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CHRIST CHURCH, NANTICOKE

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THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

The Rural Dean purposes, D.V., spending September in Manitoba and acting as locum tenens for Rev. J. T. Roundthwaite of Deloraine. The latter will take a vacation in Ontario.

**

DEANERY CONFERENCE

To the Rev. the Clergy and the Lay Members of the Church in the Deanery of Haldimand :

MY DEAR BRETHREN, —

The Bishop of the Diocese has signified to me his intention of holding (D.V.) a conference with us in Dunnville on Tuesday, October 7th, 1902.

His Lordship named the following subjects for discussion, each to be introduced by a 10 minutes paper by a Clergyman or Layman :—

1. The Deanery Report as contained in the "Report on the state of the Church"
2. The bearing of the Ontario Census on the Church in the Deanery.
3. The Sunday School work of the Church.
4. Non-attendance at the services of the Church—causes and cure.

The Conference will be opened by a celebration of Holy Communion in St. Paul's Church at 10 a. m. ; and a Confirmation Service will be held in the evening, at which the Bishop will preach a sermon on the Conference.

While the laity generally are cordially invited to attend this Conference, it is specially urged upon the Wardens and Lay-delegates of the several parishes to be present.

I ask my brethren the incumbents of our parishes to exert their influence towards securing a goodly attendance of their officials.

Just before the Conference a circular will be issued by the Deanery Secretary as a reminder.

Yours very sincerely.

C. SCUDAMORE.

THE MISSION OF NANTICOKE AND CHEAPSIDE.

The early history of this mission and the beginning of things in general in it are largely involved in shadows of uncertainty. No Registers or documents are at hand to say definitely when the mission was established, who were the first clergy, or what were the dates of their incumbency. We go largely upon tradition. However, it appears that work in the mission began in the neighborhood of Cheapside. The first services were held, in what was then known as McGaw's schoolhouse, by the Rev. Francis Evans of Woodhouse township and about the year 1846. He was followed by the Rev. B. C. Hill, of York. These clergymen paid only monthly visits to McGaw's

schoolhouse. During the last years of Rev. Hill's incumbency Mr. John Vencke of Nanticoke was licensed as lay-reader to assist in the work at Cheapside and other stations. About this time also another layman, Mr. Wm. Wood, was licensed for the mission, and under him the first church in Nanticoke was erected.

Mr. Wood was followed by the Rev. Thos. S. Campbell, who lived in Nanticoke as the first resident clergyman. Rev. Campbell was in turn succeeded by Rev. Solomon Briggs, whose six years' incumbency began in 1858, or twelve years after the mission was opened. It is said that under him the present church at Cheapside was built. Then followed the incumbency of Rev. Jas. Morton, 1864-1868. It must be remembered that during all these years Nanticoke and Cheapside were but parts of a large mission whose bounds were rather undefined but which must have embraced almost the whole township of Walpole. The country was a wilderness. There were no railways, and the Bishop in his annual visits travelled from Toronto in open sleigh or carriage.

We now come to the incumbency of the Rev. John Francis. According to the annals of the Parish of Jarvis, as contained in the Feb. number of the Deanery Magazine. Mr. Francis labored in Walpole for ten years, 1868-1878. It was during this period that our present church register was opened, the first entries recording the baptism of Hannah and Harriet Cooper, Nov. 1st, 1872, by the Rev. John Irwin. Hence we conclude that in about the fourth year of Rev. Francis' incumbency Nanticoke and Cheapside were constituted a mission by themselves with Rev. John Irwin as first incumbent, 1872-1874. Rev. Irwin was followed by Rev. John H. Fletcher, 1874-1875, he in turn by Rev. Percy Smith, 1875-78. Under Mr. Smith the present parsonage was begun and almost completed. The next pastor was the Rev. Gabriel Johnston in 1878, who stayed only a short time. Then followed the comparatively long incumbency of the Rev. John Seaman, 1879-1890. Judging by the register the Rev. Seaman's work was almost equal to that of all the others combined who had charge of the mission since it was founded. These brief incumbencies follow: Rev. Alfred Bonny, 1891-1893; Rev. Alfred Gaffen, 1893-1896; Rev. C. Walter McWilliams, 1897; Rev. E. H. Molony, 1897-1900. From June 1900 to June 1901 the work was taken by Mr. J. D. Hull, a student of Wycliffe College, Toronto; and at various times in the absence of the incumbent or in case of a vacancy services have been held by two licensed lay-readers, Mr. A. R. Low and Mr. S. A. Thompson both of Nanticoke. In June, 1901, the Bishop appointed the Rev. T. H. Cotton, who continues up to the present time incumbent of the mission.

The first church building in Nanticoke,

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LAUNCHING THE BOAT.

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

Engraved by C. LYDON.



A SERMON IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

BY THE REV. E. F. CROSSE, *Vicar of S. Luke's, Barrow-in-Furness.*

Psalm v., verse 8. Lead me, O Lord: make Thy way plain.

This text gives us two thoughts, and there is much we can learn from them, and he is a true man of God who rules his life by them.

“Lead me, O Lord.”

These are words for a saint, and none but he who knows what it is to love God more than all the things in life can use them from his heart and mean what he says.

When we so stand that there are no means by which we can get our own way, then most of us try to say, “Thy will be done,” and think we are so good thus to give up to the will of God what we can in no way rule by our own will. “Thy will be done” man says with his lips, but in his heart he adds, “but let Thy will be those things which I want and which I would like.”

Our Lord did the will of God from choice not by force, and the saint of God must be like Him. He who loves God with all his heart will trust Him with all his life. When we learn to love God then we learn to trust Him; and the more we know of God the more we feel we must trust in Him and trust to Him, so it is quite true these are words for a saint to say, “Lead me, O Lord.”

“Thy way, not mine, O Lord, if light or dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand. Choose Thou the path for me,
I dare not choose my lot. I would not if I might.
Choose Thou for me, O God, for Thy choice must be right.

And when we ask God in the text to lead us we ask Him, too, to make His own way plain. “Lead me, O Lord: make Thy way plain,” so that we may know and feel quite sure what is the will of God.

I am sure that most of us wish to be led by God and to do His will, but there are times when the mind does not see the best course. We want to do what is wise and we want God to make His way—the wise way—plain, so that we may be wise in our homes, in our work and in all those points where the lives of men touch our life.

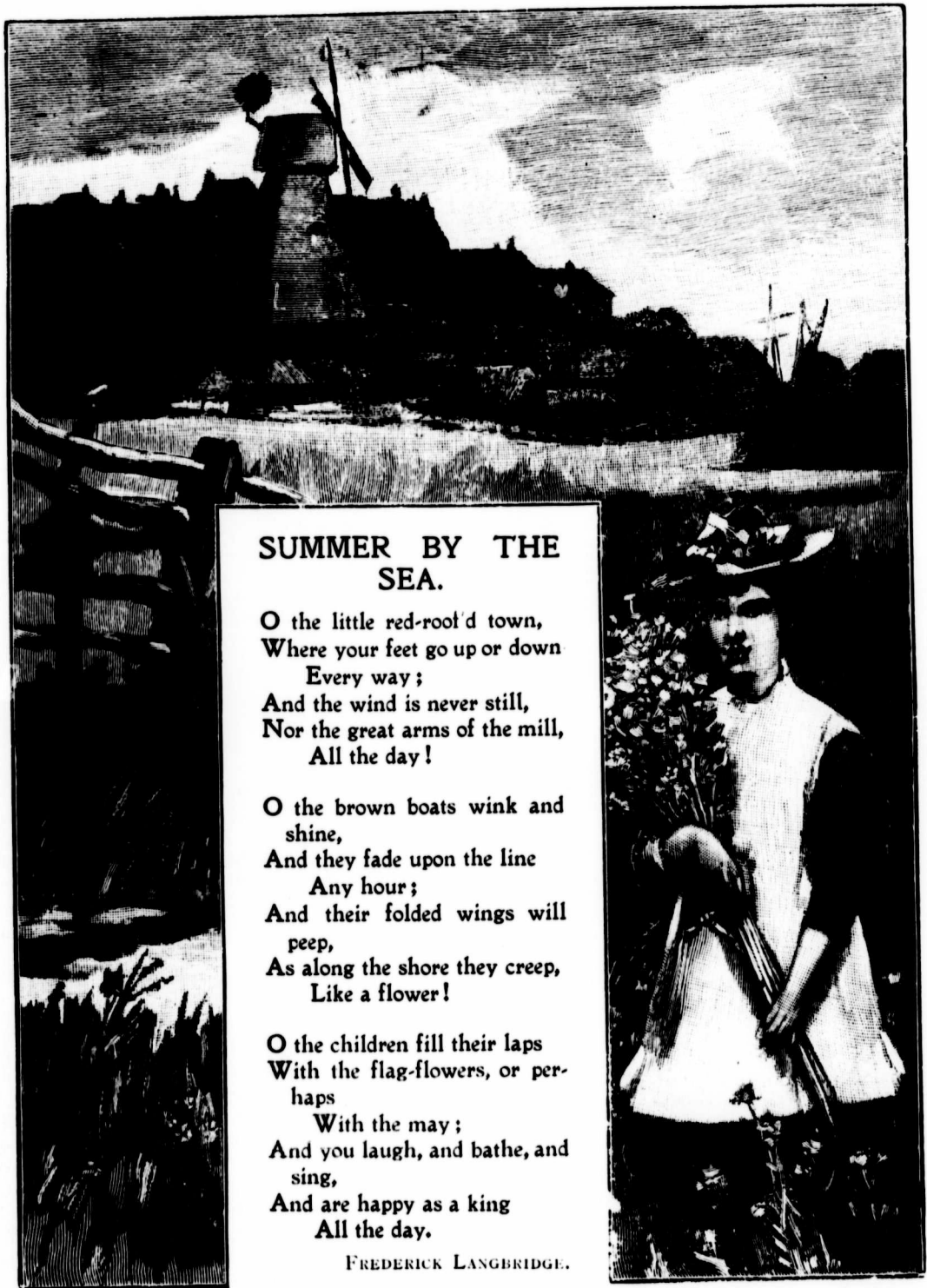
When a clear line marks right from wrong the way then is plain, but in those small things of life on which great ends may turn, or when more than one light seems to shine as a star to guide, and when there is a choice of ways, then it is we want God to lead us and to make the wise way plain.

