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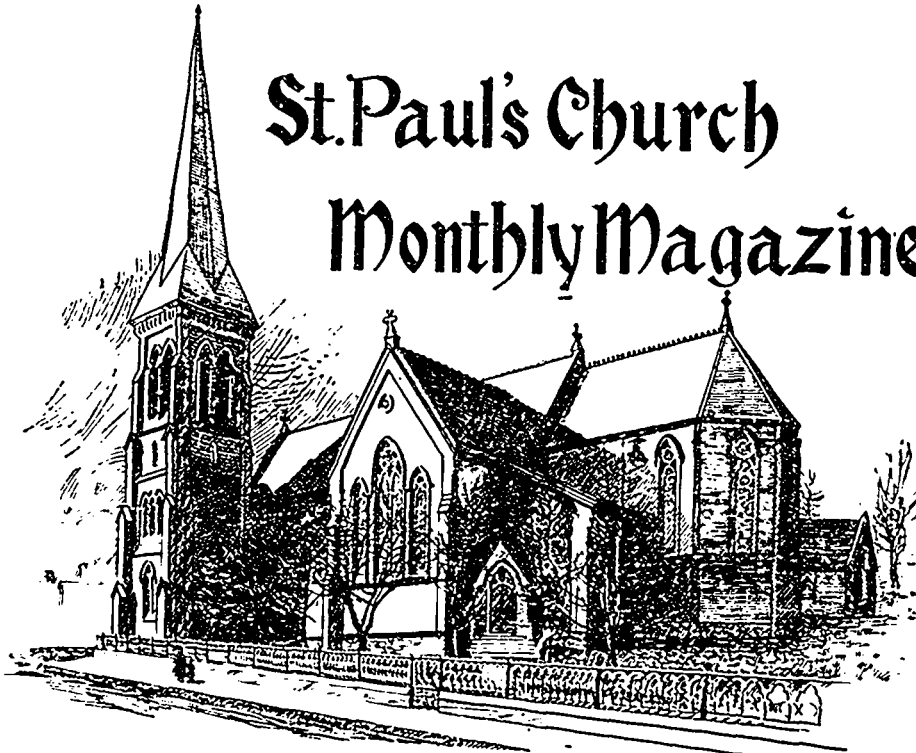
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No. 1.

# St. Paul's Church Monthly Magazine



- St. John, N. B., Canada. January 1898.

Editor:—FRANCIS WALKER, Davenport School, to whom contributions are to be sent.

Clergy: {REV. A. G. HAMILTON DICKER, Rector. 20 City Road.  
REV. W. H. DEVEBER, CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Church Wardens:—HON. JUSTICE BARKER. T. BARCLAY ROBINSON.

### Vestrymen.

G. SIDNEY SMITH.	JOHN K. SCHOFIELD.	FRANK P. STARR.	JAMES M. MAGEE.
J. TWISING HARTT.	G. W. KETCHUM.	J. ROY CAMPBELL.	JAMES JACK.
W. H. THORNE.	J. C. ROBERTSON.	J. D. HAZEN.	JOHN I. ROBINSON.

Vestry Clerk:—H. B. ROBINSON:—Office—103 Prince Wm. Street.

Organist:—T. PERCY BOURNE:—75 Hazen Street.

Sexton:—FREDERICK TRITZ:—Residence, 48 Wall Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES.—Holy Communion 8 a. m., also at 11 a. m., on 1st and 3rd Sundays. Matins 11 a. m. Afternoon Service (with catechising) 3 p. m. Evensong 7 p. m.

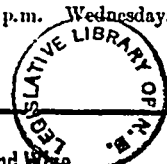
SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 9.45 a. m., and 2.30 p. m., at the School House.

RECTOR'S BIBLE CLASSES.—For confirmed boys, in the Vestry, every Sunday at 10 a. m., for men every Monday 7.30 p. m., at Rectory.

WEEK DAY SERVICES.—Evening prayer Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday 5 p. m. Wednesdays 7.30 p. m. Thursdays 4.30 p. m., with a short address.

