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*Tom. Blott*

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# The Haldimand Deanery

\* Magazine. \*



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK, ONT.

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## THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

### EDITORIAL.

The clergy of the Deanery earnestly hope that the solemn services of Good Friday will be well attended and that the day will indeed be found "good" both in its associations and in its influence on the heart and life. They remind their parishioners that the offerings will be devoted to the spread of the knowledge of the Saviour among the Jews. They still more fervently urge their flocks to honor the great and blessed festival of Easter. Not only will the houses of God be made beautiful with natural and other tokens of joy, but the tables of the Lord will be prepared for the feast of Heavenly bounties. Why should not all who have confessed Christ in Confirmation remain and enjoy the sweet spiritual privilege? Turn not away from the holiest and best of the blessings of the day. Glorify Him who "died for our sins and rose again for our justification." The Spirit of holiness and the Bride, the Church of Christ, both say, Come.

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The next Deanery Meeting will D. V. be held at York on the evening of the 8th of May, Ascension Day, and on the 9th. Business of great importance as well as highly interesting studies will engage the attention of the Chapter. The rural dean hopes to see all his clerical brethren.

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The Bible puzzles seem to be well named. The editor has, however, received correct answers to II, VII, VIII, IX and X from Roy Peacock, of Walpole township, to whom marks of merit have been given. What are members of our Bible Classes doing? There is still time to send answers to the Jan. and Feb. puzzles. The clergy are offering prizes of \$1.00, 60 cents, and 40 cents to the three most successful competitors.

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The illustration given this month is a picture of St. John's Church, York. As may easily be seen, the building is both handsome and substantial. An historical sketch of the parish was to appear in this issue, but circumstances have prevented the arrival of the manuscript in time for insertion. Probably this will be an important feature of the April number.

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### JARVIS

The Incumbent has been preaching special sermons in three courses, the subjects being: The Soul's Progress, The Foundation of the Faith, and The Days of Creation.

The Sunday School has resumed the morning

hour for its session, and the Bible Class and the candidates for Confirmation have agreed to work together in their sacred studies. An effort is being made to collect sufficient money for the purchase of five Scripture maps, the collectors being scholars.

The remainder of the Synod Apportionment should at once be raised, the amount being \$42.14, and the objects being Diocesan Missions, Widows and Orphans, General Purposes, Aged and Disabled Clergymen, and Divinity Students. Envelopes will be sent out for this purpose. Receivers will greatly oblige the Incumbent by returning them with offerings at their earliest possible convenience.

7th March, 1902, being the thirteenth anniversary of the organization of the Church Guild, a meeting was held at Mrs. Hartwell's, commemorative of the same. The attendance was good, though many were absent on account of illness. The minutes of last meeting being read and approved, a resolution of condolence was passed expressing sorrow and deep sympathy for Mrs. Spencer in the loss of her mother, and the secretary was requested to forward a copy of the same to her. A letter was read from the president, Mrs. Bourne, who has been confined to the house by illness for several weeks, congratulating the Guild on the good work done in the past, wishing us God-speed in the future, and expressing a hope that with the new year upon which we are entering, fresh life and energy might be aroused and more zeal shown for the Master's work. Tea was served by Mrs. Hartwell, and a pleasant evening was spent. M. J. Maxwell, Sec. P. T.

### YORK.

The Rev. T. H. Cotton, B. A., Incumbent of Nanticoke, visited this parish on Sunday, Feb. 16th, and preached in St. John's, York, and St. Mark's, Seneca, to good congregations, leaving a favorable impression at both appointments. The collections for the Diocesan Missions nearly reached \$6. Our visitor seemed pleased with the hearty character of the singing and responding at both these services. The Rural Dean took charge of the Sunday duty at Nanticoke and Cheapside.

A very good number of parishioners attended church on Sunday, Feb. 9th, the occasion being the anniversary of the opening of St. John's Church, York, for public worship just 10 years ago. An exchange had been arranged between the rector and the Rev. P. L. Spencer, rector of St. Paul's church, Jarvis; but the blocked state of the roads on account of a violent snow storm, compelled a postponement of the exchange, and the Rev. C. Scudamore preached an appropriate discourse from the

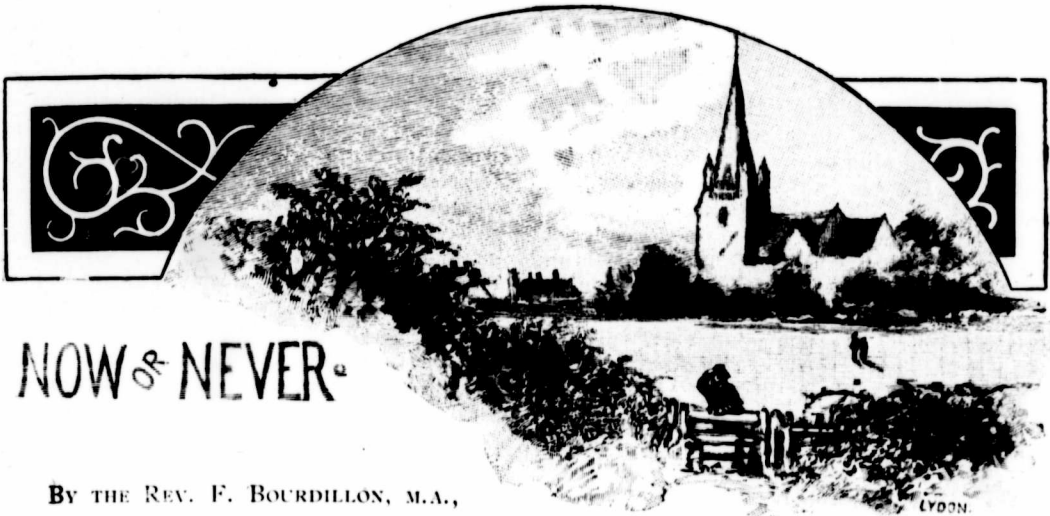
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"Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious Fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."—*James v. 7.*—(See page 69.)

*Specially drawn for "The Church Magazine" by C. L. ALLPORT.*

*Engraved by C. LYDEN.*



## NOW & NEVER

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

Author of "Bedside Readings," etc.

"**N**OW," because God says so. He says that *now* He will have mercy on you, and forgive you. He says that if you will *now* turn and serve Him, He will for Christ's sake (who died for you) blot out all your sins, and receive you for His own. He bids you turn to Him *now*, He invites you *now*, He calls upon you to repent and believe *now*, He says to you "*now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

Is not this good news? That *you*, a guilty and helpless sinner, may be saved—*now*, at once—that Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, loved you and died for you; and that all your sins (oh, how many they are!) may now be washed away in His precious blood—is not this good news? Are you not glad to hear it?

Perhaps not. Wonderful to say—perhaps *not*. Perhaps you do not care. Thousands and thousands who hear it do not care. Perhaps *you* do not. Perhaps you do not care half so much as if a man were to put a shilling into your hand or offer you a drink. Perhaps you turn away without giving it a thought, and go on just the same as before. And yet, what is it that has happened to you? God has offered you SALVATION! He has said to you, "*Now* is the day of salvation."

But it is "*Now or never!*" That means, now salvation or never salvation; now forgiveness or never forgiveness; now Christ and God and

safety and peace and happiness and heaven—or *never!*

Is this "*never*" as sure and certain as the "*now*"? The "*now*" is quite sure, for God has said it; but has God said the "*never*" too? Has God said, in so many words, that, if you do not turn to Him to-day, you never shall; and that, unless you seek and find Christ and salvation to-day, you never shall? In short, has God said that *this* is your last chance?

I dare not say that He has. Oh, what if He *had*? In that case, if you should once turn away from His call, you would walk off straight to destruction. And could you bear to do *that*—even *you*? If God had plainly sounded in your ears "*Now or never!*" surely even *you* would at least listen, and stop and think.

I dare not say that He has quite. But He has almost. He has said that, and done that, which makes it at least extremely *likely* that with you it is "*now or never.*" And, if it is even *likely*, how precious does that make the "*now*," and what madness it is to let it slip!

It *is* likely, extremely likely.

Judge by *yourself*. You offer a man a good bargain; but the man hesitates. "Come, make up your mind," you say, "it's now or never." And if the man walks off, it is *never*; for you will not make him the offer again. Or suppose a man has done you a wrong; and you are kind-hearted, and say to him, "Let's say no more about it; let us be friends again"; but the man

cares nothing for your friendship, and goes off without even thanking you or asking you—you would hardly give him another chance, would you? No, it would be "now or never." You would say, "Well, if you won't, you won't," and probably you would not try again.

God is not like man; He is far kinder than you; nevertheless, if you refuse Him *now*, you are provoking Him to say "Never!"

Besides, He *has* said so sometimes. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. . . . Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but they shall not find Me" (Prov. i. 24-28). There it was "now, or never," indeed.

So it was with the foolish virgins, who would not take oil when they might: "Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But He answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not" (Matt. xxv. 11, 12).

And with those who never would seek to enter in till the door was shut (Luke xiii. 25). Once it was open and they were invited to enter, and that by the Lord Himself, but they would not; when He had risen up and shut the door, in vain did they knock and cry. It proved with them "now, or never."

It is "now or never," because in fact now is the only time you have got. You talk of "to-morrow," or "someday;" but you have not got them, they are not yours, and never may be. There is only one day that you have, and that is *this* day; not to-morrow, but to-day. I am not in God's secrets; I do not know whether He will give you a to-morrow or not; but He has not given it to you yet, and He *has* given you to-day; it is the only day you have, and yet you turn from the day which you *have* to a day which you have *not*; and on that day which you have not got, and which you never may have, you talk of doing that which God bids you do to-day—that is, turn to Him. It is your only day for doing it, the only day you can make sure of. Thus it is, "now or never."

Let me ask you a question. You talk of "to-morrow" and "some day." Do you think then, that though you are not willing to turn to God to-day, you will be to-morrow? Or that "some day" you will wish to do that which you will not do this day? *Why?* What makes you think so? Why should your mind change so between to-day and to-morrow?

Is God—who has our hearts in His hand—is He likely to put forth His power, and, by

His Spirit, change your will? Why, by turning away from Him now you are provoking Him *not* to do it. You are daring Him to leave you to yourself—to leave you to go on as you are, unwilling still. So that, even if you should see to-morrow, you will probably be just as unwilling as to-day; and, though you may live many days on the earth, yet that "*some day*" will never come, when your mind will be turned to seek God.

