

JARVIS, ONT.

Mr Tom Blott

VOL. III.

⇒ October, 1902. ⇒

NO. 10.

The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, DUNNVILLE

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

JARVIS RECORD PRINT.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

The time for the annual offertory collection for the W. and O. fund has passed. The time for the A. and D. C. fund will be Thanksgiving Day, the 16th inst.

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The Provincial Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will take place in Brantford on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst.

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The editor has received from Hettie Ward wholly or partly correct answers to Bible puzzles for June, I, II, III, IV, V; for July, I, II, III, V; for August, I, II, IV, V.

JARVIS

On Sunday, Sept. 21st, there took place the annual parish public thanksgiving for harvest, Rev. T. H. Cotton preaching in the morning and the incumbent in the evening. The floral decorations surpassed those of any previous year. The offerings for the building fund slightly exceeded \$20.00.

On the same day there was laid to rest in the new cemetery the body of Mr. Charles Simon, who fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday of the previous week. The funeral was very largely attended, the departed having been widely and well known and highly respected. He had attained the great age of 86 years, 5 months. The incumbent preached an interesting and appropriate sermon on the text, "With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation."

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

On Sunday, Sept. 28th, Ada, wife of Mr. Thomas Harris, was baptized during the even-service, her chosen witnesses being Mrs. Martha E. Lea and Mrs. Mabel Ross.

"Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love."

The churchwardens are earnestly desirous of paying before the end of October a note of \$200. due on account of the building debt, as well as several smaller accounts. These various sums amount to \$373. Obtainable from the guilds and other sources is the sum of \$207. The parish, therefore, must try to contribute during the present month in addition to ordinary offerings the sum of \$166. This means an average of \$3.25 from each family. A canvass of the parish will be made.

NANTICOKE.

A Harvest Thanksgiving service was held in Christ Church, Nanticoke, on Thursday evening, Sept. 18th. The sermon was preached by Rev. L. E. Skey of Pt. Dover. Mr. Skey took as his text Luke 17:17—the sin of ingratitude. The collection in aid of the Parsonage Fund was \$14.09.

We have had the Rev. L. E. Skey in our midst for some time collecting for the Quarter Century Fund. Everyone seems to have enjoyed his visit very much. He raised about \$600 in this Parish—"with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

The Rev. P. L. Spencer and Rev. T. H. Cotton exchanged pulpits on Sunday morning Sept. 21, when the latter preached a Harvest Thanksgiving sermon in Jarvis. Mr. Cotton reports a very bright service. He found the church very prettily and tastefully decorated with grain, fruit, and flowers.

The Sunday School of Christ Church has just purchased a fine map of the journeyings of the Israelites. This with two other maps N. T. and O. T. maps of Palestine adds greatly to the equipment of our school. A map proves itself one of the greatest aids to the memory of the child, and the Sunday School stands as much in need of them as does the Public School.

HAGERSVILLE

By the kind invitation of Mrs. Catherwood, Mud St, a social meeting of the W. A. was held at her residence on September 5th. About twenty four members drove out from the village in the afternoon and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After a few hours of friendly intercourse on the pretty grounds, brightened by the massive flower beds in full bloom, the party sat down to a sumptuous tea provided by their kind hostess. As the time drew on for the return drive, one heard on all sides warm expressions of appreciation of the hospitality of Mrs. and Miss Catherwood. We desire to tender them our best thanks for their kindness.

The Rev. J. F. Rounthwaite, M. A., of Deloraine, Man., preached in All Saints' Church on Wednesday evening, the 17th ult.

The Bazaar and concert held in the Opera House under the auspices of the W. A. were in every way a decided success. The decorations of the three booths, the stage and the tea tables were very effective, and called forth many expressions of admiration. The sale of useful and fancy articles continued throughout the afternoon and evening; and large numbers of people kept coming and going, all commenting favorably on the fine display of work.

From six o'clock till eight a dainty tea was provided, which the large numbers that sat down evidently much appreciated. After tea an excellent and enjoyable program was rendered.

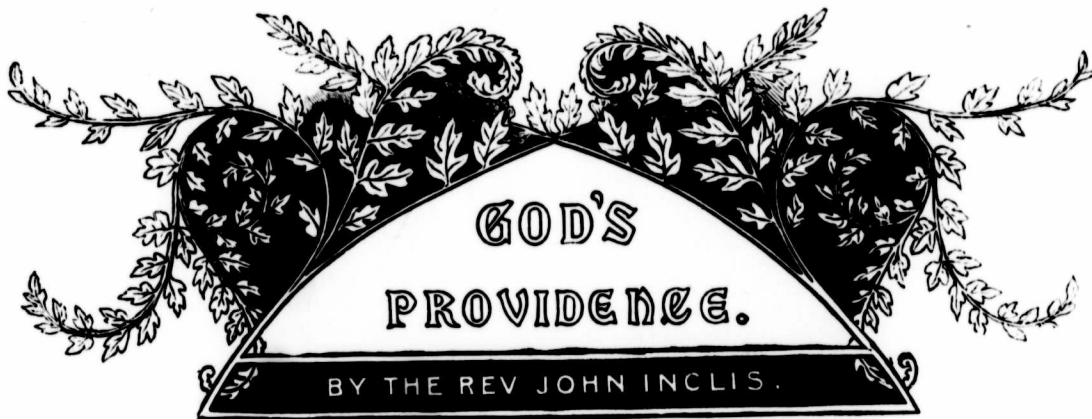
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AUTUMN MISTS.

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

Engraved by C. LYDON.



**GOD'S
PROVIDENCE.**
 BY THE REV JOHN INCLIS.

Senior Curate of Driffeld Parish Church.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—ROM. viii. 28.



It is very instructive in our study of the Bible occasionally to take a well-known passage and make it the subject of our thoughtful meditation—to pull it to pieces, as it were, and try to fathom the depth of its meaning. By doing so we never fail to find, even in the most familiar text, some deeper teaching, some greater beauty, than we ever found in it before.

In this verse we have an almost perfect definition of what men are accustomed to call God's Providence, not only in the sense of His care in providing for the wants of His people, but with regard also to His government of the universe, and His arrangement of the conditions and events which make day by day the world's history. It gives us a picture of God's method of guiding His creation.

First of all, it presents to our minds the thought of the energy and activity of God's creation: "*All things work.*" It is a universe of work; its laws operate with ceaseless activity. Look where we will, nothing is idle; there is no rest, no stagnation. The stars in their courses, the world in its revolutions and its journey through space, the rolling seasons, the laws of Nature, the exuberant life in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the winds, the tides and currents of the ocean—all things on land and sea are incessantly at work. Even when man dares to be idle, the laws of his being are at work punishing him for his inaction, moulding his character by it, and robbing him of his powers. Work, therefore, is not a curse incurred by man's sinfulness; it is simply his obedience to Nature's universal law. Adam worked in the Garden of Eden, "to dress it and to keep it;" sin changed work into *toil*. And though God by His very nature is subject to no law, yet He Himself is a God of work, because He is the God of Love. Thus work is divine as well as human: "*My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*"

Secondly, we are here told that all this active energy is under perfect control, and in perfect order. "*All things work together.*" Uncontrolled activity could lead only to confusion, but the presence of order and regularity in Nature's work makes us certain of the existence of a personal God, and of His controlling presence in the universe—that God who is the Author,

not of confusion but of peace. We are not surprised, therefore, to find this note in the margin of the Revised Version, "Some ancient authorities read, '*God worketh all things.*'" The present conditions of our life, and the events which take place around us day by day are not the result of blindly working forces—not the outcome of "a fortuitous combination of circumstances"—but are arranged by an all-wise God. In all this incessant activity there is perfect harmony. God's arrangements fit into each other like the little pieces of marble in a mosaic of matchless symmetry. The whole organisation of God's creation is like some huge factory, containing machines of all sorts and sizes, all moved by the same power, working together under the same master's guidance to carry out his will.

Thirdly, this verse tells us the ultimate object of all this methodical work: "*All things work together for good.*" This follows necessarily from a belief in God's perfect love. The final aim of all God's work must be the highest good of those He loves. We cannot imagine a God of love creating beings and loving them, and then willingly and deliberately working for their destruction. That is unthinkable. We must believe in the truth of St. Paul's great statement, or else give up our belief in God's love. But though we must believe that God is working all things for the best, it is not necessary for us to *understand* His method of working. A soldier may not grasp all the details of his general's manœuvres, but he obeys and trusts his leader. So we must trust without understanding. The great problem which perplexes so many minds is this: If the object of all God's working is the good of His creatures, why then does He permit the continued existence of evil? This is a question we can never hope to solve here. In answer we can only point out the all-embracing breadth of the great principle we are now considering: "*All things work together for good.*" The Apostle does not limit the statement in any way; he knows of no exception to the rule. With Tennyson we may say—

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

But, fourthly, the Apostle does not say that this principle may be applied to the life of every one—only "*to them that love God.*" There are some who will not

let God work for them; but rebel against Him and want to work in their own way, without His love and blessing. And to a certain extent He lets them do so. But some reader may ask, "Does not this throw all God's working out of harmony?" No; the machinery of God's providence adapts itself to this condition of things. The same working brings good to those who love God and punishment to those who love Him not. God so arranges the events of this life that even here the righteous are blest and the wicked punished. The wicked may prosper, and have health, riches, and enjoyment, while the righteous may fail, and live in poverty and pain, but by the inscrutable working of God's providence the faithful Christian's failure, poverty and suffering bring untold blessing to his soul, while the sinner's success, wealth and pleasure bring him nothing, not even satisfaction. So if here we find our efforts fail, if joys depart and troubles come, if the light passes and our way is shrouded in darkness, let us still trust. Let us burn in upon our souls by constant repetition the comforting truth so confidently asserted by St. Paul. He does not state it as a mere opinion, or hope, or even belief, but as a settled conviction, a proved fact—"We *know* that all things work together for good." His faith is so strong that it passes into knowledge.

"I think if thou couldst know,
O soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain,
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

"I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings, dark to thee,
Are shadows hiding light;
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear,
and wise, and bright."—(A. A. Procter.)

