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THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

A large congregation was present at St. John's church on Sunday morning, Aug. 4th, when the choir of St. John's church, West Brantford, rendered the musical part of the service. Several men of the choir are with the boys in camp at "The Elms," and with the addition of Mr. J. L. Burnum (formerly of the Bank of Commerce, Dunnville) and his eldest son, who are members of the choir at St. James' church, Dundas, the total number vested was 21. In addition to the four hymns and those parts of the communion service which are usually sung, the choir rendered very well an anthem during the offertory. The reverent demeanor, as well as the musical ability of this choir, reflects great credit upon Mr. Shadbolt (manager of the Bank of Montreal, Brantford) and his excellent wife, under whose constant direction and influence its members come.

The choir boys of Grace church, Brantford, whose arrival at "The Elms" was chronicled in last month's issue, stayed this year a full three weeks, from Monday, July 8th, to Monday, July 29th, and on the three Sundays of their stay took charge of the musical part of the afternoon service, being at St. John's on July 14th and 28th, and at Christ's Church on July 21st. The congregations were large, especially on the first and second Sundays, when a number had to remain outside. Master Lloyd Ames, who since he sang as a very little fellow three or four years ago has wonderfully improved under training, and has attained quite a reputation as a boy soloist, sang "The Palms" at

both churches, and "Angels ever bright and fair" also at St. John's. With the exception of the morning service on July 28th, Mr. Bushell very kindly preached at both churches during his stay, and the congregation must have appreciated his thoughtful, practical sermons. Thanks are due to Miss Helen Blott for presiding at the organ; to Mr. George Bate who kindly sent his hayrack for the boys on the two Sundays they went to St. John's, and to Messrs. Diette and H. King, who supplied democrats for the trip to Port Maitland.

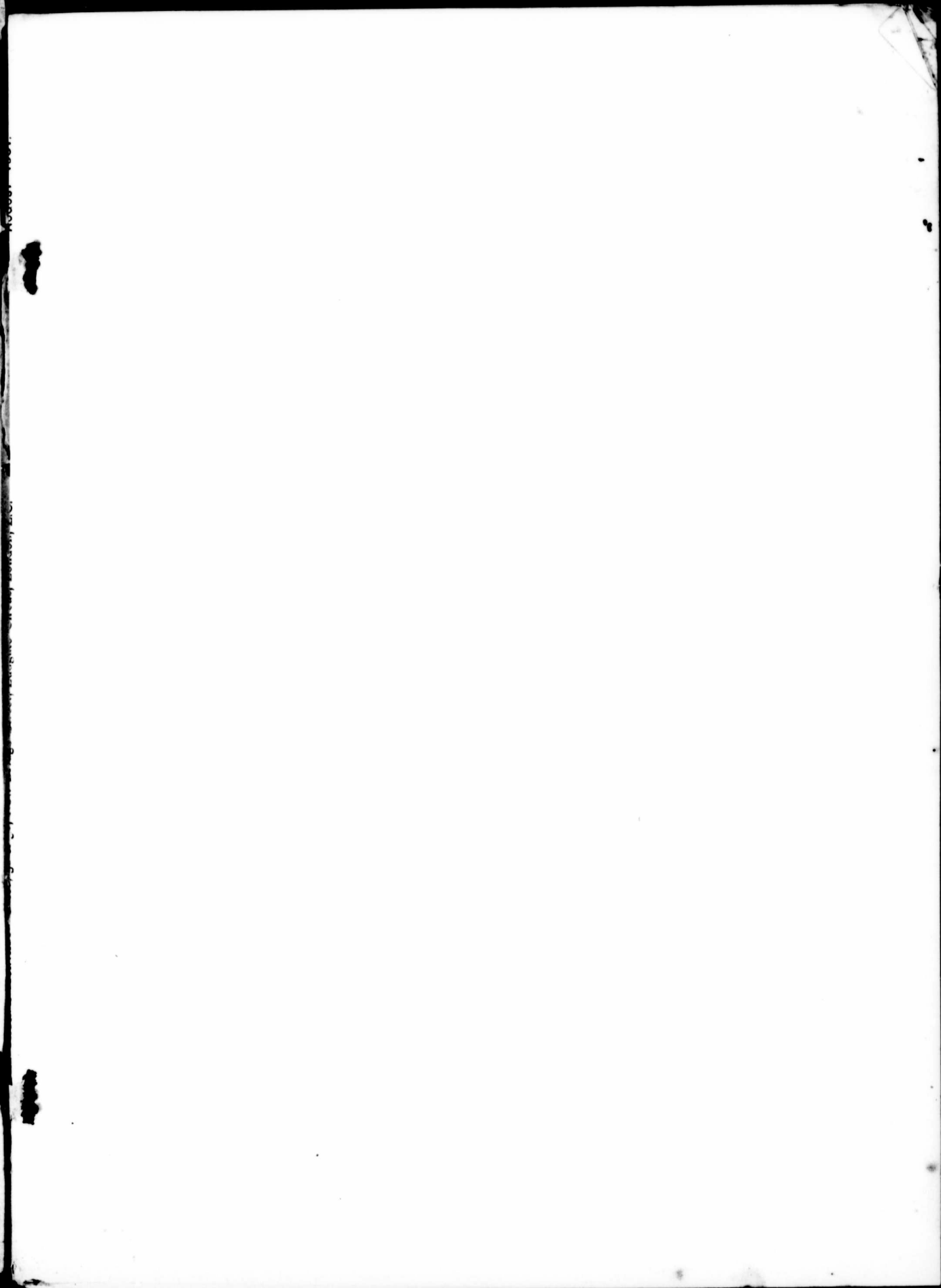
Baptism—Aug. 2nd, at St. John's church, Joseph King, born Oct. 31st, 1826. Witnesses, Mary Ann Lyons and Elizabeth Kohler.

Burial—At Christ's church, Port Maitland, on Friday, July 19th, Martha Jane Crosby, aged 31 years. The deceased was a young woman in the prime of life, who had always enjoyed excellent health, and was of a very active nature. Her sudden death, leaving a family of five small children, came as a shock to the community, and has called forth much sympathy for those who mourn their loss, particularly the bereaved husband, who is a lake captain, and only got word of his wife's death when his boat arrived at Tonawanda on the evening before the funeral, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross of Port Maitland.

Holy Communion—Christ's church, Aug. 25th; St. John's, Sept. 1st.

It is expected that the annual harvest thanks giving service for the parish will be held this year Thursday evening, Sept. 19th, in Christ's church.

NOTE—Will the party who requested extra copies of July number please send address.





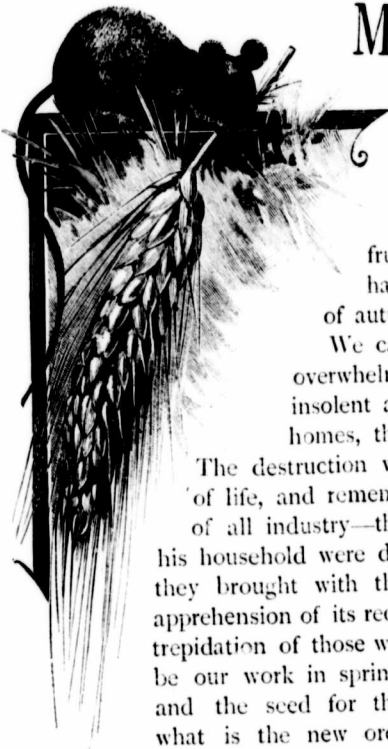
"MAKING PLAY WHILST THE SUN SHINES" (see page 181).

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by F. W. BURTON.

HARVEST LESSONS.

BY THE VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D., *Dean of Norwich.*

"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest . . . shall not cease."—GEN. viii. 22.



MANY generations of human life have come and gone since these reassuring words were revealed to Noah and were penned by the sacred historian. Millions of God's dependent creatures have been sustained by the merciful certainty of our food supply, which is here the subject of promise and of prediction. It is both strange and humiliating to believe that few of those who have been benefited by the old assurance traced their obligation to its source. How many of the people of to-day connect the fruits of the harvest with this far-off prophecy to Noah? How few have grasped the ripening of this old-world prediction into thousands of autumnal histories!

We can easily apprehend its occasion and its object. The Deluge had overwhelmed with ruin the earlier scenes of sin, of selfishness, and of insolent apostacy. The waters of the great deep had drowned men and their homes, their industries, their enterprises in the sea of disaster and of death.

The destruction was wide and wild. It affected, apparently, every form and phase of life, and remembering the time "the waters prevailed," it affected the foundation of all industry—the produce of the earth. From the general destruction, Noah and his household were delivered. They passed from the ark at the command of God. But they brought with them the memories of the judicial catastrophe, and doubtless the apprehension of its recurrence. We can—can we not?—enter into the mental and moral trepidation of those who survived the waste of waters and their desolation. "What shall be our work in spring? Shall we prepare, as in happier times, the fields for the seed, and the seed for the fields? Is the order of the seasons to be as it was? If not, what is the new order to be? Shall we again witness the new life—so green, so fresh, so full of hope—clothing the scene of our toil with beauty and with promise? or shall we be liable to a recurrence of this deluge, saturating our fields, rotting our seeds, withering our work, and weighing down our hearts with the burden of despair?" To such apprehensions as these, the promise of God is His gracious answer, even as their condition was its occasion.

Its object is no less clear. It was to give fresh heart to those to whom the promise was made. It was to assure them that their efforts would never be in vain. Their toil in the earth would appeal to their faith, and their faith would quicken their toil. Their hope of harvest would repose alike upon the old order of the seasons and upon its later renewal, while as often as the harvest returned, men would be reminded of their dependence on Him of Whom it is recorded, "A fruitful land maketh He barren for the wickedness of them that dwell therein." And it is equally certain that some would, as the harvest was gathered, see in its fulness, not only a Father's care for His children, but His unchangeable fidelity to the word He had spoken. "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest . . . shall not cease."