BOYS' BRIGADE DRILL every Tuesday 7.30 p. m.

MOTHERS' MEETING, every Thursday 3.30 p. m., in School House.



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## ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

### Calendar for January.

- 1st.—(Saturday) Circumcision of our Lord. Holy Communion 11 a. m.
- 2nd—2nd. Sunday after Christmas, Holy Communion 8 a. m. and 11 a. m.
- 4th—(Tuesday) Christmas tree Entertainment at School-house 7.30 p. m.
- 6th—(Thursday) Epiphany of our Lord. Holy Communion 11 a. m.
- 9th—1st. Sunday after Epiphany, Holy Communion 8 a. m.
- 16th—2nd. Sunday after Epiphany, Holy Communion 8 a. m. and 11 a. m.
- 23rd—3rd. Sunday after Epiphany, Holy Communion 8 a. m.
- 25th—(Tuesday) Conversion of St. Paul. Holy Communion 8 a. m. and 11 a. m. Evensong 5 p. m. Annual Parish Conversazione at School-house 8 p. m.
- 30th—4th. Sunday after Epiphany, Holy Communion 8 a. m.

New Year's Day is very often and very appropriately called "a milestone on the highway of life." There is, however, one marked difference between a milestone and the day which it symbolises, namely, that the latter does not stand still for you to lean upon it and rest yourself, but silently glides away in spite of you, back into that part of our life's journey which we call "the past," and it is surprising how soon it is hidden behind the turns and windings of our path and vanishes from—even the inward eye of the memory.

"Before this fresh and white milestone inscribed "New Year's Day 1898" fades out of sight, it would be well for us to have a good look at it to see if something else may not be written there besides the mere date.

With what a start of astonishment and incredulity should we read there; "This is your last New Year's Day!" And yet, however difficult it may be to realise it, of some one who reads this, these words are literally true.

There could hardly then be a better or more seasonable wish than this:—May every one of our Readers pass such a New Year as he would wish to do if it really were his last one, and yet may every one of them have many bright milestones along the road before him.

And let us not forget that when we do come to the last one, *it is only the milestones that will cease*, the high road of our life will go on forever, and without the stones and ruts which jolt and shake us now, and moreover, if we read the message of the milestones correctly and act upon it, we shall find that part of the road upon which we are loth to enter, to lie through scenery more entrancing and past landscapes more delightful than our beautiful earth can present even to the observant eye of the artist, or the

poet's imagination. Our New Year's wish goes farther than "many happy returns of the day," and includes: May you be even happier still when you have passed all the milestones!

The Christmas decorations were this year fully as complete and as well executed as in former years, thus apparently justifying the absentees who say, "Oh, it's sure to be done all right somehow, even if I do stay away." And very likely they felt justified, and at the Christmas services thought of their widow's mite of wreathing (if they had been to one evening's greening) with all the satisfaction of the most liberal Pharisee. Personally we were present two evenings and a half and feel heartily ashamed of ourselves: we would like to see those who did the work decorated each with some honorable badge or medal—e. g. a spruce tree rampant with the motto, "Many hands make light work" Equal credit with the actual workers must be given to a gentleman who atoned for non-attendance by a liberal contribution of candy for the delectation of the wreathers. May his example bear fruit next year in a long line of imitators. The directors of the work this year were Messrs Dacre Walker and John I. Robinson, of whose energy and devotion too much cannot be said.

The Christmas services were:—a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a. m., a Choral celebration at 8 a. m., and Matins and Holy Communion at 11 a. m. At all three the attendance was good. There were 55 communicants at 7 a. m., 101 at 8 a. m., and 64 at 11 a. m., making a total of 220. The singing always goes well on Christmas Day, and this year both choir and congregation did their best. Maunder's Te Deum and Anthem, "Christians, awake!" were sung, the principal solo being well taken by Mr. W. J. Starr. Gerald Robinson, Don Seely, and Jack Matthew sang a very effective solo (if it can be called a solo when so taken.) The collections on Christmas Day were, as usual, to be devoted to the poor of the parish. A very generous contribution was made as follows:—

7 a. m.	\$ 31.53
8 a. m.	29.58
11 a. m.	92.86

\$153.97

It was noticed that only a very few copper coins (less than the probable number of small children present) were offered. There was a great number of single dollar notes, clean and new, the liberal offering from the moderate store of the many rather than from the riches of the few.