But how are we to know the best way? How may we tell when He does show us and may feel sure that it is He that leads? I will tell you.

I have shown you how the saint of God must yield his will to God's will; and so, too, he must pray from his heart and ask God to “make His way plain.” But that is not all: you must not rest nor stand still when you have done that—you have gifts from God, and you must use them to help you to find out the way of God. You have a mind? *Use it.—think!* You have been taught to read? *Then Read!* You have the best of all books? *Read that!* You have a church? *Hear it!* You have means of grace? *Use them!* You have good friends? *Talk with them!* Use to the full the gifts of God, and pray to God, and God will make them the means by which and in which His way is made more plain.

There will be times, so long as life shall last, when doubts will cross the mind what to do, and how to do it. Aye and doubts of God, doubts of church, and doubts of Faith, but *to doubt is not to sin.* It is a law of life that *where faith is, there must be doubt at times.* If, when we doubt, we are led to pray, then doubt acts as a step to God, and to pray more will make our soul more pure, our Faith more clear, our grasp of God more strong, our life more wise, and he who thus will use God's gifts and will make these short words the law of his life will find that peace and joy which God in His love gives to those saints whom He leads day by day and to whom He makes His way plain.

“Lead me, O Lord: make Thy way plain.”



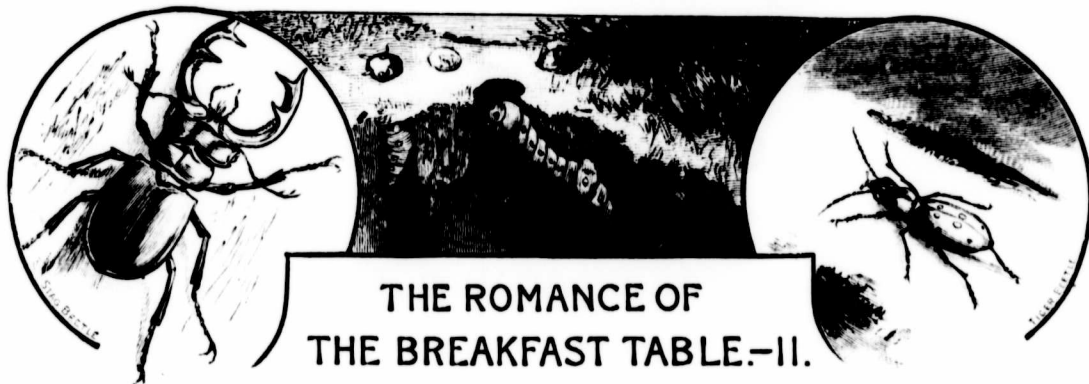
SUMMER BY THE SEA.

O the little red-roof'd town,
Where your feet go up or down
Every way ;
And the wind is never still,
Nor the great arms of the mill,
All the day !

O the brown boats wink and
shine,
And they fade upon the line
Any hour ;
And their folded wings will
peep,
As along the shore they creep,
Like a flower !

O the children fill their laps
With the flag-flowers, or per-
haps
With the may ;
And you laugh, and bathe, and
sing,
And are happy as a king
All the day.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



THE ROMANCE OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.-II.

BY HECTOR MAINWARING.



BEETLES are called by Dr. Sharp the predominant order of insects in the existing epoch. A hundred and fifty thousand species are known to science, and the number not yet described must be prodigious. They are all built upon the same general plan, but many modifications of structure are found, in wings and legs, in eyes and jaws, corresponding with special habits of life. Some species (as for instance the stag-beetle), although armed with enormous mandibles, obtain their food in commonplace fashion. Tiger-beetles, however, both in the larval and in the mature stages, use their powerful jaws with tremendous effect. The larva excavates a burrow in the earth to the depth of a foot, carrying up the earth on its flat head. It then fastens itself to the mouth of the hole by a couple of strong hooks, growing out of its back for this very purpose, and waits for passing insects. When suitable prey comes within reach the head of the larva shoots out, as from a spring; and the insect is seized by the sharp jaws and carried inside to be eaten. The jaws of the mature insect are beautiful pieces of machinery, as everyone knows who has examined the mouth of a tiger-beetle. They are really toothed shears, which close on the victim with deadly precision, and hold and press it until all its juices are extracted. A north African species of *Carabus* preys upon snails, and has its head much elongated to enable it to enter the shells. The larva of the great water-beetle obtain their extract of meat in an easy and interesting fashion; plunging their sharp, hollow jaws into the bodies of aquatic creatures, and keeping them closed while they pump out the interior.

Some very different insects, which feed on dry animal matter, including the skins of stuffed animals, and dried horse hair in chairs and couches, have the power of fasting for long periods; and, curiously enough, cast their skins oftener while on short commons than when there is an abundance of food. Some of the wood-boring beetles are able to take long fasts, and when they obtain food are not particular about its composition. For instance, *Anobium*, a small brown beetle, known as the

biscuit-weevil, not only devours the article from which it takes its name, but sometimes dips into books, flourishes on dried compressed meat, and has been known to live for several generations on a diet of opium. A beautiful red-and-blue striped beetle, taken in abundance by the writer in France and Switzerland, which preys upon the grubs of bees, remains perhaps a couple of years in its larval state without eating; and Monsieur Mayet has given an account of a larva sent from Algeria which refused food for no less than two years and a half, and then calmly partook of beef and mutton.

One of the queerest of insects is *Sitaris*, a blister-beetle, which is a parasite on some of the burrowing bees. The mother beetle drops her eggs, to the number of two thousand, near the entrance of the bees nest; and the young, which hatch in about a month, hibernate in the neighbourhood. When spring comes, every larva seeks to attach itself to the body of one of the hosts, and if successful gets carried inside. Now this bee is in the habit of filling cells with honey and setting an egg to float in each. At the moment of the launching of the egg the beetle's larva jumps on to it, and lives on it as on a raft, for the first eight days of its existence; not daring to quit it for fear of being drowned. At the end of that period the larva, having eaten the raft, moults and appears with a kind of life-belt, which enables it to float and find food at once, and dry land in due course, by the simple process of drinking the honey.

The ten thousand species of Orthoptera which include grasshoppers, locusts, crickets, cockroaches and leaf insects, are not particularly noteworthy from our present point of view. They are mostly large insects of plant-eating habits; and some of them, as the locusts, capable of doing immense damage to vegetation. The soothsayer, or mantis, stands out from these commonplace creatures by reason of its spurious reputation for piety, and the remarkable weapons on its front legs. What we may call the thighs and the lower legs are armed with sharp teeth, and the insect, by doubling its legs, closes the two sets of teeth one against the other like those of a rat trap. The mantis approaches its prey in a stealthy fashion, keeping its weapons sheathed until it is near enough to strike, and then, like a flash, the

legs unclose and the insect is gripped by the cruel teeth. Some species of mantis found in India employ strategy in capturing their prey. The under side of the body is shaped like the corolla of a flower, and coloured a pale lavender with a pink edge, a dark brown spot purporting to be the centre of the flower. The mantis hangs head downwards in the midst of green leaves, sometimes giving a quivering movement to mimic a flower, moved by the wind. Insects deceived by this extraordinary structure and colour, fly to it for the purpose of obtaining honey, only to be struck down by the wily mantis.

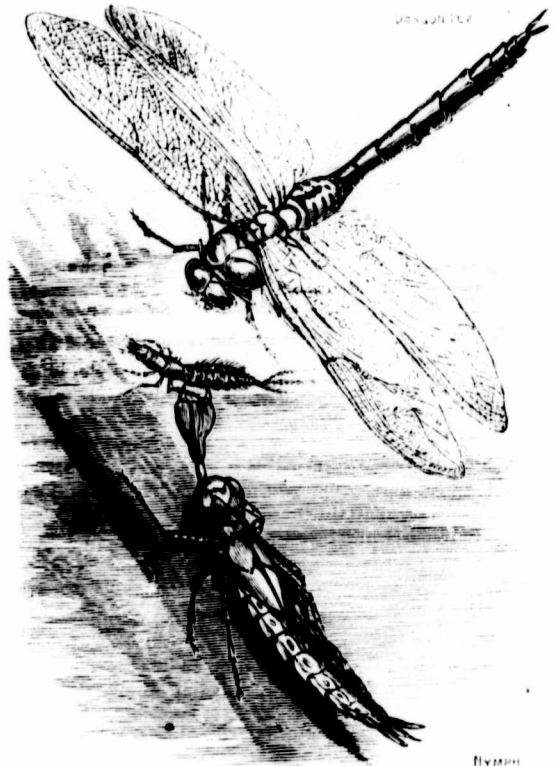
The dragon-flies, which stand at the head of the Neuroptera, are creatures of a very different type. They capture living insects while flying; and to enable them to effect their purpose, are provided with powerful wings, highly developed jaws, and heads so delicately hung that they can be turned almost upside down. To supplement all this beautiful machinery the legs are placed far forward and are covered with spines, making a kind of trap to hold insects until they are seized by the powerful jaws. The nymph, as the young of the dragon-fly is called, is furnished with a most extraordinary apparatus by which to capture the aquatic creatures in the pond where it lives. Its mouth suddenly opens, and the lip unfolds and shoots out like a toothed pincers, which closes on the unsuspecting wayfarer with a relentless grip. Spiders are famous for the spinning of webs, but a species of caddis-fly is a formidable rival. It lives in the water, and procures its food in a scientific manner by fishing for it with a net. The net is made of strong silk, strengthened at the edges by twigs and stems, and is set against the prevailing current so as to direct any tiny prey which may be passing by into the burrow of the caddis-worm.

The three important orders of insects remaining, namely, the butterflies and moths, the two-winged flies and bugs, have mouths adapted for procuring liquids by suction. The proboscis, or rostrum, is often of great length, so that the insect can thrust it with great ease into the deep corollas of flowers, into succulent plants, or into animal substances.