And yet, is it not strange that a promise so munificent in the measure of its mercies, so universal in the range of its performance, and upon which the sons of men are as dependent to-day as when it was first uttered, should have been for ages without adequate and sacred commemoration? Is it not humbling and even wonderful that while God ripened our fields and stored our granaries and gave us daily bread, the acknowledgment of His mercy, the recognition of His inviolable covenant, and the annual reception of the riches of the earth was almost unknown in the Church for centuries? It is true—yes, it is beautifully true—that so long as we worship our

God and Father in the spirit and letter of our Book of Common Prayer, our acknowledgment of Him as "visiting the earth and blessing it" can never be wholly absent. It is true that while we chant the Psalter, as did our adored and adorable Redeemer in the days of His flesh, we raise our pæan of praise to Him Who "openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness." Yet how few Churches, in the earlier decades of the old century, held "harvest festivals"! How recent are nearly all our harvest hymns! How many are there, even now, who, notwithstanding the vigorous enthusiasm of courageous and grateful hearts, may join in our praise, may accept our conclusions, may admit our obligations, may acknowledge our dependence—but yet take exception to the presentation in the House of God of the produce of the earth, in flower, in shrub, in fruit, in corn!

And we must be lovingly tolerant to the exception they take. They remember the days of old, when harvest festivals were extremely rare, when harvest hymns were unwritten, when harvest products were only seen in the fields in which they grew and the stores to which they were borne. And because we are ready to respect their objections to the modern spirit, they will be ready to listen to our plea. We ask them to remember the prevalence to-day of the cold and withering blasts of unbelief. They know, we know, we all know, to our sorrow and to our pain, that infidelity—no more whispered over rose-scented finger-glasses—is to-day proclaimed aloud from the housetops. We listen to its language. It tells us that we know not anything; that the Unknown is the Unknowable; that He, or it—who can say which?—has no concern whatever with man; that man is bound by inexorable law; his food is dependent upon seed, upon the chemical forces of the soil, upon dew and rain and wind and light and sun, and that neither prayer nor praise have any share in shaping our condition, or in producing or blighting our food. This unbelief would banish God from His universe, and obliterate from man the idea of His Fatherhood and of our dependence. If this be so, then is it not wise for the Church, as the harvest time comes round, to associate produce with Providence? Is it not instructive and instructing to introduce the fruits of the earth into the sanctuary consecrated to the adoration of Him Who made it? Is there not a special moral fitness in the faithful making their annual

proclamation of belief in God, and in His intervention in life and its conditions, precisely at the time when this is denied, and when that intervention accords with the genius of Revelation, with the utterance of the prophets, and with the age-long promise that "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest . . . shall not cease"?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

43. **W**HAT servant maid was it who ran away from her mistress? 44. Give an example of the politeness of Moses to seven women. 45. What boy's life was saved by a drink of water? 46. Which is the first song of praise mentioned in the Bible? 47. St. John in his first Epistle gives us a rule by which we may know if we love the children of God, what is it? 48. Who were the first two men to follow Jesus?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

XXII.—ENIGMA.

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep,
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep.

XXIII.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the centre of gravity?
2. What is the oldest herb we have heard of?

XXIV.—CHARADE.

My first is a sportive, timorous thing,
Which bounds through the woods with joy in the spring.
My second's oft heard in the day's busy round,
Striking full on the ear with its echoing sound.
My whole may be seen in the meadows and glades,
Where it brightens the earth with its hue ere it fades.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

XV.—Mutton Hodge-Podge.

MINCE one pound of cold roast mutton; slice up six green onions, two lettuces. Put in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, a teacupful of water, and let them simmer for an hour, keeping them well stirred. Add a pint of green peas, which should be boiled separately.

XVI.—Vegetable Pie.

Take a cupful of green peas, a turnip, a carrot, an onion, a stick of celery; add a tablespoonful of tapioca, a teaspoonful of flour, an ounce of butter, and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Stew all together until the vegetables are nearly cooked, then cut them into small pieces, and fill a pie-dish. Cover with a crust, and bake the pie until the crust is nicely done.

XVII.—Raspberry Jam.

Gather the fruit in dry weather, and to every pound of raspberries allow one pound of brown sugar. Boil the fruit for a quarter of an hour, stirring well; then add the sugar, and boil for an additional half-hour.

Better Than Rubies.

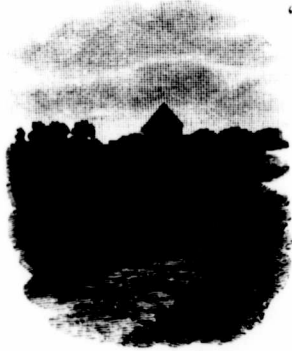
BY MRS. G. S. REANEY,

Author of "Our Daughters—Their Lives Here and Hereafter,"
"Just in Time," "Daisy Snowflake's Secret," etc., etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by S. T. DADD.

CHAPTER III.

HURRIED PLANS.



"HOW long will it take you to pack, eh, girls?" Dr. Peebles asked his daughters lightly about a fortnight after the events narrated in the last chapter. The intervening days had been spent in many discussions about future plans, but so far neither Gladys nor Beatrice

had spoken of their lost property to others.

"I think a day or two would be all we should need, father," said Gladys with a sigh. Instinctively she was thinking of her dear mother, always the one to make arrangements when packing had to be thought about.

"That's well," said the doctor quickly, "for I've a berth offered me on the Gold Coast which I mean to accept. The man who quite recently got the appointment has just died, and I must take his place on Tuesday next. 'Pon my word, it's quite Providential. Walmer Jones' illness might have come on a fortnight later, when he was well on his way to Africa; but here he gets his chill and dies after a day or two's illness, allowing just enough margin to make arrangements for some one to fill his place. A week to-day—sharp work to get our sale over, and the home broken up, practice sold, and all that sort of thing!" and the doctor rubbed his hands gleefully and laughed.

The girls looked at each other quite breathless with amazement. Beatrice was the first to speak.

"What's to become of us, father? Are we going with you to the Gold Coast?"

"Ah! ah! a good joke," said the doctor, continuing to laugh. "Smart paragraph in the *Times*,—'Important medical appointment on the Gold Coast. Dr. Peebles, a well-known provincial practitioner, for many years settled—so forth and so forth—has, with his twin daughters, from whom he was inseparable, accepted office abroad. The trio sail on the 2nd inst.,' etc., etc. 'Pon my word, but it would read well! But no, girls, there's no such luck. I'll go my way and you'll have to go yours. If you had done what I suggested,

and gone to London and made arrangements about learning to typewrite, why, you would have been excellent typists by now, commanding a good salary. Silly children to delay!"

"We did not realize the need of such haste," said Gladys, with difficulty keeping back her tears. "Perhaps we had better ask Mrs. Grafton what would be best to arrange."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," replied Dr. Peebles hotly, who was determined not to have his own plans laid open to criticism. "You two have nothing to do but please yourselves. Whether it's typist or any other 'ist,' you must take lodgings together in London somewhere; there are plenty to be had. Anyhow, you will soon find some handy places for girls like you to stop at. You'll earn enough to keep yourselves comfortably until it's time for you to marry and settle down in homes of your own, or come out to me in Africa, if you prefer it!" and the doctor broke out into a laugh more boisterous than before.

No two girls were more to be pitied than Gladys and Beatrice Peebles in the few days which followed. Fortunately Mrs. Grafton heard of their father's sudden plans and insisted upon their coming to the Vicarage the day before the sale, to remain until they found "something to do." In due course, Dr. Peebles started for Africa, leaving a small amount of money with Gladys for present use, but assuring her that she and Beatrice could find no difficulty in getting remunerative work, and deploring up to the last the monetary losses brought about by the unfaithfulness of their trustee.

Dr. Peebles had never fully realized his responsibilities as a father: years ago it had been so natural to leave everything affecting the management of his children with his gifted and devoted wife.

"Ask your mother." "Your mother knows what is best," he would say to Gladys and Beatrice, when, as little girls, they had sought his help or advice. And as the years had passed on, the habit of keeping himself outside their interests had strengthened until, at a time when deprived of their mother's love and care they more than ever needed his devotion and thought, he planned, without any compunction, going abroad and leaving them to find their own way in life.

Sad, indeed, it is when privileges and duties are so overlooked and neglected, that the capacity to perform them ceases to exist. Gladys and Beatrice were great losers in lacking a father's love and care; but that father was immeasurably more of a loser in being unable to give the devotion which his daughters had every right to claim from him.

The day he left England, Hubert Grafton came home from college to spend the Sunday with his people.

"I am awfully sorry for you," he found opportunity of saying to Gladys, when quite by themselves.

"Mother tells me that you and Beatrice must now work for your living. It does seem terribly hard after being brought up as you have been."

"I think it does seem hard having lost our income through the dishonesty of our trustee," said Gladys thoughtfully, "but having to work for our living is quite another thing. Neither of us will mind it a bit. It will be far and away happier than living in a nice house of our own without a real object in life. Doesn't Carlyle say, 'Work is worship'? Beatrice and I both mean to make the best of it. How could we do otherwise, with the memory of such a noble mother urging us on?"

"Well, I think you are very plucky," said Hubert warmly, "and if you were my sisters I should be awfully proud of you."

The praise was very sweet to Gladys, and she felt grateful for its utterance. She often thought of it in the days which followed, when she found, as others are always finding, that however poetic a position may appear when viewed from a high ground of the determination to accept trial bravely, a near approach reveals a good deal of stiff prose, which at times means difficult and dreary reading.

They had only been a few days at the Vicarage, when Mrs. Grafton met with an accident while out driving with the Vicar, which, alas! resulted in her death within forty-eight hours.

Thus unexpectedly did the sisters not only lose a good friend, but find themselves obliged to accept a temporary home elsewhere.

It was about this time that they heard from a Mrs. Hurst, who, when they were children, had been their nursery governess. She had heard of their troubles, and, with a grateful memory of their mother's goodness to herself, urged Gladys and Beatrice to come up to London and spend a few days at her home.

