

Tho Blott

MARCH.



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND 

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

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

Greeting.

THE clergy of the Rural Deanery of Haldimand take pleasure in introducing to their parishioners a monthly magazine of church literature and parochial news. The inside or main portion of the periodical is printed in England, and under the title of THE CHURCH MONTHLY is known as one of the best magazines that issue from church press in the world's gigantic metropolis, London the old. The contents of the covers are printed within the Deanery. They are intended to give a brief but correct summary of the doings of clergy and people during each month preceding publication, as well as announce meetings, services, and engagements for the month next following. If preserved for future years, this record will become an important and highly valuable chronicle, and will serve the purpose of a thoroughly reliable parish history. The events in the life of each congregation will be known to the children of those who participated in them. The clergy sincerely hope that their parishioners will be prompt in showing due appreciation of this undertaking, as the price of the magazine is only 35 cents a year, payable in advance. They would draw the attention of their people to the clearness of type, the high standard of literary merit, the excellence of the illustrations, and the regular contribution of high-class sacred music, which are the features of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. They firmly believe that THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE will, if carefully perused, effect much good in church families and advance the Kingdom of Christ the Lord.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The clergy of the deanery are pleased to be able to state that the magazine has met with a favorable reception among their parishioners, and that there is a prospect of the circulation reaching 250 copies per month. They regret that owing to several adverse circumstances the publication of the January, February and March numbers has been late and irregular but they have reason to think that henceforth the numbers will appear seasonably and at proper intervals. The price at which the periodical is sold is at present not quite sufficient to meet the cost; but as the circulation increases, the loss will diminish. The clergy would rather draw a little from the deanery fund to make good the deficit than raise the price above the paying power of any humble parishioner. They recommend the preservation of the magazine, as some of the items to be published on the inside pages of the covers will be of permanent interest and value. They earnestly advise and request their

parishioners to consult them early before appointing the time for a marriage or a burial, and in the case of the latter not to ask that the service be performed on a Sunday, unless circumstances render such arrangement unavoidable. They desire to be informed promptly concerning sickness in the family of any parishioner and also respecting the arrival of any new Church family or person within a parish.

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

During February the first annual meetings of the W. A. were held; that of the Christ Church Branch on Thursday, 1st, and of the St. John's Branch on the 15th. On both occasions the Holy Communion was administered in the Church in the morning. Thus, appropriately, by gathering on their annual meeting day, first in the "House of Prayer," did the members show that they are banded together not only to "work" but also to "pray."

The business meeting in the afternoon showed that during the few months since the organization of the Branches substantial progress had been made; and that the members were gradually becoming conversant with the different phases and details of the Society's work.

Most enjoyable was the hour spent at lunch, and thanks are due to Mrs. Splatt and Mrs. Docker for their hospitality.

The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year:

CHRIST CHURCH BRANCH.

President—Miss Agnes Docker.
Vice-President—Mrs. John Bradford.
Treasurer—Mrs. W. Brennan, Jr.
Secretary—Miss Splatt.
Rector's Nominees—Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Hamilton.
Delegates to Diocesan Board—Miss E. Docker and Miss Stephens.
Auditors—Miss Ida Splatt and Miss Stephens.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH.

President—Miss C. I. Docker.
Vice-President—Mrs. J. Blott.
Treasurer—Miss Lizzie Bate.
Secretary—Miss I. J. Logan.
Rector's Nominees—Mrs. S. Bowden and Mrs. T. Blott.
Delegates—Miss F. J. Docker and Mrs. T. King.
Auditors—Mrs. Crawford and Miss F. I. Docker.

The Literary Society's annual entertainment given in the Marshall school house on the 19th was a decided success. The programme was along the same lines as in former years, though more varied, perhaps. The proceeds were largely in excess of previous occasions, being \$27.65 with only 75c expenses.

On Ash Wednesday there was service in the morning in St. John's Church. The storm prevented the evening service in Christ Church from being held.



"'TIS SWEET TO TELL HE LOVES US WELL!"

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by J. PRATER.

A Hymn for very Young Children.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.,

Rector of All-Hallows-on-the-Wall; Author of "The Knight of Intercession," and "Lays of Iona."

"No. far from every one of us."—ACTS. xvii. 27.

OUR GOD of love Who reigns above
Comes down to us below;
'Tis sweet to tell He loves us well,
And 'tis enough to know!

So deep, so high,—like air and sky,
Beyond us, yet around,—
He Whom our mind can never find
Can in our heart be found.

LORD GOD, so far, past sun and star,
Yet close to all our ways!
In love so near, be pleased to hear
Thy little children's praise!

Oh, may that sign that we are Thine—
Our Father, Saviour, Friend—
Which sealed our brow, be on us now,
And with us to the end.

Through all our way, and every day,
Believ'd, belov'd, adored,
Be this our grace to see Thy Face
In JESUS CHRIST our LORD.

Amen.

Homeward Bound.

BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON,
Author of "A Bunch of Roses," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A WINTRY EVENING.

JUST as the hands of the old grandfather clock pointed to half-past three, and the bright little copper kettle was beginning to sing merrily on the hob, May and Daisy appeared.

Mrs. May wheeled her chair to the fire, and, proud as a little mother, May planted her charge on her lap.

"Hasn't the cold given her a colour, grannie? Don't she look a little beauty?"

"She does." And grannie held the crowing, kicking little bundle of humanity out at arm's length. "But see! we'd best undo her wraps, little sweetheart; she's fairly suffocated in them."

"I thought I'd best wrap her up warm; 'tis bitter cold out, grannie."

"Quite right, dearie; ye're a thoughtful little maid." And grannie gazed down lovingly at the careful little sister whose small hands were so busily undoing tapes and buttons.

May hung her head shyly; words of praise came but seldom to her.

Spurt! spurt! went the steaming kettle.

"Shall I take it off, grannie?"

"Can ye, dearie? Don't ye scald yourself; 'tis almost too heavy for your small hands."

Carefully, with both hands, the kettle was lifted; then the little face turned triumphantly:

"It's quite safe, grannie. Now I'll fetch the caddy and teapot."

Grannie smiled to herself as the little figure flitted across to the cupboard. May was almost as much at home in the kitchen as grannie herself.

"Now, dearie, the cloth; ye know where to find it."

"Yes, grannie. Don't you stir." And from a drawer beneath the table a coarse clean cloth was produced; swiftly and silently it was laid and the bread and butter fetched from the cupboard.

From her cosy nest in grannie's lap baby watched all with rounded wondering eyes.

"She would like to help you, May."

"The darling!" And May gave her little sister a hug. "Now, grannie, is there anything else?"

"Well, dearie, I think in your and Daisy's honour we must have a little buttered toast. Had I known a bit earlier you were coming, I'd have made you a few ginger cakes."

"Let me cut the bread, grannie."

"No, dearie." And grannie's tone was a firm one. "Them knives they're old and sharp, and as likely as



"'YE'RE A THOUGHTFUL LITTLE MAID!'"

not ye'd be cutting your little fingers. Give me the loaf, and ye take baby."

This exchange made, the bread was soon cut, and May sat down on a small stool to make the toast.

"And has Jackie been out all day?"

"Yes, grannie, since breakfast." And May gazed steadfastly into the fire; then apparently loth to keep back anything from grannie, she added in a low voice with just a touch of tremor in it, "Jackie, he'd words with mother."

Grannie was a little deaf, but not too deaf to notice the slight tremor; the quick veiling of the blue eyes, too, did not escape her attention.

"Make another round of toast, dearie; as likely as

not he'll pop in 'fore tea's done." And the flaxen hair was stroked kindly.

The gentle touch was too much; the tears in the blue eyes welled over; almost involuntarily the words were gasped forth, "O grannie! why can't mother be kind, like you?" Then, apparently ashamed of having said so much, down went the toast, and, burying her face in grannie's lap, May sobbed as though her heart would break.

Tears were in grannie's eyes too, but she kept them back. Long she had guessed what the cold, stormy, ungenial atmosphere of home must mean to the sensitive, loving child, who quailed at even a rough word. But the subject was not one to be dwelt upon, so, stroking the fair head, grannie showed her mute sympathy.

Spurt! spurt! went the little brown teapot.

Grannie was thankful for the diversion. "Come, May, dearie, the teapot is calling us. Take baby while I put the teapot on the table."

May obeyed, wiping her eyes vigorously while grannie's back was turned; then, fastening baby into her chair, she was soon her own calm deft little self, finishing the toast, fetching the milk from the brown pan on the dresser, dragging to the table grannie's chair, though seldom lifting her swollen eyelids.

More than once during teatime May ran to the diamond-paned casement, and gazed wistfully down the street; but no Jackie was to be seen, so tea had to be cleared away, though some buttered toast was carefully saved. Baby enjoyed a little romp in the fire-light; and then, after carefully wrapping up her little visitors, grannie lighted them to the door, holding out the small oil lamp as far and as steadily as her frail, shaking arm would permit, that its tiny gleam might throw a ray of light up the snow-covered street.

"Go in, grannie; ye'll catch cold; the wind's fearful," called back May from the corner, as, turning, she caught sight of the bent shawled figure in the doorway.

"Good-night, dearies; good-night," came echoing on the crisp frosty air.

Then, as grannie turned back to her warm fire-side, softly to herself she murmured, "God bless the little dears, God bless them."

Pondering over the little pair and over May's fit of sorrow, Mrs. May fell fast asleep, as she sometimes did of an evening in the gloaming, when the day's work was done and she was sitting waiting for Sam. It required a good deal of stirring about to keep the little house as clean and tidy as it was, and the most active frame must feel the weight of seventy years. The stillness of the little room was only broken by the ticking of the clock and the occasional crackling and-leaping out of a blue tongue of fire from the tar-pitched logs. The wind sighed

and moaned angrily outside, rattling occasionally the casement; but in her big armchair Mrs. May peacefully slumbered, the firelight flickering on the sweet lined face and worn clasped hands, with the golden wedding-ring, thin with the wear of more than fifty years. Grannie made a pretty picture. So thought Sam as, hurrying up the street, he paused for a moment and gazed in at the little window, for the red curtain was never drawn across till Sam had returned; Mrs. May liked the light from the diamond-paned casement to shine forth as a welcome to home.