It must be noticed that the food of larvae and of the mature insects is by no means necessarily the same. Thus, caterpillars feed almost exclusively on vegetable matter which they eat with their temporary jaws, whereas the mature butterfly or moth contents itself, as becomes the daintiness of its garb, with perfumed nectar from a flower. The proboscis of a butterfly attains in some instances the length of ten inches; and even in the common white butterfly projects beyond the mouth like the spiral spring of a watch. Although this structure bears little resemblance to a weapon, it is in certain species capable of penetrating the skin of an orange so as to suck the juice. Some caterpillars of the New World, which feed on leaves, form shelters for themselves during their feeding time. At first they fasten a couple of leaves with silk; then, wishing to roam afield, they cut away these little tents and carry them with them on their travels. Their meals are taken out of doors, the tents being in the meanwhile fastened to a leaf with cords of silk, which are cut when they wish to proceed

on their journey. The larva of a moth found in Argentina takes possession of a gall on a leaf and eats out all the interior. If the walls of its mansion do not furnish enough food, the caterpillar goes out, cuts a fresh leaf, pulls it to the doorway, fastens it, and then going inside feeds with its head in the porch.

Little need be said of the two-winged flies, except that they include a large number of insects which draw blood from vertebrate animals, including man. The curious thing is that the offenders are in almost every case the females, and that their young begin life in the water. Dr. Sharp suggests that their objectionable habit may be acquired and not natural. It is to be hoped, therefore, that in time a reformation may be effected in their character. At present we admire the length of their tongues and the beauty of their lancets, but detest the uses to which they are applied.



THE SUM OF IT ALL.

"The boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction,
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving."

ON BATHS AND BATHING.

BY M. E. GARTON.



At this season of the year, these words bring at once to the mind that most delightful and invigorating of all forms of the bath, namely, sea-bathing. Most young people love it, but many indulge in it who in reality ought not to do so without a doctor's consent, as the shock caused by the coldness of the water does a great deal more harm than good. This is especially the case with delicate people and young children, and the warning is soon given, as, when instead of a glow of warmth all over the body, there comes a feeling of numbness, and a shivering, and chattering of the teeth, nature is telling you that there is danger ahead, and that the sea-bath must be given up.

There is a proper time to bathe and there are certain times it is best to avoid. For instance July, August, and September are the best months for the purpose, and a sea-bath should never be taken immediately after a meal. Women and children should

never bathe before breakfast, and therefore the safest hour is between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning. Even then it is as well to eat a biscuit before going into the water, and to have a few ready to eat whilst dressing afterwards.

Nobody should stay in the water the first time for more than seven minutes, and after this it is not wise to remain in it longer than a quarter of an hour. The bather should splash and jump about all the time, so as to keep up the circulation and prevent cramp or numbness. List slippers should be worn to protect the feet on a shingly or pebbly beach, and an oilskin cap can be worn to prevent the hair from getting wet, if the bather prefers it.

All boys and girls should learn to swim when quite young, as the exercise, apart from its usefulness, is invaluable in expanding the chest and lungs. Swimming is especially unique in being almost the only exercise which engages all the muscles of the system. If, however, a child shows the slightest disinclination to enter the water, he or she should not be forced, but rather allowed to become gradually accustomed to it by paddling, which all little ones delight in.

On coming out of the water a smart rubbing with a rough or Turkish towel should be indulged in, which will cause the skin to glow all over its surface, and a quick putting on of the clothes will keep this up. A brisk walk up

and down the front in the bright sunshine completes the strengthening action of the water, and creates a good appetite for dinner.

If the skin of the face is tender, the salt water is apt to make it sore and rough, and in this case it ought to be bathed at once with a



little fresh water, or dabbed with rose-water or elder-flower water. The hair also suffers from the salt, and it should always be washed after bathing, otherwise it becomes coarse and brittle.

The body should be warm before the bather goes into the water, but it must not be overheated, as the cold shock is not good for it in this condition. Whenever there is the slightest doubt as to the advisability of taking a sea-bath, always ask a medical man's advice, and when there is a weak heart, a sluggish circulation, a tendency to cramp, or a delicate chest or lungs, then avoid all risk by giving up the luxury, much as you may regret having to do so.

MACK THE MISER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., *Rector of St. John's, Limerick.*
Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," "The Lost Sheep," "Little Tapers," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"Only trust Me."



THE day after Cyril's announcement about the appointment of the new Rector happened to be Sunday.

Bertha, when the officiating clergyman entered the church, fixed her eyes upon him with interest.

Cyril, however, nudged her and said in a loud whisper: "That isn't him; he's no good; he was out yesterday for two ducks." But if the clergyman could not play, he could preach. Bertha would have enjoyed the sermon thoroughly if Cyril would have refrained from frequent speeches in her ear, which were not so secret as he believed them to be; and if Sidney would have refrained from drawing generals—all cocked hat and moustache—on the fly-leaves of his prayer book. Even as it was she heard enough to be helped a good deal.

On entering the house Bertha found Dick blowing up the tyres of his bicycle.

"Why did you not come to church?" Bertha said. "You missed a very good sermon."

"That's not much of a miss," Dick answered; "I've heard sermons enough to last me my time."

"Perhaps you have not tried to practise what they told you."

"Perhaps not. I've heard one more sermon now, and it has not done me much good."

"For the boys' sake, Dick, if for nothing else, do come to church."

Dick raised himself and looked at her sharply. "For my sake, Bertha, hold your tongue."

At that moment there was a sharp rap at the door. Dick opened it, and instantly a voice was heard speaking.

"'Rose of the World' won by a length," the voice said; "that's a fiver for me. What are you pulling faces for? Is it cramp or—?"

The speaker stopped short.

"Come in," said Dick. "Here, Bertha, I want to introduce you to Mr. Mostyn."

Bertha, who had just entered the dining-room, turned at this, and met the visitor.

He was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, slight and dark, and distinctly handsome. He was dressed for cycling, but he wore a hot-house flower in his button-hole, and an effective handkerchief protruded a carefully careless inch.

"How do you do! Miss Hamilton," he said, in rather an affected voice, "so delighted to meet you." Then, much more naturally, he asked: "What made you laugh at me that day?"

"I don't know what you mean," Bertha answered. "Why, I never saw you before!"

"Oh, come," said Mostyn, "that is too unkind." And Bertha suddenly remembered.

This was the youth upon whom her glance had fallen when she was thinking mirthfully of the burnt cake.

"Please don't think," she said, "that I was smiling at you. You were *there*, I believe, but I was thinking of—something more important."

"Had you there, Mostyn!" said Dick, from behind. "But come along. You are late as it is."

"We had rather a long sermon," said Mostyn, "but a very beautiful one. The text was—let me see: what was the text? No matter, we shall hear a good one to-night. I shall take this naughty boy to the Fishermen's Chapel."

Bertha looked at the young man with suspicion. His present manner did not accord with his opening speech. Unless she were greatly mistaken, that had something to do with betting. Besides, his entire individuality carried some indefinable suggestion—a suggestion that both attracted and frightened her.

"Good morning," she said, abruptly. "The Fishermen's Chapel, I imagine, is a public-house."

As she went upstairs slowly and in her stately manner, Bertha heard Dick's explosion of laughter, followed by a somewhat forced discharge on the part of Mostyn.

"Well," said that young man, "she is a cute 'un. She's as leary as they make 'em, and," he added suddenly, "as pretty."

"She'll be pleased to know your good opinion," Dick observed; "every word you say can be heard up those stairs."

"Well, then," Mostyn answered, "I hope she will hear this. I'm going to turn over a new leaf and attend your church every Sunday."

At that point Bertha closed her door, shutting off the conversation. A little later, however, as the young men mounted their bicycles, another edifying bit of dialogue came to her through her window.

"Bet you evens you don't keep it up for a month."

"Done, in quids."

On those words the bicycles skimmed away.

Bertha was thoroughly unhappy about her brother. From the first she had suspected that he was on a dangerous road, and now her suspicions were certainties.

She did not take a rigorous view of Sunday-observance. Though at first the bicycle-riding went against the grain of her feeling, she had made up her mind to that. Those who had unlimited time should give their iron steeds a Sunday rest. But for young people

confined all the week, and able only to catch an hour when the best of the day was over, a Sunday spin seemed reasonable enough. Let them fill their lungs with clear, new air, and feast their eyes on hills and woods and rustling lanes, shining river-reach and ever changing sky. But to lie in bed through Morning Prayer, smoking cigarettes and reading a novel; to ride out probably not without wayside stoppages, to spend the day at a public-

house—this was altogether wrong and bad.

At first Bertha was inclined to take counsel with her mother. But Mrs. Hamilton had not been gaining strength. In the course of a day or two she was going away for a little change. Bertha felt that to make the most of that change her mother must have a quiet mind.

"I must bear my burden alone," she thought, sighing rather wearily. And then there came to her memory the tag of a rhyme:

"'Twas strange—a hand on either side—
How light the basket grew."

"I'll ask," she thought, "to have a Hand on the other side," and she knelt and made her request.

Then she rose, feeling that even now the basket was a little lighter, and gave the boys their dinner.

It was difficult to keep them within decent limits of behaviour, and, when the meal was over, Sidney slipped out and joined a disorderly crew of boys. After much racket about the square, and a little beating at Mack's door,



"How DO YOU DO! MISS HAMILTON," HE SAID.

the horde went off to bathe in the canal. Sidney heard Bertha call from her window, and, as he turned the corner, made a derisive face.

"Do let me punch his head?" said Cyril, who was with her in her room. "It won't be a bit of trouble."

Bertha declined that service, but he stayed with her all the afternoon, and was very sweet and kind.

It was quite late when Dick returned home.

Bertha thought it must be past twelve, for his entry awakened her from what seemed to have been a long sleep. He came up the stairs noisily, without the least regard to the slumbers of the household, humming a song. Somewhere on the second flight the candle fell from his hand, and went clattering down the polished, uncarpeted stairs. Laughing aloud, Dick gave chase. Before, however, he had descended more than a step or two, his foot seemed to slip or strike. There was a swift, scuffling sound, and then silence.

Greatly alarmed, Bertha slipped on her dressing-gown, and unlocked her door. She was about to go down when her mind was relieved by re-ascending steps. They came up slowly and dubiously, like the steps of one feeling his way.

Bertha went out upon the landing, and held her candle over the balustrade. "Halloa," said Dick, "you there! Time for good little girls to be asleep."

He laughed, and there was something in both laugh and speech that frightened Bertha.

A second later Dick's face ascended into the circle of light. He looked up and nodded. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes seemed strained. He stood for a moment, and as he stood he swayed.

"Oh, Dick," said Bertha, "you have hurt yourself."

"Not a bit," said Dick, with laborious distinctness; "had such a jolly day. Mostyn sent his love."

He turned into his room, and almost instantly there was silence.

Bertha stood where she was for a few seconds longer, anxious, wondering. What could be the matter with Dick? Could he have had a fall from his bicycle or—?