"I have but a small house," she had written, "but it is comfortably furnished for our position,—my husband is an insurance office clerk,—and we would both make you very welcome. Then you would be quite near to everything; and perhaps, if you would allow me, I could put you in the way of getting some appointment."

Then the letter explained how the writer had heard about Dr. Peebles going abroad, and the "young ladies'" desire to take situations as governesses, etc., from an old servant of their mother's, of whom Mrs. Hurst had never lost sight, as they had both left Mrs. Peebles at the same time and for the same reason—namely, to be married.

"This sounds very kind, and helpful to our plans," said Gladys, discussing the letter with Beatrice. "You see, we have really had no answers worth taking into account from our advertisements, and it seems such a pity wasting our money

aimlessly. Perhaps Mrs. Hurst could tell us exactly the best way to set about securing good situations. There must be in this, as in everything else, one way better than another."

"It feels very *erie*," said Beatrice, her eyes filling with tears, "just to think how badly we want a home, and nobody wants us! I think it very cruel of father to have gone right away and left us like this."

"Hush, dear!" said Gladys, placing her hand before Beatrice's mouth and so interrupting her. "Mother would not like us to criticise father's actions. We were to be kind to him for her sake, and as he has gone abroad, the only way to do this is not to say anything in judgment of what he saw best to do."

Then, gulping down a sob, Gladys smiled through her tears, as she added: "Do not forget dear mother's thought for us: 'Far above rubies.' We will try to be so brave and true to all she has taught us that we will overcome evil with good."

"Do you remember the lines mother was so fond of quoting?" said Beatrice brightly, and she repeated, in tones which were a fit setting for the words:

"'Tis more to be good than be great, dear,
To be happy is better than wise;
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes."

"Yes, that is just it!" said Gladys. "You and I



"'YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND.'"



“YOU NEED NOT HURRY IN YOUR PLANS.”

will make up our minds to smile at the world, Bea. When we think everything very hard and difficult, we will not lose our foothold on the straight way we want to walk by stopping to grumble. I do believe it would be a good plan to bind ourselves by a vow always, every day regularly, to count up our mercies: just to keep our minds fresh with thanksgiving.”

“I suppose, then, to-day amongst our mercies we ought to be glad for Mrs. Hurst’s letter?” said Beatrice. “I do think it very lovely of her to make plans for us.”

“Then, if you think so, and I do—we will decide to go,” said Gladys, springing up from her chair and walking towards a writing-table. “The invitations which the people here have so kindly given us can be kept for holiday-times. We shall be glad of somewhere to go at Christmas.”

“Or even before then,” said Beatrice, “if we find we cannot get into the work for which we are aiming.”

“I expect Mrs. Hurst will soon put us right about our method of trying for some position,” said Gladys. And so indeed it proved.

“You need not hurry in your plans, Miss Peebles,” said little Mrs. Hurst brightly, the first evening of the arrival of her guests at her cosy home in Arbour Square, Stepney. “We wish you to stay as long as you please, and feel quite honoured in having you as our visitors; but I think I would recommend that no time should be lost in Miss Beatrice putting her name down at an Agency for Governesses which I know

to be very good. It is not far from the British Museum.”

“We are prepared to act quite under your advice,” said Gladys, “and shall be very grateful for any suggestion.”

“Well, we will have a nice, quiet Sunday—as it is so near—and next week start early with a definite and methodical system of getting in touch with the right kind of work,” said Mrs. Hurst, who was a kind, motherly woman; and her words inspired confidence.

How much more might be done by way of definite and substantial advice, given to those in need of it, by those whose experience will have qualified them to be counsellors? Mrs. Hurst might have claimed to have called into being (and qualified as a managing director of it) a “Pass-it-on Society.”

“It’s my way,” she said apologetically, when talking to her guests; “I can’t bear to keep all the good things to myself. If I’ve got a blessing from somebody else’s words—and it doesn’t always mean a sermon, either—I feel a kind of responsible until I have handed it on; I believe we’ve all our mission that way. I’ve read somewhere that the world has only one Niagara, but it has tens of thousands of little springs upon which the earth depends for nourishing powers. ‘Now,’ I said to my husband, when I heard you young ladies were going into situations, ‘I would like to pass on my experience to them; it might save a lot of trouble, and help them to make a good start.’ That’s how it happened that I summoned up the courage to write that letter to you.”

"We shall always be grateful to you, Mrs. Hurst," said Gladys. "And please tell us everything you can, likely to be useful."

CHAPTER IV.

OUT IN THE WORLD.



I WONDER whether this is the place, Gladys? Oh, I do feel nervous! Suppose there is some one there, waiting for a nursery governess to come along, and pounces upon me as soon as I get in. Oh, do wait a moment"; and Beatrice Peebles held Gladys by the arm, and prevented her passing through the swing doors which led to

"MISS ASHTON'S SELECT AGENCY FOR GOVERNESSES."

"Nonsense, dear!" said Gladys reassuringly; "there is nothing to worry about. I am afraid we shall not get further than putting your name down to-day. Remember, every one tells us the market is greatly overstocked with nursery governesses—not all as nice as *you* are, dear, by a long way, of that I am quite sure."

Beatrice blushed. Praise is at all times sweet; but it has a very special niceness about it when it comes from our own kith and kin. It would be a happier world if this special praise were in more extensive circulation!

As the sisters passed into "the Select Agency," there was some one coming out. She was a tall, good-looking girl, with square-set shoulders, and the air of one quite accustomed to defy whatever came in the way of her will or pleasure. She paused to let the sisters pass, then, suddenly starting forward, she caught Beatrice's hand.

"Why, I declare it's *you*—and grown centuries older! Whatever brings you here?"

"Letitia Denby! Why, I was only talking about you quite recently!" exclaimed Beatrice warmly, as she shook hands with her young friend in a hearty, school-girlish sort of fashion.

Then the three withdrew into the waiting-room for a chat, and soon were talking very excitedly over plans.

It happened on this wise. Letitia had explained she was leaving her position as nursery governess to two small children, thinking, after eighteen months, she was entitled to a change. She had come to the agency on her late employer's account; for herself

she had met with a situation through a friend, and so forth.

As Beatrice was explaining her desire to find a position, Letitia suddenly exclaimed: "My dear girl, step into my old shoes, they will fit you exactly. Honestly, it is just the work you will like. The children are perfect *loves*, and their mother is ever so nice."

Then followed details peculiarly interesting to all.

And thus it happened that, by this mere accident of meeting with an old friend, Beatrice Peebles found a very suitable situation, and Gladys' mind was greatly relieved. For herself she preferred undertaking a position of companion to a delicate or busy lady; and having got Beatrice well settled, entered her name at two good agencies, and also watched with eagerness all likely newspaper advertisements. And then followed the usual anxious going hither and thither, often to find herself the twentieth or thirtieth applicant, and to be told "the lady was suited."

But at last Gladys was successful. An elderly lady—an artist's wife—engaged her services, and she was quickly settled in her new home. It was in the West End of London, and within reach of a church, to which years before she had been occasionally with her mother. She enjoyed her first Sunday, and gathered vigour for the trials of her new work. She was just leaving the house to be in time for the morning service on the second Sunday, when the lady to whom she was companion met her on the stairs.

"Where are you going, Miss Peebles?" she asked carelessly.

"To church," replied Gladys quickly.

"I am sorry you did not ask if you could be spared," said Mrs. Burns. "I did not interfere last Sunday, because you were new to your position, but I could ill afford to spare you, and found myself doing various duties which are distinctly your own. I cannot repeat this to-day, so please take your hat off and come down to the dining-room."

"But it is Sunday, and of course part of the day I am at liberty to go to church?" said Gladys, putting it by way of a question, and struggling with her tears.

"As an exception it might be so, but not as a rule," was the quiet reply. "Sunday is our only day for receiving our friends. I need your assistance in overlooking the laying of the table for luncheon. In the afternoon there are a hundred and one little matters claiming your attention, and as we always have several people to dine with us on Sunday evening, I could not possibly spare you then; so make yourself happy at home, my dear, and do not for ever worry to get out. Mr. Burns and I are very strict on this point."

"But I could not possibly—possibly stay anywhere where I was debarred the privilege of going to

church once at least, on Sunday," stammered Gladys, completely taken aback. That any one could ask such a thing as that now demanded of her was completely beyond her thought.

"Then I am afraid you must seek another post," said Mrs. Burns calmly, "for I have no intention of asking my friends to stay away, and so long as *they* come, I require the presence of my companion."

Poor Gladys returned to her room and removed her outdoor garments. Her eyes were full of unshed tears, and in her heart was a bitter ache. For the moment she was strangely perplexed. What should she do? Had the sacrifice enjoined upon her been of a different character, curtailing her own personal liberty or pleasure, it would have seemed a matter that could well be faced and decided upon. But this, surely, involved a principle. Had we not been told to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy? Had it not been the custom of all believers from the earliest days of Christianity to set aside the first day of the week for the assembling of themselves together to worship God? Did not this constitute a very essential part of true religion? If Gladys lost out of her life the helpful influence of church-going and all which that meant, would not her spiritual nature suffer? But more even than that, would it not be dishonouring to God?

Then Gladys looked at the other side of the question; here was she, a penniless girl, forced by the cruel circumstances of her lot to go out into the world to earn her living. Could she choose exactly for herself in all things? Must she not be willing to obey the choice of others? Naturally enough she loved her Church and longed for its helpful services, but if the duties of her position made it impossible for her to continue to keep Sunday as she had been trained to

do, did it follow that it was wrong for her to do what was asked of her without murmur or complaint?

At this point of her meditation, Gladys thought she could distinctly hear her gentle mother's voice saying: "God first: all other claims are second to His." And her memory supplied a kindred thought: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

The next morning Gladys told Mrs. Burns that it would be impossible for her to remain with her unless some arrangement could be made about her going to church once a day on Sundays.

Mrs. Burns was quick to reply: "I am not likely to give in on this point, as I told you yesterday, Miss Peebles, so I suppose we must part. I think you will live to repent your decision. It is this narrow bigotry which makes outsiders ridicule religion."