On Christmas Day the Rector was surprised by a deputation of choir boys who presented him with a much prized gift,—Smith's Dictionary of the Bible and the "Life of St. Paul" by Conybear & Howson.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

St. Paul's Church.

OFFICERS, SOCIETIES, ETC.

District Visitors.

Mrs. BOYD,	Mrs. T. B. ROBINSON,
Mrs. WM. HAZEN,	Mrs. SHAW,
Miss MORRISON,	Miss SYMONDS,
	Mrs. WARLOCK.

Sunday School.

SUPERINTENDENT:-Mr. T. BARCLAY ROBINSON.

TEACHERS:-

Miss BARBER,	Miss LINA ROWE,
Miss CROOKSHANKS,	Miss SYMONDS,
Miss EVANS,	Miss MABEL SCHOFIELD,
Miss FOWLER,	Miss SCOVIL,
Miss HEGAN,	Miss STARKIE,
Miss MURRAY,	Miss SEELY,
Miss MORRISON,	Miss SHAW,
Miss ROBINSON,	Mrs. UPHAM,
Miss B. ROBINSON,	Miss WALKER,
Miss ROWE.	Miss WILSON.

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SECRETARY:-Miss L. MILLS.

St. Paul's Needlework Society.

PRESIDENT:-Mrs. DEVEBER.  
VICE-PRESIDENTS:-{Mrs. HARRISON,  
Mrs. STARR.  
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JUNIOR BRANCH.

PRESIDENT:-Miss ONA BARBER.  
SECRETARY:-Miss WALKER.

Mothers' Meeting.

PRESIDENT:-Mrs. DEVEBER.

COMMITTEE:-

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Mrs. DIXON,	Miss HAZEN,
Mrs. HARRISON,	Miss HAMM,
Mrs. HANINGTON,	Miss JACK.
Mrs. J. C. ROBERTSON,	Miss SHAW,
Mrs. UPHAM.	Miss JOHN SCHOFIELD.

SECRETARY:-Mrs. BARCLAY ROBINSON.

Home Missionary Society.

MANAGER:-Miss WRIGHT.

Choir.

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G. B. HEGAN,	H. H. ROBERTSON,
G. HOYT,	G. W. ROBINSON.
H. T. MATTHEW,	W. J. STARR,
E. E. McMICHAEL,	C. D. SHAW,
F. A. PICKETT,	J. E. R. SUTHERLAND,
F. C. WALKER.	AND TWENTY BOYS.



A BIT OF WINTER SUNSHINE.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by HERBERT JOHNSON.*



BY E. A. CAMPBELL.

*Author of "Pierre Richards," "Miss Pris," "A Good Position," "John Harker's Bond,"  
"Her Soldier Laddie," etc., etc.*

"Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds."—EXECH ARDEN.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

**G**OOD-HUMOUR ruled the day, and the crowd which filled the train to overflowing was a jubilant one, fairly effervescing with high spirits. Though the passengers were of varying grades, and of all sorts and conditions, the long third-class carriages were perfect abodes of pleasant good fellowship, for all were holiday bound, and as they rushed on through the flood of golden sunshine all nature seemed to rejoice with them.

And among all the cheerful throng none were happier than the sturdy blacksmith from Firs Cross, John Lewis, his wife, and boy; indeed, Martin never quite knew how the days had passed which intervened between the time he heard the joyful news, and the present happy morning, when he started to get his first glimpse of the sea. So fearful was he of not awakening early enough, that he had scarcely slept at all, and had it not been for his mother, breakfast would have been a name rather than a meal; but under her stern eye he was obliged to eat, if not heartily, at least as much as was necessary.