Think what you are doing. God invites you to seek Him *now*. And your answer is (not in so many words, you would not *dare!* but in deed) "No, not *now*, not at *Thy* time, but at mine; I will choose the day. I do not want to be forgiven *to-day*, I do not ask Thee to blot out my sins *yet*; I will do without a Saviour for the present, and I will let the flesh have it's way with me yet awhile, and will not yet ask Thee to give me Thy Holy Spirit. When I want forgiveness, a Saviour, the Spirit, I will ask. Meanwhile I will run the risk; I will go on living under Thy displeasure, I will spend my days without Thee, I will be 'without God in the world' at present, I will still bear the load of my sins, I will go my own way, not Thine, till it shall please me to turn."

If this is the answer you are making to God's gracious call, is it not likely—to say the least—that He will cause it to be with you "Now or never"? And if that is *likely*, if there be even the smallest risk of it, is it not madness to be deaf to His voice when He says "*Now* is the day of salvation"? But there is in fact *more* than the smallest risk; there is an awful danger of it. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

Lot said to his sons-in-law, "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city. But he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons-in-law" (Gen. xix. 14), and they never stirred. And where were they the next day? It was "now or never" with *them*.

Nineveh had a longer time, "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown" (Jonah iii. 4). Still it was "now or never." If Nineveh had let the forty days slip, where would Nineveh have been?

You have had your warning time already—more than forty days; do not reckon on forty days more, do not reckon on *one* day more. *To-day* is the only day you have. "Escape for thy life!" Now or never! "Receive not the grace of God in vain"—that is, His free offer of salvation in Christ. You *do* receive that grace or favour, every time the Gospel is set before you: receive it not again *in vain*. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). *Now*, and *now only*; Now or Never!

## FRESH AIR.

BY HECTOR MAINWARING.



nature be animal, vegetable, or mineral, has that thing which is called life. Remove it from any living creature and the vital spark expires. Blood, in order to retain its vitality, needs to be exposed to the air, and in all organic beings care is taken to bring about this result. Ventilation is a necessity. In the higher animals the air gains access to the blood through the thin outer walls of the lungs, in others through gills, or through spiracles (or breathing holes) which surround the body.

Lungs exist in mammals, birds, and reptiles. The early days of amphibians are passed in a fish-like form in the water, and breathing is carried on by means of gills, but when the mature form is attained the gills give place to lungs. Fishes possess on either side of their throats a number of bars with beautiful red fringes, through which their blood flows. Water is taken into their mouths and passed out through the gill slits, the air dissolved in the water cleansing the blood. Crabs breathe by means of gills, and many of them possess curious microscopic hooks for cleansing these important organs, whilst insects procure their fresh air through holes in the sides of the body, communicating with pipes carried through the trunks and limbs. These pipes are kept open by spiral springs, and the outside apertures are provided with gratings to keep out the dust.

Speaking generally, land animals procure their fresh air direct from the atmosphere, while aquatic animals breathe only the air dissolved in the water. Certain crabs, however, living out of their natural element, wander about on the land, and even climb trees; and therefore have acquired special breathing arrangements. The climbing perch, and the serpent-head fishes of the East, as well as the eels of our own country, take land journeys of considerable extent; and the two former possess a special chamber above the gills, which is apparently intended to assist their ordinary breathing

machinery. Many mammals spend their leisure, as well as their business hours in rivers or in the sea. Diving birds and otters manage to hold their breath under water while they pursue their prey. Crocodiles possess noses not ornamental but useful, for the nostrils are placed at the summit of the muzzle, and open far back in the throat, thus

enabling these animals to hold and drown their prey without suffocating themselves. Whales, porpoises, and dolphins have their breathing holes on the summits of their heads, and, therefore, are able to obtain fresh air as soon as they emerge from their plunge into the deep. Everyone knows how disagreeable it is to take a breath while the nose is under water, whales are saved this unpleasantness by valves which close their nostrils when they go below.

But all the above-mentioned methods of breathing are commonplace, and it is only when we reach the insect world that romance really begins. The life of an insect is divided into four stages—the egg, the grub, the pupa (or chrysalis), and the perfect insect. The eggs are often placed in the water, and sometimes only the last of the four stages is passed, so to speak, in the open air. The eggs of a gnat, for instance, float as a raft; the grub leads a fish-like life, breathing through the tail; the pupa also lives in the water, with its breathing apparatus transferred to the other end; while the gnat flies about in the air, and breathes through air-holes placed, as usual, around the body.

Now, even an egg requires air, and one of the great water-beetles provides in an ingenious fashion for its supply. The eggs are fastened





together in a neat little raft, but rafts being liable to become water-logged, the mother beetle places on it a mast, down which the air may pass to the submerged eggs. The larva of a beautiful metallic beetle, found on water-lilies and other aquatic plants, cleverly constructs a cocoon under water, leaves a tiny hole through which the water may run out, pierces the plant and fills the cocoon from its air vessel, and then takes up its abode in the crystal palace. This device for living comfortably "down in the deep" is even more remarkable than that of the well-known diving spider, which carries down bubbles of air, and fills a silken air-chamber which it makes to receive it; for the spider is a mature animal, while the beetle larva is, strictly speaking, only a baby. The caterpillars of some moths display much variety in their methods of obtaining fresh air. The first three days after they come out of the eggs are spent in the water, and breathing is carried on by means of the skin. Then the little creatures set to work to build houses for themselves out of two pieces of leaf, one of which they cut off and join to the lower surface of the other. In

this water-bed they spend the winter. When spring comes a wish for a new house awakens in the breast of every caterpillar, and again two pieces of leaf are joined together. This time the water is excluded from the house, and air is admitted in place of it. Lastly, long hairs grow out of the skin like a kind of plush, in which the air is entangled until it is required.

The sand-fly (or buffalo-gnat) is notorious for its persecution of cattle. The grub lives in the water. When the latter is about to assume the chrysalis state, it constructs for itself a bag resembling a watch-pocket, in which it waits for the hour to arrive when it can sail off into the air on gauzy wings. A couple of long tubes project from the mouth of the pocket, down which passes the necessary air. The larva of the moth-fly is ready for every emergency. It has a couple of breathing-holes at one end for use when in the air, and a pair at the other end for service when in the water. A considerable number of two-winged flies pass their grub stage either in water or mud. They have tails like rats, and these tails conduct the business of respiration while the bodies are submerged. A near relative of the well-known daddy-longlegs breathes, on emerging from the egg, through its enormously long tail; then in the next stage through its still longer nose; and, lastly, through the air-holes on its long body.

Many beetles live in the water and these obtain their supply of air in a curious fashion. There are two members of the order found in England known as great water beetles, one living on other animals, and the other on vegetable matter. The first uses the space under its wing covers as an air chamber, and comes to the surface at intervals to renew the air contained therein; thrusting the apex of its body out of the water to accomplish that purpose. It usually devours its prey just under the surface of the water, with the air opening sticking out, thus eating at one end and breathing at the other. It can remain under water for hours at a time, so long as it does not increase its rate of breathing by active exertion. The big vegetarian carries a supply of air attached to its clothing. The under surface of the body is adorned with a velvet waistcoat, in the shape of fine hairs, and this garment retains a supply of air even when the insect is swimming about, and yields it up when necessary to the adjacent breathing holes. A fresh supply is obtained without leaving the water. The beetle rises to the surface, thrusts out its peculiarly-formed antennæ, scoops down the air, and sticks it on to his waistcoat.

Fresh air is of vital importance. It is, indeed, "the Breath of Life."



ROY'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of South Africa before the War.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

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

Illustrated by J. LITTLER.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)



wise decision. On that condition, then yes."

"And you will say good-bye to me?" holding out his hand. Sir Edgar waved him off.

"You have disgraced my name. May time bring you to

repentance. I can wish you nothing else."

"Going to Africa!" sobbed Ina, now completely broken down, as soon as they were alone together for the last time.

There was a long silence in the room, interrupted at first by Ina's sobs. But gradually even those ceased. And in absolute quietude brother and sister clung together. Until, by and by, Roderick began to speak, continuing aloud the thoughts which had occupied those voiceless moments.

"It isn't always easy, Ina, to obey God's voice, or to follow where His finger points, even when one sees it as distinctly as I do now. But I learnt a lot last night in that cell. I saw then that my money had been a danger to me, and that I had mapped out my life on my own lines, not waiting for Him to lead the way. Now He calls upon me to give up all my self-willed plans."

"Yes?" she said, entirely mystified. "But I thought that you always had intended to yield everything to God? I thought you were

saving the money for the poor and hoping to spend your time amongst them?"

"But suppose God doesn't want my time or money for that purpose, dear? Suppose that He has had plans for me quite different to those I have formed for myself? Am I to struggle against His desires and to try to do His will against His wishes? And yet," he added with a sigh, "it is difficult to offer the willing sacrifice."

"And who will help me to be good if you

go," wailed poor Ina, suddenly shifting the ground and letting his arguments pass unanswered. She was in no mood for discussion of any kind to-day. "No body cares for God in this house, except you." "God will lead you, little sister, He has led me, I am sure. And Ina, child, I want you to help Ted all you can. You've always been good to him, and to me too. Now you must devote your energies to him alone."

"Oh, it's his fault you're going, Roy! Stay with me, dear, do stay."



"STAY WITH ME, DEAR, DO STAY."

Which was a very useless cry. Indeed, he must start at once, if he were to carry out his intentions. And so he very gently told her, as he took her into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"God bless you, and keep you, dear, and perfect his good work within you," he whispered solemnly, at last.

And then he went away.

## CHAPTER V.

"You must love him ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love."

"**S**O you didn't split on me, Roy? Well, I think it most awfully decent of you, and that's the truth," exclaimed Ted. The two brothers had happened to meet upon the doorstep as

Roy, after giving orders to a servant concerning the necessary packing, was quitting his father's house,—perhaps for ever.

"I was in court, though you didn't see me. And if the magistrates hadn't had the sense to let you off you'd have heard me speak out. As they did, there was no need, no particular harm being done, I suppose, after all."

He rattled it all off in his usual half gay, half lazy fashion. But his eyes avoided Roy's, and his manner had not its customary easy assurance. He knew that he had played a coward's

part last night in escaping from the club, without Roy, by a door known only to a select few. And he was fully aware that he was still bent upon allowing Roy to bear the burden of his own vices. But since those things were, it was as well to leave them unmentioned.

"You think not?" said Roy, quietly.

"Harm? Of course not. Indeed, I look upon myself quite as your benefactor. For who would have you in a beastly slum now?" Roy shivered a little. It was his father's dictum over again. "So you'll have to spend

your money upon yourself. Lucky dog, you!"

In answer to which, what was there to say? Roy attempted no reply. Instead, he made a request.

"Do something for me, Ted. I sail for Africa to-morrow." Ted turned and stared at him. "You'll hear it all at home. I'm in a hurry, so I won't stop to explain now. But come and see me at the Cecil, at seven this evening."

"But Roy—I don't understand—wait a moment—"

Roy, however, had stopped a passing hansom. There were preparations to make, and he had no time to lose.

"We can talk then," he said. And with a nod he was gone.

The evening light was pouring into the sitting-room which Roderick had engaged at the hotel, for that last night before he left England. It was falling upon Ted's face, for once wearing an expression of shamed gravity. It lighted up Roderick's countenance, which, with its sublime



"THERE IS THE MONEY."

expression of self-sacrifice, looked almost noble. It struck a golden ray right across an already executed deed lying on the table, a deed which made Edward Arnold absolute owner of capital representing an income of seven thousand pounds a year, the fortune which had hitherto belonged to his brother.

"There is the money," Roy was saying, pointing to the parchment. "My savings from the past will be more than enough to keep me afloat. You know what you told me last night you would do if you had the opportunity. All

I have to say is, here is the opportunity. Carry out your intentions."

Ted glanced from the deed to Roy, and from Roy to the deed. He was scarcely able, even yet, although they had been discussing the matter for many minutes, to realise the position. Never a reproach, never an angry word. Instead of either, a fortune:—and Mary.

But he was ashamed, bitterly ashamed, notwithstanding. The contrast between his own conduct and that of his brother startled and almost frightened him. He was aware that he was behaving with unmanly meanness, and he resented the feeling of humiliation which the consciousness brought.

"Have you seen the Bishop?" he inquired, instead of giving a direct reply. "What does he say to this idea of yours?"

"He agrees with me that since I cannot make the facts public—" And then he paused for an instant. He could not altogether repress his wonder and sorrow over a nature which could keep silence at the expense of another. But Ted did not speak. And after a moment Roy again took up the sentence.

"Since I cannot make the facts public he considers that it would be wrong to be ordained. It might, to folks who did not understand, seem to bring discredit on the holy office to which I should be admitted. As a layman I can still serve my Master. And I mean to try."

There was a long pause, until Ted got up

restlessly, and walking to the window, leaned his head against the frame.

"Roy, I don't like to accept such a gift," he said. "Such an immense sum!"

And then Roy knew that of the real sacrifice—the sacrifice of noble hopes unfulfilled, of plans for the good of the world wrecked, of a name dragged through the dust—Ted had no idea. But Roy smiled. For after all it was not to Ted alone, but to the Lord who had bestowed Himself, that the gift was made. And He would understand.

"You may take it as unhesitatingly as I give

it ungrudgingly," he said. "It is for Christ's sake and for the soul of my brother." At which Ted started a little. But Roy was adding, with another smile, "And be good to Mary, old fellow."

That Mary herself, however, might be cast in a firmer mould than appeared on the surface, or that she might not see exactly with the eyes either of the world in which she lived, or of Roy himself, who naturally, perhaps, considered

his brother before he thought of her, was a possibility that not even he took into account.

And having thus settled his affairs, Roy sailed on Saturday.

CHAPTER VI.

"By all Thy love did once resign,  
By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,  
We pray Thee, keep us at Thy side."

It was upon the Monday night following that Mrs. Dovercourt gave an open air



"WHY, THERE IS TED."

fête at her lovely place on the river. The whole of London Society was expected, amongst those who had received invitations being Zarah Ducie and Edward Arnold, as well as Lady Arnold and her elder daughter. Ina was not yet introduced. But even had the case been otherwise three days of fretting would not have been the best preparation for a night of festivity. And the girl was glad enough to spend the evening alone in Roderick's deserted study.

Nor could any fête have compensated for one lesson which she was taught in her solitude. For it was then she learned how, even yet, a promise never given to her, still to her, held good, and that "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It was thus that the sore young heart found rest.

As to Ted, he had not felt quite himself since that farewell interview with his brother. The sensation of shame had never left him. For which reason he had, up to the present, mentioned the change in his position to no one. He dreaded what might be said.

Neither had he made any effort to see Mary.

By to-night, however, he was growing tired of what he called moping. And with a determined effort after forgetfulness he threw himself into the excitement of the moment. Much to his own satisfaction he found that, before the evening had well begun, he was, as usual, proving himself gay as the gayest.

"Why, there is Ted!" he heard by and by, in Zarah's voice. And he turned to find, with some astonishment, that the announcement had been made to his own father. It was not often that that eminent philanthropist escorted his wife and daughter to their social engagements. But perhaps he had seized this opportunity of showing the world how little he felt himself involved in his elder son's disgrace.

"Ted at your service," Ted himself answered, bowing to the lady, and at the same time fuming at being interrupted in his hunt for Mary.

"Ted, who promised last Thursday that he would call immediately, and whom I have been expecting ever since," she continued, addressing Sir Edgar, but looking at his son. "What should be done to such faithless ones? But tell me, Ted, where you have been, as you haven't honoured my poor dwelling."

"Up and down and round the town," he replied, with a laugh in which, though she did not detect it, there mingled a note of freedom. For he was free now! Free from the fetters she would so willingly have forged, free even from the need to make that intended offering of diamonds. "If I'd only known you were expecting me—"

"Ah! Is not that Lord Benbow," Sir Edgar suddenly exclaimed. "You will excuse me, Mrs. Ducie? I leave you in good hands." And in a moment Zarah and Ted were alone.

Then she returned to the charge.

"Why didn't you come? And what has happened to Roderick?" she inquired. "Isabelle gave me a hint not to mention him. And with what one has seen in the papers—"

"He went to Africa on Saturday," said Ted, soberly, all his carefully cultivated merriment dying away. "He is a good chap, is Roy. Zarah, I'll tell you a secret. He has settled all his money on me."

"On you?" She looked full at him, without another word, for a moment. Hitherto she had shared Ina's opinion that Ted must have led Roy into this scrape. But in that case Roy would scarcely have handed over his fortune as a sort of reward, and himself have vanished.

"Yes, to me. And I'm a rich man," clasping his hands one on the top of the other with a quick, sudden spasm of delightful realisation, such as he had never felt before. "Can you imagine it? I can't."

"Nor I," she said, slowly, wondering what difference this would make in the relations between them. She loved him. And only last Thursday she had felt so sure of him—for her money's sake. But she was by no means certain of his love.

"Well, keep it dark. You're the first to know," he said, just as a tall and handsome woman came behind them and touched Zarah on the shoulder.

"Me dear, unkoind child, and were yer going to cut me? And I so anxious to introjuice me son to yer," said a rather loud voice, with a pronounced Irish accent.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Kief! How charmed I am to see you," at the same instant bestowing a glance of vexation upon Ted. But in spite of

the glance Ted made his escape. He was indeed only too glad of the chance. For there, over by the cedar, greeting her hostess who stood in a brilliant circle of light, was Lady Bankton, with Mary in her train;—sweet Mary, who looked up with one of her soft blushes as Ted's tones made themselves audible at her elbow.

"So I have found you at last," he said. And though the words were commonplace enough there was about them a ring of unaccustomed earnestness. "Why are you so late?"

If she were late, however, Ted evidently did not intend to lose her society now that she had arrived. Lady Bankton, beset by a swarm of friends, was less able than usual to play the part of a satisfactory and vigilant chaperone. The consequence was that, within ten minutes, Ted had decoyed the girl into a most tempting corner where the darkness lay undisturbed by illuminations, there to pour out to her his love story. And if, in his impassioned eagerness, Mary felt as though she did not recognise the usually insouciant, careless Ted Arnold, it was the less astonishing, since Ted, now that he found himself free to tell his love, hardly recognised himself.

"I've always loved you, Mary. I don't ever remember a time when I didn't. But never, until the last day or two, did I dare to think I might ask you to be my wife."

She was sitting by his side upon a low garden seat, behind which great pots of tall lilies, which

scented the air with their fragrance, had been arranged. Her shoulders were covered with a fleecy white feather cape, and the billowy masses of her colourless chiffon dress fell to the ground all about her. In that nook he could only distinguish the light outline amidst the shadows. But he could feel that she was trembling, and it gave him courage. He took both her hands into his own.

"Dear, will you marry me?" he said. And then he smiled, a victorious, yet tender smile. Yet, instead of any other answer, she suddenly snatched away her hands, and covered

her face as she burst into tears.

"Oh no, Ted! I can't. Indeed I can't," she sobbed.

The words, however, made little difference. He thought that he had known she would speak like that, at first. All women did. And he was quite content to let her cry quietly for a moment, before he took out his own spotless handkerchief, and drawing away the little fingers, gently mopped up the tears.

"And now tell me why not?" he said. "Because if it is that you think me too poor—"

"Poor?" He could see that she lifted her head as though surprised. "I never thought about it. No. It isn't that. But Ted, you don't care for—for religion and I do. I couldn't marry—even you—and feel—that—that"—a sob, and then in one great outburst of feeling, "I couldn't bear to feel that we were not trying to serve God together."

It is safe to say that never in all his life had



"OH, NO TED . . . . I CAN'T BE YOUR WIFE."

Edward Arnold received such a shock. In the circle wherein both Mary and he moved, religion was a matter usually kept strictly for Sunday observance, if indeed it were observed at all. That Mary herself went to Church on weekdays, and was altogether more devotional than most people he was aware. But he had hitherto only considered that to be a proof of her lovely sweetness of character, and therefore quite charming and pardonable.

But that she should allow religion to intrude into such an important affair as the acceptance or rejection of a lover, and especially when that lover was himself, seemed indeed inappropriate. Even perhaps—at least it would have been in anybody else—a little profane. And how to soothe the storm of anguish he had not the least idea.

Therefore he left the words unanswered, and went upon a different tack.

"Don't you love me?" he whispered.

Mary nodded.

"Yes," in a rather surprised voice, "I never knew it until to-night, though. But I do love you, Ted."

"Well, then," more hopefully, "you'll marry me, of course. I'll turn over a new leaf, Mary. You don't know what a good chap I could be, with you to help me. Wouldn't you like to help me, my darling?"

She looked up suddenly, just as the moon over-topped an opposite tree, and sent a silver beam right athwart the pure, longing face.

"Do you believe in God?" the girl asked earnestly.

Ted felt absolutely injured. He had come to her full of love, ready to lay his newly gotten wealth at her feet. Moreover, it was Roderick, a man who surely ought to be a judge of such matters, who had sent him. And here was a little girl just out of the schoolroom, a girl, too, who had confessed that she loved him, questioning him as to his faiths and unfaiths. It would have been easier to make love to Zarah. Though still—

"Believe? What do you mean?" almost roughly.

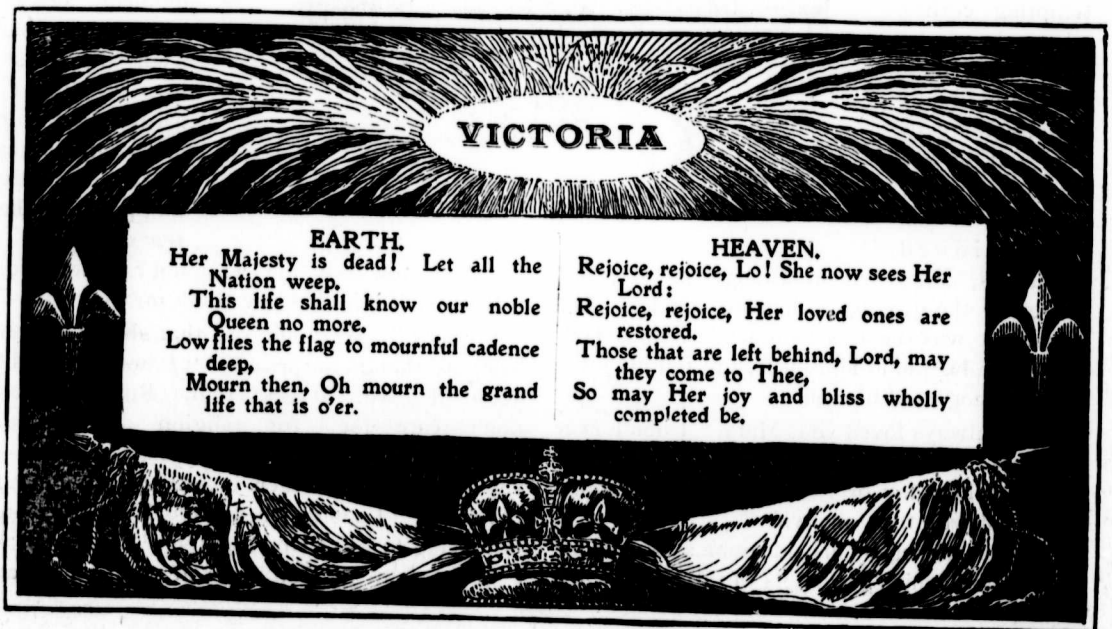
"Why, love Him and serve Him and think that you'd rather live always in trouble, if He willed it so, than lead a life of joy without Him?" she said, with the utmost simplicity. "Do you?"

Whereupon Ted pronounced his own sentence.

"No, that I don't," he owned frankly, and with a genuine laugh. "Do you?"

"Yes," she said. "And because you don't too, Ted, I can't be your wife. For that would be a life of joy without Him."

*(To be continued.)*



# A CHILD'S FROCK AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By THEKLA BOWSER.



**T**HERE need be nothing elaborate about a child's frock in order to make it exceedingly pretty, the real necessities being that it is well cut and good work put into it. Now that the Spring-time is with us once more, the little ones will be needing some new frocks, which will go through the trials of the wash-tub

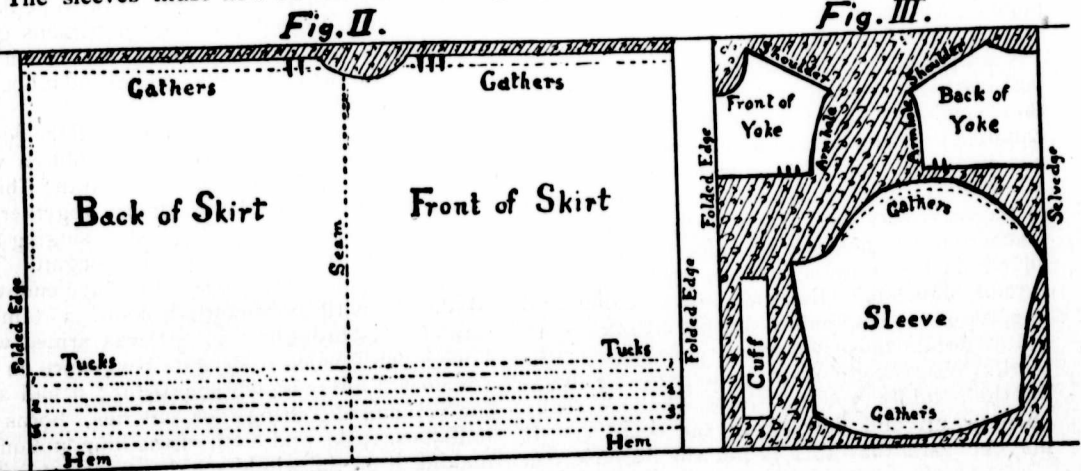
to the diagram and the seams run up, after which they must be gathered at the tops and wrists and a tiny double wrist-band is put on to suit the size of the child. This must not be folded double, but be open at the outer edge so that a frill of gathered embroidery can be put between. The sleeve is then gathered into the arm-hole at the top, this having first been tried on the child to see that it is sufficiently cut out to be comfortable. For the neck, all that need be done is to neaten the upper edge of the yoke by a tiny hem, then sewing it on to the frill of the embroidery that will stand up round the throat. It is better if the yoke is lined, and for the lining any bit of calico may be used. In this case the frock is put between the upper yoke and the lining, and the frill for the throat is done in the same way, which makes everything delightfully neat. The entire yoke should be finished off with a line of tree-stitching or herring-boning.

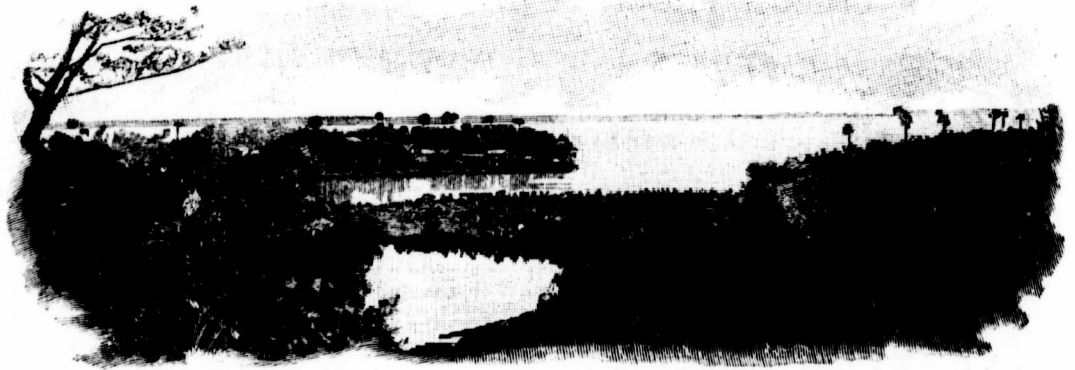
without being ruined.

In my first illustration, Fig. I., I show a very nice little dress which is suitable for a child between two and five years of age, and it would look well if made in print, muslin or cambric. The quantity of 42-inch material required will be two yards and about six yards of embroidered edging.

By the second picture, Fig. II., it is easily seen how to cut out the frock. The skirt is simply cut in two widths, the seams being made to come under the arms, where the material is cut away in a semi-circle for the arm-hole. Three tucks are run at the bottom of the skirt and a placket hole is made down the centre of the back, whilst gathering threads are run at the top. The yoke is perfectly plain, Fig. III., being joined at the shoulder seams and neaten at the back, and made to fasten with buttons and button-holes. Then the frock is run on to the yoke back and front, a frill of embroidery being placed above in the front as will be seen by the picture.

Of course, if the frock is to be a very best one, then a line of insertion may be put between the tucks at the base of the skirt, and the wrist-bands of the sleeves may also be formed of insertion. Another pretty way of making the wrist-bands is to tuck the material closely. Tree-stitching or herring-boning should always be used as an ornamentation for children's clothes. Each tuck is headed with it, and if a contrasting cotton or wool is used, such as red on blue, or pink on white, a dainty trimming will be made to a plain print or cambric frock. The actual lengths for the skirt and sleeves vary with the age of the child; but this is easily taken from an old frock, and I hope that the diagram will show exactly how to cut the pieces out from the two yards of material.





MOUTH OF THE SIERRA LEONE RIVER.

## THE WEST AFRICAN MISSION FIELD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP JAMES JOHNSON, D.D., WESTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

(Continued.)



At Lagos the Grammar School has the names of 112 boys, and the examination results are remarkably good. The school won twelve prizes at the comparative exhibition of school work in various subjects; three boys were successful in the Civil Service examination. A library and a literary club were established and the interest taken by the lads in missionary works was fully sustained. At the Girls' School, a large room has been added to the building, and there are about sixty pupils. Among other subjects a regular course of drilling is given, and there is much interest in missionary work. Do not, however, think that it is a case of all work and no play. Our boys play cricket; the sport bids fair to become very popular among them, and I think will be more so even than football.

I am perfectly satisfied that one of the very best ways to develop our education, will be by these schools, which will give the best education, equal to that of English institutions, to those of our young people who come under our care. What does help us is the fact that the Governor of Lagos is very sympathetic. Speaking to the teachers in the mission he said, "The cry on all hands just now is—'Open up the country, extend, develop.' But men are so eager and impetuous in responding to this cry, that they fail to notice those who are really doing this work. You are the instruments who are effecting the results; you are those who are really opening up and developing the country. It may be said that this is not the purpose you

have at heart when you enter upon your work. You have a higher and a nobler purpose, but as a matter of fact, such is the practical outcome of your work; you inculcate the spirit of loyalty, as your presence here to-day testifies; you assist the Government, you assist the magistrate, you assist the policeman, thus looking at your work from a secular side. I know there is a higher side, and to that you attach the greatest importance; but to-day I want to notice the results of your work from the secular side, and I repeat these are the results of your work; and therefore it is my duty, and the duty of all Her Majesty's officers, to support and encourage you in your great and important work."

And now let me say, in conclusion, that all over Nigeria there is a great work to be done. At one place, Elgbolu, seventeen persons gave up idolatry, and publicly destroyed their idols, charms, and medicine pots. They did it openly, and the missionary says:

"At three o'clock we assembled all the young men and women, and some of the children who were learning to read, and went to the Chief's house; many of the slaves, drawn together by curiosity, came also to see. After singing and praying, the work of destruction began. The chief idol, which was believed to have endowed Maduagu with power to become a famous hunter, was brought out. It was armed with knives, with which to execute vengeance on the enemies of him who worshipped it; it had also for ornament strings of cowries, horns of buffaloes, tusks and teeth of the hippopotamus, making it on the whole a hideous object. The



barbarous idol was very soon deprived of its fantastical ornaments, put into a basket, together with a number of other similar idols, and sent to the mission yard to await the public burning. From his house we were invited to another, and then another, and another, to our great astonishment and gratitude. In several houses to which we were invited, not only did we remove the wooden idols, and destroy those of earth, but also every vestige of superstition. I cannot state correctly the number that were smashed, but there were a very great many which had been prepared, some for driving away witches, some for good luck, and others for driving away enemies in time of war. The great difficulties are the low ideals of the people, who seem to have no higher motive in existence than to get money and possess many wives; their indifference to the conditions of education for their children, the sad hardening of their hearts against the truth, and the apathy of the free born among the Church members with respect to self-support. The African will learn to love the Englishman, but he must be left to work out his own future by the help of God. There are a large number of men who, in a non-Christian land, while following their ordinary calling in life, would bear witness for Christ before the slaves by their actual lives, and their personal voluntary efforts to bring to Him some of His lost sheep. Remember how the African looks on the Englishmen; in every non-Christian land you find the white man as a merchant, trader, a mercantile clerk, a Government official, a miner, a railway officer, or a traveller. He is in his person the representative of a great country and nation, and is generally regarded as a representative of Christianity also. But speaking from my native African experience, I must say that this separation abroad which should, like those early converts to Christianity from Jerusalem, have resulted in an increasing spread of the gospel, has in the main been too much of a hindrance and a stumbling block, and unfortunately often left upon the minds of the African people the impression that the white man, when he is not a professional missionary, is a man of irreligion, very much a being whose god is money.

"See to it, then, that the children whom you are training shall be so equipped and prepared for life abroad, that their lives may bear witness for Christ, especially before the heathen, and contribute to promote the spread of the Gospel. We do not want any more wars or bloodshed, for these have



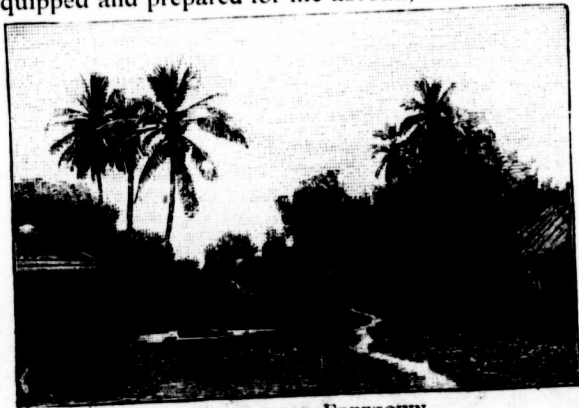
A YORUBA WOMAN.

well nigh ruined and, indeed, greatly enfeebled our country; rather let the missionary be as Livingstone, who, even among the debased and degraded, was known as the friend of the black man. How well I remember when a boy at Fourah Bay College, the great traveller came and spoke some words to us, and the recollection of those simple gospel truths has never faded from my memory."



"We are born into a state of war: with falsehood and disease, and wrong, and misery, in a thousand forms, lying all around us, and the voice within us calling on us to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against these.

"This lifelong fight, to be waged by every one of us single-handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and the test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to the truth—most rare and difficult of all human qualities—Manliness of Christ."



A ROAD NEAR FREETOWN.



ANON.

Music by REV. G. C. E. RYLEY, M.A., Mus. Bac.;  
Minor Canon in Canterbury Cathedral.

*Slow.* †

1. O KING of Kings, Thy bless - ing shed On our an - oint - ed sovereign's head ;

And, look - ing from Thy throne in Heaven, Pro- tect the throne Thy-self hast given. A - men.

† 2 Him with Thy choicest mercies bless ;  
To all his counsels give success ;  
In war, in peace, Thy succour bring ;  
Thy strength command ;—God save the King.

† 3 Him may we honour and obey ;  
Uphold his right and lawful sway ;  
Remembering that the powers that be  
Are ministers ordained of Thee.

4 And oh, when earthly thrones decay,  
And earthly kingdoms fade away,  
Grant him a throne in worlds on high,  
A crown of immortality ! Amen.

NOTE.—Verses 2 and 3 commence at †



## WATCHING WITH JESUS :

## A Meditation for Palm Sunday and the Holy Week.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY VERNON, *Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," etc.*



**T**HIS is Palm Sunday, we stand upon the threshold of the saddest, sweetest week in the year. But if we will learn its lesson, it has a lesson to teach us. It opens to us the meaning of the mystery of pain. It sheds a light upon the mournfulness of life here. We may see the meaning of it all if we will let God teach us. It is that this mortal life, this dying life, this life of sadness, is that one little hour during which it behoves us to *watch with our Lord*.

While He is in the dark, in the agony, crying, if it be possible, for some relief; again, bearing the cruel scourging, the shame and spitting; again, falling under the weight of the Cross which He is bearing; again, hanging those three long hours upon the bitter Tree, nearly overwhelmed with that great darkness which gathers deeper and yet more deeply upon His soul; while He consents to death, the great struggle over, and bids His sorrowful life depart; while the Master thus endures, shall the disciples grudge to watch? While the Sinless One thus suffers, shall the sinners crave to be ever at the feast of life, to have always a gay and merry thing; to be ever enjoying life, and never suffering *with Jesus*? Yea, would we wish to be *so separated from our Lord*?\*

Especially Lent, especially Holy Week, is a time to be devoted to an earnest endeavour to watch with Jesus. Let us strive so to spend these last remaining sweet and solemn days. Let us not only watch Him, dear and important as this is, let us also watch *with Him*; let us try to throw ourselves into the realities of all this suffering; let us keep as near as we may, during this week, to our Master and only Saviour, thus dying for us.

True, His sufferings are over now. But do we well to forget *that they were once endured*, and endured *for us*? "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."

"The night is dark—behold, the shade was deeper  
In the still garden of Gethsemane,  
When that calm Voice awoke the weary sleeper,  
'Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with Me?'"

Let, then, this week be for us a special time of *watching with Jesus*. Can we not watch one hour? Must the world have all? This one brief hour "before the eternal dawn," shall we weary of it, shall it seem too much to our carnal dull

minds and cold heavy hearts? Ah, do we not, if we think about it, do we not feel that we should have dearly prized that privilege of being of the chosen ones taken specially to watch with Him, in His Agony, before His death? "He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy." O think of that! "Then saith He unto them, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; tarry ye here, and watch with Me.'"

O immense honour! O sad but precious privilege! And they failed, lost the opportunity: and we, my friends, have not we also too often done even the same? What do our past Lents, our past Holy-weeks, aye, what do our past lives, tell us? Mercifully the opportunity is offered us again. Can ye not watch with Him one hour? One hour a day, this week, and on Good Friday, those three hours, out of our ease; hours that He endured in agony? Think of His coming, time after time, to visit you; What! Asleep again? Steeped in a heavy world-slumber; dreaming, perhaps, of schemes of self-advancement,† and pleasure, and profit, and power;—while the great drops of the Anguish rain from His brows, while the gracious Hands are clasped in agony, and the voice forced from the white lips, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me! Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Ah! how often we have remained wrapt in a dead ungrateful sleep, while the Church sets this hour before our hearts! How often we have forgotten Him! How seldom we have remembered Him! "What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?" Nay, Lord, we could not; our eyes were heavy; our hearts were dull; the spirit was sluggish, or even if the spirit were a little willing, the flesh was weak. O lay Thy gracious Hand upon us now; O speak to us that we may hear; O look upon us with those compassionate eyes; though many, though all, forget Thee, forsake, deny Thee, yet let not us!

Yes, this pathetic week, this coming Good Friday even, will, I suppose, be as usual, by many little regarded; by many, much profaned. And the careless world will, at best, sleep; at worst, make merry and multiply sin and riot, while the Church bids it watch with Jesus, in His sufferings and in His death. So it has been; so it will be. Few will remember Him, fewer watch with Him. The many will forget Him. For their unkindness, for our own past neglect, let us, at least, my friends, make up as far as we can.

\* St. Luke, xxii. 28. † St. Matt., x. 25.

† St. Luke, xxii. 24.

## "THE FROZEN BUTTERFLIES."

(Continued.)

By E. M. JAMESON.



UDDENLY a thought struck her.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

The butterfly quivered all over as if in pain.

"On the Silver Mountain."

"And can't they get away?" asked little Maya in breathless anxiety.

The Painted Lady sighed.

"Not for many and many a day," said she.

"But how did *you* manage?" asked Maya.

"I was a little later than the others in leaving the garden," said the butterfly, "and the cold was not quite so bitter in my corner. The sun was kind to-day, and shone down with all his might, and I felt myself, little by little, getting free, and my wings began to quiver and regain their strength. But it is so dull without the others that I almost wish I hadn't."

And little Maya imagined she heard a sob. She clasped her hands.

"Oh, poor, *poor* things!" she cried, "suppose they have to stay there all the summer and never come into the garden. The snow *never* melts up there, does it?"

"Never," said the Painted Lady, "and that's why I came to you."

Little Maya bent forward eagerly. She guessed what was coming, but she could not imagine how it was going to be managed. And beside the hearth old nurse still nodded in her chair.

"You love the butterflies, little Maya," said the Painted Lady, "and we all love you very dearly, for *you* are not like some children who catch us in dreadful meshes and put pins through our poor quivering bodies. If they only knew the torture we suffer they would not think of doing it—but *there*, they never think. You are always tender and kind, little Maya, and I thought that if you would come with me to the Silver Mountain, you could set some of them free."

"But how can I go?" asked Maya, looking down at her little buckled shoes wistfully, "it is so very far away, dear butterfly, and I haven't any wings."

She spread her sash out wide, but, of course, *that* was no use.

"But I have wings," said the Painted Lady, fluttering them until they shone with all the colours of the great church window on Sunday morning.

And still little Maya did not understand.

"I will take you there; you shall go on my outspread wings if you are not afraid."

Maya drew a long breath. She *was* just a little bit afraid, but then the thought of the frozen butterflies came back to her and she took courage.

"I'm dreadfully heavy," she said.

But the butterfly told her to lie down and hold fast, and the next moment little Maya and the butterfly were floating out of the window and over the rose bushes in the garden, and the pink roses came out of their fresh green frocks a little farther to look on and encourage Maya. But the latter did not feel in the least afraid now. The broad soft wings felt like

thistledown, and as snug as her little bed at home; indeed, she was able to lean

up on one elbow and look around her. The sensation of flying was simply delightful, even if she had

to use somebody else's wings. The familiar sights looked so strange and unfamiliar seen from a height. There was the gardener's cottage, which resembled a toy house, while the sheep and cow swere exactly like the animals out of a Noah's Ark.

A skylark singing up in the clouds far above their heads dropped lower and flew beside them.

"Be always kind to the helpless, little Maya," he said, "and you will find the world full of beauty that is hidden from some children. Each human being, every bird and butterfly, and blade of grass has its uses"; and off he flew, singing with his might his own little meed of all praise

and goodwill.

Little by little they drew nearer to the mountain until they were close enough to see the tiny pink flowers that starred the lower slopes like masses of rosy snow. Higher up, in the clefts of the rocky sides, tiny chamois perched, their nimble little feet hardly seeming to find a foothold on the dizzy heights.

They stopped nibbling at the sight of Maya, and as the butterfly flew slowly past they cried out: "It is too late; we were up there an hour ago, and we called to them, but they are frozen and dead—quite dead. Do not go little Maya; the air is keen and chill up there, and the Snow Spirit breathes his icy breath on every living thing."

But the Painted Lady never paused until they reached the higher slopes and the Silver Mountain loomed above them, its rocky sides clothed in a dazzling white mantle.



The cold was so intense that Maya drew her breath sharply. There was no sign of a living creature; no footprint marked the snowy expanse; every bird was silent.

The butterfly's wings fluttered more feebly now, as if she, too, felt the cold; and Maya was glad when they reached the very topmost point of the mountain. There was plenty of room to stand, and the snow was hard and crisp beneath little Maya's feet as she alighted from the back of the butterfly. When she looked around she uttered a cry of wonderment. Imagine a tessellated pavement all set in the most marvellous manner, the colours blended together like a Persian carpet, every colour in the rainbow woven together; blues and greens, and pinks and mauves, amber and orange and crimson, and over them a thin coating of ice which gleamed like frosted silver.

There were hundreds and hundreds of butterflies, and Maya had to step very carefully for fear of crushing any of them, and she handled them very tenderly for they were just like little morsels of spun glass. First she put them near her lips and breathed on them very gently, then warmed them between her palms until the icy coating began to melt. As each butterfly thawed it attached itself to little Maya's frock, and when that was covered to her shoes and hair until every little curling tendril of gold was covered, and she looked like a princess in a fairy tale. Then, little by little, they grew strong enough to fly about, and there was room for the next batch; and each butterfly helped its fellow sufferer until, by degrees, every butterfly was saved and they were darting about in perfect transports of delight



And all this time, though the air was so piercing, little Maya felt as warm and snug as possible. One reason was her unselfishness and hard work, and another that the butterflies covered her like a little many-coloured coat and did not allow a breath of the cold air to strike her.

The Red Admirals all joined forces and danced a hornpipe to keep themselves warm and to fully restore circulation, while others took part in a country dance with wonderful twirling figures, so quaint and curious that Maya looked on delightedly and clapped her hands. When they were ready to start homewards

there arose a great argument; all the butterflies wanted to carry their little benefactress home, and, sad to relate, two of the Red Admirals came to blows! In the end it was amicably settled, and the largest Red Admiral offered his broad wings, while all the other butterflies formed a guard of honour and flew like a many-coloured ribbon, some in front, some at each side, while the remainder

followed in the rear of the procession. It was growing dusk as they reached the garden, but the pink roses were in a flutter of excitement as they passed.

Maya remembers that the Red Admiral put her gently down on the window-seat, and after that she recollected nothing more until nurse shook her gently and told her it was bedtime. When Maya related her wonderful adventure old nurse said she must have been dreaming but Maya knew better. And when she looked out of the window next morning she saw the butterflies, happy and gay, waiting for her in the sunny garden. Of course that fact speaks for itself, and Maya wonders if, after all, nurse knows *quite* everything!

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY FELIX TRENWITH.

Undone the task of yesterday!  
Ah! hear the sluggard's plaintive cry—  
"No moment's rest for me to-day."

The triflers waken in dismay,  
Stern Conscience tells the reason why:  
"Undone the task of yesterday."

"Make up arrears, and off to play,"  
In vain belated idlers try:  
No moment's rest for them to-day.

Too cautious Prudence urged delay:  
The happy chance has now gone by—  
"Undone the task of yesterday."

Labours deferred oppressive weigh,  
On anxious folk who toil and sigh—  
"No moment's rest for us to-day."

Then seize the Present. While you may  
Work, and this dull reproach defy—  
"Undone the task of yesterday,  
No moment's rest for you to-day."

## "UNTIDINESS."

By S. E. A. JOHNSON.



**F**EW objects cause more painful thoughts than an untidy woman, untidy in person or untidy in habits, for these do not always go together.

It is curious enough that there should be women blamelessly neat in appearance, yet untidy in habits; and then, there are those who just reverse this.

It may be that vanity partly accounts for the condition of the former, principle in part for that of the latter; for these, in striving to have all neat around them, forget themselves.

And, there are untidy women, whose untidiness is artistic rather than repulsive, studied rather than careless. Their kind of untidiness has an akinness to art, — and are truly artistic natures ever very neat?

But, ordinarily, untidiness appertains to three distinct classes of women. As we consider the first and third, our pity may well exceed our blame; towards the second our blame can hardly help exceeding our pity.

First, there is the old-fashioned bluestocking, old-fashioned, happily, even if not altogether, belonging to the past. Highly educated women of the present day generally prove themselves efficient all the way round. Why should they not? A university education is not supposed to render a man good for nothing but books — rather, it fits him to live intelligently and well, whatever life he may have to live.

I have known university women, the thrifty, neat mending of whose clothes has been a pattern for anyone. Expense being an object, the choice lay for them between untidiness and mending. They chose the latter, not content that the background of their lives should be done anyhow but thoroughly and well. Of course this meant for them a cleverer economy of time than is necessary for women who live a more leisured life.

Though the clever, untidy woman is out of fashion now, it is to be feared that there will be always specimens enough of her to form a class of those, whose

brains are so deep in the abstract, that they forget to apply it to the concrete. It is to be hoped that few of such will become wives and mothers, that the number of uncomfortable homes may not be increased.

Our first class consists, then, of those so occupied with what are called higher things that their indissoluble connection with the lower is forgotten.

In our second class must be placed those intolerably careless, lazy women, who are occupied with nothing long together. Such spend, the little energy that they do possess, in trying to avoid labour of all kinds. If they belong to the higher classes, they live a kind of butterfly life, and no part of the duties they have is thoroughly performed. Good servants may keep person and home in some degree of order, but social duties, the claims of correspondence, etc., are in a hopeless state of muddle, just because it always means trouble to do anything thoroughly and well, and they always avoid all the trouble they can.

If poor women, they are probably gossips, turning aside to that, rather than bravely taking up the drudgery of daily life.

As to our third class, there is, undoubtedly, a sort of disorder that has its root in weakness rather than in actual wrong. The weakness may be either physical or mental, or both, though, sad to say, often it is moral. Doctors pronounce the state of confusion in which some people live to be a reflection of the state of their minds. Upside down inside, they are the same outside.

Often enough have gifted women attempted to do that for which they ought to have proved eminently fitted. Bright gleams of success showed their ability. But permanent failure quickly followed, just because, in spite of gifts, there was a lack of mental order, method, balance, proportion, that soon showed itself outside, too.

Amongst the working classes, we find this type of woman, struggling on, often in spite of physical weakness, doing her best, wasting no time in gossip, yet always behindhand, dirty, and in a muddle.

Education, in its true, thoughtful, complete sense, ought to lessen the prevalence of all three classes. We might even say that a proper education ought to prevent the existence of the untidy woman altogether, were it not for the fact that sisters, educated alike, turn out so differently.

A certain kind of physical power, or else a certain kind of mental power is needed to produce an orderly life. Those endowed with high mental gifts do produce it, no less than those whose only gift, almost, seems to have been the bump of order.

Certain it is, that though there seems to be in the world a hopeless kind of disorder, that in its weakness always seems to be struggling with the impossible in some form or other, method, industry, forethought would cure most of the untidiness, that exists where it ought not, if they were but patiently exercised.

## "THE HUSBANDMAN." (See Illustration page 50.)

**T**HE scene which our illustration represents is a wintry scene, dull and depressing. There is no bright sunlight, making the crisp snow glisten, no fresh breeze to give zest to the morning walk. Deadness in the air, deadness in the sky, deadness over all the

land. The living creatures seem to have disappeared from the inhospitable earth, all but the few carrion birds that fly disconsolate across the fields. And as the farmer scans these fields, he might well, one thinks, look sad. But the expression of his face is not sad, though somewhat stern. His eyes seem fixed, hardly noting the landscape. For indeed he is thinking rather than observing, thinking of the seed that he has sown, which all unseen, lies germinating under the soil. Not a shoot is visible. But the farmer discerns acres of corn, golden-brown in the autumn sunlight, ripe for the sickle. That is the far-away result upon which he concentrates his mind, not seeing it with his bodily eyes, but with a sure and certain hope looking forward to what he knows will be. "To what he knows will be"—if the corn grows, and the seasonable rain and sun foster and ripen it. Through winter, through spring, through early summer,

he looks on to the distant autumn when his harvest shall be ripe. Of that harvest there is not a sign. The farmer has no assurance of it save the knowledge that he has duly broken up his fallow ground and sown good seed. For the fruit he must rely upon the working of natural laws to produce—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Upon these with full confidence he does rely. He has staked his all; and now for months he is content to wait.

What a type is this of Christian faith, and indeed of the patient courage which must support all ventures in the moral world! The seed is sown, the word is spoken, the command given, the voyage begun. Whatever be the decisive action upon which the issues of the future depend, that is done, and must work itself out by unseen processes, through dark days and tedious weeks or years. The sower of the seed—preacher, statesman, philanthropist, author, can only await the issue. But if the first decisive step has been rightly taken, according to the will of God, then he may wait with confident assurance. For, as in the natural, so in the spiritual world, the Divine promise stands sure—"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest . . . shall not cease."

## PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

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

**M**ARCH is pre-eminently the best month for hatching-out chicks. The heavier breeds of fowl, including nearly all the sitting varieties, should be hatched as early as possible during this month, as they take longer to mature and commence laying, than the lighter kinds. The object of early hatching is to get the pullets to commence laying about Michaelmas, when they should

continue throughout the winter months. The same rule will apply to most of the cross-bred fowl, and more especially to the chicks hatched from feather-legged stock.

On the other hand, the non-sitting varieties referred to last month, such as Leghorns, Minorcas, etc., will do just as well if hatched during April, or even the early part of May, as they will take at least a month less time to mature.

Another advantage of this early hatching is that some of the hens which have been laying all winter will now show signs of broodiness and a desire to have a little family of their own. This desire should be encouraged by all means, and a nest should be prepared in some quiet and shady place. If the roosting-house is large

and well ventilated, there is no harm in letting the hen choose her own nest and sit there. But two great essentials are quietude and *plenty of fresh air* if the chicks are to be strong. Moisture is also needed, and one of the best ways to provide this is to make the nest outside on the bare earth, or if inside to cut a turf, turn it upside down, and then with the hand, or some instrument, beat it into shape. The nest should slope *gently* from the sides to the centre, somewhat like the shape of a tea-saucer, *not* with steep sides like a basin or tea-cup. It should be so made that the eggs will naturally roll together, and not that they should roll upon each other and so get broken by the hen.

When the nest is shaped it should be covered with *soft hay* a good inch in depth, and the hen should be placed upon it at night with only a single egg beneath her. A plaster nest egg is best for this purpose. When she has shaped her nest and shown signs of quiet broodiness, the clutch of eggs (varying from 10 to 15, according to the size of the hen) may be placed under her, and she may be left to her duties, except that she should be lifted off once a day for food and water. The best food for sitting hens is Indian corn, though it is not good for laying stock.



## THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)



**M**Y dear young readers, I expect you are all anxious to know the results of the February competition, but you will have to be patient, because it is quite impossible to tell you about it now. And after all it is not at all a bad exercise for you in waiting cheerfully, as patience is one of the best virtues we can possess. Even if I could tell you who had sent in the best "description of your pet animal," you would still have to wait until after June before you could know who was the lucky winner of the silver watch, because we are going to give so many marks each month to the competitors and reckon these all up in June, and the boy or girl who has the most will receive the watch.

Now, that is the reason that I want every one of my members to enter for each competition, and I also hope that young folks, who are still not on our books, will write to me and become members, so that they may have a chance of winning this delightful prize. The new competition that I am now setting is so very easy that every one of you ought to be able to enter for it, but you must remember to make your letters as neat as possible. The prize letter will be published in this page.

There is yet plenty of time for you to try for the Special Prizes, and I expect that many of you are going to do so. The Biblical Puzzles, I am sure, you will be most interested in, as they are just the kind of thing that will employ an evening very happily.

But I do not want my members to think that the competitions are the only interesting part about our Guild, because that would be a very selfish way of looking at it. Although I wish

you to send in for these prizes, and can quite understand how eagerly you will look out for the next number of *The Church Magazine* to see the results, I hope you will also try to remember the object of our Guild. We want our members to try first of all to be little soldiers fighting for Christ, and endeavouring to do those small acts of kindness which help to brighten the lives of those around us. Whenever you have lost your temper or are tempted to do something that you know is wrong, will you just go and look at your card of membership, and then and there pray to God and ask Him to help you to do the right?

I shall be so pleased if you will all write to me about anything you like, and if you enclose a stamped, addressed envelope I will answer you through the post, or if you do not mind waiting I will reply through this page. Perhaps you will not care for your whole name to be put in print in the reply, so you can choose a pretty name for yourself and put it under your real name when you write to me, and I will use that fancy name when I answer you in the paper.



I have already made some friends through this page, and I hope before long that many of my young readers will also look upon me as a friend, for although we cannot meet one another, we shall soon get to feel a friendship through the messages which will be flying about by the post and in this page. I dare say that a great many of you have pets of your own, and if these are ill or you want to know how to feed them or things of that kind, I shall be very pleased to help you as far as

possible, as I know a good deal about animals. But remember that if you want an answer immediately you must enclose a stamped envelope. Now with the best of good wishes to all my "children,"

Your loving friend,

Cousin Joan.

**MYRTLE.**—I was very glad to hear all about your little kittens and am sure they must be very pretty.



BEATRICE.—Am so glad you were kind to the old blind man, dear.

JACK.—I should like to see your fret-work, but, of course, it is impossible. I think it is a very nice hobby.

MAY BLOSSOM.—I think you were quite right; please let me know how you get on.

**COMPETITIONS.**

(Open only to members of the Guild).

To be sent in on or before March 31st, 1901.  
For the best letter written to Cousin Joan.

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**

To be sent in on or before March 30th, 1901.

- I.—A lovely paint-box will be given for the best design in water-colour for an Easter Card.
- II.—A silver watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of members to the Guild between now and September inclusive.

For Puzzles see page 72.

**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 pleased to forward the pretty Card of Membership.

All letters, competitions, etc., to be addressed to  
COUSIN JOAN,  
"The Church Magazine" Offices,  
77, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue,  
LONDON, E.C.

**COTTAGE COOKERY.**

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

**Sheep's Head and Parsley Sauce.**

- |                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| Sheep's Head, 1      | Pepper and Salt, to season. |
| Carrots, 2           | Cold Water to cover.        |
| Turnip, 1            | Butter or Dripping, 1 oz.   |
| Onions, 2            | Flour, 1 tablespoonful.     |
| Pearl Barley, 2 ozs. | Liquor, ½ pt.               |
| Cloves, 8            | Parsley, 1 tablespoonful.   |
| Bunch of Herbs.      | Pepper and Salt, to taste.  |

Sauce.

Soak the head well in salt and water, cleanse thoroughly, remove the brains and tongue, tie the head in shape with string.

Put into cold water, bring to the boil to blanch it, pour off the water and add fresh water and salt, bring to the boil, skim carefully, add the vegetables cut in square pieces, and the barley well-washed, simmer gently three or four hours until tender. Cleanse the brains and skin and tie in muslin, add ten minutes before finishing.

To make the sauce melt the butter or dripping in a saucepan, stir in the flour off the fire with a wooden spoon till smooth, add the liquor and boil up, season and stir in the parsley finely chopped.

Remove the meat from the head, skin the tongue, and cut in slices, chop the brains.

Place the meat in the middle of a hot dish, garnish with the tongue, brains and vegetables. Pour the parsley sauce over.

**THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.**

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

**FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.** Or Lady-day, March 25.

"And the Angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." —S. LUKE i., 28.

"Now behold bright Gabriel  
Star-like flies this news to tell:  
Where he lowly louts and says,  
Hail, chaste Mary, full of Grace,  
God is with thee in this place;  
Blest art thou, above all other,  
Blessed Virgin! blessed Mother!  
Fear not, Mary, holy Maid,  
God's high love is on thee laid."

WILLIAM AUSTIN, 1635.

**PALM SUNDAY.** March 31.

"Blessed is the wood whereby righteousness cometh." —WISDOM, xiv. 7.

"I climbed the hill, perused the Cross,  
Hung with my gain and His great loss;  
Never did tree bear fruit like this,  
Balsam of souls, the body's bliss."

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1621—1665.

"Who can blot out the Cross, which th'  
instrument  
Of God dewed on me in the Sacrament?  
Who can deny me power and liberty  
To stretch mine arms and mine own cross  
to be?  
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross;  
The mast and yard make one where seas do  
toss;  
Look down, thou spiest out crosses in small  
things;  
Look up, thou seest birds raised on crossed  
wings."

DR. JOHN DONNE, Dean of S. Paul's, 1573—1631.



## BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

## I.—BURIED BOOKS.

- (1) Be kind to those among whom you live.
- (2) Sometimes the road to Heaven is rough.
- (3) In fact sometimes it is very rough.
- (4) Bible reading is a most useful occupation.

## II.—REVERSI.

Guess the following words which read equally well backwards or forwards:

- (1) Samuel's mother.
- (2) The hour when Saul fell to the ground.
- (3) Something in which we ought to love (1 John iii.).
- (4) A poor man's pet, which a rich man took (2 Sam.).

## III.—ACROSTIC.

The initials give a well-known question of our Lord:

- (1) An animal used in sacrifice.
- (2) An animal used in agriculture.
- (3) A queen of Ahasuerus.

- (4) Another queen of Ahasuerus.
- (5) A companion of St. Paul.
- (6) Another companion of St. Paul.
- (7) A king, A.D. 1.
- (8) Another king, A.D. 1.
- (9) A man who received the ark.
- (10) A man who shook the ark.
- (11) A son of Joseph.
- (12) Another son of Joseph.

## IV.

To whom and where did our Lord say "Be of good cheer?"

## V.

Men who prayed (give their names).

- (1) In the depths of the sea.
- (2) In the dining room of a king.
- (3) In the stocks.
- (4) On the house-top.
- (5) On the sea-shore.

For particulars of Prizes see page 70.

## GARDENING FOR MARCH.

**K**ITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue sowings of general crop. Some branches or covering material should be placed to protect the young shoots of peas and beans from the wind, drawing earth well up to the stems.

**Fruit Garden.**—Paint over the trunks of the fruit trees with thick lime, loosen the surface of the ground around the bushes and strawberry plants. Unbearing or poor fruit trees should now be cut down and regrafted with other varieties, as while some kinds of fruit will not thrive in a certain soil, others will do so, and it is better to do this than continue looking after unprofitable trees.

**Flower Garden.**—All annuals that have come up from the early sowing may now be planted out in succession. Some may now be sown, such as mignonette, sweet peas, and ten-week stocks for transplanting. Plant out pansies, carnations, lilies of the valley, gladioli. Keep the garden as clear as possible of all snails, slugs, etc.

## THE BOOK-SHELF.

Teachers may be presumed to know the publications of the Church of England Sunday School Institute; but I name just two or three:

First, for general readers:—

*Outlines of Church History of England*, by the Rev. Julius Lloyd, 1s.; and  
*Apostolical Christianity*, by the Rev. A. C. Row, 2s. 6d.

Secondly, for teachers as such—

*Fundamental Principles of Education applied to Sunday Schools*, by Rev. W. Kingsmith Moore, 6d.

And among the penny "Tracts," the Rev. W. S. Lewis's paper on "The Bad Boy Difficulty."

For Boys—good, bad, or indifferent—who may not care to discuss that problem, I suggest *The Life-boat*, by F. N. Holmes, 1s. 6d. net, published by Partridge and Co.  
*Called to Fight*, by Caroline Hallett, 2s., published by Wells Gardner and Co.

While for good girls there is—

*Nora and Mildred; or, The Little Maid*, published 9d. each (C.E.S.S.I.).

From innumerable books and pamphlets issued by the S.P.C.K., I select the following:—

*Six Sermons on the Bible*, by Bishop Barry and others, 1s. 6d.  
*Christian Ideals and Hopes*, by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, 1s. 6d.  
*Evolution, Creation, and the Fall*, by the Rev. J. M. Wilson, 2d.  
*Faith in its relation to Thought, Creed, and Life*, by D. H. B. Swete, 6d.

From the series issued under the auspices of the Church Historical Society (S.P.C.K.), the following are specially pertinent at the present time:—

*What Changes were made at the English Reformation*, by Rev. A. Mason, 2d.



*The Continuity of the Holy Catholic Church in England*, by the Right Rev. G. F. Browne.

*The Nature and Force of the Canon Law*, by the Rev. W. E. Collins, 3d.

*The Idea of a National Church*, by the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton (The late Bishop of London); also

*The Churchman's Attitude towards the Spiritualists*, by the Rev. W. O. Burrows, 2d.

Among books of a more general character, there are—

*The Shakespeare Sermons*, by Dean Farrar and others (Longman, 2s. 6d. nett).

*Hero-Patriots of the 19th Century*, by Edgar Sanderson (Hutchinson, 6s.); and a popular edition of the Countess von Bothmer's work *Sovereign Ladies of Europe* (Hutchinson, 6s.).

The *Memories of Dean Hole* also appear in cheaper form, published at 6s., by Edwin Arnold.

The same publisher issues *Seventy Years of Irish Life*, by the late W. R. Le Fanu.

*The Jew in London* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) with introduction by Canon Barnett, cannot but have interest for residents in the metropolis, for the condition and behaviour of the Jew is a determining factor in the future of our chief city.

Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from the Manager, "The Church Magazine" Offices, 79-83, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

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words, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up." The choir added much to the special character of the service, by their hearty singing of the anthem and other music selected for the occasion.

### NANTICOKE.

On Feb. 16th the incumbent exchanged duties with the Rev. C. Scudamore of York, Rural Dean, and on Feb. 23rd with the Rev. Wm. Bevan, of Caledonia, to make an appeal for Diocesan Missions in the above named places. The Rev. L. W. B. Broughall, M. A., made a similar appeal in Nanticoke parish on Sunday, March 9th.

**BURIAL**—On Saturday, March 1st, at the public cemetery, Nanticoke, Sarah, beloved wife of James Smith, of Woodhouse. The funeral sermon was preached in Christ Church by the Rev. T. H. Cotton.

**BAPTISM**—On Feb. 16th, in St. John's Church, Cheapside, by the Rev. C. Scudamore, Rural Dean, Harvey Burton, infant son of Burton and Esther Hurst, of Selkirk.

### HAGERSVILLE

Yenten services on Wednesday and Friday evenings at 7.30 have been fairly well attended this year, though there is still room for vast improvement, many not having availed themselves of even one service thus far.

The Women's Auxiliary and Parish Guild are hard at work preparing for a bazaar and entertainment to be held on Tuesday in Easter week. Very successful and well attended meetings for work have been held lately at Mrs. Jones', Mrs. Wilson's, and Mrs. H. Hall's. At the last meeting of the W. A. it was with great regret that the resignation of the Vice-Presidency was accepted from Mrs. Hammil. In her removal from our midst both the W. A. and parish sustain a loss. We trust that every happiness may be hers in her new home. Mrs. Hammill has kindly consented to act as the city representative of our W. A. in Hamilton. Mrs. W. J. Lee was unanimously elected to the vice-presidency in Mrs. Hammill's place.

On Sunday, March 2nd, the new purple, hangings, frontal, and book-markers were in place in the church. Of simple and chaste design they were very much admired by all who saw them. The materials were supplied by the Parish Guild. On the same day the new altar linen provided and worked by Miss Almas was used for the first time. Our best thanks are due to the Guild and to Misses Lawson, Almas, and Seymour, and Mrs. Lee for their work in this connection.

### PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

In the death, on Sunday morning, Feb. 16th, of Miss Emma Docker, after a brief final illness of two weeks' duration, this parish loses a faithful member and a zealous worker. In the days when the services were supplied from Dunnville, Miss Docker was the leading spirit in organizing and keeping up a Sunday School at St. John's; and there are in the parish to-day men who are drawing near to the time for retiring from the active duties of life and who speak with love and respect for their Sunday School teacher. The congregation of Christ Church, with which she had been chiefly identified in recent years, will miss not only her actual assistance, but the influence of the bright and inspiring interest with which any good work always met with at her hands. The members of the Christ Church branch of the W. A. have forwarded to Mrs. Docker a kindly-worded resolution of sympathy; and it is their intention to place in the church a brass desk for the Holy Table as a memorial. The funeral took place on Tuesday, 18th, at St. John's, and was largely attended. At the wish of the deceased the two hymns sung were No. 401, "Now the laborer's task is o'er," and 232, "Light's abode, celestial Salem,"; and the selection may be seen to indicate the deep religious faith and convictions which marked her life.

The annual meeting of the St. John's Branch of the W. A. was held at Mrs. W. A. Dickhout's on Monday, 24th. Eight members were present. Bad roads, bad weather, and sickness have as in former years been the cause of some of the meetings being very small; and this year the absence during most of the Auxiliary year of the energetic secretary, to whose zeal and influence the Branch owes much, has also been felt. Nevertheless, the society has done good work, and the interest of the members has been shown to be steady and earnest. The reports of the secretary and treasurer, as presented and adopted, are given below. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—President, Miss C. I. Docker; Vice-President, Mrs. Jas. Lyons; Treas., Miss Fanny Docker; Secretary, Miss I. J. Logan; Rector's nominees, Mrs. Watson Logan, and Miss Docker; Delegates to Diocesan annual meeting, Mrs. Dickhout and Mrs. S. Bowden; Auditors, Miss Tom Blott and Mrs. Ellen Blott.

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Your Secretary begs to report as follow:—

Again we have through Divine Mercies been permitted to see the close of another "Auxiliary year." During the two years and a half of our existence as a Society who can number the

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many blessings we as a branch of the Woman's auxiliary have received, never mentioning the pleasure it has afforded each member to feel she is at least doing something for His Sake who has done so much for us, His Children?

There are at present 13 names on the roll, an increase of one member since last year. There have been 15 meetings during the year, the average attendance being 5.36 a slight increase over last year. During the year two bales of clothing weighing 167 pounds were sent to St. Peter's Mission, Lesser Slave Lake. These arrived in good condition, and were duly acknowledged by the Rev. Geo. Holmes.

In April of last year we had the pleasure of hearing a very interesting address by the Rev. F. W. Kennedy, returned Missionary from Japan. His very touching remarks made us feel that our efforts, however weak, were not in vain.

In October last a very successful social was held at the residence of our worthy President. The proceeds of both the lecture and social were placed in the Treasury of the Auxiliary.

It is earnestly to be hoped that each member will always remember our work to our Heavenly Father in prayer and ask for His guidance for the future, whatever it may have in store.

Respectfully submitted.

I. J. LOGAN,  
Secretary.

### TREASURER'S REPORT.

| RECEIPTS.                                 | EXPENDITURE.                 |
|---|------------------------------|
| On hand from last year, \$2.35            | Tax on members' fees, \$0.75 |
| Offerings at annual meeting service, 2.16 | Freight on bale, - 6.34      |
| Japan lantern lecture, 6.60               | Weaving carpet, etc., 1.83   |
| Refunded freight, 6.34                    | Postage, 10                  |
| Proceeds at social, 9.96                  | Expense of lecture, .90      |
| Contributions for Algoma Appeal, 2.50     | Rev. F.W. Kennedy 2.85       |
| Members' fees, 2.45                       | Algoma Appeal, 3.75          |
| Mite Box and offerings, 2.89              | Japan Medical fund, 2.00     |
|   | Japan Dispensary fund, 1.00  |
|   | Diocesan Missions, 8.00      |
|   | Balance on hand, 7.73        |
| Total - - - \$35.25                       | \$35.25                      |

M. A. LYONS, Treasurer.

The first meeting, since Jan. 13th, of the St. John's Literary Society was held at Mr. J. Dietle's on the 24th, and the first of the Christ Church, Y. P. S., since Jan. 14th, was held at Mr. Splatt's on the 25th. At both a talk on Cardinal Wolsey was given by the President. The latter Society will shortly lose two of its members, Mr. Harry Hall and Mr. J. Babcock, who have decided to return to England. Our best wishes follow them.

A Friday evening service is being held during Lent at "The Elms," at 8 o'clock; the hour for the Wednesday evening service at the Marshall S. H. has been changed to 8 o'clock.

BURIAL—At St John's Church and churchyard on Feb. 18th., Emma Docker, eldest daughter of the late Geo. Docker, Esq.

Good Friday falls on March 28th; the services will be at St. John's 11 a. m., and Christ Church 8 p. m.