"But, indeed," said Gladys with tears, "you must admit, if religion means anything at all, it claims its definite rights. Am I to cease to *need* the helpful teaching I get at church because I chance to be with



"'WHATEVER BRINGS YOU HERE?'"

those who themselves never go to church? Please, Mrs. Burns, forgive me if I seem to presume in talking in this way, but our dear mother trained us to believe these great truths: 'Seek God first in all things, and obey your conscience implicitly.' I could not do other than I am doing, indeed I could not!"

"Well, I am very sorry," said the lady addressed. "Mr. Burns and I both like you, and would, I am sure, be very willing to forward your interests in life if we had the opportunity; but if we manage to get along without making Sunday different from any other day in the week, there can be no reason why you should not. You are morbid, Miss Peebles—distinctly morbid, and you will live to regret it."

Strange, but at that very moment there flashed across Gladys' mind the broken sentence which had fallen from her mother's lips shortly before her death. "Far above rubies," and the association of ideas—the high price set upon goodness—made her sure the decision she had been led to make was the right one. She had no misgiving, no regrets as the days passed on to the completion of the one month, although in every other respect she found her work congenial. Mrs. Burns was on other points always considerate, and the homelife was very bright and genial. Gladys was made "one of the family," and felt a keen interest in everything going on.

On the Thursday preceding the Saturday of her leaving, she had the afternoon to herself, with permission to go out if desired (Mr. and Mrs. Burns had gone to Richmond to lunch, and would not be back until the evening).

"What is the matter, Harriet? I am sure you are in trouble," she said to the parlourmaid, who waited upon her at lunch. "Do let me help you if I can."

"Oh, Miss," said Harriet, bursting into tears, her red and swollen eyelids proclaiming the fact that this was not the first time she had wept to-day, "I am so unhappy. I went last night to see an old fellow-servant. I heard she was ill, but when I got to her home I found she was dead. So sudden. It was an awful shock to me, and her poor mother—she's a widow, Miss, takes in washing—is that cut up that I can't get her out of my mind. I want somehow to comfort her if I only could, for me and Alice were real friends—though we seldom met of late. Mistress was very good to her; her health gave way here, and she got her a place at Richmond—with the very people they have been lunching with to-day—only poor Alice never seemed to pick up much strength. She has been there going on twelve months, and was took ill sudden-like, and died almost before her mother could get down. They've brought her home to be buried, and the funeral's to-morrow. If only I could have got out and bought a few flowers and taken her! But I dursn't ask Mistress to spare me again to-day; yesterday was an 'extra,' you see."

"Well, cheer up, Harriet; I will get you the flowers,

and take them myself this very afternoon. I was wondering where to go," said Gladys brightly. "It will be such a pleasure to do it for you, and I might have a little talk with your poor friend's mother. I know what it is to have lost some one very dear to me—so I can fully sympathize with her."

Harriet was quite overjoyed at this suggestion, and she gave Gladys full direction where to find a florist whose charges were not high, and how to get to the little back street not far from the Edgware Road, in which Mrs. Symonds lived.

Gladys was quick to get ready and start. She made choice of some beautiful flowers, adding a little of her own money to the sum Harriet was prepared to spend,—and made her way to Mrs. Symonds' house.

Half an hour's chat with the weeping woman completely removed from Gladys' mind all thought of her own troubles. What was it to have the prospect of being homeless in a day or two, so long as health and youth were hers, and any number of friends willing to give her a temporary home? What was this compared with the troubles of this poor widow, so suddenly deprived of her only child?

Gladys had been asked, after a little talk, to step into an inner room where the poor girl lay in her coffin, awaiting to-morrow's funeral.

"Look at her sweet face, Miss. Ain't it peaceful? It looks more like sleep than death, now, don't it?" the weeping widow said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

And Gladys found her own tears flowing as she gazed on the still form. It opened the but half-closed wound of her own loss; but even had it not



"DO LET ME HELP YOU."

been so, pity for the bereaved mother would have made large demands upon her sympathy.

And then, as they stood by the coffin, which held the form of the young girl who had scarcely passed her twentieth summer, her poor mother wailed out a piteous confession.

"I blame myself, I do, Miss, that my child lies there. When first she went to service she was with a good Christian lady, who had family worship regular, and saw her maids went to church on Sundays. But the wages were low: they couldn't afford more, and I wasn't well pleased. A neighbour's girl, my Alice's age, was getting half as much again as she did, and it hurt my pride; so I went, unbeknown to Alice, to the registry office in Edgware Road and put her name down. That's how she came to go to Mrs. Burns'. You see how I blame myself in this way, I was thinking more about good wages than a good home for my girl. She got the wages, but she lost her Sundays—she had her outings at other times, but there was no church-going: she was wanted for the dinner-parties, and—and—"

The poor woman broke down here completely, and it was some time before she could find her voice again. By-and-by she went on: "My poor girl drifted into frivolous ways. . . . Oh, if I could only have gone back those eighteen months and left her where she was! What did low wages matter, while she was having her soul, as well as her body, cared for? What were the big wages worth, so long as she got out of her liking for good things, and cared only for dress and such like!"

"But did she never come back to her serious thoughts?" asked Gladys, as the poor woman paused, and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"I have hope . . . a little hope," she said, shaking her head mournfully. "She would say things in her letters which showed she wasn't happy, and just before she died—I got to her, you see, about an hour before the end came—she asked me to pray the little prayer for her which she learnt when a child:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me
Keep me safe till morning light."

"That's about all the comfort I have. Oh, if only I'd have let her stay on with her good mistress, what a blessing it might have been to her and me!"

Gladys felt so too, and was silent. The talk in that chamber of death made a lasting impression upon her. She wished she could remember every word which Alice's mother had said, to tell to other mothers by way of suggestion as she had opportunity.

Late that same evening, when sitting with Mrs. Burns in the drawing-room, Gladys spoke of her visit to Alice's mother.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Burns, with a sigh, "I never shall be able to understand Providence. Whatever reason could there have been for taking that young girl out of the world, and leaving the old mother still alive?"

"Perhaps," said Gladys thoughtfully, "Alice was taken away from the evil to come, as it says some people are in the Bible."

"Well, that's one way of looking at it," replied Mrs. Burns. "From all accounts Alice has not been quite as steady lately, as when she was my housemaid. She was a nice, quiet girl when she first came to me."

"Her mother thinks it did her harm to give up all she had been accustomed to—her Bible-class and church, while in your service," said Gladys quietly.

Her manner was so gentle and her voice so mournful that it would have been impossible to have resented the speech as an impertinent suggestion or cruel insinuation. It was only the simple statement of a fact, and required no small amount of moral courage to make it.

Mrs. Burns' colour rose.

"Rubbish!" she said impulsively. "The ordinary servant girl is not so easily impressed one way or the other!"

Then she changed the conversation abruptly. But Gladys' words were not forgotten, and they probably sowed the first tiny seed of thought, which led, years afterwards, to altered home plans, and the definite effort to go to church once in the day as Sunday came round, allowing the maids the same privilege as a matter of right.

(To be continued.)

HOW BEECHWOOD HAMLET CHURCH WAS BUILT.

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.



BEECHWOOD was one of seven outlying hamlets belonging to the extensive country parish of Dunnington. The incumbents of Dunnington had been non-resident for some hundred

years until the middle of the last century, a curate-in-charge being left to undertake the church and

parochial duty. The result was that not only were these outlying hamlets completely neglected, but the town itself, in the midst of which the parish church was situated, was to a great extent left uncared for. No wonder that in the town there sprang up three Nonconformist chapels, attached to which there was a small subordinate place of worship in each of the hamlets.

Under a resident Vicar a great change took place. Through his earnest ministry and parochial visitation numbers of parishioners soon returned to their parish church. A new church was built in the nearest and most populous town hamlet, to which an incumbent was appointed.

Included in the district assigned to the new church were two hamlets, one of which was the hamlet of Beechwood. In this hamlet there was a cottage, the large kitchen of which, with an adjoining room, was used as a Baptist place of worship.

When the new incumbent set to work in visiting his parishioners in Beechwood, he met with much opposition. When he called at a cottage, if the door was opened at all, it was only to be slammed in his face with the words, "No Church of England parson is wanted here," or it was held partly open. The cottagers in scoffing language ridiculed the idea that "a parson of a Parliament-made Church, who could neither preach nor pray without a book," could do the souls of people any good.

In the first instance, into not a single cottage was the new incumbent invited. From every door he was turned away. He was, however, patient and persevering. He knew that a past of long neglect had resulted in ignorance and prejudice against the Church and her clergy which could not easily be overcome. Still, he persisted at intervals in calling at each cottage, when the door, as soon as opened, was either suddenly shut in his face in silence, or with some such question addressed to him in angry tones, as "Why do you come here again to trouble us? Have you not already had your answer? We shall have nothing to do with you; we have our own minister to look after us."

As time went on the new incumbent had opportunities of speaking to his prejudiced parishioners, when he explained to them, as far as he could, many things which they misunderstood concerning the Church, her teaching, her services, and the "parsons." His explanations were all new to them, and at first they found it hard to believe his statements. However, they saw that he appeared to be in earnest, and agreed that, parson as he was, he was not a "bad fellow, after all."

One by one he got access to their cottages, and in several cases they not only showed him kindness, but expressed their regret that at first they had treated him so rudely. Still they dwelt upon the idea that he could not preach and pray without a book. It was in vain to invite them to the church to judge as to his

preaching, so he said, "Give me a chance of holding a service in one of your cottages, and then you can form your own opinions on these matters."

It was agreed that he should hold a service on a certain week-day evening in the cottage used as a Baptist place of worship. The Baptist minister objected; but the people replied, "The cottage is not yours. It is only lent to you, and we are determined to give the parson a fair hearing."