Quite suddenly the truth struck her like a blow. She crept back into bed, but dared not extinguish the light. Every minute or two she half-raised herself and listened. For what seemed a long time there was no sound. At length, however, the girl's strained hearing detected something. It was a heavy snoring respiration. Dick was asleep. He had no light burning.

There was no danger to him or to the house. Bertha felt no need to hearken longer. But another need was imperative. She buried her head and sobbed in misery and bitterest shame. And so for many minutes those two sounds kept company—the heart-broken sobs above and the drunken snore below.

It was quite morning before Bertha fell asleep. She rose, however, even before she was called, and was presiding over the breakfast table when Dick came down.



HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT, AND AS HE STOOD HE SWAYED.

He looked wretchedly ill—with purple half-circles beneath his eyes and an almost visible headache.

Half-a-slice of toast was all that he could eat, but his cup came up repeatedly for tea.

"He's sickening for something," said Cyril, in one of his telling whispers.

"Plague," answered Sidney, with cheerful confidence.

Dick tried to scowl, but his head was too bad for that.

At length the boys clattered out. Anxious, no doubt, to avoid an explanation, Dick rose, too, nodding without meeting his sister's eyes. But Bertha could not let him go like that. A week ago, perhaps, she would have scolded. Now she was too wise and too sorrowful for that. She merely laid her hand upon his arm, and held him back a little.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "oh, dear Dick."

"I'm sorry, Bertha," he answered; "awfully sorry. I can't think how it was. Goodness knows, I didn't take much."

At that moment there was a step in the hall. The next moment Mostyn was shewn in.

Impatiently Dick pulled himself free.

"Halloa, Sonny," he said, with a doleful attempt at nonchalance. "Sit down; I'll be with you in a moment."

Whistling a dashing tune, he tried to run upstairs. But the feat was evidently beyond his aching head. With something like a groan, he stopped short. Then, after an interval, dragged himself slowly on, not without stumbles.

"I think Dick works too hard," said Mostyn. "All work and no play —"

Raising her sorrowful eyes, Bertha looked him full in the face. The easy impudence passed from him; his sentence broke off.

"He'll be all right directly," he said; "there's nothing to be anxious about."

"Nothing to be anxious about, when a boy comes home . . ." The memory of the face last night was upon her, a sick, creeping fear. She turned her head as from some intolerable sight, and her hands shut hard.

"Oh," said Mostyn, very kindly, "you must not take it like that. He'll come all right."

"How many never come right. How many go down altogether. There was an uncle of

ours, and a cousin . . . Oh, Mr. Mostyn, do not lead him wrong; try to lead him right."

"I will," he said, taking her hand between his own; "for your sake, I will."

"Oh, not for my sake," she answered, as she drew her hand away; "do it for the sake of pity and goodness and right."

"That is the same thing," he said. "Trust me, it shall be done."

At that point Dick's descending steps were heard.

"Only trust me," Mostyn repeated in a lower voice.

Bertha had been so wretched, so much alone, that she clung naturally to the first straw of help. Her first impression of Mostyn's character was not effaced, but it had become less clear and sharp. Perhaps he was more thoughtless than vicious. Perhaps he could be won to the right side. At any rate, he had shown kindness and sympathy.

"Yes," she said, "I will trust you."

"I don't thank you for those words," he answered, "simply because I cannot."

Then, turning away, he met Dick in the hall.

"Come along," he said, and he ran his arm through his friend's. There was in the action a beginning of the redemption of his promise. Comfort stole into Bertha's heart. She went up to her mother's room with quite a cheerful face.

CHAPTER VII.

MACK'S MYSTERY.



ON Wednesday Bertha saw her mother off. She was going to stay with cousins at the foot of Galtee More, in air that was like clear wine.

Mrs. Hamilton had a singular confidence in Bertha, and resigned both keys and troubles into her hands

quite as a matter of course.

"Now, wear your Paisley shawl if you sit out in the evenings."

"Don't you think my fichu----?"

"Oh, no dearest, the shawl."

Mrs. Hamilton looked a little vexed.

"You look so pretty and young in the shawl."

"Nonsense! My pretty and young days are over. But I'll wear it if . . . Yes, I'll wear it. Where is my sovereign, Bertha?"

"In the little purse in your bag. You have eight shillings in your pocket, and your ticket is in your glove."

"Must I give the servants anything?"

"Yes, dearest, two shillings each. I have the rest of your money, you know, and I'll send it as you want it."

"Good-bye, Bertha. I have not done much to help you." Her face puckered up, and two tears came.

"On your lap," said Bertha, directing her mother to her handkerchief.

"Get well, quite, that's all the help I want."

"But Dick will be there," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Dick is a good boy. A very good boy," she added, feeling that she was not sure.

Here the easy-going train thought it might as well be moving.

Bertha pursued it with kisses to the end of the platform. Then, with a sigh, turned back to home and duty.

The Hamilton's social standing was difficult and undefined. Once they had held up their heads among the elect of the city. But circumstances had been against them. Their means were straitened. The eldest son was an ordinary clerk, and the eldest daughter had been a governess. The younger boys were tumbling up almost anyhow. These things, combined with their residence in the forsaken

old town, contributed to separate them from their natural circle. Slowly, but surely, they were losing their class and sinking into the class below.

Bertha felt this, but she did not let it vex her.

"I cannot marry a gentleman," she sometimes thought, "and I will not marry anyone else. Never mind! One might do worse than be an old maid. Still it would be pleasant to meet pleasant people. Well, one must do as well as one can."

On reaching home she had an agreeable surprise. Two sets of people had called—people of the innermost circle. She was not quite forgotten, anyhow.

Up till then, Bertha had been kept so busy with preparations for her mother's departure, that she had not been able to keep her engagement with Mack. House-duties at length were a little less oppressive, and on Tuesday morning, having seen the maid well on her way toward having dinner ready, she went out, and rapped at Mack's door. A few urchins regarded her curiously, but her entrance was not seriously impeded.

"Come in," said Mack, taking her hand in his; "you are as welcome as flowers in May."

Bertha set to work, while Mack hung about, interested but a little afraid, and first of all set his documents in order.

"I will be very careful," she said, "I respect papers." After a little while Mack seemed to feel confidence in her discretion.

"I suppose this is a spring cleaning," he said, smiling; "well, it is not so awful as I imagined."



MACK CAME TOWARDS HER WITH A FACE THAT MADE HER FEAR.

"Wait till you have one," Bertha answered. "There will be bars of soap and pails of water. This is merely a harmless tidying."

At the end of an hour some sort of order had taken possession of the chaos.

"There," said Bertha; "now I am tyrant no longer, but humble disciple. See! I have brought my Euclid."

Mack set two chairs, and they took their places. Instantly Bertha felt that she was in capable hands. Mack had a wonderful faculty of exposition, and his long thin fingers drew the figures with admirable precision. There was one proposition in the second book which Bertha had never understood. Under Mack's illuminating touch it became clear and cogent.

After an hour's hard work Mack pushed back his chair. "Now," he said, "we are going to talk."

Oh, what a talk it was! Bertha ran home filled with a new sense of beauty, with lovely cadences haunting her ears, and with spirits refreshed as a meadow after rain.

For several days thenceforward Bertha paid her visits to Mack, taking his instruction in return for her tidying. They soon became intimate, with that intimacy which belongs not to old acquaintance, but to spiritual kinship.

Once or twice, as she stood upon the step, waiting for the opening of the door, Bertha's quick ears detected a faint whirring noise. When, however, she had mounted to the living room, she had seen nothing to account for the sound.

At length, her curiosity being aroused, "Whatever have you got?" she asked. "A corn-crake, a cuckoo, a hive of bees—it might be any of these, or all together. It is a most mysterious thing."

Bertha spoke quite lightly, but Mack did not answer thus. "What do you mean by mysterious?" he said, turning sharply upon her, and speaking in a tone that was new and alarming.

"Oh really—" Bertha began; but Mack cut her short.

"I hate such foolish talk," he said, "Can't I grind my own coffee? May I not have a typewriter, or, perhaps, a sewing-machine?"

"Of course," Bertha answered as quietly as

her surprise permitted; what I said was only a tiny joke."

"No," Mack answered, still unappeased; "I know a joke when I hear it; you spoke with real curiosity."

Bertha had begun to move about, on her business of order. Suddenly she stopped, and pointed to a corner of the room. There, covered with a towel, was something that looked like a bird-cage.

"Why, there it is," she said; "I know all now."

Mack came towards her with a face that made her fear.

"What did you see?" he asked in a voice whose very quietness made it terrible. He was governing himself by an effort that whitened him to the lips.

"Nothing," Bertha answered; "nothing at all, but that harmless little bird-cage. Oh, Mr. Mack, what have I done?"

He searched her with his short-sighted eyes. "Are you telling me the truth?" he asked.

That question turned the tables.

"Am I telling you the truth?" she echoed. "You forget yourself, Mr. Mack." She looked at him with a gaze that he could hardly meet; then, without a further word, she turned and walked downstairs.

That evening a sudden noise in the square brought Bertha to the window. A crowd of ragged youngsters was following two policemen. One of these was leading by the hand a pale and hungry-looking child.

As the ragged procession passed Mack's house there were yells and some shrill cheering. Soon, however, the little tumult abated, and no harm seemed to have been done.

Not long after the thing was over Cyril came in.

"What was that fuss about?" Bertha asked.

"Sure," the boy answered, "they found the brat that Mack was thought to have. I know him well; this is the third time he ran away."

When Bertha came down in the morning a letter was awaiting her. It had not come by the post, but had been pushed under the door. Bertha looked at it without much interest, until she recognized the hand. It was the small wonderful writing that she had seen in Mack's books.

"Do not punish me any more," the letter ran, "I am humbled to the earth. Forgive me, dear friend, that some day I may forgive myself. If you do not come to-morrow, for me there will be no sunrise."

"Forgive you?" said Bertha aloud; "of course I forgive you."

"Wait till you are asked," said the surly voice of Sidney; "I haven't done anything."

"I say," Cyril now remarked; "did you hear about Mack?"

"No, nothing since last night."

"Well, it was last night or early this morning. They almost battered his door to pieces."

"Why, what have the ignorant wretches against him now? Did they not see the child alive, and hear where he had been?"

"It is a new thing now. They have been hearing queer noises."