"Let the boy alone, wife. He's too excited to eat now; we'll get him a bun by the way," said the smith.

"Bun!" exclaimed the mother. "What's the good of buns to keep you going for the day? He'll just eat that bit of bacon, or he'll stay behind."

By-and-by the meal was finished, the house locked up, the key given to Jim Tyler, and before the sun had got very far on his day's journey the three were seated in the train.

Into what beautiful enchanted country was this iron monster bearing them? The ordinary landscape through which they were passing, with its meadows and cornlands, its grassy hills and deep chalk cuttings, seemed to unroll before the boy in a perfect panorama of delight. His excitement increased as they neared Winchester, and his father pointed out to him the massive, low-towered cathedral, and the silvery Itchen winding through the green meadows; for a moment the boy's thoughts reverted to school, and to what he had heard of the time when the old Wessex city had been the capital of Saxon England, and the great Alfred had held court there, but this was but for a moment. On they swept by the watery meadows of Bishopstoke, on and on, till at last came a distant gleam of something quivering and sparkling in the bright light, and Martin knew that at length he had seen the sea.

The crowds of sight-seers who poured from the various trains when they reached the station would, at any other time, have amazed and interested the boy; but now they offered no attraction to him—his one

desire was to stand beside the great wonder, and he could scarcely control his impatience when he found his father disposed to linger and look around.

"No hurry, Marty boy, no hurry," replied the smith to the boy's entreaties to go on; "we've got our tickets for the steamer, and she won't start for above an hour yet."

But here his mother proved an unexpected ally. It would be better, she thought, to go aboard and secure a comfortable seat. Martin squeezed his mother's hand hard in token of gratitude, and soon they were on board the steamer which was to carry them round the fleet.

It was a great day for Portsmouth. A foreign monarch was to visit the fleet, and in his own yacht sail down the line of war-ships assembled to do him honour. Every train brought its contingent of illustrious persons—royalties from various countries, with their suites, dusky Orientals, glittering with jewels, sturdy Colonials, politicians, soldiers, and sailors jostled one another in the motley crowd on shore, while Spithead was alive with yachts and steamers filled with pleasure-seekers of all classes.

There was much to amuse Martin and his parents

as they watched the crowds pouring on to the various craft waiting to take them off; and then by-and-by a shrill whistle sounded on board their own boat, the gangway was hauled up, the rope cast off, and the passengers could feel the tremor of movement as they steamed away.

In and out among the mighty ironclads they went, admiring and exultant; never a man or woman but felt a throb of pride as they came close to the huge monsters, and felt they were looking upon the strength of their land, "the might of England."

"What was the bit of poetry you recited last year at the school treat, Marty?" queried the smith. "About Britannia's bulwarks, you know."

Martin was gazing in silent astonishment at the enormous bulk of the great ship, but, at his father's request, he repeated the verse from "The Mariners of England," commencing,

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep."

"Bravo! bravo!" said a hearty voice beside them, as the boy finished. "That's the sort of thing to hear a day like this. Can't you give us a bit more, my little man?"

"Yes, do!" cried a young girl, standing beside her father, who had just spoken. "I'm sure you remember the other verses."

Other of the passengers joined in begging for the rest of the poem; the smith glanced at his wife, and, seeing that she was rather pleased than otherwise, nodded assent. Very red in the face, and rather indistinct as to utterance at first, Martin began to recite the patriotic verses. It was by no means his first appearance in public, for he was a prize boy at the village school, and had on several occasions assisted with recitations at the school treats; but this large and unknown audience, so different from the crowd of well-known and friendly faces at home, seemed to over-



"MARTIN WAS GAZING IN SILENT ASTONISHMENT."

power him. As he went on, however, the spirit of the surroundings seized upon him; he raised his head, threw back his shoulders, and gave out the lines with such force and feeling that a murmur of approval ran round.

"A smart little chap," said the jolly man who had first asked for the recitation, "and he's done his task right down well. He shall have the brightest shilling I've got in my pocket."

