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Tom. Blott

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

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## THE CHURCH MONTHLY

### Greeting.

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**T**HE clergy of the Rural Deanery of Haldimand take pleasure in introducing to their parishioners a monthly magazine of church literature and parochial news. The inside or main portion of the periodical is printed in England, and under the title of THE CHURCH MONTHLY is known as one of the best magazines that issue from church press in the world's gigantic metropolis, London the old. The contents of the covers are printed within the Deanery. They are intended to give a brief but correct summary of the doings of clergy and people during each month preceding publication, as well as announce meetings, services, and engagements for the month next following. If preserved for future years, this record will become an important and highly valuable chronicle, and will serve the purpose of a thoroughly reliable parish history. The events in the life of each congregation will be known to the children of those who participated in them. The clergy sincerely hope that their parishioners will be prompt in showing due appreciation of this undertaking, as the price of the magazine is only 35 cents a year, payable in advance. They would draw the attention of their people to the clearness of type, the high standard of literary merit, the excellence of the illustrations, and the regular contribution of high-class sacred music, which are the features of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. They firmly believe that THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE will, if carefully perused, effect much good in church families and advance the Kingdom of Christ the Lord.

### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

THE chief matters of interest are connected with the Easter services and vestry meetings. The weather on Easter Day was fine and mild. Early Communion was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Jarvis, beginning at 7.30 a. m., when the number of communicants was 30, and the offertory collection was \$3.00.

At All Saints' church, Hagersville, there was full morning service at the usual hour, followed by Holy Communion. The communicants numbered 33, which, though not a large number, is a slight improvement upon any previous record since the present incumbent took charge of the congregation. The attendance at morning prayer was 70, and the offertory collection amounted to the satisfactory sum of \$23.00.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, service was held in St. Paul's church, the attendance being 150, and the offerings amounting to \$14.83. Holy Communion was again celebrated, the recipients numbering 38. The whole number of communicants at Jarvis was, therefore, 68. A pleasing feature of this service was the presentation of the children's Lenten offerings, amounting to \$5.51.

In the evening, at 7 o'clock, service was again held at Hagersville, the congregation numbering 98, and the offertory collection being \$4.14, besides \$7.00, which was presented by the children as the result of their Lenten savings. The incumbent preached in the morning and afternoon from the text, "Destroy this Temple, and in three days I will raise it up." In the evening the sermon was founded upon the verse, "Dost thou show wonders amongst the dead?" Both choirs sang the anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, etc.," by Edward Bunnett. Thus four services were held within the parish, and the Holy Communion was celebrated three times.

On Monday, April 16th, the annual vestry meeting of All Saints' church took place in the afternoon, the attendance being good. Mr. John Cline was chosen secretary. Owing to the circumstance that Mr. D. J. Almas, one of the auditors appointed last year, had been chosen by the incumbent in September last to succeed Mr. F. B. Geddes as churchwarden, the accounts presented necessarily lacked the guarantee of accuracy which is afforded by the usual auditors' statement. Auditors were therefore appointed, and it was agreed to hold an adjourned meeting at the expiration of a fortnight. Mr. D. J. Almas was again chosen by Rev. P. L. Spencer as churchwarden, and Mr. J. C. Ingles was elected by the vestry as his coadjutor in place of Mr. D. J. Lindsay, who desired to retire. Messrs. Harry Read, Charles Graham, John Cline and D. J. Lindsay were chosen sidesmen. No lay representative was elected, that privilege being accorded the congregation at Jarvis. Mr. D. J. Lindsay will, however, continue to serve in that honorable position. The incumbent strongly urged those present to endeavor to extend the envelope system throughout the congregation, so that the revenue might be available for all expenses as they are incurred. He stated that he hoped to see each congregation show its willingness to raise a somewhat larger amount for clerical maintenance with a view to a division of the parish, and the securing of a resident pastor for Hagersville. He expressed his willingness to make a pecuniary sacrifice provided this desirable arrangement could be effected.



"THE FOXES HAVE HOLES, AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR HAVE NESTS; BUT  
THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD."

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by F. A. SMALLPIECE.*



## DEAF CHURCHMEN; OR, COMING TO COMMUNION.

A THOUGHT FOR EASTER DAY.

BY THE REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A., *Rector of Adel; Author of Hymns for "Holy Week," etc.*

**A**RE you coming to Holy Communion at Easter? You ought to come. Your Lord and Saviour bids you "Do this in remembrance of Me." Your Book of Common Prayer says, "Note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one."

And yet it is a fact that many Church-people neglect the Lord's plain command and the Prayer Book's provision for obeying it, almost as if it did not matter.

If an Apostle of the first age came among us, would he not say to all such negligent men, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be?" And it is in that spirit that these few words of admonition are written.

To a faithful man the word of command is sufficient. No such man wishes consciously to reserve a right to disobey his Lord. The fault lies in not realising that absence is disobedience. In a word, too many Churchmen are deaf.

Too many Churchmen are DEAF. There can be no doubt that Christ has spoken; there can be no question at all as to whether His Voice has sounded; it has sounded, and it sounds everywhere and in all places where His kingdom is set up, and it speaks quite plainly this word: "Do this in remembrance of Me." But still a great many of His people do not hear this sound, and when a sound is made within hearing and yet people do not hear it, the explanation

is that they are deaf. Now when a deaf person can read, there is still the possibility that his heart can be reached. And if any one reads these words who has absented himself from Holy Communion, there is a possibility that, by his reading, the Voice of Christ may yet sound in his heart, saying: "Do this, do this." If it does so sound in the heart of any reader who has not cast off all faith, any soul who still retains something of the grace of humility, who still has some seed of repentance, unrotted by the corruption that is in the world, but who has been living in that strange state of non-communicating Christianity, may he listen till he obeys, and so becomes restored to his true position in the Church.

When a man desires to serve his Queen and country, and becomes one of Her Majesty's soldiers among other necessary conditions is that he must pass his medical examination, and in that examination one of the points is the capacity of hearing. A soldier who cannot hear the word of command is useless. How will it be with some who have imagined themselves qualified to be soldiers of the Cross, but have never thought about their spiritual hearing? How will it be if the question is asked: "Did you hear that word of command, 'Do this in remembrance of Me?'"

If they look deaf and betray an ignorance of the command, what kind of servants and soldiers will they make?



## Homeward Bound.

BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON.

Author of "A Bunch of Poses," etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"BREAD CAST ON THE WATERS."

**G**RANNIE was such a bright sunshiny old soul, that she managed to extract a crumb of comfort even from that message of Tom's. "The dear lad has heard the truth at least," she said, looking up at Sam, "and who can tell, a seed may have been dropped into his heart that will bear fruit some day?"

"Subsequent events did not look much like it," thought Sam, though he did not say as much to his mother, for bold and reckless as Tom had been in the past, in the weeks succeeding the Bible Class he seemed to become more indifferent than ever. He jeered and laughed at Sam, telling their mates he had turned "Methodist," he seldom set foot in the Mays' house, and in and out of the swing doors at the Red Dragon he reeled more constantly than ever.

Susan's temper grew shorter and her tongue sharper, and in that long cold winter she seldom opened her mouth except to grumble. Perhaps this was not to be wondered at, for with work scarce and fuel and food dear, the struggling mother of a household has enough to do to make two ends meet, even when all the wages are brought home; but when half of them go into the till of the public-house the difficulty is intensified. Susan had another grievance. In the spring, she had hoped to get smart new dresses for

herself and the children, and this hope was now gradually receding. Tom was not much at home, and the little time he was he generally spent moodily over the fire, apparently absorbed in watching his tobacco smoke curl up the chimney. Between his drinking bouts he had strange fits of depression, taking small notice of any one save little May, who was always a pet of her father's. Still, drink and jeer as Tom might, he could never get rid of the memory of that Bible Class night nor of Mr. Gwyn's question, "We are sowing a harvest, what will its fruit be?" Out in his boat alone too on the deep waters, Tom would find himself humming (almost ere he was aware of it) the refrain of the hymn sung at the Vicarage:

"Life passeth soon:  
Death draweth near:  
Keep us, good Lord,  
Till Thou appear;  
With Thee to live,  
With Thee to die,  
With Thee to reign through Eternity."

"Bother that hymn!" said Tom, and he would catch himself up almost angrily. "Can't think why it's always running in my head; 'tis the tune, I s'pose; goes sort of catchy. Good thing Sam didn't hear me, think I was turning into one of his psalm-singing set," and, striding to the mast, Tom would pull up his brown sail, as though to try and forget the hymn.

Grannie's faith was not misplaced, a seed had been sown in Tom's heart and he could not get rid of it.

Sam found it hard work to make headway with Tom, he was so uncertain, and irritable, sometimes joking and jeering, and at other times sullen and moody; but the work of grace was deepening in Sam's heart, and it made him patient and forbearing.

That Tom was unhappy Sam felt sure, for all his loud talk and banter. "Mother and the Vicar are right," Sam would think, "holiness is happiness; and them fellows as joke and sing and kick up such a row at the Red Dragon, they may make believe they're happy, but they're not, there's a bill to pay for it afterwards."

The winter passed but slowly, it was long and bitter, and told sadly upon the feeble and aged. Poor old grannie had a sharp attack of rheumatism and bronchitis, and by the doctor's orders had to keep her bed, loth though she was to do so. A married daughter came to undertake the post of nurse, but the little cottage did not seem like itself without grannie's cheerful step. Very grateful and thankful was Sam when she was back in her arm-chair again, the dear old lined face a trifle paler and thinner, but the smile, if possible, brighter and sweeter. That sunny smile of his mother's always reminded Sam of the beautiful sunset glow of a long summer's day; grannie's life had been long and busy—now 'twas evening, and her sun was setting in a halo of peace and beauty. Sometimes

Sam thought she would not be with him much longer, and his honest blue eyes would fill with tears, and his heart grow like lead at even the possibility of such a separation—home without *mother*! why, it would be home no longer; but Sam resolved not to meet trouble half-way, “strength” would be provided for “the day.”