"Oh," said Bertha, growing a little red. "What sort of noises?"

"Noises like . . . oh, I don't know what. They say he is coming false money."

"Nonsense," said Bertha, "what folly will they invent next? But she felt a vague alarm all the same. What could that bird-cage be?"

It was, perhaps, with some hope of solving that conundrum that Bertha crossed the square. But when she came in view of Mack's house, she was tempted to turn back.

It was beset by a crowd of ragamuffins, mostly children, but with grown-up roughs among them.

"I won't be frightened," Bertha said, and without another thought she knocked. The crowd drew closer round the door, in hopes of a sight of the miser; then Bertha realized the

danger to Mack. She was turning away, when a young clergyman came round the corner. He was a man of middle size, but all muscle and resolution. His eyes were very bright and keen, and his Irish mouth had about it a kind of winning pugnacity—he looked like a man who must fight, but would always fight in a good cause, fairly and generously. "Ah," he said, as he came forward, "we are people who ought to know one another. I am the new parson, and you are one of my stray sheep."

His face broke up into sudden lights and wrinkles, as he lifted his hat, and offered his hand to Bertha.

"I wasn't quite well last Sunday," she said; "I am not at all apt to stray."

"Why, we are calling on the same celebrity," he said; "may I knock?"

"The crowd!" Bertha answered, glancing round, fearfully.

"Oh," he said, as he ran up the steps, and beat upon the door with his heavy stick, "I think we can manage the crowd."

Steps were heard from within. There was a sort of growl among the roughs, and they closed round the door. In the front rank, and most

conspicuous there, was a great hulking fellow, with a black eye and a plastered face. To him the clergyman addressed himself pleasantly.

"Well, friend, what do you want?"

"Oh," said the fellow, "I'm going to call too." He made a movement as if to ascend the steps.

The parson smiled, but his mouth set hard. "Excuse my quoting poetry," he said, as the stick went up in his hand.

"I don't want to fight, but"—he stopped, and his look finished the sentence.



ON THE STEPS THE TWO MEN EXCHANGED A HEARTY GREET.

The crowd fell back, yelling feebly, and laughing. The hulking fellow kept his place for a moment, and two pairs of eyes had a conversation.

"I really *don't*," said the clergyman, more pleasantly than before.

The big man's face had passed from aggressiveness to wonder. Suddenly it broke up in a jolly Irish smile.

"Faith," he said, "your reverence is the great man entirely—shake hands."

On the steps the two men exchanged a hearty grip.

"I nearly wish I was a Prodesdan," the big

man said; "I think I'll come and hear ye and chance it!"

"Do, if you like, Paddy; but we're friends, anyhow."

The man turned away. "If e'er a one of you gives him impudence," he said, frowning furiously on the crowd, "I'll break the neck of him."

Then another man spoke. "Is it impudence? Sure his reverence is a gentleman. We wouldn't interfere with him at all."

Therewith the crowd disappeared; and Bertha and the parson entered.

(To be continued.)

PRACTICAL HINTS TO COTTAGERS ON POULTRY KEEPING.

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



THE advice given last month should still be acted upon, and every effort made to clear out surplus stock while prices are remunerative. It cannot be too often repeated that it does not pay to keep *old* fowls while they go through the moult, nor to feed the surplus cockerels after they are at all fit for the table. If they are valuable birds for exhibition or stock purposes, of course the case is different.

Meanwhile, every attention should be paid to those fowls which we decide to retain. Those showing signs of moulting should be assisted in every way. If they exhibit symptoms of broodiness allow them to sit on the nest for a week or two, if only on a dummy egg. This hastens the process; and so does the rest afforded them by bringing up a brood of chickens.

As feathers contain a large proportion of sulphur in their composition, it is a great assistance if a little is mixed with the soft food given for breakfast, twice during the week—about a tablespoonful of "flowers of sulphur" for 20 fowls. Another valuable aid is provided by placing a little "sulphate of iron" in their drinking water. Half an ounce dissolved in a pint of water, and a tablespoonful of this added daily to each gallon they drink is an excellent tonic.

The moulting period is a trying one; and our object is to hasten them through it so that they may get their new feathers before the cold autumnal nights set in, and so be prepared to start to lay again. They cannot make feathers and eggs at the same time, and if the moult is prolonged into the winter it is a very slow process and laying is greatly retarded.

During this season the food should be generous and plentiful, but no waste should be allowed. Probably the best food is wheat and oats alternately, with a plentiful supply of green food—cabbage leaves being excellent. Where there is a good grass run this is not so important—in other cases it *must* be provided. If the food is rich, or too much animal food is given, or spices used, the laying system is often unnaturally stimulated, with the result that the hens start to lay too soon, before the moult is completed, and then after a short time leave off again, and recommence the moult which is then most frequently a very tedious affair, often lasting through the entire winter. A little care at moulting time is more than repaid by the extra beauty of the plumage, and the briskness with which the egg basket is filled at a time when eggs are most in request. In keeping poultry, as in so many other occupations, it is the *little* things in the management which make all the difference between profit and loss.



GARDEN WORK FOR AUGUST.

Flower Garden.

Water weak plants occasionally with liquid manure. Plant out sweet Williams, wallflowers, pinks, &c. Keep rose bushes and climbing roses clear of the decayed blooms. All climbing bushes on the walls should be attended to, and the young shoots neatly trained, at the same time removing any old decaying wood.

Fruit Garden.

The new shoots on vines and superfluous shoots on apricots, peaches, also wall fruits, pears, cherries, &c., should be removed, so that the wood for next year may be well ripened.

Nets should be thrown over the fruit to protect it from the birds, &c. See that all the branches of the wall-trees are securely fixed.

Kitchen Garden.

Sowing should now be made in prepared ground for the early summer crop of cabbages, coleworts, cauliflowers, broccoli. Plant out savoy, lettuces, Brussels sprouts. The main crop of onions should now be pulled up, and the roots exposed to the sun, as they should now be full-grown, and if left in the ground the roots will begin to decay, or strike new roots. As soon as potatoes are ready they should now be taken up as quickly as possible.

A CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

By S. E. A. JOHNSON.



YES, I do believe that I've found the cure for jealousy, that besetting sin of Christian workers, as it has been so sadly called," said Grace Hildrop, to herself, one Christmas evening, after all the "Good nights" had been said and she found herself alone in her own little room.

Are there not certain faults and failings which, disease-like, run more or less in families? None the less is this so, though one or more members may seem to be exempt. The weakness, or tendency to weakness, may be very latent in that particular one; or it may even not exist at all; or it may have been overcome by the grace of God.

To have overcome must be the higher as well as the safer way. The unailing remedy has been found and applied; whilst, in the other cases, under special strain, the disease may suddenly break forth.

Grace was the second daughter in a large family of brothers and sisters, brought up for the last ten years by the mother alone. The father, a country clergyman, had died before his youngest child was two years old.

The Hildrops were a *happy* family, a family that made itself beloved, for one thing, by its very responsiveness to all good and beautiful influences. Both mother and daughters did all that lay in their power for the welfare of those living round about them, and not alone for the welfare of their poorer neighbours.

Musical and well read, they were the kind of people who make all the difference to the life of a country town such as the one they had come to live in since Mr. Hildrop died. But still, as is so often the case, there was a "but."

A spirit of refined jealousy, if jealousy can ever be that, ran like poison through the family veins, leaving few of the members untainted. It was the more difficult for them to detect the poison, or to realize that it was there, since it was a *hereditary* taint, a *family* failing. The Hildrops were accustomed to its presence—not that it was allowed to run its unhindered course. To some extent the grace of God counteracted its effect. Yet it was never called by its true name, or boldly faced, and in due time expelled by the Divine help.

Emily, the eldest daughter, glad as she really was that the life of her companion brother should influence helpfully the lives of the

younger ones, sometimes hindered that influence a little, unconsciously often, for fear that what they were yielding to him should lessen that deference which she received from their love.

Then Agnes, the third, not long out of the schoolroom, was gifted with the clear, logic mind which makes it easy to depict family matters upon paper in an interesting way besides which, she had more time at her disposal for letter writing than had her elder sisters. Agnes's letters to the aunts, or to absent brothers or sisters, would sometimes draw for a warmth of response that Emily thought might have been addressed to her. And the young sister mentally resented the injustice of her gift not being allowed fair play both within the family and out of it.

And yet Emily was really an unselfish sister and her unworthy feelings of this kind were rarely betrayed by more than a passing look and tone.

Grace, if not wholly exempt from the family failing, manifested it little. Hers was the quiet retiring disposition which had no great desire either to shine or to stand first. Yet, even so, she knew what it was to *feel*, and that too strongly sometimes in a wrong direction.

It was not mere fun or interest, which would have been healthy enough, that made the girls watch for and count one another's Christmas letters and cards.

They were unselfish, at least they were so in more prominent ways, yet is it unselfish to envy those who receive most of these little marks of remembrance and affection. We check selfishness in its grosser forms in children, yet all the same thing in ourselves when it touches higher things, such as love, respect, influence, good things of more worth than things tangible. When it comes to the point, how few of us are humble enough to acknowledge that very little indeed is more than our deserts, and to be content with it! And of how much unhappiness is this the root!

Grace's own thoughts often ran in this straight and she formed the habit of always turning straight to Christ Himself, when anything of a jealous feeling began to steal into her heart. She never turned to Him in vain. He always put things right for her. By degrees more and more light came into her life, and this had influence upon those around.

And the Lord chose to lead His child on a way of joy, His own gift, notwithstanding the earthly element in it.

Grace had special reason for realising during the closing hour of that Christmas evening that it had been a happy day to her. It was not alone because she could thank the Father, again and again, that He had sent into the world the gift of the Son of His Love. It was true that of late she had been very happy in the love of the Lord Jesus; but another steady sunshine had stolen into her heart also, which was already making a difference in the home life of the others as well as in her own. Grace could not help being happy, nor could she help being glad that others should be happy too, for her heart was *satisfied*. This satisfaction, she knew, *need*, indeed *would* never pass away, notwithstanding the earthly element in it.

Nearly a year ago, early in January, Grace had gone to spend a fortnight with an aunt in Wales.

"Mrs. Hadley, can you give us any help in the preparation of the Christmas Tree for the school children, to-morrow?" asked the curate, who had called in one morning. He looked at Grace, and her aunt asked: "Will you go, dear?"