Other hands dived into pockets in search of coins, but the smith protested:—

"No thank you, gentlemen; you're very kind, but my boy didn't do it for money. The words seemed to fit in just now, you see, and if he's pleased you he'll be very glad; but he doesn't want anything else."

There was a quiet dignity about the smith's manner that made those who had produced money drop it back into their pockets rather hurriedly, the jolly man among the rest; but he gave the boy's hand a hearty shake, saying,—

"If ever you come down Salisbury way you look me up; I only live three miles from the city; there's my name and address, and I'll drive in any day to meet you if you care to come and have a day or two with me. I'd like to see you again; you're the sort of lad that good Englishmen grow from."

"Don't you think," said a kindly-looking old clergyman, who was standing in the group, "that the best thanks we can give this little man for his recitation would be to raise a good cheer for Britannia's bulwarks?" and taking off his hat, he led a hearty "Hip, hip, hurrah!" which was taken up with such right goodwill that the blue-jackets on board the nearest ironclad looked over the side and smiled approval.

"I think we all feel proud of being Englishmen to-day," said the clergyman.

"Ay, ay! that we do," assented the jolly man from Salisbury. "One cheer more, lads. Hip, hip, hurrah."

"Now we all feel like patriots after that," said the old clergyman, as he sat down, somewhat breathless, and drew Martin towards him. "Where did you learn to recite, my boy?" he asked.

Martin told him, and his new friend soon drew from the boy all the little history, of his school and his love of his lessons, of his firm friend Ju, and of all that friend's wonderful acquirements and talents.

"And what do you mean to be when you leave school?"

Martin did not answer, he looked thoughtful; but the smith, who had been listening, replied,—

"Just at this minute I expect he feels he'd like to be a hero—it's in the air; we all feel we could do great things for old England to-day; but I'm hoping he'll settle down to be a smith like his father, and his father's father too, though to be sure *he* was a sailor before he took to forge work."

"Well, he may be a smith and a hero too," said the clergyman, looking into the boy's flushed face and



"HIP, HIP, HURRAH!"

patting him kindly on the shoulder. "It is not only soldiers and sailors who are heroes; we can all of us—thank God!—serve our country, though we are not called upon to fight her battles; and we may any of us be what the poet tells us is 'the noblest work of God'—that is, an honest man."

But now it was time to take up a place near the fleet in order to see the arrival of the royal visitor; already the signal had been given that he was near at hand, and soon his yacht, with her shining white sides glittering in the strong sunlight, was seen approaching. Like some huge white swan she came gliding between the line of floating leviathans, and as she came abreast of each pair a royal salute thundered forth from the guns, and hearty cheers went up from the well-packed craft which literally covered the face of the sparkling waters. But a surprise was in store for the sight-seers. Another yacht was now seen approaching, and the cry of "The Queen! the Queen!" was speedily passed round, and the shouts were redoubled when the *Victoria* and *Albert* slowly steamed down the line. Those who felt they had cheered their utmost when the stranger monarch passed, now called up every spark of energy they possessed to give a double welcome to Victoria the Queen, who could be plainly seen seated on the deck of her yacht, surrounded by a group of children and grandchildren.

"You can sing 'God save the Queen,'" said the Salisbury man, hoisting Martin up on his shoulders. "Let's have it now."

The boy's shrill treble voice led off, and the smith's deep bass chimed in. In a moment the notes of the National Anthem were pealing over the waters; the sound was wafted to other vessels, and was taken up all along the line—even the thunder of the cannon could not drown the people's welcome to their Queen.