It was a cause of the deepest gratitude and joy to Mrs. May to see her “boy” coming out so boldly for Christ, and as the fear of God grew in Sam’s heart the fear of man became extinguished. No scoffs or jeers could keep him away from Church or the Bible Class now, and he tried to take others with him. Tom Winter and his companions were fond of saying that religion, “Why, ’twas only for women and children!” but that remark had lost all point for Sam



“‘CAN’T YOU BRING WINTER AGAIN WITH YOU?’”

now. He saw that men have to lie on sickbeds and deathbeds, as well as women and children, and that it required much more true manliness to press daily onwards, up the steep and narrow path that leads to Heaven, than to “follow the multitude to do evil.”

The Vicar was much disappointed when he found that Tom came no more to the Bible Class, and he would often lay a hand on Sam’s shoulder, and say with a kindly smile, “May, can’t you bring Winter again with you some night to the Bible Class?”

It grieved Sam to see what a sad look lingered in Mr. Gwyn’s eyes as week-night after week-night he entered the Vicarage library alone. Still, though disappointed, the Vicar was by no means despairing, for he had “cast his bread upon the waters,” and he clung to the promise, “it shall be found,” though it might be “after many days.”

CHAPTER IX.

“DADDIE.”

“DADDIE, stay at home to-night?” As little May uttered this pleading request she climbed on her father’s knee, and twined her arms around his neck.

May was never afraid of “daddie,” never except when sometimes he returned from the Red Dragon not himself, then May would lie trembling in her little bed, awakened by the high words that were passing below, her heart beating wildly, and her cheeks blanched.

The child feared she hardly knew what! only the fringed eyelids would never close till the last angry sounds had died away, and till father had stumbled up heavily to bed, then with a half-sob she would turn on her pillow, sighing out wearily, “How I wish daddie wouldn’t go to the Red Dragon, how I wish he wouldn’t!”

How many aching childish hearts there are who sob out sadly a similar wish!

Tom did not answer May’s question, so, laying her soft cheek against his bronzed face, she repeated, “Daddie, will you stay at home to-night?”

“No, child, I can’t; I’ve promised to meet some mates.”

May did not ask where, she guessed only too surely. With a weary little sigh she stole down from her father’s knee, and took up Daisy, who was playing with an old doll on the hearth, into her lap.

May never played with dolls now; the child had grown strangely quiet and pale during the long cold winter; she had missed “grannie” sorely when she was ill, and the little face though sweet as ever looked thinner and graver. Seated in the firelight her father noted it; and a twinge of something like compunction stirred his not too sensitive heart.

“Been out to-day?” he asked, as he leant forward, and with his big brown hand stroked softly the small fair head. “Ye ought to take Daisy down to the beach, ’tis fine and healthy there.”

“Oh! but so cold, daddie,” and as May, pleased with the unwonted caress, leant back against her father’s knee, she shivered visibly.

The firelight, falling full on the little upturned face, revealed more fully its thinness and pallor; and with another twinge Tom noted how threadbare and worn was the child’s clothing.

"Ye'd not be cold if ye wrapped up warmly; let me see, your frock isn't very thick."

"No, nor Daisy's," and, quite unmindful of her own wants, May stretched out her sister's little skirt in the firelight. "It doesn't matter about me, daddie, because you see I am a big girl; but Daisy—she cries when I take her out in the cold; her little legs do get so blue and chapped," and May drew her little sister to her and kissed her fondly. "But never ye mind, Daisy dear; in the spring, when mother gets more money, she'll buy us new frocks and stockings."

"Ah, son o' finery, I make small doubt; nothing to keep ye warm." But Tom's conscience was ill at ease as he stretched out his hands over the fire. Susan was not the only one to blame. He knew well enough that his children would have been better clothed had he spent less on his own pleasures.

Such thoughts do not bring sweetness with them, and in rather a grumpy voice Tom asked, "Where's mother?"

"Gone to Mrs. Miller's, daddie, to tea. She said I was to put Daisy and Jackie to bed, as she mightn't be back till late. Jackie has only gone next door for a little while, and will be back presently."

Now Tom knew why May was so eager for him to stay at home; the child grew timid when left alone at night, and it was dull work when Daisy was in bed. Tom fidgeted in his chair; he had half a mind to put off the mates. Then visions of the cosy back room at the Red Dragon rose before him, the foaming tankards, and the fun he would miss. "'Twas Susan's work to mind the children," he said to himself. "She ought to have been at home. He would give her a bit of his mind when he got back. Well, he didn't half like leaving the little maid; he would stay another half hour or so, then 'twould be nearer her bed-time."

The three sat quietly in the firelight for some time, May's flaxen head resting against her father's knee, Daisy in her lap almost asleep.

"Hey, Daisy, eyes almost together! May, ye'd best take her off to roost."

"Ready to come, dearie?" and May lifted up her little charge in motherly fashion, and looked into the sleepy blue eyes.

"Ess," and down went the curly head on May's shoulder.

"Say good-night to daddie, then."

The curly head lifted itself, and a pair of small brown arms held themselves out.

Tom lifted the child on his knee, and gave her a ride up and down in the firelight.

The two made a pretty picture: Tom, in his blue jersey, leaning back in the red-lined chair; Daisy, now thoroughly roused, her cheeks flushed, and eyes bright with excitement, romping and laughing; while May, with parted lips and a



"TOM LIFTED THE CHILD ON HIS KNEE."

happy smile, stood by, delighted to see Daisy so merry.

"Ask daddie to let ye ride up to bed on his back, Daisy."

"Ess, ess," pleaded the little one.

So up the short staircase Tom had to climb on his hands and knees, Daisy, with her two fat arms tight round his neck, shouting excitedly, "Gee-up! Gee-up!" May (careful as a mother) coming candle in hand behind in case of accident.

Back in his arm-chair again, Tom looked at the clock—just gone seven! He could spare another quarter of an hour, so, drawing his tobacco jar nearer, he re-filled his pipe, his thoughts running on the children. "Daisy had enjoyed her ride, and May! what a good gentle little soul she was and what care she took of her little sister! Hark! they were singing!" and, raising his head, Tom listened to the childish voices that came floating down the staircase. It was Daisy's evening hymn, May had taught it to her, and every word could be distinctly heard:

"There's a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky."

Right on to the close of the hymn the childish trebles went, May occasionally prompting Daisy when she forgot the beginning of a verse. Tom never once put his pipe in his mouth, but sat drinking in every word. May had all her father's taste for music and her sweet voice sang out the closing words, bell-like in their distinctness :—

“ All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone,  
Oh, come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.”

Almost before the hymn was ended, Daisy's fringed eyelids were together, so, laying the little curly head gently on the pillow, May crept downstairs.

“ Got the little one to sleep ? ” asked Tom.

“ Yes, daddie, her play had tired her, but she did enjoy it,” and climbing on her father's knee, May laid her head on his shoulder.

“ You've got a sweet pipe, little woman ; who taught you to tune up so nicely ? ”

“ Our hymn, do you mean, daddie ? Oh ! I learnt that at Sunday School.”

“ And ye taught it to Daisy ? ”

“ Yes, she knows quite a nice few hymns now.”

“ And have you taught her anything else ? ”

“ Her prayers, daddie,” and May's voice softened.

“ Her prayers ! ” laughed Tom scornfully ; “ a tot like that say prayers ! ”

“ Yes, daddie, indeed she does,” and May sat up with an earnest face ; “ grannie told me to teach her, and she folds her little hands every night and morning and says, ‘ God bless father and mother.’ ”

His children prayed for him and he didn't pray for them ! Tom's conscience had twinged him enough for one evening, so clearing his throat and looking at the clock, he said, “ 'Tis time to be starting.”

May slid off her father's knee, and watched him with grave eyes reach down from the peg his pea-jacket and hat.

“ Good-night, little woman,” and Tom stooped to kiss the small wistful face. “ Mother will come in at the back, I s'pose, so turn the key after me.”

“ Yes, daddie dear, good-night,” and the small arms twined themselves lovingly round Tom's neck.

“ There ! be off soon to bed,” and unloosing the little hands, Tom raised the latch. It was a beautiful starlight night, and Tom stood in the doorway a minute listening to the turning of the key ; then he heard a pattering of small feet, and there was a flash of light into the street as the blind was pulled aside and a small face peered out into the darkness.

“ Good-night, daddie dear, good night,” came in a sweet clear treble, while a little white hand blew kisses.

“ Good-night, old woman,” answered Tom, then he strode away in the moonlight.

\* \* \* \* \*



“ GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE WOMAN ! ”

That small face at the window, that loving, childish voice calling “ Good-night,” for all the after years haunted Tom's memory.

## CHAPTER X.

### “ FIRE ! ”

“ FIRE ! Fire ! ”

The cry rang out with sharp distinctness on the frosty air.

Mr. Gwyn, on the way home from the dying-bed of one of his parishioners, stopped and listened.

“ Fire ! fire ! ” again it came, clearer—louder.

Mr. Gwyn turned and hurried in the direction indicated, guided now by the smoke and by the lurid glare that lit up the evening sky.

Windows were opened, and heads thrust excitedly out.

“ Where is it, Brown ? ” asked Mr. Gwyn of a burly fisherman emerging from a cottage door, struggling hurriedly into his coat.

Brown gave a glance at the sky. “ Ship Street, I should say, sir.”