"Gladly, aunt," replied she. "I love children, so I suppose I may stay for the Christmas Tree itself in the evening, may I not?"

After Grace's visit came to an end, she and Mr. Ashley did not forget one another.

"May, shall we spend our holiday at Rhyl

this summer?" asked Mr. Ashley, one June morning, of the sister who was living with him.

May smiled her assent. The expression upon her brother's face when Mrs. Hadley had mentioned yesterday that the Hildrops were going to spend six weeks at Rhyl had prepared her for the proposal.

Before her brother returned to his autumn work, as May had expected would be the case, he was engaged to be married.

Mr. Ashley had pressed, earnestly pressed, upon the girl he loved to rest her heart in Christ's love even more than in his own, and Grace had fully responded.

Now she could be glad that her sisters should be happy, that they should in some ways receive more than she did, for they were certainly more lively and generally popular. Grace's heart was satisfied; and by degrees her quiet genial influence stole throughout the household like a healing stream.

As she mused that Christmas evening, Grace liked to think over the day when it had come to an end; as she read Edmund Ashley's letter again, in which he expressed the hope that the next Christmas Day would be spent together in their own little home; as she looked again into the book which he had sent her, she became certain that the cure for jealousy is a *satisfied* heart, satisfied first of all with Christ Himself, and then with all the lesser satisfactions that He in His love provides for His people.





Apostle and Martyr, August 24.

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

BISHOP HEBER.

Music by ARTHUR HENRY BROWN,
Brentwood, Essex.

Boldly.

THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner

Ped. *Mus.*

streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant

Ped.

o-ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low—He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

mf THE martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
cr And call'd on Him to save.

dim Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,

mf He pray'd for them that did the wrong;
f Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the SPIRIT came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,

p They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;
f Who follows in their train?

A noble army men and boys
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n

mf Through, peril, toil, and pain;
p O God to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

THE CURFEW BELL.—I.

By J. E. VAUX, M.A., F.S.A.



O the rising generation the word "Curfew" conveys little or nothing to the mind, excepting, possibly, to the few, comparatively, who happen to live where the "Curfew Bell" is still rung. There are a few parishes, mostly in out-of-the-way country places, where the custom

is still continued. It would be useless to give a list of these even if I could do so; it may, however, be worth mentioning that the Archdeacon of Coventry told me quite recently that the Curfew Bell was still rung in his vilage—Allesley—at 8 o'clock every evening, as also that the old-world "Morning Bell" still sounded from his church tower to call the labourers in good time for their work.

As a rule, however, our young people know little or nothing about the story of the Curfew beyond its mere name, and this is only familiar to them from having seen it in the opening line of "Gray's Elegy,"

"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

or when learning, for purposes of recitation, the pretty little poem, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

The popular idea has been, and probably still is, that the Curfew bell was the invention of William the Conqueror as a kind of tyrannical institution to oblige people to go to bed at a certain time. This, however, has been shown to be incorrect, as there is plenty of evidence to prove that long before his time the Curfew—the thing, not the bell—was in use in France, Spain and Italy, and that its purpose was to prevent conflagrations at a period when most of the houses were built of wood. From an old history of Oxford we learn, that Alfred the Great directed the inhabitants of that city to "cover their fires" at 8 o'clock at night. To this end the bell at Carfax Church was to be rung at that hour.

And here a few words about the employment of church bells in olden times, which will help to illustrate our subject. In our own days every house is supposed to have a clock in it to indicate the time, and there are few

men and women, save the very poorest, who do not carry a watch in their pockets. It was not so in the days of which we are treating. At the date of the Conqueror such a thing as a clock was unknown. Learned men could estimate the time by sundials and such like contrivances, but for ordinary folk the church bell was the only guide. As to watches within the reach of working people's means, any middle-aged person of our own day can form an opinion for himself.

The word "Curfew" was simply a vulgar corruption of *couvre feu*, which in itself sufficiently denotes its Norman origin. But this has simply relation to the name, which probably came in with the Conqueror, as it is evident that the "cover fire" was a well-known institution among the Anglo-Saxons.

Now as to the implement which was used to extinguish the domestic fires, and which was called the "Curfew." It was made of either copper or iron plates rivetted together, and formed in the shape of the ordinary modern kitchen utensil commonly known as a "Dutch oven," but without a bottom. The usual size was 10 inches high, 16 inches wide, and 9 inches deep. The way in which it was used was simple enough. The wood and embers were raked together as close as possible to the back of the hearth, and then the "Curfew" was put over them so that the open part of the Curfew was against the back of the chimney, and so confined the glowing embers that all danger of the building catching fire was guarded against.

In connection with this old-world implement it may be of interest for English folk to know that a contrivance very similar in shape to the Curfew is in common use in the northern part of America, but for a very different purpose. There the thing is hung upon a hook in front of the stove so as to direct the current of air in the room to the lower part of the stove, thus creating a draught which very quickly sets the coals and wood aglow, and in so cold a climate adds no little to the comfort of those who live there when they come down to breakfast on a winter's morning.

In closing this paper a thought suggests itself which seems worth consideration. It is known that the penal enactments relating to the Curfew ceased in A.D. 1100, yet, as already stated, the Curfew Bell is still rung in certain parishes at exactly the same hour as of yore, and this after 800 years!

Who can say that in England old customs do not die hard!

STANDING IN HIS OWN LIGHT.

By EMILY DIBDEN.

(Continued.)

GEORGE looked up enquiringly. "You are going to stand by me, Manisty," he said with a faint smile, and he held out his hand.

John gripped it with all the strength of his powerful wrist as he answered "Ay, that will I, Sir."

There was no time for sentiment, for the tramp of the coming crowd was plainly heard, and the step of the first man was even now on the threshold.

There was a sullen air about the incomers but they too were surprised at seeing the Master with Manisty beside him, and save for a few half-spoken murmurs, the wages were paid and received in silence.

George had expected some outburst of feeling and was relieved when the last boy had taken his money and shuffled off, and only Manisty remained in the empty room.

"It's gone off better than I thought," he said with a sigh of relief.

"I'm fearing it's not over yet," replied the foreman, and he was right, for when George stepped out at the side door of the Works nearest to his home he found the road blocked by a great crowd of men and boys and a loud groan went up as he appeared.

"Call that money to keep a wife and eight children on!" shouted a man thrusting a handful of silver in his face, omitting to state that his wife would be only too pleased if she ever had the handling of anything like the amount produced.

This was a signal for an outburst of insult and invective. George stood still and held up his hand as though to ask for silence.

"Friends!" he began.

"Fine friends!" shouted a beardless boy, "he don't treat us like his friends up yonder. Pheasants and champagne for them. Porridge and potatoes good enough for us!"

But a man thrust him on one side. "Hold your jaw!" he said, "let's hear what the Master has got to say."

"My men," began George again, "we have worked together since I was a lad and you've always been my friends till now. It's no fault of mine that bad times have come upon us, and if you will stick to me as I will to you, we may pull through them together. But if we

pull different ways it means ruin to us all. I promise you that short time shall not go on one day longer than I can help it. This sort of thing means loss to me as well as to you."

"That's true," said an old beat man close by. "Full time and a full wage is the best for the masters."

"I'm sure," went on George, "there isn't a man here that would do me or mine any harm, and I look to you to help me to weather the storm that my boy may come to the works when I am gone."

"We'll never do you no harm," cried a shrill woman's voice, "nor your bonny little lad either."

Then with the strange fickleness of a crowd, the muttered curses were exchanged for blessings, and many a horny and grimy hand was stretched out to grasp George's in token that its owner would "stand by him."

This was the beginning of a trying time to both master and men. As the weeks went on, the pinch of poverty began to be felt in the cottages, and a few malcontents found increasing numbers ready to listen to their suggestions.

Mysie Manisty was really alarmed lest Alick should do anything foolish. He was greatly influenced by two brothers named Brodie, who were loud in their denunciation of the tyranny of masters, and were always recommending rebellion and resistance to authority, though they contrived that the evil effects of any such conduct should fall on others rather than themselves.

"I wish you would not go with the Brodies," Mysie would say; "they are always up to some mischief."

And Alick would laugh at her for her foolish fears, and tell her he knew how to take care of himself, and the Brodies were fine, smart fellows, that knew better than be led like "dumb driven cattle."

Then Mysie would sigh and say no more, while she wished that Alick could escape from the silent herd.

One evening George Belton left the Works with a sad heart. A number of straps used in the machinery had been wilfully cut, causing considerable hinderance to the work and a heavy expense in renewing them. The doers of the mischief had not been discovered, and as George walked home he was asking himself if he had not better give up the struggle, and leave those who were so unwilling to accept his help to their own devices.



When he reached his door he noticed signs of an arrival, and, before he had time to think what they could mean, his youngest sister, Clara, appeared in the hall.

"I've come without an invitation, George," she said, "and Winifred has behaved like an angel and made me welcome, so you must do the same. I've come to back you up in the Works fight, and I have my head full of plans."

George was unaffectedly glad to see his sister, and her breezy manner and bright talk made him forget his sad thoughts, and he absolutely laughed once or twice as he had not done for many a week.

"I want the room by the Church, George. I suppose I can have it," said Clara, as they sat by the open window in the twilight.

"You will have to settle that with Mr. Broadhurst, the new Parson," said her brother. "Things are no longer as they were in old Mr. Limp's time. The new Vicar has taken hold with a strong hand, and I don't blame him for it. I suppose it is his duty, but I have little to say to parochial management now-a-days."

"I'll go and see him to-morrow morning. I propose to start a cooking and working centre—cook the food and sell it cheap, make the clothes and sell them cheaper, and pay the women and girls for doing it all."

"It sounds wonderful," said Winifred, "I'll help you dear."

"Mind you don't disturb any vested interests," said George. "I should think the best thing you can do is to consult Broadhurst. I believe he is a sensible man, and I'm sure he won't put up with any fads if they are mischievous."

"Mischievous!" said his sister. "You never did appreciate me. It will be the salvation of the place."

Clara Belton set out early in the morning to consult the Vicar, and she succeeded so well in persuading him of the use of her plan that she rushed home very late for a hasty lunch and assured Winifred that the room was secured and being arranged, and she hoped to open in two or three days.

"Miss Clara" was well known in the place, and very popular, consequently a large crowd of women and girls were gathered, all eagerly clamouring for employment, when she and Winifred and Mysie Manisty, who had been engaged to help, reached the "Centre" on Thursday morning.

