


Thos Blott

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THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND 

THE

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MAGAZINE



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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

ON Sunday, August the 19th, Rev. P. L. Spencer began his second year's ministry in the parish. In his sermons preached that day he referred to the circumstance, and made some interesting statements. He remarked upon the comparatively small amount of sickness that had existed within the parish, and expressed the hope that the people would try to realize how merciful and kind their Father in heaven had been to them. Although there had occurred some removals by death, the number was less than the extent of the parish and the size of the flock had on his arrival as a new pastor led him to expect. He was pleased to be able to report an increase in both the attendance and the offerings at Hagersville, besides an improvement in revenue in Jarvis from a congregation that well maintains its interest in the services. He exhorted the Hagersville people to make provision for the erection of a Sunday School building, and urged the Jarvis congregation to put forth all possible energy to extinguish the debt on St. Paul's church within the new year. He earnestly hoped that as many families as possible would adopt the weekly envelope system for contributing to the maintenance of the services, thus showing their belief in the solemnity of giving to God's cause, besides enabling the churchwardens to conduct the finances of the parish easily and satisfactorily.

During the past year Mr. Spencer has been extremely busy, having paid more than four hundred visits to the sick and well, besides attending meetings of Synod, Standing Committee, and Ruri-Decanal Chapter, and speaking or lecturing on several important subjects in the neighboring parishes and the school houses of the townships. He has tried to be as useful and helpful as possible. How far he has succeeded only He who is cognizant of all actions, motives, and influences knoweth. His bodily health as well as that of every member of his family has been excellent. For this he is thankful to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." He desires to express his appreciation of the unvarying kindness and cordiality shown him and his family by the parishioners, and he hopes that nothing will occur to lessen their confidence or lower their esteem. With the exception of the double journey required on alternate Sundays he thoroughly likes the work of the parish. He wishes to give equal attention to the two congregations. He is now daily endeavoring to move those eligible for Confirmation to prepare themselves for the humble reception of the spiritual benefit. He is deeply con-

cerned about the young who have not yet been baptized, and he begs all who have influence with the parents of such to assist him in bringing these infants into the fold of Christ's Church by means of the divinely-appointed ordinance.

"What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed;
But seen by faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmer's never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace."

BAPTISM.

On Sunday, August 12th, in St. Paul's church, Jarvis, Ada Belle, infant daughter of William Edward and Luella Morrow; sponsors, Thomas and Ada Morrow, grandparents.

BURIAL.

On August 8th, in St. Paul's graveyard, Elizabeth Ionson, widow, aged 78 years and 10 months.

The full amount sent to Miss Caroline Macklem for the India Famine sufferers was \$13.50, Jarvis having given \$7.00 and Hagersville \$6.50. In a letter acknowledging the receipt of the money, Miss Macklem expresses her warm thanks for the practical sympathy which the parish has manifested and states that at the request of the Bishop of Lucknow she purposes sending the contribution along with other gifts to one of the Anglican missionaries laboring among the Bhils in Central India, the distress among whom is terrible. The Bhils are a hill tribe. They are supposed to be descended from the aborigines, or first inhabitants of India, who were driven into mountain fastnesses by the invading Hindoos. They are of dark complexion and of diminutive stature, but active and capable of enduring under ordinary circumstances severe fatigue. This appalling famine, however, has completely broken their health, strength and spirit; and many of them have succumbed to their sufferings. Our contribution may save a few from a like fate.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services will take place



THE GLEANERS.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by S. T. DADD.

"THE JOY OF HARVEST."

A MEDITATION.

BY THE VERY REV. CHARLES W. STUBBS, D.D.,
DEAN OF ELY.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."—PSALM LKV. 11.

AFTER three thousand years it is still natural to sing this psalm of David as our hymn of thanksgiving for the harvest to-day. Why is it not equally natural to write such psalms? In point of literary ability I suppose the poets of our own day do not fall below David and the children of Asaph and the other unknown writers of the Jewish Psalter.

Why, then, is it that from Tennyson and Browning and our modern poets we have never had such psalms as this sixty-fifth of David? "The inspiration is wanting," you say. Yes, and you say what is true. But why is that? The inspiration wanting! and yet God's Holy Spirit is still here! Jesus said, "He will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." Is it that the poets of our own age and time do not ask Him? There is indeed but one source of inspiration, for there is but one Holy Spirit.

Ah yes! And in those old poems the one great strain that runs through them all is this, that this great world about us, and the life within us, are the very expression of God Himself. Written before man knew much of what we nowadays call "Natural Law," these old Hebrew Psalms are steady to the grand idea that God Himself is Law, so that everything in nature, whether of beauty, or of sublimity, or of awe, everything in life, whether of light or darkness, was interpenetrated with the presence and power of the Divine Spirit.

That, I take it, is the secret of the power of the Hebrew Psalms—their wonderful realization of the direct presence and agency of God as the God of Nature and of Providence and of Law.

Now is it, do you think, because we have lost this freshness of belief, this keen sense of God in everything and everything in God that so many of us find it difficult to sing out of our hearts such psalms as these?

We do not want to sing for joy of harvest, most of us, because we do not really feel joyful.

It is easy enough, of course, to join in hymns and psalms of thanksgiving; easy enough, of course,

XII. 8.]



ELY CATHEDRAL.

to do as we have all no doubt often done at the annual harvest festival in Church; easy to enjoy sensuously the sweet scents and bright colours of the flowers and fruits with which the House of God has been decorated by loving hands; easy to take pleasure in the beautiful singing and music by which the praises of God are rendered for us by a well-trained choir;—all this is easy. But oh! it is difficult, is it not? to be really grateful, really to feel the joy of harvest.

Because the daily bread is given, and the water sure, we are all too apt to forget the Hand that gives. Because God's constancy of protection has taken the semblance of natural law, we are all too apt to forget that, after all, *Nature is but a thought of God, and Nature's Law His Voice.*

* * * * *

And so, as we cannot sing for joy of harvest, you and I, like David, naturally, spontaneously, almost without thought, let us reason about it for a moment.

Consider this fact:—It is not probable that there ever was a year-and-a-half's supply of corn at any one time in the world. As we yearly approach the season of harvest, therefore, the world is within a month or two of absolute starvation. The barrel of meal is nearly exhausted, and no new supply can be obtained except from the fields that are slowly ripening under the patient heavens. Were the winds permitted to thresh those fields all round the world,—a quite possible supposition,—or the mildew to blight them, or the rain or drought to

prevent the ear from filling or ripening, not all the vast revenues or resources of our Empire could avail to help us. The rich and the poor, the needy and the independent, would be overwhelmed with a common ruin. All the other riches of the British Empire—its coal and iron, gold and jewels—failing the riches of the world's golden harvest fields, would be as worthless as the dust beneath our feet.

When we think of these things, my friends, surely our hearts should fill with gratitude and thankfulness to God that once again He has answered our prayers to Him that "it would please Him to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them."

* * * * *

Here, then, is our lesson to-day concerning the joy of harvest.

As we give God thanks for this special benefit of His providence, let us also try to realize more closely the sense of His continual, His abiding Presence. "Blessed are the pure in heart," it is written, "for they shall see God." Yes, believe is, "see God"—see Him now in field and hill, in the silent growing of the seed, in the gentle breeze that bloweth where it listeth, in winter frost, in summer rain, in the golden wealth of harvest-tide, as His time-robe glows and palpitates with all the glories of that jewelled city of the captive's vision!

Oh that we could all open our hearts more freely to "the signs of the Kingdom of Heaven . . . nigh at hand"!

"There's not a flower can grow upon the earth

Without a flower on the spiritual side :

All that we see is pattern of what shall be in the Mount.

There's nothing small :

No lily, muffled hum of summer bee,

But finds its coupling in the spinning stars,

No pebble at your foot but proves a sphere,

No chaffinch but implies a cherubim ;

Earth is full of Heaven,

And every common bush afire with God."*

Oh to be able to really feel that earth is full of Heaven,—how it would change our whole aspect of God and life, and life's work!

"I think the most heart-whole man I ever knew," said one, "was a man who had waited and watched, breaking stones through all weathers on the cold shoulder of a Yorkshire hill ; and he could hardly see the stones he had to break, he was so blind.

* Mrs. Browning.

His wife was dead, and all his children ; his cottage was open to the sky and the still cold stars in winter. But when once one said to comfort him, 'Brother, you will soon be in Heaven!' he cried out in his rapture, 'Ah, sir! thank God, I have been in Heaven any time this last ten years!'

Yes, earth is full of Heaven to those who are Heavenly. And, I think, if you and I, my friends, do not succeed in getting to Heaven in this world, like that poor Yorkshire stone-breaker, we shall stand but a poor chance of getting there in any world which is to come.

Pray God, I beg of you, to open your hearts to this truth of His continual, His abiding Presence, not only in the startling and the unusual events of life, such as we more generally speak of as the visitations of God, but in the more constant and regular events, which are equally Divine visitations, such as that regular coming of God to man of which every autumn with its harvest-tide reminds us. Pray God to fill your hearts with gratitude that you may indeed sing for joy—for joy of harvest.

POPPIES.

BY EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.,

Author of "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," etc.



COMMON POPPY.

THE word Poppy conjures up a mental photograph of a cornfield in July. The corn-stalks, be they wheat or barley, stand erect, but with their heads swaying gently to and fro in response to every movement of the air. The ears, though formed, are all but empty, and the light falls upon them, giving a silvery sheen to their green colour ; but soon the mid-summer showers and sunbeams will combine to fill out the grains and turn the ears to gold. At

present the note of richness comes not from golden grain, but from the glow of the poppies that are



LONG SMOOTH-HEADED POPPY.

scattered irregularly but lavishly through the straight ranks, and are here and there clustered in bold masses, which give out a great blaze of colour. It has been more than once noted that we have not in the whole range of our native plants another with flowers of that wonderful glowing scarlet; and it is a delight to maidens to gather a handful of them and fix them at waist or bosom. Horticultural science has turned some of the poppies into great double flowers resembling pæonies, hollyhocks, dahlias, and roses; but somehow those manufactured articles lack the charm of the wildlings scattered through the corn—which, we feel, is their most fitting place. Take them from their natural surroundings, and they lose much of their beauty; gather the flowers to decorate your table, and you will find that they give off a heavy odour that is far from pleasant indoors. That odour is significant of the peculiar property of the poppy, which has been celebrated from very remote periods as the emblem of drowsiness. One species possesses this quality in a far greater degree than the others, and its milky juice, when dried, becomes the enervating drug, opium, which exercises such a deadly, enslaving power over all who become addicted to its use.