Sam tried to lift the latch softly; but, softly as he lifted it, grannie was up in an instant, her face all aglow with a welcome for "her boy."

"Well, dearie, home at last. It must be bitter cold on the water."

"Well, the wind is a bit sharp, but I've weathered it worse before." And Sam's ruddy cheery face seemed to say, weather was but of small account to him. "See here, mother, here's some one who will be the better for your cossetting—a small Jackanapes as I found doing the best he could to drown himself."

Before Sam had done speaking two little benumbed legs were wriggling down to the floor, out of the pea-jacket which Sam carried, and to Mrs. May's astonishment Jackie Winter stood before her.

"Jackie!"

"Yes, Jackie. And where do you think I found him, mother?—in Ben Brown's rotten old punt—snow falling fast—both oars gone—and he and Bob Sawyer drifting fast out to sea."



"JACKIE STOOD BEFORE HER."

"O Jackie, Jackie! why, 'twas only last week father told you not to go near that punt. What will he and mother say?"

But hunger and cold and fright had taken their effect on Jackie; all the spirit had died out of him, and he was in no mood for even the gentlest remonstrance. In another second his knuckles were in his eyes and his bosom was heaving painfully.

Poor old grannie! she could never stand tears, and especially the tears of a child. In another minute Jackie was folded in her arms, and she was purring over him as softly as a cat over her kitten, pulling off his wet garments, warming his cold feet, murmuring all the while softly, "There, there now, dearie, don't cry any more; ye'll not do it again, I'm sure ye'll not do it again."

An amused smile stole over Sam's face as he stood quietly looking on; he knew only too well how his mother's scoldings generally ended.

"He'll be all right now, mother, once you've thawed him a bit, and heartened him up with a cup of hot tea and a bite of something to eat. He's not broken his fast, he says, since the morning. I'll just run upstairs and change my wet things, and then I'll help you dish up the supper, and perhaps, fore we sit down, I'd best step over and tell his mother we've got him—mayhap she'll be worrying after him."

"Sue? oh, she's gone over to Torchester, and she'll not be back yet, I expect. But May"—and Mrs. May looked up doubtfully at her son, "I don't like, dear, to ask you to go out again when ye're wet and hungry, but the little lass she's been here to tea, and she was fretting sore about Jackie."

Jackie raised his swollen eyelids.

"Yes, Jackie, she was; she'd scarce eat any tea, and she kept such a pile of buttered toast for you."

Jackie's eyelids drooped, and he winked vigorously as he gazed steadily at the fire; but he could not prevent a stray tear or two stealing down his blue jersey. Whether these tokens of grief were caused by the mention of May's sisterly love or by the loss of the buttered toast Sam thought it best not to inquire.

"All right, old chap, don't ye blubber no more; I'll step over and hearten up the little maid, she shan't go to bed with a heavy heart. But take ye care ye don't set foot in that old punt again; see the lot of mischief it gets you into," and with a half-solemn, half-smiling shake of the head Sam thrust his arms into his pea-jacket.

"No, no, dear, Jackie will do it no more," said grannie, anxious to avert another thunder shower; "and, Sam, tell May we'll keep the little lad to-night. She has enough on her hands with baby to look after; and Jackie he'd best be got to bed warm, at once, directly he's had a bit of supper."

"All right, mother, I'll be back in a twinkling," and out into the cold night Sam hurried, banging the door after him.

Mrs. May guessed the sort of reception Jackie would receive at home, and she was anxious he and his father should not meet that night, for Tom sometimes was rather uncontrollable when he gave way to his fits of passion; and Jackie evidently knew as much, for it was wonderful how the little lad brightened up directly he knew he was to remain at grannie's.

"Where am I to sleep, grannie?" he asked, as with eager eyes he pattered round the supper table, his movements being rather retarded by the large pair of Sam's slippers and socks, into which his small legs had been thrust.

"Oh, we'll find a place for you; there's a small bed at the foot of mine where the grandbairns sleep when they come to me."

"With you, grannie? Oh, how jolly!" and Jackie rubbed his hands gleefully as he drew his chair up to the table.

Supper over, prayers said, and Jackie tucked into his little white bed, a penitent mood stole over him, and bit by bit he began to unburden himself to grannie. "He didn't ought to have gone out in the punt, he knew he didn't ought, but mother had been so fearful cross, and Bob Sawyer he had begged so hard. 'Bob?' Yes, he knew he was a bad boy; and he was a bit frightened when they lost their oars, and when the snow came on so fast,—the water looked so cold and dark. It was wrong to disobey father and mother; but he wouldn't set foot in the punt again, he promised he wouldn't."

Gently grannie suggested that he should get out of bed and ask God's forgiveness, and thank Him for His care. To this Jackie readily assented; then with a peaceful, happy smile he laid his head on his pillow and was soon in dreamland.

Ah! the fresh plastic nature of childhood, how easily it is moulded, and what a weight of responsibility rests upon those who have little feet to lead, little souls to train for Eternity!

CHAPTER VI.

DEFRAUDING THE RED DRAGON.

CANDLE in hand, grannie was slowly descending the small steep wooden staircase when the handle of the door turned and Tom Winter's broad-shouldered frame stood out clear against the starlit sky.

"Where's the youngster, grannie?" and Tom's tone was a sharp one.

"In bed, dear. Come into the kitchen and have a warm. Sam will be glad to have a chat with ye."

"No, I must see the boy first; he's been out in that there old punt again I hear. The young rascal! he'll be paid out for it," and with a long stride Tom Winter was three steps up the staircase.

Grannie laid her hand gently on Tom's shoulder. "Tom, 'taint often as I ask a favour of ye, but I asks one to-night: don't speak to the little lad till the morning; he's tired out, and had a sad fright. I've

been speaking to him, and he's promised not to set foot in the punt again."

For a minute Tom stood irresolute, one foot extended to the steps above; then slowly he turned kitchenwards. "Well, no one would keep me back from giving the boy a hiding but ye, grannie. Since ye ask, I s'pose I can't say 'No.' Ye've been more than a mother to the lad, a deal more than his *own* mother," and Tom's tone was so scornful Mrs. May thought it best to try to divert his thoughts into another channel.

"Sam, here's Tom come to have a bit of chat with ye."

be too hard on Sue, Tom; she is but young, and young folks they crave for a bit of change. I daresay she thought she'd be back in time for supper. Smith, he's uncommon late to-night: 'tis the roads, I suppose; the snow has made them heavy." And grannie lifted the red blind of the window and looked out anxiously.

Tom ramm'd the tobacco into his pipe harder than ever; then, looking up, he said, "Grannie, when ye were young did ye go off into Torchester pleasuring, leaving the young uns to run wild and the master to pick up his victuals as best he could?"

This picture of his mother so tickled Sam that



"GRANNIE'S HEART WENT UP IN HAPPY THANKFULNESS."

Sam drew up a chair to the fire. "Had supper, lad?"

"Supper! never a taste. When a chap gets home to find a black grate, an empty larder, and a wife out pleasuring, there ain't much chance of supper." Tom drew out his pipe, knocked the ashes out violently, and ramm'd some fresh tobacco in, as though he were ramm'ing his temper in with it too. "Don't ye be such a fool as to try marryin', Sam. Take my word for it, 'tis a mistake—mothers they do a sight more for you than wives."

Remembering Sue's injunction, Mrs. May thought now was the time to put in a soothing word. "Don't

he put his hands into his pockets and burst out laughing.

Sam's laughter aggravated Tom. "Ye may laugh, Sam," he said, "but your mother can't answer that question; she knows she never did. No more would any honest wife or mother."

Poor old grannie! her face was a study. The desire to shelter Sue struggled with the honesty of her nature. "Sue did ask me to look after May and baby," at length she ventured to say apologetically; "they've been taking tea with me."

"Ah! shoving off her work on other people; she's a splendid hand at that! What about the boy? He

might have drowned himself, I suppose, for aught his mother cared." And Tom blew a scornful whiff from his pipe.

Grannie knew when to be silent. Tom was not in a mood to be argued with, so, drawing the chair Sam had placed nearer the fire, she beckoned him to it.

"Aye, aye, grannie, I'll sit down for a minute, but only for a minute. I'm off to the Red Dragon; I'll get something to warm me up there."

Grannie made no answer, but once Tom and Sam were launched fairly into conversation she slipped into the back kitchen, lit the stove, set the coffee-pot on it, then, reaching from a side shelf the remains of the supper, she began concocting a savoury little dish.

Grannie was tired, and more fit for bed than cooking. The day had been long and busy, and her poor old hands trembled and her legs ached; but grannie was resolved not to pay attention to weary limbs nor shaking hands, so long as she could keep Tom from visiting the Red Dragon.

Grannie bore hatred in her heart to few things, but she did to the Red Dragon. Well, she thought, did it deserve its name; for to her mind it seemed as cruel, as destroying, as devouring a place as the animal whose gaudy sign it bore, and, more than that, it appeared to turn the men (ah! and, sad shame, the women also) who went in and out of its doors into cruel human animals too, their children running ragged and uncared for, their homes becoming bare and wretched, and they themselves sinking week by week down, down, lower, lower, the good that was in them dying out, their evil passions daily growing stronger.

"Hullo, grannie, what's this?" asked Tom, as a neatly spread tray was placed at his elbow. "Coffee! and, my patience" (as he lifted the cover), "what a stew! Sam, ye're in luck to-night; 'taint often I get such a spread as that."