Ship Street reached—there, half-way down the narrow thoroughfare that straggled irregularly to the harbour, stood a small whitewashed dwelling wrapped in clouds of smoke, flames leaping from the lower windows.

“ Whose house is it ? ” asked Mr. Gwyn of his companion, and as he spoke he quickened his strides into a run.

“ Winter's, sir,” panted Brown.

With a smothered exclamation Mr. Gwyn pushed



forward, elbowing his way through the small crowd that surged with terrified faces round the little dwelling.

"Any one in the house?" asked the Vicar.

"The children," answered a neighbour; "leastways, we s'pose so, though we can't make none of them hear; Winter and his wife, they be pleasuring!"

"Sent for the fire engine?"

"Yes, sir, but it has a good way to come, 'twon't be here for a long quarter of an hour."

"The children may be burnt in their beds by that time!" and Mr. Gwyn took a rapid survey of the house. "Which is their room?"

"The little girls' is at the back, sir, but Jackie, he sleeps in this one in front, along with his parents," and as the woman who spoke pointed with a trembling hand to the house, with the other she wiped away a tear. She had five little ones at home; thank God they were not in such danger. "They must be sleeping main sound, for we've shaken the door, and shouted, and heaved pebbles at the window by the dozen," exclaimed another neighbour; "there's no ladder long enough to reach them, either; Joe Smith, he's gone down to the harbour to fetch one."

"Well, my men, we can't wait for that, we must burst the door open."

No sooner said than done; before the united attack of the Vicar and one or two stalwart fishermen the rusty bolts gave way. Crash went the door, and out rushed such a volume of smoke as almost blinded and stifled the would-be rescuers.

Recovering himself, and about to attempt a fresh entrance, Mr. Gwyn was arrested by a shout,—

"There they be! all three of them! poor little dears!"

Stepping back Mr. Gwyn saw a sight that remained burnt on his memory,—huddled together in a corner of the top front window, in their night-dresses, were the three terrified children, evidently fresh from sleep, awakened by the crashing of the door.

May's small trembling hands were seen unfastening the window, and then Jackie, all terror and excitement, appeared about to be jumping out.

"Wait a bit, Jackie! wait a bit, my boy!" shouted the Vicar authoritatively. "Here" (turning to the neighbours), "quick, one of you get a mattress; May" (facing the children again), "have you any sheets there? tie them together and let yourselves down gently."

Pale though May was, she had evidently not lost her presence of mind; for a minute she disappeared, then she returned knotting a pair of sheets together as securely as her trembling hands would allow. Jackie was apparently incapable of assisting; maddened with fright, one minute he was on the sill of the window, peering down anxiously, the next, back in the room, unwilling to make the necessary plunge.

May tried to reassure him, lifting him on to the sill, and showing him how tightly the sheets were secured. But a look again below was too much for poor Jackie,

he shuddered, and kicked, and tried to climb back again.

"All right, Jackie, don't be afraid; hold tight and come down steadily, we'll have you safe enough," came in Mr. Gwyn's encouraging voice, and a great burst of flame and smoke, rolling right up at that moment almost to the very spot where the children were standing, settled the matter.

Without a vestige of colour in his nut-brown face, but as steadily as circumstances would permit, down the length of sheets Jackie came, swinging irresolutely in the air for a few seconds, then, urged by the shouts of the neighbours, jumping, to land safely on the bed with only a few bruises.

Motherly hands seized him and motherly arms bore him to a place of safety, but it was not a time for words—two little lives still hung in jeopardy.

"Come now yourself, May—quick, with Daisy," shouted Mr. Gwyn, for the two small figures were almost lost in the smoke, and flames were playing in the background.

White as her little night-dress, but still calm and collected, May climbed to the sill and drew Daisy after her. Could she hold on to the sheet with one small hand, and support Daisy with the other? this was the question the Vicar and the little crowd below with bated breath asked themselves. Apparently not, for after one or two vain attempts, hopelessly hampered by Daisy's dead-weight and her terrified kicks and struggles, May climbed back through the window, grasping firmly still her little charge.

"'Tis the little 'un as stops her," cried one man; "left to herself, she could come down right enough."

"Ah! but ye'd never get May to leave Daisy!" said a feminine bystander, and there was a touch of triumph in the woman's voice; she was as proud of the small frail heroine as though the child had been her own.

Mr. Gwyn was thinking too busily for speech. "What step should now be taken? the whole house was wrapped in flames—but the children must be reached somehow; was there any possibility of doing so from the back?"

The Vicar was on the point of running round to see, when a shout was raised. "Here's Joe Smith, here's the ladder!"

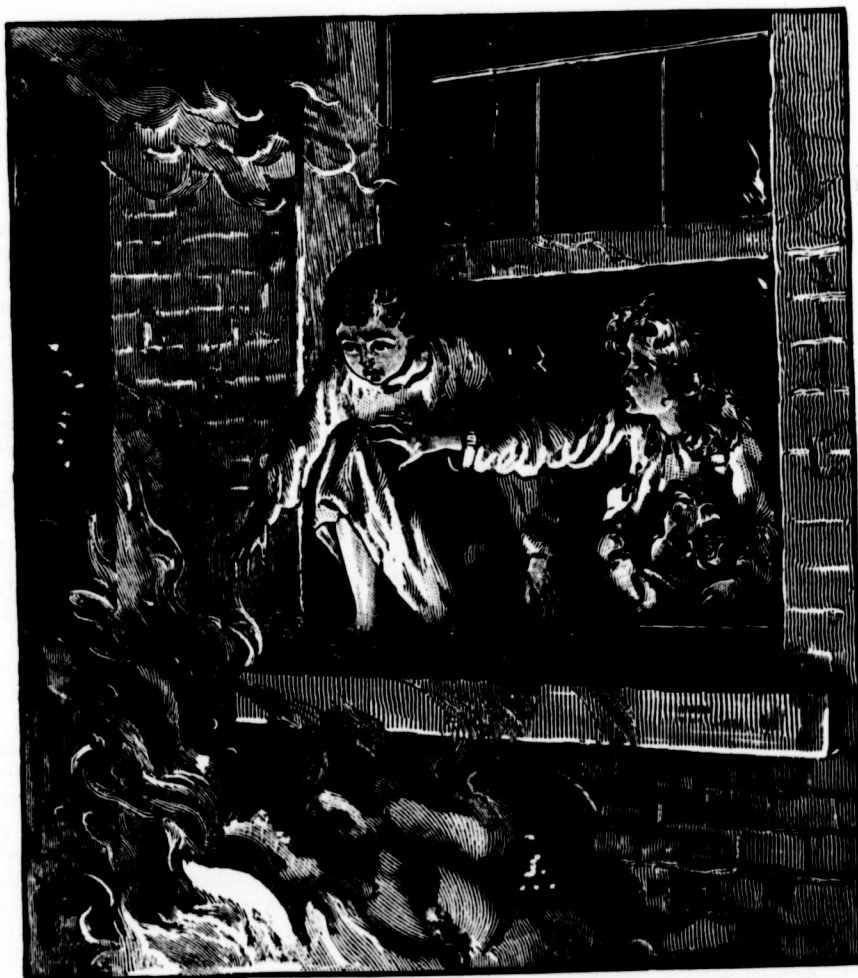
Seized upon by half a dozen pair of hands, it was borne instantly to the window, and almost before it was securely planted, the Vicar was halfway up its rungs.

"Come, come, May, quick!" he shouted.

The child appeared half-dazed, but she did as she was bidden, climbing on the window-sill and dragging her little sister after her, then, with a final effort, she held forth Daisy to the Vicar, with trembling arms.

Seizing the child quickly, Mr. Gwyn anxiously held out a hand to May, for he saw how deadly white the child was, and how her strength seemed almost exhausted.

## EASTER OFFERINGS: TO CHURCHWARDENS.



"SHE HAD EVIDENTLY NOT LOST HER PRESENCE OF MIND."

Too late! the effort to lift Daisy had been too much for May; in a deadly faint she rolled off the sill back into the burning room.

"Take the child! quick—quick," shouted Mr. Gwyn, as he strided down the ladder.

Almost ere he spoke a neighbour was halfway up it, and Daisy was safely in his arms.

With an unuttered prayer the Vicar dashed once more aloft, and through the window into the burning room.

The small crowd below held their breath, and sobs broke from some of the women when, after what seemed an age (but in reality was only two or three minutes), surrounded by smoke and flames, Mr. Gwyn appeared, one arm hanging by his side, but the other encircling securely his little Sunday scholar.

Cheers broke from the group below, and dashing up the ladder one or two pairs of willing hands were outstretched to receive the small inanimate form. Flames were playing all round the Vicar and the

rafters were crackling above him, but not till strong arms were round the unconscious child did Mr. Gwyn appear to think of his own safety, then slowly and in evident pain he climbed through the window and on to the ladder; a few rungs were descended, then there was a slip and a slight groan—with a heavy thud the Vicar fell to the pavement below.

(To be continued.)

## EASTER OFFERINGS: TO CHURCHWARDENS.

**A**NY friends who would like to have a free parcel of notices, cards, and circulars, as mentioned in our last number, can be supplied immediately by sending a postcard or telegram to Fredk. Sherlock, *Church Monthly Office*, 30 and 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C. It is gratifying to know that in a very large number of additional parishes the Easter Offerings are to be collected this year.

## 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 Easter Festival.*

**That** the Easter festival is not only coincident with the time of the observance of the Jewish Passover, but also of the springing up from death to life of the whole vegetative world, which thereby fitly and opportunely symbolizes and illustrates the mystery of the Resurrection as embodied in the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead.

### *All Members of the Church to Communicate at Easter.*

**That** the Church of England requires every parishioner—by which we understand all her members—to receive the Holy Communion *three* times a year, of which times *Easter* shall be one.