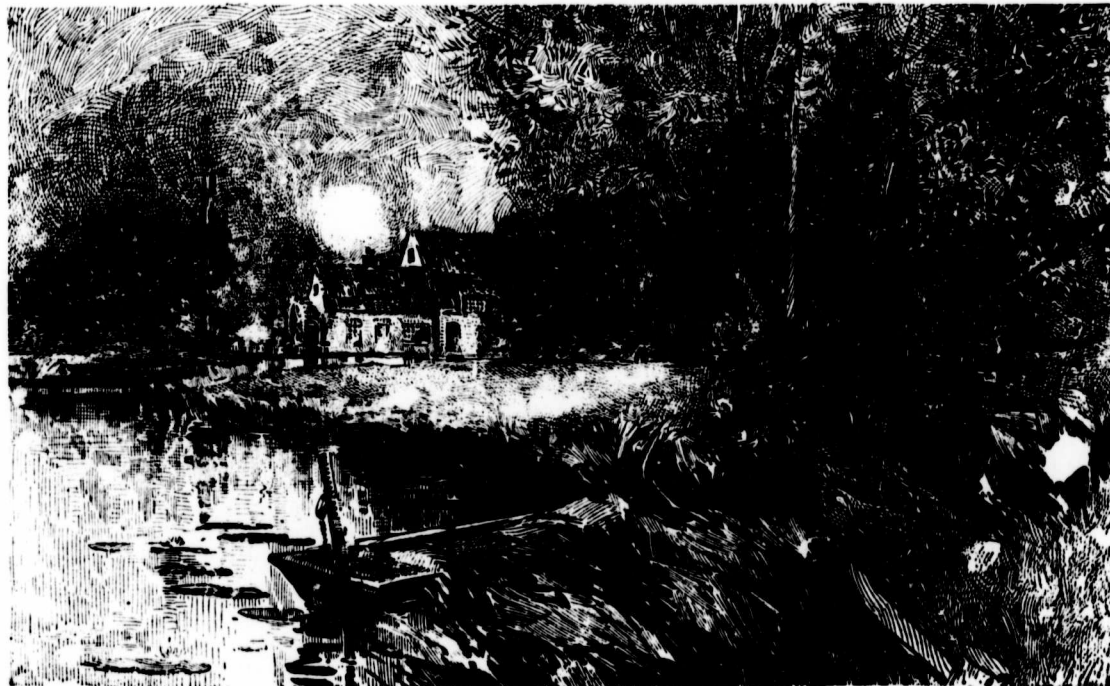
Now we cannot see the blessings of God's chastening love, but some day, when our eyes are opened, He will show us how all His dealings with us have been for our highest good. "Some day," says a spiritual writer, "He will let you look back on your life-story, and see the golden thread of His Fatherly love and care shining over and around it all."

Oh, how can we help trusting the magnificent plan of our wise and loving Father! All things are working, strenuously, incessantly—working together in perfect order and harmony in obedience to the will of the Great Controller; working in love for the temporal and eternal good of those who are trying to love and serve their Maker. Though we cannot understand, let us trust! Though bowed down with trouble, disappointment and pain, let us trust!—

"Falling with our weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God, . . .

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

(Tennyson)



THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

By I. SUART ROSSON.

Author of "England's Oldest Handicrafts," "The Bright Kernel of Life," etc., etc

SOME of us can look back on a time when we first discovered that the daisies, gleaming white in the grass, closed their eyes and went to sleep each night. It seemed to our childish minds to give the flower a personality which scarcely faded when we found that almost every tree, shrub and blossom in field and garden in some way changed their appearance when the light of day passed into the darkness of night. The acacia on the lawn wears quite a different aspect, instead of feathery sprays of foliage waving in the breeze it seems to be covered with little bits of dangling string. The lupin keeps its spikes of blossom erect, but every wheel-shaped leaf is folded against the stem like a furred umbrella. Tulips and poppies, sleepest of all flowers, draw their four damask curtains down as soon as the sun sets. If we go into the kitchen garden we shall find scarlet runners with apparently drooping foliage, all the leaflets nodding as if broken at the juncture with the stem, and the flowers of the potato-plant, saucer-shaped by day, with the rim puckered and drawn in like the mouth of a bag.

This so-called "sleep of plants" was a curious thing observed so long ago as the days of Plato, who, with other Greek scholars, attributed it to a dislike to the moisture of night mists and falling dew. This idea had to be given up when it was noticed that many plants closed on the driest nights and even on cloudy days. The whole family of clovers fold their leaves and bend them sideways at night, and yet they revel in a shower of rain. Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, was the first to observe that the night movements of plants were due to changes of temperature and the alternations of light and darkness, and that it was not darkness which caused the plants to change their aspect, but being deprived of the amount of light to which they had become accustomed. Thus, if you take a plant from the open garden and another from a cellar, and place them together in the centre of a room, the light which would cause the cellar-reared plant to open will cause the garden plant to close.

Different as are the positions plants assume in the day time, we shall find them at night agreed in one point—their upper surfaces must be tilted so as to avoid a horizontal

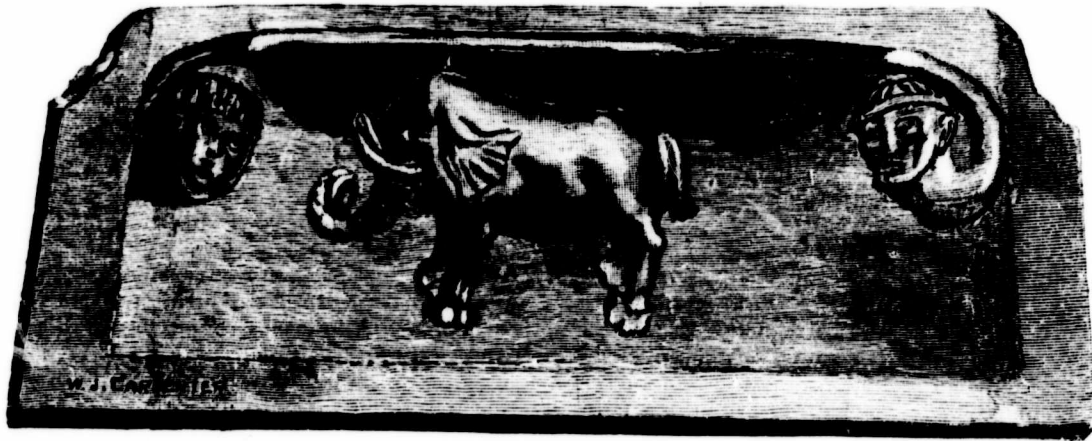
position. Some, like the tobacco-plant, bring their leaves as closely as possible into contact with opposite leaves, often looking when thus arranged like a furred umbrella. This is done to ensure protection from cold, whilst the tilted position prevents too speedy throwing off of the heat accumulated during the day. The drooping of the leaves round the stem serves another object. Indeed, if we study nature closely, we should find that nothing ever takes place in the great natural world without some wise purpose. A well-known writer has aptly said, that "Nature never works except by finest law." On the under surfaces of the leaves are tissues containing a green colouring matter called chlorophyll; this cannot bear exposure to cold, and the drooping of the leaves serves as its protection. Darwin, who gave great study and time to this interesting subject, proved by a number of careful experiments that if leaves were not allowed to follow their natural tendency at night they would suffer very much, and in some cases lose colour and in a few days die.

Foliage is most affected by the alternations of light and darkness, but flowers feel most any changes of temperature. The marigold, which the poet tells us:

" . . . goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

opens in dry weather as early as six o'clock, but under cloudy skies remains shut all day. This flower is often used by country folk as a barometer: some say that if the marigold does not open by seven o'clock it will rain during the day. Balsams, escholtzias and some lilies only bloom with warmth. The sleep of plants is, therefore, not necessarily a night sleep. The dandelion, though closing at night, also shuts up in the middle of the day if the heat be great. The crocus is a morning flower only and closes at noon, whilst some plants, notably the evening primrose, and a few branches of the campion family, expand only as night approaches.

In the days when clocks and watches were a luxury of the rich, much dependence was placed on these floral timekeepers. The hours of their sleeping and waking were widely known, and many old books of folk-lore give lists of flowers with their respective hours of opening. It could only be an approximate idea after all, but it suited perhaps an age when work and play went forward in a more leisurely fashion than is possible to-day.



AN EXETER MISERERE.

BY W. J. CARPENTER, R.C.A.



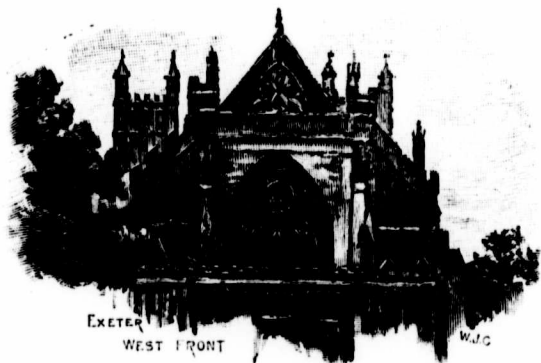
SAUNTERING to-day within the precincts of the old Cathedral, so quiet and secluded, it is not at all difficult to realize the centuries of earnest thought and work which have gone to the making of this great masterpiece. Easy to suppose some mediæval ar-

tificer, some master workman, perhaps in the service of Bishop Bruere, walking on the level stretches of well-kept grass in the sheltered corner formed by the cloisters, and pondering over the ever present problem of the decoration of the huge building. His thoughts, if of Bruere's time, would have been of "Misereres," for they are of the time of that bishop. Over six hundred years ago! Only twenty-five after the signing of the Magna Charta. Now black with age, but in excellent condition, they remain a striking testimony to the thoroughness of those early builders. Not merely was thought given to the majestic proportions of pier and arch, or to the carving of conspicuous doorway and capital, but these little miserere seats have also been lovingly designed. There is, even in many of the forty-seven misereres of

Exeter, a playful humour expressive of the sculptor's joy in his work.

Each one is different in *motif* and treatment, and they are the earliest of their kind in England. The one we reproduce is the first known example of an elephant in the art of these isles. It may have interest to note that the miserere hangs by hinges to the wall or support, which are fastened to its lower edge.

The upper edge has a ledge which, in our example, connects the two heads of knights. This was the part used as a seat, the worshipper half standing, half sitting. His position was somewhat precarious, and tales are told of ignominious falls to the ground in the event of drowsiness overcoming him. The western front sketched is of Perpendicular work, and was finished about 1390 by Bishop Brantingham. There are sixty-six statues in this façade, and up aloft in the extreme part of the gable is a large figure of Saint Peter, in honour of whom the building was erected.

EXETER
WEST FRONT

W.J.C.

MACK THE MISER.

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.

SIDNEY COMES OUT STRONG.



AS soon as Dick had left her, Bertha sat down, with her hands before her, perplexed and weary. For a little while she was conscious of steps overhead—as if Dick was moving uncertainly—then her bitter musing was quite undisturbed.

Here was a trouble, dimly foreseen, perhaps, for a long time, but come at last with startling suddenness.