"'Tisn't for me, lad—'tis for you, ain't it, mother? We've had supper long ago," and as Sam wheeled round his mother's chair to the fire, he gazed down at her with proud, loving eyes.

Tom knew well enough how it grieved grannie to hear of any one frequenting the Red Dragon, and he guessed only too surely why the little supper had been prepared. His hunger appeased, he began to feel in a better humour too, and inwardly he decided he would not anchor at the Red Dragon that night; 'twould be real mean to grannie after all the trouble she had taken; and a talk over the fire with Sam, and a pipe—why, they were not to be despised!

Grannie's heart went up in happy thankfulness when she saw Tom draw his chair nearer to the crackling logs and cross his legs in seeming contentment, though she had to knit away vigorously to keep her eyes open. The clock chimed out on the frosty air, "Nine."

"Why, how the time's gone! Grannie, ye ought to be in bed. Not tired you out, I hope?" and Tom

knocked out the ashes of his pipe and pushed his chair back.

"No, no, dear; sit as long as you like," and grannie winked her eyes vigorously, and knitted away harder than ever.

"No; I'll tack homewards now. Ye keeps early hours, I knows, and there's that young rascal, he'll be wakening you up fore sunrise; send him over to breakfast, and I'll give him a rare jacketing."

Grannie smiled, for she saw Tom spoke good-humouredly. "And ye'll not be hard on Sue when ye get back, will ye, dear?"

"Well, I don't know; I did intend giving her a bit of my mind, but ye've smoothed me down somehow or other. A chap can't keep his bad temper long with grannie, can he, Sam?"

"Tom was down hard on Sue to-night, wasn't he, mother?" said Sam, as he raked out the fire for the night.

"Yes, dear; I was grieved to hear him so outspoken."

"But 'twas a mean trick to play a poor fellow, wasn't it, to leave him on such a night as this without fire or supper?"

"Mayhap Sue meant to be home sooner, though; likely as not 'twas the snow as kept her."

"Ah! ye may speak up for Sue as ye like, mother, but take my word for it, when Tom and she fall out 'tis as often one is to blame as the other."

"I know it, dearie, I know it. But there, Sue's Tom's wife; he's taken her for better or worse, and there's no good crying over spilt milk; he ought to make the best he can of his bargain."

"Ah! but folks don't all look at things in the same light as you do, mother; 'tis a case, I suppose, of what you are always talking to me about, 'marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.'"

"Sometimes I am afraid of it, dear," and Grannie shook her head gravely. "You see, Tom was taken by a pretty face, and he didn't stay to ask whether Sue would make a good wife and mother. Don't ye fall into the same mistake then, lad, but when ye think about marrying ask the dear Lord to guide ye. Remember, 'A good wife is from the Lord.'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

IT was the evening of the Men's Bible Class, and Mr. Gwyn had run in for a few minutes to Cliff Lawn to consult with Alec Ross about the hymn tunes. The men enjoyed the singing, and the Vicar's heart would go up in happy thankfulness as his library re-echoed with the deep bass voices rolling out in such well-known hymns as "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Rock of ages, cleft for me," led by Alec Ross's rich tenor.

Dear fellows! Mr. Gwyn knew only too well what shoals and what quicksands lay in their course, and

he longed with such earnestness that they would take on board the one true Pilot, Who alone could guide them to the Heavenly shore.

The tunes chosen, Mr. Gwyn wheeled round his chair to the fire, Katie insisting upon his having a cup of tea.

"A cup of tea—well, it does look inviting on such a cold night as this, after three hours' visiting; and, let me see," and Mr. Gwyn drew out his watch, "I can spare a few minutes."

"John, there is one man I never see at the Bible Class, and whom I wish we could get hold of," said Alec Ross, as he threw himself into an easy chair—"a big broad-shouldered fellow, the very picture of a fisherman. I wonder if you have ever come across him; I often see him hanging about the harbour, and sometimes, alas! too, the Red Dragon. I've tried to get into conversation with him, but directly we've exchanged 'good mornings' and perhaps passed a remark on the weather, he turns on his heel and bolts like a shot. They tell me his name is Winter."

"Winter!" exclaimed Katie. "Why, Alec, perhaps it's the father of my little May."

"Your little Sunday scholar who comes here sometimes—it may be, Katie; I forgot her name was Winter."

"Yes, there is only one Winter in the village," said Mr. Gwyn, "and I've had my eye on him for a long time. You can't be more anxious to get hold of that man than I am; but," and Mr. Gwyn shook his head, "he's a very difficult fellow to make way with, for as you say, he fights shy of a word. I hope some day, though, to get at him through his mate, Sam May."

"Sam May!" exclaimed Alec Ross inquiringly.

"Yes. Don't you know the honest blue-eyed fellow who comes so regularly to the class—the one who sits by the door and sings so heartily?"

"Oh, that man!" and Alec Ross gave a low whistle. "Well, I don't know whether to be glad or sorry to hear he is a chum of Winter's."

"Well, I should be sorry did I not know the facts of the case, for I fancy Winter is the stronger character of the two, and much more likely to influence May than May is to influence him. It appears the friendship began in childhood. Winter lost his mother early, and his father was a drunken ne'er-do-well, so May's mother—a kindly Christian old soul—took the lad in hand and played almost the part of a mother to him. Naturally, therefore, he and Sam were thrown a great deal together, and I fancy Mrs. May still exercises a good influence over him through *her*; therefore I hope some day I may yet get Winter to the Bible Class."

This conversation took place early in the year, and one night, about a month later, Tom and Sam might have been seen passing through the village together.



"TOM LOVED SINGING."

It was dark, and perhaps it was just as well it was, for the Scard folk would have exchanged many surprised and amused glances had they seen Tom on Bible Class night, with Sam May, taking the turn up the hill to the Vicarage.

Sam had to do most of the talking, for Tom was unusually silent, and half-way up the hill he stopped, and Sam began to be afraid he was going to turn back altogether.

"Can't think how I was so soft as to promise grannie I'd start on this 'ere cruise," he growled. "Tom Winter casting anchor at a Bible Class! Why, all the mates will be splitting their sides to-morrow. I've half a mind to tack back now; I would if my word weren't passed to grannie. Well, there's one thing certain, if 'tis the first time as Tom Winter sets foot in the Parson's house, 'twill be the last," and Tom let the Vicarage iron gate fly out of his hand with such a bang that it rang and rang again.

The Vicar's library looked very cheerful after the cold dark walk. A bright fire was roaring up the chimney, throwing its ruddy glow on book and picture; rows of comfortable-looking chairs were drawn round the table, and Alec Ross was seated at the open harmonium.

With a pleased smile of surprise Mr. Gwyn was about to start forward to greet Tom and Sam, but Tom sank at once into a back chair, as though anxious to escape recognition. The Vicar wisely contented himself with a nod and a smile, and then gave out a hymn.

For two or three minutes Tom fumbled with the hymn book, not daring even to give a look round; but the hymn was one he had learnt at grannie's knee, and after the first verse he could not refrain from joining in.

Tom loved singing. He had a correct ear and a rich, powerful, melodious voice—so rich and so powerful that Alec Ross gave one swift look of inquiry round directly it fell on his delighted ear.

The class was going through the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and part of the fifteenth chapter was the subject for the evening.

"My men," said Mr. Gwyn, "I wonder how many of us ever give a thought to this great event of which we have been reading, much more shape every action of our lives in its light? The Resurrection is a tremendous reality, an event in which one day we must all take part. What will it mean to us? It must mean one of two things—everlasting joy or everlasting misery."

Then briefly Mr. Gwyn pictured the resurrection of the unjust man,—he who perhaps in his lifetime had made a mock of religion and sneered at Christianity, now, with all the sins of the past crowding up before him, standing silent, abashed, confounded in the presence of an All-searching God.

"An awful picture," continued Mr. Gwyn, "a truly awful picture"; and then his face lighted up as he spoke of the resurrection of the man who has washed away his sins in the Blood of Jesus, who has striven on earth to serve and to please Him.

The men's faces were a study: some bent forward, eagerly drinking in every word that was uttered, while others sat stolidly, betraying no sign of interest whatever. Tom Winter was among the latter; his big legs were crossed comfortably, and his eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

"My men," asked Mr. Gwyn, "which is it to be? On the use we make of this short fleeting life, you see, hangs our eternal destiny. Day by day, hour by hour, we are sowing a harvest; what shall be its fruit? 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

"Dear brothers," added Mr. Gwyn, "if conscience is at work whispering to some of you that in the past you have sown to the flesh, sow to it no longer; listen to what the Bible says, 'He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption'; it also

tells us that the Saviour has given the gracious promise, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

A short prayer followed, and then a hymn was sung.

Down the hill Tom strided at a swinging pace through the darkness, never uttering a word, till his cottage door was reached; then he turned and said sharply, "Good night, mate; tell grannie I've kept my word, but I'll never be such a fool as to let her get out of me such a promise again!"

(To be continued.)

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.

II.—POINTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW.

Incumbents' Retiring Pension.—That the amount of the retiring pension is to be fixed with reference to the net annual value of the benefice at the date of the Incumbent's resignation, and that, having once been so fixed, it is not liable to subsequent diminution in consequence of any decrease in the net annual value of the benefice.

Orders of the Clergy.—That Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are the ministerial orders known to the Church of England. In the Bishop is vested the power of ordination. Deacons, when licensed by the Bishop so to do, may preach and administer the holy sacrament of Baptism. When Deacons become Priests, they are further empowered to celebrate and administer the Holy Communion, and

are also enabled to hold a benefice.

Qualifying Ages for Orders of the Clergy.—That except by dispensation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, no person can be ordained Deacon whose age is under twenty-three, nor ordained Priest under twenty-four. That a Bishop of the Church of England, when consecrated, must be full thirty years of age.



Three Archbishops.—That previous to the reign of Henry I., in addition to the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York, there was the Archbishop of Caerleon in Wales, but during Henry's reign the See of Caerleon, and all the bishops in Wales became, as they have remained ever since, subject to the See of Canterbury.