The cottage at the first service was crowded. The parson used no book, but after reading a portion of Holy Scripture, intermingled certain collects with some extempore prayers, and preached or talked to them a plain sermon without manuscript or notes. He was asked to hold a service once a week, and soon was requested to hold a service on Sunday afternoon. He gladly consented to both proposals, with the understanding that on Sunday the Litany was to be said. The Baptist minister or local preacher retired from the cottage meeting-house, and the parson was left in sole possession. The people spontaneously and unanimously asked the parson, whom they now called "our Vicar," to give them the Church evening service on Sunday afternoon, instead of extempore prayers. They said "it would be more Church-like."

Soon the cottage meeting-room was recognized as in every way inadequate and unsuitable for crowded services. The question was put on all hands, "Why can't we have a church of our own in the hamlet?"

"This," said the Vicar, "is altogether to me an unexpected and surprising question. The idea of a hamlet church has never occurred to me. I will, however, do my best to get you one; but only on one condition, and that is that you send me a written statement expressive of your wishes, with the names of the hamlet householders attached to it."

The vicar speedily received the petition. The money—some £800—was collected within three months, a pretty and commodious building was erected, and that is how Beechwood Hamlet Church was built.

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

Author of "My Garden in Winter and Summer," etc.

DAHLIAS need attention this month, and the seedlings should be gone over with care. Roses require watering in dry weather; and if there should be any signs of mildew it will be well to dust the trees with sulphur. Caterpillars should be rigorously destroyed, for this is the month in which these pests work sad havoc in the gardens. The same remark applies to snails and wasps. Cabbage may be sown; and, as the nights get colder, cucumbers should have a slight covering. Cuttings of pansies may still be struck.



"ON THE ROAD FROM GIZEH TO CAIRO."

Specially painted for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A., and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

"ON THE ROAD TO CAIRO."

WE have pleasure in introducing our readers to one of the most striking pictures painted by Mr. George Hillyard Swinstead, R.B.A., the well-known artist. When the picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy it attracted considerable attention; and those who are competent to form an opinion, expressed the opinion that Mr. Swinstead had been particularly successful in transferring to canvas a familiar scene of Eastern life. The dusty road, the peculiar swinging gait of the camel, and the general movement in the picture, with the effective grouping and brilliant colouring of the figures, alike display a master's touch. It is gratifying to be able to bring before our readers such a gem of modern art; and by this means take into countless homes a glimpse of the Royal Academy, the recognized home of British painting.

"MAKING PLAY WHILST THE SUN SHINES."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 170.)

BRING Charlie along, and put him on the capstan, and we'll give him a ride while we are waiting for the next job," said Dick Peters to Charlie's brother. And Charlie was brought along, and did have his ride, and enjoyed himself right merrily. These fisher-lads manage to get a fair share of play between whiles, and if they work hard when work is to be done, who will begrudge them their play, particularly when it takes the pleasant form of making the little folk happy? Before very long Charlie will be a fisher-lad, too, and then he in his turn will remember to be kind to the little toddlers; and so the kindness done to him will be repaid to some other boy, and another link added to the chain of love which makes the world go round.



KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

Dean of Canterbury.

(Continued from page 158.)



IN passing under review the general results of Alfred's work, there are several points which call for special mention.

We may notice, first, that all his legislation was pre-empted by a religious, we might even say by a theocratic, ideal. This tendency of the king's mind was probably a result of his early training in the city of Rome, where he had been familiar with the authority exercised by the Pope even over the highest civil potentates. This may be illustrated by his famous code, of which the second part lays down the general principles of English law, recognizing the king as the supreme head of the State, and establishing the *Frank-pledge*, as a pledge of the individual responsibility of every citizen. After this, there is a re-statement of the ancient laws of Wessex. But the first division of the Code is "an abstract of the Hebrew law, indicating the Divine foundations of society, and blending the secular view of offences as damage with the Christian view of them as sin. The conception of the State as an ideal commonwealth which regarded the right living of man as its first object, is therefore due to Alfred; and he indicates a standard so high that he could not dream of enforcing it—the gradual extinction of slavery, the duty of hospitality, and the Christian law of love."

He gave a very powerful impulse to the love of learning and literature among a people which, at his accession to the throne, was elevated very little above barbarism. He invited into his kingdom, and did his utmost to encourage, scholars so eminent as Archbishop Plegmund, Asser, Grimbold, and Joannes Scotus Erigena; and he had the quick eye which enabled him to discern any sign of talents in even the humblest of his own subjects. Thus he recognized marks of ability in Duneulf when he was only a boy tending swine. He had him educated, and ultimately elevated him to the Bishopric of Worcester.

Not content with encouraging the labours of others, he himself, with the assistance and advice of his friend

Asser, became an author, and enriched the nascent literature of his country by producing free translations and epitomes of works so full of permanent instructiveness as "The History of the World," by Orosius, "The History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," by the Venerable Bede, and "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius. He also translated the "Pastoral Care" of St. Gregory the Great, which was edited by Mr. Sweet in the works of the early English Text Society in 1871. One result of his labours was that Saxon—or, as it seems to have first been called about that date, English—superseded to some extent the Latin, which was the ordinary medium of communication among the learned. English was first used to record contemporary chronicles about the close of Alfred's reign.

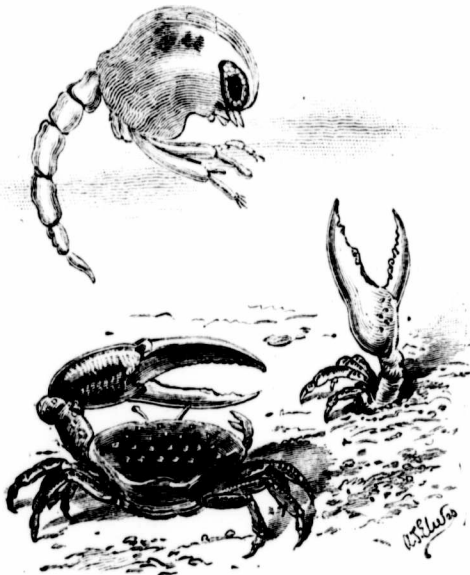
The assiduity of self-cultivation is one of the most unique features in Alfred's life, and there are but few great rulers in all the world's history who have so carefully distributed their time between the entrancing cares of government and the training of their own mental powers. There is no more characteristic story of Alfred's life than that which tells us of the scrupulously careful manner in which he divided his time, and forced himself to provide leisure for the pursuit of his studies even amid the tremendous demands made upon him by the exigencies of his afflicted kingdom. We know how he invented the device of wax candles to burn for twenty-four hours, marked by notches to show the lapse of each twenty minutes; and how, when these candles guttered in the wind, which came through the chinks of his palace, he invented horn lanterns, which prevented them from flaring.

Nor must we omit to notice his remarkable munificence. Heavy as were the demands on his somewhat scant revenue, he not only managed to rear magnificent castles, fortifications, and buildings decorated in a new and superior style, but also showed great generosity towards his friends, especially to Asser, whom he presented with two monasteries, a magnificent pallium, and a rich gift of incense. He also sent valuable offerings to Rome, and to the shrine of St. Thomas in India.

Even after we have subtracted from his achievements the legends that he invented trial by jury, founded the University of Oxford, and divided England into shires, it remains true that the benefits which he bestowed upon his people have never been paralleled by any other sovereign. He established the first navy of England, and by the superior size and build of his vessels made it a match, and more than a match, for the predatory vessels of the Danes. He founded our first schools; he laid the first bases of our literature; he originated the conception of our State-Church; he laid the first secure and permanent foundations of our national empire, and almost of our national existence.

I cannot better end this brief notice of his manifold

greatness than by quoting the eloquent eulogy of Mr. Freeman. "He is," he writes, "the most perfect character in history. No other man has so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A saint without superstition, never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph—there is no other name in history to compare with his." This is, indeed, a strain of exalted praise, but all who are best acquainted with the facts of Alfred's life will be the first to bear witness that it is well deserved.



EARLY STATE OF CRAB. CALLING CRAB.

CURIOUS CRABS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets,"
"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by A. T. ELWES.

EVEN as a class, crabs are undoubtedly very curious creatures.

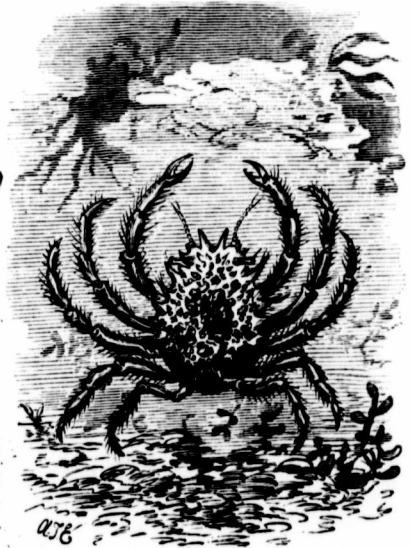
Their method of growth, for example, is remarkable in the extreme. They do not grow regularly and steadily, just a very little every day, like other animals. That they cannot do, owing to the fact that their bodies are encased in hard, unyielding shells. They only do so at long intervals, concentrating a whole year's growth, as a rule, into a couple of days. And in order to do this they throw off their shells, which they afterwards replace with new ones.

When the time approaches for its annual increase in size, a crab becomes very uneasy. It is about to lose its natural armour, and well it knows that for nearly a week it will be wholly at the mercy of its enemies. So it hides away in some secluded retreat where it is not likely to be found. The flesh then loses its firm and solid character, and becomes "watery." Next the animal begins to wriggle and twist about in such a manner as to loosen the attachments which fasten the body to the shell. After a time the shell splits across beneath the "carapace"—that great shield-like plate which covers the back. Then, with a sudden effort, the animal leaps out of the shell, and crouches down beside it, bare and defenceless, with every muscle hard and knotted from the violence of its exertions. Almost immediately it begins to grow. For thirty-six hours or so you may almost see it increasing in size. Then a new shell is rapidly formed, and two or three days later the crab leaves its retreat, armoured as before, to become no bigger till twelve more months have passed away.

