

Tom Blott

SEPTEMBER



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND 

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

Subscription Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, 35 Cents Per Year.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

ON Sunday, Sept. 9th, Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M. A., conducted services in both St. Paul's church and All Saints', Rev. P. L. Spencer taking duty at Port Maitland and South Cayuga. An occasional exchange of this sort is believed by the clergy to be good for all concerned.

On Wednesday, Sept. 12th, and on the following day, the annual parish thanksgiving services were held. The preacher was Rev. R. Herbert, of Port Dover, who in St. Paul's church gave an extremely instructive exposition of the verse, "Thou shalt keep the feast of tabernacles," and in All Saints' spoke in a very instructive manner on the text, "God giveth the increase." In the former church the offerings, including a contribution given on the following Sunday, amounted to \$19.50; and in the latter there was received the sum of \$18.45. Both buildings were decorated with a profusion of flowers, besides grain, fruit, etc. Some of the cut flowers came from "The Elms," South Cayuga, and were especially selected for the occasions by Miss Fanny Docker. The singing at each service was particularly good.

The incumbent purposes holding during the remainder of the autumn and throughout the winter a fortnightly work-day service in each church and a fortnightly lantern meeting or class in some place in each village of the parish. He hopes that the parishioners will duly value these frequent opportunities for spiritual and mental improvement. The services will be followed by choir practices. The lantern

lessons will deal with events and travels of the greatest possible interest. Mr. Spencer has fully a thousand slides, and hence is able to illustrate many important subjects.

The Bishop of the diocese has expressed his intention of visiting the parish on Oct. 10th, for the purpose of administering Confirmation. The service at Hagersville will be on the afternoon of that day; that at Jarvis, in the evening.

BAPTISMS.

On August 29th, Albert Earle, infant son of Robt. J. and Charlotte Catherwood; sponsors, the parents and Isabella Reed.

On Aug. 29th, Marjory Agnes, infant daughter of James and Alberta Maud Chambers, of New York city; sponsors, the mother and William and Agnes Chambers, grandparents.

On Sept. 1st, Florence Martha Mary, infant daughter of Thomas and Anna Mary Westerby of the parish of Nanticoke and Cheapside; sponsors, the parents.

On Sept. 2nd, Robert Harold, infant son of Robt. J. and Annie Jackson, of the parish of Nanticoke and Cheapside; sponsors, the parents and Jane Ionsen.

BURIAL.

On Sept. 21st, Florence Martha Mary, infant daughter of Thomas and Anna Mary Westerby, in the churchyard of St. John's church, Cheapside.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

BAPTISMS.

Aug. 3rd, at St. John's church, South Cayuga.—Adult baptism.

Alice Victoria, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Overholt.

James Albert, son of Edward and Emmie Anger.

Annie Marie, daughter of Edward and Emmie Anger.

Aug. 14th, Mary Isabella, infant daughter of Fred. C. and Harriet Cook.

BURIALS.

On Aug. 9th, at the Dunnville cemetery, Jemima Johnson, wife of Wm. Johnson, aged 68 years.

On Aug. 12th, in St. John's graveyard, Isabella Crawford, wife of James N. Crawford, aged 73.

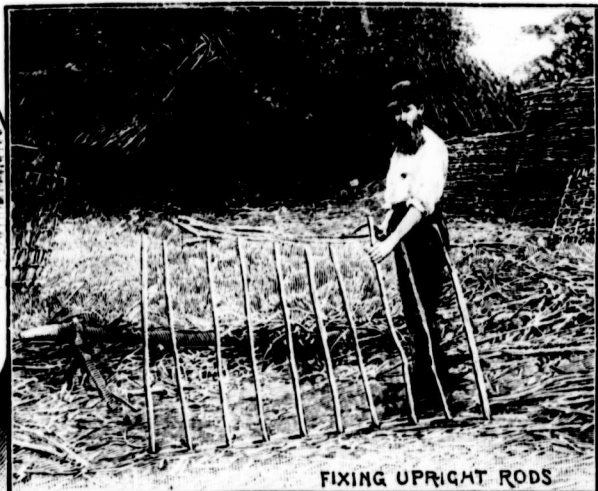
On Aug. 20th, at Port Maitland, Arthur, son of Abraham and Vesta Diette, aged 15 months.

On Aug. 21st, in St. John's graveyard, Annie Lyons, daughter of James and Mary Ann Lyons, aged 21 years.

SPLITTING THE HAZELS



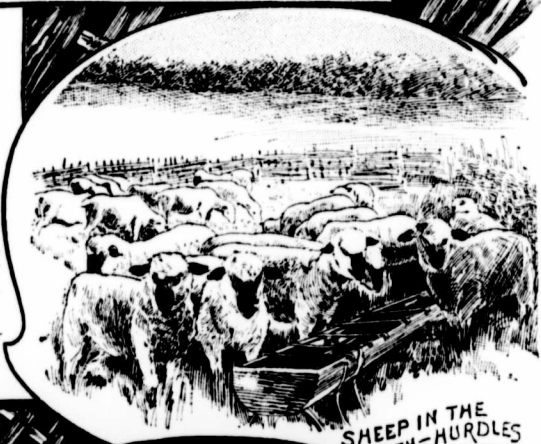
HURDLE MAKING



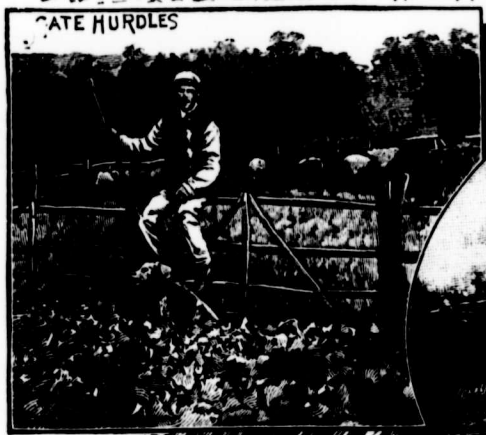
FIXING UPRIGHT RODS



HALF MADE



SHEEP IN THE WITH-HURDLES



GATE HURDLES



THE GOODLY STACK

HURDLERS AND HURDLE-MAKING.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR KELLY, M.A., *Rector of Winslade, Basingstoke.*

IN spring on the Hampshire farm, near a sheltered corner of the copse, a man may be seen busily twisting hazel-stems. He is a hurdle-maker, or hurdler, by profession, fashioning the with-hurdles, which the farmer needs to form his sheep-folds. These can only be made when the hazel-stems are pliant enough to be easily twisted and bent. The man will, therefore, begin his trade for the year about April, working until the end of July, though he might continue until Michaelmas if the hazels were placed in a great stack and carefully sheltered from the sun to prevent them becoming too dry. For the rest of the year he may work in the copse, making bavins, or bundles of firewood—a trade which can be carried on at all seasons.

Hazels are specially cultivated for the purpose of hurdle-making, growing up in clusters from the roots, and reaching the necessary height in five or seven years. Other woods, such as birch, can be used; but hazels are far the best—a piece of cherry, for instance, is so hard that it would have to be nailed together.

Our friend—a fine-looking man with a thick brown beard, and possessing the strong hands essential for this trade—was well up to his work, for he had made hurdles ever since "he could hold a bill,"—the axe, with a sharp, rounded edge, used for splitting the stems.

If the passer-by would stop for an hour and win the man's confidence, he might see a hurdle made from start to finish. The first step is the splitting of the stems. These may be six or seven feet long and an inch in diameter. The hurdler deftly inserts the edge of his bill into the top, and, working it with a twisting motion from side to side, splits the stem down to the bottom. For this reason hurdles are not usually made in the height of summer, the wood then being too dry; nor will it split if gnawed by rabbits, as the stems are then dead and worthless. Sometimes the stem would be too thick if split down the centre in this way, so various splinters are taken off the sides until it is of the required pliancy, the splinters being afterwards tidily bound up for firewood chips. When a number of hazels have been split, the hurdler may take a thinner stem, and, twisting it round and round till it is thoroughly pliable, knots it into a circle a few inches across, called a "shackle." A wooden mould, the length of the hurdles to be made, in which ten holes have been bored, is securely fastened to the ground by four pegs driven through two of these shackles,—the mould being slightly curved in shape, as the stems can then be bound together more firmly. Into each of these holes the hurdler places a strong

upright rod, about three feet six inches in height, then across these he binds the split stems, twisting them in and out, and fastening them round the supports, in some cases two or three times, as easily as a piece of rope. The stems at the bottom are doubly entwined, lest they should fall out, the man's boot pressing them close together, "for the feet must help the hands."

These with-hurdles, therefore, are a kind of very rough basket-work. Each hurdle (in addition to the ten uprights) consists of twelve round rods, two or three of these being always placed close together at the bottom to give greater stability, and another dozen split into two pieces, the white or split side of the hazel always facing in one direction, as is very plainly seen in the pictures. The shepherd, however, in moving the hurdles, invariably places the brown side, on which the bark is, next to the sheep, as, being smoother, it is more comfortable for them. About the middle of the hurdle a hole is left, called the "shore-hole," large enough for the shepherd's hands, and by this he is enabled to carry it more easily. When the twisting of the stems has been finished, nothing remains but neatly to trim them into shape with a small hatchet. They are then stored on the stack, which may contain thirty dozen, and are covered with straw to keep out the wet, and in this position they soon become pressed quite flat by their own weight. As, even if carefully used by the shepherd, they only last two or three years, there is always plenty of work for the hurdler. When the sheep-folds are made, in order to strengthen them, each hurdle is provided with a separate stake, called a "shore-stick," firmly driven into the ground and united to the hurdle by a shackle.

The hurdler would like to have his boy with him, but he is afraid of that formidable creation of the nineteenth century—the school-attendance officer. When his son has passed the necessary standards, he will come to help his father, remaining with him, probably, until he can get something better to do—for, alas! the hurdlers' sons are prone to look down upon their fathers' trade and refuse to follow in their steps, the higher pay of the railway, etc., with work less trying to the hands, tempting them away from these healthy country pursuits. So the cry is raised that the hurdlers are all dying out, a matter that might well occupy the attention of County Councils, and lead them to encourage this and other useful village trades. The pay is certainly better than that of the farm-labourer. A hurdle takes about an hour to make, though the old men cannot work so expeditiously. A good pair of hands is required, and

the man must keep steadily at work. Three shillings a dozen is paid for making the hurdles, so that ten hours' work a day brings in fifteen shillings a week on an average, while sometimes as much as a pound a week may be earned. An additional allowance of about a shilling a load in some places, or a halfpenny a bundle in others, is paid for collecting the chips and tying them into bundles, these making excellent firewood for the farmhouse. "Yes, they are just about handy for the fire," as the hurdler says, "and already cut up"

The wattle-hurdles, also made by the same man, are stronger than those used for the sheep-folds, and are employed for protecting trees, or threshing out a rick of sainfoin by rubbing it against the wattles, the seed falling through to the ground. In many other counties, as in East Anglia, flock-masters use

hurdles which are much stronger, and are nailed together like a gate, the makers of these being called "gate-hurdlers." They are more expensive, costing twelve shillings a dozen, and for their construction ash and chestnut saplings are employed, which are grown for this purpose and cut down when ten or fifteen years old. Shepherds accustomed to these gate-hurdles complain of the weight of the Hampshire ones; while sheep used to the with-hurdles, through which they can barely see, if removed to the others, thrust their heads through them in an amusing fashion, and are distressed to find that they cannot make a bold bid for liberty. There are iron hurdles, also, on wheels, extremely useful on very hard ground where holes cannot easily be bored, but none of these have such a cosy appearance as the with-hurdles.