Churchwardens and the Offertory.—That Churchwardens or other persons appointed to collect the offerings of the people at public worship are obliged, when so required by the Incumbent, to place the amounts which they have collected in the alms-dish, and that when collections for ordinary Church Expenses are made at the morning and evening services in parish Churches, the Churchwardens are the proper custodians of the moneys so collected, and the amounts thus realised should by them be deposited in a bank, and placed to an account in their joint names.

Churchwarden's Refusal to Sign Cheque.—That a Churchwarden, unreasonably refusing to sign a cheque on the Churchwardens' account, for the payment of proper Church Expenses, is liable to a criminal suit in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Churchwardens' Powers.—That Churchwardens have custody of the Church only under the Incumbent, but have right to all reasonable access to the building for the lawful performance of the duties of their office. That they have no power whatsoever to interfere with the conduct of the services of the Church, except to prevent unseemly conduct, or any kind of interruption. That in order to avoid or prevent these, they have power to remove the disturber, or intending disturber, from the Church, and to exclude him from the congregation, but they have no power, without a faculty, to remove from the Chancel, or other part of the Church, any ornaments, decorations, or furniture, which they may consider to have been unlawfully introduced.

Civil Parochial Offices of Churchwardens.—That all the civil offices which, *ex-officio*, belonged to churchwardens previous to the passing of the Local Government Act, 1894, were by that Act, as regards rural parishes, transferred to the Parish Council.

Church Trustees.—That under the provisions of the Compulsory Church Rate Abolition Act, 1868, a body of Church Trustees may be appointed in any parish for the purposes of acquiring and holding property for ecclesiastical objects within the parish.

Civil Powers of Vestries.—That in rural parishes all the civil powers previously belonging to their vestries have, since the passing of the Local Government Act, 1894, been transferred to Parish Councils.

Chairman of Vestry.—That though the presence of the Incumbent is not necessary to the legal constitution of a Vestry Meeting, yet if he be present he has a right to preside. That only on

his absence has the meeting a right to appoint a chairman unless there be some ancient custom to the contrary.

Organists and Organs.—That except in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, an organist, as such, has no independent status. He stands to the Incumbent in the same position as the members of the choir, and is bound to act in Divine service, as they are, under the direction of the Incumbent. He has no power over the organ except that which the Incumbent assigns to him.

Easter Offerings.—That the law of the Church of England is that Easter Offerings are by common right due to him who exercises the office of Incumbent of the parish; that the amount payable used to be twopence per head from every person in the parish over the age of sixteen. That though these and other customary offerings, as legal dues, may have in most parishes become obsolete, still, never in the history of the Church of England was it more needful for the laity liberally, by voluntary offerings, to supplement the greatly diminished incomes of the Clergy than at the present time.

A THOUGHT FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"



WHAT return are we, personally, making to our Redeemer's love? We know the only return He cares for: a life which helps, so far as it goes, to make this world really His kingdom—a life which follows Him, trying to reproduce in its own course some shadow of His love, His tenderness, His Godliness, His humility, His mercy, His hatred of sin, His courage for the truth—a life in which He lives again in the souls of His servants and followers—a life in which the Cross is set up, for our pride, our unkindness, our selfishness to be nailed to—a life in which we are neither ashamed nor afraid to have our portion, to risk our all with Christ. Oh, let us think: whether in our lives we will slight Christ, hate Him, be afraid of Him; or whether in our lives we will hold fast as to our dearest treasure, to the remembrance of His love; whether Christ Crucified shall be the real Guide, Pattern, Comfort of our days; whether by His Cross we will crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts, and by it be crucified to the world and the world to us; whether we will in sincerity try to follow that goodness and holiness which Christ showed in His life and in His death. This is the real question which Good Friday brings to us. May we seek at the Feet of the Crucified Saviour how to answer aright!

DEAN CHURCH.

A HINT TO CHURCHWARDENS.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK.

Author of "More Than Conquerors," etc.

SEVEN, as we all know, is the perfect number, and as this happens to be my seventh annual appeal to Churchwardens to revive the good old custom of presenting an Easter Offering to the Clergy, I am naturally anxious that it should prove a record year.

It may be pointed out that in the Book of Common Prayer

the Rubric which enforces the duty of making the Easter Communion, at the same time expressly enjoins the obligation to contribute to the Easter Offering; indeed, the two duties are inseparably linked together:—

¶ And note that every Parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one. And yearly at Easter every Parishioner shall reckon with the Parson, Vicar, or Curate, or his or their Deputy or Deputies; and pay to them or him all Ecclesiastical Duties, accustomedly due, then and at that time to be paid.

In view of this plain instruction may I once more appeal to the parishioners to respond cheerfully to the invitations of the Churchwardens, so that the Easter Offerings this year may be a real tribute to the esteem in which the work of the self-denying Clergy is held by the Laity? The following suggestions may prove of service:—

- (i) Have notices clearly and plainly printed, to this effect: "Your offerings on Sunday next (Easter Day) will be given to the Vicar (or Rector), and the Churchwardens ask your liberal support on this occasion."
- (ii) White cards (about four inches by three inches) are better than paper. As the card can be used year by year.
- (iii) Let these notices be placed in the seats on the Sunday before Easter Day. This serves as a reminder to the worshippers, and prevents the Clergyman having the need of making any announcement himself.

- (iv) Call on as many of the parishioners as possible during the days preceding Easter, and mention the matter. The sick may be glad of a means of adding their help to the offertory.
- (v) Write to friends temporarily absent from the parish. At Eastertide people are often from home for a day or two, and sometimes feel sorry that they have not had an opportunity of contributing.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

As a further help, and especially for the assistance of those who may be collecting the Easter Offering for the first time, I shall be happy to supply, FREE OF COST, any notices, cards, or circulars which Churchwardens desire to have. Applications should be made as early as possible, and addressed to me thus:—

MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK,
"Church Monthly" Office,
30 and 31, New Bridge Street,
Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

I may add that some thousands of notices, cards, and circulars were issued last year.



THE ANCIENT PLATE.

OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

II.—ALL SAINTS', THWING.

IT has been felt for many years that a thorough restoration of this old and very interesting Church was necessary, and, as it has been stated in one of the local newspapers, "the restoration of the Church will not be commenced a day too soon." The Church dates back to the early Norman period, or twelfth century, and contains a remarkably fine chancel arch, a south doorway, and a font—all of Norman work. The tympanum to the doorway is occupied by a well-preserved carving, representing the Paschal Lamb. There is a north aisle, which is divided from the nave by an arcade of five piers of the Early Pointed Style. On the south side there are two good windows of a later date.

It is proposed to preserve all the ancient features of the Church intact.

The present unsightly and inconvenient pews are to be replaced by open seats.



THWING PARISH CHURCH.

The fine old font, which had been removed from the Church, and was lying in a flower garden in another parish, has been repaired and restored with a suitable or "comely" cover.

Thomas Lamplugh, Archbishop of York (1688-91), was born at Octon, in this parish; and, it is worthy of remembrance, that in testimony of his affectionate regard for his native place, he presented to the Church its Communion plate, engraved with these words—"Thwing. In usum S. Mensæ, D.D. Thomas Ebor, MDCLXXXIX." His mother is buried in the chancel, and a Latin inscription, written by the Archbishop, appears on the marble tablet.

On the floor of the chancel lies a beautiful monument of a priest in his vestments, holding a chalice. He was probably of the De Twenge family, and of the fourteenth century. John de Twenge was Prior at Bridlington about the year 1360.

It would be impossible to carry out even a partial restoration of the Church, which is estimated at more than £2,500, without the kind help and sympathy of friends outside the parish, as the population is small, and, like other purely agricultural locali-

ties, depression has been felt to a great extent.

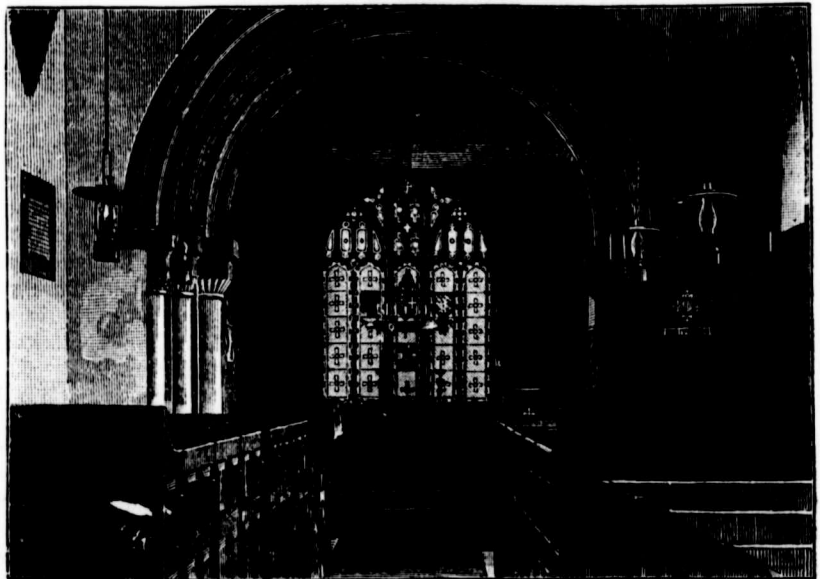
Last September Archbishop Maclagan, accompanied by the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan and Miss Beaumont, spent a considerable time in inspecting the old Church. All the points of interest were noticed, and at the conclusion of the inspection, His Grace expressed the hope that he might have the pleasure of reopening the Church when restored.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lamplugh and daughters, descendants of Archbishop Lamplugh, visited the Church on the above date.