Then crabs have eyes like those of insects, placed on footstalks like those of snails. They have ears and scent-organs specially adapted for use under water. They have one pair of large jaws, and two pairs of smaller jaws, and three pairs of "jaw-feet," all of which take their turn in grinding the food to pulp. And out of the eggs which they lay come little creatures which have been well described as "crab-caterpillars," and of which a famous naturalist says:—"Goggle eyes, a hawk's beak, a scorpion's tail, and a rhinoceros' horn adorn a body fringed with legs, yet hardly bigger than a grain of sand." And these little creatures, strange to say, form a large proportion of the food of no less an animal than the whalebone whale!

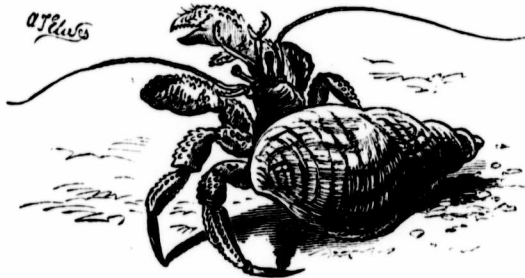
These eccentricities, however, are common to all crabs; and many of these singular beings have peculiarities of their own.

There are the various Calling Crabs, for instance, which are found in many of the warmer parts of the world.



THORNBACK CRAB.

These crabs do not live in the sea at all. They live in burrows in sandy ground, at a considerable distance, very often, from the shore, and only come down to the beach for a dip in the evening; and



HERMIT CRAB.

there is a curious arrangement in connection with the gills which enables those organs to be kept constantly moist. A calling crab, in fact, carries a cistern of sea water about with it wherever it goes, and fills it up as often as it bathes in the sea.

Stranger still, however, is the fact that one of the two great claws is very much bigger than the other—so much bigger, in fact, that it often equals the whole of the body in size. The consequence is that the crab cannot carry its claws in the ordinary manner. If it attempted to do so the weight of this huge member would overbalance it at once, and it would fall over on its side. So the claw has to be held up in the air almost exactly over the centre of the body, and it is jerked up and down as the animal runs along in a manner so irresistibly comic, that anyone who sees a calling crab for the first time is sure to burst out laughing.

The name of "calling" crab, it may be mentioned in passing, is due to the erroneous belief that the movements of the great claw are intentional, and that by means of them the animal beckons, or "calls" to its companions.

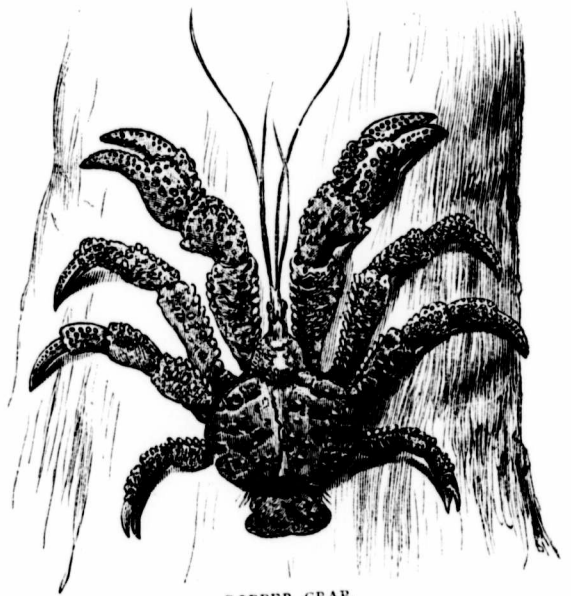
A very curious crab, too, is the Thornback, or Squinado, which is not uncommon on our British coasts. In appearance it is singular enough, for the upper part of its shell is studded thickly with long sharp spines. But in habits it is stranger still, for it carries about on its back a perfect forest of corallines and zoophytes, with perhaps some twenty or thirty thousand hungry mouths amongst them. And the crab and its riders share their meals together. When the crab finds a dead fish it strips off the flesh in lumps and swallows them, while the corallines and zoophytes capture the tiny fragments which otherwise would pass off into the water, and poison it with foul gases as they decayed. What a wonderful provision of Nature it is that not even the least particle of nourishment is wasted, and that all the wide world over there should be these hosts of scavengers,

working busily day and night, year in and year out, on the great unending task of keeping the earth, the air, and the water pure!

Very curious, too, is the quaint little Hermit Crab, whose tail is free like that of the lobster, instead of being firmly cemented to the lower surface of the body. And this tail, instead of being protected by armour, is merely clothed with soft skin. The result is amusing. The little crab, anxious to protect itself against the attacks of its many enemies, tucks its tail into the empty shell of a whelk, and never withdraws it again for a single moment. Even when it crawls along it drags the whelk-shell after it. And even if one seizes the animal and tries to pull it out, it maintains its hold so resolutely that one is obliged to desist, for fear of tearing its soft body in two.

When this strange little crab is alarmed, it withdraws the whole of its body into the shell, and lies with its great claw guarding the entrance.

Most curious of all, however, is the Robber Crab, which lives in the islands of the Indian Ocean, and feeds principally upon cocoa-nuts! These it opens by tearing off the fibres which cover the three eye-holes, and hammering at the softest of these with its claws until the shell is pierced. It then insinuates the long and slender hind claws through the aperture, and



ROBBER CRAB.

picks out the soft flesh of the nut with their pincer-like tips.

To add to its peculiarities, this crab collects the fibre which it strips off from the nuts, and heaps it up into a kind of bed at the end of its burrow!

A Vesper Hymn.

Words by the late JOHN ELLERTON.
From "Hymns A. & M.," by per.

Music by ANNIE L. MUXER, Mus. Bac., Dunelm.

Slow. *mf*

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com-ing night;..... Turn Thou for us..... its

cres. *f* *p* *cres.*

dark-ness in - to light..... From harm and dan-ger keep Thy chil-dren free; For dark and

Very slow. *p* *rit. dim.*

light are both a - like to Thee. A - men, A - - men, A - - - - men.

Key G. *Slow.*

p *mf*

d	:-	d	:r	m	:f	s	:-	s	:f	m	:r	m	:-	:-	:-	m	:-	m	:de	l	:-	:-	m	:r	
Grant	us	Thy	peace,	Lord,	thro'	the	com-	ing	night;	Turn	Thou	for	us	its											
s ₁	:-	l ₁	:t ₁	d	:-	d	:ta	l ₁	:d	d	:t	d	:-	s ₁	:se	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:l ₁	l ₁	:-	:-	s ₁		
m	:-	f	:f	s	:-	s	:-	f	:l	s	:s	s	:-	m	:r	d	:-	d	:e	m	d	:e	r	f	:m
Grant	us	Thy	peace,	Lord,	thro'	the	com-	ing	night;	Turn	Thou	for	us	its											
d	:-	d	:d	d	:r	m	:-	f	:f	s ₁	:s ₁	d	:-	:-	:t ₁	l ₁	:-	s ₁	:s ₁	f ₁	:-	r ₁	:m ₁		

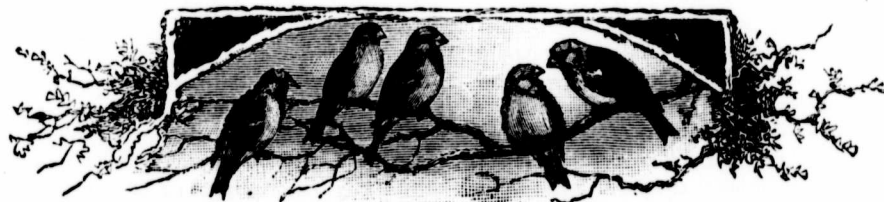
cres. *f* *s. d. f. B?* *p* *cres.*

d	:r	m	:r	s	:-	:-	s	m	:-	d	:l	s ₁	:-	f ₁	:-	m ₁	:l ₁	t ₁	:t ₁	d	:-	d	:e	r	:-	r	:-	
darkness	in -	to	light:	From	harm	and	dan -	ger	keep	Thy	children	free;	For	dark	and													
l ₁	:t ₁	d	:d	d	:t ₁	l ₁	:t ₁	s ₁	l ₁	t ₁	d	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:m ₁	m ₁	:-	m ₁	:r ₁	m ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	:m ₁	m ₁	:-	m ₁	:-	
m	:s	s	:s	f	e	s	:-	r	r	m	:d	ta	:-	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:d	l ₁	:l ₁	se	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:r	d	:t ₁
darkness	in -	to	light:	From	harm	and	dan -	ger	keep	Thy	children	free;	For	dark	and													
l ₁	:s ₁	d	:l ₁	s ₁	:-	:-	f ₁	m	:d	l ₂	:d	r ₁	:-	r ₁	:-	d ₁	:l ₂	r ₁	:m ₁	l ₂	:m ₁	l ₁	:s ₁	f	:-	f ₁	:-	

G. t. m. l. *f*

Very slow. *p* *rit. dim.*

m	s	:-	s	:f	m	:d	m	:r	d	:-	:-	d	:r	m	:-	m	:f	s	:-	s	:f	m	:r	:-	d	:-	:-		
light	are	both	a -	like	to	Thee.	A -	men,	A -	men,	A -	men.	men.																
se	t ₁	:-	d	:l ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	l ₁	:t ₁	d	:-	:-	l ₁	:-	l ₁	:se	s ₁	:-	s ₁	:d	ta	l ₁	:-	d	:l ₁	t ₁	s ₁	:-		
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light	are	both	a -	like	to	Thee.	A -	men,	A -	men,	A -	men.	men.																
m ₁	s ₁	:f ₁	m ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d	:-	:-	f ₁	:-	m ₁	:r ₁	d ₁	:r ₁	m ₁	:-	f ₁	:-	s ₁	:-	d	:-		





DR. JOHN BLOW.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from an engraving in possession of MRS. COLBORNE, widow of the late DR. COLBORNE, of Hereford.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540-1876).

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

VI.—PELHAM HUMFREY, BLOW, AND TURNER.