Some of my readers may not know that we have no less than four distinct species which are natives of these islands, though they are not all generally distributed. They might all be growing in the same field—though this is not probable—and the superficial observer might easily regard them as only one kind; but there are such differences as make it no difficult task to separate them under their proper names.



LONG PRICKLY-HEADED POPPY.

All the poppy tribe agree in having only two sepals, as the outer green flower leaves are called, and four petals or coloured leaves. The projecting central ovary, which becomes the seed capsule after the flower has perished, is urn-like, and has a peculiar sloping roof formed by the united stigmas. The sepals are severed, and drop right away

when the flower opens, and the crowded stamens and the petals do likewise as soon as the fertilization of the future seeds is effected. Then the erect seed-urns are left, terminating the shoots, with a series of little doors just under the eaves, which open when the seeds are ripe, so that when the winds of autumn bow the frail stems to the right angle the tiny round seeds can be shaken out through these doors and scattered far and wide.

The Common Poppy (*Papaver rhæas*) is the one that causes the brilliant display in southern cornfields. Its flowers, though very variable in size, attain, under ordinary conditions, a diameter of four inches; and the petals form two pairs, one pair being much smaller than the other. The seed-urn has a little stalk above, where the petals were attached, and is smooth and inclined to be globose in form. The rounded roof of the urn is marked with from eight to twelve rays. The stamens are thread-like. The flower-stalks are covered with more or less spreading hairs, and each of the lobes of the divided leaf ends in a bristle. This species is quite a month later than the others in its flowering period, commencing in June and continuing until August or September. The others begin in May, and have finished in July.

The Long Smooth-headed Poppy (*Papaver dubium*) is very like the common poppy, but differs in the following respects:—the seed-urn has no stalk above the flower, it is more egg-shaped, and the rays on its roof vary from six to twelve. The hairs on the flower-stalk do not spread out, but are pressed somewhat closely to the stalk.

The Round Rough-headed Poppy (*Papaver hybridum*) has a round seed-urn covered with bristles, and the rays numbering from four to eight only. The lobes of the leaves are drawn out into long points. The flower is only an inch or two across, with a black centre, and the stamens increase in stoutness upwards.

The remaining native species is the Long Prickly-headed Poppy (*Papaver argemone*), which is similar to the last named, but smaller and weaker—in fact, the smallest of our poppies. The seed-urn, instead of being globular,



ROUND ROUGH-HEADED POPPY.



OPIUM POPPY.

is club-shaped and bristly, the rays ranging from four to six only. The petals are narrower and paler in colour.

In some places the Opium Poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) has become naturalized. It may be identified by its much taller growth, the large, broad, grey-green leaves, whose bases clasp the stem, the large white, lavender or purple flowers, and the large, stalked, round seed-urn.

"Upholden."

THE STORY OF THREE LIVES.

BY THE

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

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

CHAPTER III.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED.



THE Hopley boys remained together at the Blue Coat School for over three years; and during all that time good Mr. Withers never ceased to take a lively interest in their welfare. In his keen, quiet way he watched the lads; he noted how they differed in disposition and

tastes, and while he could not be blind to certain defects, he loved to dwell rather on the good qualities of each.

Mr. Withers, who had been many years a widower, resided with his two daughters in what was then the rural district of Edge Lane. The house stood about midway between Liverpool and Old Swan village, and thus formed a convenient meeting-place for the boys and their sister, Maggie, on certain rare and festive occasions when, a holiday having been obtained, the children were free to spend an afternoon together. Those were indeed grand, momentous days, eagerly anticipated and prepared for, lingeringly dwelt upon and lovingly cherished in memory. Grown-up people

do not always realise how much such a memory as that may be to a child; how character may be shaped and moulded by it; how the deepest impressions and purest sentiments of after life may cling around it. By Arthur, at least, those afternoons were never forgotten; they became a hallowed, wholesome memory, an influence to persuade and to restrain throughout the years that followed.

No doubt Ida and Esther Withers had a good deal to say to the glamour with which the recollection of those days came to be surrounded. There were six years between the sisters, and Ida regarded herself as standing in quite a motherly relation both to the Hopley children and to her own little sister, who was a year or two older than Maggie. But boys who are entering on their teens are seldom inclined to regard young ladies who have not yet emerged from theirs in a sober and commonplace light. To Arthur, Ida Withers was a creature from some higher sphere; she dwelt in fairyland, and when she touched the earth—when she came into his lowly life—everything was transformed and glorified. To say her word was law to him would be merely to say that he was a good boy and did what he was bid; but he tried to read her wishes in her every look. Her smile was rapture to him, and the ripple of her laughter beat like a pulse in his young blood. He lived in her presence, and whatsoever was associated with her became doubly dear to him—her father and Esther, his own sister Maggie, and even his brother Ernest. These were all within the circle of which Ida was the centre; they moved within the soft, sweet light that surrounded her, and to think of them was to think also of her. This was Arthur Hopley's secret—his silly secret, if the unsympathetic reader likes to call it such; but silly or otherwise, he had the sense to keep it to himself.

As we have already seen, no two brothers could have been less like than these whose story we are telling. Arthur was certainly the favourite. His handsome face and wide-open blue eyes, his clear, frank utterance and ready smile attracted attention and generally inspired confidence. A vague rumour, too, had got abroad as to the off-hand way in which he had faced the governors, and this made him a hero amongst the boys, and an object of some interest to those in authority. He was strong and athletic, and though too generous and good-tempered to be a bully, he was able, when the occasion seemed to demand, to give a sufficiently good account of himself, with his fists or otherwise. The boy was vain, and at the same time capable; he liked to find himself the centre of a group and he was seldom at a loss when ready speech or readier action was required.

Ernest was the contrary to all this. A quiet, unassuming, thoughtful boy, his great ambition was to be let go on his way unnoticed and alone. From the first he was languid and disinclined for play; then, when he had got thoroughly into the ways of the

school, his lessons seemed to absorb all his thoughts. But he was a gentle, pure-minded, obliging boy, and if he had but few fast friends, he certainly had not a single enemy. It was to the credit of both the brothers that, however widely they might differ in taste and disposition, they were absolutely loyal and devoted to each other.

As we have seen, it had from the first been part of Arthur's ambition to figure as a "gate-boy." The office, which was held for a week, carried with it some substantial advantages. The holder got off half his lessons; he saw something of the outer world—or, at least, of people who came from the outer world; he could enjoy a friendly chat with visitors, and there was always the chance of being the recipient of a friendly "tip." Besides all this, there was the feeling of importance and the sense of power that the guardianship of those shining keys conferred.

But this coveted position had to be earned. The boy who would be at the gate during the week was required to discharge a somewhat trying task upon the Sunday, and it was a task which Arthur, with all his quickness, found himself more than once unequal to. To understand this, it is necessary to describe the quaint "order of service" which is carried out at the Blue Coat every Sunday afternoon, and to which crowds of visitors and friends delight to flock.

The chapel—if such it can be called—is a long, narrow room immediately over the dining-hall. One side, pierced with several large windows, which look out on the courtyard, is straight; but the other is



THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICE.

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

bow-shaped, thus forming a very shallow apse. In the middle of this wall—where the room is widest—is the organ; and on either side of it tiers of narrow seats are arranged for the accommodation of the children. In front of the organ is a desk for the reader, and facing this, across a narrow space of floor, are two imposing chairs for the presiding governors. Behind the governors there is accommodation for a considerable number of visitors, the seats being again raised in tiers, thus facing those occupied by the children. At one end of the long room a space is set apart for the immediate friends and relatives of the pupils.

Punctually at four o'clock (the visitors being already seated) the children come filing in, two and two, the boys first, and the *tallest* leading. A good deal of management is required to pack three hundred and fifty children into the space allotted to them; but it is done to a nicety—each child has room enough, but there is no room over.

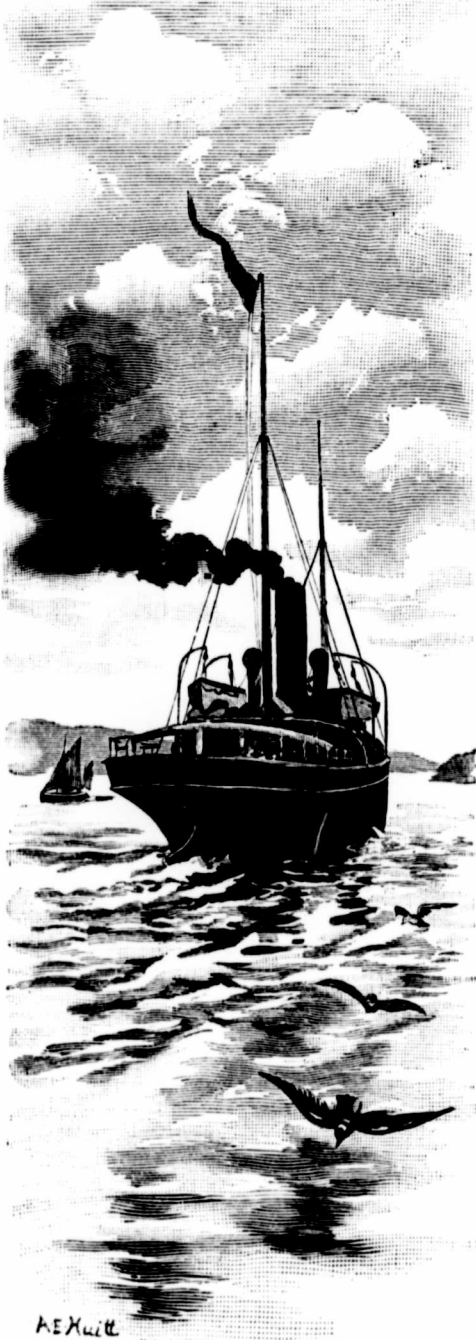
All being seated, and the governors having taken their places, a boy advances to the desk and gives out a hymn. This having been sung, a number of collects are read, after which an anthem generally follows.