What exactly had happened Bertha did not know. That it was the consequence of those cheery evenings that were always followed by sulky mornings she could not doubt. Only once before, immediately after her return home, had she been so dispirited. All that she did, it seemed, was rolling a round stone uphill. It never rested, it was bound to come back. This was worse, however, than any previous trouble. Narrow means, hard work, troublesome tempers—these were trying enough. But this new thing was worse than any of them. Vaguely as it loomed before her she could distinguish something of its outline. It was the thing she dreaded most on earth—more than stress, more than pain, than any gentle sorrow. It was disgrace. Whatever rough callers they had had, disgrace had never knocked till now. Well, he was knocking at last, hard and persistently, as one with right of entrance.

She started as she made the reflector. Some one was knocking, had been knocking long.

She rose, and opened the door. It was Sidney, unconsciously, rebelliously late. He gave her, as he entered, a sullen, combative look. But Bertha was too dejected to utter any rebuke.

"It's time for bed," was her only comment, as she went for his candle. Sidney flung up his cloth cap, and, turning round, met Bertha carrying the lighted candle.

Sidney looked at her narrowly, but said nothing. "Good-night, dear. I'm going to sit up a little. I don't think I can sleep just yet."

Bertha re-entered the dining-room, but Sidney did not at once go upstairs. The girl, fallen back into her bitter musings, heard him taking off his boots, as he sat upon the stairs.

A new element had mingled itself with her distress—disappointment.

Mostyn had bade her trust him. She had begun to trust him more than she had known, and it was just this that had come or was even on the threshold, that he had promised to avert.

She laid her face upon the table, much as Dick had laid his. Then she began to mutter aloud. "Oh, dear," she said, "what are we to do? What are we to do?"

Then Bertha became aware of a light in the room. It was Sidney's candle, she knew. At no price, in more ordinary distress, would Bertha have allowed the boy to see her so. But now her pride was quite humbled. She cared nothing for keeping up appearances. Conscious of little but her sorrow, and the coolness of the table against her cheek, she sat there. The rest of her misery was a dull ache, the failure of Mostyn was an angry throbbing. After a little while darkness came again. Sidney was gone, she dimly surmised. Then, with a faint feeling of relief, she began to moan again. "Oh, dear," she repeated, "what are we to do? What are we to do?" Then furtive movements began. A chair creaked a little. Something crept along the table. Something breathed beside her. Something lay against her. Very slowly one of her hands was pulled away. A cheek came up and pressed hers. Bertha said nothing, and made no response, but in a dull way she was comforted.

After quite a long time she started and raised her head a little. A sound of breathing was there, low and very regular. Sidney was fast asleep.

Bertha roused herself. That half-motherhood that a good girl feels for her young brother, was active in her heart.

"Poor child," she said, "how tired he'll be in the morning." Moving away, she felt for the candle and lit it. Sidney raised himself and looked at her with winking eyes. With the light, shame had come back to him—the boy's inveterate dread of showing his heart's soft places.

"Here," he said, sulkily, "I'm going to bed"; and he began to slouch away into the dark.

But Bertha would not have it so.

"Dear Sidney," she said, "laying hold of his arm, "you have been such a comfort to me."

Sidney wriggled and frowned. This daylight sentiment was too much for him.

"Halloa," he said, "glancing towards the table; "there's the *Pink'Un*."

Therewith Bertha recognized a paper that was often in Dick's hands.

"We'll find out now," he said.

"I don't understand," Bertha answered.

"What's won, of course. He got a telegram, but he's jolly close, is Dick. Here!

Didn't I know? 'Money' first; 'Manners' second; and 'Morals' nowhere. He's no good, Dick. He's always slopping his money about, but he'll be stoney-broke over this."

Bertha knew at length what the trouble was. A little flicker of hope stirred in her heart. Perhaps the loss was not very much. In her drawer she had two pounds, hardly saved by stern contrivance. Two pounds that she was keeping towards examination fees and railway fare. It was rather hard, but no

matter. Time and patience might win two pounds again. At the worst, there was her watch, old, indeed, but good in its day, and worth more than two pounds.

"Oh," she said aloud, "Dick is welcome to it, and if this is only a lesson——"

"How much is it?" asked Sidney, understanding her thoughts.

"Two pounds," said Bertha, with solemn pride. Sidney laughed derisively.

"Two pounds," he said, "won't pull Dick out of this hole. Didn't I hear Mostyn and him totting up their books? Why, Dick's book was over fifty."

"Come," said Bertha, "that's only ten shillings more."

"Pounds," Sidney answered, "fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds," Bertha echoed in horror. "Oh, it is monstrous — impossible." For a little while she was unable to do more than feel the hopeless pain of it all. Then there came upon her the sense of an opportunity: of something that could be bought by the pain. "Sidney," she said, "see the end of these foolish doings; promise me that you will never bet."

"All right; I promise." The boy spoke half-sulkily, still a little ashamed, although his superior knowledge of the turf did something for his self-respect.

But when he saw the pain in Bertha's face—the indigo rings about her eyes, her drooping mouth, her pale, discoloured cheeks—compunction conquered him.

"Oh," he said, flinging his arms about his sister, "I wish I'd never made you bellow." Even in his softest mood Sidney's language refused to be sentimental. "I won't again."



"SIDNEY, PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL NEVER BET."

never will again, and I won't touch the black-bird's nest."

With that he turned, and ran upstairs softly in his stocking feet. From the second landing a sound came to Bertha, a gulp long suppressed, but masterful at last.

When Bertha entered her room she remembered that sound and was grateful. No. The ball did not always roll down again. Another ball might come in its stead, and did, but sometimes the first ball stayed. Cyril was won, and Kate, and now Sidney. Oh, it was not all darkness. Thank God! there were stars.

Then a queer fancy came into Bertha's head. She opened the drawer where she kept her money, and searched the little box where it had lain.

The box was empty.

She took everything out of the drawer.

The two sovereigns were gone.

All that night Bertha lay sleepless with a pain like a knife at her heart.

CHAPTER XIV KATE RECEIVES COMPENSATION.



NEXT morning Bertha's place at the breakfast-table was vacant. She sent down word by Cyril—and it was true enough—that she had a bad headache. But it would have had to be a very remarkable headache—a forty-horse-power headache—to stand between Bertha and her duties. That which really kept her in bed was not headache, but heartache. She could not make up her mind to face Dick. The missing money was a horror between them. To say anything and to say nothing seemed equally impossible. At the thought of meeting her brother's eyes Bertha buried her face in the pillow. The shame hurt her like personal exposure.

Just for a moment a flicker of hope trembled in her heart. Kate? The girl, out of invisible

means, had produced a new and splendid costume. If only. . . .

And then the hope twinkled out and left an added shame.

How could she so wrong Kate—warm-hearted honest Kate—who would have sold her dearest finery to spare her mistress a tear?

"Misery is mean," Bertha thought, and she planned a compensation to Kate for the wrong done her in thought.

No, no. The thing was only too clear. Those furtive movements overhead—those creepings to the landing where he had no business—those pauses, and those doors opened and shut so silently. They told a story that compelled conviction.

At the time she had seemed to take little notice. Now, in her brain, as in a phonograph, the stairs creaked; the loose handle of her door went round, and slipped back with a click. Even a muttered ejaculation, inaudible at the time, sounded clearly now.

It was idle to argue against knowledge, and Bertha *knew* that Dick was the thief.

A little before nine, there was a knock at her door; the handle went round, like winding up the church clock. There followed a creaking—as of a kitten trodden upon—and, squeezing slowly through the widening aperture, a tray used as a lance, and finally, Kate.

"Master Cyril said you had a sick headache, so I thought you'd fancy a bit of bacon." Again a sense of humour came to Bertha's relief. A smile surprised the tragic eyes and the weary mouth.

Kate, with bustling goodwill, barricaded her mistress with pillows, slid the bacon over the counterpane, and administered the tea as a hot bath.

"Musha!" she said, "I'm awful clumsy."

"Not at all," Bertha replied with conviction, "trays are very awkward things."

That was a small instalment of the compensation due.

"We can gather up the toast, anyway," said Kate, "and maybe there's as much tea as will do you."

"It has done me already," Bertha answered; "I'm nicely boiled."

She laughed at Kate, and was better for making the effort. Then she ate and drank a

little, thinking all the while, though Kate watched her as though she were the lions, and sixpence extra.

"Take away the tray, please," Bertha said, at length; and, getting out of bed, she opened her jewel-drawer. Hers was a very humble collection, but it contained one pretty Duchess ring of pearls and rubies.

"Kate," said Bertha, "I want to make you a little present"; and she held out the ring.

"Is it me," Kate cried, in a voice, half whisper and half scream; "is it me take your Aunt Mary's ring? I wouldn't . . . oh, the way it shines, and the wine that's in it, and the cream—not if you trampled on me."

"You must take it," Bertha urged. "Here, hold out your hand."

Kate put her hands behind her back.

"Sure, my fingers is just radishes. What would I want with rings at all?"

"But, Miss Bertha," she continued, more doubtfully, "if it wasn't asking too much entirely, there's just one thing, oh, I'd dearly love it."

"What is it, Kate? If it is anything——"

"'Tis just a kiss, but, maybe, I'm making too much freedom."

"You dear, good girl! you kind, honest, splendid girl! a dozen if you like."

And there and then mistress and maid embraced.

Kate went downstairs softly, as though she were leaving church, and there were tears in the tea-cup.

During dinner there was talk of Mack. The fitful rumours concerning his hoarded riches were blowing freshly again.

"It's all in gold," Sidney was saying, as Dick

went through the hall; "and there's thousands of it—thousands."

"I wish he'd give me," Sidney remarked, "enough to buy a bicycle. He'd never miss it."

The door shut behind Dick.

"Well," said Bertha, "I don't see much gold. Come, boys, let us get the table cleared."

Emerging that evening from a court in the old town where she had hunted up a dallying Sunday scholar, Bertha came suddenly on Dick and Mostyn.

Mostyn turned back, while Dick stepped hastily forward. In a moment Bertha's anger was aflame.

"So this is how you keep your word," she said. "I did not give you much trust; but I repent the little. Trust me never to trust you again."

"What do you mean?" the young man asked. "What is it I have done?"

"Mean? You have broken your solemn pledge. Done? You have ruined my brother."

"Trust me only a little further."

"A burnt child dreads the fire. Not an inch further."

They were walking towards the Square. As they passed the gloomy house of Mack,



"YOU HAVE RUINED MY BROTHER."

Dick glanced at it furtively; then glanced at the two who walked behind him.

In her absorption, Bertha hardly noticed that action; but it came back thereafter vividly enough.

"If I," Mostyn answered, "have got him into trouble——"

"You have," Bertha broke in, "there is no need of an 'if.'"

"I don't grant it altogether, but, whoever pulled him into it, I'll pull him out."

"If your drowning friends are looking to you for help, their case is bad indeed."

"You don't know me," he said, "Bertha, you don't know me."

"There is no Bertha here, but there is Miss Hamilton who knows you only too well. You are selfish to the core—if you have any core—"

"Oh, don't be so hard on me. You don't know how it hurts."

"Ah, then there may be something like a core in the place where others have a heart. You are vicious, false, cowardly. You pull my brother out! You wouldn't wet your nice shoes to save the world."

"You are my world," he said, looking at her with a kind of dazed devotion. "I'd do anything—anything—for you."

They had reached the house now. Dick's key was fumbling in the lock.

"Do me one favour, then," she said; "never speak to me again."

"Oh, Bertha," he answered, trying to take her hand; "is that your last word?"

She pulled her hand free, and without an answer turned her back on him.

"All right," he said, as the girl entered the house; "you will see. You will see."

Walking upstairs to remove her outdoor things Bertha paused and stood. Quite suddenly the whiteness of the young man's face—its drawn and haggard whiteness—painted itself upon her vision. She half turned back; then resumed her way, feeling strangely afraid.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RECTOR AND THE BLACKBIRDS.



A GREAT event in the family annals was now drawing near. This was the sports of the Church Lads' Brigade. Both of the boys were entered for several events, and Bertha and Dick had received invitations.

The next few days went by very quietly. Dick, though mostly rather silent, and often somewhat irritable, did not yield again to

any outward despair. That one breakdown of which Bertha had been witness remained a secret between them. Though, after a couple of days, she resumed her place at the table, beyond mere necessity, Bertha never spoke to her brother. Neither, indeed, seemed willing to be left alone with the other. The boys were constantly used as a screen from words or looks dreaded alike by brother and sister. If ever Cyril and Sidney disappeared unexpectedly—drawn away by a bird-organ or a row—Dick, with an ostentatious yawn, would rise and lounge to the window. Thence, after a moment or two of absent-minded whistling, he would saunter to the door. Except for the tragedy below, Bertha could have laughed at these simple pretences. Dick was a curiously wooden actor.

The holiday of which the young fellow had been talking seemed to be abandoned. Cyril declared that Dick had got his turn changed.

At length the day of the sports arrived. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The boys had swallowed their dinner hours in advance, and, much beset by the admiring youth of the neighbourhood, had set forth in their blameless flannels.

Bertha, depressed, and afraid of facing the world, had made up her mind not to go.

The house had a little garden, curiously surrounded by high stone walls, that once must have been the walls of houses. In one place a cheerful bedroom window stood bare to the breezes, and here and there adhered remnants of the flooring. But for the most part the grey stones were draped with immemorial ivy, in which countless sparrows chirped and flirted.

But this year, to Bertha's anxious joy, a pair of blackbirds had made their nest in the ivy. It was too confiding a thing to do in a world of boys and cats. First Sidney got the eggs. The hen laid again. Then the black cat from next door, amid the parents' pitiful cries and distracted flutterings, got the fledglings. And now for a third time the nest was full. The young birds were even talking of flying. The parents were eager to see them started; and so were the cats. Unostentatiously they had all looked in. Moved by indignation and pity, Bertha ran out. There was a besom leaning

against the wall. Arming herself with this, Bertha opened a crusade against the cats.

Hissing and beating in all directions, she quickly routed most of them till there remained only the ruffianly black cat who had shared with Sidney the former nests, and whose turn was now come round again.

He, far back in the loft, just beyond reach of the broom, sat serenely cynical.

"You wretch," Bertha cried; "you *shall* go. Get along, sir, get along"; and, jumping as high as she could, she smote at the aggravating cat. But he was out of reach, and he knew it. He dozed a little.

"Throw the besom," said a voice behind her.

Bertha turned and beheld Mr. Harcourt "Oh," she said, blushing all over, "how you frightened me."

"My steps were drowned," he laughed, "by the din of battle. Is this the last new game?" He laid a hand upon the besom which Bertha held like a wand of office.

"It is my poor blackbirds," Bertha said. "What am I to do, Mr. Harcourt? You can see from his face that he intends to eat them."

"Yes, I can see that; but his scheme may miscarry. Have you any garden-hose?"

"No, but they have a syringe nextdoor."

"Ha!" In a moment Mr. Harcourt stood in the fork of the labour-num-tree. Mr. Brady, it seemed, was in the garden, where he loved to work.

"Might I borrow your syringe?"

"Certainly, your Reverence."

Down jumped the Rector. He went to the water-barrel. The black cat dozed in contemptuous indifference. He knew a good deal, that experienced Tom, but not quite everything. A surprise awaited him.

There was a squish, a sharp cascade struck him full in the face.

He fled, howling and amazed.

The Rector looked at his watch. "Ah," he said, as he saw Bertha's eyes upon it. "This is my one splendour. It cost an uncle of mine fifty guineas."

"Look here," he went on; "I've come to take you to the sports; you must be there to see Cyril win the half-mile. You will come, will you not?"

"The blackbirds!" she said.

"Well, if I oblige them, you will oblige me?"

"Yes."

"Have you an old cage?"

Yes, there *was* an old cage.

Bertha hunted it up, and, having borrowed hammer and nail, the Rector hung it beside the window of the highest landing.

Then, followed by Bertha, he ran down into the garden. A moment later he was crawling on the wall—the lofty, broken, ivy-cumbered wall—towards the threatened nest. One little bird fluttered to the ground, and Bertha caught it as it came. Its brother—or possibly its sister—was safe in the Rector's hands.

"Now," he said; "we will put them in the cage, and the old birds will feed them. Toothsome war m, and tender slugs and all the delicacies of the season. Trust me! These young

flutterers will have a good time."

"Thank you," said Bertha; "thank you very, very much: and now I will get ready."

In a few minutes they were on their way.

"Miss Hamilton," said the Rector, with a half glance into the girl's face, "I hope there is nothing wrong?"

Bertha tried to make a re-assuring reply, but the words would not come. She turned away her head, and was silent. It took all her strength to force back her tears.

"Could I not help?" he asked, replying to



"YOU WRETCH," BERTHA CRIED, "YOU SHALL GO."

MACK THE MISER

CHAPTER XVI.

"IN THE NAME OF MY ORDER, I THANK YOU."



At this time Bertha had paid her visits to Mack. The lessons were a joy as well as a practical aid. In that house, it seemed to Bertha, she breathed literature. Constantly, while she was busy in the kitchen, or reading to the boys a rather wooden tale, some stately

line would march across her brain, some lovely thought would blossom in her heart. She was being nourished with choice mental food.

There had been of late a change in the habits of Mack. He began to walk the streets almost like other people. The Rector, on one pretext or another, had drawn him out on three or four occasions. On Mr. Harcourt's arm Mack did not seem an eligible object of attack. Bertha from her window had seen the discomfiture of some too-enterprising humorists. Small boys (accustomed to elude the police) had been chased and caught with astounding celerity, and larger ones had bruises that fairly dazzled their friends.

"'Deed," one of them said to Bertha, "I hardly looked at Mr. Mack at all" (the 'Mr.' was very eloquent) "and the next thing I was on my back."

"I saw you throw a brick," Bertha said.

"Oh, not at all, Miss. A small, little pebble that slipped out of my hand. But his Reverence, God speed him, has a great way with him. He's a friendly kind of a gentleman."

So Mack was becoming a common object of the street. His house also underwent a change. The shutters of the upper windows were put back, the windows were reglazed. Over Mack himself, too, a change had passed. Either his clothes were new, or they had new attention. His untrimmed aspect was gone. Mack had put off his slovenliness.

And the day after the sports Bertha made a discovery. She became aware of something else put off—his elderliness.

Looking up from her book, the girl exclaimed, in surprise, "Why, Mr. Mack, you are not old at all."

"Really," he answered, "is that possible?"

that silence. "It would make me so happy if I could."

His pugnacious face was very gentle now. It was clear that he used no figure of speech. He did want to help her. Against such kindness her heart could not long be shut.

"Oh," she said, "I am so unhappy."

"Your brother Dick . . ."

"Oh, what have you heard?"

"Nothing, nothing; but I have seen a little. I can imagine . . ."

Mr. Harcourt stopped. Then he began again. "Perhaps he will be at the sports. I will tackle him once more. There's good in him, if we could reach it."

"I can't explain," Bertha said. "There is, I fear, no help."

"Ah, but there is," he answered. "It will come—never doubt that—if we step out to meet it."

At the sports the Rector was everywhere; clearing the course with a whip, jocular but determined; holding the tape; starter; judge; universal controller and provider; running and jumping himself in the grown-up events, and winning almost all the possible prizes.

But he found time to have a talk with Dick. Bertha saw the pair pacing together. The expression of Dick's face was not encouraging; it was obstinate, angry, ashamed. Then, just as cheers greeted the victory of Cyril, the Rector put his arm through Dick's and led him away.

It was only for three minutes that Bertha saw him again.

The one-legged race was in its midmost glory, and Cyril and Sidney, their arms round one another's waist, their next-door legs bound together, were solemnly forging ahead.

"You'd think they were Siamese twins," some one was saying, and Bertha, with bright cheeks and brighter eyes, was looking laughingly back to the speaker.

"There now," said the Rector; "that's better than sulking at home."

"Sulking? Do you call chasing cats with a besom, sulking?"

"Well, no, I don't, but I wouldn't wonder if the cats did." Then, in a lower voice the Rector said, "I don't despair of Dick; but he is not easy to handle."

She thanked him heartily, but not hopefully. Then, as he raised his hat, "You will come and see how my blackbirds thrive?"

"I shall," said the Rector.

"You are a perfect crab," she persisted.

"Is that a compliment? Not to my claws, I should fancy."

"I mean, you go backward. At first, you know, you were very old."

Mack did not seem quite pleased with this statement.

He smiled, however, and said, "Never more than eighty—really, no."

"But you were old," Bertha persisted. "You had quite white hair, you know, long white hair."

"Long hair does not mean long life, else you would be somewhat my senior."

"But white hair does."

"I am afraid mine is still white."

"Oh, of course, but then . . ."

Bertha stopped, doubtful at last if she had not pushed candour home too straight.

A flush spread over her cheeks as she covertly questioned the looks of her friend. Yes, how stupid she had been! Mack was not vexed, but hurt. It was strange, she thought in her triumphant youth, how people should mind the truth about their age. Why, if she were sixty all the world might know it.

"I did not think," she said, penitently, "a

man would mind, particularly a man like you—so learned—so wise."

"Not so wise as I ought to be, perhaps, I might have known how I should look in the eyes of sweet-and-twenty. Old, old, a battered old hulk."

His face was now full of distress—of sharp pain, of heavy loss, of slow recognition of something hard to receive.

Bertha took his hand between her own.

"Dear Mr. Mack," she said, as she softly rubbed the hand, "I did not mean to be unkind. I like old men. I'm very fond of old men."

A shiver went through Mack's hand. He turned his face away. The muscles in his neck worked hard. Bertha, in sorrow and wonder, and a kind of awe, could only rub the cold hand and keep still silence.

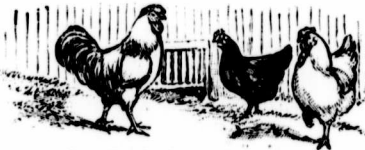
At length Mack turned. His face was changed. Noble years had passed over it. It was very calm, very sad, very strong. There was even a gentle humour in the deep, short-sighted eyes, and in the curves of the mobile mouth.

"In the name of my order," he said, "I thank you. Old men are very grateful."

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

By The Rev. T. W. STURGES, B.A., *Vicar of Marston, Northwich.*

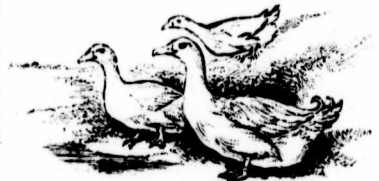


THOSE who have been fortunate in rearing early chickens, which are now from five to seven months old, will soon begin

to gather the fruits of their labour and industry. The faces of the pullets will have begun to redden and the combs to grow well, and, in the case of such breeds as the Minorca and Leghorn the comb will fall over, hanging gracefully on one side of the head. If they give these signs of commencing to lay, a nest box should be prepared for them and a plaster egg placed in it to induce them to frequent it instead of laying away. The nest-box is best placed on the floor of the covered run—not in the roosting house—and should have a few inches of soil in the bottom and a little hay or short straw upon the earth, much as the nest was prepared for a sitting hen. Flint grit and oyster shell should be provided unless such material as old mortar or limestone is plentiful to assist in forming the shell. This is best placed in a small box two or three inches in depth, easy of access, and in a dry place within the run.

Those pullets which do not show signs of coming on to lay should be encouraged to do so by a little extra feeding. The morning meal should be given to them quite warm. A good general food consists in a mixture of two parts of sharps, sometimes called "middlings" or "thirds" (being that part of the wheat which is midway between the bran and the fine flour), and one part of barley meal. Instead of the barley meal one-third of finely ground oats may be used when it can readily be obtained, or one-third of maize meal. The meals should be first mixed together and then sufficient boiling water poured

over them, a little at a time, to mix it into a crumbly mass. This should not make a sticky mess, but just have sufficient coherence to easily form into balls with the hand which readily fall into pieces when thrown upon the grass. Where the cottager has plenty of small potatoes (such as are often used to feed the pig) or where they are very cheap, such as can frequently be obtained at about 2s. a cwt., they form an excellent meal when boiled and mixed with the sharps or ground oats. Maize meal is too fattening to be used in this way. On very cold mornings this meal is best given immediately the birds are let out. On mild mornings it does no harm to let them out for a short time before the meal, as they then forage more busily for any worms or insect life which may be found. Only as much food should be given as they will eat greedily and run after. As soon as they begin to look at it or pick it over they have had more than enough. No food should be allowed to remain over on the ground from one meal to another. When birds are backward a little flesh food should be added to this hot meal. When the house scraps are not sufficient, the butcher can often be induced to supply waste bits at a cheap rate, or a sheep's paunch can be obtained for a few pence, and after being washed, boiled and cut up will form sufficient for several days. One chief reason why all fowl lay in the warm weather is because of the supply of insect life which nature affords. When the supply ceases in cold weather we must endeavour to supply the want, as best we can.



HYMN

SING TO THE LORD OF HARVEST.

Words by AMY S. WOODS,
Wotton Norfolk.

"Storm and Sunshine mingled ever,
God's own promise broken never,
Sure is Harvest Home."

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,
Brentwood, Essex.

mf *Brightly.* ♩ = 66.

SOLO. *mf*

Sing to the Lord of Har-vest. And praise His ho - ly

cres.

CHORUS.

Name; Ex - alt His lov - ing kind - ness, His change-less care pro - claim. Al - le - lu - ia!

SOLO. *mf*

let us sing Prais - es to the Har-vest's King. Sing to the Lord of Har - vest, Who gave the fruit - ful

CHORUS.

seed, Thro' charge ful sea - sons bless'd it, And ri - pened for our need. Al - le - lu - ia!

mf

let us sing Prais - es to the Harvest's King. Al - le - lu - ia! let us sing Prais - es to the Har-vest's King!

2. Sing to the Lord of Harvest!
For garners overflow,
And gathered sheaves are telling
His love to man below.
Chor.—Alleluia! etc.

Sing to the Lord of Harvest!
The firstfruits of our corn,
The firstfruits of our garden
Shall now his House adorn.
Chor.—Alleluia! etc.

3. Sing to the Lord of Harvest!
The firstfruits of our praise
We bring in adoration
Of Him who crowns our days
Chor.—Alleluia! etc.

Sing to the Lord of Harvest!
Till on the golden floor
The final Harvest gathered
We praise Him evermore!
Chor.—Alleluia! etc.

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY IN PRISON.

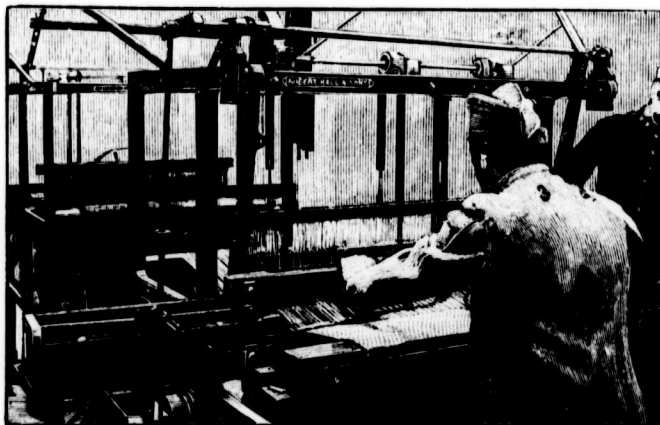
BY THE REV. J. B. S. WATSON, M.A., *Chaplain to H.M. Prison, Maidstone.*

LET me conduct you through our factory. Here, as you enter, in a small shop or room, is a man plying with energy and contentment the weaver's shuttle—making it dart from one end of the frame to the other with all the proverbial swiftness of which weavers are capable, and turning out yard after yard of a strong substantial carpet of attractive pattern, red ground mottled with black and maroon; further on is one weaving a rough cloth for sacks; while in another shop are two or three men, under charge of a warder, busy basket-making—fashioning neat four-square baskets with hinging lids and handles—handy for carrying lunch or dinner, strong and trim and light; before leaving the factory they are stained and varnished and finished ready for sale. As we pass on we observe that several are engaged in the sawing and chopping of wood—hop-poles—while another is busy binding it up into well-arranged bundles. Some are here sewing hammocks, while a few are engaged in making the "grommets," that is, the 25 eye-holes at each end of the hammock, through which the "nettles" of the clue pass for its suspension on board ship. And if some are exercising themselves on the other side of the factory in moving that much-abused but useful piece of prison furniture—the treadmill—they are not uselessly grinding the air, or fruitlessly polishing the millstones, but they are being employed in the manufacture of some excellent whole-meal flour, which shall presently be converted in the bakehouse into most dainty and delightful little loaves for the sustenance of the prisoners, or sent to other prisons for a similar use. The bread produced by this flour is so excellent and sweet that it is very difficult to find its equal outside the walls of a prison.

Another of the healthful industries is the tilling and cultivation of the garden or little Home Farm. This consists of several acres of excel-

lent land, on which crops of potatoes, turnips, and so forth are annually raised. Of course, it is a great privilege to have the honour of being chosen as one of the "Garden Party," and the Governor always carefully selects those men who are well-behaved, "long-timers," and who can be trusted not to make fruitless attempts to escape. Fruitless they would inevitably prove to be, for the walls of the prison are so lofty that escape is quite impossible. And there are other forms of industry, all of which tend to make prison life interesting, educative, elevating.

Thus it will be seen that the modern prison, with all the ameliorative advances of modern times, is a veritable school of industry—each one knows his duty, and each one performs that duty, on the whole, with exemplary faithfulness, promptitude and carefulness. Each morning the day's work is begun with a short



service in chapel, conducted by the chaplain, which has a most beneficial influence on the life and conduct of all during the day, as the saintly Keble has so well expressed it:—

"Plying their daily task with busier feet,

Because their secret souls some holy strain repeat."

The want of such a service is felt to be a real want, many times, when prisoners go forth again into the world, where such parental and thoughtful care for the welfare of humanity is considered not to be always possible. A prisoner said to me a few weeks ago, in reference to our morning service in chapel, "I look forward more for that bit of service in the morning than I do for my meals." Another only lately said to me, "I believe I shall go out a thousand times better than I came in, both in body and soul."

The modern prison system in England is indeed quite as ameliorative as it is punitive. And consequently it is found that many of those who come within prison walls are in a true sense thankful that they have been brought under influences that are new to them, and which have awakened a sense of a truer and

nobler life. The constant ministrations to the spiritual wants of those in prison—the daily call in chapel through the words of the Bible or the Prayer Book, or the address to begin a better life—the special instruction in the doctrines of religion, the energetic encouragement of sobriety, and, in many cases, of complete total abstinence, the inculcation of the good conduct of life which they receive, cannot fail to arouse in their minds some longing for a better life, some aspiration after whatsoever things are “true and honest and of good report,” and must tend to equip them with a divine armour to enable them to resist temptation, and a divine energy to encourage them to rise on stepping

stones of their dead selves to higher things. The constant watchword must be: Better things! Better things! In prison they live a life harmonized with religion and the virtues of obedience, industry, patience, endurance, temperance, regularity, such as many of them have never experienced before. New faith in a brighter future is awakened, new hope of a better life inspired, and new love for what is good and true enkindled. New possibilities of life are thus opened out before them, and to many, I firmly believe, the prison may, and does, prove to be the gateway of a nobler and happier life as good citizens and useful members of society.

GOOD MEN OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES.

No. I.—KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

By J. YOUNG, *Author of "The Morning of the Church"; Compiler of "The Wonder Gatherer."*



It is remarkable that in this year, in which we have all been mourning the best Queen England has ever known, should occur the thousandth anniversary of the noblest king whose name shines from the pages of “our rough island story,” Alfred, so justly termed “the Great,” “England’s Darling,” as our Laureate Alfred Austin styles him. Some look upon King Alfred’s history as somewhat mythical, but though some incidents it may be later inventions, enough remains, even discarding them, of indisputable fact, to make the life of our great Saxon King deeply interesting, and to show that he beyond question deserved the title by which he is best known—nay, that he deserves a better one still—“Alfred the Good,” and he has been called “Alfred the Truth Teller.”

The youngest and favourite son of King Ethelwolf, Alfred was chosen by his father as his successor, though he had three elder brothers living. This was not contrary to the law of succession among the Anglo-Saxons, but to make more certain his favourite child’s succeeding him on the throne, Ethelwolf sent Alfred to Rome, to be anointed by the Pope, and took him there himself for a second visit about two years after. The providence of God, however, led to what Ethelwolf’s partiality and the Papal benediction might have failed to do, and made Alfred the undisputed lawful sovereign of England, or rather, king of Wessex and suzerain of all England, for the land was still to a certain extent parcelled out into seven kingdoms, their chiefs owing allegiance to the “Bretwalda,” or overlord. Two at least of the elder brothers died in succession, and Alfred was king. But at first he does not seem to have given promise of the noble qualities for which he afterwards became distinguished. We do not read of any acts of oppression or vice committed by him, but a studious habit of mind, and possibly the first symptoms of the painful and mysterious malady, from which through life he was to suffer, caused him to neglect the duties of his high position. And now

we hear of an influence brought to bear upon him which was destined to be most beneficial and to produce lasting effects. It was that of a trusted adviser, the pious hermit, St. Neot. But who was this St. Neot? We are told that he was a relation of the royal family; but the lamented Miss C. M. Yonge, in her “*Comicos of English History*,” speaks of him as being very probably one of the king’s brothers. Thus we may do more than conjecture, a prince who might himself have reigned, preferring to serve God in solitude and self-denial to the splendours of a throne, became the wise counsellor of the younger brother, who, very greatly through his counsels, proved the best king we yet have had. Be that as it may, the remonstrances of St. Neot on Alfred’s indifference to his subjects and their needs were at first unheeded. Nor was he at first roused by the threatened invasion of England by the Danes, a mixed multitude, consisting of Swedes and Norwegians, as well as natives of Denmark, who were beginning to harry our country with fire and sword. It was the sharp touch of personal suffering which was to prove God’s messenger to awaken the slumbering hero, the labourer who seemed as if resolved to stand all the day idle, but who was destined to serve Him so well and to become such a benefactor to his country. It was in the year A.D. 868, when Alfred was still a youth of twenty, that he took to wife at Nottingham, Elswitha, the daughter of Athelred and Edburga, both of lofty rank and high personal qualities. But in the midst of his bridal rejoicings the royal bridegroom was suddenly seized with a mysterious and agonizing form of disease, which never left him, except at rare intervals, for four and twenty years. It has been conjectured that this malady may have been some form of neuralgia, both chronic and acute, but strange as it may appear to us, it was sent to him as an answer to prayer, for knowing that his passions were strong and his disposition inclined, perhaps, both to arrogance and indolence, he earnestly entreated God to send him some sort of suffering which might “strengthen him against himself,” so that it did not come in a form to render him

contemptible in the eyes of his subjects. His prayer was heard, an awful prayer we may say, but not a presumptuous one, for he committed himself to the will of God instead of inflicting penances on himself. From that time forward he continued to be more or less a sufferer for a period of thirty-four years, and it is marvellous how much he achieved, both in war and government, when he had constantly to struggle against severe pain. His disease, though so painful, was in answer to his prayer, not disfiguring, which might, in that rude age, have lessened the respect felt for him by his subjects. He appears to have had a dread of leprosy.

But God works gradually in our hearts, as well as in the world, and not at first does the stricken prince appear to have become the wise and excellent ruler he afterwards proved—though he could say, even then, in the words of one of old, "The desire of our souls is to Thy Name."

The Danish invasion seems to have been the final means of rousing Alfred to the true sense of his duties, and he never rested from his patriotic efforts till he had freed his kingdom from her foes. Every child knows the story of his concealing himself in a peasants' hut, being taken by the man's wife for an ordinary fugitive, and desired to look after her baking; and scolded because he left her cakes to burn, he being deeply absorbed in meditations on how to deliver his kingdom, and how, shortly afterwards, she was startled by the entrance of some of his followers who saluted him as their king. Placing himself at their head, he gained battle after battle over the Danes, defeated and took prisoner their chief, Guthrum, who, consenting to receive baptism and live as a peaceful citizen was, by the humane and wise policy of Alfred, permitted to settle with his followers in Northumbria and East Anglia, regions almost depopulated by frequent invasions. It is thought that in Lincolnshire and the adjacent counties traces of Scandinavian origin may still be discerned in the appearance and speech of the country folks.

We cannot, of course, in this short paper follow Alfred through all the events of his long reign, the eight battles in which he defeated the Danes, his putting down the pirates, his first commencement of our English navy, and his wise enactments (his being the first institution of the trial by jury, and division of the country into shires have been disputed, but it was he who probably gave thoroughness and permanence to these arrangements) or his wise code of laws. "Alfred's code," says the Rev. J. Gritton, "was severe, but the irregularities of the time demanded severe treatment," and it was a stern age. In the best of men the law of love as promulgated in the Gospel had

not yet worked itself in as deeply as it has since gradually done, a fact evident from the religious writings of the period.

But it is his inner life—his personal piety—we would endeavour to bring before our readers. He was in the habit of carrying in his bosom a little manual, which he constantly studied, containing passages from Scripture, (especially the Psalms,) in Anglo-Saxon. He would rise at midnight to pray, and, as is well-known, he divided the twenty-four hours of the day (regulating time by the burning of his horn-lanterns, clocks being then unknown) into three parts, eight hours for business, eight for sleep, food and recreation, and eight for devotion. In his domestic relations he was most affectionate, and thus speaks of his wife, "She lives now for Thee, Thee alone, hence she loves none but Thee, she has enough of every good in this present life, but she has despised it all for Thee alone; she has shunned it all because she has not Thee also."

As an author Alfred devoted himself more to translation than to original work, thinking that what the Saxons most needed was a supply of good literature. Portions of the sacred Scriptures as well as "The Consolations of Philosophy," by Boethius, and other books which were the standard works in that day, were rendered by him into that old language which was the parent of our own. But, as the late Mrs. Rundle Charles remarks, in her "Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time," "His noble original thoughts and eloquent original words, by which we see into his own mind, are hidden among the thoughts he translated." But a few, evidently original, may be transcribed. We are indebted to Mrs. Charles for the translation:—

"The true blessedness is God—He is the beginning and the end of every good, and He is the highest happiness."

"No necessity has taught Thee to make what Thou hast made, but of Thine own will and power Thou hast created all things, yet hast no need of any."

"God is wisdom, the Supreme Good, the highest eternity—all eternity is present to Him."

Alfred died October 28, A.D. 901, at the age of fifty-two. He was born at Wantage, and probably died at Winchester, being buried there.

Most of us are acquainted with the story of how his love for literature first showed itself. He and his brothers being greatly attracted by the pictures in an illuminated book belonging to his step-mother, she promised to give it to whichever could first learn to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, won the prize, the others apparently not troubling themselves to learn, even for the sake of the tempting book.



HOW TO MAKE A NEAT UNDERSKIRT.

BY THEKLA BOWSER.

NOW that skirts are made to fit to a nicety, it is very important that the underskirt should be well cut. In the accompanying illustration will be seen a very useful pattern, which could be easily copied from the diagram given below. It consists of five pieces, that is, the front width, the straight side of which is put to a folded piece of material; the two side gores, which are slightly slanted on either side; and the back, which is slanted to match the gore on one side, and has a much sharper slant at the back. Of course, the length and width of these pieces must be determined by measuring up an old petticoat, but it must be remembered that this one has a shaped band of three inches in depth, consequently the skirt can be cut some two inches shorter than a petticoat which has only a straight band.

The cutting of this band is quite simple. It must be curved as shown in the diagram, and cut on the double, so that it will not have a join. Of course, there is only half the band shown here. The band should first be cut out in any old calico or lining and tried on, and if it does not fit the figure quite flatly, it should be taken in or let out accordingly. Once a good fit is obtained, a correct pattern should be cut and kept for future use, as a good shaped band is a very useful thing to have ready to cut from.

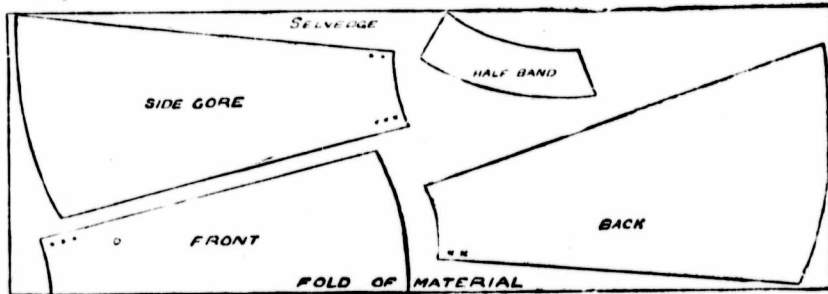
After the gores have been stitched up and oversewn, the two flounces must be put on. These are simply strips of the material three inches in depth, cut on the cross. Allow half as much again of this flouncing as the width of the petticoat, and gather or pleat it on evenly. The lower frill should be put on

quite flat, but the upper one may be turned in with a deep hem at the top, so that when it is sewn on it will make a little heading to the flounce.

The placquet hole must now be hemmed, this coming, of course, in the back seam, and then the band is put on. The band should be double, the two pieces being run together at the top, turned inside out, and then felled neatly at the lower edges on to the petticoat, which is gathered to size at the back. A couple of buttons and button-holes will finish the skirt. Moreen is one of the nicest materials possible for such a skirt, but many materials answer the purpose excellently.

Of course an infinite variety of trimmings may be adopted very easily, once the skirt itself has been made up. Flounces or frillings of any kind should never be placed *below* the skirt, as they will quickly wear away, unless they have the skirt to act as a foundation to them, so that the skirt must be made the right length, and the trimming be put on afterwards. One of the prettiest flounces is made by tucking it vertically half-way down, then bringing each tuck off to a point about an inch from the edge. This allows it to flow out into a frill.

Alpaca makes a very nice underskirt for cold weather, if it is made double, and has a layer of unbleached cotton wool placed between and machine stitched across and across. The wool should not be carried quite up to the waistband, as it would make it too bulky. A flounce of tucked alpaca should finish the bottom of the skirt.



ZENANA MISSION WORK IN INDIA.

PAPER I.

BY MISS J. E. PUCKLE, C.M.S., Aligarh, N.W.P., India.



I would seek to deal with the subject of Zenana work carried on by Mission Agencies throughout India.

From early childhood the Indian girl knows nothing of the joys of liberty, which is the inheritance of English girlhood. The Purdah and Zenana system is of very great antiquity. The word Zenana is derived from the Persian "zen," which means woman. The above system appears to have been generally adopted in India as a result of the Mohammedan invasion, and is most prevalent in those northern portions of the country which came under the Mohammedan sway. Woman for centuries has held a subordinate and degraded place in Society, and even in the important subject of marriage no choice is allowed her. Once married, obedience, blind, abject, unquestioning obedience to her husband becomes her bounden duty. The following extracts from Sanscrit writings testify to the estimation of women in India.

"What is cruel?—The heart of a viper.

"What is more cruel than that?—The heart of a woman.

"What is the cruellest of all?—The heart of a sonless, penniless widow.

"What is the chief gate to hell?—A woman.

"What bewitches like wine?—A woman.

"Who is the wisest of the wise?—He who has not been deceived by women, who may be compared to malignant friends.

"What are fetters to a man?—Woman.

"What is that which cannot be trusted?—Woman."

When we consider that these sentiments are enforced over 200,000,000 of our fellow crea-

tures to-day, do we wonder that the position of women is terrible in the extreme? Not only is the degradation of women so strongly held amongst the Hindus, but the Mohanmedans are equally strong in their belief that women are evil, and the source of much evil.

Of Mahomet it is reported that he said, "I stood at the gate of hell, and lo, most of the inmates were women." The Calip Abu Bekr said, "The women are all evil, but the greatest evil of all is that they are necessary." It is to Christianity alone that woman is indebted for the high position she holds in the civilized world; and it is Christianity alone which will be the lever to raise these poor down-trodden women of India to the right position as true help-meets of men.

It is a cause for thankfulness to-day that in India the mission work among Zenana women is going forward, and being extended on every hand. In hundreds of towns, cities, and villages, ladies assisted by native Christian workers are going in and out amongst the women. It has been truly said that "India's great need is the true religion." How wonderful! is the contrast between the Shastru and the Bible, between the impure example of Hindu gods and the holy, harmless, elevating life of the Lord Jesus! Those who have the privilege of carrying on this work can testify to the power of the Gospel to raise the fallen and win the ignorant and hardened.

In dealing with this special branch of mission work the reader must not think it is purely educational. True, it is often through the reading lesson, or teaching needle-work, that a welcome is secured. But the visit is never considered complete until the lesson is followed by a simple and earnest exposition from the Bible. The writer has in mind one Hindu lady, whose husband holds a high position in A—. Last summer, when the reading lesson was completed, and a few words concerning the true religion had been said, the English lady rose to go, but the Hindu said with a pleading voice, "Do sit down and tell me more, I am so ignorant, and know so little; tell me more of the wonderful salvation which you tell me is for me." A Mohammedan lady observed, "The Christian's Bible is like medicine to the soul; and my heart is comforted when I hear that the great God hears the simplest

prayers, and on our part He only wants true repentance." What a contrast is the Christians' simple prayer to the long and obtuse prayer as taught by the Koran!

When we consider the drudgery of the Indian woman's life, we can well understand her joy in receiving a visit from the Missionary Lady. In the Indian home there is so little change, so little brightness; as year follows year, there is the same monotonous round of daily drudgery, namely, cooking, baking, washing. Their highest accomplishment is achieved when their bread is well cooked. Thus sadly and sorrowfully the years go by. Let us remember, too, the many thousands who are widows, and these widows are so often quite young children. These are condemned to all the degradation and awfulness which widowhood in that land implies. One-sixth of the entire female population are widows. She is never, of course, allowed to marry again; but is treated with the greatest unkindness, for she is believed to be under the displeasure of the gods, and though she may have lost her husband before ever seeing him, yet a second marriage is absolutely condemned, her very shadow brings misfortune on those upon whom it falls. She must never play with other girls, lest she should cause them also to lose their husbands. She can only wear the coarse Indian cloth; must have no jewels; must do all the drudgery of the house; and is only allowed to have one meal a day—once a month she must go without even that, and observe a strict fast.

Do not our hearts go out in deep sympathy towards these poor downtrodden women and girls? They are without hope, and without a ray of light beyond this life. To show what Christianity does for these widows let one case be mentioned. She was a Hindu of good caste; her little boy attended a Mission School, and daily on his return home would repeat to his mother all he had learnt in school. Gradually the light

broke in upon the woman's heart. In the course of time she became ill, and was sent to the Mission Hospital. Whilst there she was constantly visited by one of the English ladies, and daily received instruction. Ultimately on her recovery she expressed her belief in the Christian faith, and after a course of instruction she and her boy were both baptized. She is now a Bible Woman, engaged in Zenana work. Her face is an index to her life, for she is happy and joyful and useful amongst her fellow countrywomen. Thus it is the aim and ambition of the Missionary Ladies and their helpers to put the truth as it is in Christ before these heathen women; and many are being led to see the emptiness of their own religion, and to realize the liberty of the Gospel.

A few words in conclusion in reference to the Christian teachers who so materially aid the ladies in the work. Many are the children of Christian parents, whilst others are converts. As a rule they still continue the native dress, live in the native style, and eat the native food; and in thus going to the heathen women they can bear witness that the Christian religion is the matter of the heart, not of the outward appearance.

Let us remember this great and important work in prayer. It has been most blessed in the past, and many tokens of blessing are now being manifested; and let us believe that even greater things are in the future.



A MODEL ZENANA.

TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. HARDING KELLY.

MEPHIBOSHETH.—2 Sam. iv. 4, ix. 3-77.

WHAT a long word this is, "Mephibosheth." I expect your name is much shorter, mine is. You will see in 2 Sam. v. 4 that it belonged to a little lame boy, and that his lameness was caused by an accident. Mephibosheth was the baby son of Jonathan, who you remember was killed in battle with King Saul. When the news reached Mephibosheth's home, and his nurse who was taking care of him heard it, she was afraid his father's enemies would, perhaps, come and kill him. So she made haste to carry him away and hide him. In her hurry she tumbled down with him, and in some way his feet were injured so that he became lame. His poor nurse would be very sorry about the fall, I am sure, for she must have loved him, and by carrying him off saved his life, as you will see. Look in 2 Sam. ix. 3. This was years afterwards. King David enquired, and found there was a servant of Saul's living, who had fifteen sons and twenty servants, and from him he heard the news that Jonathan's son Mephibosheth was alive, although many of his relations had been killed when he was a baby; and King David told Ziba that he and his sons and servants were to work for Mephibosheth, so the lame boy became a rich man. And, besides having all these servants given him, David restored all the land to him that had belonged to Saul, and said he was always to eat bread at his table—dine every day with the king. It's like a fairy story, isn't it? except that it is quite true. Perhaps you think you would like something of that sort to happen to you. Now, I think if we look carefully in our Bibles we shall see that there is something like this ready for you and me, if we care to have it.

Before David gave Mephibosheth all these wonderful things Mephibosheth did something (see v. 6). David sent for him—he came. David called him—he answered,

Behold Thy servant. A King—a greater King than David has sent messengers to us, calling us and saying, "Come unto Me." Perhaps He has called you lots of times, and you have not listened. If that is so, remember, through this little talk with me on paper, He is calling you now.

A teacher once asked a class of very little

boys how they could come to Jesus, when He was so far away, and one knelt down in the class and put his hands together and said, very reverently, "Like this, teacher." And that is just how we can come now, we need only kneel before Jesus our Saviour, and ask Him to make us His child, to wash away our sins in His blood, to give us strength to be His servant, and He will.

And not only will He accept us as David did Mephibosheth when he knelt before him, but He will one day give us property of great value, which can never be taken away from us. He told us so when He was on earth. He said—

"In My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

We haven't inherited that home yet, have we? But it is quite safe, and God is taking care of it for us. You know if a house is left alone a great many years it decays, pieces of the walls crumble away, and sometimes the roof lets the water in, but your home in heaven can never have anything like that happen to it. St. Peter tells us, there is—

"An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

You know that the word incorruptible means unchanging—something that cannot wear out or decay. And undefiled—clean. Your inheritance, then, will last for ever, and it is a place free from sin. You and I may not, and cannot take sin into it. So our sins must be cleansed away in Jesus' blood, and we must ask Him to help us to trust Him, so that we may be kept through faith. Then the beautiful inheritance will be ours, and we shall be able to sit down at the King's table, and these words will be said of us,

"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

That supper will be held in His Kingdom, where all the boys and girls, men and women, who have listened and obeyed His invitation, "Come unto Me," are gathered in His Palace for the royal feast spread for them.

Children, would you like to be there? Then, come to Him now and trust Him, and answer Him when He calls, "Behold Thy servant."

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)

MY DEAR YOUNG COUSINS,

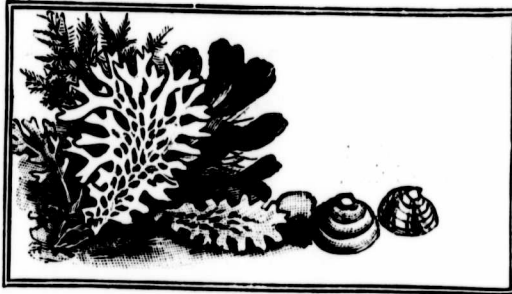


If you will look at the end of this page you will see that I am giving you a very delightful competition this month. It is to be a description of whatever "hobby" you have taken up. Now you all know what a "hobby" is, I am sure. Just that special pastime that each one of us choose in which to spend our leisure hours. I expect, as many of my cousins live in the country, I shall hear a great deal about wild birds, and about the gardens and flowers of which many of you are so proud. But I hope I shall not hear of any of my "children" taking up that dreadfully cruel hobby of robbing birds of their nests or of their eggs. All sorts of outdoor games may be called a hobby, if you devote much time to them. Some of you will be expert tennis players; others will think that playing cricket or football is the most delightful way of spending the holiday; whilst I daresay not a few of you will tell me about swimming, boating and fishing.

Then I wonder what the town children will have taken up as their hobbies. I expect that they will be enthusiastic about music, painting, needlework, photography, and all manner of other things. So that I hope to have quite a good time, reading all about the ways in which you pass your play hours.

I wonder if any of you have ever tried to make pretty ornaments with dried sea-weed, and polished shells and pebbles. I know some clever children who used to collect these from the sea-shore, when they were away for their holidays, and then, during the winter months, they would make them up into all

sorts of pretty articles. The sea-weed, when nicely arranged, and glued on to gilt-edged cards, looks very well for Christmas and birthday cards, and, of course, space can be left in which you can paint or write a verse of poetry, or whatever greeting you like. This is only a suggestion, and I hope, if any of you have thought of new ways of amusing yourselves in the long evenings which are coming, that they will write me full details, so that I can publish them in this page for the benefit of other "cousins."



With my love to you all, and hoping to hear from a great many of you, and to have lots of boys and girls writing to me to ask for Cards of Membership,

I am,
Yours affectionately,
COUSIN JOAN.

PUZZLE ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

- I.—Three, Charity, Above, Love.
- II.—(1) I will pray with the understanding. (2) Be not overcome of evil.
- III.—(1) White. (2) Scarlet. (3) Black. (4) Red.
- IV.—Beersheba. Order. Work.
- V.—Sin-in-I.

COMPETITION. (For Puzzles, see Page 240.)

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before October 31st, 1901.
The best description of your pet Hobby (not to exceed 200 words).

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

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

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

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

COTTAGE COOKERY.

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

Macaroni Cheese.

TASTY supper dishes are always in demand, and the following recipe is one which is very popular. Any stale pieces of cheese come in usefully, as the drier the cheese the better it grates.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Macaroni, ½ lb. | Cheese, 5 ozs. (grated). |
| Butter, 1 oz. | Flour, 1 tablespoonful. |
| Milk, 1 pint. | |
| Mustard, 1 ½ teaspoonfuls. | |
| Pepper and salt, to taste. | |
| Browned breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful. | |

Break the macaroni in pieces about 1 inch in length, put on in a large saucepan of boiling water well salted, boil with the lid off for 40 minutes, strain the water off; make a sauce with the butter, flour and milk according to the method described in the September number of the "Church Magazine." Add to it the macaroni, half the grated cheese and seasoning, pour into a buttered pie dish, sprinkle over the remainder of the cheese mixed with the crumbs, place small dabs of butter over and bake in a hot oven for 20-30 minutes till well-browned. Served at once as it is apt to taste leathery if allowed to cool.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

S. LUKE, EVAN.

Oct. 18th

"Luke, the beloved physician."—COLOSSIANS iv. 14.

"Only Luke is with me."—2 TIMOTHY iv. 11.

If those physicians honour'd be
Who corporal diseases heal,
Sure worthy double praise is he
Who seeks both soul and bodies' weal :
Both ways this blessed saint excell'd,
Both ways in life he was approved ;
And by his Gospel hath reveal'd
What many soul-bred pains removed

To do him honour this beside,
A blessed witness hath declared,
That firm in faith he did abide,
When others from the truth were scared :
Thereof the glory, Lord, be Thine,
For him Thy grace enabled thus ;
And he received those gifts divine,
To benefit himself and us.

GEORGE WITHER, 1588—1607.

SS. SIMON AND JUDE, APP. MM.

Oct. 28th

"Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—S. JUDE 3.

O Holy Church, whom we respect,
As Mother of all souls elect.

Two Saints this festival are join'd,
For meditation both design'd.

On the same day both breathed their last,
To Heaven they with their angels past,
They crown'd with treble rays,
Began high songs of praise ;
The saint, apostle, martyr, in both shined,
Each title had peculiar joys assign'd.

We treble praise, Lord, sing below,
For joys which those bright saints o'erflow ;
May we, like that bless'd two,
Give Thee all honour due,
Though martyr and apostle are too high,
O, may we learn like saints to live and die.

BISHOP THOS. KEN, 1637

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

I. FILL IN THE MISSING WORDS.

Though strongly pressed they would not—,
Those four brave boys, the royal— ;
And yet they did not pine—
But grew the healthier every—

II. ACROSTIC.

The initials give a famous mountain region.

- (1) A king who took a letter to the Temple.
- (2) The grandfather of David.
- (3) The great-grandmother of David.
- (4) The place the grapes came from.
- (5) A king who was frightened at a feast.

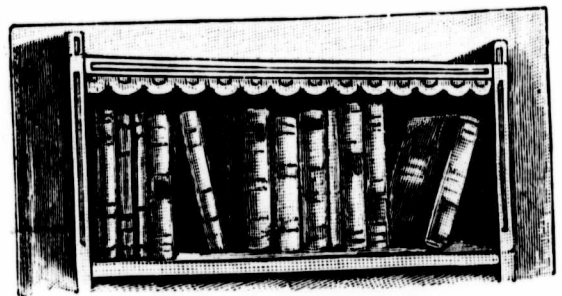
III. Find in 1 Tim. in two consecutive verses three commands beginning with the letter F.

IV. HIDDEN MEASURES.

- (1) Fasting, is it not a Lenten duty ?
- (2) Only grace can keep us from errors.
- (3) A created being should fulfil its Creator's will.
- (4) On Mount Moriah in Jerusalem stood the Temple.

V. Interpret these sentences. Alternate letters are omitted.

- (1) C i d e o c y u p r n s .
- (2) R m m e t e a b t d y .



THE BOOKSHELF.

My list of religious works includes :—
A Handbook of the Gospel According to St. Matthew, by the Rev. Canon N. E. Newbolt (Rivingtons), 2s. 6d.
Principles of Religious Education (Longmans, Green & Co.), 3s. 6d.
The Soul of a Christian, a Study in Religious Experience, by Frank Grainger (Methuen).
The Church of the Fathers, by J. H. Newman (John Lane), 3s. 6d.
All in Christ, Devotional Thoughts from the writings of the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (Marshall Bros.), 3s. 6d.
From sundry volumes dealing with affairs abroad, I select : *Italy To-day*, by Bolton King & Thomas Okey (J. Nisbet & Co.), 12s. net.
A New Way Round an Old World, Travels in Siberia, by F. E. Clark, D.D. (S. W. Partridge & Co.), 2s. 6d. *The Chinese Crisis from Within*, by Wen Ching (Grant, Richards), 3s. 6d. *The Canadian Contingents*, by Sandford Evans (Fisher Unwin), 6s.
Of biographies, I take *The Life of Lieutenant-Colonel John Haughton, a Hero of Tirah*, by Major A. Yate (Murray), 12s. net. *The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe*, by his son (J. Murray), 6s. net. *Sketches of Booksellers of Other Days*, by E. Marston (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.), 5s. net.
Among what may be styled instructive books, I note : *The Method of Evolution*, by H. W. Coun (G. P. Putnam's, Sons), 7s. 6d. *How Sailors Fight*, by John Blake (Grant, Richards), 6s. *The Modern Jew*, by David Baron (Hodder & Stoughton), 6s. *Trooper 8009*, by the Hon. Sidney Peel (E. Arnold), 7s. 6d.
Two books that may stand by themselves are : *The Life of the Bee*, by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro (George Allen), 5s. net. And *The Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie*, transcribed by Archibald Stodart Walker (Grant, Richards), 6s.
Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from The Manager, "The Church Magazine" Offices, 79-81, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

ered by Mr. Mitchell, Hamilton, Miss Graham, Toronto, Miss Thompson, Hamilton, Mr. Sterling, Jarvis, with Miss Lewis, Hagersville, as accompanist, all of whom deserve our warm thanks. The net proceeds amounted to \$88. Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of the ladies for the large measure of success.

We wish to express our deep sympathy with Mrs. John Graham, whose father, Mr. Charles Simon passed to his rest on Sept. 18th.

The Rev. Mr. Herbert of Port Dover officiated in All Saints' on Sunday, the 28th ult, the incumbent going to Port Dover and Vittoria to preach at the Harvest Festival in those places. Our own Harvest Festival will, D V., be held on the evening of Thanksgiving Day at 7.30 p.m. The Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, M. A., rector of Dunnville, is to be the special preacher.

DUNNVILLE.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The illustration on the front page of this magazine is a picture of St. Paul's Church, Dunnville. The corner stone was laid in 1886, and the building completed in 1887. The seating capacity is 350, but this can be largely increased in time of need. It is a fine brick edifice, and seldom do finer grounds surround a church than those in which St. Paul's stands.

Many years ago, about 1846, the first Anglican Church was erected in Dunnville. It stood where the present church now stands, but it was moved to the N. E. corner of the grounds when the new building was erected. It still stands there, though now used only for a Sunday School.

The first regular Incumbent was the Rev. Adam Townly. Before his time and in the early days when Dunnville was emerging from the primeval forest, when communication was almost entirely by water, and roads were little more than tracks through the bush, the little village (it had about 6 houses in 1829) was visited occasionally by the Rev. Bold Cudmore Hill of York, whose ministrations carried him principally on horseback, over 2 or 3 counties, and whom early settlers remember as a small man accustomed to ride a very large horse. Later on, the Rev. C. B. Gribble, who had come out from England in 1841, became Rector of Christ Church, Port Maitland and sometimes held service here; but it was not till about 1846 that there was a regular church in Dunnville. About that time the Rev. Adam Townly took charge of the triple parish of Dunnville, Port Maitland and South Cayuga, and lived on the Glebe lands near Pt. Maitland (1846-1855) His successor, Rev. John Flood, was the first resident clergyman in Dunnville (1855-1866). About 1863 he moved into the rectory that is still in use but which we expect very soon to

give place to a more comfortable and substantial structure. Then came Rev. Noah Disbrow (1869-77), and afterwards Rev. Percy Smith (1877-88), who was the last to hold the triple charge. It was during the incumbency of the last-named clergyman that the present church was built; and a strong proof of his energy and success is afforded by the fact that when he left the parish in 1888, about a year after the church was finished, the mortgage against the building was for only \$2,500, although it had cost \$8,000 or \$9,000. His successor, Rev. Thos. Motherwell, (1888-1902) further reduced the debt to \$750.00, and in his time many improvements were made both in the grounds surrounding the church and in the interior of the edifice, about \$300 being spent in interior decoration in 1895, and in 1896 a very handsome stained glass window being placed in the Church as a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ramsey. During this year a smaller window has been placed by Mr. and Mrs. Conolly in memory of their infant son. There are also a Lectern and a fine Communion table commemorating respectively Mrs. Eleanor Blott and Mr. and Mrs. Arr Brownson, all staunch supporters of the church in days gone by.

The present Rector, Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, came to us only last June, but he has made himself very popular indeed. He is a young man full of energy and zeal, and under his ministry the attendance and interest in the church have largely increased. We hope that this improvement will continue and that an era of larger usefulness, of truer work, and of purer love for the Master may be in store for St. Paul's Church.

SOUTH CAYUGA.

The harvest thanksgiving services on Sept. 11th in St. John's church and the Deanery Meeting on the following day at "The Elms" brought together the majority of the clergy of the county. The preacher on the 11th was Rev. N. I. Perry of St. Catharines. Lack of space forbids an adequate description of the proceedings on the two days. The weather co-operated with the beautiful surroundings at "The Elms" to make the visit and conference truly enjoyable. Devotion, business, and social pleasure were joined in due proportion. The clergy were particularly pleased to find that Mrs. George Docker, the honored head of the household, now in her 92nd year, was able to be present in the house of the Lord and to take a lively interest in the object of their gathering as well as in their personal comfort and entertainment. They fervently hope that she may be spared several years to continue "a mother in Israel" and the chief figure in so much that is attractive and delightful. The next place of meeting will be Jarvis, the date being in December.