The rate of wages was liberal—too liberal for the financial success of the scheme—and the goods were eagerly sought after. Clara Belton was the heroine of the moment, and the people received her with smiling greetings wherever she went.

She was constantly in the work room herself, and even the rougher girls soon began to look upon her as a friend and to tell her all their hopes and fears.

There was one especially, Phemie Bickstone, who conceived a violent affection for her. She was a wilful, uncontrolled creature, with a pretty face and a sharp tongue, a general favourite with the young people, but one at whom their mothers shook their heads.

"Miss Clara" soon became Phemie's ideal of all that is good and beautiful, and there was nothing too hard for her to do in her service.

Meanwhile the mystery of the cut straps remained hidden. It might have been forgotten had not a repetition of the offence a few weeks later kept the memory fresh.

"Have you no clue, Manisty?" said George. "I am determined to find it out."

Manisty looked boldly in the master's face. "I'm loth to say it, sir, but young Alick M'Intyre was the only man seen leaving the works after dark last night."

"M'Intyre!" exclaimed George, "why that's the young fellow your Mysie is to marry, isn't it? I could never suspect any of your folk, Manisty."

The foreman shook his head. "He's got with bad companions," he said, "and they make a cat's-paw of him. The lad is no harm by himself, but he's weak and foolish."

"Well, say nothing about it," said George. "We will be on the look out. Time often reveals secrets."

Since Clara had come George took a more hopeful view. Winifred's gentle resignation only depressed him but Clara's brisk action and the eager interest she took in all her plans, chimerical as they might be, inspired him with new courage. He walked with a lighter step and looked out on Illfield with a brighter eye.

It was but a few days after the second strap outrage that he was returning with Clara from a neighbouring town where she had been purchasing a patent meat mincing machine for the "Centre," when the carriage was stopped by two girls. The foremost was Phemie Bickstone, the other who seemed to be holding her back, a rough girl who was frequently seen walking with the younger Brodie.

"Stop, Miss Clara," shouted Phemie, "I've something to tell you." Then as Rhoda James whispered in her ear, she tossed her head and cried, "I don't care. Let them as break mend!" Again Rhoda whispered and Phemie flushed angrily. "I'll tell you to-morrow, Miss Clara," she shouted as the coachman, who had reluctantly stopped the horses, drove on again.

(To be continued.)



SHE WAS CONSTANTLY IN THE WORK ROOM HERSELF.

HOW TO MAKE A SMART INEXPENSIVE BLOUSE.

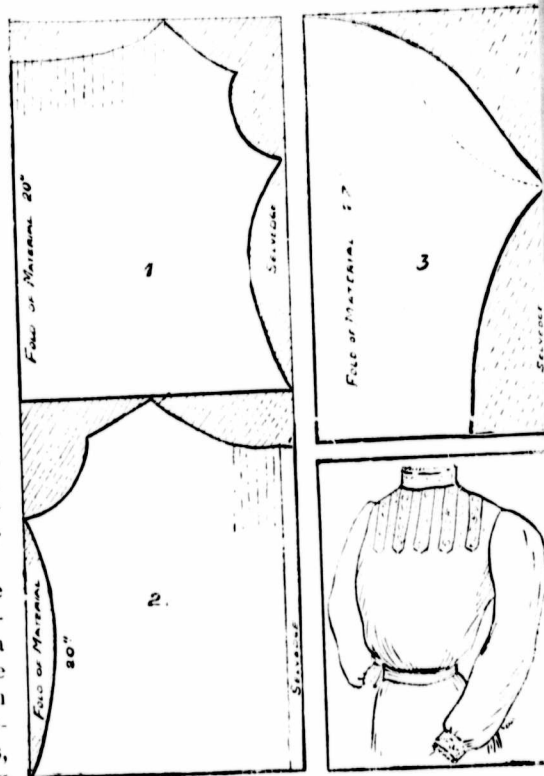
By ETHEL STREETER.



OW the summer holidays have come we begin to think of summer clothes, and one of our first thoughts is the blouses we are going to have this year. Doubtless they will be as fashionable as ever: they are much too useful to lose favour in our eyes. The following is a description of a smart, inexpensive blouse, suitable for day or evening wear. It is made of washing silk, white being the most useful colour, as it washes better and will go with any skirt or hat.

The front is tucked, with lace insertion run on, the insertion being dipped in weak tea to make it the fashionable ecru colour and afterwards ironed. Three yards and a quarter of silk are required, 27 in. wide, at 2s. 6d. per yard; two yards and a half of white lace insertion an inch wide, at 4d. per yard; one yard of narrow lace for edging collar and cuffs, at 3d. per yard.

First cut off twenty inches from the silk for the front, find the half, and on it run a piece of insertion, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches down, finishing the insertion in a point. On either side make three small tucks, the same length as the insertion, then more insertion and tucks, finishing with a single tuck, making altogether seven stripes of insertion and eight of tucks, leaving about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches on either side for cutting out armhole. For the back take another piece of silk the same length, cut it in half, make six tucks on either piece starting three inches from the edge. On the side that fastens over make a box pleat $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, in which the button holes are made, and on the other side make a hem an inch wide for the buttons. The three pieces must now be cut out to represent diagrams 1 and 2. Tack together shoulder and under arm seam, fit on, make any alterations required, seeing that neck and armholes are large enough. When fitted stitch together shoulder and under arm seam, oversew, open and press, hem round the bottom. The collar is a piece of insertion edged with a narrow piece of lace, which is stitched to the neck, first putting on a very narrow neckband. The sleeve is an ordinary blouse sleeve, seamed up, oversewn and pressed; a gather thread is run in the lower edge and finished with a narrow band like the collar, and a cuff of the insertion edged with lace. The sleeve is then stitched into the armhole, the sleeve seam being placed $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in front of the under arm seam. This blouse will cost about 8s. 6d. to 9s. If preferred the silk under the lace can be cut away, so making it transparent.



COTTAGE COOKERY.

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

Swiss Pudding.

Pieces of Bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Milk, 1 pint.
Egg, 1.
Moist Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ table-
spoonfuls.

Lemon Peel or Ground Ginger—a little to flavour.
Raisins, 1s.
Dripping to grease the basin.

Beat the egg, add the milk, sugar and flavouring; cut the bread in small pieces, grease a basin holding one quart, decorate with the raisins cut in halves and the pips removed; put in the bread and cover with the milk, & soak for two hours if possible; cover with a piece of whitey-brown paper, well greased, and steam for 1 hour; turn on to a hot dish and serve.

N.B.—1. Fill the basin only three parts full. 2. Let the boiling water only come three parts of the way up the basin. 3. Add more boiling water as required.

Aunt Jane's Pudding.

Bread, cut in slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Moist sugar, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Red Currants, 1 lb. Cold water—a little.

Line a basin with slices of white bread cut to fit close, stew the currants with a little water and sugar, press while boiling into the basin, cover with a round slice of bread; place over it a plate and press with a weight stand till next morning. Turn out and serve with milk.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

I. Take a word from each of these texts, and the initials of them will give a grace which is necessary for salvation—

- "Seek and ye shall find."
- "Ye ask amiss."
- "Incline thine ear unto Me."
- "Let him take the water of life."
- "Hold fast that which is good."

II. Make a sentence from St. John's Epistles with these words rightly placed—

God—one—born—every—is—that—of—loveth.

III. WORD SQUARE.

1. What fell on something as a sign to a Judge?
2. When it fell?
3. What it made it?

IV. MISSING WORDS.

So think the crowd he could not —
And so he saw and climbed a —
Oh joy to hear the Master —
"Come down, to-day with thee I —."

V. A word of eight letters, which describes Easter and Christmas. What is it? Number the letters and

- 34278 — What no honest people do.
- 38762 — What Onesimus was?
- 82734 — The one that may be greatest.
- 6258 — A Jewish headdress.
- 1562 — The number of foolish virgins.
- 8512 — What Lazarus received in the grave.

PUZZLE ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

- I. Juda H
- On O
- Nicodemu S
- Agat E
- Hosann A

- II. Nathan
- Adam
- Amos
- Rome
- Dan

III. "Without me ye can do nothing"

- IV. SIN
- IRE
- NET.

V. Word (Sword).

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to Members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before August 31st, 1901.

For the greatest number of words made from letters in the word "Goodwill."

SPECIAL PRIZE.

A Silver Watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of New Members to the Guild from January to September inclusive.

(All Competitions must be written separately and on one side of the paper only. The name, age and address must be written clearly on the back of each.)

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

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



C.L.A.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL.

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)

MY Dear Young Cousins,
I have had a great many interesting letters from you lately, but I have not been having so many young people apply for Membership of the Guild as I should like. From this I am afraid that my members do not show this paper to all their little friends, asking them to join our Guild. Now, please do try to get a number of children to send to me for membership certificates (they have only to enclose a penny stamp), for we want to become a great and useful band of little Christians.

I was very pleased with your descriptions of how you spent Easter Sunday, and was glad to hear how much you had enjoyed your Easter Church services. Only two of the competitors had not been to church, and they, alas! were prevented by illness. Miss Dorothy Parrot (Harrow) sent in the best little essay on the subject, and so won the most marks, but nearly all of you did well and got a good number of marks. You will have to be patient about hearing the news of the prize-winner, but I will publish it as soon as possible.

I hope you will like the new competition, and will try to write out your efforts very neatly.

With love, yours affectionately,
COUSIN JOAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARJORIE HARRIS.—I am so sorry you have been ill, but hope you are quite well now.

FRIEDA.—I hope you will soon get enough money for the Font. Your acrostic was right.

SARA JANE WILSON.—I was interested in your long letter. It is sad to be an orphan, but you are grateful to God, I am sure, for having given you such kind grand-parents to take care of you.

J. HAROLD SMITH.—I expect you enjoy singing in the choir of your church very much. I think you spent your Easter Sunday in the best possible way, by doing a kindness to another child. I hope all my members try to do little kindnesses for others, whenever they have the chance.

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

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD. Aug. 6.

"Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light" — S. MATT. xvii. 1, 2.

"Yee that in lowly vallevs weeping sate,
And taught your humble soules to mourne of late.

Now cease your sad complaints till fitter time,
And with those three belou'd apostles clime
To lofty Thabor, where your happy eyes
Shall see the sunne of glory brightly rise.