The next part of the proceedings is of special interest. A mixed class of boys and girls stands forward, and a lad gravely examines them in a portion of the Church Catechism from an excellent exposition thereof. The questions are asked from a book, and answered *memoriter* with the utmost precision. The examination ended, the class retires, while the youthful catechist, with a deferential bow, takes his place in front of the governors, having a girl and boy on either side of him. These two then repeat from memory a chapter, the one from the Old and the other from the New Testament. Some more collects follow, and then the service is concluded with a hymn and the "Benedictory Prayer." Finally, the children retire in solemn order, the girls curtseying and the boys bowing to the governors as they file from their places. The collects are compiled from the prayer-book, but with some special clauses introduced. Thus: "What we know not, do Thou teach us: instruct us in all the particulars of our duty, both towards Thee and towards men. . . . Bless this and all other schools for religious and truly Christian education, and direct and prosper all pious endeavours for the propagation of Thy Gospel in the world."

Arthur Hopley had several times been chosen to "read prayers," chiefly, perhaps, because he was a handsome lad with a self-possessed manner, and a clear, sonorous voice, which could be well heard—and heard with pleasure—in every part of the crowded room. He had also acquitted himself fairly well as catechist. But these distinctions did not satisfy him. His ambition was to be selected to give the recitation, and thus to win the position of "gate-boy" for the ensuing week. This was his ambition; but, greatly to his mortification and surprise, it was not realised till after he had been a considerable time in the school.

The custom was, and is, for a number of the boys and girls to volunteer to learn passages for recitation. From these a selection is made, and the master, having heard the several competitors, finally settles who shall occupy the place of honour on the following Sunday.

That he should have been passed over in these competitions again and again was a great blow to poor Arthur's pride. The fact was that the boy, with all his brightness and quickness, was apt to be inaccurate and careless; and even when under his brother's patient "coaching" he resolutely set himself to learn, he found that verbal memory was by no means his forte. He made mistakes and hesitated where Ernest had, without effort, become quite familiar with the whole passage. Thus the younger brother could easily have supplanted the elder;



A. E. HUITT

ON THE MERSEY.

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

But he was at once too loyal and too loving to entertain such an idea.

But at last the day came when Arthur was selected to occupy the post that he longed for. Perhaps his recitation had not been actually the best, and there were some points in his conduct that were far from satisfactory; but he was getting a big boy now, and the master was anxious that he should not be discouraged. The chapter chosen was St. John xv. and that Arthur at last knew it word for word was mainly due to the persistence with which Ernest had "heard" him, prompted him, and helped him. And now, without their knowing it, the beautiful and touching words had become a sacred bond of union between the brothers.

"I've taken a precious long time to learn it, Ern; but now that I know it, I think it will stick to me all my life; and I'm sure there is not a verse in it but will remind me of you, and of the way you taught me," exclaimed Arthur after the final rehearsal.

"They are beautiful words," replied Ernest, "and I'd like to think of us both remembering them when we are far away from each other. We'll be like two wee branches in one big tree; there'll be something to make us feel one-like, something to keep us together whatever winds may blow."

Arthur Hopley gave a short laugh. "Except it be that one branch is rotten, and then the wind breaks it off and blows it away altogether and there is no more seen of it."

Ernest looked bewildered. "Don't say that, Arthur," he remonstrated, "there is no reason it should be like that with— with either of us. He says, 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.' It's live branches He was talking of—and there is the one life goes right through them all."

The elder boy shrugged his shoulders: "Don't take it so serious, Ern; it was only just a notion that came into my head."

Ernest still looked distressed; but he spoke up cheerfully:

"Well, suppose we promise, both of us, that we'll try and say the chapter over, if ever we are in any trouble or danger; that we'll think about the way He says we are not His servants but His friends, and how willing He is to help us."

"There can be no harm in that; it might be a help to a chap some day," assented Arthur. Shortly after the boys went to bed.

The day that followed was one never to be forgotten. The chapel was crowded; but as Arthur stood waiting for the ranks to close up when all the children had entered, he saw but one face before him—it was that of Ida Withers. It had so happened that it was Mr. Withers's turn to act as one of the presiding governors, and the old gentleman had, as was his usual custom, brought his two daughters with him; for Esther, too, was there, occupying a place between her elder sister and the chair of state in which her father was just seating himself.

As usual the service was rendered in quiet, reverent, and orderly fashion. The collects were read by Ernest Hopley, and though his voice was low and somewhat tremulous, many present were struck by the simplicity and evident sincerity of his elocution. Arthur acquitted



"YOU GOT THROUGH YOUR PART VERY CREDITABLY."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

himself very well in the general estimation; Mr. Withers, however, who followed the recitation with a large official Bible open on the desk before him, noticed several minor slips, indicating a failure either of memory or of attention.

The children file out at the conclusion of the service; and the visitors when they descend to the lower room, find the long tables lined with standing, expectant figures. Then grace is said, and in an instant, the signal being given, all are seated and busily at work. Visitors and—in those days—the relatives and friends are allowed to walk round and converse with the children.

"Well, my young man, you got through your part very creditably; I may, upon the whole, congratulate you." Looking quickly round Arthur encountered the kindly glance of Mr. Withers.

There was something in the tone more than in the actual words that wounded the lad's vanity.

"Thank you, sir," he replied with regulation politeness.

"I think you did it splendidly; we could hear every word, and you never stopped once," exclaimed Esther, who evidently thought that her father had not spoken with sufficient enthusiasm.

The boy flushed with pleasure, gave her one thankful glance and then looked shyly towards Ida.

"Yes, you did nicely; and it must have been pleasant for you to have had your sister Maggie there."

"I didn't know she was coming—I didn't think about seeing her," growled Arthur.

Miss Withers looked mildly surprised. "Oh yes, she was there in the gallery with Mrs. Hayhurst—and I daresay she will be round to speak to you. Now, Esther, we must go on; father is waiting for us."

As the sisters moved away, Arthur, looking after them, saw Mr. Withers bending over his brother Ernest, who sat at the next table, and resting his hand on his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

INFLUENCE.



OW true it is that "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall"!

Arthur Hopley had reached the summit of his schoolboy ambition, and the result was disastrous. The distinction of being made "gate-boy" for a week was

but a small thing in itself; yet it sufficed to turn the head of a vain and self-willed lad. Not, indeed, that this was really the beginning of the mischief. Arthur had already been a source of anxiety to the school authorities, and he had already been reprimanded and even punished for breaches of discipline. He was a big lad now, and the restraint of school life was galling to him. He had an adventurous spirit and he longed to be up and doing for himself. In that there was certainly no harm; but the harm came in when he persisted in turning a deaf ear to reasonable counsels of patience, and deliberately set himself to feed his imagination on all sorts of wild schemes for immediate emancipation and ultimate self-glorification.

But now there was something more serious. During a brief conversation on the Sunday, the boy had boasted to Mrs. Hayhurst and Maggie about his being in charge of the gate for the ensuing week. Then Mrs. Hayhurst, in the fulness of her heart, had thought what a nice thing it would be to bring the girl to see her brother in the exercise of his authority. At the same time she remembered that a friend of hers was employed at the school, in connection with the laundry. So, on the Monday, she made a pilgrimage to Liverpool, taking Maggie with her and also secreting a little offering for her friend.

For a few minutes the brother and sister chatted together at the gate; then Mrs. Hayhurst produced her parcel. Arthur, to do him justice, was very unwilling to take charge of it—and it was only after considerable coaxing that he was induced to do so. Later on in the week there was a great disturbance. Irregularities had been suspected for some time and at last the guilt had been brought home to the laundry-woman, she being convicted alike of dishonesty and of drunkenness. A number of articles had been somehow smuggled through the gate, and, naturally enough, the boy who had charge of the key was subjected to a severe examination. Poor Arthur! he was angry with himself because these irregularities must have been going on under his very nose without his observing them, and he was angry with the master for suspecting him of complicity in the crime. Thus, in a moment of temptation he was too frightened to confess the one fault that he had actually committed. He denied that he had ever allowed anything to be passed through the gate in a secret way, or even that he had lingered there in conversation. As, however, he had been seen talking with his sister, this one falsehood brought discredit on all his statements.

The boy now felt himself disgraced, and the spirit of rebellion that had long been smouldering flared wildly up. One night he escaped from the dormitory, only to be ignominiously brought back by the police after hours of aimless wandering about the docks and shipping. Punishment was inflicted—but that only led to further insubordination. At last it was decided

that such an unruly spirit could no longer be retained in the school, and that he must be turned out as soon as any occupation could be found for him.

In this juncture good Mr. Withers came to the rescue. He had several long talks with Arthur, and finding that he had a real inclination for the sea, he made interest among his shipowning friends to obtain him a desirable berth. After a little time this was arranged; and it was settled that the lad should go as an apprentice on board a barque that traded to the South American ports.

A week before the date of sailing Arthur finally left the noble institution to which he owed so much,

and went to stay at the house of his old benefactor in Edge Lane. Mr. Withers had arranged the matter in this way, partly because he knew how uncomfortable the lad's position in the school had become, and partly in the hope of being able to influence him for good by sympathy and advice. But the scheme turned out disappointingly. Arthur was moody and petulant, and it seemed as though, for the time being at least, his heart was completely hardened. The only person who could do anything with him was Ida, and even she seemed powerless to do much good. Hopeful at first, her patience was well-nigh exhausted before the day of departure dawned.