In writing to the Rector, the Archbishop of York

says: "I am glad to hear that you are about to undertake the much-needed restoration of your Parish Church, and I trust that all who are in any way connected with the parish, and even many who are not, will give you their help in this important matter—and all the more because you are so little likely to find much assistance from local sources, owing to the nature of the parish and the financial position of the parishioners. I shall be glad to give you £10 towards this good work."

The present beloved Rector of the parish is the



THE CHANCEL.

Rev. W. Felton, who did such an excellent work at St. Mark's, Nottingham, before he entered upon his present sphere.

Our illustrations have been specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from recent photographs.

GOD AND OUR FAITH.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF
DERRY AND RAPHOE.

"Without faith it is impossible to be well pleasing unto Him ; for he that cometh unto God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him."—HEBREWS xi. 6.

HIS chapter, with its long roll of the heroes of faith, belongs entirely to the Old Testament. The faith it celebrates is not specifically Christian, nor exclusively of the chosen race, since the pagan Rahab is among the number. But heathen or patriarch or child of the covenant of works, all are inspired by faith, and to it their virtues and heroisms are all ascribed. And it is remarkable that, although Abraham is the father of the faithful,—not only because he is the first of a chosen line, and

from him a spiritual family is traced, so that "we that are of faith are the children of faithful Abraham," but also because he is the first whose faith is mentioned,—yet this passage insists upon reckoning Enoch also among the faithful. And if we ask why this is done, the answer is purely inferential : he was well-pleasing to God, but none can please Him except by faith, therefore it was by faith that Enoch pleased Him. The writer is not only certain that this is so, but certain also that his readers will accept this argument.

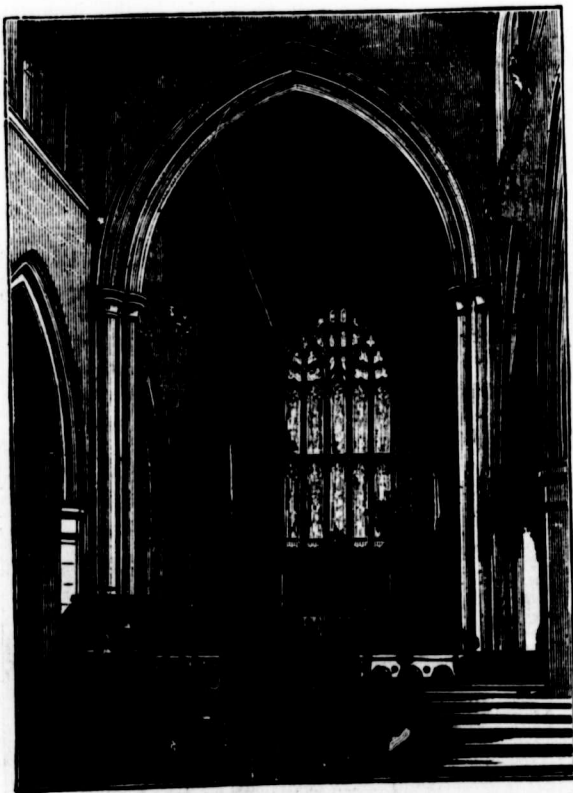
Whereupon two questions are suggested. If none can please God by any other means than by faith, what does this teach us about the mind of God ? And again, what does it tell us about the nature of faith itself, this imperative condition of all our well-being, this potent spiritual act or temper, which, like the spell of an enchanter, opens for us golden doors, and the presence chamber of the King of kings ?

1. The reason why you cannot please God without faith is plainly stated : it is because you cannot come to Him without it, without believing that He exists, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him. It is quite implied that the only way to please God is to desire and act for kindly relations with Him, not to be hostile, nor even cold, nor obedient merely, but to approach Him as a Friend and Benefactor, to come unto Him, knowing that He will reward whoever does so.

It is because none will come unto Him without believing in His goodness, that none can please Him without so much at least of faith. Now this at once teaches us more of God than it does either of man or of man's faith ; nor is there in all the Bible a more remarkable statement of the temper and mind of God toward man—remarkable not only for what it asserts, but for the confident and easy manner in which it implies and takes for granted, as common ground among all Christians, what many people of our time forget.

What it specially says is not that *God is merciful*, nor yet that He is merciful through Christ. See what the difference is, by an historical incident. At the battle of the Boyne a prisoner was brought to the Conqueror, who had done him the deadliest wrong, having deserted when trusted with such a commission as made him the basest and blackest of deserters, and one of the most mischievous.

Even a gracious king might have felt bound to inflict on him a dreadful punishment. The king said, "Well, sir ; have they had enough, or will they show more fight ?" "Upon my honour, sir," said the other, "I believe they will." "Your honour" muttered William, "your honour !" And this was all the notice he ever took of what had happened. Nothing could be more merciful,



DERRY CATHEDRAL.

but at the same time, nothing could less encourage Hamilton to seek after, or to come unto him. There was no welcome for him there.

2. Nor does it satisfy its meaning to say that *God is benevolent and generous*. You may lavish benevolence, and do it from genuine goodness of heart, anonymously; but the object of such munificence is not invited by your bounty to any personal intimacy. The most benevolent nation in the world is Britain. Wherever a great calamity occurs, a conflagration in Grindelwald or Chicago, an earthquake in the Pacific isles, a town or a province wasted by invaders, straightway there is a huge collection in the Mansion House, and the recent famine in India evoked the largest sum of money ever given in charity since the world began. Yet it is notorious that the English are the most unsociable of all nations, universally unpopular because they reject and freeze every attempt of strangers toward familiarity and personal acquaintance.

This text says not that God is benevolent, however true this is—the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works; the song of the skylark in the morning skies vibrates with a God-given joy; to the young of every creature in the meadows He gives the sportive mirth which it beguiles our care even to look at. But He seeks no intimacy with these: not to these He saith, "Come unto Me. Give Me thine heart." They praise Him all unconsciously, as the beauty of the universe, as the voices of winds and waters do. He is their anonymous Benefactor.

But we cannot please Him without approaching Him, and doing this because we are attracted, because we know that God is the great reality which underlies the universe and broods above it, and that He not only exists, but wills us to draw near to Him and rewards us for doing so.

That is to say, He sees us estranged, afraid of Him, and bids us to return and trust Him.

Our thoughts, as we hear it, go back to our first parents in the garden, and to the very beginning of human sin, which had its origin with the thought that God's warning was not a kindly warning, and might not come true, that God had forbidden us the fruit of knowledge because there is a high and joyful attainment which He grudges us. That mean thought harboured was the beginning at once of sin and of estrangement from God. It had its perfect work when, instead of returning to their Friend and saying, We have been fooled and disobedient, and now we are miserable and ashamed, they were afraid and hid among the bushes from the eyes which would have found them had they made their bed in hell. Then, as time passed, and sin grew deadlier, and generations of godless men followed upon generations, the very thought of a personal God grew dim. Some men worshipped the host of heaven, others the soul of

the universe, and the fool, muttering to himself nonsense, and even scientific nonsense, about chance or even the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, blinked at the Sun of the soul with purblind eyes and said in his heart, "There is no God."

Only, despite all theories, there brooded over the soul of man, dim and fitful yet most awful, the notion of some Supreme and Moral Governor of all, a Judge of all the earth, who doeth right. And this, to sinful and corrupt hearts, would surely have been the most overwhelming of all dreadful thoughts, had He left Himself without a witness, without speaking of His goodness by His providence, as He sent rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness. It was therefore, as He thus drew nigh to all men, that some understood and desired Him, feeling after Him if haply they might find Him. Thus, by His own act and inspiration came the first rudiments of faith, that He existed, that He would not crush us for having wandered, but would reward us if we sought after Him; and even this repealed some little of the fall, since now, instead of hiding from Him among the trees, men were saying, "O that I knew where I might find Him."

Well, you and I know where to find Him. To us it matters little whether He is only a Rewarder of them who find Him, or also, as this great verse says, of those who seek after Him, however perplexed and ignorant their quest, since even to seek implies the first seed and germ of faith. But for us the way to Him is a road with finger-posts at every turn—it is a voyage with a chart, and beacons on every cliff. And yet it would startle some of us to have to answer seriously and frankly the question, Have you ever, in all your life, seriously set yourself to find God? When you say your prayers do you stop short, and think, and remind yourself that you are actually within earshot of the Eternal? He Who called up the worlds and they came, He Who said, "Let there be light!" and there was light, ah! He is listening, and now, now, I am really asking a blessing from Him. When you read your Bible, do you think, Now it is He Who speaks, Who teaches me His will, the words are those of Matthew or John, but the message to my soul is His—"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!" When you enter the House of God, do you say, "Here very specially He has promised to meet me: let me be earnest, and collected, and solemn, as in the presence of God?"

And when He offered you, as at the Lord's Table He does verily and indeed offer, His pure humanity to heal and feed your sin-stricken and fainting humanity, did you ever really say, "Christ is now fulfilling His own tremendous prayer, 'I in them and Thou (the Father) in Me, that we all may be One'?"

Prayer, the Bible, Church, Sacraments, all of them full, as you know they are, of Christ, of God in Christ, of a God Who may well be approached because He

forgives and pardons and loves us,—what are all these to the loveless hearts which refuse to make the effort to find God in them?

“Without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing to Him, for he that cometh unto Him must believe that He is, and that He is a Rewarder of them that seek after Him”: what then of men who never make the attempt really to draw near to God at all?

I began with two questions, and the second was, What is saving faith? But in answering the first, we have practically answered this as well. It is not the mere grasp of doctrines by the intellect, nor yet a cheerful satisfaction with my own position toward God, it is chiefly concerned not with any theories, but with the great and loving God about Whom we theorise: it bids us come to Him, He loves us, He has bought us, He will reward us well for coming. Faith is an exertion as much to the heart as to the head. Faith is such as the poet has well sung:—

“I found Him, not in world or sun
Or eagle's wing or insect's eye,
Nor through the questions men may try
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

“If e'er when faith had fallen asleep
I heard a voice, ‘Believe no more,’
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep—

“A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing season's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, ‘I have felt.’