THERE is many a child, doubtless, who envies the wearers of the white robes, and who longs to be able to join with them in their service of song, thinking them very highly favoured. And indeed they are right, for surely in the present day the life of a cathedral choir-boy is a privileged, though it may not be an easy, one. Have we not heard it said, however, by some, that such are at a disadvantage with other boys who can give more time to general studies, forgetting that the most cultivated and civilized person is one who has had a thorough musical training added to the advantages of a good general education? And what can be a more fitting preparation for the highest of all callings, the sacred ministry of the Church, than the life of a chorister? for, says a worthy writer: * "Music, that noble science, was anciently a part of the ecclesiastical education." Also it was evidently originally intended that the schools connected with our cathedrals should be partly training-grounds for the clerical life. And of the singers generally the same writer says: "It has been forgotten that the members of our choirs, whether lay or clerical, are living stones of the temple, are ministers of sacred things, and have an evident

* Jebb, on the Choral Services of the Church, p. 456.

interest in every part of the ritual, as members of Christ's Body and as the examples of His people."

It is now our intention to speak of three celebrated chorister boys who were in the chapel of King Charles II. In our last chapter we alluded to the fact that the choral service was during the time of the Puritans discontinued, and in consequence both boy and men singers, as well as the organists, were sent adrift, the latter having to support themselves as best they could; but when a happier time came, and cathedral music was revived, no choristers were to be found, and for about the space of two years their places had to be supplied by men altos.

Soon, however, boys were procured and trained by a first-rate master, named Captain Cooke, so called because he had served under Charles I. as a soldier, and who was placed over the Children of the Chapel Royal. Some of his pupils exhibited great talent in composition, and were much encouraged by the King, Charles II., as Dr. Burney says, "was a light and airy young prince," and having been brought up at the French Court, was much influenced in his views of music by the style in fashion there. Indeed, he objected strongly to such services and anthems as those of Gibbons and others, and tried to introduce a more lively method into his chapel. It is related that the King, wishing to commemorate a victory gained by England over the Dutch, ordered a special anthem to be composed for the occasion. As the news only arrived on Saturday, and the celebration was to take place on Sunday, no one could be found to produce one in the time. However, three clever Children of the Chapel offered to undertake the task, and wrote music to the words "I will always give thanks," which joint composition has ever since been called the "Club Anthem." The names of these boys were Pelham Humfrey, Blow, and Turner. We can well imagine their delight at the success of their endeavours, and how proud they must have felt at the performance of their handiwork.

The principal and most talented of these young writers was Pelham Humfrey, who was born in 1647, and one of the first set of choristers under Captain Cooke. He showed so much ability that the King sent him to Paris to study under Lully, and it is said that he succeeded so well in writing music after the King's heart that his poor master Cooke died of jealousy. In 1667 Humfrey became Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Master of the Children. He died at the early age of twenty-seven, and a man of exceptional ability was lost to the country. His compositions are regarded as very fine, and combine the tunefulness of the new style with much of the sacred character of the old Church forms. The well-known Grand Chant is attributed to him.

Dr. Blow, fellow-chorister with Humfrey, was born 1648. He became organist of Westminster Abbey in 1669, where he was succeeded in 1676 by the great

Purcell (of whom we shall speak hereafter), but after Purcell's death in 1695 Blow was once more appointed to that important position. He is especially interesting to us as being the first to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, conferred upon him by Archbishop Sanscroft in 1677. Dr. Blow was the celebrated master of still more celebrated pupils. Dr. Croft, Jeremiah Clark, and for a short time Purcell, had been taught by him. These all contributed fine anthems and services to our store of Church music. The funeral service of Dr. Croft is especially and justly extolled.

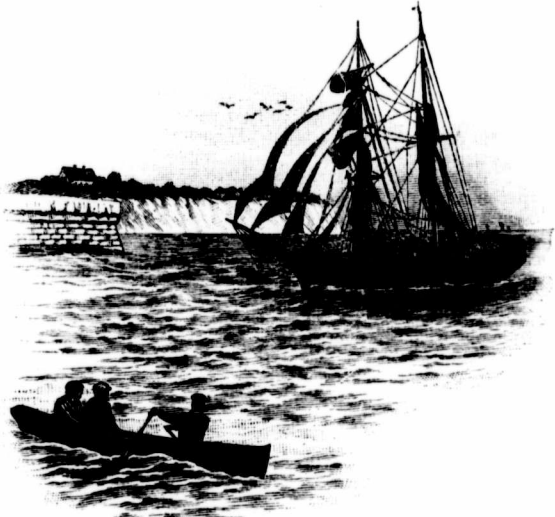
William Turner, the youngest joint writer of the "Club Anthem," was born in 1652, being one of the second set of boys at the Chapel after the Restoration. We understand that he possessed, what is very rare, a natural counter-tenor voice. He was made a Gentleman of the Chapel, and afterwards Vicar-Choral at St. Paul's. He received his degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge in 1699. He lived to the great age of eighty-eight, and was buried in the same grave as his wife (who only died four days before him) in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

Such names as Michael Wise and Dr. Tudway must also be numbered as distinguished disciples of the renowned Captain Cooke.

Before we come to the end of this chapter let a word be said about organs. We have already noticed that after the death of Charles I. they were all taken down from the churches and many destroyed, and when sorely needed at the restoration of musical services there were only four builders to provide them for the many places of worship. Two notable makers were therefore invited to set up these instruments—one named Bernard Schmidt, a German, who brought with him two nephews, and was generally known as Father Smith, to distinguish him from them; another, Harris, an Englishman, born in France, with his son René Renatus. There was, as might be expected, great rivalry between the two building firms, and also much jealousy exhibited. It is said* that at the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, the Master of the Temple and Benchers determined to have the finest organ they could procure for their church; and as both these eminent builders wished to erect one there, and both offered their services, the Benchers arranged that each maker should erect one in different parts of the church, and they would then choose the one considered best. Smith and Harris both consented to this, and did their utmost to provide a most perfect instrument. Dr. Tudway, living at the time, says that Dr. Blow and Purcell performed on Smith's organ on set days, and Lully, organist to Queen Catherine, was to try the one provided by Harris. At last Harris challenged Father Smith to make additional reed stops in a given time. Such were the *vox humana*, *cremona*, and others. These stops, new to England, delighted the people, and great difficulty was found

* Burney's "History."

in judging of the two organs. However, at last it was decided in favour of Father Smith. It is told us that the competition between the two rivals was so great that both were nearly ruined; indeed, the feeling of opposition was so strong that the night before the trial the friends of Harris cut the bellows of Smith's organ, so that no wind could be conveyed to it.



A MARINER'S HYMN.

BY THE REV. A. FREWEN AYLWARD.

Vicar of Enderby.

WHEN scarcely stirs the slumbering sea,
And bright the sun in Heaven above,
While gentle breezes fitfully
Around our staying bark do move,—

Lord of the sea, and sky,
Hear Thou the sailors' cry;
Bring us, our voyage past,
Safe into port at last.

When rushing from an inky sky,
Lashes the wave the angry gale,
While helpless 'neath its rage we fly,
With crashing spar or rending sail,—

Lord, to Thine arms we flee,
Refuge on land or sea,
Bring us, our peril past,
Safe into port at last.

And when Life's voyage, in youth or age,
Is drawing towards that stormless Shore,
Upon whose strand no tempests rage,
No billows break, for evermore,—

Lord of the sea and sky,
Hear Thou the sailors' cry;
Bring us, life's perils past,
Safe to Heaven's port at last!

Amen.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

COMPILED BY MARY BRAINERD GORE.

An Example from China.

WHEN in Chin I had the pleasure of being escorted from Tientsin to Peking by Mr. Norman, who was subsequently martyred, a journey of five days by boat. He was in Chinese dress, and at every place we stopped at he preached to the people the story of the Gospel. He told me that he so loved the Chinese that he would like to die among them, little thinking what the manner of his death would be. I would say unhesitatingly that the raw material out of which the Holy Ghost fashions the Chinese convert, and often the Chinese martyr, is the best stuff in Asia. One finds that everywhere where the Chinese becomes a convert he afterwards becomes a missionary, and indeed a new creature. It is even possible to pick out the Christians by the change of face, and this is especially the case with the women. The Gospel will be spread in China by the Chinese. Among Chinese Christians there is a most eager desire for instruction in the Bible and a study of the Bible which puts us to shame. There is also great liberality and self-denial for Christian purposes. Another feature of the Chinese converts is the great desire for purity, so that it will be impossible for any of the abuses which degraded the Church at Corinth to pollute the infant Churches in China. The lives of the missionaries work a certain result in every neighbourhood where they have been at work for some years. Their lives are a living epistle, known and read of all men, and producing the result which such an epistle must produce."—Mrs. BISHOP (*the well-known traveller*), *Speech in Exeter Hall.*

The Lord Chief Justice of England.

LORD ALVERSTONE, in a speech at Exeter Hall, spoke of the missionary martyrs, and especially of Brooks, Robinson, and Norman in China, and said:—
"I sometimes feel that I would give all my success and prosperity, or a very large part of it, in order to have done one-tenth of the good those men have done. I do not say it is altogether a right feeling; but the self-sacrifice, courage, and devotion of these men ought to inspire those whose career in life has not yet been chosen to go forward as soldiers in the mission-field and to give their best in the service of Christ. I want to make a special appeal to young men and to University men. I ask them to prepare themselves, whilst they possess the priceless gift of youth, to go out and do this work whilst they are, to a large extent, untainted and unspotted by the temptations of the world."

THE ELDEST BROTHER.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK.

Author of "More than Conquerors," etc.
(See ILLUSTRATION, page 189.)

I KNOW all about the eldest brother, because I am not one! Mine was the good fortune to be a middle brother, neither the eldest nor yet the youngest. So it was that I used to carry my head very high, and scornfully boast, "I am so thankful that I am not the eldest to be spoilt by having my own way, nor the youngest to be petted and coddled because of being the youngest."