"There is nothing I wouldn't do for you, and you must know that," exclaimed the boy on one memorable occasion, after she had been expostulating with him in her usual gentle and persuasive fashion.

Ida laughed. "Well, it is not much that I am asking you to do, Arthur. I only want you to do what is right—to tell the master of the school that you are sorry for any trouble you have given, and to promise all that my father asks for the future."

"I don't mind, if I do it for your sake, Miss Ida," he murmured sheepishly.

"No, not for my sake, Arthur. You should do things because they are right—to please God, not

to please me or anybody else in the world," remonstrated the girl earnestly.

"I don't so much care about that; it's of you I am thinking, and if I thought you cared, I'd do anything you asked me, be it good or bad," he persisted.

"No, no, you must not say that, it is wrong and wicked of you. Of course, I should like to see you doing what was right. But what has that got to do with it? I can't make you wish for what is good or give you strength to do it. God only can do that; and you must pray to Him for grace. Don't you remember what you yourself repeated in that beautiful

chapter—'I am the Vine, ye are the branches . . . without Me ye can do nothing'? I wish, Arthur, you would really ask God and the dear Saviour to help you."

"I've asked you to help me, and you won't do it, and now I am going to be shipped right away to the other side of the world, and nobody cares what becomes of me. I wish I was dead, so I do!"

"It is not very nice of you to say that after all papa has done for you, these years back. You must know how fond we all are of you—of you and your brother and Maggie!

We'd do anything we could for you; but it is only God Who can really help you to be what you ought to be. O Arthur, I wish you would try!" pleaded the girl with simple pathos.

"I have tried, but it's no use. When a fellow tells the truth and does the right thing nobody believes him or gives him any credit for it."

Ida Withers looked surprised. "Did you tell the truth, *all* the truth, about what happened when you were at the gate? If you say you did, I, for one, will believe you, Arthur."

The boy flushed with pleasure. "I did tell the truth," he said, "and what's more, I stopped them from taking things out when I got to know about it. And then the master as much as told me I was a liar and a thief."



"I ONLY WANT YOU TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT."
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY.

"I asked you if you had told *all* the truth," persisted Ida quietly.

"Well, no, I didn't tell that our Maggie was there talking to me for a few minutes on the Monday morning—because it was no business of theirs."

"And was there nothing else?"

Poor Arthur glanced nervously round the room; then, looking straight into his questioner's face, he answered:

"Yes, there was one thing. Mrs. Hayhurst gave me something to take to the woman in the laundry; but I didn't like to do it, and I told her there must be no more of such games. It was drink, or something that way."

"Mrs. Hayhurst asked you to do such a thing! Well, I am surprised. What would my father say to that?" exclaimed Ida.

The boy laughed. "The fact is, the old lady has gammoned the gov'nor and you young ladies; but she has been good enough to me, in her way, and I didn't want to kick up a bother."

"But it is a dreadful thing for her to let you be blamed; and now I don't like the idea of Maggie being with such a person."

"It is no matter about me—so long, that is, as *you* know the truth," replied Arthur philosophically. "If I wasn't blamed for that, it would have been for something else, and it was about time I cleared out of the old place. But you are right about our Maggie; the Old Swan is no place for her, and Mrs. Hayhurst won't be any good to her either."

"But she seemed a very respectable woman, and you boys always said you were happy with her in the holidays."

"Oh yes, we were happy enough! I've nothing to say against the Swan, nor yet against the old lady. She treated us real decent, and mostly kept herself straight when we were there. Only I'm saying it is not the place for our Maggie, and I wish she was well out of it."

"But she was so fond of Maggie, and would never take any money for keeping her," suggested Ida, really distressed to find her old faith in the motherliness of Mrs. Hayhurst thus rudely shaken.

Arthur's reply showed that he had not been brought up in a "great commercial centre" to no purpose. "That's right enough, miss; but if she didn't get money regular, she got many another thing that was as good. Not that I mean to say she isn't kind in

herself and willing to do a good turn for any one that needed it."

"Well, of course my father has helped her at times, and done things for her in the way of getting situations for her boys and that."

"Aye, that is just about the way of it," assented Arthur, well pleased evidently at his own shrewdness.

There was a pause. Ida Withers was an innocent girl without the faintest trace of personal vanity; but she could not be altogether unconscious of the power she held over the impulsive lad that stood before her. Knowing that power, and feeling responsible for its use, she felt compelled to speak again before letting him depart.

"I am glad you have told me all this about yourself, Arthur; but why should you not tell the same to others—to my father and to the schoolmaster?"

The boy was at his best as he replied: "I'd do it if there was any need; but what is the use of talking now that *you* know all about it? It is all settled for me to go to sea to-morrow, and what I have got to do now is just to make the best of it. Isn't that it, miss?"



"HE HID HIS FACE AND SOBBED ALOUD."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by PAUL HARDY

"That is the important thing, certainly; but I do want you to promise me something. Will you do it?"

He nodded and waited for her to continue.

"I want you to promise that you will not go away with any feeling of bitterness; but that you will try and remember all the good things that were taught you at the Blue Coat. Remember all those lovely services—all the prayers and hymns and anthems. Promise to try and grow up a brave, religious man; promise to say your prayers and read your Bible and think about God."

He still looked at her; his eyes were full, and he hesitated to speak.

"Won't you promise?" she whispered softly.

"I don't like to promise what, perhaps, I will not be able to perform; but there is one thing I can promise, for sure."

"And that is?"

"That I will never forget this night, and the way you have spoken to me, Miss Withers. I may go wrong, but I will never forget; I'll do my best, and—and I'll ask God to help me through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen." Then throwing himself into a chair, he hid his face and sobbed aloud.

Ida went and stood over him for a minute or two. Then she bent down, kissed him on the forehead, and taking one hand between both of hers, she said: "Now, good-bye, Arthur; be a brave boy and keep your promise, and then I can feel sure that God will be always with you, and will bring you safe to us again."

Arthur Hopley stumbled out into the hall he scarce knew how; there he encountered Esther.

"Good-bye, Arthur!" she cried. "I am going to bed now, and you'll be gone before I am up in the morning. Mind you bring us back lots of nice things from abroad, and I'll take good care of Maggie while you are away. Some day, I know, you will have a ship of your own, and then you can take us for a jolly sail. Good-bye, good-bye!" And so he saw the last of her, as she went upstairs, kissing her hand to him and looking back over the balusters.

(To be continued.)

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"When we were with Him in the Holy Mount."

BY THE REV. J. M. PROCTER, M.A.,

Rector of Thorley; Hon. Canon of St. Albans.

STILL at the hour of prayer,
When dies the voice of day,
The Christian leaves the world,
By Jesus' side to pray.

Still up the Holy Mount
His willing steps ascend,
To meet the Saviour there,
And speak as friend to Friend.

Still, as he humbly pleads
With heart and voice outpoured,
Before his inward eye
Transfigured is his Lord.

At times, too, from that cloud,
That veils the Home of Rest,
A voice, like Peter's, comes
From loved ones with the Blest.

"Dear friends, 'tis good for us
To be by Jesus' side:
Nay, more—'tis better far
To see Him glorified.

"Trials and pain are past,
Sin can no more assail;
Our ransomed souls have gone
To rest beyond the veil.

"The smile of God Himself
Has gently calmed our fears:
His own most loving Hand
Has wiped away our tears.

"Wish us not back again
In paths which once we trod;
But seek to meet us here,
Upon the Mount of God.

"The Mount where Jesus dwells,
That bright and glorious Place,
Where His disciples true
Shall see Him face to face."

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

A Good Motto.

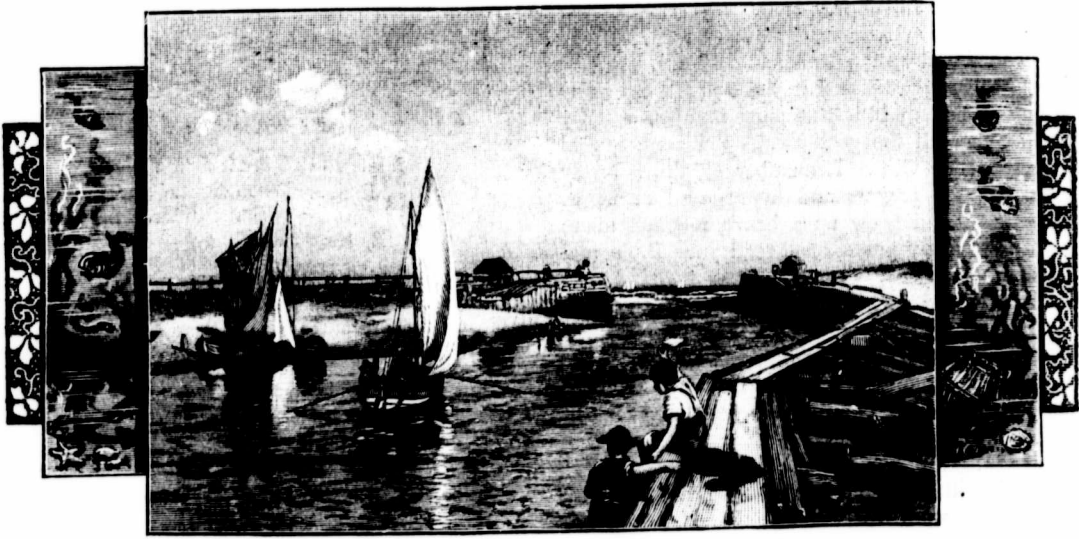
LADY, in sending a gift for the East Africa Famine Fund, adds the following remark, trite at all times, but especially applicable to the present need of Missions: "Giving follows on praying."