A STATION OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.
Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Bishop's Prayer.

"**M**AY God give us, in the year now opening, to live so truly in His Presence, and in the strength of His Indwelling Spirit, that we may carry forward in some degree the great work which He has entrusted to us in this place, and especially may it be given to all of us, Indian and English alike, to be drawn so close together in mutual understanding and forbearance, and in deep love for our Lord, that our unity may be a true and unmistakable witness in this land to His Sonship and His redeeming Power."—BISHOP LEFROY, of Lahore.

Progress in North-West Canada.

"**A**LTHOUGH it is only a year since the Rev. H. W. G. Stocken baptized the first adult convert at Blackfoot Reserve, there are now twenty-five who have made public profession of their faith, and are living bright and prayerful lives. In the same time eighteen have been confirmed.—*C.M.S. Intelligencer.*

A Cheering Word from Japan.

"**B**ISHOP FOSS, of Osaka, has received a very encouraging letter from one of the Vestry of Holy Trinity Church, Osaka, who records the fact that his Church is now fully self-supporting, the congregation paying not only the Church expenses, but also the full salary of their Pastor, the Rev. B. H. Terasawa; and also that their zeal has provoked very many.

A South African Convert.

"**S**O ended this first Easter Day service at 7.30 a.m., having lasted two hours. That part of it which took place in the cemetery struck me as a most wonderfully impressive testimony to the Christian belief in the doctrine of the Resurrection. I had noticed, as we were entering the cemetery, beneath the great tree at the gateway, a very aged man surrounded by a group of people, who were apparently offering him their help and assistance. They might well do so; for, as I afterwards heard, he was upwards of ninety years old, and had come before daybreak that morning a distance of three miles!"—
THE REV. M. H. M. WOOD, Capetown.



THE BISHOP OF STEPNEY.

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by DEBENHAM & Co., Bournemouth.

"EAST LONDON AGAIN!"

BY THE

RT. REV. A. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF STEPNEY.



"EAST London again!" as they say at Bournemouth, Torquay, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, and Eastbourne, as we drop down by the expresses for

our annual meeting. Well, yes, and likely to be for some time to come! You can't keep a nation of the poor massed together in one district bigger than Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Sheffield all put together, without expecting them to make their wants known occasionally; and yet that is the size of the district covered by the East London Church Fund, and known popularly as "East London." I was lecturing at Sheffield in the course of last year, to an excellent audience of Sheffield Churchpeople, but they were rather surprised to hear that we might drop Sheffield out of our district, and we should not find it out for three or four months. That is, of course, the first difficulty in our district; and much

the same might be said for that huge district of South London, and London over the Border—a mass of people living in the same everlasting monotonous "mean streets" mile after mile, and yet all of them immortal souls, loved by God and redeemed by Jesus Christ! One morning two clergymen were discussing at a clerical society of which I was once warden whether it was better to have a space in your parish of five thousand people and not attempt to touch it, or to kill your deacons by over work. As both had considerably over twenty thousand people in their parish, it was a very practical question with them.

You can easily imagine, then, that the Church of God has great difficulty in coping with such enormous masses, and the difficulty is all the greater when so many of them are overworked and overcrowded. Rents in Whitechapel are steadily going up, as if it was a really fashionable part of London; and on several occasions working men with good wages, coming up from the country, have tramped up and down for days before they could find a house at all, and have had to put their wives and children in the workhouse for a week or two before finding room. Those who have read the articles in the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, and the *Echo* lately, written on the overcrowding of the poorer parts of London, will understand the difficulty which this state of things causes to our work, leading as it does, almost necessarily, to recourse to the public-house for the men and women, gambling and horseplay in the streets for the boys and girls, as a relief from the monotony of life. When you are living five or six in a room, and even more have been counted—up to seventeen—you are not wanted at home before bedtime, and there is not too much room then.

Those who are thinking of leaving their country villages where THE CHURCH MONTHLY circulates, to find their fortune in London, should remember that our streets are not paved with gold, and that while we are supposed to be kept alive in London by the life of the country people who pour in, yet we have a great tendency to suck the life out of them, and turn them adrift before many years are over. Certainly I have found many country people in sore distress. Come up by all means if you have an assured place, or are a really skilled workman, but do not drift up "on the chance of finding a job."

Now in a short paper I have no time to describe in more detail what East London is

like ; what the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY will want to know is how the Church is getting on in the midst of it all. The Bishop of Islington now looks after the Rural Deaneries of Islington, Enfield, and St. Sepulchre's, although they still remain under the East London Church Fund, and, therefore, what I say now is drawn from the experience of my nightly visits to Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Poplar, Stepney, Spitalfields, Haggerston, Shoreditch, Hoxton, and Hackney—in other words, East London proper! Well, then, you will be glad to hear that I find in every parish where active work is going on—and, thank God, it is in nearly all—a keen and affectionate body of Churchpeople gathered round the parish Priest. The very fact of the great mass of the million people in my district still “going nowhere,” either to Church or chapel, makes those who *have* come out on the side of Christ all the keener ; and our Church socials in East London are of a most enthusiastic description. I have had a great many during these past twelve months, and very encouraging they have been. We are great people for shaking hands in the East End, and I have shaken hands for an hour right on end, till my arm was quite tired, as the people filed in between the Clergyman and myself to their parish hall.

One evening I shook hands with six hundred and fifty people, and what struck me was the wonderful way the Pastor knew his flock ; he told me all about them as they came in, and they were quite pleased that he should do so, except the young man walking by a young woman, when the latter was introduced to me as “Miss So-and-So—hopes soon to be Mrs. So-and-So.” I only hoped that my friend, the Vicar, was not “too previous” in making the declaration, but he never seemed to make a mistake.

Then the working-men's services on a Sunday afternoon are very encouraging. On the Sunday before Christmas the Bishop of London and I went down together after the ordination in St. Paul's ; he addressed eight hundred in one Church, I had five hundred in another, and there were three hundred more at the Oxford House—that is, we had sixteen hundred men the same afternoon, at the same time, listening to the Gospel in one mile of the district. Of course such afternoon services are only the beginning of definite Churchmanship, but still they are the beginning, and indicate a great change of attitude

towards the Church, which I have noticed as taking place even during the last ten years.

Space would fail me to tell here of the boys' clubs and girls' clubs worked in almost every parish through this vast area as an antidote to the public-house and as an exchange for the streets.

The girls' clubs are quite as important as the boys' clubs, and the following story will illustrate how they lead on to definite religion. A hundred girls were formed in one parish into a club, and the Rector, after some weeks spent in making their acquaintance, proposed a club service. Very few had ever been to Church before, but they said they would come ; and he held a short service in Church, giving them an address himself. Next morning he got a letter, signed by the committee of girls, which ran as follows :

“DEAR RECTOR,—We think it our duty to tell you that in our opinion our club service *was a success*, and we beg you to be so good as to hold such a service for us every month *until further notice*.”

This was of course done, and a weekly Bible Class formed out of the service, some of whose members are to be presented for confirmation this year.

That brings me to a last word about the confirmations. They are very touching, because it means so much to be confirmed in East London : it often means being laughed and jeered at, and enduring a good deal of petty persecution ; but still, as one goes round, there they are, kneeling, rows of lads and lasses in every Church, and often grown men and women, ready to bear it all for Christ's sake. And though the percentage of those confirmed to the population in a Deanery like Spitalfields is still only 1·7 per thousand, yet, as in the early Christian times, it is the quality rather than the quantity which is of importance ; and as year by year these fresh recruits are added to the earnest bands of Communicants already gathered together in East London, Christ seems to say again, “On such a rock as this I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.”

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.—The Archbishop of Canterbury told a good story at a secondary school conference the other day. He said that when he was at the Education Office, many years ago, there was a clerk there who could never write a letter which did not have to be re-written, and they had to keep an extra clerk to correct his mistakes. “I could not,” said Archbishop Temple, “get rid of him, but I found there was one thing which had to be done in the office which could be done even by a very stupid man. All the letters had to be signed on the outside to show that they were official letters, so I appointed this man to do it, and he was kept signing my name all day.”

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

THE FREEHOLD RIGHTS OF AN INCUMBENT.



Possession a Result of Induction.

That by virtue of an Incumbent's induction to his benefice he is invested with all the freehold rights and privileges of the lands and buildings thereto belonging.

What an Incumbent's Freehold Rights are.

That consequently the site and fabric of the Church with the Churchyard, and all temporalities attached to the benefice, are, subject to his conformity to the terms of his tenure,

the property of the Incumbent for the time being.

Exclusive Right of Access to the Church.

That of all the freehold rights conferred upon an Incumbent at his induction, his exclusive right of access to the Church, and also—in the absence of any established right of way—to the Churchyard are most frequently misunderstood.

Sole Custodian of the Church Keys.

That on an Incumbent's induction, the keys of the Church, being given into his possession by the ceremony of the placing of his hand upon one or more of them, he is henceforth made their sole custodian during the term of his Incumbency. Hence, in the list of questions annually put by Archdeacons to Churchwardens there is this one: "Is the key of the Church kept where the Minister directs?"

Churchwardens and Parishioners have Limited Right of Access under the Incumbent.

That access to the Church and Churchyard on the part of the Churchwardens, parishioners, and all other parties concerned for lawful purposes at times when the Church is not open for Divine Service or the Churchyard for funerals, can only be had by the consent of the Incumbent; but, should the Incumbent refuse to grant such access at convenient times to interested parties, their remedy would not be violently to force their way, but to appeal to the Bishop.

Legal Decisions in Cases of Disputed Rights given on Behalf of Incumbents.

That in cases which have come before the courts in which it has been shown that the Churchwardens or other persons have possessed themselves of duplicate keys of the Church or Churchyard, or have in any way obtained access to the Church chancel or belfry without the permission of the Incumbent, they have been censured, ordered to give up the keys, and condemned in costs.

Rights of Access to Vestry.

That as with the Church itself so is it with reference to the vestry. The right of access to it from within the Church, and the right of access to it from without, through an external door, is vested absolutely in the Incumbent. All access to it must be had through his permission, except upon the occasions of vestry, and other lawful meetings, and at times when the Churchwardens and parishioners, singly or collectively, may have a right to be there.

Incumbent's Rights in Church and Churchyard are held in Trust.

That the freehold rights of an Incumbent in the Church and Churchyard are not vested in him, as are his parsonage-house, and glebe, for his sole use, but are by him held in trust for the ecclesiastical purposes of the parish and its parishioners. Thus, apart from his being bound to permit access to the Church to all services held within its walls, he must allow the Churchwardens to have access to it at convenient times for the proper exercise of the duties of their offices, in seeing to the repair and cleansing of the fabric. Access to the Churchyard on the occasion of funerals must also freely be given to the parishioners.

The Right of Granting Permission to erect Memorial Stones in Churchyards is practically vested in the Incumbent.

