JARVIS, ONT.

Tom Blott

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The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



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JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

The Easter services and vestry meetings held within the Deanery seem to have been satisfactory. Especially encouraging are the financial reports. Moreover, Jarvis and Hagersville have shown a marked improvement in spiritual as well as temporal affairs since they were made separate parishes.

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Ascension day will be May 8th. The clergy are requested to hold their local services in the morning and then proceed to York for united service in the evening at a service introductory to the meeting of the Chapter of the Deanery on the 9th. It is expected that the choir of St. John's Church will be assisted by singers from Caledonia and Cayuga.

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The final meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese for the present synodical year will be on May 7th, and it is thought that the Synod will meet on June 24th.

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The editor has received correct answers to Bible puzzles II, III, IV, V, VII, VIII, IX and X, and a partial answer to VI, from Hattie Ward of Walpole township.

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As the publisher in England and the printer in Jarvis should at once receive all that is due to them, subscribers will greatly facilitate the business by paying their subscriptions without waiting for another reminder.

JARVIS.

Offerings on Good Friday for the evangelization of the Jews amounted to \$4.04. The names of the S. S. Children who collected contributions for the purchase of Scripture maps and the sums respectively gathered are the following:—Grace Lewis, \$3.20; Florence Jones, \$2.25; Angus Wilson, \$1.65; Constance Spencer, \$1.50; Katie Osborne, \$1.50; Mary Winger, \$1.30; Margaret Ionson, 60c. Prizes have been awarded to these seven young workers. The maps are daily expected. The total sum collected was \$12.00.

Lenten offerings were brought on Easter morning from several of the S. S. children, the amount being \$2.80. This will, as in former years, be sent to the Shingwauk Home, and will, doubtless, do good.

The Easter season was celebrated with great gladness. There were 24 choristers and 77 communicants, while the offerings for various purposes including the S. S. maps amounted to \$52.00. The floral decorations were in great profusion and variety. The singing was ren-

dered with care and feeling, the congregation joining with the choir wherever possible.

The Vestry Meeting was attended by few persons, owing to inclemency of weather; but the business transacted was cheering in its nature. The following facts are interesting:—revenue, \$655.41; expedituæ, \$634.66; new church-warden chosen by incumbent as successor to Mr. C. E. Bourne. Mr. Dawson Aiken; new and third lay delegate to synod, Mr. L. A. LePan; sidesmen, L. A. LePan, E. F. Jones, W. E. Sowter, H. Elmore. Deep regret for the resignation of Mr. Bourne after 25 years' faithful service was expressed. Cordial thanks were tendered to the church-wardens, the organist, and the choir for their highly efficient services during the past year. The surplus of \$20.75 has been applied to the reduction of a debt of \$68.00, money due Mr. Bourne on account of advances made to the parish in previous years. The auditors appointed are Mr. J. A. Burwash and Mr. L. A. LePan. On the whole the parish seems to be in a remarkably prosperous condition.

BAPTISMS.

On Jan. 16th, Francis Henry, infant son of Francis Plunkett and Rosella LePan; sponsors, Louis A. LePan, Henry C. P. LePan, Frances V. Hall.

On March 23rd, Louisa May, infant daughter of Lieut. Edward Thos. and Diana Kelly; sponsors, the parents.

HAGERSVILLE.

The Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite, Rector of Deloraine, Man., spent a few days with the Incumbent early in the month and preached at the Friday evening service, March 14th.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. John Hawke and family in their recent bereavement. A telegram from British Columbia received early last week informed them of the death of their second son, who has been living there for the past ten year's.

We are thankful to hear that Mr. James Howard is progressing as well as can be expected after his recent operation, and we trust that his long illness will soon be terminated by complete recovery to health.

This year the Wednesday and Friday evening services during Lent have been fairly well attended. The week night service will be held from this date on Thursday evening at 7.30.

The Easter services this year were very well attended, the communicants on that day showing an increase of 15 over the number last year. The bright music, well rendered by the choir, and the floral decorations, which were profuse and beautiful, made the services all the more enjoyable.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

The churchwardens' report at the Easter Vestry meeting was very satisfactory and encouraging.

The election of the church officers for the ensuing year resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:—Rector's Warden, D. J. Almas, Esq.; People's Warden, J. C. Ingles, Esq.; Lay Delegates, H. A. Howard, D. J. Lindsay, David Almas; Vestry Clerk, John Cline, Esq.

The Bazaar and Conversazione held under the auspices of the woman's auxiliary on Tuesday, April 1st, was in every way a pronounced success. As a result the sum of \$70.00 was handed to the church wardens to reduce an outstanding account against the parish.

CAYUGA.

THE WORK OF OUR PARISH IS QUIETLY PROGRESSING.

In anticipation of the great Easter Festival, Lenten services have been held weekly in St. John's Church; daily services being held during the Holy week and both morning and evening services on Good-Friday. On Easter day the services were bright and joyous, the Communion service being held at 8.30 and 11 o'clock in the morning, to enable all the members of the church to communicate, of whom there was a large number. The attendance at the afternoon service for the Sunday School, and at the evening service was somewhat diminished by the down-pour of rain. The sanctuary had been tastefully decorated with cut flowers, and the musical part of the service, although not so elaborate as usual owing to the inability of the choir master to practice, was indeed very bright, particularly the voluntaries and the hearty singing of the familiar Easter hymns by the congregation. Miss Martin, Mus. Bac., of Havergal College, Toronto, with usual kindness very greatly assisted the choir, and sang during the offertory at the evening service with much expression the classic sacred song "Face to Face" (Johnson). Messrs. Clive Barnes and Jarrett also kindly assisted the choir. The Rector preached and officiated at all the services. The offertory for Easter-day amounted to over one hundred and fifty dollars, which enable the church wardens to declare a surplus in the accounts presented at the Easter meeting, adjourned Monday evening, April 7th. A full report of the Easter Vestry meeting will appear in the May No. of the magazine.

The W. A. held their annual meeting recently and re-elected the officers of the past year: President, Mrs. Martin; Vice-Pres. Mrs. Sheppard; Sec-Treasurers, Miss Davis, and Mrs. Gibson; District Visitors; Collectors, Mrs. Hanna, Miss H. Davis, Mrs. Snider, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Perkins; Delegates, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Parsons. The W. A. are doing both parish and

missionary work and in both departments are displaying considerable activity. The financial report of the W. A. will appear with the other reports of the vestry meeting. A very successful fiscal year has just closed, over \$1000. having been raised in various ways, and the different departments of church work beginning the year with a balance on hand.

NANTICOKE.

The Lenten Services which have been held every Friday evening during Lent have been very well attended especially by the young people. The subject of study was the Penitential Psalms. The attendance at the service on Good Friday was small, considering the occasion. The collection for the Promotion of Christianity amongst the Jews was \$1.40. An offering for this purpose was also made by the S. S. children amounting to \$1.85.

For several years there has been a small debt on this congregation amounting to about \$100 more or less. A circular letter was issued by the wardens on March 17, calling upon the people for a special effort to make up the required amount by Easter Sunday. The response to the call was unanimous and hearty, \$94.25 being raised between subscription and Easter offertory. This enables the wardens to close the year with the above debt all paid and to leave a small surplus on hand of \$6 50.

The annual Vestry meeting held on Easter Monday was well attended and quite successful, Rev T. H. Cotton occupied the chair; and a satisfactory financial statement was read by the Secretary Treasurer, Mr A. R. Low. The committee on parsonage repairs was re-appointed; and a committee of the following members Messrs. Frank Porritt, David Ward, Wm. Snowden, and R. J. Jackson was appointed to raise the guarantee, which has been neglected for some years. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Minister's warden, Mr. A. R. Low; People's warden, Mr. R. J. Jackson; Sec'y-Treas., Mr. S. A. Thompson; Sidesmen, Messrs. J. T. Hallam and R. J. Evans; Ushers, Messrs Wm. Wicker, Leslie Jackson, W. H. Evans and James Vokes; Auditors, Messrs. M. Wederick and Wm. Snowden; Delegate to Synod, Mr. M. Wederick.

On account of the badness of the roads the attendance was small at the Vestry meeting at Cheapside. A satisfactory report was read by Mr. Geo. Martin showing that receipts for the year had exceeded the expenditure by some \$36.00. The following officers were elected:—Minister's warden, Mr. Wm Wood; People's warden, Mr. Geo. Martin; Delegate to Synod, Mr. Rob't Jepson.

The Rev. C. Walter MacWilliams, a former

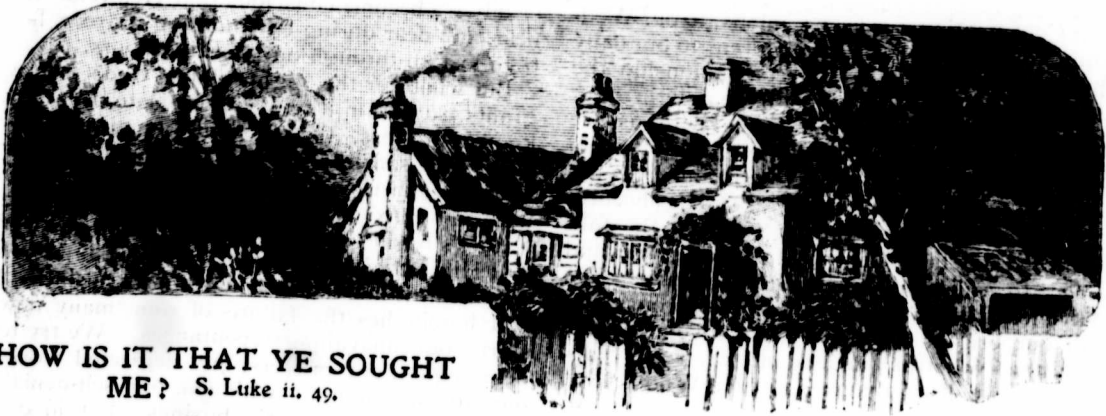
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THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN. (See page 77.)

Specially drawn for "The Church Magazine" by A. F. LYDON.

Engraved by C. LYDON.



HOW IS IT THAT YE SOUGHT ME? S. Luke ii. 49.

BY THE REV. J. H. GREIG, M.A., *Vicar of St. Paul's, Watworth.*

IT is not difficult to understand how Mary and Joseph lost The Child at the end of the Passover. An audience of a million or more, all bent on getting home without delay, must have made the roads just outside Jerusalem a most bewildering confusion. So they lost Him, and not till evening was the loss discovered. Then how they must have suffered. Alas! for their carelessness. The Child, The Christ, He was safe, no doubt. But what if they had forfeited the privilege of guarding Him? Or worse, suppose that He, Who was all their joy, their love, and their delight, had gone from them to return no more, that would be loss indeed!

And so they hurried back, asking again and again the same questions—"Is He here? Have you seen Him? Can you tell us where He is?" They were not conscious of fatigue; they did not know they were becoming footsore and haggard. All they felt through those three terrible days was the dwindling of hope as each new quest proved fruitless.

But at last they are rewarded. They find Him, and peace replaces restlessness; they have joy for sorrow. The Holy Mother cannot be restrained. The grandest Rabbi is nothing to her. In the restored presence of That Child she is heedless of bystanders and circumstances. The mother in her, pent up and sorely tried for three long days, bursts forth: "Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold Thy Father and I have sought Thee sorrowing."

And then He speaks. It is the first recorded saying of The Incarnate Word. "The Voice of The Son of God," which the dead shall hear and live, now makes the first utterance to His Church; begins its ministry to human souls;

breaks the silence that has endured since the Fall. This is holy ground indeed. The Holy Spirit, too, is beginning *His* work of taking the things of Christ to show them unto us. For this Boy of twelve is The Lord Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is not fanciful, therefore, to believe that in the first recorded scene in which human souls find Him at last Whom they have truly sought, that He will speak words of Help to *every* seeking soul, telling them all how and where He may at all times be found.

"How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

He asks these questions as one who is surprised, not that they came after Him longing to recover His Presence, and to resume their abiding with Him. Love cannot be surprised that men seek Him. His surprise is rather that they should not have come *straight* to Him; that for three days they should have been hunting and searching after Him, here and there, ignorant that there was only one possible place in which to find Him. Surely if they had understood Him at all, if they had known anything true about His character and aspirations, they would have known that He *must* be in His Father's House, occupied in His Father's business. How was it, then, that they had been searching high and low for Him. How was it they had not come first and direct to that place which they had left to the last? "How is it that ye *sought* Me? Wist ye not that I *must* be about My Father's business?"

It is a word, not easy, but plain and clear for us.

For we are constantly losing Christ. We lose Him as those two saints did (only not *once*), in the many calls and claims of care or pleasure which throng our lives. We take Him, it may well be, to Church with us; to some feast—to

our Confirmation, our Communion, to our Wedding, to the Baptism of our children, to our daily prayers; and there in His companionship the familiar services glow with a fresh delight. But when we seek to take Him home with us, we lose Him. Not intentionally, we do not mean to; but we have so much to do; our lives are so crowded that we do not perceive His absence. And then it is not till night, when the full, crowded day falls silent, that we have time and space to realise our loss and all it means. We have lost Him, not to His hurt, but to our own. All our brightness, our joy, our love are gone. And then we truly understand what has happened; we learn that it is not He Who is lost, but we ourselves.

And that is night indeed! It may be the night of old age, when man or woman wakes up with a start to the fact that Christ is no longer near to help face the swift approach of the outward man's decaying, and the shadow of death. It may be in the night of some great fall, that a soul realises that not only has it transgressed law and incurred the severity of divine justice; but also, and worse, far worse, the presence and countenance of Christ have long since gone. Or again, it may be the end of the day, when

tardily we become conscious that He, Who was near and dear during our morning prayers, has been lost all through our working hours.

But whatever the night, which God's mercy grants, so that in it and ere too late, we may know our loss, the method of recovery is always the same. You need not hunt or make religious experiments. You need not search in uncertain anxiety. Go straight back to the Father's business, and there infallibly you will find Him: *and you will not find Him anywhere else.* But it must be "The Father's business," and herein lies the failure of our many new starts, our unavailing repentances. We try to begin again, our prayers, our neglected work, our abandoned fight with sin, our self-denial, only not as the Father's business, but in our own interests. We want not that God's Will should be done, but that we may be safe; it may even be our reputation's danger that has roused us. And so we miss Him; yes, though we are very active even in the Holy City itself, growing weary in the Church's work.

Mary and Joseph found because, although they sought ignorantly, their night was over. Love lighted them. May we likewise find—in love, and take Love home.



"THE EARTH AND SKY REVEAL THE COMING OF THE SPRING."

VILLAGE CHURCH MUSIC. (A Retrospect.)

By F. CUNNINGHAM WOODS, M.A., *Mus. Bac., Oxon.*



It is freely admitted that great changes have taken place in church music generally, during the Victorian Era, which closed before one month of the present century had elapsed. It is, however, more particularly in our village churches that old tradi-

tions have been swept away. The introduction of the harmonium has entirely altered not only the character of the music itself, but also the style of performance which was in vogue until the village orchestra was ousted from the village church. Without stopping to criticise the merits of the harmonium, or the American "organ," let us briefly consider whether we have gained so very much after all by first dismissing the village band, and then later on pulling down the gallery which they occupied. This band, which usually comprised a clarinet, a violin, a bassoon, and a violoncello, was the means of inducing a few of our village folk to meet for the purpose of practicing music other than that in use in their church, and this in itself added the element of variety which is needed in any community. These local orchestras supplied the music for the dancing on the village green and other festivities, which are fast disappearing from our midst. As recently as 1870 at least one village band was to be heard in the west gallery. Strat-



ford St. Andrew, a tiny parish in Suffolk, had a church band which from the little west gallery accompanied the singing. It is recorded that on one occasion the band stopped during the singing of a hymn, whereupon the clerk called out from his desk, "Can't you keep a-going there together?" The reply was short, but convincing—"The tune don't fit!" In a Yorkshire village church the bass part, taken by the violoncello, was absent during a Sunday's service, and the reason given for such an incomplete state of harmony was that "She" was "off her glue." With all the deficiencies

and all the shortcomings of these amateur enthusiasts, was it well that the harmonium or organ, however small, should supplant them entirely? Was it not an inducement for the members of the band to attend the services of their own little church? Has the more elaborate service of to-day a greater hold upon the villager than that

simple one which his father enjoyed not so very many years ago? "When I was leader of my village band," said an old man to a friend of the writer's, "I was busy on Sundays and had to practice during the week-day nights. I taught my children to play the fiddle as far as I could, and that helped to pass the evenings." The home was made brighter and happier, one would imagine, and the inducement to visit the village inn was less pronounced.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN. (See Frontispiece page 74.)



THE scene represented in our frontispiece this month is one very familiar to those who live on our coasts. To those who dwell inland the return of the bread-winner each evening from his work in the fields or the factory becomes from its regularity almost a matter of course.

To those families, however, where the men gain their daily bread from the sea, the home-coming is looked forward to as an occasion for rejoicing and thankfulness.

The man whose work lies on the great waters, faces each day the perils of the deep. It is not for him to go quietly to his work, feeling that, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, he will return home safely to his family: the fisherman goes forth knowing that, however certain may be the weather when he starts, the storm

may arise and he will have to battle with the frenzy of the wind and waves. His little boat so safe at one time will need all his skill and energy now to bring it and its crew safely back to harbour.

The wife meanwhile sits listening at home to the roaring of the gale and the angry dashing of the breakers on the beach, knowing that her husband's safe return is in God's hands, and that, perhaps, she may never see his face again.

No wonder then that when the heavy footstep at the door is heard the whole household, wife, children, and even the dog, go out to welcome the home-comer.

It is through the sea (that vast and uncontrolable force of Nature) that this Nation has gained such a proud position in the world, so let us remember how much we owe to the sea-faring man, and that it is only by God's grace we are enabled to welcome him home again.

ROY'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of South Africa Before the War.

BY MRS. WILL. C. HAWKSLEY,

*Author of "Out of Darkness," "The Vicar's Vow," "A Silver Token," "Black or White?" etc., etc.**Illustrated by J. LITTLER.*

CHAPTER VII.

Jesus, name of sweetness!
Jesus, sound of love!

"YES, Jack, it's myself and nobody else. I've left that money behind me, and come!"

The two men, who had last met and parted amidst the gruesome civilisation of Southampton Docks, were now standing, hand in hand, amongst the

piles of rubbish, the sheds of machinery, the tents and shanties which surrounded and composed the then lately exploited gold mining settlement at Black Fellow Creek. It was a spot far from the track of the railway, where a few adventurous souls had established themselves in order to seek for fortune. Since the day when Roderick Arnold travelled for miles across the Rand, the blood-red tide of war

has swept over the country, and whether or not the place is destined even yet, as was at one time prophesied by those who knew something of the extent of its mineral wealth, to become a second Johannesburg, who can tell? Since, however, my tale is one of South Africa before the war, these be speculations upon which it is unnecessary, here and now, to enter.

Standing thus, hand in hand and eye to eye, each of the long-parted friends was looking earnestly into the face of the other, striving to trace out every sign of change and alteration, even whilst hoping that of such signs there might prove few.

What Roderick Arnold saw was a short, thick-set person, with wide shoulders, sturdy limbs, and red hair, dressed in a flannel shirt, with open neck and turned up sleeves, whilst a pair of corduroy trousers, considerably the worse for wear, completed the costume. But the smile upon the broad, ugly, sunburnt face was beautiful, and in the grasp of the hand there was a sort of magnetic comfort.

What Jack Lucas beheld was a hunchbacked man, with a countenance worn and old beyond

the age and wear warranted by years, and with a pair of wistful eyes which fastened themselves almost devouringly upon his own unlovely visage, as though hoping to discover there something that had for long been sought. Lucas, in his inspection, did not get beyond those pathetic eyes.

"He's had some tremendous trouble lately," the man thought, silently. But aloud he only said,

"You'd be welcome, if anybody. But you ought not to have come just now, nevertheless. We've got fever in the camp. Rather a bad epidemic of it too."

Roy threw back his head, with an air of relief.

"That's a blessing! Then there'll be something I can do! I'm better at sick nursing than at gold digging, Jack, I assure you, any day."

Jack broke out into a laugh, the first he had enjoyed for days. Fever in South Africa is apt, once it catches on, to be beyond laughter, a fact which has, of late days, been all too absolutely proved. And at Black Fellow Creek it had, on that occasion, caught on with a grip.



"YES, JACK, IT'S MYSELF AND NOBODY ELSE."

"You're a nice person to rejoice over the misfortunes of others," he exclaimed. "However, if you're not afraid, nobody will be more glad of your help than I. I and the doctor are about the last of the well-healthy contingent, except a few men on the outskirts who are still at work. But they give us a wide berth, and we them."

"All the rest of the camp down?"

"Or gone. Mostly gone. But we've a pretty full sick list too. I've not had my clothes off since this day week, except for a bath."

And that was how Roderick Arnold again found the way to work for God and for man.

"If you'll first show me your worst cases you can go and have another bath," he said, quietly.

"Yes, Jack. Something to do is what I want. Give it to me!"

Jack Lucas turned without a word, and leading the way to the open door of a sort of hut, thrown together of such materials as had come nearest to hand in the moment of building, pointed inside.

"He wants comfort. But he's weak—weaker than he looks—so don't excite him if you can help it," he said.

"You're a parson now, I suppose?"

"No, nor ever likely to be."

"Then he'll cotton to you all the quicker. For he is one, unless I mistake him—not that he ever said so, though. Go and talk to him. Yes, I'll get my bath, never fear." He caught his friend's hand again and stared at him hard. "It's good to have you here," was all he said, however.

Thus fortified, Roy walked across the few feet of bare, beaten earth that formed the floor of the hut, towards a camp bedstead which stood at the further side. It did not look, he thought, a

luxurious resting place for a man in almost the last extremity of sickness, with its decrepit legs, supported by stout sticks, and with its three hard mattresses, each at a different angle of discomfort. Yet the sufferer who lay upon it, breathing the light breath of utter weakness, seemed in dire need of all the indulgences that luxury could have afforded.

The fever itself was, in this instance, over. The face had already lost the flushed and inflamed appearance that, a few days since, had belonged to it. Instead it showed now a thinness and a pallor that made it piteous to behold. The more so, since in the great eyes there was a look of deep distress and of weary misery, the

silent outcry of a mind filled with unrest. So much, Roy took in, in a moment. But he took in something else at the same time.

"Why, man, surely we know each other. You're Davenport, of Brazenose?"

"And you're Arnold, of Balliol. Yes, we know each other," he answered, almost sullenly. "What brings you out here?"

It certainly was not a warm nor a friendly recognition. But that made little difference to Roy, who merely glanced round for a seat on which to establish himself.

"There's a box," said the other, with weak indifference, raising a finger to point. "Best I can offer. Oxford civilisations haven't penetrated here, so I didn't bring my chair." He smiled, as at a memory, and Roy laughed.

"That chair was the best in the 'Varsity. I bid for it at your sale. But Reynolds—the man who took the Newdigate that year—remember him?—was bent on it and bought it over my head."

"Thought you could have afforded to buy up



"WHY, MAN, SURELY WE KNOW EACH OTHER!"

the college," answered the other, moving his head restlessly. "Reynolds hadn't much money, had he?"

"Nor I—to spend on arm chairs. And what have you been doing since you went down?"

"I wish you'd give me some water," answered the other, with querulousness. And after he had drunk as much as he required, "What do most men do, at least of our set? Put me down for the same—at first."

It really seemed rather a hopeless task to make him talk. As to comfort—he might need it, but Roy saw not the least chance in the world of administering it. A sudden recollection, however, enabled him to change the conversation.

"By the way, the last time I saw you was in London, wasn't it? Didn't you know Mrs. Ducie?" he said. "Zarah Böhm she was in those days. An old playmate of ours, when we all were youngsters together."

The other tossed himself over with his face to the wall, shaking the insecure couch to its very foundations. For some seconds he did not answer at all. Then, however, he said, curtly, "Yes. I've met her. How is she? And her—and Colonel Ducie?"

"He's dead," answered Roy. "She—"

But Davenport had suddenly raised himself in bed, and the great eyes, set in the wasted face, looked larger than ever as he fixed them upon his companion.

"Dead. She is free, then?"

Roy nodded, without a word.

There was silence for a moment or two in the hut. The red African sun was sending setting

rays across the arid veldt, right through the unclosed doorway. The brilliant, yellow light fell upon the foot of the bed, showing up the dirty brown of the coverlet, and the general squalor of the couch. But neither Roy nor his old acquaintance were thinking of that.

At last Davenport spoke again.

"Free! And I am here, dying! Oh, where's the use of fighting against God?"

It was a strange exclamation. And in giving it utterance the thin form seemed altogether to collapse. Davenport sank down backwards upon his frowsy pillow and covered his face with his two bare arms. In another instant Roy saw

that great tears were coursing down his cheeks, and falling upon his naked chest. Lucas had not been mistaken. He did need comfort. Though even yet Roy hardly knew what consolation to offer.

Instead of speaking, therefore, the cripple got up from his box and began to

move about the hut, doing the little that he was able to make it more decently habitable. Clearly such part of "the well contingent" as acted in the capacity of nurse had not bestowed much attention on the surroundings of the patients, whatever had been done for the individuals themselves.

Just as he had finished washing up the dirty plates and utensils that had been scattered about, and was meditating a return to the bedside, a footstep sounded without, and another man, little more than a lad, and dressed somewhat after Lucas' pattern, put his head in. He stared for a moment at the odd figure of the hunchback. Then he beckoned him out.



THEN HE BECKONED HIM OUT.

"Who are you?" was the greeting that Roy found himself receiving, when he had obeyed the summons. "But never mind now. I've no time to hear. You've come to help though?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm supposed to be the doctor. I was really," and he laughed, "a student at Guy's before I got here. My name's Smith. But they don't ask for one's diplomas and things at Black Fellow Creek. And I'm better than nobody."

He looked it, certainly, for his face was bright and young and full of hope, though his hair stood on end like a dingy halo and his hands were as grimy as those of a school boy. Roy nodded and smiled and liked him from that moment.

"There's a chap over there," pointing to a tent at some distance, "that's delirious. I've been with him for the last two hours and there are three or four other patients I ought to see. Fancy me with patients," and he threw back his head and laughed. "That's what comes of gold digging instead of sticking to the old shop."

"Premature development," remarked Roy.

"Eh? What? Oh yes, and all that sort of thing. But I say, go and give an eye to the codger or he'll cut his throat or something, will you? You're strong enough, I suppose?" half dubiously.

"Yes, I'm strong," with some abruptness, his usual nervous shrinking from remark on his deformity coming at once to the fore. And then he turned back into the cabin, and spoke to Davenport.

"I'm wanted," he said. "Shall I do anything for you before I go?"

"No. Only come again to-night. You know Zarah. And I—yes, come again to-night."

Hearing the sick man's voice Smith had meanwhile entered, and, with the manner of one anxious to save time, made a clutch at his wrist. Whilst he counted the pulse-beats Roy waited. And when he relinquished the hand and gave a nod to his patient, the pair went out together.

"He'll not live, you know," said Smith. "Heart's all wrong. If he wants to tell you anything he'd better get it over soon. But you go and stop with Davis till I get back. There's time enough for that, I guess."

There certainly seemed to be no lack of employment, at any rate. For from Davis, with whom he had more than one physical struggle, Roy was sent to Kelly, who was dying, and who, in his dread at the approach of another world, had wildly implored not to be left alone.

"Oi must have some wan a howlding o' me hand when first Oi faces the divil," he declared, in a weak, hoarse, and entirely Irish voice. And Smith repeated the words to Roy, as he offered to exchange places with him.

"You look a good sort. You might say a prayer with him," said the boy, half shamefacedly. "Even to me it seems too horrible to hear a poor fellow talk like that. And I'm not soft, either."

So Roy went to see what he could do.

Kelly was lying on his back, his despairing face upturned to the light of the small lamp which hung against the tent pole, his dim eyes full of a great terror.

Roy, his heart overflowing with pity, went straight to him and, clasping his hand, knelt down beside him, as he rested upon a mattress which nothing separated from the ground.

"Let us meet the devil and fight him together," he said, loudly enough to penetrate the thickness of the fast deafening ear. "Remember, the Lord Jesus is between us and him."

"The Lord Jesus," echoed Kelly, in hardly articulate accents. "Me mother loved Him roight well. She prayed a prayer to Him for me whin she lay a-dying. Think he'll remember me, stranger?"

"Of course He'll remember. He loves you, Kelly. You've heard it before and didn't believe it. But it's true, for all that."

"If He'd foight the divil for me—" said the other uneasily.

And Roy bent yet closer to him.

"Forget the devil, dear fellow. Think of Christ and His love. That is what concerns you now. Let us tell Him all about your fears."

And so, in the stillness of the African darkness, covered by night's sable mantle, rendered beautiful by a golden embroidery of manifold stars, he knelt and prayed, always holding the sufferer by the hand. And gradually peace descended. Kelly died just as the first outburst of glorious light awoke the world to a new

day. And his last word was the name which is above every name, the blessed name of Jesus.

For the Love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eterna
Is most wonderfully kind.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Thou art thy Saviour's darling—seek no more."

"**J**SAY, old fellow, we've offered you a right royal welcome," exclaimed Lucas, meeting Roy as he was about to pass the tent door. "We shall have you upon our hands next, if this goes on." And

then, seeing the expression of his friend's face, he glanced beyond him at the still form, already stiffening into the attitude of its final sleep. "All over here?" he asked, softly, with sudden reverence.

"Yes. And you are right. You have given me a right royal welcome, old man. It was worth more than the journey from England to spend such a night."

Lucas nodded and said nothing. The two men understood one another. Theirs was a comradeship which had been formed and cemented in the houses, and by the death beds, of the lowest of the London poor, during the worst of the influenza years.

"And now I'm going back again to my first case," resumed Roy, after a moment. "He'll have been expecting me before. And Smith warned me not to keep him too long waiting. Nice boy, that doctor of yours."

"Ah! you've got here at last. Where have

you been?" exclaimed Davenport, with the fractiousness of an invalid, as the other entered his hut, three minutes later. "Oh, the length of these nights!"

"This one has not been long to me," said Roy, upon whose face there still lingered a look as of one who has soared to the very gates of Paradise, and looked in upon that far away land, after an entering soul. "No, it isn't any use fighting against God. But I'll tell you what, Davenport, it's all the good in the world fighting when He is on one's side."

Davenport moved restlessly.

"I wish you'd give me some Bovril. It's over there. You can heat the water on the stove," he said.

The task did not take long to accomplish. When the beef-tea was ready Roy took it to his patient, and passing his arm under the painfully emaciated shoulders, raised him to drink. The other swallowed the liquid without a word or glance of gratitude. Nor did he seem to take any notice when, having laid him back at



ROY SAT DOWN AT HIS SIDE IN SILENCE.

ease, Roy sat down at his side in silence.

For almost half an hour the quiet within the cabin remained unbroken. Then suddenly Davenport spoke.

"Are you a parson, Arnold? I remember we used to talk of the great things we would do some day, you and I, in that line."

"No, I'm not. And probably never shall be," he said, much as he had answered Lucas. Davenport stirred again.

"Well, I am. I always meant to be. And though a good many difficulties, and perhaps some duties, got in the way, I pushed them

aside. I was determined, and I managed it. I did want, in those days, to serve God, whatever I've done since," he went on, pathetically. "Oughtn't He to have taken that into consideration, don't you think?"

Roy hesitated for a moment. Then, suddenly, there returned to him a remembrance of his last talk with Ina.

"I scarcely can follow you, old fellow. I don't know all the facts of the case, you see. But still it does appear to me, in regard to you, and me, and every one else too, that if we desire to serve God we should first take some pains to discover the lines upon which He will accept our service," he answered.

Davenport fixed his tired eyes upon him, as though he had gained a new thought. But he recommenced without referring to the remark.

"From the very day of my ordination nothing seemed to go as I had expected. I had meant to work. But the parish where I was curate was made up of rich folks. Dinners and At Homes, tennis and cycling were all the go, and of real Church work, there was none. Then, in the midst of it all, I met Zarah."

He stopped, and suddenly began to pant. Even the mention of the name seemed to be too much for him. Arnold laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't talk, old fellow," he said. "Can't I guess the rest?"

"That I loved her? Yes. But you can't guess that the way I first grew to love her was through my anxiety, as a priest, for her highest welfare. She seemed so earnest, Arnold. She was so grateful for advice and prayers. She—yes, I know it now. She drew me on through the spiritual side of my nature. Ah! Might not God have understood that it was for Him I began the battle, and so have spared me the suffering, the long, long torture, which came afterwards?"

He brought out the last words with difficulty, his chest heaving painfully. With the final syllables he pointed to a flask lying upon the chest which served for a table.

"Brandy," he managed to articulate.

It was many minutes in spite of the dose which Roy poured down his throat, before the labouring breath grew easier. But as soon

as he could speak Davenport once more took up the tale.

"She had a great friend at that time—a girl named Miss Desborough, Lord Bankton's daughter. She was a real good girl. But it seemed easy for her to be good. With Zarah's strong nature it was harder, and I thought therefore that her efforts were worth more. I tried to help her; and one day, when she had been saying how difficult she found it to lead an unworldly life in her position, I spoke out and asked her to marry me."

He paused and clenched his teeth for an instant, before he ended the story.

"Then I heard that, all the time, she had been engaged to Colonel Ducie, who was on service in Egypt. I had been useful in helping to pass the waiting time away. But he was returning the next day, and the engagement would be immediately made public. In a month she expected to be married."

Roy's hand went out and caught his.

"My poor chap," he said. But in the three commonplace words there was a world of sympathy. Arnold's eyes filled.

"That's all," he said. "Except that I lost my hold on God at the same time that I lost my hope of her. I'd been trying to please Him, and He—let me run my life—on that rock."

He was sobbing now, in his great weakness. Roy sat still by his side, stroking every now and then, with an almost caressing finger, one of the bare arms. He could remember this man as a strong, big fellow, captain of his college boat, and University high jump as well. And now—!

"God never lost hold of you," the comforting voice said, by and by, as the tears grew less abundant, and exhaustion more apparent. "Perhaps it was because His hold was so tight that He led you by such unexpected ways."

"God has been very hard upon me," moaned the poor fellow, in his anguish.

"Hard? In showing that He wished you to serve Him in one direction whilst you were bent on serving him in another? It is a childish instance, perhaps, to give, Davenport. But if you had a servant who desired to show his love for you, would you thank him for cooking your dinner if you had ordered him to pack your portmanteau?"

.(To be continued.)

THE SCENE OF AN ASSASSINATION SEVEN CENTURIES AGO.

BY A. MEREDITH.

AMONG the thrilling incidents connected with our English cathedrals, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket surpasses in tragic interest most, if not all, of them. It was Innocents' Day, 1170, when four knights from the king's household reached Canterbury, demanded an interview with the Archbishop, and called upon him to submit to the king and make atonement for past offences. The stately prelate refused, and the fierce knights closed the monastery gates.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Urged by his alarmed friends, Becket, passing through the cloisters, sought refuge in the church, but refused to let the door be locked. Standing upon the choir steps, the assassins attacked their victim, and the brief struggle was soon ended. Swords and blows put an end to the career of the sturdy churchman who dared to disagree with king or pope when either infringed the liberties of his Church. By his death the archbishop brought about the fulfilment of a speech made in earlier days to King Henry, who had taunted him with his lowly birth. "I won't be preached at by you. Were you not the son of one of my clowns?" cried the angry king.

"It is true," replied the archbishop, "I am not descended from ancient kings, but neither was the blessed Peter, to whom were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

"True," said the king, "but he died for his Lord."

"And I, too, will die for my Lord when the time shall come," answered Becket.

It needed but his death to convert the passionate sympathy felt for Becket as the persecuted champion of the liberties of the Church into vehement admiration for him as a martyr to principle. His death-scene was considered a most sanctified spot to which pil-

grims flocked from every country in Europe. When fire, shortly afterwards, destroyed the greater part of the Cathedral, funds for its restoration poured in abundantly from every quarter. Fabulous were the oblations of gold and silver sent from France. Four years after the murder, the king, in the guise of a pilgrim, visited the archbishop's tomb, and there presented his cup of gold and a royal precious stone. Miracles were said to be wrought at this world-famed tomb, and Thomas-à-Becket became the great popular saint of England.

In 1220 the bones of the famous churchman were removed from the crypt and placed in a shrine in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity behind the cathedral choir. "This shrine," says Stow, "was builded about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of timber plain, within which was a chest of iron containing the bones of Thomas Becket, scull and all, with the wound of his death and the piece cut out of his scull laid in the same wound." Becket's shrine drew an immense revenue of gifts to the Church as long as the old religion lasted. Erasmus, shortly before the Reformation, was admitted to the sacred chamber, and much impressed by the vision of wealth accumulated there. Under a coffin of wood, enclosing one of gold, he beheld incalculable riches. Gold, he says, was the meanest thing to be seen. The whole place shone and glittered with costly gems, some as large as the egg of a goose. The grave divine was doubtless greatly astonished at the sight of these vast treasures.

Henry VIII. made short work of this wealth. Seizing upon the spoil, he ordered the remains of Becket to be burnt and his ashes to be scattered to the winds.



THE PLACE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS-A-BECKET.

"There stood three Marys by the Tomb."

"O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

Words by J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,
Brentwood, Essex.

mf
THERE stood three Marys by the tomb, On Eas - ter morn - ing ear - ly : When day had scarce-ly

chased the gloom And dew was white and pearl - y : Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! With lov - ing but with

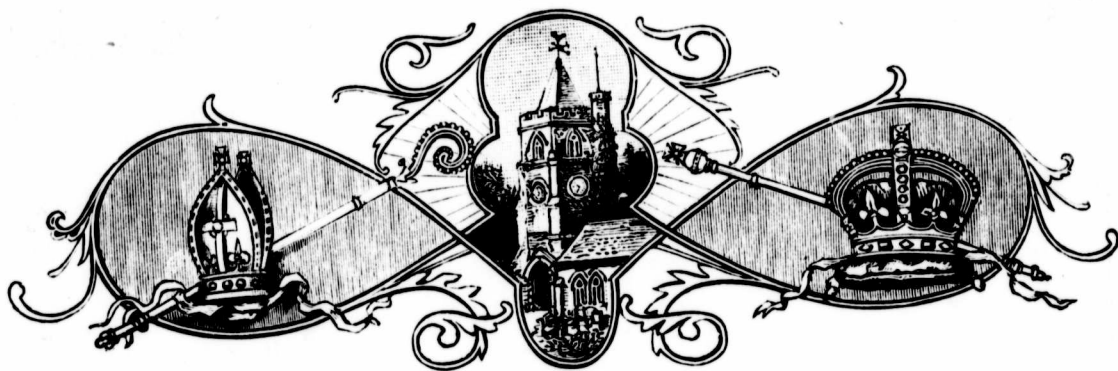
err - ing mind, They came the Prince of Life to find : Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia !

2 But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving ;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
"Go tell them all, and make them blest ;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

3 But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary ;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him Who hung upon the tree ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

4 The world itself keeps Easter Day,
Saint Joseph's star is beaming ;
Saint Alice has her primrose gray ;
Saint George's bells are gleaming !
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
The Lord is risen, as all things tell ;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well !
Alleluia ! Alleluia !





THE KING AND THE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. C. H. SIMPKINSON, M.A., *Rector of Stoke-on-Trent.*



OME of our Nonconformist neighbours are saying to us: "Why do you talk so much of the King? Is the character of a new sovereign so important to Church-people? The new King will not surely preach to you, or decide about the services in your parishes."

There are so many strange ideas about the Church and the State, that it will be useful to us to study the question a little, and see what the King has to do in the Church. For by the laws of England, the King must be a Churchman, *i.e.*, a member of the Church, not a Romanist nor a Nonconformist; and a very important member he is, as we shall see directly.

When Queen Victoria died to the great sorrow of the whole English nation, we waited, many of us, with the deepest interest to see what name the new King would choose as sovereign of England. He chose the name of Edward; and we accepted it as a proof that he meant to reign righteously. There was a reason for this confidence? There are thoughts Englishmen connect with the name of Edward which welcome it very heartily?

With our improving education we all learn to read History and understand it; and we can all recollect that there have been several kings of the name of Edward whom we all happily think of with great affection, and who were famous benefactors to their country. We expect and believe that our King Edward the Seventh will reign as they reigned.

Now, the last Edward was the child of the Reformation. He was the son of Henry VIII. and was born in 1537, when the Reformation was just completed. The Reformation restored the King to his old place in the Church. What else

did the Reformation do? Some would have said a few years ago that it turned out the old Church and put a new Church in its place. Every one, who has had the advantage of reading good and careful histories written by really learned men, knows now that this is not true. The Reformation was a restoration. At the Reformation, made by Parliament and the Clergy, and the King, Henry the Eighth, the same bishops went on ruling the Church and the same vicars and rectors continued to teach the people in the different parishes: only the Bible was read in English; and the Prayers were said in the English language; and some alterations were made in the services. But it was the same Church with the same clergy which went on praying and instructing, and preaching the one religion of Jesus Christ.

Before King Henry's laws were made in 1533 Englishmen often found themselves sent for from Rome to answer charges which had been brought against them in the Courts of the Pope. This was now quite forbidden. Often and often the English King and his Parliament had forbidden it before. But they had not been able to get the clergy to agree with them and the laws were not obeyed. Now every one was agreed. The Pope should interfere in England no longer.

But if the Pope were not to decide disputes in his Courts at Rome, who then was to decide them? For there were sure to be many things on which people could not agree. Who was to make a clergyman keep the law, and who was to answer what the true practice of the Church was in case there were different opinions?

All ordinary lawsuits were decided in the Royal Courts. When two men disputed about the ownership of a piece of land, they went to one of the Royal Courts and it was settled for

them by the judges. If a man did some wrong thing he was brought before one of the King's judges; and if he was found guilty, he was punished. But the King was never allowed to be the judge himself. He had to appoint wise men who knew the Law to judge for him. No one ever heard of Queen Victoria sitting in a Law Court and deciding the cases which were brought up.

So, now that all Church lawsuits were to be settled in England, the sovereign chose a number of men wise in the laws of the Church—Bishops and others—who were to declare in the King's name what was the right.

To make it very clear that the Pope had no power in England, Henry the Eighth and his son, Edward the Sixth, took the title of Head of the Church. But many religious people objected to this. They said there was only one Head of the Church, and that was our Lord Jesus Christ. They declared the Pope had no right to use such a title, for it sounded as if he thought himself the equal of the Saviour of the world; and they were very sorry that the King should keep up the haughty and proud style. This seemed so reasonable that when Queen Elizabeth became queen she refused to use the style "Head of the Church," and called herself Supreme Governor of the Church instead, which was a much better title. She explained to her subjects as her father, King Henry VIII., had also done, that she did not ask the right to minister the Sacraments, or to ordain clergy, or to consecrate or even to appoint the bishops. What she and her Parliament intended was this, that no lawsuits about religion or on any other matter should be taken to any foreign judge whatever, be he Pope or Emperor; but that everything should be decided in the Courts of England.

It is very important to us to see quite clearly what place the Sovereign (Queen or King), holds in the Church of Christ. Let us inquire into this. From the days when the Roman Emperors first became Christian, they have been considered by Christians to be quite different to ordinary persons. It was always said that they took the place which had been given to the Kings of the chosen people of God in the Old Testament. Saul and David and Solomon are described in the Bible as the Lord's Anointed. And these new Christian

sovereigns were called the Lord's Anointed also, just as the Bishops were consecrated by the laying on of the hands of other Bishops, so were the Kings consecrated to a higher office still, when they were anointed with oil at the coronation by the hands of the Archbishop. Because they were the Lord's Anointed, they had a right to rule the Church. That was their office among Christians, the highest office of all. The King must see that clergymen were punished if they did evil, he must have a voice in deciding the doctrines and the manner of worship. It was his duty to do all in his power to get his subjects to be religious and to love Jesus Christ. For the same reason learned clergymen taught that Kings ought to have a share in the choice of Bishops.

These are the rights which English Churchmen attribute to the Sovereign of England.

It has now been made evident how very important it is to Church-people that the King should be a good and conscientious man. That is why we welcome the new King's name. There were many other names in the long list which were given to him in Baptism, which he might have chosen. He has selected Edward. What does it make us expect? Edward the Confessor was a very religious King. He was the last English King before the Conquest in 1066, for Harold's reign was so short and so troubled that it can hardly be called a reign at all. And through the long years of oppression which followed the Norman conquest, the English were always asking for the good laws of King Edward the Confessor, who had ruled them so justly. Then Edward the First was the first really quite English King after the Conquest, and he founded the Parliament in 1295, and defended the English Church against the Pope. His grandson, Edward the Third, still further diminished the Pope's power in England; and Edward the Sixth was, as we have already seen, the first Prince born and the first King crowned in England after the Reformation. We all fully expect that Edward the Seventh will do everything he can to support religion by setting us an example in worship and in duty, and by his advice to the leaders in Church and State. We shall see as time goes on how much he can do for us by proposing good and suitable men for the office of a Bishop in the Church of God.



SMITHFIELD AND THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT. By L. M. Wood.



the chapel of the hospital and called St. Bartholomew the Less. It was rebuilt in 1823, and is not architecturally interesting; and the hospital itself, as everybody knows, is one of the most modern and most useful in London. Here every year no less than 150,000 poor sick people are treated, and might bless the name of old Rahere, if they did but know it.

Rahere was an ecclesiastic attached to St. Paul's Cathedral, in the reign of Henry I., but seems to have led a somewhat gay life, until he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he fell ill of malarial fever. He vowed that on his return to London he would found a hospital for the poor, and about the same time he had a vision of St. Bartholomew, who commanded him to build also a church. Therefore, in 1123, he founded both hospital and church, and ten years later the king gave him a formal Charter, which is a most curious and interesting document. Among the signatures appended are those of men active in English history: Stephen, Earl of Mortaigne, afterwards King Stephen; Henry, Bishop of Winchester, who was Henry of Blois, Stephen's brother; Geoffrey the Chancellor, Alberic de Vere, Hugh Bigod, and many great and powerful barons.

The central part of the church as we now see it must have been completed about the time of the granting of this Charter, but later priors, in

JUST within the northern boundaries of the ancient City of London, though far within the limits of the immense area now known by that name, there has existed for more than eight hundred years an open space called Smithfield. Its borders have been much curtailed by streets and buildings of very different appearance from those originally scattered about it, but it still remains an open space, still is known by the same name, and still at the south-eastern corner of it is to be found one building

dating from those far-off times of the first half of the twelfth century, and that building is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. When, in 1123, Rahere founded a Priory of Augustinian Canons, dedicated to St. Bartholomew, he also founded in conjunction with it a hospital where the poor could come and be healed, and within its precincts was a small church used as

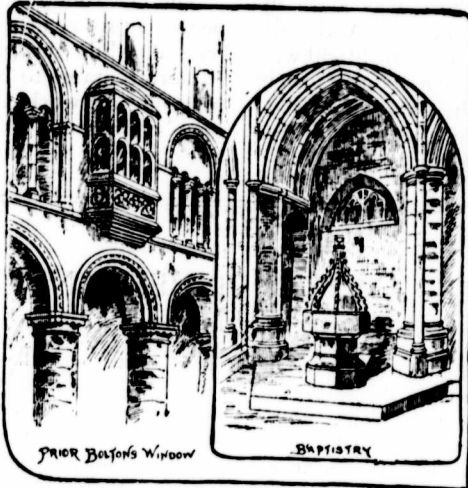


whose eyes perhaps the great round Norman piers and plain round arches looked rude and heavy, attempted to introduce in these parts of the fabric the lighter traceries of a later day, and with this object built across the east end a rectangular wall, cutting off from the rest of the church the semicircular Norman apse. This wall was then pierced, not by one, but by two large east windows. Everything to the east of this was later allowed to go to ruin, and has had to be not so much restored as completely rebuilt.

This east wall itself and its windows were also allowed to decay, and finally were pulled down, so that the church, as we now see it, presents once again the appearance it wore in the days of old Rahere. The nave being later than the choir, was of early English architecture, but has long decades ago disappeared, its place being taken by a damp and dark churchyard, in which the bases of the nave piers are still to be seen. The great Norman tower, at the intersection of nave and transepts, was pulled down in 1628, and the brick tower which we now see at the west end was built instead.

There are several ancient monuments in this church, not the least important being the tomb of the founder himself, on the north side of the chancel. The panels of this tomb and the canopy above it are of the Perpendicular period—that is to say, of the fifteenth century, but the recumbent figure itself is certainly of an earlier period, and

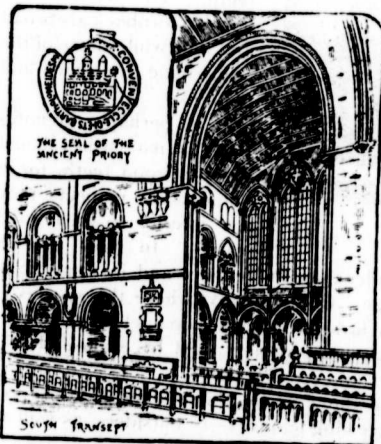
was probably sculptured soon after his death, towards the end of the 12th century. Some of the other tombs and mural monuments date from the 16th and 17th centuries, and all are of great interest.



On approaching the church from Smithfield the visitor passes under a pointed arch of the early English period, and sees on the left some old gabled houses overlooking the churchyard. The bells of the church, a peal of five, are among the oldest in London, for they bear the stamp of Thomas Balesdon, who is known to have died in 1510.

Much money has been necessary for the worthy restoration of this ancient church, and among those who have contributed was

an old woman named Charlotte Hart, who was for many years a pew-opener in the church, and left no less than £600 out of her savings for this purpose. The most recent of the restorations is that of the Lady Chapel, east of the choir, which had to be practically re-built. The restorations extended from 1863 to 1897, and the re-opening of the north transept took place in the presence of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), the Princess of Wales (now our Queen), and the Duke of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching the sermon. Here all is



quiet and peace, but outside that early English archway, in the open space of Smithfield, all is noise and bustle, befitting a spot that has seen deeds of violence in its time, for it was here that Sir William Wallace was hanged and quartered on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1305, and here that Watt

Tyler, at the head of his rebels, was slain by Lord Mayor Walworth in 1381. And still sadder scenes than these has old Smithfield witnessed, when those in authority burnt their fellow men at the stake, in the name of Christ, as a tablet on the wall, near the gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, commemorates.

The last thought as we turn away, is one of peace, as we realise that those fierce times have passed, while the pious kindness that inspired Rahere remains to bear fruit to this day, in the magnificent work carried on in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Christian labours of the clergy of St. Bartholomew the Great.



SPRINGTIME AMONG FISHES AND REPTILES.

BY HECTOR MAINWARING.

"**F**OR, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

In these beautiful words Solomon describes the advent of Spring, selecting the flowers and the birds as two of its characteristics which are obvious to every eye. But almost all animals are aroused when the winter is past; and, although their songs are not as sweet as those of the birds, their habits and peculiarities are not less interesting. Even fishes and reptiles, the lowest of the creatures possessing backbones, are quaint and picturesque in their actions and in their personal appearance at this season of the year. Both fishes and reptiles become inactive in the winter; the former retiring to deep water, and the latter to secluded hiding-places. With the coming of spring they return to their usual haunts full of vigour, and often endowed with wonderful beauty. Unfortunately, this vigour often manifests itself in quarrelsome behaviour. Now the quarrels and conflicts of animals are serious matters, and are inspired by two predominating passions, namely, hunger and jealousy. It may be said that while animals kill the members of other species in order to procure food, quarrels between individuals of the same species are almost always the result of jealousy.

The great disturber of the public peace is usually the male. Male sticklebacks are desperate fighters.

They seize each other and tumble about like a couple of wrestlers, until they are quite out of breath; and, worse still, often resort to the use of the knife in their quarrels. In other words, they use their lateral spines as two soldiers would use their bayonets, with fatal effects. Male salmon are equally war-like, and sometimes fight throughout a whole day. The males, says a writer in *The Field*,

"are constantly fighting and tearing each other on the spawning beds." Over three hundred dead salmon have been found at one time in the Tyne, all of which, with one exception, were males.

Male fishes are, in many cases, the owners of special weapons. The lower jaws of salmon become elongated and curved outwards and inwards in the spring time, serving as battering rams when the owners charge each other; and American salmon have enlarged and formidable teeth. The teeth of the female thornback are broad and flat, while those of the adult male are sharp and pointed.

It is, perhaps, not unfitting that male fishes should possess good teeth, for in some other respects they are inferior to their good wives. In most species

the male is smaller than the female, and in some he is not half as large. Consequently, where the species is carnivorous, the little gentleman is compelled to conduct himself with extreme propriety, lest his spouse should lose her temper and eat him up.

In spite of the above perils, the wooing of fishes presents many interesting features—to outsiders, as well as



to the individuals specially concerned. A Chinese *Macropus*, for instance, which is most beautifully coloured, expands his spotted and striped fins before the female much as a peacock expands his tail, and seeks by many artifices to attract the attention of the apparently indifferent lady.

Many fishes are of brilliant colours, and the colour is often intensified in the spring. One member of the genus *Labrus*, known as the Peacock Labrus, has been described, "with pardonable exaggeration," says Darwin, as possessing scales of gold, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and amethysts. The common gold fish is a familiar example of glowing colour. It is uncertain whether its brightness is the cause or the result of its domestication by the Chinese. Mr. W. F. Meyers has ascertained from the ancient Chinese encyclopædias that gold fishes were first domesticated during the Sung Dynasty, which commenced about nine hundred years ago. In the year 1548 there was "produced at Hangchow a variety called the fire-fish, from the intense red colour."

The quarrels which break out in the spring soon cease, and the combatants betake themselves to pleasanter occupations. The great majority of fishes, when once spawn has been deposited, give it no further parental attention. Certain species, however, are in the habit of constructing nests. In some cases both male and female help, but as a rule the work is done by the male alone, and when the eggs have been deposited it is he who watches over them. The poor father has often a very anxious time, and his own wife gives him more trouble than strangers, for, not content with neglecting her offspring, she sometimes attempts to eat them.

A curious habit has been acquired by some males; namely, that of hatching their eggs in their mouths. The ever-present temptation to swallow them is resisted by these virtuous creatures, and the young emerge at the appointed time, monumental examples of fatherly affection and care. Other males carry about the eggs in pockets attached to their bodies. A well-lined pocket is the fishy equivalent of a large family.

Solomon describes Spring as the time of the singing

of birds. Fishes are not famed for singing, but some species give utterance to sounds which may perhaps be dignified by the name of music. These sounds are variously produced by the friction of certain bones, and by the vibration of the muscles of the swim-bladder. The music of the *Umbrinas*, found in European seas, has been described by some as a drumming, and by others as like the sound of a flute or of an organ. It can be heard from a depth of more than a hundred feet, and the French fishermen declare that the males alone are the performers, and that an imitation of the music will bring them to the surface.

Frogs fight fiercely in the spring, even all day long, and sometimes with fatal results; but it is pleasant to know that they are able and willing to turn from war to music. The vocal organs of the male are highly developed, and in the edible frog "become, when filled

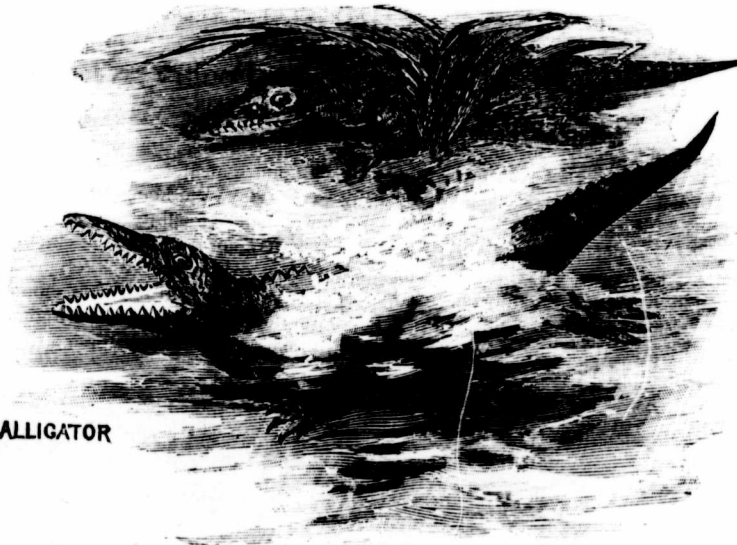
with air in the act of croaking, large globular bladders, standing out on each side of the head, near the corners of the mouth."

The music of bull-frogs has been described, somewhat unsympathetically, as "discordant and overwhelming," but certain other frogs sing in a manner pleasant to human ears; a species found near Rio Janeiro, for instance, uttering sweet chirping notes in harmony.

The great tortoise of the Galapagos, a specimen of which was placed in the Zoological gardens a year or two ago, is noisy if not musical, the hoarse bellowing of the male being heard at the distance of a hundred yards. The female is mute. According to Dr. Günther, the combat of an Indian tortoise can be heard at a considerable distance, from the noise the males make in butting against each other.

A male alligator endeavours to win his mate by a performance characterized more by vigour than by elegance. Splashing and roaring, and "swollen to an extent ready to burst, with his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water, like an Indian chief rehearsing his feats of war."

Male snakes are always smaller than the females, their tails are longer and more slender, and the colours of the body are more strongly marked. They are not known to fight from jealousy, apparently relying upon



ALLIGATOR

the fascination of the scent they are able to diffuse to lure their mates. Snakes are sluggish, but not by any means stupid. In Ceylon a cobra was observed by Mr. E. Layard to thrust his head through a large hole and swallow a toad. But the presence of the toad made the snake's body too big to be withdrawn, and the prey had to be disgorged. After a couple of attempts, the snake hit upon a way of circumventing both the toad and the too-small hole. It deftly drew out the animal by the leg and swallowed it in comfort outside. The appetite of snakes is keenest in the spring after the long winter's fast, and then their wits are sharpest.

Hissing is the characteristic sound made by snakes, and few of them make any other. Most snakes hiss by means of an expulsion of the breath, but one venomous species, when excited, rubs the toothed edges of its side scales together, so as to produce an instrumental imitation.

Some lizards are great fighters. The combats of a South American species during the spring are almost

incessant, and two males can hardly pass each other without a fight. "On first seeing one another they nod their heads up and down three or four times, at the same time expanding the frill or pouch beneath the throat; their eyes glisten with rage, and after waving their tails from side to side for a few seconds, as if to gain energy, they dart at each other furiously, rolling over and over, and holding firmly with the teeth. The conflict generally ends in one of the combatants losing his tail, which is often eaten by the victor." Chamæleons are exceedingly quarrelsome, often fighting until they are tired and resuming the battle after a rest.

But lizards have other virtues besides courage. They are by no means strangers to conjugal affection of a high type. Mr. Swinhoe describes a Chinese species which live in pairs in the spring. "If one is caught, the other falls from the tree to the ground and allows itself to be captured with impunity." Life has no value in its eyes when its partner is gone.

Practical Hints to Cottagers on Poultry Keeping.

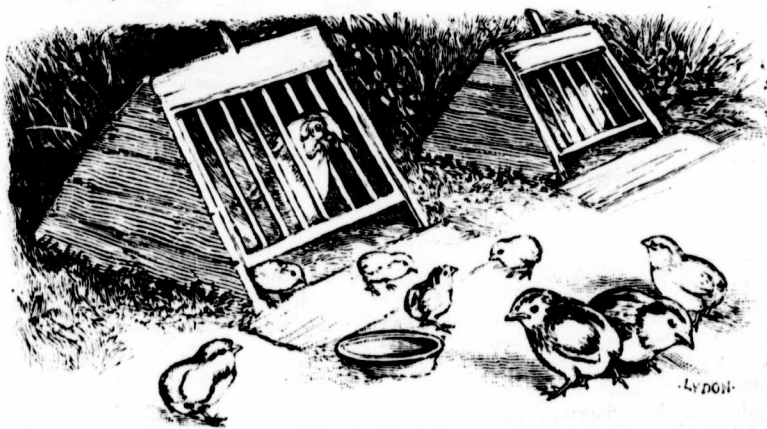
BY THE REV. T. W. STURGES, B.A., *Vicar of Marston, Northwich, Cheshire.*

APRIL is, on the whole, one of the best months in the year for hatching, as there is less likelihood of frost, which plays such havoc with little chicks. It is quite early enough for hatching the lighter breeds especially, as they grow and mature very rapidly. Leghorns, which are Queens among layers, if hatched in April will be fully matured in October, and ready to commence their winter's work of filling the egg basket. And the same may be said, though in a less degree, of Minorcas and Andalusians.

Chicks that are already hatched should at once be placed out in the open air with the hen. It is well to place the hen in a coop about two feet square with a sloping roof to throw off the wet, and with the bars in front, which confine the hen, of a sufficient distance apart to allow the chicks to go in and out with ease. A flat board placed in front of the coop is very convenient for placing the food upon. This should be given, for the first week or so, about every two hours, gradually lengthening the time between meals, until at two months old they only require feeding about four times a day. Sufficient food should be given at one time for them to devour with an eager appetite, but so that none is left about at the conclusion of the meal, as this gets trampled upon, soiled, and soon becomes sour. The board should frequently be taken away and washed to keep it sweet.

An egg, well boiled, and then chopped up finely and mixed with bread crumbs, affords a good appetizer for the first two days, after which it should be discontinued. Rice boiled whole, and then plunged into cold water to

separate the grains, and sprinkled with coarse oatmeal, or with maize meal, forms an excellent and cheap food for once a day, and keeps the little ones from diarrhoea. It is well before feeding the chicks to feed the hen with large Indian corn, so that the chicks cannot eat it, and she, afterwards, is not so likely to eat the food placed for the little ones. If the food supplied is moist (but not sloppy) the chicks are better without water till a month old, though it should be supplied to the hen.



The coops should be placed so that the sun shines into the coop, a portion of which, however, may be boarded up to afford shelter from wind and rain, and also for shade if the hen desires it. In case of heavy rain or a very cold wind, it is well to turn the coop with its back to the elements, so that the occupants may be well sheltered. These little acts of thoughtfulness will be well repaid by the rapid progress in the growth of the chicks. When they are fairly strong the hen may be turned out for an hour with them on fine days, and the little outing will do them all good.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

MAUNDY THURSDAY. April 4.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." PHIL. ii. 5.

"Mine onely schoole shall be mount Calverie,
The pulpit but the crosse; and teacher none
But the mere crucifixe to mortifie;
No letters but thy blessed wounds alone:
No commaes but thy stripes; no periods
But thy nailes, crowne of thornes, speare,
whips, and rods."

JOHN DAVIES, *temp.* Elizabeth.

GOOD FRIDAY. April 5.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" S. JOHN i. 29.

"O Blessed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought His flock so dear,
And did them save with bloody sweat
From wolves that would them tear."

EDMUND SPENSER, c. 1553-1599.

"The obsequies of Him that could not die,
And death of life, end of eternity,
How worthily He died, that died unworthily."

GILES FLETCHER, 1588-1623.

EASTER EVEN. April 6.

"Put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." 1 S. PETER iii. 18.

"Jesu, Who on that fatal wood
Pour'dst forth Thy life's last drop of blood,
Nail'd to a shameful Cross!
O may we bless Thy love; and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for Thee
All grief, all pain, all loss."

HICKES'S "Devotions."

EASTER DAY. April 7.

"O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 COR. xv. 55.

"Ye primroses and purple violets,
Tell me why blaze ye from your leafy beds,
And woo men's hands to rent you from your sets,
As though you would somewhere be carried,
With fresh perfumes and velvets garnished.
But ah! I need not ask, 'tis surely so,
You all would to your Saviour's triumph go;
There would ye all await and humble homage do."

GILES FLETCHER, 1588-1623.

FEAST OF S. MARK, AP. M. April 25.

"Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to Me for the ministry." 2 TIM. iv. 11.

"Companion of the Saints! 'twas thine
To taste that drop of peace divine,
When the great soldier of thy Lord
Call'd thee to take his last farewell,
Teaching the Church with joy to tell,
The story of your love restored."

"O then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pain'd or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend in love th' eternal day!"

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.



SPRING FLOWERS.

A FLOCK OF GEESE.

BY FELIX TRENWITH.

Children, hurrying home from school,
You watch the geese on the village green,
And a goose, you say, is an utter fool.
Can you tell me exactly what you mean?

There are the geese in the stubble field,
To roam and rest and feed all day,
As if the whole earth were made to yield
Food and comfort for such as they.



Thither they flock from the great
farm-yard,
Paddling awhile in a wayside
pool;
They can walk on the grass if the
stones are hard, [cool.
And stop as long as they please to
They waddle and twaddle and
slumber at ease;
They've nothing to do with the
world beyond.
Creation's work to a flock of geese
Is food and sun and a pleasant
pond.

Are, then, these geese such fools indeed,
Who live so well without any work?
Contented, supplied with all they need,
Are they not wise all toils to shirk?

Don't you sometimes envy those idle birds,
As they waddle and twaddle and bathe and bask,
When you hear your teacher's reproving words,
Or suffer for some neglected task?

No, children! I'm sure you've more sense and spirit.
Let fools and geese lead a listless life;
You will choose the work and the praise of merit,
And win the crown that rewards the strife.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)

MY dear Members,

It has been a real pleasure to me to have so many interesting and enthusiastic letters from you. It shows me that we are really going to be a useful band; each one of us is a link in the great chain, and not one can be spared or even allowed to grow weak, for then the strength of the chain would be seriously endangered. Perhaps mother wants you to run on an errand, and you are deep in a Story-book and do not like to be disturbed; but you are a member of the Guild of Goodwill, and that means that you are ready to do little kindnesses, whenever it is possible. So you must put down your book, and, with a cheerful face, take your basket and do as mother bids you.

Many of you are working steadily and well in the competitions, and I fancy if some of you could have a glimpse of my "mark" book, you would be very excited as to who was going to win the two silver watches that are waiting to be forwarded to the boy and the girl who come out top of the list, when all the six competitions have been judged. I am hoping that every one of you will enter for the "Easter Sunday Competition," because I shall be interested in knowing how you spent that day of rejoicing. When you send in your competitions you must write them quite separately from the letter or the Puzzle Answers you may be sending to me also. *On the top of the front page of each competition should be written the name, such as "Easter Sunday Competition" or "Best Letter Competition."*

The majority of you are doing exceedingly well in the puzzles, and I quite expect that the six happy winners of the beautiful books which I am offering in June, to the members of this Guild who have sent in the most correct answers during the six months, will be run close by other competitors. These puzzles are delightful, and I do not wonder that you all find so much pleasure in trying to solve them.

I am always pleased to answer any letters from any members in this page, but if you should want a reply by post, you must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope to me.

As it is impossible that you can all win prizes in this six-months' competition, I give my little cousins another chance of being the happy possessors of one of these little treasures, by the competition for introducing new members to the Guild. Any of you who are already enrolled can send up the names of your friends under fifteen years of age, with a penny stamp for each, and in September these will be reckoned

up and the watch will go to the member who has introduced the most friends to the Guild.

The two little people who gained the most marks in the January Competition were Maud Tucker (Stoke-on-Trent) and Norah Lodge (Hammersmith); but of course many others received marks for their attempts and may catch these two up if they work well in the months to come. As we go to press sometime before publication, you will have to be patient over seeing your answers in print and your names among the welcomed, but you will know that I have enrolled you by having received your pretty cards of membership.

I am delighted to welcome as new members of the Guild—M. H. Warner, E. Malster, J. McDonald, J. A. Hunt, E. M. B. Dowse, M. Vaughan, Norah Lodge, Nina Lodge, M. C. De Butts, M. F. Brownrigg, N. De Butts, D. De Butts, H. G. Kennedy, M. Tucker, S. M. L. Reade, H. J. Lewis, G. Hartigan, W. Mathews, E. J. D. Nash-Wortham, F. Brown, E. M. Jones, and J. H. Smith.—With my best wishes to you all, your loving friend,
COUSIN JOAN.

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before April 30th, 1901.
The best description of how you spent last Easter Sunday. (Not to exceed 200 words.)

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A silver watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of members to the Guild between now and September, inclusive.

(All competitions must be written separately and on one side of the paper only. The name, age and address must be clearly written on the back of each.)

For Puzzles, see page 96. (Only members of the Guild may send in answers to these Biblical Puzzles.)

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

All boys and girls under fifteen years of age are invited to join the Guild of Goodwill. Each must send his or her full name, address and age, accompanied by a penny stamp, to Cousin Joan, who will be very glad to forward the pretty Card of Membership.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAUD TUCKER.—Your suggestion is good, and I daresay I shall use it before long.

EILEEN NASH-WORTHAM.—We want all the "young folk" to read this page and join our Guild; I hope you will get some of your little friends to become members.

NORAH LODGE.—The idea of my keeping a birthday book was good, but as I shall soon have a great many members, I am afraid it would take up too much space to give the names and birthdays every month.

W. MATHEWS.—I was very pleased to get your letter and to hear about your Sunday School Treat and Entertainment. I hope other little "cousins" will write and tell me of their doings.

DULCIE, NORAH, AND MERRIEL DE BUTTS.—I was very interested in your three letters, and liked to hear all about your pets. What a lot you seem to have. I hope you are all going in for the competitions regularly.

EILEEN MALSTER.—I think your letter was very good for your age.

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

BIBLICAL PUZZLES. (See page 95).

BY THE REV. S. C. LOWRY, M.A., *Vicar of S. Augustin's, Bournemouth.*

I.—CHARADE.

Add an insect from which we should learn, to a man who had no father, and my whole gives a hard stone mentioned in the early part of Ezekiel.

II.—ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give two seasons which come in this part of the year—

- (1) A woman who was a friend of Jesus (St. Mark).
- (2) A country visited by St. Paul.
- (3) What brought food to a prophet.
- (4) A title of the false Disciple.
- (5) The number that forgot to be thankful.
- (6) What Pilate was called.

III.

A small part of our body which our Lord has said we ought to use.

By adding a different prefix of one or two letters, it becomes—

- (1) What we do with it.
- (2) What Saul lost.

- (3) What God is always to us.
- (4) What "perfect love" expels.
- (5) What killed some naughty boys.

IV.

The name of a relation of our Lord (9 letters).

- 6552 = a heathen god.
- 9532 = one of the plagues.
- 123 = a priest.
- 1652 = a mountain.
- 237 = a false tale.
- 678912 = where Jacob lay.
- 672352 = a name for Satan.

V.

The number of the plagues. Reversed—something used by Zebedee.

A name of the Tempter (St. John viii.). Reversed—What we should not do.

The stronger sex. Reversed—A country in Genesis during Abraham's time.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY K. C. JONES, M.C.A.

(Lecturer to the Surrey County Council).

GINGERBREAD PUDDING.

Flour	-	3 lb.	Eggs	-	1
Treacle	-	1 lb.	Ground Ginger	-	1 1/2 teaspoonful
Suet	-	3 ozs.	Baking Powder	-	1 "
Brown Sugar	-	1 1/2 ozs.	Mixed Spice	-	1/2 "
Milk	-	1 pint	Salt	-	A pinch.

Shred and chop the suet finely, mix with the dry ingredients; beat the egg, add to the milk and treacle, and stir into the flour, etc. Put in a well-greased basin, or scalded and floured cloth, and boil for three hours—serve on a hot dish.

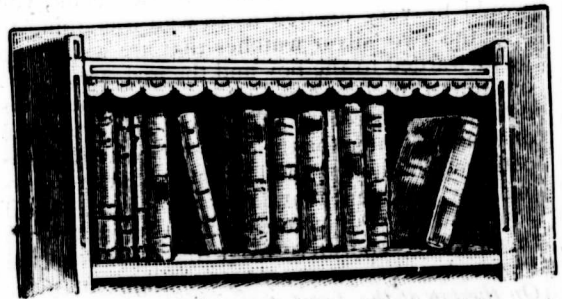
N.B.—This mixture can be spread in a greased baking tin and baked in a moderate oven for one hour, then cut into large squares and sprinkle with white sugar.

Rules for Boiling Puddings.

1. The water must boil the whole time the pudding is cooking.
2. The water must entirely cover the pudding.
3. The basin must be thoroughly greased, and the pudding cloth (scalded and floured) and securely tied over it.
4. The basin must be quite full.
5. The lid of the saucepan must be kept on.
6. A kettle of boiling water should be at hand to fill up the saucepan.
7. The pudding should be allowed to stand a minute or so before it is turned out.
8. The pudding cloth should be washed at once, after using in hot water, and dried in the air.

BINDING ARRANGEMENTS.

COMPLETE arrangements for binding *The Church Magazine* have been made. Twelve numbers can be bound up at the end of the year in neat and handsome cloth cases, which we supply, at a cheap rate. All particulars will be sent in good time to the local editors, to whom subscribers should apply for all information.



Sacred dramas (such as that of Ober-Ammergau) bring to one's mind some of the matters in which Protestant and Anglican are not in sympathy, so I name here Prof. Dowden's volume (Kegan Paul)—*Puritan and Anglican*, as a book to help a thoughtful person to just judgments. That same thoughtful person might also read with profit Dr. John Watson's *Doctrines of Grace* (Hodder Stoughton), 6s.

We must not fail to notice how the results of the Higher Criticism are now being brought before the ordinary reader in cheap text-books, which are not mere extracts and compilations.

Among these is Nash's *History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament* (Macmillan and Co.), 3s. 6d., the author of which is quite alive to the danger of rash criticism, yet not afraid of being critical. Then there is the *Text of the New Testament*, one of the "Oxford Books discussing perplexing social questions cannot at once be put within the reach of small purses, or I should urge the purchase of Thomas Holmes' *Pictures and Problems of the London Police Courts* (Ed. Arnold), 10s. 6d. Such a book should be asked for at the Free Libraries. A less costly book of similar interest is *No Room to Live*, by George How, with an introduction by Sir Walter Besant (Wells, Gardner), 2s. 6d.

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.

TO OUR READERS.

THE Editor is much pleased to hear from the Publishing Department that the increased number of readers of *The Church Magazine* since January amounted to several thousands. Should any of our friends require the previous numbers to complete the Tale, they would do well to obtain copies at once as only a limited number can be supplied. It would be best to order from your local editor (as the Magazine is published in three editions), so making sure of getting the correct edition.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

pastor of this parish, is with us at present. He is staying with Mr. Wm. Ward, but has been able to call on many of his old parishioners. Mr. MacWilliams assisted Mr. Cotton in the services in Sunday evening, April 6th, and preached the sermon, taking as his text Luke 8: 5-8.

Three delegates from our W. A. here, Mrs. J. T. Hallam, Miss A. Mencke and Mrs. Cotton are in attendance at the annual meeting of the W. A. in Hamilton this week.

MARRIAGE—On Wednesday, April 2nd., at the residence of the bride's father Mr. James Dunbar, his daughter Ella to Mr. Geo. B. Murphy, of Vancouver, B. C., The young couple left Jarvis the same evening for their home in Vancouver. We are sorry to lose our young people, but pray that every blessing may follow them wherever they go

YORK.

Charles Elliott, aged 81 years, a native of Co. Armaugh, Ireland, for a long period a member of St John's Church, and a much respected resident of Seneca township, was buried in St. John's cemetery on the 20th March, 1902. The beautiful and truly christian service of the Church of England was held in St. John's Church previous to the interment. The Rector preached in a comforting and hopeful strain to the large congregation of sympathizing friends and neighbors.

Mr. F. W. Brown's dear little infant child having lived seven days in great feebleness, but surrounded by most tender and loving care, was given christian burial in St. John's cemetery, York. The Rector, and members of St. John's Church express sincere brotherly sympathy to F. W. Brown and his wife

The people of York village were grieved and shocked at the very sudden death of Mr A. Renshaw's bright and loving daughter, Hazel. Although not quite 7 years old, Hazel had endeared herself to all by her bright and amiable ways. By her death a ray of sunshine has been blotted out of our neighborhood and recalled to God, Our Father, who gave it. On April 2nd., the children of our school followed (with almost every inhabitant of York) their young playmate from her home to the quiet resting place of St. John's cemetery, and after singing—as well as their sorrowing little hearts would permit them—"There's a Home for Little Children" retired with the assurance that this baptized member of Christ's Kingdom was happy and safe in the care of Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

[Alas! how sadly strange it is that Christians strain the sacrament of baptism so much as to forbid little children coming to Christ in His own way.]

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

There was no meeting of the St. John's Literary Society during March, the meeting announced for the 10th at Mr. R. Logan's coming to naught for lack of a quorum.

The Y. P. S. of Christ church met on the 11th at Mr. H. Hamilton's. There was a good attendance, considering the state of the roads. The President gave two addresses.

A fair congregation assembled for the Good Friday service at St. John's at 11 a. m. The offertory for Mission work among the Jews amounted to 2.78. Owing to the rain only four persons were present at Christ Church in the evening. The full service was held, however,

On Easter Day the morning congregation at St. John's numbered 42; there were 19 communicants. Again rain about service time made the congregation at Christ Church small for the occasion, 26. The new memorial altar desk was in place, and was much admired. The W. A. deserve our best thanks for this fitting and appropriate gift. Holy Communion was administered at this church on the Sunday after Easter. There were 26 communicants. The Rev. J. Francis, B. D., of Hamilton, preached at this service and also at St. John's in the afternoon.

It will be seen from the above that the total number of communicants at Easter was only 45. One cannot help feeling that many more, perhaps as many again, of those who have been confirmed, might have availed themselves of this privilege had they been so minded. Were you one of these? If so, read again the first paragraph in the Editorial column of last month's magazine, and also the last rubric but one at the end of the Communion office in the Prayer Book; and resolve, if God spares you to see another Easter, not to neglect so great a privilege and duty

The Easter Vestry meetings were held on Easter Monday. The attendance was smaller than usual at Church Church; and at St. John's the only voters present were the two wardens. We cannot, however, call this smaller than usual, since it has been the case three times out of the six at which the present Incumbent has presided. It is much to be desired that some of the younger men of the congregation should get into the habit of attending these meetings. A substantial balance on hand, and the re-appointment of the same wardens were pleasing features of both meetings. Mr. S. Hornibrook Jr. and Mr. Tennyson Logan kindly acted as vestry clerks. Mr. Jas. Lyons was elected Delegate to the Synod for the ensuing three years.

The house-to-house collecting for the apportionment fund was done this year by Misses

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

Brennan, M. Hamilton, D. Splatt and A Taylor for Christ Church and by Miss C. Blott for St. John's. These young ladies have our best thanks. At the Vestry meeting at Christ church \$1.30 was voted to bring the fund up to the required amount, \$25.00

Miss Belle Logan has left the parish to take a position as teacher near Minden. Her loss will be greatly felt in W. A., Sunday School, choir, and church work generally.

We are pleased to hear that Mrs. W. Brennan, Jr. and Howard Jones who have been seriously ill have recovered.

Congratulations to Mr. H. King, Jr., on his recent marriage to Miss Alice Bradford.

The Sunday school children (and their parents too) will please note that Sunday School will begin at Christ Church on April 27th and at St. John's on May 4th.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK.

Our illustration gives a good idea of the new St. John's Church at York, which is built of brick with stone foundation, and which, having supplanted the less imposing structure of frame, has been in use for 10 years. Many expressions of admiration on account of size and form have been made by visitors to this church. The little community of members of the English church in the vicinity of York would have been obliged to content themselves with the old St. John's, now used for S. School and other church purposes, but for the generosity of the late Mr. James Kyffin, a prosperous merchant of York and the kindly interest and active co-operation of his friend, Mr. A. A. Davis, our County Treasurer. Mr. Kyffin left by will sufficient money to enable his friend and executor named above to build the new church and hand it over to the parish entirely free from debt, to repair the old St. John's church and place it on a new site, to extend the cemetery to double its former proportions, to invest as a permanent parish endowment the sum of \$3000, to do likewise with a sum donated for the S. School library, and finally to assist materially in securing the present excellent rectory as a place of residence for the incumbent of this rural parish. Before these generous provisions for the church community at York and adjoining country came into effect, this appointment was served as an out station from Caledonia by the Rev. Rural Dean H. F. Mellish.

A brief retrospect shows the list of clergy who have held the incumbency of the parish in succession to be the following:—Rev. B. C. Hill, M.A., 1838 to 1870, 32 years; Rev. E.

Horace Mussen, M.A., 1870-1874, 4 years; Rev. Henry Hayward, 1874-1876, 2 years; Rev. Rural Dean H. F. Mellish, 1876-1893, 17 years; Rev. C. Scudamore, 1893-present date, 9 years. Of these, the Revs. B. C. Hill and H. F. Mellish are dead; Rev. E. H. Mussen lives at Collingwood, and Rev. C. Scudamore is in charge at York; while the state of the Rev. H. Hayward is unknown to the writer.

On the sides of the chancel arch in St Paul's Church, Caledonia, have been placed by thoughtful and loving parishoners tablets to the memory of two of these incumbents of the united parish, inscribed in these terms:

Sacred to the memory of Rev. B. Cudmore Hill, M.A., for 32 years the missionary in this Diocese, who died at York, Grand River, 9th November, 1870, aged 71 years. In testimony of the high esteem in which they held his character, as a zealous pastor, an earnest preacher of the gospel, and a truly pious man, this congregation have erected this tablet. "The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."—Psl cxii, 6.

Sacred to the memory of Rev. Henry Frederick Mellish, born April 22nd, 1828, at Wocksope, Nottinghamshire, England; died September 30th, 1899, after 39 years' faithful labour in the Lord's Vineyard as an earnest and zealous steward of the mysteries of God. He was for 24 years the rector of this parish, which erected this tablet as a loving memento of his spiritual services. "Be though faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev II, 10.

These words engraved on the silent marble speak volumes by way of eulogy.

The mission of the first incumbent extended along both sides of the Grand River from a point above Caledonia to some miles south of the county town, embracing a strip of territory several miles wide in both Seneca and Oneida townships, and including churches or preaching stations in residences or school houses at Caledonia, York, Cayuga, Hagersville, Jarvis, DeCewsville, 3rd Line-Seneca, Indiana, Cook's Station, Petch's school house, Mount Healy, and other localities. Where he lived, preached taught and rode on horseback visiting and catechising, five elergy now labor in their several parishes. His memory is yet green in the hearts of many. An accident occurred while opening a gate to reach the home of a parishoner living just outside of Cayuga, nearer York, by which he was thrown from his horse and suffered a fracture of the thigh, the mishap resulting in death after a few days.