Bi-centenary of the S.P.G.

REPARATIONS for the Bi-centenary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel are beginning. The commemoration period will occupy the twelve months between June 16th, 1920, and June 16th, 1921. It was on June 16th, 1701, that the Society was founded, and thus the year of commemoration will be the two hundredth year of its existence, its fourth Jubilee year.

A Welsh Example.

THE Rev. W. M. Roberts, the C.M.S. Secretary for North Wales, writes:—"A box held by a young girl who serves a humble Christian woman keeping a tiny village shop in a remote mountain district of North Wales has just realized £5 7s. 3d. for the year. The girl's mistress is an elderly single woman almost crippled, but still attends Sunday school. For some years these two humble folk, speaking nothing but the Welsh tongue, have been stirring up their friends in missionary zeal and interest, until now the little Sunday school in this poor Welsh parish sends up a larger box contribution than many a wealthy town parish. "It is not a difference of wealth, but of work," and let me add to Mr. Stock's epigram—"of faith and prayer."



“WATCHING A PASSING SAIL.”

From the original painting by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

VIII.—WESTHAM, SUSSEX.

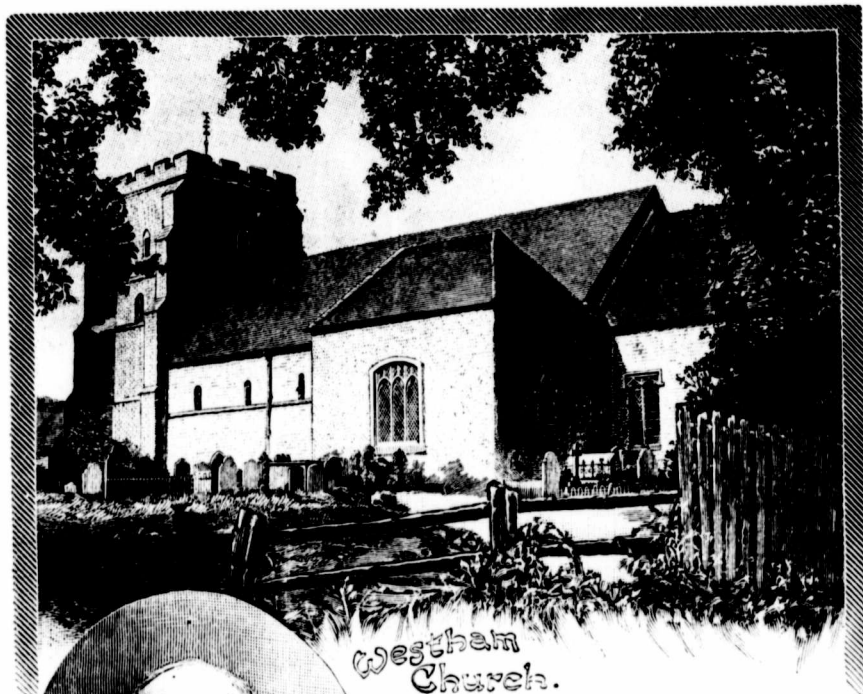
WESTHAM, under the shadow of Pevensey Castle, four miles from Eastbourne, and a mile from the sea, is a kind of landmark on the English Riviera. Westham, as its name indicates, is of Saxon origin—the west home or hamlet of Pevensey. In the old days the town of Pevensey stood within the great walls which now remain of the Roman city of Anderida; but a time came when its Saxon community, waxing impatient of its surroundings, leaked out through the great Roman gates which open to the west, and settled itself down on the outside of the walls. A village was formed towards the sun-setting, and that was Westham. By-and-by the Conqueror landed at Pevensey, and then, of course, the whole district was, as the French would say, demoralized, upset, and the aspect of everything changed. William or his half-brother began constructing a castle within the old Roman walls, but at the same time they gave their attention to building a Church in Westham.

The Normans were great Church builders; all over England they went to work, pulling down Saxon masonry—for which they seem to have had a kind of contempt—and building up Churches after their own style.

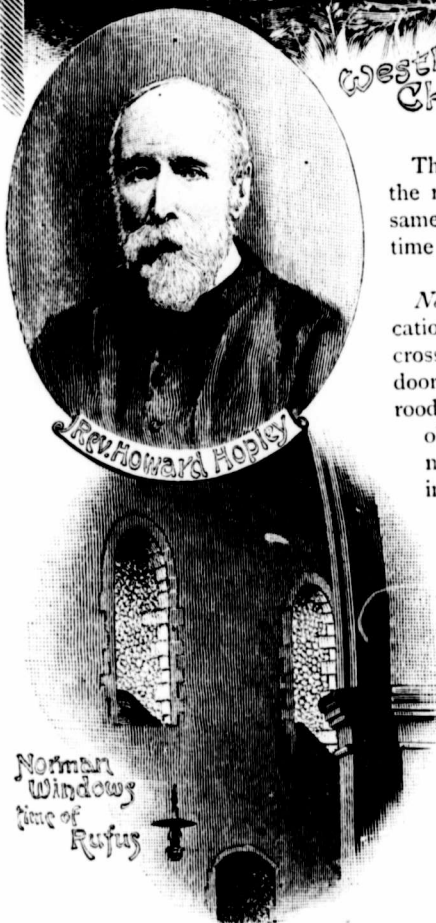
Whether there was ever a Saxon Church at Westham no one can tell, but if there was the Normans made short work of it. The Church they built here was cruciform in shape, and more substantial than any Saxon Church could have been. There was

apparently an apse to each transept, and an apsidal chancel after the Romanesque fashion. I say apparently because what seems portions of these apses are still visible. Of this early Norman Church the south wall and part of the south transept, now a private chapel, remain. Three of the original windows are still in the wall, and the tracery of an absent fourth is seen from outside. The doom of the fourth apparently came about in this way: At the Reformation time they wanted more light for the pulpit, so they knocked out this small window and substituted the present big window of perpendicular elaboration. For it must be conceded that the early Norman windows were very small and deep-splayed; in fact, one way of determining their early date, so the archæologists tell you, is by the depth of the splay and by the casements being worked out flush with the outer wall. So at Westham. Thus the Norman Church must have been very dark, and strong enough also to have stood a siege, which perhaps it did.

However, in 1300 or thereabouts, an extensive enlargement was carried out in the Church: the north wall and transept were pulled down, and an arcade of early English style substituted, to which a north aisle was added on. At the same time the noble west tower was built—an embodiment of massive dignity and stateliness that, so far as towers go, can hardly be surpassed. For six hundred years it has been a sight of beauty and strength, gladdening the soul of the wayfarer; and even now it is impossible for a man to look at



it without some sort of soul-stirring. Its record of years, written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decrepitude; its rugged flanks of masonry, full of bolts and holes and fissures, and yet strong and unbending within the grip of its massive buttresses; its utter carelessness and scorn of smoothness or finish, or of any of the tricks of modern buildings, or of what the world thinks of it;—so it stands, still fulfilling the purpose for which it was built—speaking of rest to the restless, its bells tolling out their summons to Church and ringing in worshippers at the hour of prayer.



Westham Church.

The chancel seems to have been added about the time of Henry V., the remaining glass in the east window, thirteen panels, being of the same date. This was probably preserved through the Reformation time by having been plastered up.

Noticeable Things.—Holy water stoup outside west door. Dedication cross outside eastern wall. Ancient stone altar with five crosses, used as tomb-stone in 1602—now on the threshold of turret door, north aisle. Three piscinas. Rood loft stairs. The remains of rood loft and rood screen are still in the tower. In the parish is an old house—Priesthaus—now a farm. This was built on an old monastery; and although very little remains of the monastic building, yet the great garden at Priesthaus covers and coincides with the ancient cloister, and is still ramparted in the west and north, so that the ample area of the cloister is still well marked, and you can take your walks round the paths, evidently in the footprints of the monks of old. A good many interesting things have been dug up round about, among others the brass of a mitred abbot, which is now under the flagstones of the hall. A persistent tradition states that there is a subterranean passage between this monastery and Pevensy Castle. The greater part of this farmhouse is Elizabethan, built probably at the same time as the big house, Glenleigh, which was for many generations the home of the Sussex Faggés. Probably few Eastbourne people are aware that in Langley Farm, just over the border there is still an old monastic chapel, which they can go and see if the farmer gives them leave. The east window, over the altar, and south windows are intact as to the mullions. Very heavy buttresses prop up the structure, of which the old there are very curious little bogey holes and chambers here

Norman Window
time of
Rufus

roof is an interesting feature; and in fact and there which deserve attention.

Modern life and modern appliances are fast driving out all old-world notions and traces of our grandfathers' time. But I found in a cottage the other day a tinder-box, with flint and steel complete, which I secured; also a snuffer-dish and snuffer, which are not so rare. Some of the old brass candlesticks which are treasured on the cottager's mantelshelf are very elegant in form, and put to shame the modern things. Of old firebacks of Sussex iron, I have only found one in the cottages, though there are several, with the arms of the Faggles, at Glenleigh and also at Priesthaus.

Some years ago, when I was working at Westfield, which is five miles from any station, I came upon many cottages which had their firebacks, and some very beautifully cast; but I suppose they have now disappeared.

There is only one thing more to add to this garrulous paper, and that is as to archaic words still current among the people. Among these is the word "trade," in the sense of a way or road; the roads across Pevensey Marsh are called "trades." You call at a cottage: "Well, Mrs. Blank, how is your husband to-day?" "O, sir, he's pretty ord'nary; he's gone to work on the Wartling Trade," which means he is breaking stones or mending "dicks" (ditches) on the road to Wartling. The survival of this word is interesting when you come to remember that our word trade, in the common acceptance of it, is derived from the road (trade) and from the business carried on by means of it.

Our registers date from 1576, and contain many quaint entries; but the following is from the Corporation Record:—

The Charge.

"The said jury above prosecuted and indicted Mary Taylor, late of Westham, within the liberty of this town of Pevensey, spinster, that she, the said Mary, upon the 23rd day of March last past, at the 'Sign of the George,' in Westham aforesaid, did with force of armes Plunder and Pillage the Pack-Baggs of John Jenkin North Brittain, and from thence did Feloniously Take and Steal and carry away eighteen eles of Garlich Holland and a piece of Cotton Check contrary to the Kings Peace."

The Sentence.

"Which judgment was that tomorrow by ten of the clock in the forenoon the said Prisoner, Mary Taylor, should be ship't from the [it looks like West d—] and ty'd to the cart's Tayle and whipt from the Court House in Pevensey to the 'Sign of the George' in Westham and Back again to the same place untill her Back be Bloody."

The date of this exemplary proceeding is 1724.

HOWARD HOPLEY.



WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

THE OFFICE AND WORK OF THE LAITY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

No Legislative Definition of "Layman."

That in the existing state of things there is no legal definition of the title "Layman of the Church of England."

Definitions of Term "Laity."

That several definitions of the term "Laity" have been proposed: (a) "Such of the people as are not comprehended under the word 'Clergy.'" (b) All baptized persons within the two provinces of Canterbury and York who have not by any overt act declared their dissent from the Church's Communion. (c) All baptized persons being Communicants who receive the Holy Communion on three occasions in the year, whereof Easter shall be one. (d) All persons not in Holy Orders who give a general assent to the doctrines and practices of the Church, and avail themselves of her sacraments, ministrations, and services for public worship.

Clergy not the Church.

That a current error, founded upon want of thought, is speaking and writing of the Clergy as "the Church," and of laymen as "entering the Church" when they take Holy Orders, overlooking the fact that people enter the Church through the reception of the Sacrament of Holy Baptism.

Clergy sprung from Ranks of Laity.

That the Laity, with the Clergy, are the Church, and that Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, having first necessarily been members of the Laity, have been called from its ranks to devote themselves to the service of their brethren in the office and work of the ministry.

Reflection on Clergy Reflection on Laity.

That any prejudicial reflection on the character, capacity, and efficiency of the Clergy must be regarded as reflection upon the Laity, from whose ranks the Clergy have individually sprung.

What Episcopal Ordination cannot do.

That it must be borne in mind that the mere imposition of Episcopal hands at the ordination cannot supply the newly ordained Deacon with the learning of which he may have been lacking as a Layman, or the intellectual ability, capacity for work, moral characteristics, and enthusiastic devotion of which he may as a Layman have been previously deficient.

Laymen have their Office and Work in the Church as well as the Clergy.

That the whole of the baptized Laity are, by the terms of their reception into the Communion of the Church, as solemnly pledged to the confession of Christ's "Faith," the doing of Christ's work, and the defending of Christ's cause as are the Clergy, by their vows at ordination, pledged to serve in the sacred ministry of Christ's Church.

Services of the Laity rendered to our Lord, His Apostles, and His Church.

That from the days of our Lord's ministry, all through the times of the Apostles, and the centuries of the Primitive Church, the Laity, Christian men and women have constituted the great body of the faithful. - They attended our Lord's ministry, ministered to His wants, and no doubt tried to interest others in His character, preaching, and miracles. Eminent men and women of the Christian Laity rendered great services to the Apostles, to their fellow-members of the Church, and were no doubt largely instrumental in bringing the heathen under the influence of the Gospel.

The Ministry of the Laity.

That although the Laity have not committed to them the distinctive ministry in and for the Church which is the peculiar work of the Clergy, they have committed to them a very varied and comprehensive "ministry of the saints," an outlined description of which ministry is given by St. Paul in the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of his Epistle to the Romans, while the names of some of the eminent Laity, and the works for which they were distinguished, are recorded in the sixteenth chapter of the same Epistle.

Particular Ministrations of the Laity.

That in the Early Church and in the Church in later ages the Laity rendered services of inestimable value in teaching the rudiments of the Christian Faith to the heathen, bringing them to baptism, and watching over them when baptized; maintaining order amongst those who attended the public services, visiting the sick, distributing alms, and reading, in public, portions of the Holy Scriptures.

Services of English Laity in the External Work of the Church.

That in the external work of the Church the Laity of the Church of England, from the days of her foundation until now, have rendered to her the most distinguished services in the work of her organization and extension throughout the land. They gave sites for Cathedrals, Parish Churches, and Parsonage Houses, contributed by their money and labour to their erection, and gave liberally of their lands, and tithes chargeable on their lands, for their endowment.

Services of Laity in Founding and Maintaining Church Organizations.

That Laymen have taken the principal part in founding, organizing, managing, and maintaining our great Church societies, amongst which we may mention the S.P.C.K., the S.P.G., the C.M.S., and important societies of more recent date.

Ministry of all Ranks of the Laity Essential to the Church's Work.

That devoted Christian men and women of all ranks of the Laity now constitute the great body of Churchworkers throughout the some fourteen thousand parishes in England and Wales, and are engaged in every kind of charitable and religious effort, without whose labours Church organization and work would be at a standstill.

THE CHOICE OF FOWLS FOR PROFITABLE POULTRY-KEEPING.

BY W. M. FREEMAN, M.P.S.



ONLY those who are acquainted with the doings of the Poultry Club and with the various associations under its patronage all over the country, can form any idea of the varied opinions which exist among the class known as "fanciers" upon the merits and demerits of the numerous breeds of

poultry which are to be seen at any large exhibition. If the novice appeals to any one of the enthusiasts whose birds appear on the show benches, as to the value of his particular variety in comparison with other varieties, it is pretty certain that the answer will comprise a list of many virtues not all so prominent under experience as they are apparent beforehand. The fact is that there are good qualities in most breeds of poultry, but their extent varies very considerably;

and many a well-meaning adviser has brought his amateur friend to shipwreck by a too lavish exposition of the qualities of his own particular "fancy." In this short paper I hope to indicate the varieties of poultry that are best suited to those who are hitherto without experience.

Firstly, it may be laid down unhesitatingly that it is better to keep one definite variety than a hotch-potch of mongrel blood. The reasons are conclusive. Pure-bred fowls are no more trouble than cross-bred; they are more productive in their several ways; they command a better price alive; they are of equal value in the dead-market; their eggs are always saleable at increased prices for hatching purposes. *Secondly*, the novice who is well advised will confine his efforts (at least for a year or two) to the "general utility" purpose of poultry-keeping, and will avoid the "exhibition" mania until he has had opportunities of studying both the ways of exhibitors and the points of exhibits. The most successful exhibitors of to-day are those who have made a lifelong study of breeding for scientific points; and an inexperienced beginner stands no chance at all in the keen competition which already exists.

Before deciding upon any particular variety of poultry, there are several matters to determine, thus: (1) Are eggs chiefly desired, or chickens for the table? (2) How much space is available? (3) What is the climate? These points ought to have due consideration, because a clear understanding as to our object, aided by a careful analysis of the best means of attaining that object, will aid us in no small measure if we begin wisely at the outset. Suppose we take these three points and enlarge upon them a little, by way of clearing the ground.

The breeds of poultry which are most prolific in egg production are not the best table-birds, and *vice versa*. A *Hamburgh*, for instance, though a very good layer, is not much larger than a partridge when presented at table. On the other hand, a *Dorking*, renowned for whiteness of flesh and for weight as a table-fowl, is very indifferent as a layer. The best layers are non-sitters; the worst layers are persistent sitters. It is easy to see how a bird that spends so large a portion of its time in fits of broodiness cannot produce as large an average of eggs as a non-sitter. Therefore, the best course to take is to decide for one or the other, unless accommodation can be found for both. If both are kept, they should be kept quite distinct, lest, as usually happens, the one purpose interferes with the other.

Consideration of space must always be an important factor in planning a scheme of poultry-keeping. If the room be limited, if there be only a few yards of ground available, it is far wiser to keep, say, a dozen head of laying stock. No male bird is necessary—hens lay as well without one; and to replenish the stock year by year it is best to pur-

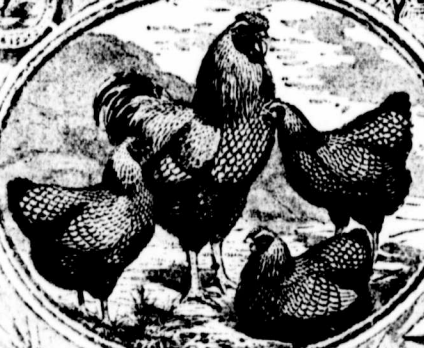
chase half-grown pullet chickens. If the space be not quite so limited as above, but if a small paddock be available, it will prove more remunerative to cultivate egg production, although there is no reason why a little hatching and rearing should not be done to replenish stocks, and possibly to provide a few birds for consumption at home. For systematic table-fowl raising, unlimited accommodation is necessary, and unless this can be found it should not be attempted at all, beyond home needs.

Climate is of all importance. In cold exposed situations many breeds will not do well, even though carefully tended; whilst other varieties seem to thrive best where the air is bracing. A gravel soil is always to be sought for every breed, since damp is destructive, particularly to chickens. The *Dorking* and most of the "table" varieties grow best in a warm, moist climate, for the very excellent reason that their habits are of necessity somewhat different, and the activity which keeps lighter breeds in continued good health is foreign to their nature. Some breeds are better if kept in a cold climate, and their hardihood seems to be diminished in a warm locality.

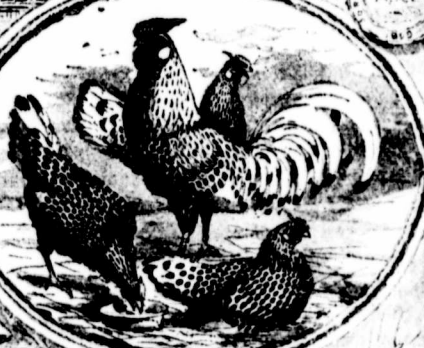
But probably some one will ask whether it is not possible to find a breed of fowls in which both laying and table qualities are to be found side by side. Yes, there are several; in fact, the production of new "all-round" varieties has been one of the great modern themes among poultry-fanciers. And the new beginner cannot do better than choose one of these "all-round" varieties for a start. In the *Wyandotte* we have a combination of all the virtues. It is a splendid layer—the *best winter* layer probably; it lays a brown egg (for some inscrutable reason the public foolishly supposes a brown egg to be richer than a white); and although the egg is comparatively a small one, it is a good average size. It is a very good table-fowl. It is a "sitter," but not a persistent one—that is to say, it does not often become broody; when it does it is an excellent sitter and mother; and it is both very hardy (flourishing anywhere) and very handsome in appearance too. There are numerous colours in *Wyandottes*—gold, silver, partridge, white, buff, and so on; but the gold and silver are best established.

For laying purposes pure and simple there is nothing better than a *Minorca*. *Minorcas* are either black or white. They lay very large white eggs; and if eggs were sold by weight instead of by number, *Minorcas* would certainly be the most remunerative. They are non-sitters, and lay well all the year round; they are only moderate table-birds. Closely allied to them are the *Leghorn* and the *Andalusian*—the former white or brown, and the latter blue. Either of these will pay very well, although neither will produce quite as much value in eggs as a *Minorca* of good strain.

USEFUL BREEDS



WYANDOTTES



HAMBURGS

OR.

ASIATICS



LA-FLECHE



HOUDANS

MINORCAS

LEGHORNS

DORKINGS



FANCY POULTRY

Ludlow 1892

In choosing poultry for table qualities only, there is nothing better than a *Dorking*, unless it be a first cross between a *Dorking* and an *Indian Game*. This is the bird that wins first prize at almost every show of dead poultry. The *Brahma-Dorking* is another good type of table-bird, and Lady de Rothschild has been very successful of late years with birds of this cross. The *Langshan* is a good bird for the table, and at the same time happens to be an excellent layer of dark brown eggs. This breed is well suited to general purposes; although it does not excel in either direction, it comes up well in both. It is, moreover, a very handsome fowl—black, with a fine glossy appearance.

Many other well-known varieties might be mentioned, but there is just one danger to be avoided. Many of the old and famous breeds have been "improved" so much for exhibition purposes that they are now useless both as layers and table-birds. *Brahmas* and *Cochins* and *Game* are examples. If the would-be poultry-keeper will choose his variety from amongst those already mentioned, he will not go far wrong. True, he may find the qualities he desires in one of the many other breeds not here named, but it is more than likely that he will fall upon a strain that has been "improved," and as a consequence will experience some disappointment.

VAIN REPETITIONS.

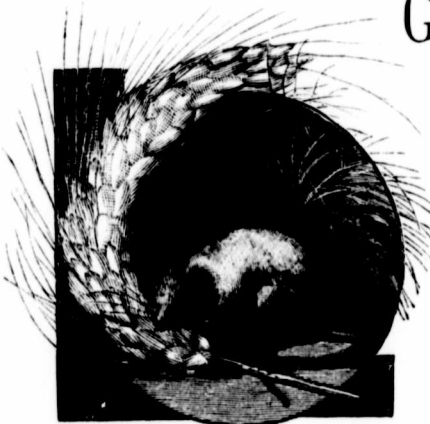
BY THE REV. E. A. SEYMOUR SCOTT, M.A.

Incumbent of Carnforth, Author of "Unconscious Teaching."

[*Outside the Church Door Sunday Night. Two Farmers:*

TOM WILKINS and GEORGE STOKES.]

(Continued from page 162.)



THE VICAR: That's just it, George. When a man is tied by his own capabilities or state of health, he can't pray as he ought. But it is the book that helps him. Now tell me, poor young

Bradfield was imprisoned for poaching, and Harry Stone left his widowed mother and ran off to sea. Has your Minister ever prayed for either of them?

GEORGE: No, sir, I can't say as I've heard him include them in his prayers."

THE VICAR: Well, I pray in our beautiful Litany every Sunday, both for prisoners and sailors. Last night, I believe, your son returned to Glasgow, and I think he has a long journey even after he gets there, before he can be at his work on Monday morning. Has Mr. Trueman been praying for him to-day?

GEORGE: Well, sir, you really can't expect him to think of everybody!

THE VICAR: Now, George, you've hit the mark. We *can't* expect a Minister to think of everybody, so our Liturgy does that for us; and when I pray every Sunday for those that travel by land or by water, I constantly am reminded of poor Harry Stone, and always of my own boy, who is, as you know, now on his way to New Zealand. What does your Minister pray for, George? I know he's a good man, and I have a very great respect for him.

GEORGE: He really makes beautiful prayers, sir. He always asks for a blessing on the service. He prays for the sick, then he asks for forgiveness of our sins, and such-like.

THE VICAR: Anything else?

GEORGE: Yes, he prays for the Queen, sometimes for "Parlymint," and lots more.

THE VICAR: And I suppose that Mr. Trueman prays for these things nearly every Sunday?

GEORGE: Yes, sir; he don't often leave any of them out.

THE VICAR: And, my good man, tell me, do you not often find that he uses the same words as last Sunday when he prays for these things?

TOM: I can answer for that, sir. I've been with George a few times, and when Mr. Trueman says, "And now, Lord, we commend unto Thee the sick members of our flock," then he's got near the end of the prayer.

THE VICAR: Wilkins is about right, isn't he, George?

GEORGE: Yes, sir; but our Minister can pray a beautiful prayer.

THE VICAR: Quite so; but if Wilkins has noticed this expression, are there not many others that we might call not "vain repetitions" but surely "repetitions"? In fact, I daresay you

often know on Sunday, just as my people do, what the next words of the prayer will be.

GEORGE: Yes, sir, there's truth in that; but it comes from his heart, I'm sure.

THE VICAR: Well, and I think that my prayers do too, and I'm glad to find that there's not so much difference in them after all. But I must say, George, that since we both pray the same things practically Sunday by Sunday, I prefer to use the words that my forefathers have used, and which are so carefully and Scripturally composed that they seem exactly to express the need of everybody before the Throne of Grace.

Little Mary Wilkins is dying, her father says. I mentioned her name to the people in Church to-day, and after those words in our beautiful Litany where we ask God to take care of "all sick persons, and young children," I paused. Many a worshipper knew why, and, I am sure, offered a silent prayer for the little sufferer.

GEORGE: I didn't know that they ever had silent prayer in Church. We only do but seldom, and it's always at the prayer meetings.

THE VICAR: Yes, that's just it. People give us a bad name before they really know what we do at Church. I hope you will soon come and see for yourself.

You see, George, that I have proved to you that a form of prayer is Scriptural, for both our blessed Lord and John the Baptist composed them and taught their disciples to use them. Then both the Apostles and the members of the Early Church used forms of prayer, and we have continued to do so for many hundreds of years—in fact, until comparatively recent times, when the Non-conformists appeared on the scene; and even now many of the Wesleyans almost entirely use the Church of England Liturgy, and nearly all Nonconformists do the same at their marriages or funerals, even "praying out of a book" at such times, clearly showing that they value it. Extempore prayer is very useful sometimes, and often decidedly preferable. I often use it myself; but in Church I am glad to feel that my people are not dependent on my feelings, nor upon my memory with regard to their own or their family's needs.

GEORGE: Thank you, sir. I'm glad to have had a good deal explained. I didn't quite see it in that light before.

THE VICAR: No, George, I'm sure you were under a wrong impression about us. Your Minister is a kind and good man, and when you have

listened to him a few more Sundays and watched, you will find that, although his words are not actually written down, they are so grafted into his mind and heart, that he, too, even because of his earnestness, uses a "Form of Prayer," though, perhaps, not one that is so large or so comprehensive as ours.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 158.)



2. THE second danger to be most carefully guarded against is the occurrence of complications during the course of the fever. We will deal with some of these in detail:—

(1) INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.

It will be remembered that two things

were mentioned as all-important in nursing treatment—perfect rest and proper food. In typhoid the bowel has become ulcerated, owing to the poison which has entered the system, and if the patient is not kept absolutely at rest, the ulcers may burst the lining of the bowel, and the result will be inflammation of the bowels, which is frequently the cause of death. Exactly the same thing may happen if the patient is allowed to depart from liquid diet and to have even a crumb of solid food. Hence the paramount importance in typhoid of *milk*, which is a soothing, non-irritating food, and cannot, as even a crumb of bread might, break down surfaces which are healing, and so cause fatal results.

In this matter of diet the doctor's knowledge and experience *must* be trusted, and set against the natural wish to gratify the patient's longing for something more substantial, though not really more sustaining, than milk.

(2) HÆMORRHAGE.

Hæmorrhage, or bleeding of the bowel, is caused by the ulcers breaking into a vein. If the slightest trace of blood is ever noticed in the patient's discharges, it should be at once reported to the doctor. It is impossible to enter here into the causes of hæmorrhage: it must be enough to say again that *rest* is of the utmost importance; no wound can possibly heal without rest.

(3) DELIRIUM.

It is because of this paramount importance of rest that delirium is so much to be feared. In it a patient sometimes undoes, by the exercise of a false strength, all that has been previously achieved; and sometimes, through throwing off the bedclothes, catches a chill which develops into inflammation of the lungs. In quieting a delirious patient, his attendants must be firm, but not rough or sudden in seizing hold of him; and the utmost care must be taken not to exert pressure on the abdomen in order "to hold him down." To press there is to press on the most tender part, the very part where the ulcers are situated, the breaking of which it is essential to avoid. It is quite safe to hold a patient's legs down, to steady his arms across his chest, and to press his shoulders down on the bed; but all must be done gently, firmly, and in silence. A delirious person should never be contradicted or argued with or shouted at. The nurse must never get angry with him, but must soothe him, and coax him to do what is wanted; she should never let him see that she is afraid of him, however much frightened she may actually feel.

Although it does not strictly come under the head of delirium, it may be mentioned here that a patient may sometimes, from not responding when addressed, be thought to be unconscious, when in reality he is only *deaf*, deafness being a very common accompaniment of typhoid.

(4) BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

This requires the doctor's personal attention, but until he comes cold cloths may be applied to the forehead and nose. The pressure of cold causes the bloodvessels to contract or tighten, and the bleeding stops. No unprofessional person should attempt to plug the nostrils; if that has to be done, it must be done by the doctor himself.

(To be continued.)

BANK HOLIDAY.



OUR artist has given a very fair idea of the way in which many London folk enjoy themselves on Bank Holiday. Given a fine day, and our noble river Thames is thick with boating parties, up stream and down. The lakes in the various parks attract the model yachtsmen, whose sailing matches invariably draw crowds of interested onlookers. The man with the sherbet, to say nothing of the seller of ice-creams, does a roaring trade all day long; and the swings, roundabouts, merry-go-rounds, Aunt Sallies, and cocoa-nut shies on Hampstead Heath seem to lose none of their popularity with the holiday-makers. Our hearty wish for all our readers, young and old, is that they may enjoy a thoroughly happy holiday, free from accident, and in such a sensible way as to leave no headache next morning!—F. S.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

43. **W**HAT name did a father give his son in memory of his sojourn in a strange land?
44. Whose curiosity caused them their death?
45. What king commanded his people to return no answer to the insults of an enemy?
46. Against whom did the evil spirit prevail in their attempts to do an Apostle's work without an Apostle's grace?
47. In what part of the earth was it St. Paul's special ambition to preach the Gospel?
48. What is the worship that God requires?

BURIED TRUTH.

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

Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, N.

WHICH Old Testament story do we read of one engaged in wrongdoing and therefore (apparently) afraid to approach a near kinsman of his? And in which other Old Testament story—a little later in date than that former one—do we read of several who had been engaged in wrongdoing, and who were therefore afraid to approach a near kinsman of theirs?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

XXII.—BURIED ANIMALS.

Was he laughing or ill at ease?
The old man came leading a child by the hand.
If you cannot sleep I grant you that you are ill.
To play this game you must put a cap or cup in each boy's pocket.

XXIII.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A troublesome insect. 2. A unit. 3. The name of a prophetess. 4. The cause and result of vexation.

XXIV.—ENIGMA, OR GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

We're six in all; two north and south.
The rest four colours' names set forth.
We're salt and liquid, hot and cold.
We're older than the hills are old.
To different lands we riches bear,
When men commit them to our care.
Now search your map. It won't take long
To solve the mystery of this song.

AN EXAMPLE TO MOTHERS.—"All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness that there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."—*Ruskin*.

SOME OF W. E. GLADSTONE'S MAXIMS.

Never be doing nothing.
Every real and searching effort of self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.
To be served by all is dangerous; to be contradicted by none is worse.

Up the River

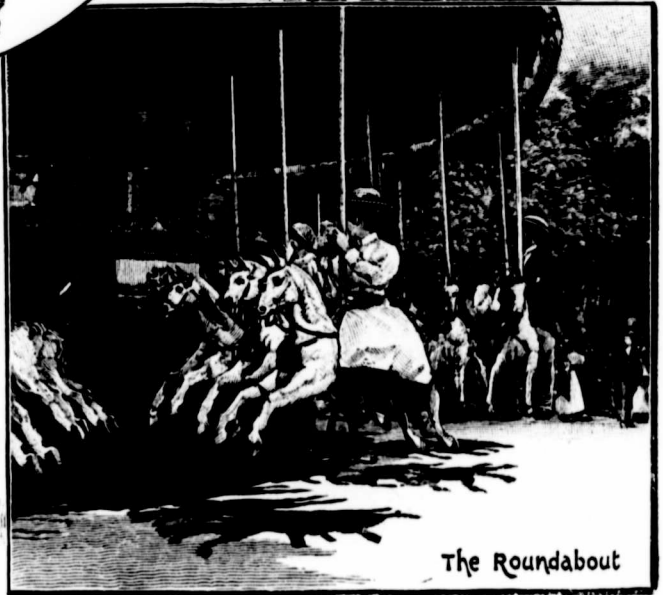
"Kodak's"
Bank
Holiday
Pictures



Model Yacht Sailing



Sherbet



The Roundabout

O Happy Band of Pilgrims!

Words by J. M. NEALE.

Music by SIR WALTER PARRATT.
(Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.)

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The second system also has a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread
With Je - sus as your Fel - low To Je - sus as your Head! A - men.
2. O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!
3. The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.
4. The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn:
5. The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:
6. What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heaven on earth?
7. O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize! Amen.

SUNDAY REST.

THE RULE OF THE HOUSE.—"It has always been a rule in Smith & Son's that no work should be done on Sundays. To this rule there is on record only a single exception. This occurred in September 1855, shortly after the battle of Alma: the despatches containing the nominal list of killed and wounded arrived late on Saturday night, and after consultation with his father, young Smith called upon the staff to sacrifice their Sunday rest in order that special supplements might be distributed in London and the provinces. In contrast to this incident, and to show that this was done, not to enhance the reputation of the firm or to conciliate customers, but to put a speedy end to the doubts, fears, and, alas! to the hopes of many distracted families, it is only necessary to mention another incident which happened some years later. Messrs. Smith received a command to supply one of the Royal Family with newspapers. Among other journals on the list accompanying the command was the *Observer*, published then, as now, on Sunday morning. The command was complied with, but it was explained that, as Sunday work was contrary to the rules of the firm, the *Observer* could not be supplied. This was

followed by a visit from an indignant official, who seemed at a loss to understand how a regulation of a firm of newsagents could stand in the way of a Royal command; but even the threat of withdrawal of the whole order did not avail to cause a departure from the rules of the house. To this day, though Sunday papers have in the meantime multiplied many times, and are, moreover, a peculiarly popular form of literature, those who desire them have to obtain them elsewhere than from Smith's agents."—*From the Life of W. H. SMITH.*

GUARD YOUR SUNDAYS.—"I endeavour to press on all the simple counsel, 'Guard your Sundays.' I believe that England owes her stability and greatness to the general observance of the Day of Rest and the study of Holy Scripture. The two are bound together, and exactly in proportion as we neglect one or the other we prepare our national ruin. In these times of restless excitement and engrossing business, I do not see when we can reflect calmly on the greatest things—the things unseen and eternal—if the quiet of Sunday is taken from us, 'the Day of the Rest of the heart.'"—*Bishop Westcott.*

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

(D. V.) on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12th and 13th, that at Jarvis being on the first of the two evenings. Rev. R. Herbert, of Port Dover, has kindly consented to be the preacher. As we reflect upon the dire calamity that has visited India, and then think of the extraordinary abundance of nearly every kind of food and fodder that marks the condition of this part of Canada we can understand how appropriate a thanksgiving service will be.

"O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do."

On Aug. 9th, Hagersville's civic holiday, a large number of parents, teachers and children enjoyed the annual S. S. picnic at Port Dover. Some of the church people of Jarvis joined them in Orchard Grove. The weather was extremely hot inland, but at the lake side the air was delightfully cool.

The members of All Saints' choir were pleased to find Miss Maud Howard at the key-board on Sunday, the 10th, after her well earned vacation. During her absence Mrs. Spencer, Miss Park, and Miss Eva Taylor, the last named being the organist of St. James' church, Guelph, ably officiated.

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

The choir boys of Grace church, Brantford, accompanied by Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, rector, and Rev. J. Bushell, assistant, arrived at "The Elms" for their customary summer outing, on Sunday, July 9th. The rector returned to Brantford on Wednesday morning, 11th inst, Mr. Bushell remaining in charge until the camp broke up on the 28th, with the exception of a Saturday to Monday trip to Brantford for duty on Sunday, 15th. The boys sang in St. John's church on both Sundays of their stay in camp, Mr. Henry King, jr., and Mr. John Murdock very kindly taking them up in their democrats on the 15th and Mr. W. R. Docker performing a similar service with a hay-rack on the 22nd. On the first Sunday Mr. Andrews, the organist of Grace church, was with them and took charge of the organ ; on the second Sunday, as Mr. Andrews could not come down, this service was very well and acceptably performed by Miss Helen Blott. Mr. Bushell was able to remain for Sunday, 22nd, and preached at St. John's and Christ church two very helpful sermons, in the morning from the text St. John 20 : 19, "Peace be unto you," and in the afternoon from Rev. 3 : 2, "Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain "

On Tuesday, 24th, the entire camp was entertained at tea on the lawn at Mrs. Docker's, the party with the house visitors and household, numbering fifty.

The camp grounds wore a very deserted appearance on Saturday evening, 28th, when everyone had gone ;

but it was not for long, as on Monday, 30th, Mrs. Shadbolt arrived with a party of young people from St. John's Mission church, Brantford.

BAPTIZED.

On July 23rd, George Donald Martin, son of George S. and Julia Martin, born Sept. 15th, 1899 Sponsors father and Edward Martin.

On Sunday, July 29th, at Christ church, Port Maitland, Clifton, son of Henry and Elizabeth King, born June 15th, 1900. Sponsors, parents and Alex. Patton.

Viola Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Robert E., and Mary M. Duffy, born June 18th, 1899. Sponsors, parents and Mrs. Thos. King.

Nettie May, daughter of Henry and Lillie Spencer, born May 11th, 1900. Sponsors, the parents.

The next meeting of the Chapter of the Deanery is to be held in this parish on Friday, Sept. 7th. Instead of the usual service in connection with these meetings on the evenings preceding, the annual Harvest Thanksgiving services of the parish will be held in St. John's church on Thursday, 6th, at 10.30 a. m., and 8 p. m., and the clergy of the Deanery have been invited to be present. The preacher on this occasion will be announced later.

A confirmation service will (D. V) be held at Christ church, Port Maitland, some time during the month of September.