“No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying knows his Father near.”

And the movement of the child in his trouble toward the protecting warmth of his Father's presence, this is Faith.



A MESSAGE FOR EVERY READER.

THERE will be room for you in GOD'S HOUSE on GOOD FRIDAY. You will be expected there on GOOD FRIDAY. If you are absent you will be missed. Where will you spend GOOD FRIDAY? GOOD FRIDAY is a Holy Day; pray do not make GOOD FRIDAY a holiday, or, what is worse, a folly day. Give GOOD FRIDAY to GOD, WHO gave HIS ONLY SON for you.

“O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save us and help us we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord!”



EGGS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

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

IN the springtime new-laid eggs are to be obtained in abundance. Most of the adult barn-door fowls—having either been slowly passing through their moult, or resting after it, through the long winter months—have now joined the rest of nature in resuming active life. Or the late-hatched chicks, so generally found in the country, have just attained their slowly-arrived-at puberty, and have begun to add to the store of plentiful eggs.

In March and April all the “feathered world” are following their natural instincts, and are producing the eggs which contain the embryo chick, in order to propagate their species. Hence it is that eggs are everywhere to be found, from the nest of the linnet or thrush in the garden, or the sparrow under the eaves, to the hen in the farmer's barn or the cottager's tiny hen-roost.

This plenteousness of eggs in springtime has doubtless had something to do with the ancient and universal custom of “giving eggs.” Ancient writers affirm that the Egyptians regarded it as symbolical of the reinstallation of the human race after the deluge, and that the Jews held it as typical of their deliverance from bondage, while it is certain that Christians regard the customs which cluster around the “Easter egg” as typical of the Resurrection. Many beautiful and instructive thoughts appropriate to the season are connected with these pleasing customs, but I cannot stay now to speak of them, as my object is the more practical one of trying to induce the cottager to obtain, all the year round, a plentiful supply of home-grown eggs.

There is only one opinion among the learned as to the exceeding value of eggs for their nutritive properties. There is no more concentrated or strength-giving form of food, nor when the egg is fresh and properly cooked, is any food more easily digested. Both these important truths may indeed be easily inferred from the fact that the entire body of the chick;—bone, brain, flesh and muscle, is formed

from the white of the egg during the process of incubation, while the sac which contains the yolk of the egg is absorbed by the embryo chick the day before it leaves the shell, and is sufficient for its entire nourishment during the first few days of its life, being full of warmth and strength-giving properties. The egg is much more nourishing, weight for weight, than butcher's meat, and is therefore the cheapest form of animal food which can be provided, even when it has to be *bought*. It is *much* the cheapest when it is produced at home, and many a young and growing family would be benefited in many ways if the trouble were taken to produce this home supply. In thousands of homes where flesh meat is a luxury which can be rarely indulged in, eggs would supply the place, and in others would supply an appetising and agreeable change. And the tedious monotony of many a country life would be brightened by the constant interest the little flock of hens and chickens would arouse, and the same has been found to be true of many a back tenement in our great towns and cities. And lest this last statement should draw a comment about the nuisance to one's neighbours of the shrill crowing cock in his perpetual challenge to his rival next door, let me say at once that there is no need for this "lord of the harem" where the main object is the production of eggs. The hens would lead quite as happy and contented a life without him, the egg-basket would be just as full, and the hens would be no nuisance even to those who lived next door, as their "cackle" or "cawk" is only gentle music in the daytime, and ceases as dusk approaches.

Now in order to obtain the greatest amount of *profit* out of poultry as egg producers the most important item is to *hatch them in the early spring*.

If you are inclined to take up the larger and more slowly maturing breeds, such as the Langshan, the Plymouth Rock, or the Orpington, March and early April are the best months to hatch. If you choose any of the numerous Leghorn family—white, brown, buff, duckwing, or black, or the black Minorca, or blue Andalusian—then April or even the first week in May is early enough to hatch. The object of getting the pullets hatched at this time is to get them fully matured by about Michaelmas, when they will commence to lay, and if properly attended to will lay right on till near Easter. By laying thus during the late autumn and winter, when eggs are scarce, good prices will be realised for any surplus eggs—one egg in these months being worth twice or three times as much as eggs at Easter-time, when every one has plenty. Besides this production of winter eggs your fowls will lay in spring as well, after a little rest, and continue through the summer, for this is the season when the call of nature is so strong that all birds, good and bad layers alike, obey the call. This is the *golden secret* between poultry paying or not paying.

If any readers of this paper wish to know how to

proceed to do this, I would briefly point out one or two ways.

If you have your poultry-house ready, then borrow or buy a broody hen or two and get one or more sittings of eggs from some reliable source, remembering that if you reckon on hatching and rearing four or five pullets from a sitting you will have a "fortunate" average, since there are usually as many cockerels as pullets. If you consult the pages of such weekly periodicals devoted to poultry as *Fowls*, *Feathered World*, or *Poultry*, you will find many vendors; and from the same sources you will find little flocks of newly hatched chickens offered by the dozen at prices varying from five shillings to twenty-one shillings per dozen. In this latter case you should buy a broody hen with them, or else have learnt how to manage a foster mother; but for the small cottager in town or country a hen is to be preferred. If your object is to get plenty of eggs I cannot too strongly urge the claims of the Leghorn, especially if your fences or walls are high enough, say seven feet, to keep them within bounds. The Minorca also answers very well, is not so wild, and lays a larger egg, but is more delicate and wants shelter from north and east winds if it is to lay in winter. The buff Orpington as well as the black is an excellent winter layer, as well as being a good table fowl. A low fence of four or five feet will keep them within bounds, and they are very tame. The same remark applies to the Rock and the Langshan. But each of these three latter breeds do not lay so many eggs in summer as the Leghorn or Minorca, as the majority of them are certain to be broody.

When the stock has to be replenished (and it is better only to keep the hens for two seasons, killing or selling them before the moult at the end of the second season) it may be done by purchasing a few more eggs or by keeping a cockerel just for the breeding season, say February to May.

It will be noticed that I am in favour of pure-bred fowls. The reason is, I think they look so much nicer; the cockerels, and the progeny generally, fetch more money as stock birds when you wish to sell them, and if the right variety to suit the place be chosen they lay as many eggs; a good average for the Leghorn being one hundred and fifty per annum, and for the heavier breeds one hundred and twenty.

If cross-bred fowls are preferred as being cheaper, and a little hardier perhaps, take care that it is a *first* cross and not a barn-door mongrel. The best crosses I know for egg production are the Langshan-Minorca and the Leghorn-Plymouth Rock, either of which will stand any climate or situation, are easily kept within bounds, and are marvellous layers of tinted eggs. If these hints are accepted and acted upon *in good time*, I am sure they will be a source of innocent pleasure, and, if well carried out, of considerable profit.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

III. THE BISHOP OF ISLINGTON.

THE Rt. Rev. Charles Henry Turner, D.D., Lord Bishop of Islington, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Turner, [treasurer of Guy's Hospital, who in 1827 was Second Wrangler



THE BISHOP OF ISLINGTON.

and Senior Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge. The Bishop was educated at Sir Roger Cholmeley's School, Highgate, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which society he was a scholar. In 1864 he took his degree as Tenth Wrangler, and four years later was ordained to the Curacy of Godmanchester. He was Resident Chaplain to the Bishop of London (Dr. Jackson) from 1873 to 1877, when he resumed parochial work as Vicar of St. Saviour's, Fitzroy Square. After five years in St. Pancras he succeeded Prebendary Harry Jones as Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, a position which he held for fifteen years, and resigned in 1897. Mr. Turner became a Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rural Dean of Stepney in 1893. Two years later he was appointed an Honorary Chaplain to her Majesty, and later on became a Chaplain-in-Ordinary. The Bishop has taken a most active part in the religious and social life of London, and has served as Examining Chaplain under three Bishops of London. He is married to a daughter of the late Dr. McDougall, Bishop of Labuan, and subsequently Canon of Winchester and Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight. Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a new photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.

THE CHOICE OF RECITATIONS.

BY THE REV. CYRIL EDWARDS, M.A.,
Curate of Petersfield.

IT really seems an extraordinary thing that in these days of good and cheap literature there should be any difficulty in the selection of suitable recitations for the many entertainments which serve to brighten our parochial life. And yet again and again the complaint is heard that the programme was spoilt by the choice of some totally unsuitable subject, and that offence has been given to every right-minded person in the audience. Even at social gatherings held under the auspices of Church societies it sometimes happens that Bible subjects are held up to ridicule, and even the Holy Names are not treated with the reverence due to them. There is no reason to think that any one would knowingly offend in this way, or give an improper recitation. It is either want of thought or lack of subjects that leads to a result so deplorable. This is much to be regretted, as the taking of a little trouble in this matter would not only remove all risk of giving offence, but would be the means of adding a gem even to a brilliant programme. The mine is deep, but the diligent searcher will find precious stones all around him. He may even pick up that brightest of jewels which reflects the Heavenly light.

It may not be amiss therefore to give some

practical assistance in the matter of selection. To begin with, there are old favourites, such as "The Spanish Armada," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Dover Express." These well rendered are sure to be well received. There are also many well-written poems which commemorate the latest battles of the British Army, and bring to the minds of home-dwelling people the bravery that has won our Empire. "Homespun Yarns," by Edwin Collier, and the "Century Reciter," contain many pieces which would enrich any programme. And who can listen to the beautiful "Recessional," by Rudyard Kipling, in which the radiance of the Diamond Jubilee casts the shadow of a timely warning across a nation's joy, without feeling uplifted by its stately grandeur? Mention should also be made of another poem by the same author, entitled "White Horses." It was published in the first number of *Literature*, and it teaches one something new of the beauty of our language. And if a lighter strain is needed the supply is even more plentiful. How often has some passage from Dickens, such as Sam Weller's "Love Letter," invigorated a weary audience. Or again let the reciter get hold of that most amusing piece, "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo." This adds a new page to the history of that time. Another one which has lately been on the programme at the Egyptian Hall is entitled "The Bishop and the Caterpillar," describing the abyss into which the prelate was plunged by the simple question of a village boy, and his episcopal efforts to extricate himself.