### *Election of Churchwardens.*

**That** in the process of the election of Churchwardens, to ensure their legal election, it is necessary to observe all the legal formalities of procedure which govern the proceedings at Vestry Meetings. Thus, at a meeting of the Vestry of the parish of A., Mr. B. was proposed to be elected as Churchwarden; whereupon Mr. C. moved an amendment to the effect that before electing a Churchwarden a certain correspondence between the Charity Commissioners and some parish charity should be produced. The chairman refused to put the amendment to the meeting, and declared Mr. B. duly elected. It was held by the Court to which an appeal was made that the chairman was wrong in not submitting to the Vestry Meeting the question whether Mr. B. should be elected.

### *Object of the Publication of Banns.*

**That** the object of the publication of banns of marriage was and is to give public notification of the fact that two persons intend to be married, and to afford their parents or guardians, or any other persons legally interested in their marriage, the opportunity of forbidding the marriage on the grounds of the existence of some legal cause or just impediment.

### *True and full Names of Parties to be set forth in Banns.*

**That** the object of the publication of banns cannot be realized unless the true and full names of the parties to the intended marriage with the names of the parish or parishes in which they reside be set forth in the banns. This is necessary to give their parents, guardians, or other persons legally concerned in the intended marriage of the parties, an opportunity of identifying them, and if necessary forbidding the marriage on the grounds of some alleged legal cause or just impediment, the merits of which to be afterwards considered.

### *Publishing false Names in Banns may invalidate Marriage.*

**That** the importance of setting forth the true and the full names of parties intending to be married in their banns is proved by repeated legal decisions in the Courts. That one of such decisions was to the effect that though a false name or names might be inserted in the banns without any fraudulent intent, still the publication of such banns was really no publication so far as the parties to the marriage intended to be solemnized by virtue of them were concerned, and therefore a marriage solemnized as the result was illegal.

### *Marriage before Licence.*

**That** under certain circumstances it may be held that a marriage before the issue of the licence is not invalidated. Thus A and B were married at their Parish Church on June 18th, 1857; but the licence for their marriage was not issued till the following day (the 19th). The husband knew at the time of the marriage that the licence was not in existence, but the wife was ignorant of the fact, and believed that all needful legal requirements had actually been complied with. It was declared by judicial decision that the parties had not knowingly and wilfully married without licence, and that the marriage was not void.

### *No legal Remedy for Misrepresentation by One Party to the Other before Marriage.*

**That** it is legally established that no discovery made after marriage by either of the parties that one of them had before marriage misled the other as to character, fortune, or other circumstances not constituting a legal objection or impediment to the marriage, can invalidate their union; that the law throws upon all persons contemplating marriage the responsibility of finding out all they want to know about each other before taking any legal steps in the matter.

### *Rights of Burial.*

**That** the burial of the dead is an "ecclesiastical purpose" within the meaning of the Statute 19 & 20 Victoria, Chapter 104, Section 14. Thus, where an ecclesiastical district which has a burial ground of its own becomes by virtue of this section a separate and distinct parish for ecclesiastical purposes, the inhabitants of such new parish cease to have any right of burial in the burial ground of the old parish out of which the new ecclesiastical parish was taken.

### *Burials within a Parish Church do not legally constitute it a Burial Ground.*

**That** no matter how the interior of a Church may have been used as a place of burial, or how many bodies may have been therein interred, it does not thereby become a burial ground, as is the Churchyard. The separate consecrations of a Church and its Churchyard legally determine their separate uses. The Church is consecrated for the public worship of Almighty God, and the Churchyard for the burial of the dead.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

III. & IV.—ST. PETER WITH ST. NICHOLAS,  
LIVERPOOL.

III.—ST. PETER'S.



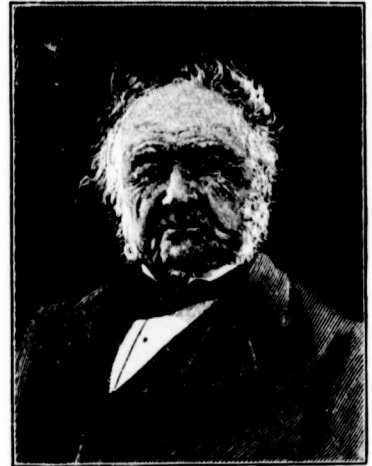
ST. PETER'S.

THE ecclesiastical history of the city of Liverpool presents no features of peculiar interest. Down to the close of the seventeenth century Liverpool was a chapelry of the parish of Walton-on-the-Hill. On July 24th, 1699, an Act of Parliament was passed, constituting it a separate parish. It was determined to build a new Church, and to appoint two Rectors, one for

the new Church, the other for the already existing Church of St. Nicholas. This arrangement continued in force till 1838, when the dual control of the parish ceased, and the two Churches were united under one Rector.

In 1704 the Church of St. Peter was consecrated. It is a large and useful building, but quite beneath notice from an architectural point of view. It is supposed to be a copy of the Church of St. Andrew, Holborn. Indeed, there is no record of an architect ever having been appointed, and this may give colour to the story with regard to the four entrances of the Church, which are all different in design. It is said that a London architect was asked to supply a design for the doorways, and submitted four plans. The building committee could not agree upon one, and solved the difficulty by adopting all four! Internally the bare-

ness of the design is relieved by some splendid oak carving at the east end, which is quite the most interesting feature of the Church. The font, bearing the date of the consecration, is memorable for the thousands of Liverpool's sons and daughters who have there received the sacrament of Baptism, including her most illustrious citizen, the late William Ewart Gladstone. In 1830 a peal of ten bells was placed in the tower. The origin of the organ is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it has been proved to contain work by the celebrated "Father Smith." In 1890 it was thoroughly



W. E. GLADSTONE.  
From a photograph by MESSRS. ROBINSON & THOMPSON, Liverpool.



THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by BROWN, BARNES, & BELL, Bold Street, Liverpool.



CANON A. STEWART, M.A.,  
Rector of Liverpool.

From a photograph by BROWN, BARNES, & BELL.

restored, and is now a most capable instrument. The registers of course date from 1704. Though no ornament, there is no doubt about the usefulness of the Church. It has always been famous for the festivals of sacred music held within its walls. These date back as far as 1766, when the first rendering of Handel's *Messiah* was given in Liverpool, and were held continuously till the building of St. George's Hall. Mendelssohn's Oratorio *St. Paul* was first given in England at St. Peter's, in March 1835, under the conductorship of Sir George Smart. Under the present Rector, the Rev. Canon Stewart, the musical reputation of the Church has been fully maintained, and even enhanced. When the new diocese of Liverpool was constituted in 1880, St. Peter's became the Cathedral Church (not pro-cathedral) of the diocese. Unworthy though it may be architecturally of so high a dignity, yet in every other respect it fulfils the requirements of the chief Church of the diocese. Here there is a daily Cathedral service, which, from a musical point of view, has few equals throughout the country. For this Liverpool is indebted first of all to the munificent generosity of Canon Stewart, and secondly to the consummate ability of the organist, Mr. F. H. Burstall, F.R.C.O., whose skill in the training of boys is remarkable.

As is well known, when the See of Liverpool was founded, an effort was made to raise funds to build a Cathedral Church. The attempt from various causes proved abortive. But the scheme is not dead; it only slumbers. Liverpool Churchmen are rich and generous, and the time must come—it may not be far

distant—when, possibly on the site of the present building, a Cathedral will rise worthy of an important and populous diocese, and so remove what is justly felt to be a stigma upon the second city in the empire.

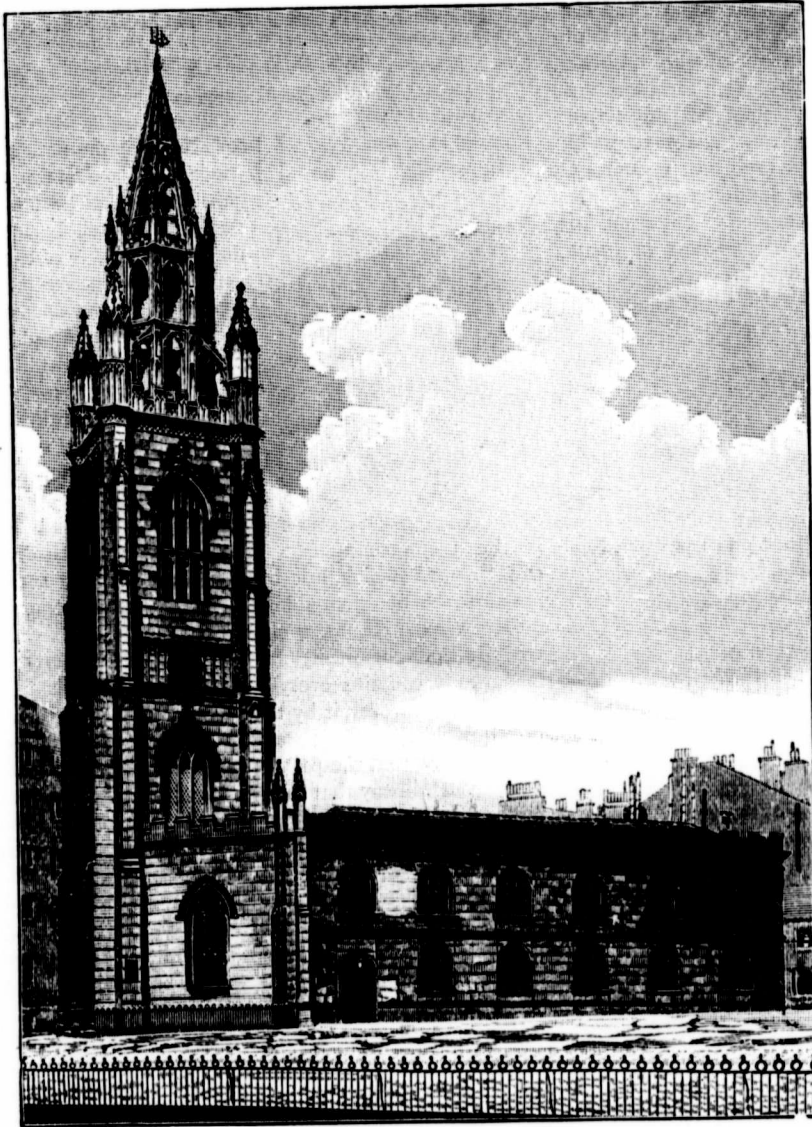
When the new diocese was formed, and the question of a Cathedral mooted, many gifts were offered. One was actually made, by Mrs. Jane Lawrence, of a superb Communion Service, consisting of two flagons, four chalices, four patens, four plates, costing £1500. The work was executed by Messrs. Elkington & Co., who generously gave in addition an alms-dish of corresponding beauty and splendour.