That although the right to give leave for the erection of headstones and tombstones in a Churchyard is vested in the Bishop, the right is generally exercised by the Incumbent, as the Bishop's representative in the matter. If either the design of the intended tombstone or headstone or the inscription intended to be placed upon it are, on being submitted to the Incumbent, by him deemed unsuitable, he may object; but in that case the parties concerned may appeal to the Bishop, whose judgment in the matter would be final.

Incumbent has Absolute Control over all Arrangements for Services in Church.

That all the arrangements necessary for the performance of Divine Service and the celebration and administration of the Holy Communion, as well as all the various offices of the Church, are, subject to his conformity to the Book of Common Prayer, under the absolute control of the Incumbent.

Control over Organist and Choir.

That the rendering of the services themselves, the deciding of whether they shall be said or sung, with the direction of the organist and choir as to what part they shall take in the services, with the choosing of hymns to be sung and the music to be used, are all matters over which the Incumbent has absolute control.

**"YET NOT ALONE."**

ONE swallow, left behind on the cold shore,
While all its mates to sunnier climes had flown,
With drooping pinions, struggling on no more,
Left in his weakness there, to die alone :
Yet not alone ! for God looked on, and knew
Each labouring breath the hapless creature drew.

One pale, sad flower, that blossomed out of sight,
And never gave its fragrance to the sun ;
In mute, meek patience waiting for the light,
Fading alone, when its short life was done :
Yet not alone ! for the sweet dews of God
Baptized it as it drooped upon the sod.

One child that wept his heart out in the night,
Craving the mother-love he needed so ;
So frail and helpless, left alone to fight
In the great world of weariness and woe :
Yet not alone ! for God's own Hand was laid
In tenderest pity on that aching head.

One heart, whose burden seemed too hard to bear,
From which the very hope of life was gone ;
One soul, that cried aloud in its despair,
" My God, my God ! Thou leavest me alone " :
Yet not alone ! The Hearer of each prayer,
The holy King of Kings, is—everywhere !

E. M. HILDER.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.**IX.—ST. JOHN'S, SANDYMOUNT, DUBLIN.**

THE REV. B. C. DAVIDSON-HOUSTON, M.A.
From a photograph by CHANCELLOR, Dublin.

THIS Church, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, was originally built in the parish of Donnybrook, which then formed part of the corps of the Archdeaconry, but has now a parochial district attached to it having the right of Marriages, Cure of souls, etc. It is situated close to the sea shore ;

and the district, which stretches from Sandymount Green to Merrion Gates, contains a large Church population. Sandymount is a favourite resort of the citizens of Dublin in summer, and on a fine day many come out to enjoy the large expanse of sand which stretches from the Martello Tower almost to the Pigeon House Fort.

St. John's Church is a good specimen of the Norman style of architecture, which has also been in a general way designated the Romanesque. It is said to be an exact copy of a Church in the Holy Land which itself was, or is, similar to a Church in Normandy. With the exception of two other Churches lately built, it is in the Diocese of Dublin a unique specimen of this architecture. The Norman style is apparent to any one on entering—semicircular arches channelled with chevron and other mouldings, strong, massive, round arches and pillars, doorways deeply recessed and composed of a succession of receding arches more or less enriched in the soffits or faces with different sculptured mouldings. The walls are faced on the outside with cut Caen stone, the intervening portions being filled with jointed ashlar masonry. The windows are small, semicircular, and single, and their distance from each other gives the building the appearance of great solidity. The tower is placed at the north-west angle, and consists of a cylindrical shaft with a conical capping pierced with narrow windows. It is short and massive and has a pyramidal stone roof, on the four angles of which are sculptured symbolical figures representing serpents and lizards. These figures are said by some to be symbolical of the evil spirits driven out of the people below by the

vigorous preaching! The interior consists of a nave and aisles terminating in a semicircular apse forming the chancel and having stained-glass windows. The roof is open, showing the rafters and cross timbers. The pulpit is of Caen stone, elaborately carved, is approached through the vestry, and lies at the south side of the chancel. The chancel arch is handsome, having recessed courses decorated with chevron, zig-zag, and other mouldings. There are five steps leading from the nave to the Holy Table, and the chancel is tiled throughout.

St. John's was built and in part endowed in the year 1850 by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, father of the present Earl of Pembroke, and was opened for worship by the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whateley) on March 24th in that year. It is said that the opening was delayed for some little time in consequence of the Archbishop (Dr. Whateley) refusing his licence till some figures and things which he considered objectionable were removed. The consecration did not take place till 1879. The entire edifice cost over £6,000. The accommodation is for four hundred.



Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

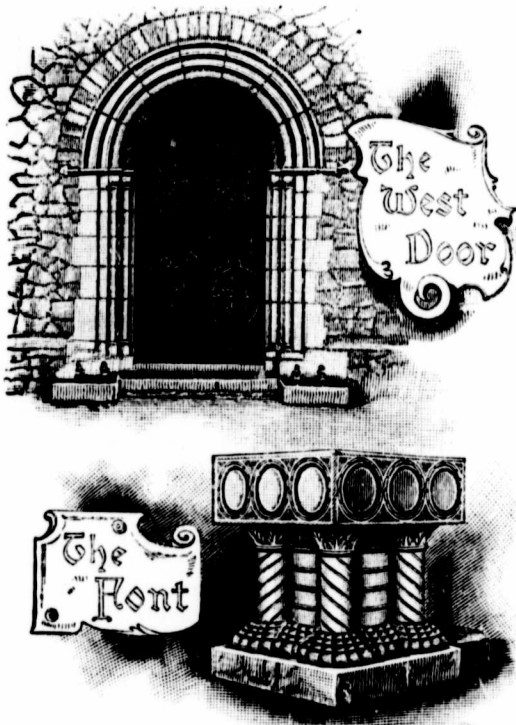
At the time St. John's was built there were not many houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the Church, and some—it was not a Church-building age—thought Sidney Herbert's munificence thrown away; but time has shown the wisdom of planting the Church where it is, and now a large and increasing neighbourhood lies around it, and we feel confident that if the present rate of building goes on the Church will be found in time too small for the population.

The first Incumbent was Dr. de Burgh, an eloquent and learned preacher, besides being a well-known author and good Hebrew scholar. On his promotion to a college living in 1864, the Rev. B. C. Davidson-Houston, M.A., was appointed the same year Vicar by the trustees, and has continued ever since its able and laborious Incumbent. Mr. Davidson-Houston commenced his ministry in the Diocese of Dublin in 1860. He afterwards served as Curate in the Diocese of Cork, and when the late Archbishop Magee was Rector of Enniskillen became his Curate. It was mainly owing to the late Archbishop of York's recommendation that the trustees elected him out of a large number of candidates. Mr. Davidson-Houston is an earnest Churchman, a sound, practical preacher, and has during his incumbency introduced many improvements into St. John's, notably in the way of increased services. The Holy Communion is celebrated every Lord's Day and on Holy Days; there is a daily service all the year round, and there are classes and meetings and all the other adjuncts of a well-ordered parish. Mr. Davidson-Houston is a strong supporter of the S.P.G., of which he is one of the diocesan secretaries, and a large sum is annually raised for that society. In 1893 he was appointed one of the Lord Lieutenant's Chaplains in Ireland.

In 1882, owing to the unceasing energy of the Vicar, a handsome Parochial Hall was built close to the Church on a site given by the Earl of Pembroke, at a cost of £800, and capable of holding over two hundred persons. This hall, designed by Mr. C. A. Owen, has



Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.



Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

met a much needed want ; till it was built the Sunday school had for many years been held in the Church, and there was no place for parochial meetings and gatherings of a social kind. In 1892 a large and commodious glebe-house was also built, at a total cost of £2,700. It is situated alongside the Church on a site originally marked out by the founder, Sidney Herbert. Inside the Church within the last few years a fine revolving lectern has been put up, also a reredos of Caen stone and marble given by the Vicar, and several stained-glass windows. We understand that more are promised, which will be a great improvement, as the Church is too light on a fine Sunday, and blinds have to be used. St. John's is in connection with the Dublin Diocesan Financial Scheme for a Curate ; and the present Curate, appointed in 1881, is the Rev. C. Frederick Wilkinson, an able and talented preacher, and deservedly liked. All seats are practically free and open at all services except on Sundays at 11.30 a.m., when two-thirds are reserved.

Our illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs by Mr. W. G. MOORE, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.

R. B. S.

"THEIR VOICES."—"Our Common Prayer Book was the Prayer Book of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers. As we look into the years of the distant past, we seem to hear their voices still, as we speak in our turn to God in these dear prayers and psalms."—*H. C. G. Moule, D.D.*

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 195.)

(5) BEDSORES.



IN long-continued illnesses of all kinds bedsores may, in defiance sometimes of the very best nursing, appear on those parts of the body on which there is most pressure—viz., the lower end of the spine, the hips, the shoulder-blades, the heels, the back of the neck. When they do appear the cure must be left

to the doctor ; the part of the nurse is that prevention which in all things is better than cure. To avoid the need for cure the nurse should

(i) See that the under sheet and the draw sheet are kept perfectly smooth, wrinkles being very frequently causes of bedsores.

(ii) Clear away all crumbs, if the illness is one in which solid food is allowed.

(iii) Keep the sick person perfectly clean and *dry* ; here comes in the use of the draw sheet.

(iv) Watch for the slightest indication of redness on the skin, and, if there is no breaking out, rub in gently with the palm of the hand a small quantity of spirits of wine every night, and possibly every morning as well, and apply lightly some powdered starch, with a piece of cotton-wool as a puff.

(v) Another thing in typhoid which is very distressing is the condition into which the mouth gets. The tongue, teeth, lips, and gums sometimes become crusted with a nasty deposit, annoying to the patient and unpleasant to see. To remove it the nurse should carefully wrap round her first and second fingers a strip of old linen (old, because it must be soft), about three inches long, and an inch and a half wide ; she should then dip the rag in a weak solution of Condy's Fluid, and with it clear away all the disagreeable matter on the teeth, lips, and gums. A second rag should be used for the tongue, and both *burnt* as soon as they are done with. This should be done at least twice a day, and it will be found that the patient gets much relief from the process. Care should be taken that the fingers are completely covered with the rag, that the mixture is not strong, and that the rag is well squeezed out after being dipped in it.

(vi) Sometimes, but not always, a rash is an accompaniment of typhoid. If any spots appear, they will be of a rose colour, and they will be found on the chest, the abdomen, and the back, appearing in successive crops, lasting for a few days, and then fading away entirely.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

THE following is the Prize List for the first half of this year—January to June. The names are given in the order of merit. We offered as Prizes twelve volumes published at Half-a-Guinea each. The successful competitors will greatly oblige by applying for their prizes without delay, naming one book of the value of the prize offered, or, if preferred, two or three books, the cost of which, added together, equals the amount offered. Letters should be sent to Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. There has been a large increase in the number of competitors this half-year, and many of the papers sent in were of great merit.