Somehow, the eldest always seems to me to be pitied, for so much is expected of him, because he is the eldest. He must be constantly reminded to set a good example, because he is the eldest. He must be made to do much "fetch and carry" business, because he is the first to be old enough to go messages. On the other hand, he has many privileges. He often gets the pick of the presents. He usually gets the best education, for probably when it is time for numbers five, six, and seven to be sent to school, the

hard-working father has discovered that he really cannot afford to spend so much in school fees as he has paid for number one. Then, again, the eldest is the first to enjoy that delightful experience of childhood, "sitting up for supper!" He is the first to wear trousers, and—joy of joys!—the first to put on a top hat and carry a cane!

Sometimes, unhappily, he gives himself airs; he domineers; he brow-beats his younger brothers and sisters; and, most cruel and exasperating cut of all, he laughs at them derisively when in their simple innocence they ask such artless questions as: "Why don't the stars twinkle at us in the daylight?" "Why do horses go on four legs when we only go on two?" and the other thrilling problems which puzzle the infantile inquiring mind.

But when he is made of the right stuff, oh! what a treasure in the home the eldest brother really is: his father's pride ("my eldest son!"), his mother's joy ("my eldest boy"), his brothers' and sisters' hero of heroes ("our big brother")—just such an one as our artist has depicted, neither too big, nor too bumptious, nor too prim, nor too proud to play in the nursery with as much zest and enthusiasm as if to do so were the finest thing in the world. God bless the eldest brothers who make sunshine in our homes! God keep them as they grow to manhood's prime, so that their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters may all be always, and at all times, proud of them!

"'Tis true they are only in training now,
But the boys will soon be men;
And out of our houses and out of our schools
Will come our statesmen then.
A trumpet-note of victory blends
With all their fun and noise;
You need never despair of the future, friends,
If you don't forget the boys."



THE "UGLY DUCKLING" POTATO.

THIS good example of the mimicry of Nature, which our artist, has depicted standing in an egg cup, was grown by Mr. Rebit, Elenora Cottage, New Southgate, N.



THE ELDEST BROTHER (*see page 188*).
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. H. G. GROOME.



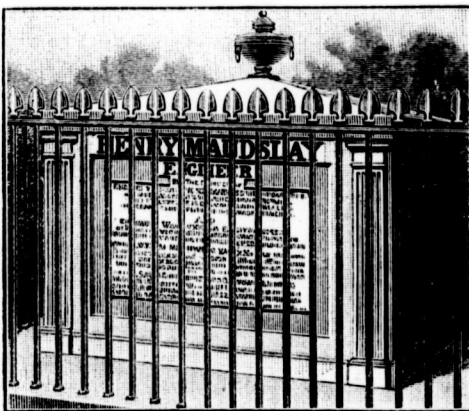
A CURIOUS SUNDIAL.

THE picturesque sundial, of which we give an illustration, is to be found at North Barr, Renfrewshire. It is dated 1650, and is noticeable for having no less than

seventeen dials, all marked with quaint devices and designs.

A CAST-IRON TOMB.

CAST-IRON tombs are certainly rare; yet there is one, at least, in existence—namely, that erected to the memory of Henry Maudslay, the engineer, in Woolwich Churchyard. Born in 1771, Henry Maudslay was the founder, in 1810, of the famous engineering works in Lambeth bearing his



name, which existed there for the greater part of the nineteenth century. Among his pupils was Nasmyth, who, before his steam-hammer triumph, worked at Lambeth for, it is said, the modest wage of ten shillings a week. Maudslay died in 1831, and it was in deference to his own wish that he was buried

in the tomb of iron which now marks his grave. Our illustration has been engraved from a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. A. E. Huitt.

A WHIPPING- POST.

THIS survival of an ancient method of public punishment has been preserved at Much Wenlock. A working man has obligingly allowed himself to be photographed in position, showing how the culprit was secured when the whipping had to be given.



A HOUSE IN A TREE.

NEAR Lady Henry Somerset's residence, the Priory, Reigate, may be seen a house in a tree. Access is gained by a long, winding staircase, and the open view from this strangely placed erection is extremely fine. Our illustration has been drawn and engraved by Mr. H. B. Woodburn.



TRYING TO DO GOOD.—Lady Holland was ever lamenting that she had nothing to do; that she did not know what to be at, or how to employ her time. "I recommended her," said the poet Rogers, "something new—to try to do a little good." Once fairly engaged in that business, one will never have to complain of nothing to do. It is a good cure-all to laziness or listlessness.

"CAUGHT BY THE TIDE."

BY R. BARTON GOODWIN.

Author of "Time's Changes," and Other Stories.

I AM an old man now ; but my experience on that eventful day when I was "caught by the tide," sixty-six years ago, off the coast of Anglesea, is as fresh as if it were only yesterday. My parents had taken a farmhouse by the sea, and one day I started off for a ramble on the shore, immediately after breakfast. My father called after me, "Robert, don't go past Rocky Point, for it is dangerous ahead, and when the tide turns it rushes in very rapidly."

I made no answer. It was a lovely sunny day, and when I got to Rocky Point I clambered on a narrow ledge, so as to get round the corner. This was a risky business, but I managed very cleverly to land on a beautiful stretch of smooth, firm sand. The view before me was glorious, and the sensation of being the sole traveller on that long, long stretch of shore was quite delightful.

By-and-by I thought I would turn back. To my utter dismay, I found that the tide had already turned, and was, as my father had warned me, "rushing in rapidly."

What was to be done? I started to run in the vain hope of being able to reach "Rocky Point" and turn the corner in safety. Swiftly, swiftly the tide came in. There was no help in sight. Already the inrush of the waters had left but a very narrow strip of sand between the towering cliffs and the waves. In my despair I clambered on a rock in the hope that some one on the cliffs might see me in my peril and come to the rescue.

I remained for hours in that dangerous position ; hungry, full of remorse for my disobedience, and almost giving myself up for lost, when, to my relief, a ship appeared in sight. I shouted my loudest, and waved my handkerchief. Was I seen? Oh, the agony of those few moments ! Presently I saw a boat lowered from the side. Two men seized the oars, and they were coming to my rescue. Oh, how I thanked God ! What a time it seemed before they rowed up to me ! Well, I was rescued, and taken aboard the *Doris*, and made much of by my rescuers, who took me with them to Liverpool.

Meanwhile, my father and mother

had been in terrible anxiety, and had given me up as drowned. A vigorous search had been made all along the coast, but not a trace of me was to be found. When my letter reached them, with the good news that I was safe at Liverpool, my folly was forgiven in the joy that the lost son was found.

When I again met my dear father and mother, my greatest punishment was my father's silence about my disobedience. No word was spoken by him on the matter. But at the end of a week he quietly said, when we were taking a walk together, "Robert, have you learnt the lesson? If you do not turn back when you can, you may not be able to do so when you would." Ah, yes, there's many a man caught by the tide of sin because he has foolishly disobeyed his Father's warning :—

"To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin."



"CAUGHT BY THE TIDE."

A LESSON FROM A SICK-ROOM: THANKFULNESS.

BY THE REV. MILES ATKINSON, M.A.
Curate of Newport, Isle of Wight.



EVERY ONE who has visited the sick must have found from time to time how much such visiting teaches of the problems of life, and the sufficiency of Christ's religion to meet the spiritual needs of men. There are lessons of many kinds to be learned in the sick-room, and some are more striking than others.

Thankfulness is a duty acknowledged by all Christians, but practised much by very few. One of the most striking instances of thankfulness with which I ever met was that of an old bed-ridden woman, whose discomforts were many and pains frequent. Whenever I went upstairs into her small room, with its cheerless outlook on a small backyard and a grate empty on even the coldest day, there was always a smile and a cheery voice to welcome the visitor. And if ever the conversation turned upon her ailments or discomforts, it was sure to end on her part with the remark, "But oh! how much I have to thank God for! How thankful I ought to be! How good He is to me!—is He not good?"

The secret of this genuine gratitude and constant cheerfulness was not far to seek. It was the consciousness of God's Presence, and the expectation of the life of Heaven.

One day I was sitting with her, when she told me the story of how this hope began to kindle in her heart—a story which I have often repeated since:—

"Long ago I was living with my father and mother in a cottage at a village called S—. Upon Sunday evenings they went to church, and left my elder sister to take care of me. She used to teach me the Scripture lesson to be said the next day at school. One such evening the passage was from Isaiah, 'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.'

"I learned the lesson; said it the next day; and then, as I should have declared, I completely forgot it.

"Years after I was taken ill. I was getting much worse; and the doctor thought very seriously of me. I felt very bad, and it seemed I was going to die. I said to myself; 'If I die, I shall not go to Heaven; for I have been living without God. I have not been to His House, nor studied His Word, nor prayed to Him; but just lived for my family, to do my work, and earn my living.' I was very wretched. Then, all at once, the words that I had learned long, long ago occurred

to me, 'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given'; my heart leapt for joy, and I said, 'Then it was for me too'; so I prayed God to save me, for Christ's sake.

"When I first had to take to my bed, and was told I must stay there for a week or two, I said I could not. Now I have been here seventeen years! But all the time I have been happy, because I trust and hope in the Saviour Who was born as a little Child for me!"

Day by day she read her Church services, morning and evening, and all the religious books which were lent or given to her. At her last days she lost her eyesight, and could read no more; but she retained her cheerfulness, and said, "I cannot read now, but I must think. God has blessed me with a good memory, and I can say over to myself what I remember."

Not in activity, but in inactivity; not in stir, but in quietness, she preached her religion and glorified her Lord. Who could visit such a servant of God without being the better for it, without being shamed into some gratitude for the enjoyment of so many blessings where she possessed so few?

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—August 1, Lammas Day; 4, 9th Sunday after Trinity; 6, Transfiguration; 7, Name of Jesus; 10, St. Laurence, Martyr; 11, 10th Sunday after Trinity; 18, 11th Sunday after Trinity; 24, St. Bartholomew, Apostle and Martyr; 25, 12th Sunday after Trinity; 28, Augustine, Bishop; 29, St. John Baptist Beheaded.

Jesus said: "Be of good cheer."

St. JOHN xvi. 33.