In addition to these, there are Calverley's poems, which seem to be written on purpose for recitations. And if we look across the water there is an abundant supply of suitable subjects from the books of the American humourists. But there is no need to mention any more by name. With such a choice one cannot help wondering why there should be any temptation to descend to anything that is objectionable. I know that these books and recitations are not within the reach of every one. But there is at least one house in every parish where advice may be sought, and a book may be borrowed.

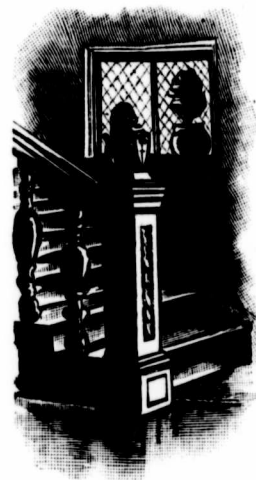
Let the young man who is gifted with a good memory choose a good recitation and learn it off by heart. Let him then seek some lonely spot where he can declaim it to the winds or waves; and when he has completely mastered it, let him find a more attentive audience. I can promise him a good reception. He has taken pains. He has added to the enjoyment of many. From that time forward no entertainment will be fixed till his convenience has been consulted.

For a good recitation gives real pleasure to all who are present to hear it. Many and many an evening has been enlivened by the efforts of the reciter who has stepped in to relieve the monotony of a long list of songs. It is an opportunity which is far too valu-

able to be abused. For there are heights within the reciter's reach to which he may raise his audience; there are pictures which he can paint with such vividness that they will not fade from the wall of memory. Perhaps many of the young soldiers who participated in the glorious victory of Omdurman can trace their first inspiration to the village entertainment, where some thrilling and true tale of British pluck was their bugle call to arms; perhaps the introduction to more peaceful scenes has nerved others to be faithful unto death on the greater battlefield of life.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.



IN this series of papers it is proposed to consider one particular disease, and the nursing treatment required for it—viz., typhoid fever.

Typhoid is selected as being a *typical* malady for the illustration of good nursing, inasmuch as when any one has learnt how to nurse a severe case of it, she is from that time able to nurse, and is fit to be trusted to nurse, a sick person in and through any illness whatever. And the reason is this: all the general principles of nurs-

ing treatment and all the details of nursing treatment have to be applied in such a case, and therefore a nurse who is equipped for typhoid is ready for anything else that may come.

It is true that there are slight cases of typhoid when the three weeks—the shortest period this fever can run—may be a time of comparative ease to the patient and apparently little trouble or anxiety to the nurse; but all the while the gravest issues are involved, and the danger of most serious complications arising is always present. This the doctor knows from the beginning: it is this knowledge which makes him look grave when perhaps the patient and his friends think that all is going well. It is of the greatest importance to realize the seriousness of what *may* happen in a case of typhoid, however slight, not indeed in order that those who are attending the sick person may be frightened and thereby rendered unfit for their duty, but that they may see the necessity of absolutely strict obedience to all the orders given by the doctor. Such obedience, implicit and unquestioning, will often prevent a patient from being attacked by other terrible illnesses in addition to typhoid. For typhoid does not always run a simple course of three

weeks; it may last for three months, and it will become clear, as we proceed, how it is that a nurse who patiently, faithfully, wisely tends a sufferer through those twelve anxious weeks builds up for herself a nursing reputation which will henceforth be without reproach.

Now let us consider briefly and simply and without using scientific terms—

1. What typhoid is.
2. What is its cause.
3. What are its symptoms, or how does it show itself.

We do this in order that we may intelligently carry out that which more directly concerns us—viz., the nursing treatment of typhoid. The answers to our three questions are:

1. Typhoid is an active disease, in which parts of the bowel or intestine have become ulcerated.

2. The cause of this disease is a poison carried through one of at least three different channels:

- (1). Polluted or impure water.
- (2). Foul air from drains, cesspools, etc.
- (3). Milk—*i.e.*, either from tainted water being mixed with the milk, or from the milk-pans being washed out with tainted water.

3. There are different ways in which a patient may show that he has been attacked by typhoid. He may complain of severe headache, the pain being in the forehead; he may be very languid, and feel chills strike him; he may suffer pains in his limbs; he may have attacks of diarrhoea and sickness; his skin will be dry and harsh, and there will be a dull heavy flush over his face, or else it will be very pale; his tongue will be dry and furred, and he may suffer from great restlessness. These are some of the ways in which typhoid shows itself; and they are mentioned here in order to enforce the advisability of sending for the doctor as soon as it is seen that any one is suffering in these ways, and that the suffering persists. The doctor should be sent for *at once*; delay may be most dangerous, and would certainly be unwise.

In the meanwhile the patient should be sent to bed, and if possible made to lie flat. There are two things, in fact, which it is never wrong to do while waiting for the doctor. Not only should the patient be sent to bed, but also, if he be in pain, a hot linseed poultice should be applied.

And here we come to what immediately and most closely concerns us—viz., the nursing treatment under the doctor's directions of a patient suffering from typhoid. The doctor's first aim and object is to heal the ulcers of the bowel, to which reference has been already made. What he dreads is that they may get larger and then break.

1. What, then, will be his first injunction? He will say that the patient must remain in bed until he is perfectly recovered; he will, in a word, prescribe *absolute rest*. Cases have been known where persons suffering from typhoid went about all the time they

had this fever "on them," as the phrase goes. The only possible end of this was death. It will be explained later why in such cases recovery is impossible.

(To be continued.)

HOMELY COOKERY.

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

	Parkin Biscuits.	Average Cost.
		d.
½ lb. flour		½
½ " oatmeal		½
½ " treacle		1
1 oz. butter		1
1 tablespoonful sugar		
½ teaspoonful carbonate of soda		½
½ " ground ginger		½
		3½

Mix in a basin the flour, oatmeal, soda and ginger, and a pinch of salt. Melt in a small saucepan the treacle, butter, and sugar; then stir on to the other ingredients, and mix to a stiff dough. Form into balls, put them on a greased baking sheet a few inches apart, and bake twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

"WHY, IT'S EMPTY!"

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 69.)

"WHY, it's empty!" said Polly, in a tone of pained surprise which was dreadful to listen to.

"Yes, it is," said Jane, "and yet it was put on the top shelf just by the pickles!"

Both the little maids felt terribly disappointed at finding that a pot labelled with big, gaping letters J A M should prove to be such a sham. There had been much whispering, and head shaking, and walking on tiptoe, and mysterious planning of chairs, etc., between the two little mischievous girls, with the view of tasting that jam, and now to find out that the pot was quite cleaned out proved a bitter disappointment.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked Jane.

"Why, put it back, of course," said Polly.

And it was put back; but before Jane could climb down from the chair their mother had found them out.

"Oh, you little meddlesome things, whatever have you been up to?"

"Bo-o-o-o-h! It's both our faults. We only thought we'd have a tiny, tiny taste of jam, and there wasn't any," explained Jane.

"Yes; and if there had been any you would have been stealing," said the mother.

Poor things! What a terrible mistake they had made! How ashamed they were! No wonder that they hung down their heads when their father was told all about it. No wonder that they went to bed very sorrowful. Jane, however, quite regained her character next day, for she solemnly told her mother that "whenever she again saw a pot labelled J A M she would shut her eyes so as not to see it," and Polly promptly said she would do the same.

"Oh, you little bothers! Never mind shutting your eyes, but whenever you want some jam, come and ask mother, and if you deserve it you'll perhaps get it," was the mother's kind promise.

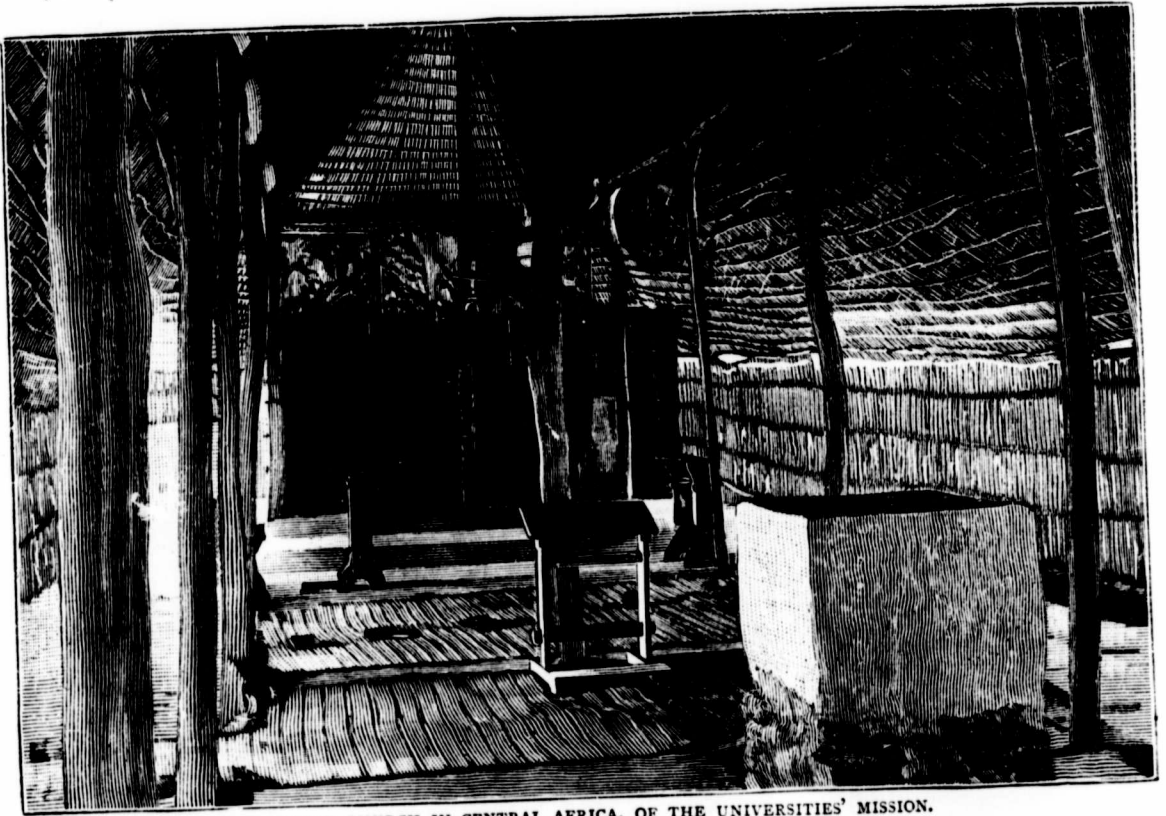
Let us hope that both Polly and Jane will try their very best to deserve it.