	NAME.	AGE.	SCHOOL.	ATTESSED BY
1.	HERBERT H. W. LOAT, 14, Elms Road, Dulwich, S.E.	15	St. Farnabas': Rev. H. Nixon, M.A., Vicar.	Mrs. A. Dean.
2.	LILY BOARD, 81, Yerbury Road, Upper Holloway, N.	15	All Saints': Rev. W. J. Hocking, Vicar.	Miss Swan, S.S. Superintendent.
3.	BERNARD WEBB, The Bank House, Hinckley, Leicestershire.	14	Parish Church: Rev. L. Leney, M.A., Vicar.	The Vicar.
4.	RHODA G. ENSOM, The Square, Woodford Green, Essex.	15	Parish Church: Rev. N. R. Fitzpatrick, M.A., Vicar.	Miss Fitzpatrick.
5.	HILDA FRIDDY, 67, Greyhound Road, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N.	10		Miss Denson.
6.	EFFIE HARRISON, Rollesby, Great Yarmouth.	13	Parish Church: R. J. Tacon, M.A., Rector.	Miss Maynard, Teacher.
7.	MURIEL GREENHAM, Mount View, Yeovil.	14	Parish Church: Rev. J. Phelps, M.A., Vicar.	Mr. P. M. Greenham, Teacher.
8.	AMY A. TANDY, Rectory, Kington, Worcester.	15		Rev. W. J. Holden, M.A., Rector.
9.	RONALD S. C. ARNOLD, Old Wolverton, Stony Stratford, Bucks.		Parish Church: Rev. F. E. Rooke, B.A., Vicar.	Mr. S. J. Arnold, Teacher.
10.	EDITH GRANT, 8, Belmont Grove, Lee, S.E.		Parish Church: Rev. F. H. Law, M.A., Rector.	Miss Grant, Teacher.
11.	CATHERINE M. BROWN, The Abbey, Hoxne, Suffolk.	13	Parish Church: Rev. Cecil Downton, B.A., Vicar.	Mrs. Downton.
12.	HAROLD DUFF, Holme St. Cuthbert's, Maryport.	10	Parish Church: Rev. J. Bardsley, Vicar.	The Vicar.

HONOURABLE MENTION is made of the following Competitors in "Our Sunday Questions":—

EDGAR G. LOAT, Dulwich; ROSAMOND J. VEASEY, Lindfield; RACHAEL G. STEER, Headley; JULIA M. L. HOWARD, Lewisham; CHARLES HANNA, Malone, Belfast; ALICE SALTMARSH, Epping; ANNIE SULLIVAN, Shelton; ALICE POWELL, Mansel Lacy; GLADYS EDWARDS, Ward End, Birmingham; ARTHUR J. DORRELL, Burbage; JOHN MORLAND, Silverdale; B. GUSH, Tiverton; M. L. R. TUDOR, Turkeean; DONALD BATES, Hanley; M. BETTANY, Shelton; MINNIE LEACH, Shelton; ALICE BLAKE, Harpenden; M. J. GAULTER, Silverdale; ETHEL HILL, Stoke-on-Trent; A. HOWES, Great Yarmouth; LILY HOTSTON, Kingston-by-Sea; IRENE G. GRAFTON, Stourbridge; LILY DOBSON, Silverdale; LILLIE DAVIS, Shirehampton; SARAH E. SMITH, Goosnargh; ELSIE GULLIVER, Eling; ADA M. OAKES, Totton; CECIL FOX, Wokingham; KATHLEEN ALICE ANSELL, Ashford; JANET M. ANSELL, Ashford; NELSON COLES, Ellesmere.

We append the answers, January to June inclusive:—

JANUARY.—*Bible Questions:* (1) Joseph's, (2) Jonathan 1 Sam. xx. (3) Gaza, Judges xvi. 21, 30. (4) St. Luke ix. 33. (5) Prov. xxii. 1. (6) St. Matt. xxvii. 19.

Buried Truth: Acts xvii. 23 (in the Greek), 34.

FEBRUARY.—*Bible Questions:* (7) Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 4. (8) Gideon, Judges vi. 11, 12. (9) Wisdom, Prov. viii. 11. (10) Prov. ix. 10; Ps. cxl. 10. (11) Isaiah lxiii. 3, 5. (12) Paul, Acts xxviii. 4, 6.

Buried Truth: Acts xxi. 37, 40, 38; xxii. 27.

MARCH.—*Bible Questions:* (13) 1 Sam. xvii. 37. (14) Moses, Heb. xi. 25. (15) Gal. iii. 24. (16) Prov. xxvii. 3. (17) 2 Tim. iv. 7. (18) Rom. xv. 20.

Buried Truth: Ps. cxvi. 16, cxix. 32 (P.B. version), cxix. 45; James i. 25 ("The perfect law of liberty").

APRIL.—*Bible Questions:* (19) Ps. li. 17. (20) Ahab (Naboth's vineyard), 1 Kings xxi. 2, 3, 16. (21) Joab, 2 Sam. xviii. 14, 33. (22) Prov. xi. 1. (23) Elymas, Acts xiii. 11. (24) St. Matt. xxvii. 3, 4.

Buried Truth: Prov. xviii. 19; Gen. x. 2, and xxv. 13; also compare Gen. xxvii. 41, 42; Ps. cxxxvii. 7, and Obad. 10-16.

MAY.—*Bible Questions:* (25) Ps. cxix. 105; Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 12. (26) Moses, Exodus ii. 17-21. (27) Corinth, Acts xviii. 10. (28) Eph. vi. 20. (29) Judges xvi. 20. (30) Jonathan, 1 Sam. xiv. 45.

Buried Truth: Prov. ix. 1-4, with 13-16; also Prov. ix. 17, with 13 and 14; 8, 9, and 20, 17.

JUNE.—*Bible Questions:* (31) Moses. (32) Keil h, 1 Sam. xxiii. 5, 12. (33) Acts xx. 35. (34) Ananias, Acts xxiii. 2, 3. (35) Achan, Josh. vii. 21. (36) Prov. xxiii. 21, 29, 30.

Buried Truth: Acts x. 34, viii. 35; St. Matt. v. 2; and compare with each in turn Acts x. 48, Acts viii. 36-38, and St. Matt. v. 3, 10, 20, as all bearing on admission to the "Kingdom of Heaven."

BURIED TRUTH.

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

WHAT unnamed, but not undistinguished, woman of Israel was removed from Israel because supposed to be in danger within it? Also, of what other remotely connected and more distinguished woman of Israel was the same afterwards found to be true?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE REV. A. C. HARMAN, M.A.

WHAT great work had two beginnings before it was accomplished?

50. Give, with references, the names of a patriarch, captive, and king who are especially said to have been prospered by the Presence of God.

51. To what were the words "Holiness unto the Lord" conspicuously attached?

52. Who by his faith condemned the world?

53. To what are the words "Is thine eye evil because I am good" a reply?

54. In what chapter does St. Paul specially refer to his imprisonment at Rome?

BURIED TRUTHS.

THE Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume for the answers to the Buried Truths published from January to June inclusive is awarded to—

Miss H. A. BOWL, *The Crofts Cottage, Fairford, Gloucestershire*, whose answers were excellent throughout.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

We offered as Prizes twelve volumes published at Five Shillings each, but we regret that we are only able to award Nine prizes, as many of the papers sent in contained answers to only a few of the Puzzles, and some of the competitors had apparently been in too great a hurry to "take pains." The following are the Prize Winners (January to June last) in the order of merit:—

NAME.	AGE.	ATTESTED BY
1. LILLA SHEPARD, 7, Bedford Road, South Tottenham, N.	15	Miss Shephard, Teacher.
2. PERCY J. BARTLETT, St. Anne's School House, Chester Road, South Highgate, N.	15	Rev. E. R. Webster, M.A., Curate of St. Anne's.
3. MARGARET PERROTT, Bush Farm, Wichendon.	15	Mrs. Perrott, Parent.
4. B. GUSH, Cruwys, Morchard, Tiverton.	15	Rev. P. H. Owen, B.A., Rector.
5. BERTRAM H. WEAVER, Claremont Road, Highgate, N.	14	Rev. A. W. Bradnack, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's.
6. HELEN MARY KEEBLE, 68, Roundhay Road, Leeds.	12	Mrs. Keeble, Parent.
7. MARGARET SALTMARSH, St. John's Road, Epping.	11	Miss A. P. Lawrence, Teacher.
8. AMY GARRETT, George Street, Kingsclere, Newbury.	14	Miss Garrett, Teacher.
9. ETHEL WALLACE, "Fernlea," The Ridgeway, Enfield.	18	Rev. G. P. Turner, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's.

The Answers to the Puzzles, January to June inclusive, are as follows:—

I. ACROSTIC.—Bachelor, Spinster, Bus, Asp, Capri, Hen, Eyes, Let, Ogre, Robber.

II. BURIED CITIES.—Chester, Manchester, Dorchester, Colchester, Chesterfield.

III. RIDDLE.—Dust.

IV. SQUARE WORDS.—Slot, Lime, Omen, Tent.

V. ENIGMA.—Broom: Brougham.

VI. BURIED PROVERBS.—

- (a) Make hay while the sun shines.
(b) Delays are dangerous.
(c) Prevention is better than cure.

VII. ACROSTIC.—Sunshine, Darkness,

Stud, Una, Neighbour, Switch-back, Haven, Ice, News, Ears.

VIII. RIDDLE.—The letter E.

IX. CHARADE.—Catastrophe.

X. RIDDLE.—(a) Rosemary. (b) Armchair.

XI. SQUARE WORDS.—Shop, Home, Omer, Peru.

XII. ENIGMA.—Vile, Evil, Levi, Live.

XIII. ACROSTIC.—First Prize, Flap, Interpreter, Rabbi, Suez, Time.

XIV. A PIE.—

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.

XV. BURIED TOWNS AND CITIES.—Newhaven, New York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Newmarket.

XVI. CHARADE.—Porcupine.

XVII. SQUARE WORDS.—Some, Oval, Mail, Ella.

XVIII. ENIGMA.—

O Billy, Billy, here's a go! forty buses in a row!
No, Billy, Billy! them is trucks. See what is in 'em!—peas and ducks.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXV.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

MY first is the outcome of animosity;
My second is a town in Scotland;
My whole is the seat of one of England's oldest families.

XXVI.—JUMBLED PROVERB.

Emov le dome by olg.

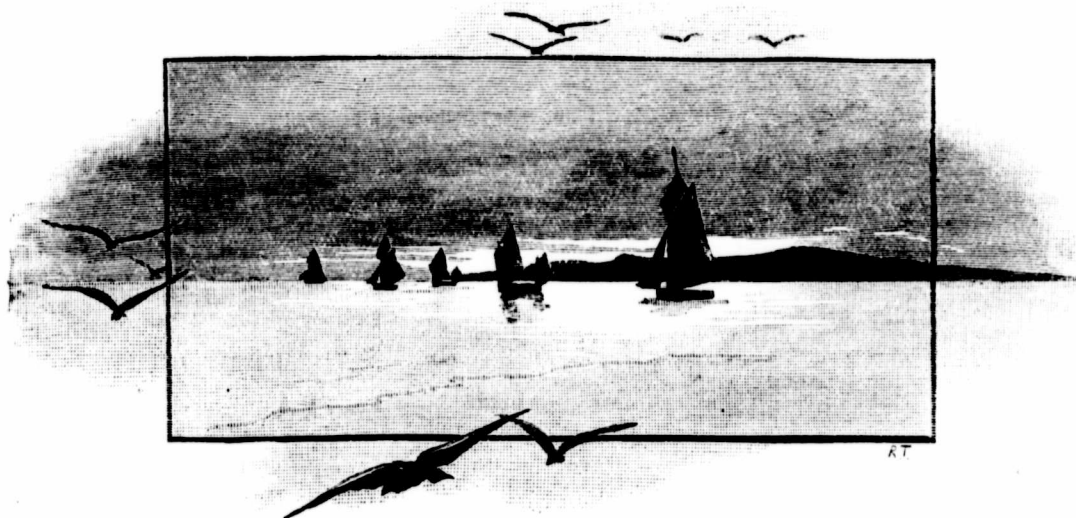
XXVII.—ACROSTIC.

My initials spell down and you will find
An ingredient of food for all mankind.
My finals spell upwards and then you will see
What produced my initials and feeds you and me.

- (1) Part of the body. (2) A girl's name. (3) A tree.
(4) An interjection. (5) A line.



"ENJOYING THEMSELVES."



"UPHOLDEN."

The Story of Three Lives.

BY THE

REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

Vicar of Stonecroft, Liverpool; Author of "Drift and Duty," "The Jessopps," etc.

CHAPTER V.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

MR. WITHERS was very much distressed when Ida told him what she had gathered from Arthur about Mrs. Hayhurst. He was one of those guileless people who never willingly think evil of anybody. Mrs. Hayhurst's hearty manner and apparent disinterestedness had quite won his heart. He acknowledged that the woman was rough and uncouth; but these obvious drawbacks made him the more willing, in the kindness of his heart, to believe in the existence of less obtrusive but more sterling qualities. Nor could he see that any favours he had conferred on the Hayhurst family at all compensated for the ungrudging love that had been bestowed on the orphan girl.

But when the reaction came, it came sharply. The old man believed that he had been remiss in his duty and that not a day was to be lost in removing Maggie from her present surroundings. But when he tried to move in the matter, he found it was not exactly easy to do so. He had no legal rights whatever, and Mrs. Hayhurst bluntly refused to surrender the child. At the mere suggestion of such a thing, she flared up and ended by telling Mr. Withers, in unvarnished language, what she thought of him and his.

"Who was it but meself that came to the help of

them orphan childer when there wasn't a livin' soul this side Heaven to have compassion on them—and their mother lyin' there waitin' for her coffin in the back room? An' now that I've given me heart to the wee thing and slaved for her and threatened her as though she were me own flesh and blood, it's takin' her off me ye want to be. I wonder at ye, sor—an' you to call yourself a gentleman. I'd like to hear what it is ye have agin me, savin' that I'm poor; but ye may be poor and respectable at wanst, and isn't that what the child's own mother was?"

The old man was quite incapable of standing against such a tide of excited eloquence, nor had his few deprecatory remarks any effect save to stimulate its flow. He was finally silenced and non-plussed by the production of a letter which Mrs. Hayhurst said she had received from Ireland at the time of Mrs. Hopley's death. This letter, which was from the dead woman's father, was cold, and even cruel. The writer would accept no responsibility; he was glad to hear the boys were likely to be provided for; as for the girl, as Mrs. Hayhurst seemed so fond of her, she might as well keep her and bring her up with her own.

"And I done it, too," exclaimed the woman triumphantly, "I done it without asking help from him or from you or from any other livin' soul."

How far Mrs. Hayhurst was influenced in thus holding on to Maggie by genuine affection, how far by

a sort of jealousy of outside interference, and how far by the hope of ultimate gain it would be hard to determine. Probably her motives—like other people's—were mixed.

Nor was Maggie herself willing to be separated in offhand fashion from her foster-mother. The child had spent many pleasant days at the grand Edge Lane villa, and she regarded Ida and Esther—the former especially—as superior, fairylike beings, full of kindness and with an infinite capacity for providing

pretty dresses and creature comforts. But the grandeur and restraint of life at the villa wearied her, and she had always been conscious of a distinct sense of relief when returning to the freer atmosphere of the Old Swan. On the whole, Mrs. Hayhurst had not been unkind to her; there was pleasure in attending the new Church school that had been recently erected in Derby Lane and, above all, the open

country was within easy reach on all sides. Miss Maggie too felt herself to be a person of some importance. She was a pretty, attractive child, and plainly did not exactly belong to the class in which she was being brought up. People spoiled her; and Mrs. Hayhurst was ready enough to encourage the idea that there was some romantic mystery about birth and parentage.

It is probable, however, that Mr. Withers would have succeeded in making some more satisfactory arrangement for the child's future had it not been that he was suddenly stricken down with severe

illness. For some weeks he hovered between life and death; then, when he was a little better, the doctor's order was peremptory that he should go abroad for some months. This involved an entire break-up of the household; Esther went to a school near London and Ida proceeded with her father to the South of France.

But before leaving home, the kind old man had the satisfaction of knowing that, thanks to his efforts, an excellent opening had been procured for Ernest. For

some time the boy had been almost at the top of the school, so far as "book-learning" was concerned, but he had none of that push about him which is so frequently a passport to success in the commercial world. He had the offer of several situations; but he clung to his books and was loath to leave the shelter of the old school, every brick of which he had learnt to know and love. But this could



“ ‘DID MR. JENIONS, THEN, WANT A NEW ASSISTANT?’ ”

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Paul Hardy.

not go on indefinitely. In a charitable institution—as in the great world itself—the crowd must keep moving on. There are eager applicants awaiting admission, and space can only be found for them by pushing forth into the battle of life those who have already had their chance to arm and prepare themselves for the fray. And so it was felt that Ernest would have to go. But what to do with him was the question. He was not strong enough or physically apt enough for a mechanical trade, and as an office-boy no one was eager to have him. But at last he got his chance, and he lost not an hour in availing himself of it.

Mr. Withers, who was something of a book collector, had for years done business with a dealer named Jenions who had a small shop in Renshaw Street. Jenions had the reputation of being an oddity and a miser, chiefly because he lived all alone at the back of his shop, seemed absolutely devoted to his business, and rarely went out of doors. It happened one day that, as Mr. Withers turned over the pages of an old book, thinking the while of his approaching departure from England and of the difficulty of finding a suitable opening for Ernest, the dealer mentioned that he was about to lose his assistant, who, under the influence of some strange infatuation, was insisting on getting married and setting up for himself.

"Did Mr. Jenions, then, want a new assistant?" queried the old gentleman, nearly shutting his nose between the pages of the book as he closed it with a snap.

Why, yes, of course, that was just what Mr. Jenions *did* want; not so much a shopman as a quiet, intelligent lad—a lad who would be content to live with him among his books, who would love them and set his heart to learn about them. But was such a boy to be found? He had himself been one such; but he feared that, in this hurrying, money-grubbing age, the species had been crushed out of existence. What with the multiplication of magazines and miscellanies and cheap reprints, there was but little seriousness or studiousness left. People talked about books, but they no longer loved them—no longer lived with them. A noble trade had been demoralised, and people now sold books just as they would sell clogs or tripe.

Mr. Withers smiled, for he knew how eloquent the old bookseller was wont to become on this subject; then he hastened to comfort him with the assurance that there was yet one man—or at least one boy—left, who might be trusted to find his highest satisfaction and peace behind the counter of a secondhand bookshop. This was Ernest Hopley's introduction to Mr. Jenions and the book trade.

The lad dropped at once and without effort into his new position. Beside being an earnest student, he was of an orderly and methodical bent of mind. He loved books for the thoughts they kindled; but he loved them also for themselves—as material objects of such a size and shape and colour. He had an excellent pictorial memory, and was soon able to find the place of any volume that he had ever handled or carefully looked at. Nor were his domestic duties at all distasteful. He lit the fire and boiled the kettle of a morning, and was pleased to take homely lessons in elementary cooking from Mr. Jenions. The old man was helpful, and he was easily satisfied. Thus the time passed pleasantly, and good Mr. Withers had the satisfaction of seeing the boy comfortably settled before starting on his journey. This was indeed some compensation for anxiety and discomforts to Maggie.

"You will be a help and an encouragement to your sister, won't you, my dear boy? You must make a point of visiting her as frequently as your duties to your employer will permit." This the lad readily promised to do.

Ernest soon found out that his employer, under a somewhat rugged exterior, had a kindly and generous nature. He was also an intelligent and devout Christian. He made a systematic study of his Bible, and every Sunday morning he was to be seen attending the ministrations of one of the great Evangelical teachers of that day. In the afternoon he conducted a Bible Class for youths, to which Ernest received a hearty invitation. There he met with sympathy and help, and there he laid the foundations of more than one lifelong friendship. His Sunday evenings, Mr. Jenions devoted to the Greek Testament; and the boy, watching him with curiosity and envy, soon supplicated that he might be initiated into the significance of those strange and mystic-looking words. The old man smiled approvingly on his ambition, and promised to give him lessons by-and-by, but not upon Sunday evenings.

Nearly every Sunday after the Bible Class Ernest walked out to Old Swan to see his sister. Sometimes these excursions were very pleasant, sometimes they were less pleasant, sometimes they were painful; the varying quality depending a little upon the weather, a good deal upon Maggie, and most of all upon Mrs. Hayhurst. There were bright, fresh evenings when the brother and sister felt that they were all the world to each other, when they chattered as children, and were as though they had never lived apart. They would walk hand-in-hand along the field-paths, and sit close together in the old Church at Stanley.

But Maggie was a creature of moods, and it grieved her brother to see that she was becoming more wayward and restless as the weeks and months went by. She admitted that she was no longer regular at the Sunday school, and she was generally ready to find some excuse for staying away from Church. She was restless and irritable,—at one time depressed and sulky, at another unreasonably boisterous. Judging by the people who saluted his sister as she walked by his side, Ernest could not but conclude that she had made some very rough and undesirable acquaintances. He remonstrated, but that only led to bitterness. What call had he to interfere with her? She'd do as she liked, and choose her own friends.

It was soon evident that Mrs. Hayhurst resented Ernest's interference; she was jealous of his influence with Maggie, and insisted on regarding him as a spy set on by Mr. Withers. The woman had not improved since her husband's death—an event which took place about two years after the commencement of our story. Always of a convivial disposition, she had latterly given way to drink a good deal. Her

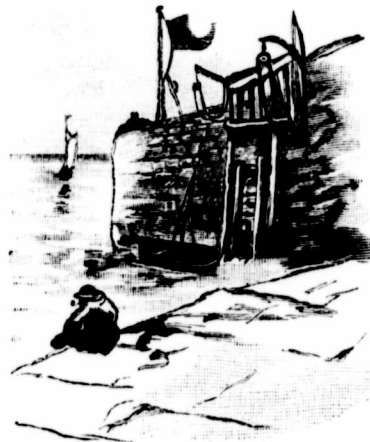
three sons—thanks in great measure to Mr. Withers—were now “earning good money”; and whilst they remained at home the family would have been very comfortable if only the house-mother could have been induced to attend to her proper household duties. But this was just what she was not content to do. She wanted “to be earning for herself,” and so it was first one thing, then another; she opened a shop, went out nursing, and finally, to the disgust of her sons, set herself up with a hawker’s licence and made short excursions about the neighbourhood selling small wares. The inevitable result was the breaking up of the home. One son got married, and the two others went to lodge in Liverpool, under the pretext of being nearer their work. Mrs. Hayhurst was left with Maggie and two half-grown children on her hands. Naturally enough, she was loud and bitter in her denunciations and complaints; this was the way she had been treated, this the reward she had met with after slaving for years and wearing her fingers to the bone so that she might bring up her family respectable and give them a good start; they had gone away and left her—left the lone widow with three helpless orphans on her hands. Poor woman! there may have been some reason for her complaint; but she failed to see that the chief blame rested with herself.