#### IV.—PARISH CHURCH OF ST NICHOLAS.

The Church of St. Nicholas, commonly called the Old Church, stands in a commanding position upon the banks of the river Mersey, and is a conspicuous landmark from all parts of the river. It was originally a chapel of ease to Walton, out of which parish that of Liverpool was taken in 1699. When a chapel was first built upon the present site it is impossible to decide, but probably it was at the end of the fourteenth century. In 1774, the body of the original Church was taken down and rebuilt under the direction of Mr. Joseph Brooks. Like the sister Church of St. Peter, St. Nicholas has no pretension to architectural beauty. In 1746 a spire was added to the tower, which was never intended to support the additional weight, and some years afterwards, on February 11th, 1810, the spire with part of the tower fell with a terrible crash eastwards upon the nave, entirely demolishing the roof. The work of re-building was immediately taken in hand, the first stone of the new tower being laid on September 25th, 1811, by the mayor of Liverpool. Mr. Thomas Harrison of Chester was the architect, and it was completed in 1815. It is a noble and dignified structure, and, with its graceful lantern, is one of the most striking objects to those approaching the city from the sea. The height of the tower is 120 feet, of the lantern 60 feet—total 180 feet. It contains a magnificent peal of twelve bells, cast in 1813 by William Dobson, of Downham, Norfolk, in the key of C, weight of tenor forty-two hundredweight. The Church contains some good monuments. Two of the more modern are by John Gibson, one of the



LIVERPOOL FROM THE MERSEY.



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY, from a photograph by FRITH & Co., LTD., Reigate.*

most celebrated of British sculptors. Previous to the accident of 1810 an ancient octagonal font stood in the Church, with the inscription, NEMO · POTEST · COELUM SED · CHRISTO · MUNERE · FONTIS · NOSTRI · SCANDERE. A fine organ was placed in the west gallery in 1868 by Mr. Willis, the celebrated organ builder, the cost of which when complete will be £1440. The registers date from 1659, the copies prior to that date being deposited at Chester.

For more than a century the Church has been celebrated for its musical services. John L. Hatton, born in Liverpool in 1809, one of the foremost English composers of the century, was organist, and probably his

well-known tune to the morning hymn was first sung here; also W. C. Ashlin from 1853 to 1891—an intimate friend of W. T. Best, who frequently played the service. The present organist is Mr. J. W. Waugh, F.R.C.O. (a pupil of Dr. Crow, organist of Ripon Cathedral), who ably maintains the traditions of his eminent predecessors. Enormous congregations are attracted to the Church on Sunday evenings from all parts of Liverpool and the opposite Cheshire shore, and it is a most inspiring sight to see the nave and galleries packed to their utmost capacity with an attentive congregation in which men always predominate. ♪

Reverting to the catastrophe of 1810, a few minutes before Divine Service began, and just as the clergy were entering the Church, the keystone of the tower gave way, and the north-east corner, with the whole of the spire, came down with a tremendous crash, broke through the roof and carried with it the whole peal of six bells, the west gallery, and the organ, totally demolishing them. Fortunately there were no more than

twenty persons in the Church at the time, and of these the greater part were unhurt, but the school children had partly entered. The boys, marching last, all escaped; but a number of girls, proceeding up the aisle, were completely overwhelmed. Every effort was made to rescue the unfortunate victims. Twenty-seven bodies were taken from the ruins, and twenty-two were either killed or died shortly afterwards. The sad event cast a terrible gloom over the whole district—an impression which has never been wholly removed—and to this day travellers will inquire for the Church where the spire once fell.

Space forbids to dilate upon the work done in this

most interesting of parishes by Canon Stewart and his five assistant-curates. Suffice it to say that each of the parish Churches is a centre of much promising work, ashore and afloat. And although the Rector is precluded by advance of years from taking an active part as formerly in parish work, yet he is always ready with genial presence and kindly word to encourage what is being done. May he long live to preside over this great parish, where men "go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters."

A. C. BROWN, M.A.

### ST. MARK.

BY THE REV. I. GREGORY SMITH, LL.D.,  
*Rector of Great Sheffora.*

**W**HAT was it that beguiled  
His weak and wayward will?  
The sunny vines that blushed and smiled  
Along Olympus' hill?  
With tendrils reaching far  
To clasp and to embrace,  
With ruddy clusters such as are  
The vineyard's choicest grace?  
Soft dreams of peace and home,  
Of careless, strifeless rest,  
Low whispering "No longer roam  
By cares and fears distrest"?

The waves are clashing high  
Their cymbals fierce and loud;  
And dark the menace in the sky  
From yonder swarthy cloud.  
And fierce are they who dwell  
Beyond these angry waves,  
Wild mountaineers! Oh, it is well  
To linger here with these—  
With these, whom he has known  
And loved from childish days;  
Where gently glides the streamlet down  
Of rippling prayer and praise.

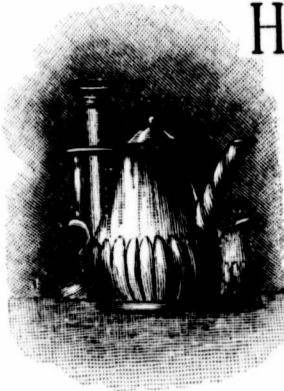
Nay, soldier! Is it right  
To turn aside and flee?  
The others arming for the fight,  
No cross, no crown for thee?  
And yet the days to come  
Shall quite efface the shame,  
When he, who faltered once, in Rome  
Shall speak aloud the Name,  
The Name, which, vilified  
On earth, is loved on high,  
And, by his dying comrade's side,  
Shall win the victory.

LET each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.  
NEVER talk at one another either alone or in company.  
NEVER speak loud to one another—unless the house is on fire.

### HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 68.)



**H**AVING got the patient into bed, the next thing the doctor will be particular about will be his diet. Feeding is of the utmost importance in typhoid, and the doctor in ordering the sick person's food will think about two things:—(1) that it shall be entirely liquid, (2) that it shall be nourishing. Now, if there is a popular prejudice difficult to kill it

is the prejudice against what people sarcastically call "slops," which are by ignorant persons supposed to be not nourishing. Many persons regard milk, for example, as a starving diet; whereas the truth is that chemically analysed milk is a *perfect* food, *i.e.*, it contains everything necessary to sustain life. This, however, is by the way. The doctor's duty is to order the kind and amount of food; the nurse's duty is to see that the patient takes it. The doctor in most cases will say that the patient must have at least three pints in twenty-four hours—nourishment, of course, having to be given through the night as well as in the daytime; he may have to be fed every half hour, or twenty minutes, or quarter of an hour; and though a sufferer should never be wakened from a quiet *sleep* to take food, yet no other cause should ever interfere with the most rigid attention to the directions about the times for administering nourishment. Food must be given by means of a "Feeder," and by slipping the mouth of it carefully between the patient's lips it will often be easily possible to make him swallow the liquid without even raising his head. The nurse will be very careful to see that every cup, or glass, or feeder used for a patient is kept perfectly clean; and no milk or broth should ever be allowed to become stale, and to remain in a dirty cup or glass near the patient's bed; it looks bad, it smells nasty, and the sight and smell take away any appetite the sick man may have. In this connection it may be well to suggest that, *if possible*, all cooking should be done away from the sickroom.

A word or two about alcoholic stimulants may not be out of place. A patient's friends should not be unhappy if the doctor does not order stimulants. He knows exactly the weakness of the sufferer, and he orders them if they are necessary; but there are periods in typhoid when it would be eminently dangerous, and therefore entirely wrong to order stimulants.

If, on the other hand, the doctor thinks it wise and right to order, say, brandy, the nurse will find that it is to be taken in certain fixed and definite quantities, *e.g.* one or two tablespoonsful or teaspoonsful; it may have to be mixed with water, or with milk; but whatever the doctor's orders are the nurse's duty is to see that they are carried out to the letter, both as to the amount given, the time at which it is to be given, and the mode of giving it. It is a good plan to note down all these particulars on a strip of paper which may be pinned up in some convenient place near the bed. All these remarks apply equally to the administering of medicine. A further caution may be added for the sake of emphasis. *Never guess at quantities; keep a measure handy and use it.*

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

IV.—THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.



BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

THE Right Rev. Watkin Herbert Williams, Lord Bishop of Bangor, is a son of the late Sir Hugh Williams, Bart. of Bodelwyddan, and his mother was a sister of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, of Wynn-stay. He was born in 1845, and was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, taking his degree in 1870.

The whole of his ministerial career has been spent in the Principality. He was ordained to the Curacy of Rhosllanerchrugog in 1870, and in 1872 became Vicar of the family living of Bodelwyddan, the beautiful Church being so widely known to tourists as "the Marble Church," which is annually visited by thousands of persons from all parts of the globe. He was Canon and Archdeacon of St. Asaph from 1889 to 1892, when he was appointed Dean of St. Asaph. He founded the St. Asaph Cathedral Theological Lectures for the Clergy (the lecturers have included such distinguished men as the Archbishop of Armagh, Canon Scott Holland, and Canon Gore), and built a Diocesan Library and greatly improved the services at his Cathedral. At the close of last year, upon the resignation of Dr. Lloyd, the Dean



THE BISHOP OF BANGOR.

From a photograph by J. RUSSELL & SONS, Baker Street, W.

was called to the Bishopric of Bangor, and his well-deserved promotion gave general satisfaction.

The Bishop is a trustee of St. Benet's Welsh Church, in Queen Victoria Street, City, and has been a constant friend of the well-known Welsh School at Ashford. He married in 1879 Alice, daughter of General Monkton.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY, from a new photograph by Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

A LIFE OF PEACE.—"I knew once a very famous man, who lived to be very old—who lived to be eighty-eight. He was always the delight of those about him. He always stood up for what was right. His eye was like an eagle's when it flashed fire at what was wrong. And how early do you think he began to do this? I have an old grammar which belonged to him, all tattered and torn, which he had when a little boy at school, and what do you think I found written, in his own hand, in the very first page? Why, these words: 'Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues; be just and fear not.' That was his rule all through life, and he was loved and honoured down to the day when he was carried to his grave."—DEAN STANLEY.

"ONLY A NURSE."—Very tender was Shaftesbury's reference, on one occasion, to the kind heart which led him to Christ. He was for a time, at an early period of his life, left solely in charge of an old Scottish nurse. The humble woman took infinite pains to teach him the story of Christ's love, and with such success that the great Earl confessed, "All that I am to-day, and all that I have done, I owe, under God, to that good woman's influence."



## "ABIDE WITH US."

A MEDITATION FOR EASTER.

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

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

"But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them."—St. LUKE xxiv. 29.

**Y**ET they had not recognized their Lord in the Stranger Who had joined company with them; His bodily appearance was changed, so that they did not know Him. And further, they had seen Him *dead*; and as yet the truth had not come home to them, that He was to rise again. They did not know Him; but His words were so wonderful and so interesting, and had so caused their hearts to glow within them, that they would not that He should leave them as night came on. Whoever He was, at least let Him *stay* with them, and continue to teach and comfort them. So, when He made as if He would leave them, "they constrained Him," pressed Him, used a gentle violence with Him, that He would not go. He consented; and then, while they ate bread together, "their eyes were opened, and they *knew* Him."

We are so familiar with the great fact which they were thus brought to believe and know—that Jesus rose from the dead—that it does not surprise *us* as it surprised the Disciples, nor is it so difficult for us to believe, though some, alas! will deny it still. But, as it is a fact of the greatest importance to us (for all our hopes hang upon it), so is it a fact most surely proved. If this be disbelieved, no fact in history is sure.

It is a sure fact, a great fact, a happy fact, that on the third day Jesus, as He had foretold, rose from the dead and lived again. It is for us a great and happy fact, because thus Redemption is made sure, and the great atoning sacrifice is established, and Jesus is proved to be "the Truth," and death and the grave are conquered for ever; and because He is not only Himself risen, but is "the First-Begotten from the dead," the Forerunner of all those who are His by faith; and they too will one day rise, and dwell with Him for ever. Let "Easter joy," then, be more to us than a mere phrase; let every believer really and truly rejoice in the rising of the Lord.

But this is not all. While our rising from the grave to be with Him (if death and the grave do

indeed lie before us, and the Lord come not soon in His glory)—our rising in the body—is *future*, for it will not be till His coming, we have, besides, a *present* blessing from His Resurrection and Ascension: He will come to us, and give us *now* His presence by the Spirit. We know not when (for God keeps this hidden) the great day of the Resurrection of the body will come, but already, even to-day and every day, we may rise to Him in heart, and He by the Spirit will come to us. This present blessing it should be our heart's desire to have.

Our Lord promised it when He said, "We will come unto him, and make our abode with him"; and whatever He promised, that we are to pray for. Thus, "Abide with us" is the very petition that suits our case. He first said, "I will abide"; we are to say to Him, "Abide with us." Thus, we may address Him in the very words of those two Disciples. We may ask Him as earnestly as they asked Him; we may entreat Him, press Him, "constrain" Him, to come to us and abide with us; not merely to visit us, but to stay with us.

When He comes, He will be our Teacher and Comforter. He will, by His Spirit, make our hearts to burn within us, while He Himself speaks to us in the Word which we read or hear. He will cheer our sad hearts with the sense of His presence; He will strengthen us by being Himself with us. He is the stronger One; and when He comes and abides with us, the strong one, our deadly enemy, must flee and leave us.

He who gave this promise before ever prayer was made, will surely come and stay with us, in answer to prayer. "He went in to tarry [abide] with them." That will surely come true for all who pray to Him in earnest, "Abide with us," or "Abide with *me*."

His abiding with those two for one evening made them happy. But He can and will do more than that: He will come and abide with us *every* evening and every morning, and every day and every night; thus all our life will be made happy by His abiding. The promise to the Apostles (and we may humbly claim the same, if we be living to Him, and obeying His words, and engaged in His service) was, "And lo, I am with you alway [all the days], even unto the end of the world." This is the promise under which we now live. He will surely come and abide with us, and be with us, all the days, even to the last. And what *then*? We shall go to abide with Him—"all the days." But days are not measured *There*. That will be in Eternity.



## CADDIS FLIES.

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.*

**ONE** can scarcely walk by the side of a stream in spring or early summer without noticing a number of pretty little moth-like insects flitting slowly to and fro over the surface of the water. Sometimes, wearied with their flight, they settle down to rest awhile on the herbage which grows upon the banks. Then one sees that they are not moths at all, but flies, with delicate gauzy wings netted and veined with most exquisite tracery. Now and then one of them will crawl down the stem of some water-plant and disappear beneath the surface, only to be snapped up, too often, by a dragon-fly grub or a hungry fish before it can return. Some are almost as large as the common white butterflies; others are no bigger than clothes moths. Some are brown, some grey, some white, some mottled and marbled with all three colours. But each one sits with its wings folded tent-wise over its body; and each has two long slender antennæ, or feelers, projecting stiffly and straight in front of its head.

These are Caddis Flies; not very remarkable in their perfect state, perhaps, as their one aim and object is to lay their eggs and die, but interesting beyond

measure during their earlier life, which is spent at the bottom of the water. There they live in most singular habitations, which they construct with the utmost care, and drag about with them wherever they go, just as the hermit crab drags the deserted whelk-shell in which he has tucked away his long and slender tail.

And this they do for just the same reason. The hermit crab, though clothed as to head and body with a coat of shelly mail, which enables him to bid defiance to almost all his enemies, has his tail entirely unprotected, and vulnerable as the heel of Achilles. Of this tail, consequently, he has to take the utmost care; so he looks out for an empty shell of suitable size, backs into it, and never leaves it again until increasing dimensions force him to obtain more commodious lodgings. So as one looks into a sea-shore pool one sees a big whelk-shell moving along at the bottom, with just the claws and feelers of a crab projecting in front of the entrance.

Now the grub of the Caddis Fly, in just the same way, has the front part of its body clothed with stout armour and the hinder part entirely unprotected. And the

stream is thronged with fishes, and newts, and dragon-fly larvæ, and beetles, every one of which would be only too ready to devour so dainty and delicate a morsel. Its first care, therefore, must be to guard its tail from injury; and this it does by constructing a case in which to enclose it, and which can be dragged about wherever it goes.

So it will take a couple of leaves, sodden and stained through long soaking in the water, and fasten them firmly together by spinning a silken tube between the two. Or it will cut the stem of a rush into short lengths and arrange them round its body, fixing them in position with strong silken threads. Another will make its case of grains of sand, or tiny stones. A third will prefer little bits of stick. Strangest of all, perhaps, a fourth will collect a quantity of the shells of water-snails, with the tenants still inside them, and make its case out of those; so that one may sometimes see a dozen or so of the little creatures pulling their hardest in as many different directions, while the grub which is ensconced among them is lying quite at its ease in the middle.


When this case is finished the grub takes possession of it, clinging tightly to the extremity by means of two little hooks at the end of its tail. The muscular power in connection with these hooks is simply astonishing. No amount of direct force will induce the grub to release its hold. One may pull its body almost in twain, and yet the grip will be maintained. But if one inserts a steel knitting-needle into the aperture at the end of the case and gives the grub a gentle poke, it will move a little way forward; and a second poke will make it move a little farther still; and so on until at last it leaves the case altogether. Then one can induce it to make a new case out of any small objects one pleases—coloured beads, for instance—by simply furnishing it exclusively with the necessary materials. And by supplying a few beads only at a time the case may be built up after a definite pattern—first a row of red beads, then a row of blue ones, and so on.

Under ordinary circumstances the grub never protrudes more than just the armoured part of its body outside the case; and as that part bears the legs, it can crawl along without any great difficulty. Every now and then, however, the case has to be enlarged; and one would think that then, at any rate, the little creature would be obliged to leave its habitation. But it does all the work from the inside, adding to its home a little at a time, and widening the diameter as it goes on, until at last it has secured sufficient accommodation for its increasing dimensions. Then it cuts off a piece of the tail end of the tube about equal in length to the part which it has added, and takes up its position as before. This process has to be repeated, of course, from time to time; and as the materials which are available for building may vary, it is quite possible for a caddis grub which began with a case made of leaves to finish with one built of stones or snail-shells, or *vice versa*.

When its growth is completed the grub builds up both entrances to its case to prevent any enemies from finding admission during the period of its helplessness, and turns into a pupa, from which in due time the perfect fly emerges. But there is one of these insects which makes assurance doubly sure by turning round in its case, poking its head out through the back entrance, and forcing itself and its home together deeply down into the mud at the bottom of the stream; after which it resumes its original position, and awaits its final change.

Surely this may be ranked as the most curious of all these curious insects.

### TRUE GLORY.

 HERE'S a glory on the mountains  
Amid the eternal snows;  
There's a glory in the dewdrop  
That sparkles on the rose.

There's a glory for the monarch  
Who rules o'er land and sea;  
There's a glory for the statesman  
Who makes his country free.

There's a glory for the soldier  
Who serves the nation well.  
But there's a glory grander  
Than ever words can tell:

'Tis the glory of a service  
Done in the quiet days,  
Done in the home and workshop,  
Done without hope of praise;

It may be only a handshake,  
It may be only a smile,  
But if it makes life sweeter,  
'Tis surely worth the while;


And Christ looks down upon it  
With approving smile of love,  
And the angels weave the story  
Into their songs Above.

H. BIDDELL, M.A.

DEDHAM, ESSEX.

### THE STEPPING-STONES.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 91.)

OME along, Grannie! Don't you be afraid!  
Just you follow me! It's quite safe!" And  
Mary tripped along quite bravely, planting her  
feet firmly on the stepping-stones, and crossing the brook  
without so much as even wetting her boots.

Grannie was much amused by Mary's prattle, for she had crossed by the stepping-stones hundreds of times, years even before Mary was born. But Grannie was far too kind and polite to tell Mary this. No doubt Grannie thought, "It pleases Mary to think that she is giving me confidence by her example, so let her have the pleasure."



THE STEPPING-STONES.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. E. HUITT*

## A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

*Author of "More Than Conquerors," etc.*

**W**EDNESDAY, April 12th," will be the One Hundredth Birthday of the Church Missionary Society.

"From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand"

the friends of the Society will meet in public thanksgiving to commemorate the glorious work which has been accomplished during the first century of the Society's existence. The holy men who founded this great institution can have had little conception of the extraordinary way in which their efforts would succeed. "What hath God wrought" may well be the keynote of this month's meetings. "Prayer and pains," the Missionary Eliot's favourite motto, have marked the story of the C.M.S. throughout its eventful career, and although much, very much has been accomplished, the most enthusiastic missionaries in the field to-day are still the first to press upon the Church at large, the humbling fact that much, very much yet remains to be done.

The lines upon which the Centenary Commemorations are to be observed, have been settled after careful thought and consideration by the leaders of the Society, whose faithful service entitles them to the fullest confidence of their vast constituency. It is open to us, however, to respectfully suggest that two leading principles should be kept in the foreground at all the meetings and services: (a) the holy memory of the noble pioneers who laid the foundations of the Society a century ago; (b) our duty to those who are now proclaiming the "good news" in the dark places of the earth. Far be it from us to suggest a jarring word at a time like the present, but one would like to see more honour paid to the Missionaries when they come back; more cordiality and heartiness in the welcome home; and, more persistent remembrance of Missionaries in general in public and private prayer. On another page we give portraits of some of the founders of the Society, and also a portrait of Sir John Kennaway, Bart., M.P., the present President of the Society, specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by J. Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

The official programme of the C.M.S. celebrations is comprehensive enough to include the tiniest parish equally with the metropolis itself. In upwards of twenty Cathedrals special services will be held, and in London St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, have been brought into line.

The London scheme also includes sermons on Sunday, April 9th, in a large number of Churches.

On Monday morning there will be Holy Com-

munion at St. Bride's, Fleet Street. In the afternoon there will be a prayer-meeting for thanksgiving and confession. In the evening there will be a special service at St. Paul's Cathedral, with a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tuesday will be devoted to reports on the past and present of the Society's Missions, by Missionaries from all parts of the world and other friends. There will be three meetings in Exeter Hall—morning, afternoon, and evening—for this purpose.

Wednesday is emphatically the Centenary Day. In the morning there will be two meetings simultaneously, in Exeter Hall and Queen's Hall respectively. The Exeter Hall meeting will be confined to men—clergy and lay delegates from the Associations in all parts of the country. The Queen's Hall meeting will be for the public generally. In the afternoon there will be a reception and social gathering for delegates and friends generally, ladies and gentlemen. In the evening there is to be a great gathering at the Albert Hall. This meeting will be especially devoted to thanksgiving and praise.

Thursday will be a day of exceptional interest. The Committee are very anxious to remind their friends that in the great work of the Evangelisation of the World others are sharing as well as the Church Missionary Society. It is proposed to hold three meetings in Exeter Hall—morning, afternoon, and evening—at which the work of other Societies and Missions will be described. The morning will be given to Church Missions other than C.M.S.; the S.P.G. of course having the largest share of attention. The afternoon will be allotted to Scottish Missions and Continental Protestant Missions. In the evening the English and American non-episcopal Missions will be set forth.

Friday is to be a day for looking forward, and for fresh personal consecration to the work, in view of the tremendous claims of the yet unevangelised Heathen. Three meetings will be held in Exeter Hall. In the morning, Bible-readings on the Evangelisation of the World in its relation to the Coming of the Lord and the Divine Purpose regarding the Jews will be given. In the afternoon the subject will be the Regions Beyond. The evening meeting will be one for prayer and solemn consecration.

On Saturday it is proposed to hold a Children's Meeting in the Albert Hall.

Most of the larger centres in the provinces have arranged local Centenary Commemorations, and even in parishes in which no special services are arranged for we doubt not that many "holy and humble men of heart" will join in the celebration by making their own private devotions of a missionary character. In thinking of what has been done let us look hopefully to the coming century, in the full belief that still greater things shall be brought about by the daily exaltation of the ALL-PREVAILING NAME!



JOSIAH PRATT.



THOMAS SCOTT.



EDWARD BICKERSTETH.



HENRY VENN



SIR JOHN KENNAWAY, BARRISTER AT LAW,  
(PRESIDENT 1899)



JOHN NEWTON.



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE



C.M.S. HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.

**"PATIENCE."**

**H**AVE you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,—  
 Patience through scorn and shame?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Struggling for earthly fame?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 In the great school of love?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Looking for things Above?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Shedding the bitter tear?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Knowing the far are *near*?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Doing in all things well?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 That God alone can tell?  
 Have you learnt the lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Leaving to Christ the rest?  
 Have you learnt *this* lesson of Patience, brother,  
 Then thou indeed art blest?

W. J. THORBURN,  
*Curate of All Saints', Peckham.*



**"COME ALONG."**

**C**OME along! come along, where the violet is growing;  
 Where the butterflies gambol in glee.  
 Come along! come along, while the morning is  
 glowing,  
 Come over the meadows so free, with me,  
 Come over the meadows with me.  
 Come along! come along, where the cuckoo is calling,—  
 He's calling to baby and me.  
 Come along! come along! Oh, how we are crawling;  
 We never shall get to his tree, you see,  
 We never shall get to his tree.  
 The fairies at play where the streamlet is flowing,  
 Peep over the bank as we pass.  
 Or is it a daisy and buttercup growing  
 Out of the emerald grass, that have  
 Been kissed by the ripples that pass?  
 Come along! come along, while the morning is beaming,  
 To pluck the bright blossoms that grow;  
 Where the sweet little pink little pimpernel's dreaming,  
 And daisies are whiter than snow, you know,  
 And daisies are whiter than snow.

JOHN LEA.

**BURIED TRUTH.**

BY THE REV. W. SUNDERLAND LEWIS, M.A.,  
*Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.*

**W**HAT verse in Proverbs xviii. may help to show that  
 the second evil complained of in Psalm cxx. 5  
 was worse than the first; and how is that verse  
 illustrated, even more closely, by verses in Genesis xxviii.,  
 Psalm cxxxvii., and the Prophecy of Obadiah?

**OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

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

19. **W**HAT was the sacrifice David considered most  
 acceptable after his sin?  
 20. Who took what he could not get him-  
 self, and never should have had?  
 21. What captain, by his disobedience, broke his father's  
 heart?  
 22. What is the difference between a just balance and a  
 false weight?  
 23. Who, for his deeds of darkness, was condemned to  
 walk in darkness?  
 24. Whose repentance was too late to undo his act of  
 treachery?

**OUR PUZZLE CORNER.**

X.—RIDDLE.

- (a) **W**E are two girls, unite us and we become a herb.  
 (b) I stretch out my arms to welcome every-  
 body, and though I am rarely refused, yet all  
 turn their back on me.

XI.—SQUARE WORDS.

- (1) A lady's favourite resort. (2) A family's centre. (3) A  
 Jewish measure. (4) A country in South America.

XII.—ENIGMA.

Fill up the blank space with words of four letters. The  
 words in each case must be made up of the same four letters.  
 A — woman on — bent, took up her hat and away  
 she went. "—, my child," she said, "come away. We  
 must find wherewith to — to-day."

**HOMELY COOKERY.**

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery.*

**Vegetable Marrow Stuffed and Baked.**

	Average Cost
	d.
1 vegetable marrow . . . . .	3
4 tablespoonsful bread crumbs	
1 onion . . . . .	
½ teaspoonful powdered sage	½
½ " salt . . . . .	
½ " pepper . . . . .	
1 egg . . . . .	1
	4½

Peel the onion, boil for half an hour, then chop finely. Put into  
 a basin the crumbs, onion, sage, pepper, and salt; mix well, then  
 bind with the egg, well beaten. Pare the marrow, divide in halves  
 lengthways, remove the seeds, and fill the centre with the stuffing.  
 Tie the halves together with tape: melt some dripping in a baking  
 tin, place the marrow in it, and bake for an hour and a half,  
 basting occasionally. Brown gravy or melted butter may be  
 served with it.

# From Highest Heaven the Eternal Son.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Words by SIR HENRY W. BAKER, Bart.

Music by HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

1. From high - est Heav'n th' E - ter - nal Son, With God the Fa - ther ev - er One,  
2. Re - joice, ye Saints of God, and praise The Lamb Who died, His flock to raise

Came down to suf - fer and to die; For love of sin - ful man He bore  
From sin and ev - er - last - ing woe; With An - gels round the Throne a - bove

Our hu - man griefs and trou - bles sore, Our load of guilt and mis - er - y. A - men.  
O tell the won - ders of His love, The joys that from His mer - cy flow.

3. In darkest shades of night we lay,  
Without a beam to guide our way,  
Or hope of aught beyond the grave;  
But He has brought us life and light,  
And opened Heaven to our sight,  
And lives for ever strong to save.

4. Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice;  
Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice  
The Lamb Whom Heaven and earth adore;  
To Him Who gave His only Son,  
To God the Spirit, with Them One,  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

**BISMARCK'S FAITH.**—"I cannot conceive," said Bismarck, "how men can live together in an orderly manner, how one can do his duty and allow others to do theirs without faith in a revealed religion, in God, Who wills what is right, in a higher Judge, and a future life. If I were no longer a Christian, I would not serve the King another hour. If I did not put my trust in God, I should certainly place none in any earthly masters. Why, I had quite enough to live on, and had a sufficiently distinguished position. Why should I labour and toil unceasingly in this world, and expose myself to worry and vexation, if I did not feel that I must do my duty towards God? If I did not believe in a Divine Providence Which has ordained this German nation to be something good and great, I would at once give up my trade as a Statesman, or I should never have gone into the business. Orders and titles have no attraction for me. A resolute faith in a life after death—for this reason I am a Royalist, otherwise I am by nature a Republican. Yes, I am a Republican in the highest degree; and the firm determination which I have displayed for ten

long years, in presence of all possible forms of absurdity at Court, is solely due to my resolute faith. Deprive me of this faith, and you deprive me of my Fatherland. If I were not a firm believer in Christianity, if I had not the wonderful basis of religion, you would never have had such a Chancellor of the Confederation. If I had not the wonderful basis of religion, I should have turned my back to the whole Court; and if you were able to find me a successor who has that basis, I will retire at once. But I am living amongst heathens. I do not want to make any proselytes, but I feel a necessity to confess this faith. How willingly would I go away! I enjoy country life, the woods and nature. Sever my connection with God, and I am a man who would pack up to-morrow, and be off to Varzin. You would then deprive me of my King; because why? If there is no Divine commandment, why should I subordinate myself to these Hohenzollerns? They are a Suabian family, no better than my own, and in that case no concern of mine."—**DR. MORITZ BUSCH'S "BISMARCK."**





Fig 1

### CLOVES, CARNATIONS, AND PINKS.

**T**HESE beautiful and fragrant plants belong to the order *Dianthus Caryophyllus*. There are many varieties, and they are propagated by cuttings, layering, and from seed.

In raising them it is necessary to get the best possible quality of seed. Some kinds are not prolific in seed-bearing, but most of the plants produce a large supply. The seed is to be sown in shallow pans or boxes filled with a light sandy soil. Cover the seed lightly, and keep the soil moist. If sown in the early spring, place the boxes in a heated greenhouse. In about a fortnight or three weeks the plants will be ready for pricking out into other boxes, and when strong enough transplant into the beds or pots where they are to remain.

*Propagation from Cuttings.* Choose for this purpose while the plants are in flower vigorous shoots, pick off the two lowermost leaves, and make a slit in the middle of the stalk *a* as shown in figure 1; plant under hand-glasses or in frames. The slit must be kept open by inserting a piece of the leaf. The soil should be of the same nature as for seed, and be kept moderately damp. When thoroughly rooted transplant into borders or otherwise as required. The cuttings which are chosen for striking should not have borne a bloom. This applies also to shoots for layering.

*Propagation by Layering.* Select shoots about eight or nine inches long, though shorter ones will suit. Having selected a shoot, *a* (see fig. 2), pick off all the leaves to about three inches from the top, *b*; then cut a slit at *c* in an upward direction. A

shallow hollow, *d*, having been prepared, bend down the shoot gently from the stem of the plant in the position shown, putting a small stone inside the tongue, *e*, to keep it open. Then peg the shoot down at *f*, to keep it firmly in its place. Having done so, fill up the hollow with light soil. Several layerings may be made from one plant. When rooted carefully cut off the shoot from the plant. What are termed pipings of pinks are shoots similar to cuttings of carnations.

The soil required for carnations and pinks should be of a moderately rich, loamy nature, and dressed on the top with rotted manure.

Great attention is paid to carnations for exhibition purposes, and in order to secure first-rate blooms extra care and treatment must be used in their culture.

M. BUCHANAN.

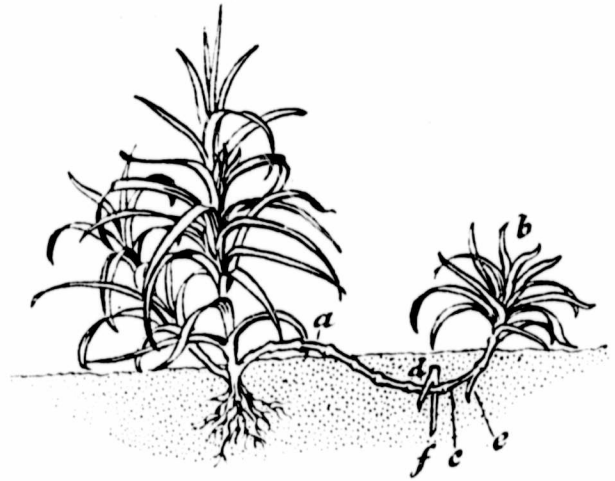


Fig 2

### BANK HOLIDAY.

**E**ASTER MONDAY will be the first Bank Holiday of the year. Let us all pray that the weather may be fine. A wet holiday drives thousands into the public-houses. A walk into the country, a trip into the town to stroll through a museum or picture gallery, a day by the sea for those who do not mind travelling in a crowded train, or a good game of cricket should afford pleasant holiday recreation to those who are privileged to enjoy the benefit of Sir John Lubbock's Bank Holiday Act. May those of our readers who happen to be of this happy company spend the day wisely and well!

## THE CHURCH MONTHLY

### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

The vestry meeting at Jarvis was held on the evening of Tuesday, April 17th. The weather being wet, the attendance was necessarily small. All the usual business, however, was transacted. Mr. W. Williams having been chosen secretary, the churchwardens presented their report, which showed that the revenue had been greater than that of the previous year, but that owing to unforeseen expenses there was a deficit. This state of things seems to be an inherited weakness, as is the case also at Hagersville. The prospect for the year 1900-1901 was, however, shown to be encouraging. Messrs C. E. Bourne and Thos. Lewis were again chosen churchwardens by the incumbent and vestry respectively. Messrs. S. Burwash, W. Williams, L. LePan, W. E. Sowter, M. Brown, and T. E. Morrow were appointed sidesmen. With reference to the division of the parish, a resolution was passed expressing a sense of the desirability of the change, but regretting the inability of the congregation to obtain a greater revenue for stipend until the church building debt of \$800.00 should be extinguished or considerably reduced. Messrs C. E. Bourne and E. F. Jones were elected lay representatives. Here, as well as at Hagersville, hearty thanks were given to the members of the choir and other church workers. Messrs. J. A. Burwash and L. LePan were appointed auditors for 1900-1901.

At the adjourned meeting of the Hagersville vestry, held on the evening of the 30th of April, the financial statement, duly audited, was presented and discussed. The receipts for the year were shown to have been greater than for the previous year, but the deficit that existed at Easter, 1899, had prevented the churchwardens from meeting all expenses. A hope was expressed that with a general adoption of the envelope system the revenue would be sufficiently increased to allow the wardens to pay every debt by Easter, 1901. The whole amount of indebtedness was stated to be only about \$100.00, part of this sum being due to the clergyman and part to the organist. In order to enable the incumbent to make a satisfactory report to Synod, the vestry authorized the churchwardens to borrow sufficient money to pay him in full. The outstanding subscriptions were considered to be ample when collected to pay all other claims.

There are now in the parish 81 subscribers to the Haldimand Deanery Magazine, 41 at Hagersville, and 40 at Jarvis. Very soon the limit of the circulation will have been reached within the Deanery for the present year.

### DUNNVILLE.

Messrs E. J. Aikens and Geo. Marshall were elected churchwardens by the vestry of St. Paul's church, and Mr F. J. Ramsey was re-elected lay representative to Synod.

The following are the amounts contributed through the Lenten boxes by the children of St. Paul's Sunday School, arranged according to families:—

Messrs. Moblo .....	\$1 60
" Krick .....	1 00
" Motherwell .....	2 06
" Stone.....	46
" Ramsev.....	55
" Lattimore.....	65
" Newman.....	42
" Hamilton.....	10
" Nicholson.....	50
" Lalor.....	52
" Middaugh.....	34
" Penny.....	41
" Crumb.....	23
" Smith.....	34
" Scho'field.....	20
" Haskens.....	50
" Steel.....	25
" Stevens.....	14
" McKee.....	35
" Arderly.....	30
" Brown.....	25
" Fisher.....	24
Mrs Jenkinson.....	25
Mrs Goss.....	50
Mrs. Blott.....	25
Mr McMurty.....	25
Tot l. ....	
\$12.67	