CECIL CLARIS.



"WHY, IT'S EMPTY."

Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by J. HILL.



A NATIVE CHURCH IN CENTRAL AFRICA, OF THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION.

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

“What Hath God Wrought!”

“Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.”

IN 1883, there were five Christians in Uganda. To-day there are 13 native clergy, 610 lay catechists, 119 women workers, 400 churches, 27,000 worshippers, 60,000 who can read the Gospels, 11,950 who have been baptized, 3,355 catechumens, 3,641 communicants; and there have been baptized during the last year 4,678 persons. Truly the blood of the martyred Hannington and the black boys of Uganda have been the seed of the Church.

If the great heart, Livingstone, who opened the door of the Gospel in Central Africa, could have known the blessed results of his prayers and labours, how his heart would have rejoiced! And if angels are ministering servants to heirs of salvation, may we not believe that he rejoices with them at what God hath wrought? Uganda is not the only miracle of missions. South Africa can tell a like story of the triumphs of Christian faith. The Church there has had greater difficulties to overcome—the evil example of white men, and the heretical teaching of the Church's sons. God raised up for Himself, in Bishop Gray, of Capetown, one who, like Athanasius, contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Under his wise leadership, and that of the present metropolitan and bishops of South Africa, a great work has been done, and when we remember there are there to-day four hundred churches, we say: “What hath God wrought!”—BISHOP WHIPPLE.

“After Two Years.”

TWO years ago a Mission was begun at Port Limon, the chief seaport of Costa Rica, Central America. The work is entirely among settlers from the West Indian Islands. These people, upon leaving the West Indies, left not only their home, but also their Church and Christian influence, and all the means of grace which, as full Church members, they enjoyed. Their children remained unbaptized and untaught, and they themselves were without their Sunday services and Holy Communion. The opening of the Mission has effected a great change. During the two years 550 services have been held, all well attended and of the heartiest character; 140 little ones have been baptized, 64 adults confirmed, and 36 couples married, while the contributions of the people have amounted to \$7,800. Well may the Missionary (the Rev. H. A. Ansell) and his Diocesan (the Bishop of Honduras) feel thankful and encouraged.—*From the Gospel Missionary.*

“On Keeping Sunday.”

ONE of the Society's Missionaries in Corea visited Fusan last summer for the sake of his health. On his arrival there he was met by two Japanese Christians who had been baptized in the Church in Japan. No services whatever in their own language had been said for years in Fusan, and these two Christians had been living without any one to help them, and yet they had said morning or evening prayer every Sunday.

The Missionary adds: “When I asked one of them to read the first lesson I found he knew it, which I venture to think few Englishmen would know after being away from Church privileges for four years.”—*From the Gospel Missionary.*

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

A HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

Music by ALFRED REDHEAD.

(Organist and Choirmaster S. Augustine's, Kilburn.)

Words by WATTS.

VOICES IN UNISON. *Slow and solemnly.*

VOICES.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;

ORGAN.

HARMONY.

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to His Blood.

3. See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.





“WEE WILLIE”;

OR,

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING—BUT WHERE

“**W**HERE'S my bat and where's my ball
I left them both just *there*.
I don't see where they're gone at all

I've got no time to spare.

O Jack, just fetch my fishing-rod,
It's vanished, I'll be bound.

Well, there! I call it downright odd,
There's nothing to be found.

“Well, I must go without them, then.
Wherever can they be?

And all the boys—let's look again—
Won't wait, I know, for me.

So, Jack, I'm going. Have a look
And see if *you* can find
The bat and ball and rod and hook,
And follow up behind.”

So off at lightning speed he goes,
Without his bat or ball,
His cricket cap drawn o'er his nose,
Regardless of a fall.

And Jack ('twas hard), left in the lurch,
Obed his playmate's will
And carried on the fruitless search.
No doubt he's looking still.

JOHN LEA.

BURIED TRUTH.

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

IN which three neighbouring Old Testament verses are we virtually taught that “God's service is perfect freedom?”
In which New Testament verse are we taught much the same in five consecutive words?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

13. What was David's argument for victory over Goliath?
14. Who chose to suffer affliction, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin?
15. To what does an Apostle compare the Law?
16. Whose wrath is heavier than either stone or sand?
17. Where does St. Paul describe himself as a soldier, a runner, and a guardian?
18. What special claim does St. Paul make about his Apostleship and Gospel?

. *Full particulars as to our prizes for the best answers to these questions and puzzles were given last month.*

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

VII.—ACROSTIC.

My initials and finals read downwards display
A contrast as great as the night and the day.

1. A collar's companion.
2. A girl's name.
3. One whom we all owe a duty.
4. A railway often patronised a holiday.
5. The mariner's rest.
6. A fishmonger's quisite.
7. What the papers are full of.
8. The property of every animal, and sometimes said to belong to walls

VIII.—RIDDLE.

The beginning of Eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every race.

IX.—CHARADE.

1. Often petted by woman and child, and chased away when fierce and wild.
2. A patient beast with a noisy song, when bid to right is sure to go wrong.
3. A flag of triumph borne from afar, when home returns our gallant tar.
4. My whole may cause many tears to flow, a very sad end and a terrible woe.

JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

The Lenten services in both churches were fairly well attended; in one or two cases, remarkably so. The incumbent preached in the evenings a course of sermons the characteristics of a true branch of Christ's church, stating them to be as follows: The Episcopalism of Government, Ceremonial Services, Confirmation of Members, Liturgical Worship, The Eucharistic Sacrament, Scriptural Standards, Infant Baptism, Alms and Charities. For memory's sake he showed that these words had for their initial letters the letters composing the word *Ecclesia*, the Latin name for the congregation of the faithful or "The Church." During the month offerings for the Apportionment continued to be received, thus lightening the labor of collectors who were finally requested to call upon contributors.

On Sunday, the 15th, the incumbent preached on the life and work of St. Patrick. In the course of the sermon he read portions of the so-called "breast-plate" of the saint, and pointed out the interesting fact that this profession or creed lacked the doctrines peculiar to the Church of Rome. He stated that the belief entertained by the eminent apostle of Ireland was similar to the held by loyal members of the Anglican Church of America, and remarked that St. Patrick's Day might be celebrated by the latter without in the least degree detracting their attitude of firm adherence to the principles of the Reformation.

During the month lantern lessons on the Holy Land were given in the S. S. building in Jarvis, the attendance excellent and the interest considerable. The offerings received by the incumbent at these and similar meetings since the beginning of last autumn have been sufficient to allow the purchase of nearly three dozen lantern slides, which have been found highly helpful in carrying on the work. During the autumn offerings had been liberally given in Hagersville at the Church Histories lectures, and these sums were added to the Jarvis contributions. The incumbent hopes to give Hagersville other courses of lantern lessons. The chief difficulty has been the lack of a suitable building.

Incidentally about \$26.00 spent in slides Mr. Spencer has received \$25.00 for the Trinity College Mission in Japan, which is used in lessening the debt on the church built by Mr. F. W. Kennedy of Matsumoto. The latter sum has been obtained at meetings held in York, Port Dover, Port Maitland, South Cayuga and Dunnville. Mr. Spencer desires to thank those kind parishioners of Hagersville, who have shown him hospitality during the winter. The privilege of remaining at a comfortable house for the night and of obtaining suitable shelter for his four-footed servant has been highly appreciated.

After making careful enquiry respecting possible candidates for Confirmation the incumbent has decided not to request the Bishop to visit the parish for "the laying on of hands" in the early part of the coming summer. He hopes to have the autumn of this year or in the following spring

there will be a considerable number of young persons "ready and desirous to be confirmed." At present a few are of sufficient age, but it is thought to be well to wait for others.

The following interesting particulars were obtained from the report of the Jarvis Women's Guild, recently presented.

Guild organized in 1890.

Given to church building fund since that time	\$1187 47
Two memorial church windows	30 00
Sunday School repairs, etc.	694 40
Cash in bank	55 00
	<hr/>
	\$1966 87

Members—25.
Monthly fee—10c.
Meetings held weekly.

This shows excellent and admirable work, and should encourage the members of the congregation to give the Guild their heartiest support.

CALEDONIA.

Canon Fornerett, of All Saints, Hamilton, on Tuesday, 13th inst., and Rev. E. Whitcombe, of St. Matthews', Hamilton, on Thursday, 22nd inst., preached eloquent Lenten sermons in St. Paul's church, large congregations being present. Canon Sutherland, of St. Mark's Hamilton, is expected to preach on Friday, 30th inst., and the Rev. Mr. Wade of the Ascension church, Hamilton, is expected for Tuesday, April 3rd. These visiting clergy are greatly adding to the people's interest in the Lenten services.