Our Lord there stands, not with his painefull
crosse

Laid on his shoulders, mouing you to losse
Of precious things, nor calling you to beare
That burden which so much base wordlings
feare.

But perfect joy, which here discovered shines.

Your happinesse consists not now alone
In those high comforts, which are often
throwne

In plenteous manner from our Saviour's hand,
To raise the fall'n, and cause the weake to
stand:

But ye are blest, when being trodden downe,
Ye taste his cup, and weare his thorny crowne."

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, 1582-1623.



THE BOOKSHELF.

Theological students should be acquainted with Moberley's *Atonement and Personality* (J. Murray, 14s.).

From the Oxford Church Text Books (1s. each, net.) I select *A Manual for Confirmation*, by the Rev. T. Field; and *The History of the Book of Common Prayer*, by the Rev. J. H. Maude. In the series *The World's Epoch Makers* (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh), *Luther and the German Reformation*, by T. M. Lindsay, ought not to be passed over.

There is some very plain speaking in *Parables for Our Times*, by Walcott Catkins. *Small Books on Great Subjects* (Jas. Clarke & Co., 1s. 6d.).

I name also *A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, by R. G. Moulton.

The Faith in Outline, by the Rev. R. Ball (S.P.C.K.).
Calls to Christ, by W. Robertson Nicholl (Morgan & Scott, 1s. 6d.); and *Old and New Century Bells*, by the Rev. I. R. Vernon (Wells, Gardner & Co.).

In Biography I note *Queen Victoria*, by R. Holmes (Longmans, 5s.).
My Autobiography, by the late Prof. Max Müller (Longmans).
Rupert, Prince Palatine, by Eva Scott (Constable).

HOLY NAME OF JESUS. Aug. 7.

"At the name of Jesus every knee should bow"
—PHILIPPIANS ii. 10

"Welcome, dear, all-adored Name!

For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting
heads,

To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of
night,

Next to their own low nothing, they may be,
And couch before the dazzling light of Thy
dread Majesty."

RICHARD CRASHAW, c. 1616-1650.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, AP. M. Aug. 24.

"I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed
unto me."
—S. LUKE, xxii. 29.

"This morn, bless'd Saint, our zeal devout
May seem encumber'd with a doubt;
But we through cloud discover day,
When probabilities we weigh;
We justly guess, though under double name,
Nathanael is with Barthol'mew the same.

All praise to God for this great Saint,
Whose heart of guile abhorr'd the taint;
May we by his example train'd,
Keep hearts by wilful guilt unstain'd:
At the great day, when all their dooms shall
hear,

None on the right shall stand but the sincere."

BISHOP THOS. KEN, 1637.

Geography under new methods of study is becoming a more and more fascinating subject, and here I select again from another series of works, *New Lands*, the first volume with that title, *New Lands*, by H. R. Mill, D.Sc. (C. Griffin & Co., 5s.). Then there is *West African Studies*, by Mary Kingsley (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). *Highways and Byways in East Anglia*, by W. Duff (Macmillan & Co., 6s.). *East London*, by Walter Besant (Chatto & Windus). *Greater Britain* (Chambers' School History of the Colonies, 1s. 6d.).

I find several interesting works reviewing the progress of the World, such as *Annals of Politics and Culture: 1792 to 1899*, by G. P. Gooch (Cam. Univ. Press, 7s. 6d.). *A Century of Progress in Religious Life and Thought*, by W. F. Adeney (Jas. Clarke, 3s. 6d.).

The Romance of a Hundred Years, by Alfred Kingston (Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.). *The Wonders of Modern Mechanism*, by C. Cochrane (Lippincott, 6s.). *Social Development under Christian Influences*, by Rev. M. Kauffmann (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 5s. net.).

Students of English Literature should read *Macaulay*, a lecture by Sir R. Jebb, (2s. and 1s., Cam. Univ. Press). *Tennyson's Princess*, edited by A. J. George (1s. 6d., Isbister).

Stray Papers, by Thackeray (Hutchinson & Co., 6s.).
John the Man, a poem, by John Davidson (Grant Richards, 5s. net.).

We may still, in spite of political antagonisms, find benefit in books from Old Ireland, such as *Ideals in Ireland*, edited by Lady Gregory (Unicorn Press, 2s. 6d. net.); and *Recollections of an Irish R.M.*

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

which we have mentioned as being erected about fifty years ago, stood a little to the west of the new church. The old church was a frame structure, built but not completed by a contractor Mr. Cole. It received its finishing touches from the hand of Mr. Edward Evans, a progenitor of the family which has now become one of the main features of the village. This church was superseded about thirty years afterwards by the brick church which is still standing. It was built in the Rev. Seaman's days, being completed in the year 1886. The consecration was performed on 30th of December, 1886, by Bishop Hamilton. The first service was held in the new church, Jan 2nd, 1887.

JARVIS.

On August 6th an ice cream social was held on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sowter under the management of the Willing Workers. The evening was enjoyably spent, the pecuniary proceeds amounting to about \$18. As much of this sum as is needed will be used to reimburse Mr. C. E. Bourne for expenditure in connection with the Sunday School during a past period. The school is now doing much better in the department of finance.

The S. S picnic took place as previously announced, at Port Dover on July 17th. The weather was fine and pleasant, and all present received much enjoyment. The games for the children constituted a new feature in the annual experience. They were well conducted by Mr. Dawson Aiken, and the results seem to give satisfaction.

The visit of Miss Eva Taylor, organist of St. James' church, Guelph, to this parish, and her kindness in presiding at the organ in St. Paul's have afforded much pleasure and profit.

PORTMAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

The Choir Boys of Grace Church, Brantford, arrived at "The Elms" on Monday, 14th July, for their annual camp, returning on Friday, Aug. 1st. The excessive wet weather interfered very much with the enjoyment of camping during the early part of their stay. The boys had to sleep for several nights in Mr. Diette's barn, as tents, bedding, ground, everything, was soaking wet.

It was arranged that they should go to Port Maitland for the afternoon service on Sunday, 20th, but as the heaviest rain came that Saturday and Sunday, this had to be given up. The Rev. Mr. Hedley very kindly, however, went to both churches with the Rector, and preached the sermon.

On the 27th the boys sang at the afternoon service at St. John's, Mr. Hedley officiating alone both there and at Christ Church in the

morning, and the Rector taking his place in Brantford. Mr. Bate kindly furnished his team and rack to take the boys to the church.

The annual Sunday School picnic was held earlier this year on July 23rd—in order to join with that of St. Paul's, Dunaville. The number in attendance from the two Sunday Schools and congregations was probably about the same as usual. The day turned out fine, fortunately. A cricket match and the presence of the Dunnville band added interest to the day's proceedings, and an enjoyable time was spent by all.

Owing to there being no service on 29th June, on account of the rain, the Y. P. S. meeting, being unannounced, did not come off on the first Tuesday in July, but was held on the following Tuesday evening—the 8th—at Mr. Lewis Grant's. There was a fair attendance. The half-yearly election of officers took place, resulting as follows:—Vice-President, Miss M. Grant; Secretary, Miss Aileen Hornbrook; Treasurer, Mr. W. R. Docker.

The August meeting was held on Tuesday evening, 5th, at the home of Docker Bros. After the usual routine of opening prayers, roll call, reading of minutes, and 'instruction' and making of arrangements for the next meeting, the evening was spent in a manner not provided for, in detail, in the constitution, it is true, but apparently enjoyably and appropriately for "Social Evening" in midsummer: that is to say, ice cream was provided by the ladies, and judging by the constant flow of animated conversation, this form of "coolness" promotes sociability. The next meeting will be held on Sept. 2nd at Hornbrook's. Misses Lizzie Bradford and Aileen Hornbrook and Mr. W. R. Docker with the Vice-President are the programme committee.

A confirmation class is being instructed in Stromness on Fridays and Mr. J. Diette's on Saturdays. The Rector would be glad if any others who have any thought of being confirmed would speak to him at once. Monday, Oct. 6, is the date of the Bishop's visit.

The annual Harvest Thanksgiving services have been arranged for Thursday, Sept. 11th, at St. John's Church. The Rev. N. I. Perry of St. Catharines has kindly consented to preach at both services, Holy Communion being at 11 a.m., Evensong 8 p.m. As the autumn Deanery meeting is to be held next day at "The Elms" it is expected that the clergy of the Deanery will be present at these services. The offertory in the morning will be for the Deanery fund; in the evening, as usual, for the Parsonage fund of the parish.

BAPTISMS.—Sunday, Aug. 3rd—At Christ Church, Port Maitland, Clarence Edward, son of Henry and Alberta Siddall; Estella Marie, daughter of William and Eliza Wallbridge.

BURIAL.—On Monday, Aug. 4th, Elizabeth Jane, wife of David Lyons, at St. John's Church and churchyard, South Cayuga.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

DUNNVILLE.

On Friday, July 11th, there passed away a faithful and devout church woman in the person of Miss Mary Oldfield. Her end though sudden and unexpected was very peaceful. She had always been a regular attendant at St. Paul's church and on the previous Sunday she partook of the Holy Communion at the 11 o'clock service.

The Sunday school picnic was held on July 23rd. It was simply impossible to provide enough rigs for the exceptionally large crowd that attended, more rigs had been engaged or promised, but owing to an unfortunate break in one of the best carioles and other causes they did not materialize. Those who succeeded in getting down to the lake (and there must have been 200) had a very enjoyable time. We were pleased to have the presence of a goodly number from Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

The choir has on several occasions lately been regaled with ice-cream after practice on Friday evenings. Thank you; we practice next Friday!

Rev. C. W. Hedley preached on Sunday evening, July 27th, to a very large congre-

gation. His excellent sermon was much enjoyed.

The congregation on Sunday morning, Aug. 3rd, taxed the church's seating capacity to its utmost extent. The occasion was the annual church parade of the A. O. U. W. Mr. J. Holrod sang a solo during the offertory in splendid voice.

On Sunday, 13th July, at the evening service, the Rector presented Geo Docker and John Steel with Bibles on the occasion of their departure to the N. W.

CAYUGA.

Services here have lately been taken by Rev Canon Henderson and Messrs Arrell and Burkholder, lay-readers, Rev. W. E. White being in Nova Scotia and N. B. on vacation. On Saturday, July 26th, Rev L. Speneer conducted the funeral of Mr. Thomas Lawrence, of N. Cayuga, who entered into rest at the age of 56, after prolonged suffering. "The sufferings of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed."