

Tom Blott

VOL. II.

DUNNVILLE, ONT.

Nº: 7.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

JULY, 1901.

The
Haldimand
Deanery
Magazine

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

DUNNVILLE CHRONICLE PRINT.

GENERAL.

The 26th annual session of the Synod of the diocese, which opened on Tuesday, June 11th, was remarkably short in duration, comprising only that day and the following. At the ordination which took place on the morning of the 11th, among those made Deacons were Mr. E. P. S. Spencer, M. A., eldest son of the incumbent of Jarvis and Hagersville, and Mr. Cottou, M. A., who succeeds Mr. J. D. Hull at Nanticoke. Every parish in the Deanery now has a resident clergyman.

The business of greatest importance transacted by the Synod was the passing of a new canon on the Aged and Disabled Clergy Fund, and the adoption of the Toronto scheme for the adjustment of difficulties between clergymen and their congregations. Henceforth a clergyman who has attained the age of 60 years may apply for a retiring allowance, and it is expected that as soon as the Century Fund has augmented the capital of the A. and D. C. Fund several clergymen of the diocese will retire from active service.

The committee on the State of the Church reported concerning the Deanery of Haldimand several changes from the statistics of last year, but on the whole fair progress has been made in the several parishes.

The death of Rev. J. Seaman, at one time in charge of Nanticoke and Cheapside, has removed from membership in the Synod a clergyman who was for many years a faithful and energetic worker in the Lord's vineyard. Retiring from active duty when almost 70 years of age, he enjoyed the brief period of two years of rest with his family in Hamilton, in which city at his home he entered into eternal rest on June 22nd. He was buried at Lowville, within his last parish.

JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

The incumbent has sent to the Synod office \$10 for missions in Algoma and the North-west, \$8.22 for the Shingwank Home, and 50 cents for Rev. F. W. Kennedy's work in Japan. He has also forwarded to Col. McLaren of Hamilton \$3.20 for the Century Fund from the S. S. children, besides a second instalment of his own subscription, and to Rural Dean Smith of Hull he has transmitted \$3 for the new church in that unfortunate town.

Baptized—In St. Paul's church, on June the 7th, Hugh, Angus and William Wilford, children of John James and Margaret Wilson. Robert and Ernest, children of John Robert and Catharine Taylor. Clifford, Mary and William John, children of Frederick and Jane Hyde.

Married—On Wednesday, June 12th, Edna Edith Rogers of Jarvis to Lewis Buckley of Cheapside. If a bright day and the attendance of a host of friends may be taken as tokens of good, the married life of these young persons ought to be very happy and prosperous.

Buried—In St. Paul's church graveyard on Saturday, June the 15th, Alfred Pearson, aged 39, formerly a resident of this parish.

Several inquiries having been made respecting photographs of the churches of the parish, taken on the day of the Queen Victoria memorial service, the incumbent begs leave to state that the photographer in Jarvis is producing prints from the incumbent's negatives as rapidly as arrangements in his studio will allow.

All subscribers to the Deanery Magazine seem to be pleased with its contents. "I read every word," "I couldn't do without it," etc., are expressions that have fallen upon the writer's ear. Everyone should read the story that ended with the June number, and that has for title, "For Queen and Country." War, love, the failure of wrong, and the triumph of right, are very cleverly depicted.

The garden party held on the lawn at Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bourne's residence on the evening of June 25th was very successful, the receipts over expenses amounting to \$33.50.

The annual Jarvis S. S. picnic took place at Port Dover on Thursday, July 11th.

On Sunday, June 9th, Rev. P. L. Spence and his son Ernest exchanged places, the former celebrating Holy Communion at Port Robinson and Fonthill.

YORK.

The English Church garden party held at the residence of A. A. Bain, near York, on Monday, under the auspices of the ladies of St. John's church, was largely attended and a very enjoyable one spent. The proceeds were about \$70.

Confirmation services were held at St. John's church, York, on Sunday morning last, by Bishop Dumoulin, of Hamilton, and at St. Paul's church in this village in the evening. There were eleven candidates confirmed in the morning and six at night. Large congregations attended both services. The Bishop, who is one of the ablest speakers in Canada, delivered addresses at both services.

On Sunday afternoon last the small frame English Church, which has been built on the 3rd line, Seneca Township, was formally opened by the Rev. Mr. Bevan of Caledonia. The Church has been named St. Mark's. Long before the hour of service arrived the church was crowded, and when the service commenced there were nearly as many outside as inside. The Rev. gentleman took his text from St. John 12:32: "And I if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The lessons were read by Mr. H. Arrell, and the Rector, Rev. Mr. Scudamore, also took part in the service.

There was no architect for the building, the Rev. Mr. Scudamore and Mr. J. Robinson attending to all the details and designs of construction. The inside of the building is very pretty, the ceiling and sides being of wood, which has been stained. The outside of the building has not yet been painted. Messrs. Robinson, Ramsey and Morrison were the carpenters, and N. Mitchell did the painting. The pulpit and four seats were a present from Rev. A. W. H. Francis, M. A., Incumbent of South Cayuga and Port Maitland. The prayer desk and lecturn were made by F. W. Brown, of York, and the communion rails were turned and donated by M. Runchey, of York. A pair of alms plates were presented by Isaac Nelles. The large bible was donated by a friend near Smithville. The handsome covering of the Lord's Table was given by the Rector and church wardens of St. John's Church, Cayuga. All the new material was supplied by Messrs. Runchey, of York, and Lymburner of Cayuga. The church has been built through the efforts of Rev. Mr. Scudamore, who has been assisted by outside friends, and as there is still a small debt on the building, no doubt the people of the section in which it is built will soon wipe it out. A small bell is also needed.

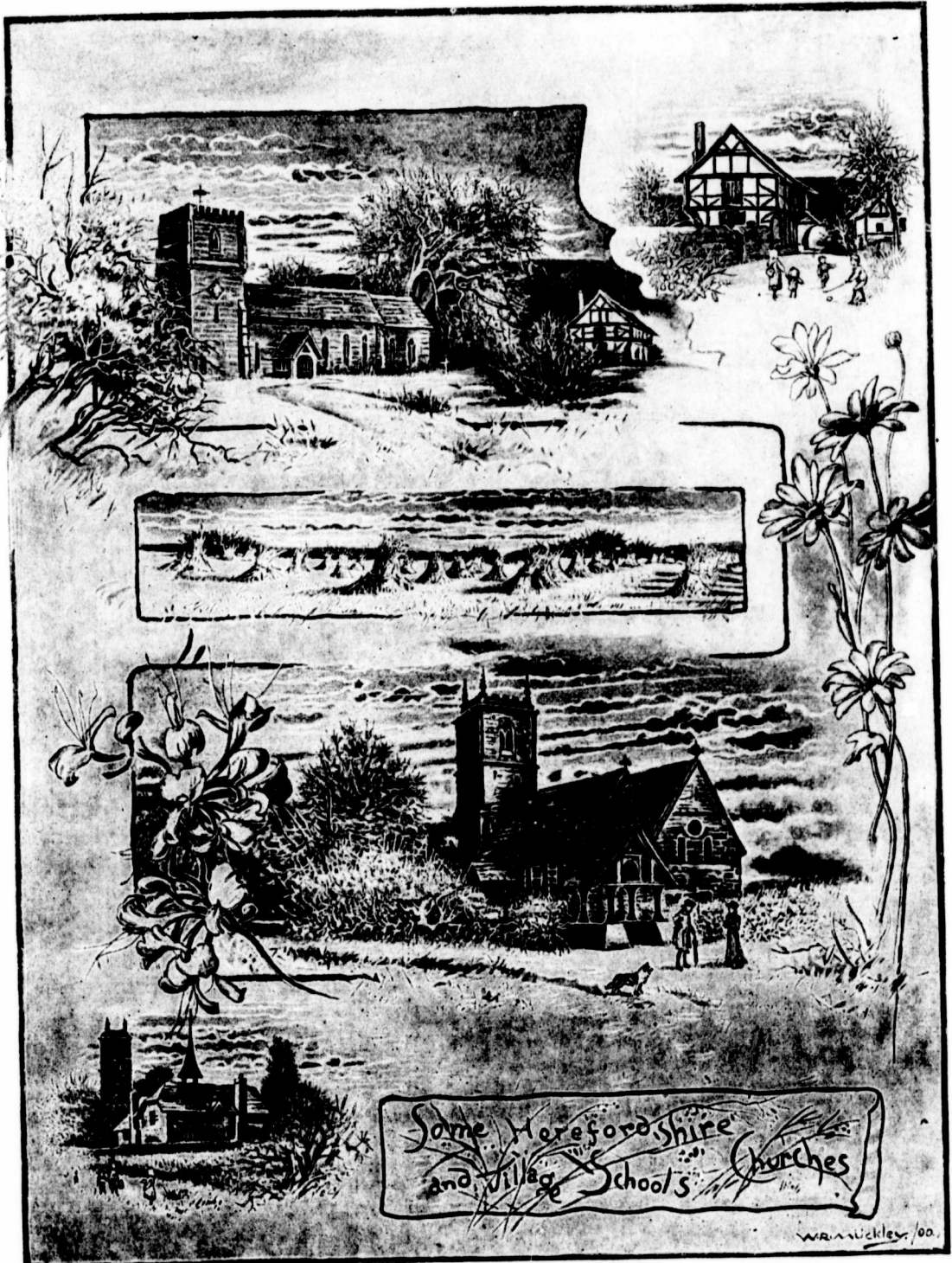
PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

Mr. Robert Logan attended the annual meeting of the Synod of the Diocese held in Hamilton on June 11th and 12th. Mr. Logan found the proceedings of the Synod interesting and hopes to go again next year.

The choir of Grace Church, Brantford, arrived at "The Elms" on Monday, July 8th, for their annual outing. The boys sang at the afternoon service at South Cayuga on the Sunday following. Rev. Mr. Bushell, who has charge of the camp, preached at both services on that day.

Holy Communion—Christ's Church, July 28th; St. John's, Aug. 4th.

Burial—At Christ's Church, Port Maitland, June 28th, David Logan, aged 72.



Some Herefordshire
and Village Schools Churches

W.R. Nickles / 00.



A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

BY A. C. BENSON.

Author of "The Life of Archbishop Benson," etc.

"The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

HAVE a Friend above,
He loves me as His own;
I am not worthy of the love
He sends me from His Throne.

With true and loving eyes
He watches from afar,
As over wild and troubled skies
Shines out a silver star.

If e'er I am beguiled,
By wandering impulse driven,
He loves me still, His wilful child.
But there is grief in Heaven.

He suffered, and was slain,
His patient eyes were dim;
Shall I not bear a little pain,
A little grief for Him?

He only waits to bless,
From out His precious store;
I know He cannot love me less—
Would I could love Him more!

I have a Friend above—
'Tis Jesus, Lord of Grace;
I must be worthy of His love
To see Him face to face.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

IV. AND V.—SOME HEREFORDSHIRE CHURCHES AND VILLAGE SCHOOLS.

(CRADLEY CHURCH AND BOYS' SCHOOL.—MATHON CHURCH AND VILLAGE SCHOOL.)

IN Worcestershire and Herefordshire are to be found so many pretty villages and picturesque country churches, situated, in most cases, amid surroundings so pleasing that it would be difficult to single out any one or two among them as being more favoured than the rest in this respect. It has been my lot, or rather good fortune, to have lived for a long period of time in this district (which also is loveliness itself), first in one part and then in another; and I have walked (not cycled) from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet, through miles of wooded scenery, and have always met with the same pastoral beauty, either in the lonely countryside or more among the haunts of man.

But while wandering in this much-favoured land, I

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have always found in the churches and churchyards a peculiarly strong and pleasing attraction. I could not explain why it is, but they always seem to be placed in the prettiest or most picturesque part of any village. The situation is invariably well chosen; and everyone will agree that the charm of a rustic scene is ever enhanced by a sight of the village church, whether close at hand or away in the distance, so much so, that to me, when I am out sketching, it comes quite naturally to make a point of "getting the church in," as artists say, if possible.

Perhaps the old founders of the churches took pains in selecting the sites for their places of worship, and the country people of long ago no doubt liked to group their dwellings round about them. Be that

as it may, these country churches always form a centre of attraction for myself, at any rate.

The churches themselves are very similar to each other—all of about the same date, and, I should say, with much the same history; but there is a great charm about them which I have often wished I could describe.

I have always had a fancy for visiting old country churchyards. Apart from the peaceful solitude one finds there, I feel a kind of companionship, rather than loneliness, in the quiet surroundings, which are well calculated to set one thinking and to stimulate the imagination. It is here you can always find some quiet, secluded corner where you can bring your books, and either read or dream. And it is here that the surroundings and associations will, if you are so disposed, enable you to conjure up quaint fancies or visions of the past.

Suppose it is a summer afternoon, still and sunny, and you find yourself in the vicinity of the churchyard. You can enter either by the old lych-gate or by the tiny little wooden gate at the far side, and following a narrow, winding path between moss-grown tombstones and soft, verdant grass, you will now be under the great old yew-tree, whose far-reaching arms and dusky foliage afford a cooling shelter from the sun. Here is a spot in which to sit and read, or simply meditate, for this is a golden hour in the long day. It will be too hot for the lark to be singing, but the swallow will be skimming untiringly around the old church tower, and every now and then disappearing into their nests underneath the eaves. The warm air vibrates with the ceaseless hum of winged insects, unseen amid the branches overhead; while a huge bumble-bee comes complainingly round you, pursuing its aimless search among the roots and crevices of the old yew. It will not disturb the harmony of the place that you can hear the heavy sighing of the cattle under the shed in the farmyard close by, or the distant tinkling of hammer and anvil in the smithy up the lane, where the village blacksmith is hard at work. Other familiar sounds will probably reach you from the village, and if it is about four o'clock, you will be sure to hear the cheery voices and merry, ringing laughter of the village children coming out of school. I have watched them many a time, and the sight always gladdens me, they seem so happy and irresponsible. In such a secluded retreat as this can be spent many a pleasant hour, and you may even feel that, for the time, you would not exchange for the gayest scenes or the liveliest society the world could afford.

Besides the interesting exteriors of these country churches there is always an atmosphere of tranquillity and homeliness, and perhaps of sadness, on entering any of them, which one does not experience so much in a town or suburban church. The time-worn walls, with their memorial stones and inscriptions, the well-worn pavements and the faded old pews, never fail

to remind one that here, for hundreds of years, people have gathered together, young and old, week by week, and have here journeyed from year's end to year's end, from childhood to old age (some of them), till friendly hands have at length borne them to their last resting-place outside these very walls. But the associations need not always be so sad; and for a wanderer, like myself, to settle down in one of these rustic villages, say for a year or so, there is a great solace and feeling of being "back at home" in attending the quiet, orderly service of a remote country church on any Sunday morning. If it is spring-time or summer, the old door will be left wide open during all the service, and one can hear the robins in the churchyard singing their always plaintive song, and very likely a thrush or blackbird warbling in the old yew-tree just outside; and if you have got to know, personally (as I am sure to do), every soul in the neighbourhood, and are familiar with every sight and sound, and have found a corner that gets to be recognized as your own, without causing inconvenience to anybody, then you really do feel that, for a time, you are no longer a wanderer, but have found a home at last.

Then, perhaps, from where you sit you may have a view from either the window or the open door of a long winding lane, hidden at intervals by green banks and heavy foliage, and you can see some of the villagers and other members of the congregation quietly approaching, some near, and some quite in the distance, and presently they will all be in their accustomed places in the church. There is the opulent and well-to-do farmer, well in front of the pulpit, a retired colonel not very far away, perhaps a country squire; then there is the village postman, already in his pew, and the old cobbler, who never fails to come, wet or fine; there are generally two elderly maiden ladies, who live in a pretty cottage, and are very kind to the poor; and besides a goodly sprinkling of villagers, occasionally there is a visitor or two, and always the old apparitor, or pew-opener, moving about to see that everything is in due order, and (in one case that I know of) privileged to wear carpet-slippers on account of his gout or rheumatism. And now the service begins, and you will hear again and join in the same old chants and hymns you knew as a child in the old church at home.

In the above I have only attempted to describe briefly the country churches in the district where I live, and the attractiveness of their surroundings. It is a theme on which I would willingly dwell, if only I were better able to record all my impressions. The sketches which I have made may not be absolutely correct from an architectural point of view, but would, I think, be easily recognized by anyone who has seen the originals, and represent, at any rate, very fair average types of the "country churches" of "Herefordshire and Worcestershire."

W. R. MÜCKLEY.

Better Than Rubies.

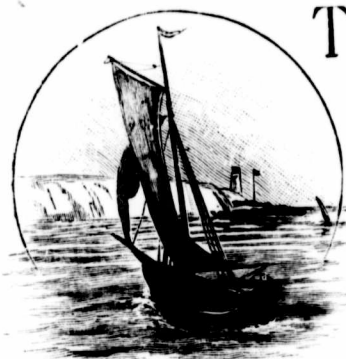
BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

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

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

CHAPTER I.

A FIRESIDE TALK.



THE fitful firelight played upon the low, roomy couch drawn up on one side of the hearth, upon which an invalid mother slept, watched over by her devoted daughters.

Gladys and Beatrice Peebles were twins. At

the time my story commences they were in their twentieth year, well-grown, healthy-looking girls, a great contrast to each other, one being dark the other fair.

But for the firelight the room was in darkness, the December afternoon having already "drawn in" to make place for the long winter evening.

"Is it not time mother took her medicine?" asked Beatrice, speaking in a whisper, as the clock on the mantelpiece struck five.

"We must not rouse her," replied Gladys; "while she sleeps, poor darling, she is free from that dreadful pain. Oh, if only we could bear it for her!" and she pressed her hands together and gazed wistfully into the fire.

Suddenly there was the closing of a door below, then sounds of some one coming up the staircase; the next moment a man of portly frame entered the room.

"All in darkness! Well, I never! Get a light, girls. How's your mother by this?"

The tones were cheery, almost too cheery for that silent sick-room. The speaker was out of breath with his climb upstairs, and began to cough—waking as he did so the invalid over whom the twin daughters had been watching so carefully. Gladys had been quick to strike a light, and Beatrice to remove the lamp from the sideboard to the table.

"Come, that's something like," said Dr. Peebles, as the steady light of a duplex wick suddenly illumined the darkened room, and as he spoke he took a chair by the couch and bent over the pillow upon which the sick woman's head rested.

"A little better, my dear? Ah, I see you are! We'll have you with us for many a long day yet, please God"—and he patted the transparent hand which lay so listlessly on the couch. Then, turning to his daughters, he said: "You can go, both of you, and leave your mother and me to ourselves for a few minutes. See, I'll be glad of some food, for I have to drive over to the Fish Ponds; Sam Selby's wife has had a nasty fall. Put me something to eat in the breakfast-room and I'll come down."

"I met Sam coming in for me just as I was on the doorstep," he continued, turning to his wife; then, suddenly taking up the listless hand, he held it affectionately within his own as he said: "My dear, can you let me have ten pounds? I'm awfully hard up, and, like my luck, I lost a bet which would have set me straight; and I've got to pay down, so that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"You've been to the billiard-table again; and you *did* promise——"

The sick woman's tears were flowing freely.

"Come, come, my dear, don't worry," said her husband cheerfully. "I've been a very good boy lately, you know I have. Why, Molly, I wouldn't for the world vex you; but with you ill, and everything so dull at home, it's not unnatural, now, is it, for a first hand at billiards to crave a game occasionally to keep melancholy away?" and the doctor put his head on one side, and looked pathetically at his invalid wife, who spoke through her tears.

"But, Massingham, dear, you know in your case all games of chance mean temptation to gamble, and it is ruin for you. Oh! what is to become of the home when I am gone? My poor, poor girls! What *can* I say to you?"

"Say nothing at all, Molly," said the doctor cheerfully. "What's bred in the bone, you know, etc. My father was a 'touch-and-go sort of man,' and his father was the same, and—oh, for generations back—the sins of the father visited on the children; call it that, and it explains things in your way of thinking. There's no more harm in my billiard-playing and betting, than—than—in a woman decking herself out in all the finery of fashion, which has meant the slaughter of innocent birds and beasts. It's a little foible, that's all. Don't make sins out of trifles, my dear!" and Dr. Peebles stroked his wife's soft hand, and gazed upon her with a smiling face.

But the sick woman was not so easily silenced.

"Massingham, dear, as I have said all these years past," she replied, in soft, pleading tones, "you are losing a blessing by yielding yourself to what you call the little foibles of your life. You know, dear, when we were first married how shocked I was to

find you never went to church on Sunday; you claimed you needed the day for bodily rest, and you made a habit of stopping at home. You lost a blessing at the time, I am sure you did; and now I can look back I see how much occurred to spoil our happiness because of those broken Sabbaths!"

"Now, my dear, doctor's orders prohibit your giving or attending lectures until you are stronger; so don't worry your dear head about such a trifle as an erring husband, but give me the key of your desk and let me get out the £10. And Dr. Peebles laughed his peculiar laugh of happy-go-lucky mirth, as he stooped down and kissed his wife's brow and cheek.

It was always thus. Rough even to boisterousness, cheerful to a degree which was almost overpowering, impulsive, quick, showing the worst side of his character in fearless statement of facts — this

was the man as his most intimate friends knew him; it was only his wife who understood what a wealth of tenderness and affection had once lain stored up in his nature, to-day less in evidence than formerly, because sorrow for wrong-doing had given place to ready excuse for acknowledged weaknesses, and the once manly promises of reform had been lost in the coaxing ways and tones of youth vindicating its follies.

A spasm of pain crossed the invalid's face. She tried to move her position on the couch before again

speaking—the doctor assisting her—then, lying back upon her pillows, she said faintly: "You will find two five-pound notes and some gold in the right-hand corner drawer of the cabinet. Take what you want for your debt, but remember that is all I have until my next dividends come in."

"I don't want a penny more than the ten pounds," said the doctor, suddenly dropping his voice to a whisper. "It's a shame to come to your money, my dear, to settle my little personal needs, but what is

a fellow to do when he 'outruns the constable' and his wife has money of her own?"

And Mrs. Peebles had only a tearful smile in answer; for at that moment the pain which had tortured her feeble frame for some months past, each day becoming less bearable, came upon her with overpowering violence.

To do her husband justice, he forgot the very existence of the corner drawer of the cabinet in his desire to alleviate his

wife's suffering. Calling to the girls to come to their mother he hurried down to his surgery, returning with medicine which he administered himself, remaining by the suffering woman's side until relief came and she slept.

"Your tea is ready, father," said Gladys, in a whisper.

"Take care of your poor mother," was his reply, "and if her pain comes on badly again just send for Dr. Simmonds; he will know what to do. I don't suppose I'll be home until very late."



"COME, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE."

So saying, he went out of the room, after going to the cabinet and taking the bank-notes from an old pocket-book.

Beatrice left the room with her father to pour tea out for him in the little breakfast-room below. Gladys took up some needlework and stitched away in silence, glancing from time to time at the sleeping form on the couch.

"Poor darling!" she mused, "how white and drawn her face looks to-night! How dreadful it is to think of her sufferings! and yet, whatever will life be without her? Oh! it is quite impossible to be reconciled to the parting! I expect we girls have had more of our mother than most girls—never having left home for real boarding school." (At one time they had been weekly boarders at a school in the immediate neighbourhood.) "I cannot remember any time when she was less to us than now. . . . And to see her fading, fading away, and we cannot hold her back! Oh, mother, mother! Do not leave us!"

Gladys' eyes were suffused with tears. Her needlework lay idle upon her knee when Beatrice at length returned to the room and sat down on the hearthrug at her feet. They made a pretty picture grouped together thus—the invalid mother at the moment peacefully sleeping, the two girls so sitting that they could watch her every movement, looking all anxiety and love.

It was nine o'clock when Mrs. Peebles awoke, for the moment free from pain. After taking some refreshment, she was propped up upon her pillows. She wanted a little talk with the girls.

"I so seldom now feel able to talk," she said, with a wan smile, "and yet, dears, there are so many things I want to say. Come near; there, let me feel your hands pressing on mine, to help me to remember."

Beatrice's tears flowed freely, her fair face flushing and her lips trembling, but Gladys was strangely calm, as her mother continued:

"You will both take care of your father when I am gone. He will miss me, and he will look to you girls for help in many ways. . . . Your trustee will look after your money. The little income—all that is left of my share of your grandfather's money—will provide for all you need, and keep this home going comfortably, with what your father will contribute from time to time. Do not let him borrow your money; remind him, if he asks for it, that it was my wish you should keep it entirely. Your poor father is his own enemy.

There are times when you will try to restrain him. Young as you are, a wise, helpful word will not be lost!"

"But, mother darling," said Gladys as Mrs. Peebles paused, "will not our relatives let us go to them for advice if in any special trouble?"

"We shall be all alone in the world," said Beatrice sadly; "and oh! so desolate without you, you darling!" she added passionately.

Mrs. Peebles shook her head.

"It is of no use to look to them; my father never forgave my marriage. Had my poor brother lived, at whose shooting-box I first met my husband, everything would have been different; but he died in the spring, after—after I left home to be married. And my dear mother died the following summer, when we were in New Zealand, and eighteen months after that your grandfather married again."

Mrs. Peebles paused here and drew a deep breath.

"You must never forget, dears," she continued, making an evident effort to speak, "that your grandmother was a countess. You must always live with dignity and do noble, highborn deeds. Above all, reverence Sunday. Whatever happens to you in the future, keep firm to your church-going. To live forgetful of the command, 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy,' is to suffer loss. Your characters will be less strong, less noble, than they might have been; Your power to help others by your own lives will be weaker—feebler."

The sick woman paused. She had spoken slowly and in the tones of an invalid. For a moment she seemed at the end of her strength; but she quickly recovered her breath, as if making a great effort to finish what was in her mind to say, and added:



"BETTER GO WITHOUT THAN RUN INTO DEBT."

"And one more word, my children—I know I have said the same thing a thousand times before, but I want to say it yet once again; never get into debt . . . live within your means . . . Even supposing your poor father never brought in any money, you can keep the home going, with great economy, upon what you have of your own. . . . Better go without than run into debt." . . .

Mrs. Peebles fell back on her pillows quite exhausted, while her daughters, each in her own loving way, lavished every care and attention upon her.

CHAPTER II.

A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.



MRS. PEEBLES' daughters were not likely to forget their mother's very earnest words that night, when it proved to be the last time they were alone together while she was well enough to converse. The poor invalid grew rapidly worse, and was often unconscious during the last few days of her life. When for a brief moment she might be quite herself, she would look with deep affection upon her two girls, and often some broken sentence would fall

from her lips, which would be treasured up amongst her last words.

Hence it happened that on the last morning of her life she placed her hand upon her Bible, which she had asked, when first confined to her bed, to be put on a pillow beside her, and with great earnestness said: "Far above rubies."

"What could dear mother have wanted to say?" Beatrice had asked her sister later, when talking over those last precious hours of the life which had passed away.

"I think," Gladys replied tearfully, "she must have wished to take our thoughts to the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, where there is a verse which says that the price of a good woman is 'far above rubies'; she wanted us to wish to be good before we were anything else. I think it was lovely of her to say those words just then; we will remember them always."

"It makes one long to be good," said Beatrice softly, "to have seen such a mother die. Poor

darling, how bright she was! Even her anxiety about poor father seemed to have completely passed away!"

"How pleased she looked when the Vicar promised never to lose sight of us!" said Gladys, a moment or two later. "But, oh!" she added with a fresh outburst of tears, "what does it matter about friends? The very best can never fill dear mother's place!"

"Still," said Beatrice gently, "we should be more desolate than we are to-day, if we had no one but poor father left to us."

The girls were not allowed to feel alone in their first days of sorrow. The Vicar and his wife were very anxious to do all that lay in their power, and others living near sent kindly messages and offered their homes for the service of the motherless girls, if only they could be persuaded to make use of them. But both preferred remaining with their father, whom they believed to be in some way under their special care.

Hence the first few months were spent much as the last few had been before the dear mother's death, excepting that she was no longer the chief thought and employment of their lives. They busied themselves with reading and work, necessary to homelife, devoting their evenings to their father when he chanced to be at home, strangely glad to find he was more inclined to be with them than to leave them.

"You must bring your father to the Vicarage for a change," the Vicar's wife said on one occasion. "We have a few friends coming and shall be so pleased to have you all with us!"

The day and time were fixed, and the invitation was accepted by the doctor; but when the evening came he made some excuse, and sent his daughters on alone. It was with great reluctance that they went by themselves, this being the first evening they had spent away from home since their mother's death; but once at the Vicarage the time passed away pleasantly, and for the moment they were very happy.

Hubert Grafton, the Vicar's eldest son, was at home after an absence of about three years abroad. He had originally gone out to Tasmania for the voyage and a few months' sojourn with some relatives there in search of health. His stay had been prolonged from time to time, as he had found it difficult to break away from an uncle's home, where he had been welcomed and treated like a son, while doing his share of work on the farm.

"And why did you not become a real farmer and settle down altogether?" said Gladys, when sitting by Hubert's side at supper-time. He had been her hero when she was about fifteen, and, while on pleasant terms with both sisters, Hubert had always counted Gladys as his chief friend. She was a little shy with him to-night; that something had come between them, and that youthful friendship of the past which belongs to "time" and "separation."

This was the first remark of a personal character

which she had addressed to him all the evening, the only occasion upon which they had met since his return home.

Hubert coloured. He had a fair complexion and curly hair, a face that had about it more of physical robustness than strength of character. But his eyes had a frank and fearless look when addressing anyone, and as he answered Gladys, his words inspired both confidence and respect.

"I have come back, you know, to go to the University. My father had set his heart upon my taking Holy Orders, and I could not disappoint him. Indeed, since quite a youngster I have felt drawn that way, only I know I'm not good enough."

"Ah! I think I can quite understand what you

two girls," replied Mrs. Grafton. "Gladys feels everything more deeply than her sister can; and then, again, Beatrice is her poor father's favourite, so she has not felt her mother's loss so keenly."

"Why do you say her 'poor father'?" enquired Hubert quickly.

"Because we feel he is to be pitied," said Mrs. Grafton. "He is, in spite of his unvarying cheerfulness, restless and dissatisfied with life. Just what one expects in any life without its Sabbaths. Dr. Peebles never goes to church, and Sunday is to him like other days, as far as he can make it so. I grieve for the girls. Their mother was simply splendid—companion, friend, counsellor. It is a great pity there was an unhealed quarrel between her and her people."



"AND WHY DID YOU NOT BECOME A REAL FARMER?"

mean," replied Gladys thoughtfully; "everyone must feel the same, surely. It is such a noble calling: always to be working in the interests of others; no time to grow selfish and hard!"

Having made this remark Gladys coloured painfully, and her eyes were wet with tears. She had in the very words she uttered been reminded of her mother.

Hubert knew instinctively what had moved her to tears, and with ready tact turned the conversation. He said to his mother when all the guests had left: "I feel awfully sorry for Gladys Peebles. I can see how she misses her mother. Beatrice looks as if she had got over it a bit. She was talking to me quite naturally about her during the evening."

"It is just the difference in the dispositions of the

It would have been so much better for the girls to have some relative besides their father to depend upon."

Mrs. Grafton's remark could scarcely have carried greater weight had she at that moment realized what was going on in Dr. Peebles' drawing-room. The girls were sitting as they had come home (going there under the escort of friends living a door or two off)—their cloaks thrown back, their faces coloured with the healthy glow of excitement; but a look of anguish and perplexity had gathered into their eyes.

"I tell you," their father was saying, "it's my ill-luck and nothing else. First I lose your mother, and now comes this dreadful blow—your trustee's death brings to light his wrong-doing; probably been at it



“IT IS A CRUEL DISASTER.”

for years ; tampered with your mother's money. All gone. You are penniless—penniless, girls. Think of it ! It is a cruel disaster. I cannot keep you. More, I cannot keep myself. I shall throw up my practice—sell it for an old song, maybe—and travel ! You girls must look after yourselves ; you'll have no difficulty in getting situations of some sort. Young ladies are all working for their living nowadays. No disgrace either. Why, typewriting's an excellent accomplishment, first-rate ; nothing to spoil your hands in it. You must get the Vicar to write you a recommendation. Go up to town—the sooner the better—and try your luck at Remington's, or some such place. A few lessons, intelligent observation, and the thing's done. Why, you'll both be living in clover long before your poor old father earns enough to make himself another home. 'Pon my word, it's bad luck all round ; but we must make the best of it, as your poor mother would have done. There, I think I'll get a game of billiards before the hotel closes. Ta-ta ; be good girls,” and, with one of his own peculiar laughs, the doctor hastened from the room.

The girls looked at each other in speechless agony. Beatrice was the first to break the silence.

“Penniless,” she said with a sob.

“Yes, dear,” said Gladys, restraining her tears by a strong effort ; “but——”

“But what ?” said Beatrice, as her sister paused.
“I was only thinking,” she said shyly. “Mother's God is our God—that's all !”

The news of the illness and death of their trustee had come to Gladys and Beatrice some few days before. Not having any great friendship for Mr. Bowers, whom they had only seen occasionally previous to their dear mother's death, and still less frequently since, they had not felt in any way depressed by the announcement which had reached them officially. Nor did either know enough about business to be worried or concerned about the transfer into other hands of the care of their property. Hence the news which had come to them on their return from the Vicarage that evening had been very startling. It seemed that while away a solicitor had come from London to see and explain matters.

Alas ! with slight difference of detail, the story has been, in the lives of the suffering and wronged, an oftentold tale. For years the property, of which Mr. Bowers had been sole trustee since the death of others concerned with him, had been tampered with, and by degrees absorbed into his own personal possessions. While the interest was paid with regularity and precision, none guessed that the income, from which the interest was supposed to come, had for some years ceased to exist. The sudden death of Mr. Bowers would in itself have been an undoubted opportunity of discovery in the long run ; but, as if to set aside the need of a moment's delay, there was a written confession found amongst the dead man's papers, revealing secrets which dealt with speculation, gambling, and theft, and proclaimed more than one well-to-do client to be absolutely penniless.

Gladys and Beatrice talked long into the night of the blank future which lay before them. The only cheer to them in the darkness was the memory of the saintly mother, whose wonderful hopefulness under all troubled circumstances would never be forgotten by her daughters.

“I know mother would tell us not to lose heart,” Gladys had said, trying to speak cheerfully, “and I do not mean to ! We will learn our lessons in patience. Some good *must* come out of our trials. You know the Bible says so—over and over again.”

“I remember one verse,” Beatrice said ; and she repeated in reverent tones : “‘And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.’”

“I am glad our mother taught us to love Him,” said Gladys softly. “What a terrible miss it must be in a girl's life if God be crowded out !”

“And yet,” said Beatrice, “people who boast they have no religion in them seem to be happy enough. Look at that girl Letitia Denby, that old school-fellow of ours, how bright she always seemed, and what fun she made of us for our religion !”

"Ah, poor girl, she had only a stepmother! I remember so well how it thrilled me to hear her speak of the way she had missed her own mother! And now we know all about it ourselves. Oh! I do not think Letitia was *really* happy—not right deep down in her heart. She told me once she did not believe anybody ever was. She thought it was enough to play about with life and get the best out of it, but not to expect much happiness. I wonder what has become of her? She always vowed she would not live at home."

"Do you not remember how she talked of going into a situation as nursery governess?" said Beatrice. Then she added, "Gladys, I think I should like to go out as a nursery governess. I am sure I should like it better than typewriting. I love children; it would be romps as well as lessons, you see, and I expect the salary would buy me new clothes."

"We will go and talk it over with Mrs. Grafton to-morrow," said Gladys; but she added quickly, "oh! I forgot, Hubert is at home. I would rather he knew nothing about our troubles. Perhaps we could answer some advertisements in the paper? Oh, what a great deal we have to decide and do, and no mother to help us!" Utterly spent with grief, and the shock of a new perplexity, Gladys broke down completely, and sobbed herself to sleep.

But with the morning came renewed energy and hope.

"Mother used to say we made our own lives—our lives did not make us!" Gladys exclaimed brightly, as she and Beatrice went downstairs together to the breakfast-room. "We must cheer father up and make the best of things. We shall find our place somewhere in the world!"

The words were brave and hopeful, and withal prophetic; but therein lies the telling of my story.

(To be continued.)



WELLINGTON'S CHARGER.

IN the park at Strathfield-saye, Hampshire, the home of the Duke of Wellington, his favourite charger, "Copenhagen," is buried, and the stone of which we give an illustration marks the spot.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

XIX.—SQUARE WORDS.

- (A) 1. **WHAT** we should be proud of, if it be our own.
 2. A fruit. 3. A girl's name. 4. A seaside town in Kent.
 (B) 1. That by which England is surrounded.
 2. What most people enjoy. 3. A great continent in the East.
 4. The same as my first.

XX.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downwards mean a divine society, and my finals read downwards name one of its chief officers.

My first's a conveyance often seen in a town;
 For my next the name of a prophet jot down;
 My third is quite worthless, but still must be noted;
 My fourth to the making of church chairs is devoted;
 My fifth is an article which drapers display;
 And my sixth a stringed instrument on which ladies play.

XXI.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. Add one to five so that they only make four.
 2. Put down ten only twice over so that the result is one hundred and one times ten.

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."

37. **WHEN** did a company in heaven say, "Peace on earth," and when did a company on earth say, "Peace in heaven"? 38. Name two occasions on which costly gifts were made to Jesus. 39. What Old Testament prophet endured the indignity of being spat upon like Our Saviour? 40. What is that which Proverbs tells us will keep us while asleep, and talk with us when we awake? 41. Where in the New Testament do we read of the purchase of a graveyard? 42. When did the death of a woman cause great fear to many people?

GARDENING.

BY J. PEYTON WEBB,

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

BEDDING plants should be sheltered from the noonday sun and watered occasionally in the evening. Pansies, wallflowers, etc., should be cleared away as they go out of bloom, and carnations and pinks will require careful attention. Place straw between strawberries now in bloom, so as to preserve the fruit clean in heavy rains and to keep the ground moist. Remove any useless suckers from raspberry bushes, and see that the canes are well tied to their stakes. Lettuce, endive, and leeks may be sown; carrots should be thinned out and potatoes earthed up.

HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

XIII.—Black Currant Jam.

GATHER the fruit on a fine day, strip the currants from the stalk, and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the fruit and sugar into a preserving-pan, and stir and boil for three-quarters of an hour, removing any scum carefully as it comes to the top. Put the jam into pots, and when cold, cover firmly, so as to be air-tight.

XIV.—Gooseberry Pudding.

Line a pudding-basin with paste about half an inch in thickness. Take a pint and a half of picked green gooseberries, place these in the basin, add a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and cover the top with paste. Pinch the edges together, cover with a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil for three hours.

THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

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.

A DISTINCTION often made between the Church of England and other religious bodies is that, while they are founded upon and supported by the voluntary principle, the Church is founded upon law and is supported by ancient endowments.

We shall examine these two statements. The Church is founded upon the law of Christ and her own ecclesiastical law, the latter being confirmed as far as need be by the law of the realm. In this confirmation of the Church's ecclesiastical law by the law of the realm consists "Establishment."

But all the laws of the Church and the laws of the realm by which they are confirmed, though now obligatory in their observance and coercive in their application, were voluntary in their origin; just as the existing laws of a "voluntary" religious body, set forth in its trust deed—in accordance with the laws of the land—though "voluntary" in their origin, are now legally binding upon its members so long as they continue in its fellowship.

With respect to the obligation to observe these laws, the members of a so-called "voluntary" religious body have no more freedom from coercive conformity to them than have Churchmen freedom from the obligation to conform to the laws of the Church of England.

But it is said that the children of Church people are born into the National Church, and have no choice in attaching themselves to her communion.

This is not true. Children may be born of Church of England parents, but they become members of the Church of England, as a branch of the Church of Christ, by Baptism. When such children grow up to years of discretion, they may by their own voluntary act confirm the act of their Baptism, or they may unfortunately, from some misunderstanding as to her doctrine and worship or relative to some other subject, withdraw from her communion.

In the same way children are born in Nonconformity of Nonconformist parents; but when they grow up to understand religious subjects for themselves, they may renounce the Nonconformity of their parents and conform to the ancient "Church of their forefathers."

Then with respect to the acquisition of sites for places of worship, the cost of the building of chapels, and the funds necessary to support their ministers and their various institutions, the so-called "voluntary" religious bodies do not appear to exercise more voluntarism than do members of the Church of England in similar matters.

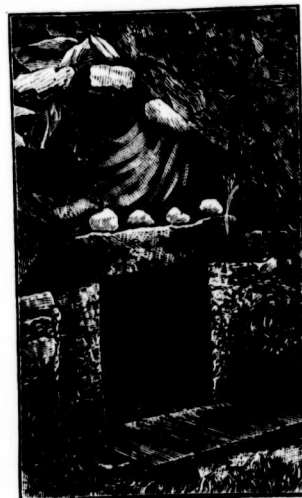
Neither the Church of England nor the so-called "voluntary" religious bodies have sites for places of

worship found for them by the State, though both have facilities given them by Acts of Parliament for acquiring such sites. The State **does** not build the places of worship of the Church of England, any more than it finds the funds for the erection of Nonconformist chapels; nor does the State find the funds to provide for the incomes of the clergy of the National Church, any more than it finds the money to pay the stipends of the ministers of various so-called "voluntary" religious bodies.

Is it said that Churchmen inherit from the past their cathedrals, churches, lands, and endowments? So do the Nonconformist "voluntary" religious bodies inherit their chapels and endowments from their predecessors, who in the past built their chapels and gave the property that now constitutes their endowments. It must, however, be understood that the inheritance of churches and their endowments and Nonconformist chapels and their endowments does not destroy the *voluntariness of their origin*. Age does not destroy the voluntariness of a free gift.

Is it said that, whatever was the origin of the Church's endowments, the payment of their incomes to the Church is now compulsory? Quite true; but it is exactly the same with the "voluntary" religious bodies. The endowments left them in lands, charges on land, and houses—and they are many—though *voluntary* gifts in their origin, the incomes now derived from them are compulsory legal payments, though the present owners or tenants of the lands and houses from which such incomes are derived may be members of the Church of England.

Then, further, as in the Church of England, so in the "voluntary" religious bodies, many of their ministers are supported by pew-rents. But pew-rents are not voluntary payments. It is a voluntary act for a man to rent a pew; but there his voluntarism ends. He must legally pay his pew-rent.



A CAVE DWELLING.

THE strange dwelling-place of which we give an illustration is still in use in a village on the west coast of Cornwall. The old woman who resides there makes a precarious living from the small sums received from the many visitors who find their way to the village in the summer season.



WOLFESEY CASTLE, WINCHESTER.

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by Mr. H. W. SALMON, WINCHESTER.

KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., *Dean of Canterbury.*

(Continued from page 130.)

WE hear but little of Alfred for some years after this time. He must have had a great advantage over his brothers in the knowledge and insight into forms of civilization, far higher than that of the still semi-barbarious Saxons, which he had derived from his stay in Rome and his travels through France and Italy. Even the sight of the Coliseum and the Forum, and the Capitol, must have given him some glimpse of the grandeur of the empire of ancient Rome, and have inspired him with some ambition to raise the entire status of his countrymen. The records respecting him are silent during the next few years; but if he was still too young to take much part in the incessant and disastrous warfare caused by the raids and encroachments of the Danes, we may be sure that his noble character was ripening in the stillness.

Æthelbald only reigned for three years, holding his own with the utmost difficulty against the predatory incursions of the Danes. He was succeeded in 860 by Æthelbert, who reigned for six disastrous years, marked by the invasion of Regnar Lodbrok and his sons, who burnt the city of Winchester. He was succeeded in 866 by Æthelred the First, the fourth son of Æthelwulf, the five years of whose reign were again a disastrous epoch of war, famine, and pestilence. It was during this reign that Alfred begins to emerge into prominence. He seems to have been invested with the official position of second king. There were no fewer than nine battles in the last year of Æthelred's reign, and in many of these Alfred must have taken part. One of these was the great victory of Ethandune. This victory was, however, followed by the defeats at

Basing and Mereton; and shortly after the latter battle Æthelred died of the wounds he had received.

And now Alfred succeeded to the perilous and unenviable throne of Wessex in the year 871. His kingdom was harassed by the incessant inroads of a cruel, faithless, and most unscrupulous enemy, and the first seven years of his reign were absorbed in almost incessant struggles. The Danes were already in possession of the Isle of Thanet, as well as of Northumbria, and of part of Yorkshire, and they had plundered and desolated many of the counties of England. Yet in spite of so disastrous a condition of affairs, Alfred, compassed round as he was with dangers, might have said, with Milton:

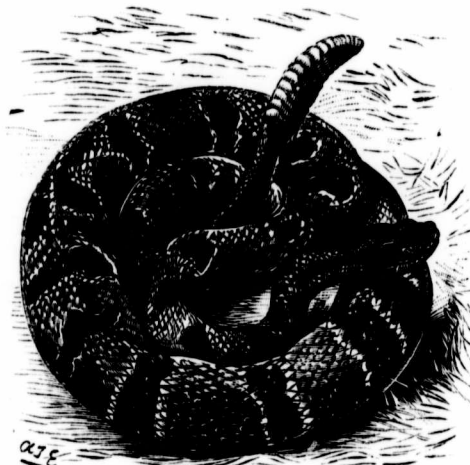
“I hate no jot of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onwards”;

or, as Milton originally wrote, “Uphillwards.” For a time, indeed, the prospect seemed so utterly dark that Alfred had to hide himself in the Isle of Athelney, and it is round this period of his life that most of the romantic legends about him have gathered. Among these legends the story of his having disguised himself as a harper and so having entered the Danish camp and learned some of their secret plans, may have in it a germ of truth. However that may be, it is certain that after about five months he succeeded in inspiring new confidence into some of his nobles, and once more gathered round him the nucleus of an army. But he also became the practical founder of the first English navy, and his little fleet of vessels gave him invaluable aid in checking the constant marauding expeditions of the Danes, which plunged the whole Saxon population in despair and misery.

It would be useless to attempt to chronicle the tangled and uncertain details of Alfred's numerous battles and skirmishes. It must suffice to say that he held his own in repelling many an attack. In 876, after the surprise of Wareham, he induced the Danes to make peace on terms to which they swore both on their holy bracelet and on the relics of Christian saints. After his great victory at Ethandune in 878, he again induced their King Guthrum to conclude a peace, in which he not only agreed to leave Wessex unmolested, but even to accept Christian Baptism at Wedmore, in which Alfred himself stood as godfather to his Pagan adversary. Watling Street was henceforth to form the boundary of Alfred's dominion, and he became the undisputed sovereign over Wessex and Mercia. Guthrum seems to have kept his compact, but Alfred was still liable to the incursions of other piratic bands after he had enjoyed a few years of happy respite. In 886 he took and fortified London. He had to fight fresh campaigns in 894 and 897. His chief opponent in the later years of his reign was the chieftain Hasting; but at one time Alfred was so far successful that he induced the Dane to have his two sons Baptized, and to bind himself by oaths of semi-allegiance, which, however, he broke without scruple when an opportunity occurred. Yet Alfred showed towards this faithless opponent the generosity and mildness by which he was always distinguished; for when the chances of the war had thrown the mother and two sons of Hasting into his hands, he did not even retain them as hostages, but at once restored them uninjured to his enemy, although some of his nobles urged him to put the youths to death. It was only after Hasting had been half deserted even by his own countrymen, and had finally left the shores of England, that, for the last three years of his life, Alfred was able to enjoy a period of peace. He died in the year 901, on October 28th, at the age of fifty-three, universally beloved and honoured by the people whose very existence his undaunted heroism had saved, and whom he had also started on the course of a nobler civilization. It adds to our astonishment and admiration to know that his almost unparalleled achievements in the deliverance and elevation of his country were carried out during long years of broken health. On the very day of his marriage (868) he is said to have been smitten with a mysterious disease which at times caused him to suffer acute anguish. Considering the age in which he lived, and the manifold trials and drawbacks of his position, in times so stormy and calamitous, we feel that he has fully earned his fame as one of the greatest, wisest, and most beneficent sovereigns who ever adorned a throne; and we may well say of him,

"Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

(To be continued.)



HORRID RATTLESNAKE.

CURIOUS SNAKES.

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

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

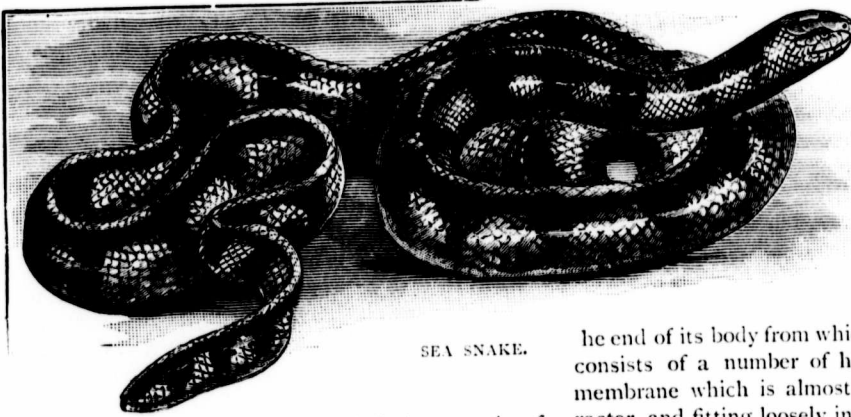
The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by
A. T. ELWES.

IF only one snake had ever been discovered, it would probably be regarded as the very oddest of all living animals. A creature which crawled with its ribs; which darted its tongue in and out of its mouth while its lips were tightly shut; which dislocated its jaws as a matter of course at every meal; which swallowed victims bigger round than its own throat, and longer than its own body—what could be stranger than that?

These peculiarities, however, are more or less common to all snakes, and I want rather to speak of those which are only found in a few—of snakes, in fact, which are curious and strange even by comparison with their fellows.

In the first place, then, there are snakes which have legs! They are very small legs, no doubt—mere spurs, in fact, projecting through the skin, and perfectly useless for purposes of locomotion. But they are undoubtedly the hinder limbs in a rudimentary form—withered and stunted by long disuse. And the interest of the fact lies in this, that it seems to prove that snakes are no longer what once they were. It points back to a time when snakes had legs, and could use them; when instead of crawling as they do now, they walked. And it seems to throw a ray of strange light on the mysterious Curse on the Serpent—"upon thy belly shalt thou go . . . all the days of thy life."

Then there are snakes which live underground, like gigantic earthworms, and only wriggle their way up to the surface now and then during showery weather. They are called "blind snakes," although they are not really blind, just as our common English lizard is



SEA SNAKE.

called the "blind-worm," although it has a pair of small but excellent eyes. Some of these snakes live in the passages of the nests of certain ants, where they obtain both board and lodging without the trouble of seeking it. Others feed upon millepedes and the grubs of certain insects. And one of the oddest things about them is that they never possess teeth in both jaws. Those which have them in the upper jaw have none in the lower, and *vice versa*.

There are snakes, too, which live in the water. We look upon sea serpents as mythical monsters, and wonder how any sensible person can believe that such creatures exist. But sea serpents literally abound in certain parts of the ocean. One may see them in scores, for instance, when voyaging through the Bay of Bengal. They are real serpents, and they really do spend the whole of their lives in the sea. Only, instead of being monsters, they are seldom more than eight or nine feet long.

These snakes are highly poisonous, and many a fisherman has been killed by one which has been accidentally caught in his net. They are very active, overtaking and capturing the very fishes themselves. And they swim by means of their tails, which are flattened out in such a manner as to serve as oars. A boat, as is well known, can be driven along, though slowly, by a single oar worked from the stern. Now the body of a sea snake is a natural boat, and its tail—the stern of the boat—is a broad and powerful oar. And as this is waved to and fro in the water the snake darts along with almost lightning speed. A dark streak passes swiftly by, and almost before you have realised what it is, it has gone.

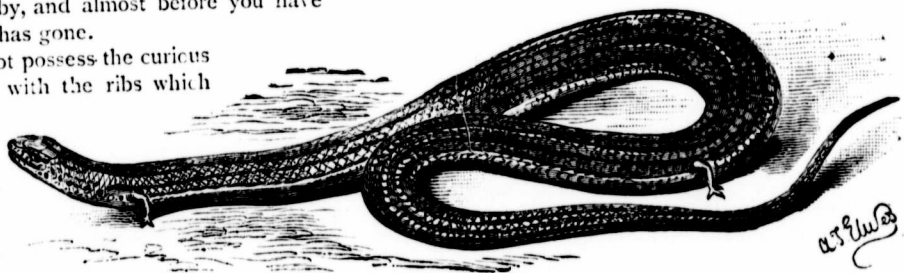
These snakes do not possess the curious scales in connection with the ribs which enable their cousins of the dry land to crawl. And the consequence is that if they are flung ashore and left there by a higher wave than usual, they are

helpless. All that they can do is to coil themselves up and wait twelve hours for the next tide, in the hope that another big wave may wash them back into the sea.

The rattlesnake is curious because of the apparatus at

the end of its body from which it takes its name. This consists of a number of hollow joints, formed of a membrane which is almost like parchment in character, and fitting loosely into one another in such a way that they rattle loudly when the tail is shaken. The object of this organ is rather doubtful. Some have supposed that it is designed to give warning of the serpent's presence, so that its intended victims may escape. This, however, we cannot believe. It would be contrary to the universal rule of Nature. Others have suggested that the sounds which it produces are so similar to the chirp of grasshoppers and crickets that these insects themselves are deceived, and make their way to the hungry snake in the belief that it is one of their own kind. But this theory fails to explain why it is that young rattle-snakes—which would probably possess larger appetites than old ones—have no rattle. More probably this singular organ is a means of protection. Horses, at any rate, are terrified when they hear its sound. And it may well be that wild animals are often restrained from trampling upon the snake just because Nature has provided it with the rattle, and has taught it to shake its tail violently whenever it imagines itself to be in danger.

But perhaps the most curious of all these curious creatures is the Rough-keeled Snake, several examples of which are always to be seen in the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens. It is quite a small snake, not more than two feet long, and no bigger round than a man's little finger. Yet it feeds entirely on bird's eggs, and actually contrives to swallow those of the ordinary domestic fowl! The process looks most mysterious. The snake opens its mouth, and appears to *draw* itself over the egg, much



SNAKE-LIKE LIZARD.

as one might pull on a very tight glove. The jaws stretch wider and wider apart, and the egg passes farther and farther down the throat, till at last one sees a big swelling, just at the back of the neck. Quite suddenly, the swelling disappears. The snake gives a gulp or two, and the empty shell passes out from the mouth in two crumpled pieces, one packed neatly away inside the other!

The fact is that although this little snake has practically no teeth at all in its mouth, it has a row of between thirty and forty in the upper part of its throat, each of these teeth being really a projection from one of the joints of the spine. When the egg, in the course of swallowing, lies opposite these teeth, the muscles are suddenly and sharply contracted, the result being that the egg is split in two from end to end. Then the contents flow onwards down the throat, while the crushed shell is returned through the mouth.



A STORMY ASCENT.

ON BALLOONING.

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

The illustrations have been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs taken by the Author.

IT is just a hundred and twenty years ago since the first balloon carrying passengers was launched into space. These passengers were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, and they fared so well that very shortly human beings themselves came forward and boldly took passage to the skies. The aerial ships they embarked in were indeed dangerous craft, from the fact that they were inflated with hot air and had to carry a fierce and open fire up with them. A few bold feats were accomplished, a few brave lives were lost, and then men learned to use

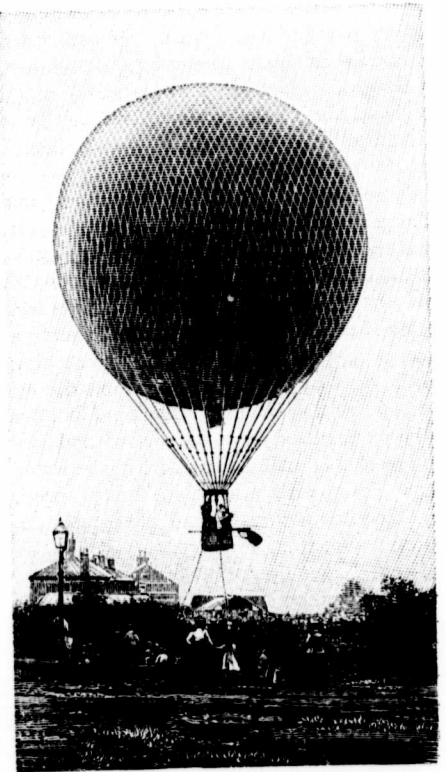
gas instead of naked flames as their source of lifting power; and from that time balloons have remained pretty much the same in structure, and perhaps it is scarcely likely or possible that they can be greatly improved. Steering a balloon seems out of the question. To soar higher in a balloon than men have already done is an impossibility; and if men ever learn to fly, then it will be by a flying machine and not a balloon.

Under these circumstances it may be asked what then is the use of a balloon? And to this I would answer that there are many uses, and there will presently be more. To begin with, a balloon certainly serves a useful end merely as a source of delight to mortals. If it be an enjoyable experience to ascend the Eiffel Tower or the Dome of St. Paul's, an ascent in a captive balloon is far more pleasurable; while the departure of a free balloon into the heavens will always as a spectacle surpass in interest any other attraction at a summer gathering.

But it is not too much to say that much of the best of our knowledge respecting the constitution of the upper atmosphere and the laws of meteorology has been gathered by the use of a balloon. Further, its value in warfare has been fully attested; and though André's endeavour was a misadventure, there can be no doubt that, as our knowledge of upper currents increases, balloons will be capable of being

turned to very valuable account in the exploration of unknown country. I have myself undertaken certain lines of enquiry which have been more or less departed from ordinary ballooning.

In the summer of 1899 I took part with



ASCENT FROM NEWBURY WITH COLLAPSING DRUM.



TWO THOUSAND FEET OVER NEWBURY.

Messrs. Maskelyne of the Egyptian Hall in some Wireless Telegraphy experiments; the idea being to show that we could convey messages across inaccessible country. Thus we were supposed to be on the borders of hostile territory, which we were to try to traverse by balloon, communication being all the while kept up between the exploring party and their base of operations.

To accomplish this, my colleagues were to operate a powerful electrical instrument on the ground, while I as the aeronautical signalman was to soar over the country with a receiving instrument in the car of my balloon and to endeavour to decipher the messages that would be flashed into open space. It was a very singular experience. I ascended from Newbury, and in the confusion of the start my apparatus got disarranged and I did not succeed in restoring it to order until we were far away in the sky and had been hidden more than once among the clouds. Then, however, my little tell-tale bell got into action; and it seemed almost uncanny up in that silent region to be listening to its characteristic strokes rung out by invisible electrical waves, while we were miles away and far out of sight of the

instrument that was sounding them. Our voyage that day was not a little remarkable, for we passed over three different gala gatherings—the camps at Aldershot, five cricket matches, and then directly over the grandstand at Epsom, finally coming to earth in a cornfield within view of the Crystal Palace. Thus, had we been exploring in real earnest, we should have had much out of the common to describe.

Just a year later I started from the same town to carry other signals across country. This time it was supposed that wireless telegraphy instruments were not available, and I was to try to signal by means of a collapsing drum—a well-known service method. I failed in my exploit, but gained an altogether new experience. The balloon stood at her moorings, ready inflated, from an early hour; but the day was one of fair promise, and as representatives of the London Press were presently expected it was decided to wait till midday. At midday clouds began to gather, and the start was postponed till yet later. Then the day broke up with heavy thunder into wet, wild weather, which lasted till 5 p.m., when the storms seem to have spent themselves or dispersed; so, not to disappoint the public, we sailed away into the sky, determined to remain aloft till dark.

But once again we were out of our reckoning. In



A SCIENTIFIC PARTY BALLOON-INFLATING.

a little while a great black thunder-pack appeared ahead of us, and planting itself in our way began advancing towards us against the wind. We held on our course, however, hoping to slip by it or rise above it; instead of which the blackness grew and spread, and with surprising suddenness we found ourselves in the very heart of a terrific thunderstorm, the jagged lightning playing all around us and hail as sharp as glass cutting our faces. It was an extraordinary and perhaps unique experience, unspeakably grand, but awful too, and it seemed sheer madness to remain where we were. Indeed, the storm fairly drove us down to earth, and we were glad of shelter; but the countrymen who came to our help declared they had never seen such a sight, for we seemed enveloped in the lightning.

Travelling in a balloon by night is usually more impressive than by day, and I have more than once been aloft through night hours under the pale moon: once when I sailed over peaceful Kent, and hour after hour watched the soft light hovering above the sleeping towns that flitted past, far down in the darkness; once again when I went up in the small hours of a November morning to search for the lost shower of falling stars. It was a record journey, for we remained aloft for ten hours, an experience without a parallel in the annals of ballooning in England.

I have many times been aloft in the endeavour to discover the true home of the thunder, which scientists think due to echoes in the air. These I have never found, and am growing sceptical about them. Sometimes, however, I have found what I least expected. Once, when flying high in a cold November morning, a bluebottle fly suddenly appeared and buzzed fussily about my hat, as though he was astonished to find me two miles above the earth.

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

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.

BY AGNES E. DONE.

V.—THOMAS TOMKINS.

LET me ask you to follow me to the banks of the Severn, and there, where this our longest river appears to run parallel with the sweet range of the Malvern Hills, stands the faithful city of Worcester; and could a pleasanter spot be found than where its many towers and spires are reflected in the tranquil waters that run below? Of the various attractions of this ancient town, the chiefest is its beautiful cathedral church, whose interior, we venture to say, is inferior to none in the United Kingdom; and nowhere is the service performed with greater reverence and devotion, and nowhere is a higher standard of musical excellence attained.



WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Here, in this elegant yet majestic building, are held, alternately with Gloucester and Hereford, the Triennial Musical Festivals—the boast and pride of town and county; and many a fortunate boy has spent a delightful week at these music meetings, for it is the custom of the organist of the sister cathedrals to take the four senior choristers to assist at these services. This is a great privilege as well as a musical education for any young person to be able to join in the performance of the works of the great masters in their natural settings, the sacred and elevating surroundings of the house of God.

Let our thoughts now carry us back as far as the days of Charles I., when Thomas Tomkins, a man of no mean ability, presided over the organ in Worcester Cathedral Church.

The date of his birth is unknown and we are told nothing of his early youth, but he is mentioned first as a contributor to a work* called "The Triumphs of Oriana," dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

He took his degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford in 1607, and was also spoken of as serving in the King's Chapel as a singer, and afterwards became organist there. Tomkins was a pupil of the celebrated Byrde (friend and contemporary of Tallis), and though his music may be considered by some capable of judging rather dry, he had wonderful power as a contrapuntist, and some of his anthems are in eight, ten, and twelve real parts, and thought to be very pure in construction.

His greatest work is one entitled "Musica Deo Sacra et Ecclesie Anglicanae." Dr. Burney tells us he was son of Thomas Tomkins, chanter of the choir at Gloucester, and of a family that produced more able musicians during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than any other of which England could boast.

* Burney's "History."

He had several distinguished brothers, one, Giles Tomkins, organist of Salisbury Cathedral, and another, John, organist of St. Paul's. Thomas Tomkins passed through the tumult of the Civil Wars in England, and must have died at a great age, as he was still living at the Restoration of the King.

We have had occasion in the short accounts given of our Church musicians frequently to mention melody, harmony, and counterpoint; therefore it may be of interest to some to learn a little of their origin.

That we have been accustomed to hear the "sunny South" called the Land of Song is certain; and so it is, for Italy is acknowledged to have been the great vocal school of Europe, and, as many are aware, most of our celebrated artists have had their education there. Not only so, but the Italians possess the great gift of producing extemporaneous melody, or, as we should say, improvising tunes as they sing; and their language, with its soft, open vowels, lends itself easily to a perfect production of the voice. But it is to the cold and gloomy North Country we must look to find harmony, the completion of this natural melody, for are we not told by Sir George Macfarren,* as well as from other sources, that as early as the time of Hereward the Wake (as Kingsley calls him), the Gervians, or the men of our Eastern Counties, were found singing untaught in three-part harmony; also, that in Wales the peasantry may commonly be heard singing unwritten three-part music, and that there are many proofs that our Saxon and Danish ancestors had the habit of singing in parts; and we believe this has been the practice of the people?

Further, we had occasion to speak in our first chapter of the Gregorian Chant or Plain-song adapted from the Greek melodies for the use of the Church. Let us hear what the same author has to say on the subject of counterpoint in connection with the above-mentioned Plain-song. "When Gregory sent his missionaries into England they carried with them the so-called Gregorian Chant. In this country they found the people singing their national songs in harmony. Appropriating this barbarous practice and engrafting it upon their system adopted from classic Greece, the Church then admitted the performance of descant, or accompanying melody, with the *cantus fermus* (Plain-song). This descant was always extemporaneous, as was the popular harmony of the laity. In course of time rules were framed to direct its construction, and when written instead of improvised it was called counterpoint, denoting that it was sung against the point or theme." So we see that the melody of the South and the harmony of the North, being the complement of each other, joined together make that perfect music which has come to us in all its fulness and beauty.

Before concluding this chapter we would draw the attention of our readers to the fact that after the death

of Charles I. a great epoch in the history of Church music in England ended, for, with the loss of Orlando Gibbons, it gradually began to decline. Many celebrated composers, however, arose after the Restoration; but though their works were superior in expression and more melodious, the grandeur and solidity of the older masters had departed, never to return.

The tragical ending of the unfortunate King Charles is known by every schoolboy, and the events that followed—how the beautiful churches were defaced, the organs pulled down, and much valuable music lost; but, worst of all, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1643, the daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving ceased in our cathedral churches. Can we imagine what would be the consternation felt by many devoted hearts all over our country if, by some dispensation of Providence, our cathedrals should be closed, and the beautiful choral services be no more heard? And yet, when we consider the constant, patient work required in the preparation of these services, the regular attendance of the singers, and in many cases the devotion of the clergy, from Canterbury to Carlisle, how very small, comparatively, is the attendance of the citizens at the daily office of Morning and Evening Prayer! How can this be? Perhaps because blessings are seldom valued until they be removed from us.

PARENTS AND CONFIRMATION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.,
Vicar of Childerditch.



ALL earnest Churchpeople must feel it a peculiarly solemn and critical time when their children are invited by the Bishops and Pastors of the Church to come to Confirmation. They would not for a moment urge the matter unduly on the young, lest they should consent reluctantly, merely to please themselves and the Clergy; and yet, on the other hand, they long to see them coming forward of their own free will, and anxious, even if it be with wavering purpose, to declare themselves on the Lord's side. One true-hearted volunteer is, we all know, worth a hundred "pressed men." For this result parents should fervently plead with God that He would touch their young and tender hearts and confirm their weak desires. This is not a time for very much talking on so sacred a subject. Rather, as it has been well said, "the nearest way to every heart is round by Heaven." So many parents have proved, from the days of Monica, the mother of

St. Augustine, who to her exceeding joy verified Bishop Ambrose's assurance that "the child of so many prayers could never be lost." One similar instance in modern times may be mentioned in the life of the Rev. James Vaughán, a very successful C.M.S. missionary at Calcutta. He was at first a wayward youth; but he dated his first serious impressions to the time when his pious mother would kneel at his bedside during his sleep and cry to the Lord for his conversion. If there were more such pleadings, there would assuredly be more blessing on Confirmation. Still, a few heartfelt words of advice and explanation may often prove helpful and seasonable. If we can with deep thankfulness look back on our own Confirmation as a happy turning-point or upward step in our own inner life, or, to use Keble's beautiful words, as—

"A sheltering rock in memory's waste
O'ershadowing all the weary land,"

we may with the more confidence recommend the holy rite to others.

This, however, will be less necessary when the whole previous training of our children has been more or less directed with a view to this great event. Confirmation is intended to be the sequel and supplement of Infant Baptism. In Heb. vi. 2 (R.V.) two of the first principles of Christ are said to be "the teaching of Baptism, and of laying on of hands," and in the early Church Baptism was always followed up in this manner. And when the young have learned the sacred privileges of the New Covenant, outwardly and visibly sealed to them in their Baptism, as well as the solemn responsibility thereby entailed, they will, if the Holy Spirit incline their hearts, be the more ready, when the time comes round, "with their own mouth and consent, openly before the Church," to "ratify and confirm the same; and also promise, that by the grace of God they will evermore endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such things, as they, by their own confession, have assented unto."

This, it should also be remembered, is the very course which our Church enjoins upon sponsors. At the close of the office for the Public Baptism of Infants it is to be said to them, "Ye are to take care that this Child be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him, when he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar [or, ordinary] tongue, and be further instructed in the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose." If, then, parents act as sponsors to their own children, as many now do, they must feel themselves doubly pledged by both their natural and spiritual relationships to discharge their duty towards them. Still, when children have reached years of discretion (which some reach sooner than others), need we say that neither parents nor sponsors can relieve them of their personal responsibility before

God, and that unless their own hearts respond to the call, it will be far better to leave them free and to wait for another opportunity, than that they should utter promises which they have no real intention of fulfilling. The wise man's precept applies very solemnly to such cases: "When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it. . . . Better is it that thou shouldst not vow, than thou shouldst vow and not pay" (Eccles. v. 4, 5).

If I may quote from my own ministerial experience, I have always found it best to invite hesitating and doubtful candidates to attend classes for instruction, and after they have heard the subject fully explained, to make up their minds whether they wish to go forward, reserving also to myself a liberty to accept them or to defer their Confirmation. In most instances this has led to a favourable decision, and often to the best results.

One more point, in which parents are specially interested, is that the "laying on of hands" should be followed up as soon as convenient by the reception of the Holy Communion.

"HELPING MOTHER."

(See page 165.)

"**N**OW, Kitty, come along and help me!
There's beans and bacon for dinner to-day,
and we shall never be ready when father
comes home, unless you come and help."

Kitty put down her doll, got her little chair, and, picking up the biggest bean-pod she could see in the basket, set to work with a will.

"How quickly you do them, mother, you *are* clever!" she said with great admiration. "I do believe you're the cleverest mother anybody ever had!"

"And you are the dearest little girl in the world," answered back the mother.

"May I help you every day and always, mother dear?"

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then we'll have beans and bacon every day, shan't we?" said Kitty.

"Oh dear no!" exclaimed her mother, laughing outright; "that would never do, father likes a change!"

"But how shall I help you if we don't have beans?" was Kitty's anxious question.

"Oh, there are plenty of ways in which you can help me. You shall help me do something fresh every day."

"How lovely!" said Kitty.

And so it came about that her mother found some little bit of new work for Kitty to do every day; and she grew up to be so useful, that her father says he really believes she will in time be as good a house-keeper as her mother; and it is well known that no man in the village has a better wife than Kitty's father.



"HELPING MOTHER."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by W. G. HOOPER.

"There is a Name I Love to Hear."

Music by T. TERTIUS NOBLE.
(Organist of York Minster.)

Words by the REV. F. WHITFIELD, B. A.

1. There is a Name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth; It
2. It tells me of the Lamb of God Who died to set me free; It

sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est Name on earth. A - men.
tells me of His Pre - cious Blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.

- It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert waste and wild.
- Jesus, the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

- This Name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.
- And There with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me. Amen.

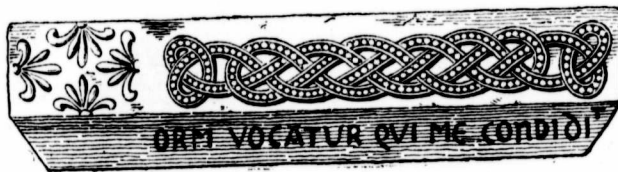
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	sounds	like	mu - sic	in	mine	ear,	The	sweet - est	Name	on	earth.			A	-	-		A	-	-	men.			
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	tells	me	of	His	Pre - cious	Blood,	The	sin - ner's	per - fect	plea.			A	-	-		A	-	-	men.				
	re	:re	r	:de	r	:s ₁	d	ta ₁	l ₁	:f ₁	r ₁	:s ₁	d	:--	--		f ₁	:--	--	d	:--	--		



THE above illustration represents an ancient inscription on one of the chancel pillars in St. Chad's Church, Stafford. It means: "Orme was called who built me." It is thus very interesting as giving the name of the founder of the church. There were two Orms in Staffordshire when the nave and present chancel arch were built, more than eight hundred years ago. One of them was the man of business to the great Baron who lived at Chartley Castle. Perhaps he was the founder of St. Chad's.



“THINKING IT OVER.”

From the original Oil Painting specially painted for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R. B. A.

“THINKING IT OVER.”

WHEN Connie reads her book she always likes to think it over, and this is the only way in which to get good from our reading. Some books will not bear thinking over, and such books are certainly not worth reading. There is one Book about which we can never think too much; and when we read it we should ever remember the Words of Him Who said, “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Words shall not pass away.” The remembrance of His Everlasting Words will help us day by day to face bravely all our trials and troubles, and when at

last we are called upon to leave this world these are the only Words which will comfort us as we enter the valley of the shadow of death. Many years ago, Canon Liddon, preaching to a great crowd in St. Paul’s Cathedral one Sunday afternoon, selected as his text, “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Words shall not pass away”; and the great preacher asked his hearers as a personal favour to write this text on the title-page of their Bibles, so that whenever they opened the Book to read it they might be reminded that the Words of the Lord will endure for ever.

PRAISE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE PSALMS AND IN OUR COMMON PRAYER.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. B. CROZIER, D.D.,
LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY, FERNS, AND LEIGHLIN.

(Continued from page 124.)

THE Book of the Psalms and our Book of Common Prayer teach us the devotional aspect of public worship. We do well to value public prayer for our own sakes, and to value it for our brethren's sake; but above all, let us learn to value public worship for God's sake.

It is the first and chiefest thought in the opening exhortation in our Prayer Book, that after we have confessed our sins, the great object of our meeting together is "to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at His hands," and "to set forth His most worthy praise."

Thanksgiving and praise differ in this respect, that in the one we thank God for what He gives, in the other we praise God for what He is. Let us never forget that in prayer we come to God chiefly to implore blessings for ourselves, or for those whom we love.

Prayer is the cry of need, of misery, of want. All men are driven to prayer at one time or another, though it be only the prayer of the dying soldier, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul."

But in praise we draw nearer to the worship of Heaven, where there will be no sins to deplore, and no wants to be supplied.

Is not this the reason why the Book of the Psalms, as it draws near to an end, omits in the closing verses all confession of sin, all deprecation of wrath, and all petition for succour or help? The storms of life have ended, its discord and strife are for ever stilled, and the calm of the Paradise of God has settled down upon the Psalmist's soul. Therefore praise, and praise alone, tunes his heart and lyre.

The very same feature displays itself in our Book of Common Prayer. It gives us a united worship which is largely a service of praise, we are taught all through to join our thanksgiving with the noble army of the prophets and martyrs

who have gone before. In chant and psalm and hymn we

"Sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross."

But as we draw close to the nearer presence of God in the Feast of the Holy Communion, the strain of praise rises higher, and the heart of the worshipper is bidden to take up another note and to strike a grander key:—

"We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee,
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory."

Not our enjoyment, but God's glory, is the highest end of common prayer! Eucharistic worship is its purest type, and will be perpetuated in Heaven, where God is all in all. After all, this appeals not to what is selfish, but to what is chivalrous in the heart of man. Not what we can get, but what we can give is the child's ambition.

It is the strength of our common sonship in the great Father's Home. It is the message of the Agony and the Cross, which leads at length to the great white throne set upon the crystal sea, and the voice of redeemed humanity taking up the song of Moses and of the Lamb, and saying, "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

Surely a deeper sense of the reality of this would give greater enthusiasm and life to our public worship!

Our common prayer and praise would become *the people's worship*. Every voice would bear its part in praising God, and the very best member that we have would be consecrated to the service of the sanctuary, till of all our Churches it might be said:—

"Devotion borrows music's tone,
And music takes devotion's wing,
And like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to Heaven, and, soaring, sing."

PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—July 2, Visitation of B. V. Mary; 4, Translation of St. Martin; 7, 5th Sunday after Trinity; 14, 6th Sunday after Trinity; 15, Switbun, Bishop; 20, Margaret, Virgin and Martyr; 21, 7th Sunday after Trinity; 22, St. Mary Magdalen; 25, St. James, Apostle and Martyr; 26, St. Anne; 28, 8th Sunday after Trinity.

Jesus said: "Ask, and it shall be given you."

ST. MATT. vii. 7.