Mrs. Hayhurst now found it necessary to go to work in downright earnest; as a result her “rounds” became more extended, and Maggie and the youngsters were left more and more to their own devices. Poor Ernest was in despair. His sister, though but fourteen years of age, seemed to have grown up all at once. She became rough, self-assertive, daring. The delicate, sensitive lad felt that he was no match for her in any way. He dreaded, too, the scenes that now were of frequent recurrence owing to Mrs. Hayhurst’s habits. Still he persevered in his visits; Sunday after Sunday, wet or fine, he was at his post, strong to endure—ready to put up with the sudden violence or maudlin affection of a half-drunken woman, ready to humour his sister’s whims, ready to walk with her, ready to go to Church with her. Still a mere boy, he had but little resource in himself; he was too proud and sensitive to seek advice from others. At last, however, he wrote to Mr. Withers and told him of his trouble.

After that letter several weeks passed by. The summer had almost commenced, the Sundays were fine; Mrs. Hayhurst had “picked herself up”—at all events for the time being; the dear old villa in Edge Lane would soon be re-occupied—for had not Miss Ida herself written to say so? Thus things seemed to be brightening, and it was with unwonted cheerfulness that Ernest started to visit his sister one memorable Sunday in April. It added to his eagerness that he had, the previous day, received a long letter from Arthur.

CHAPTER VI.

“WHERE IS MY SISTER?”



WHEN Ernest Hopley knocked at Mrs. Hayhurst’s door he received no answer. He knocked again; but still all was silent within. Then some children who had been watching his operations, took

pity on his evident bewilderment.

“There is nobody in; they’re all gone away,” volunteered a voice from out the crowd.

Ernest tried to look as though he knew better, and knocked again. Then a next-door neighbour came forth.

“The house is empty; the old lady has sold off everything and cleared out.”

“And where is my sister Maggie? What has become of her?” demanded Ernest. He knew this woman and knew her to be one of Mrs. Hayhurst’s most undesirable acquaintances.

“How can I tell where she’s gone? It would take a sharper pair of eyes than mine to keep a watch on Miss Maggie. But I suppose she’s off with the old lady, or, maybe, it’s the old ‘un as has gone after the lass.”

“But what is the meaning of it all?” cried the lad. “There was never a word said about moving when I was up last Sunday, and they can’t have gone right away out of Swan without letting me know. Maggie wouldn’t treat me like that.”

The rough woman felt for him in his distress; and her voice was not without kindness as she replied:

“I don’t know the rights of it all, but there was a gentleman come to see Mrs. Hayhurst a-Tuesday evening, and after he was gone she carried on something cruel. Then Maggie and that lanky young fellow that keeps company with her came in, and they all seemed to be bangin’ about and having a regular shindy. The next day the old lady was rampin’ like a lion, and she and Maggie was fixin’ things up and carrying them about all in a hurry. Then, in the evening, a man came and took away all the furniture, and in the morning they took themselves off and left the place just as you see it now.”

“But does no one know where they are gone to?” asked Ernest blankly.

“Well, I suppose they know themselves, but they

didn't leave no address with any one as I knows on," replied the woman, laughing loudly at her own wit.

The lad turned away with a sick heart and walked disconsolately down the street. He knew who the "lanky fellow" referred to was, for he had already "had words" with Maggie about him. He was connected with a travelling show that had been encamped for a couple of weeks in the neighbourhood, and rejoiced in the name of Orlando Perkins.

That his sister should have tolerated the advances of a worthless, roving fellow of this sort had been a sore grief to Ernest, and this was one of the points on which he had dwelt in his letter to Mr. Withers. But this that had happened was worse than anything that he had dreamed of. What had happened? Was it possible that this wayward child had, of her own free will, gone off with a lot of strolling players and acrobats? Surely even Mrs. Hayhurst, with all her faults, would not have allowed such a thing. But then she might not have been consulted—might, in fact, not have known anything about it. Perhaps both she and the girl had been deceived and entrapped by a set of wicked, reckless people.

The first thing to do was to ascertain whether the show had actually left the village. That question was soon settled. A few minutes' walk brought Ernest to the camping-place. It was absolutely deserted; darkness and silence reigned where, but a few days previously, the flare of the smoking naphtha lamps had lit up a scene of confusion and boisterous merriment. The poor boy shuddered and was ready to burst into tears, as the bitter, insulting wind blew bits of paper and straw into his face. He was groping his way back towards the main street when a policeman fell in with him.

The officer knew him, and guessed the object of his quest.

"They have moved on Warrington way; had the last performance on Wednesday, and were on the road before daylight Thursday." He volunteered the information, and was evidently waiting to be further questioned.

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Hayhurst, sir, or about the girl that lives with her—she is my sister?" inquired Ernest.

"Well, I can't say as I knows much, except that they are gone; we all knows that; but some of us may have suspicions that go further."

"As far as Warrington?"

"Yes, that is about the length of it," admitted the officer.

"And how far is it to Warrington?" and the lad drew himself together as though preparing to take the road.

"Too far, my lad, to make a start to-night," and the man laid a kindly, restraining hand on Ernest's shoulder. "But there is a couple of our men going that way to-morrow, and I'll ask them to have a look for the silly lass."

"But I must go myself; I must bring her away; she has no one but me—not one in the world to care for her or see to her," cried the boy passionately.

"Well, go home the night and tell your master about it—for I suppose you are working for some one in the town. Then, maybe, he'll send you on the railway to-morrow, and that way you won't have lost any time at all."

"But how am I to rest the night, thinking of our wee Maggie, and of where she is and what's become of her? No, I'd sooner go at once; because as long as I was walking I wouldn't get thinking so bad."

"Come, it's not so bad as all that," remonstrated the policeman. "There is a Father for the fatherless, and He'll uphold the poor, silly child. And for the matter o' that she might have a worse one than Mistress Hayhurst to be along with her. The woman has got her faults, and bad uns they are; but her heart is in the right place, and she's no fool—mind you that, she's no fool."

Thus partially consoled, Ernest hurried back to Liverpool and told the whole story to Mr. Jenions. The worthy bookseller was interested at once; so much so that, had he not been almost crippled by an attack of gout, he would have gone in search of the missing lamb himself. As it was, he readily gave Ernest permission to go, and was even so far moved from his usual stinginess as to volunteer to pay the lad's fare by that recently introduced means of locomotion, to wit the railway train. He also conceded an advance of wages to the amount of ten shillings.

Cheered by such practical manifestations of sympathy Ernest took heart of hope, and when he arrived in Warrington next day he was glowing with courage and with a novel sense of self-confidence and self-importance. But his troubles were not yet over—in truth they were only beginning. It appeared that the Warringtonians had not sufficiently appreciated the show, and that it had accordingly moved on with a view to visiting some of the obscurer towns and villages of the district. Ernest started in immediate pursuit, but the way was long, and the weather was bad. Wet and footsore he stumbled on; and the question was ever with him, growing in persistence as his exhaustion increased,—What good reason had he for this belief of his that Maggie and Mrs. Hayhurst had gone away in the trail of the actors at all? His few timid inquiries had failed to elicit any information. Unaccustomed to the rude dialect of rustics and colliers, and without any practical experience of life beyond the school and the shop, he shrank into himself and moped listlessly along the road. As the evening drew on he ceased to have any definite idea as to where he was going; perhaps, if suddenly asked, he could scarcely have told what he was seeking.

It was in this doleful time that Arthur's letter proved a help. Ernest had brought the letter with him on Sunday intending to read it to Maggie, and it was

still in his pocket. He now took it out and read it again in the fading light, as he sat resting by the roadside. And as he read, it was as though his brother were beside him again—the brother to whom he had looked, through all the years of boyhood, for leadership and strength.

"I hope and pray our wee Maggie is doing well. She ought to be nigh a woman by this time, and a rightdown fine one she promised to make. Do you know, Ern, I often feel as if I hadn't done my duty by Mag. You and I were right enough in the Blue Coat, but old Hayhurst's was no fit place for our sister. I told Miss Ida that the night before I sailed; but it would have been more use if I had spoken sooner or if I had stayed at home and had an eye to her myself. It might have been better for us all, and we might have had a comfortable home together by this time. I was a fool, that's what I was; but it is too late now, for I know rightly I wouldn't give up the sea, even if I got the chance to. But I'm forgetting that you'll be out and doing for yourself by this time, and you were always such a steady sort of chap that I'm sure you'll take better care of the wee lass than ever I could have done. I don't know what it is makes me go on like this, Ern, but I've been thinking a lot about old times lately and of how we were left orphans, and of how mother seemed to look to me, and of what an ungrateful and useless sort of chap I have been. Well, if God spares me to see the old Mersey again, things may be different; but meantime it will be your business to take care of our sister. Remember, brother, there is a lot of bad people in the world, and I believe Maggie is more like me than she is you—excitable, easily led away, and the like of that."

There was more in the letter, but nothing more that Ernest cared to read at that moment. The

story of the voyage—with all its hardships, adventures, and scrapes, aye, even the confession of folly and wrong-doings—these had no interest now; for the present at least they were pushed into the background. The message of the letter was a call to action.

Ernest sprang to his feet and hurried on till night closed in. Then, being too shy to ask shelter from strangers, he crept into a shed and lay there till morning. At daybreak he was on the road again; and now, at last, a ray of kindly fortune shone upon him, half-famished as he was. As he stopped at a wayside shop to buy some bread, the woman there took pity on the lad's wretched plight. She offered him some tea; then a few words of motherly encouragement brought out the wanderer's story. The good woman was keenly interested and eager to give what help she could. It appeared that the show (not quite "the greatest on earth," though quite as loudly boast-



"THEY HAVE MOVED ON WARRINGTON WAY."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

ing) had halted at a mining village not more than four miles distant. The shopwoman had watched it pass her door the previous day and, what was even more helpful and encouraging, she was pretty confident in identifying Mrs. Hayhurst. Just such a woman as Ernest described—a big, handsome, good-humoured, loud-voiced Irishwoman, with a basket of small wares on her arm, had been in her shop when the crowd that followed the show was thronging by.

Inspired with new hope and warmed by a good breakfast, Ernest started for the village where the show was encamped. It did not take him long to get there, and then he immediately recognised the group of gaudily painted vans that had more than once excited his curiosity and admiration during their stay at Old Swan.

But what was the next step to be taken? There was no performance going on at that hour of the morning; the vans were closed, the big tent deserted, and only a few stragglers to be seen about. To the youthful imagination there is always something awe-inspiring in the externals of the show, the circus, or the theatre. To go up and thunder at the door of the red van with a brass knocker, to call forth the manager and to demand immediate audience with his sister—that, Ernest knew, from his reading of sundry romantic tales, was the correct thing to do. But he had not the courage to do it. So, for a while, he wandered round, peeping here and there, in the vague hope that he might come upon Maggie; he also kept an eye open for Mr. Orlando Perkins. But his watchfulness met with no reward.

By degrees Ernest sauntered farther and farther from the field in which the vans, etc., were located, till finally he found himself beyond the last house of the village. All at once his attention was attracted by the figure of a woman who half-sat and half-reclined against the roadside bank. The figure was familiar; so, alas! was the attitude.

"Is that you, Mrs. Hayhurst? I've been looking for you everywhere."

The woman lifted herself on one elbow and looked up stupidly.

"You've been lookin' for me, have ye? Well, now you've found me, I hope it's pleased ye are."



"WHERE IS MY SISTER?"

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

"Wake up, Mrs. Hayhurst, please, and tell me where Maggie is. I want her—I want my sister," cried the lad.

"Why, if it isn't our little Ern, and he's talkin' as big as if he was a grown man!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayhurst admiringly.

"Where is my sister? Why have you taken her away, you wicked woman?" persisted poor Ernest.

Mrs. Hayhurst got her feet under her and prepared to rise. "Why have I taken her away, is it? Well now, that's a good 'un; as if it wasn't she took me away and gave me no peace till I broke up me bit of a home. But what could I do? The child was sot on goin' to see the world, and shure I couldn't lave her when I passed me word to her mother as she lay on her dyin' bed, that I'd be afther seein' to her as if she was me own?"

"Then where is she now? Who is she with?"

"Well, if she's not in the house, maybe she'll be at what they call the rehearsal they have in the shed at the back of the pub. down there by the big tent."

Ernest waited to hear no more. Anger, disgust, and something of a nameless terror took possession of him. He ran back down the road and soon found the place Mrs. Hayhurst had indicated. He pushed open a door and gazed on a scene that, for the moment, took his breath away. There, beneath a rough shed roof, a crowd of men and women were assembled, lounging about, drinking, laughing; while on a table in the midst Maggie, fantastically dressed up, was receiving instruction in some sort of dance.

(To be continued.)

IN A ROCK POOL.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

IT is a warm summer's day. The sun is shining brightly upon the sea, the tide is out, and we are standing on the brink of a rock pool and gazing into the depths below. Can you imagine anything more exquisite? Here are glades and avenues of tropical vegetation—crimson bushes, golden trees—viewed, as it were, from a balloon or through a diminishing-glass. The rocks are faced with sheets of tender green: every corner is hung with pendent masses of russet brown; every stone, almost, is studded with bright flowers, with petals widely expanded. No painter's palette ever bore tints such as these; no artist's pencil ever outlined such wonderful and delicate tracery. And the whole scene is softened—spiritualized, almost—by the veil of shimmering water through which one gazes upon it.

The fairy forms are those of shrimps and half-grown prawns. One can scarcely see them, for they are almost as transparent as the water itself. It is hard to believe that they are really alive; they look like faint shadows darting in and out of the weeds. And it is harder still to believe that the beat of a tiny tail can send them flying along with such astonishing speed. We build our mighty ironclads; we fit them with giant engines, fed by their hundreds of tons of coal a day; and we hold up our hands in wonder as they creep over the waves at the rate of some six or seven and twenty miles an hour. How mighty is man! How wonderful is his power of invention! How astonishing is his capacity for impressing the forces of nature into his service! So we say in our pride. Yet here is Nature herself sending a little creature barely an inch long skimming for fifteen feet, not over the water, but through it, by just one stroke of its tiny, fanlike tail, and that in a second of time! When we build our ships as Nature builds her shrimps and prawns, and endow them with powers of movement at a proportionate rate of speed, they will travel at the rate, not of twenty-seven miles an hour, but at something like that of five hundred miles a minute!

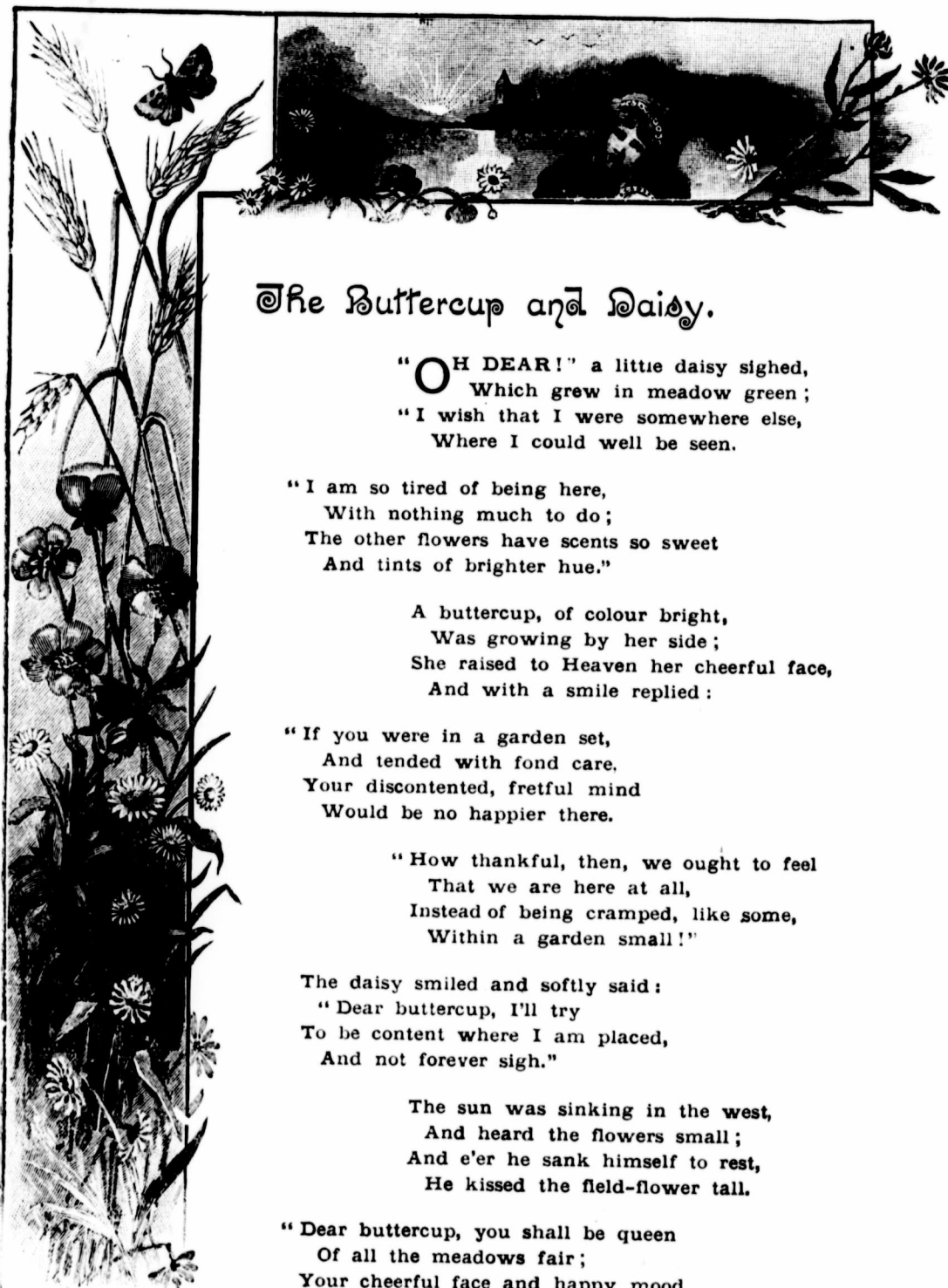
A bright and happy life it must be, that of these shadowy creatures, all gaiety and pleasure and never-failing vitality. Yes; but a busy and a useful life as well. They are not idle, these shrimps and prawns. They are scavengers, submarine dustmen, whose task it is to remove all decaying and noxious substances from the waters of this enchanted pool. For even here, in this scene from fairyland, death lurks unseen. Fishes, molluscs, zoophytes, crustaceans—they all pay the one great debt, sooner or later. But never one among them all is left to decay and poison the water. Nature tolerates death, but cannot endure the sight or the results of his operations; so the instant her creatures are dead, living creatures remove their

remains. They do so, it is true, by devouring them. Never mind that. Is it not better that corruption should pass back into life? And what if at times death is forestalled, and some bright and happy being is destroyed and devoured while yet its brief span of existence is not half lived out? Death at any rate casts no shadow before it. Its victims never know that it is coming until it comes; and its work is done, and painlessly done, in a moment.

You see those flashes of rainbow tints glinting along through the water? They come from the body of a tiny jelly-fish, whose scale-clad sides break up the rays of light and resolve them into their component colours—a strange little jelly-fish, of oval shape, which trails along, as it swims through the water, two slender, thread-like fishing-lines! Woe to the baby fish or newly hatched prawn that comes into contact with those innocent-looking threadlets. For they are studded all along their length with microscopical oval cells, containing still more microscopical darts coiled tightly up inside them; and all these cells fly open at the slightest pressure, and all the little darts spring out. So that hundreds of them simultaneously enter the flesh of the hapless victim; and every one carries with it the tiniest imaginable drop of most potent poison, causing first paralysis and then death, and all in a few seconds of time. No more harmless-looking creature than that tiny jelly-fish inhabits our rock pool; yet to creatures even tinier than itself it deals death broadcast wherever it goes.

A little fiddler crab comes swimming through the water. Notice how its hinder limbs are flattened out into broad oval plates, fringed on all sides with long hairs. Can you imagine more excellent oars for that little submarine vessel? Velvety black he is, with claws of scarlet and blue, and bright vermilion eyes set in jetty black sockets. And so long as he remains contented with the security of his rock-bound home, and does not adventure himself upon the rough life of the open sea, his shell is coated all over with soft, silken down, like a garment of velvet pile.

That hairy, slug-like creature lying motionless at the bottom of the pool is a sea mouse. Dirty it is, and dingy, and unattractive in the extreme; yet scarcely a creature of the sea can vie with it in beauty. Wash it; that is all it wants, for its coat is thick with mud. Rinse it again and again, until not a particle of dirt is left remaining, and then say whether you ever saw anything more beautiful! The richest tints—carmine, purple, blue, and vivid green—are chasing one another along every spine. The creature seems simply soaked and saturated with colour. One would almost think that it had been dipped in a rainbow. Can it really live clogged up with mud, so that no eye can ever see its marvellous beauty unless man steps in and removes its coating of dirt? Is the world full of such unsuspected beauty, around us, perhaps, and in our very midst? And is it because we fail to look that we so often fail to see?



The Buttercup and Daisy.

"OH DEAR!" a little daisy sighed,
Which grew in meadow green;
"I wish that I were somewhere else,
Where I could well be seen.

"I am so tired of being here,
With nothing much to do;
The other flowers have scents so sweet
And tints of brighter hue."

A buttercup, of colour bright,
Was growing by her side;
She raised to Heaven her cheerful face,
And with a smile replied:

"If you were in a garden set,
And tended with fond care,
Your discontented, fretful mind
Would be no happier there.

"How thankful, then, we ought to feel
That we are here at all,
Instead of being cramped, like some,
Within a garden small!"

The daisy smiled and softly said:
"Dear buttercup, I'll try
To be content where I am placed,
And not forever sigh."

The sun was sinking in the west,
And heard the flowers small;
And e'er he sank himself to rest,
He kissed the field-flower tall.

"Dear buttercup, you shall be queen
Of all the meadows fair;
Your cheerful face and happy mood
Would make a garden rare."



Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by E. HARDY.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL TREAT.

IN the June of 1892 I was for some weeks in lodgings in H—, a village about twenty-five miles from London, with a beautiful common—a few weeks before a perfect “Field of the Cloth of Gold” in its gorse, and later, in its outlying parts, a tangle of bracken, blackberry, and wild-rose bushes. The recent additions of villa-building did not interfere with this, nor to any great extent with the “Church Green,” where I took lodgings in a long, low house buried in roses and Virginia creeper. The Church and Churchyard formed one side of the green, and the large school buildings close by kept one lively with the children’s comings and goings, and games, which were never any disturbance to me except perhaps at the eleven-o’clock recreation, when their bottled-up energies came out with peculiar force and with no prospect of dinner or tea to hurry them off the green! However, it is of the Sunday School Treat that I intend to write. I believe already the lapse of time has brought necessary changes; but one wishes to retain the recollection of old-fashioned days a little longer, if possible.

My landlady had one little girl—whom I saw each Sunday hurry off with great zeal “to her school,” where she joined the groups of her companions, whose fresh, Sunday dress made the green quite a pretty sight on the Sunday afternoon as they strolled up to rest in the shade of the Churchyard “till the doors were unlocked.” As the days passed on my landlady began: “It won’t be long now before they

fix the Treat”; “Annie has brought in her paper of hymns for the Treat”; then, “Annie is home late today, the organist wanted them to take a turn at the organ with the new hymn”; “Annie has to get off early this afternoon, they are going in early to practise for the Treat.” I began to get quite curious about this Treat, before which all usual habits seemed to give way; and when my landlady said, “The Treat is to be Thursday-week, and I see the Rector’s daughter has begun going round asking for it,” I felt almost as interested as Annie and her mother, especially when as my dinner things were being removed my landlady said, “Oh, there is the Rector with Miss— in their little trap: they are going to have an afternoon of it for the Treat.”

“I suppose, then,” I said, “the subscriptions for this are all asked for at one time?”

“Oh yes, ma’am; they *must* be, because you see they are all *food*. Any one gives just what they like. The butchers mostly give a joint, and so do some of the gentry, and then others send plum puddings and pies, and of course a great many give cakes. The bakers, I know, give all the bread. I give a rice pudding.”

“I wonder how they manage not to have a great deal too much of one thing and too little of another,” I said.

“Well, it must need a deal of planning; but it has been done longer than any one can remember—longer than our old Rector has been here, and he has been

here over thirty years. They have a big tent in a meadow, or in the park, and the tables do look beautiful; the children take flowers for it the day before,—and we all have to cut our best, I promise you."

I asked next whether "visitors" were allowed to contribute, and received the promise that when Miss — called, she should be asked to "step up." The following day, therefore, I was quite ready to receive my visitor, and hear what part I might take in this all-engrossing interest.

My curiosity as to how the supplies could be regulated, if gifts were just "what any one liked," was satisfied on the production of a folio sheet of paper, which led off with the names of twenty-one donors of varying joints—followed by a still longer list of puddings and so on, through potatoes, bread, tea, sugar, milk, buns, cakes and lemonade. The further explanation that this list was carefully made each year, on the day, as the things were received, and that old contributors mainly kept to the same gift from year to year, *new* contributors filling the gaps made by deaths and removals; and a little accommodation on the part of those most interested, in making a change on request, as the promises of the current year were booked, led me to see there was method underlying all the pleasant freedom of choice. •

"Besides, things help to settle themselves: the meat is cold, but potatoes and puddings hot, so those can only be given by people able to send direct to the tent, or so conveniently placed as to be able to receive a call from the cart which goes round between one and two, to pick up hot dishes at houses lying between the rectory and the meadow. Our gifts vary from the largest—the Squire's sirloin of beef, two plum-puddings, and twenty pounds of cake—to the smallest, two pounds of sugar! We used to say we needed no money, as everything is gift or loan that day; but we now have to hire a tent from the next town, both because of increased numbers, and because the old one (which was largely a free loan) really struck work, and the expense of that is too great to be thrown on the ordinary Sunday School Fund. Therefore we take some money gratefully, chiefly from the newer comers, who cannot be expected to enter so fully into the spirit of the day with all the trouble involved in it."

After this you may be sure I took the privilege of a new comer, and waited anxiously for the great day! It broke rather grey and doubtful, but as my landlady said, "I tell Annie it will be all right. They are mostly frightened, but it is mostly fine after all."

Before ten o'clock I saw the Rector's daughter and two or three other ladies meet at the school door; and from that moment onwards, a constant stream of trays covered with cloths, baskets, and bakers' carts seemed to cross the green. As midday approached, these were succeeded by groups of children,

the elder of whom began to pass carrying huge jars of flowers from the school up to the meadow. When the Church bells began, at 12.30, and I by the advice of my landlady hastened to the Church "to get a good place," the whole green seemed alive with gay banners, and people of every age, size, and degree. I was kindly given a place in the chancel behind the choir, and must confess to have seldom been more pleased than with the whole service, which lasted about half an hour. Exactly at one o'clock the organ began, and the choir boys filed in in their white surplices from the vestry, while at the same moment the brilliant white and scarlet banner of St. Nicholas' Sunday School entered through the west door, carried by so completely a "young woman," that I should have considered her a teacher, had there not been sufficient of the same kind to fill at least two long seats in the nave; to be succeeded by others a shade less womanly, with another bright banner, and so on, girls and boys, till the whole nave and one transept were filled with rows of bright faces, and with equally bright banners propped against the pillars, every text and device suited to the occasion being brought into requisition. The hearty singing of the well-practised hymns, so taken up by the very youngest that it was all the choir and seniors could do to keep them steady, the few prayers, the very short address from the old Rector, ending with the reminder that they were asked to help to give the same pleasure to a London Sunday School—an appeal well responded to when the bags went round—all showed a warmth of feeling almost too much for one. Outside the Church the procession formed in two divisions, senior and junior, the senior taking the longer route through the main village road, the juniors a shorter one by the other side of the green, so that from my window the effect of the parallel columns was very pretty. The juniors fell in behind the others as they neared the ground; but their entrance to it, and even the sight of the dinner, I was obliged to forego, only making my way to the Park about four o'clock in the afternoon. I met another small procession just coming on to the ground, very proud of their small banners; this, one of the young teachers in charge explained to me, was the "babies," *i.e.*, about seventy children under six, who came only for an early tea, a present, and as much play as their parents consented to allow them. I found the big tent gay with the banners, and a smaller tent just being arranged for tea for the teachers, of whom I learnt that it was mainly "old scholars" who dined with the school. Games of every kind were going on with great vigour on all parts of the ground, "visitors" of every degree and age throwing themselves heartily into the pleasures of the day. "Mothers" were perhaps more largely represented than any other class; and many of these were most willing to enter into talk even with a stranger, telling how many boys and girls they had

on the ground that day, and for how many years they themselves had shared in it as "scholars."

So the time passed away till about six o'clock, when a bell summoned all, first to their ranks outside the tent, then to the same places they had occupied at dinner, within it. I learnt that the number was somewhat increased by the presence of scholars whose attendance had not warranted a "whole day" ticket, but were not unfortunate enough to have been excluded altogether. Very nearly five hundred was

the total number of teachers and scholars entertained that day. After seeing tea fairly begun, I returned to my lodgings, there to await the "break up," which I was assured was "the prettiest bit of the day."

Farewells, congratulations on the success of the day, groups of children joining their parents, all showed the close of a long and happy day, the memory of which I have wished, if possible, to preserve a little longer in these days when "the old order so inevitably changeth, giving place to new."

Come, Sing with Holy Gladness.

Words by the REV. J. J. DANIELL.

Music by the REV. J. ISHMAEL THOMAS, B.A.
(Minor Canon and Precentor of Norwich Cathedral.)
UNISON.

1. Come, sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High Al - le - lu - ias sing : Up - lift your loud Ho -
2. 'Tis good for boys and maid - ens Sweet hymns to Christ to sing : 'Tis meet that chil - dren's

Organ Swes. Org. ad lib.

HARMONY.

- san - nas To Je - sus, Lord and King! Sing, boys, in joy - ful cho - rus, Your hymn of praise to -
voi - ces Should praise the children's King. For Je - sus is sal - va - tion, And glo - ry, grace, and

Organ Swes. Org. ad lib.

- day, And sing, ye gen - tle maid - ens, Your sweet res - pon - sive lay. A - men.
rest; To babe, and boy, and maid - en, The one Re - deem - er Blest.

Organ Swes. Org. ad lib.

Girls. 3. O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph
With chisel, saw, and plane.
Boys. O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4. Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare Thy children
With that triumphant throng
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song. Amen.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

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A feeling of sadness prevails as we write the August news for the magazine. For our first note must be to draw attention to the above list of burials, which shows that FOUR times in TWELVE days the rector was called upon to stand by the graveside, and that the angel of death makes no distinction of age. The first and second burials were of persons who had come to old age, one having passed the "three score and ten," and the other having nearly reached thereto. The third was that of the "infant of days," and the fourth of the young girl on the threshold of womanhood.

Mrs. Johnson had not been a resident in the parish for long, having come, only about a year ago, an invalid, to spend what seemed likely to be the remaining weeks, but what proved to be the remaining months of her life, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harvey Diette. It must have been a great comfort to both thus to be together during these months, the one to give, and the other to receive, tender loving care.

Mrs. Crawford, on the other hand, had spent the greater part of her life in the township. One of the early residents, she was looked up to and esteemed, on account of her many sterling qualities, by a large circle of friends, by whom she will be greatly missed. The bereaved husband and family have the sympathy of all.

"The days of our age are threescore years and ten," Ps. 90-10. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Ps. 90-12.

The people of the parish will feel for Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Diette in the loss of their only child.

"Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping;
Ah how peaceful, pale and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping;
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In the death of Annie Lyons, the congregation of St. John's church loses one of its most highly esteemed young people. The circumstances of her illness and death are peculiarly sad and touching; and to her parents and brother particularly, and her relatives generally, we extend our heartfelt sym-

pathy. The patience, and sweet resignation to God's will, manifested throughout her illness, were in keeping with her quiet, gentle and consistent Christian life.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust."

"Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

Jesu, the infinite Relearner,
Make of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came.

O by Thy power grant, Lord, that we
At our last hour fall not from Thee;
Saved by Thy grace, Thine may we be
All through the days of eternity."

The annual Sunday School picnic of both Sunday Schools, was held at "The Elms" on the 15th. It proved the most successful one of the last four years. A baseball match, played in Mr. Docker's large field, between girls and boys, added to the interest and enjoyment of those present. The ice-cream feeding contest, blindfolded, while it had not many entries, created considerable amusement. The attendance was about the same as usual; but why could'nt we have the picnic in June before farmers begin haying, and have every household in the parish fully represented.

On Sunday, the 26th, at the morning service at Port Maitland, the incumbent was handed an envelope containing \$15, the proceeds of an entertainment given on the previous evening by the summer visitors at the Taylor cottage, and a note from one of their number, saying that the money was to be used for some object in connection with the "church on the beach," and expressing on behalf of the party, their appreciation of the services of the church. This kindly and graceful act will be appreciated by incumbent, wardens and the congregation generally.

The Bishop will hold a confirmation service at Christ's church on Friday, Oct. 12th.