All too soon for the onlookers the two yachts, now side by side, steamed away towards Cowes, and the

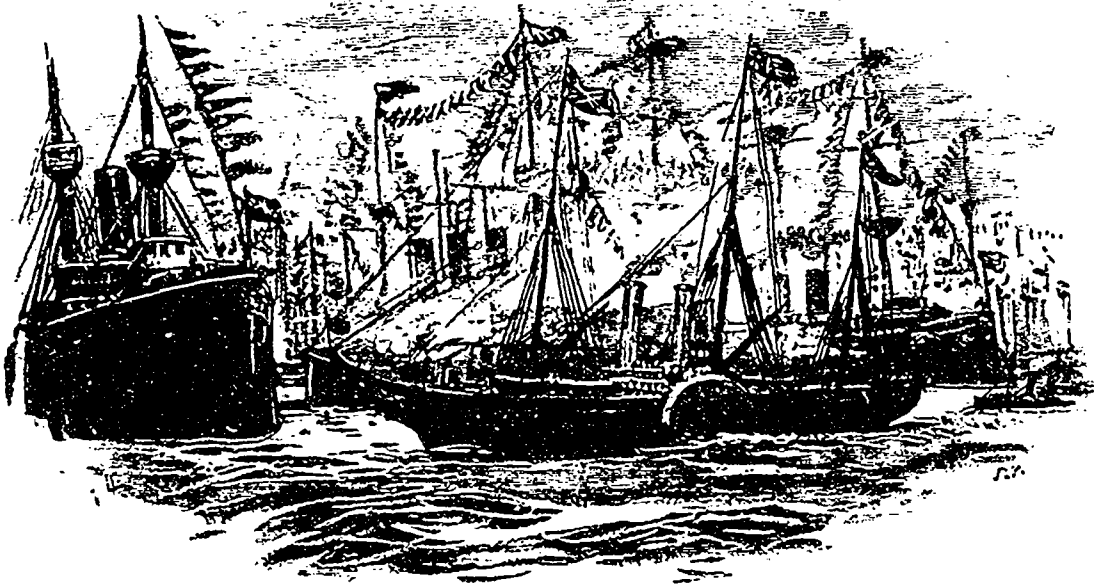


crowd of other craft dispersed to all quarters. Before long, Martin and his parents had transferred themselves to the steamer which was to take them across to Ryde; but before quitting the boat from which they had seen the review, the smith remarked to the clergyman, who still chatted to Martin,—

"I think I've seen your face before, sir. I fancy you must have preached at some time or other at Langbourne."

"I have done so more than once," was the reply. "Your Vicar is an old friend of mine, and we at times exchange duty; as you live near there we may probably meet again soon, as I hope to be at Langbourne

hearty breakfast was quite ready to accompany his father for a walk round the town. Accustomed as he was to the sparser growth of the Hampshire chalk uplands, the luxuriance of every kind of vegetation and the abundance of flowers filled him with delight; the houses embowered in masses of myrtle and fuchsia, the overhanging trees, the wayside well, all made up a picture of such beauty as he had never before dreamed of. The great, grey stone wall of the Undercliff, with the gnarled and knotted hawthorns rooted among the rocks, filled him with awe, but beautiful and wonderful as it all was, nothing gave the boy so much pleasure as to walk beside the sea. It threw a spell over him which he



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

for a few weeks before long, and then I shall hope to see this little man again,"—smiling at Martin—"and also this wonderful friend of his, who seems quite a naturalist; so I hope I am only saying good-bye for the present. We will have another talk about England's heroes before long, if all be well."

The crossing to Ryde seemed a very tame affair to Martin after the excitement of the day, and it was a very weary boy who stepped out of the train when they reached Ventnor, and walked down the hill to his aunt's house; he was scarcely able to rouse himself to receive her hearty kiss of welcome, or to partake of the plentiful meal she had provided for her visitors, and before daylight had fled Martin was sound asleep.

But "Nature's sweet restorer" did her work effectually. Martin ran downstairs the next morning once more full of excitement and energy, and after a

seemed unable to resist, and he would stand by the hour gazing out upon the expanse of blue, sparkling water.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, "fancy having this all round you always."

"So you have when you're at home, Marty; we live on an island, though not quite such a small one as the Isle of Wight."

"Yes, I know we do, but I never understood it before," answered the boy; "but now I know what an island means, and I'm proud that I live in one."

"And proud of being an Englishman, too, I hope. Remember what Mr. Jessop said to you yesterday. I'm glad he's coming to Langbourne again; he's the sort of man that makes the word Englishman respected, and he's the sort of man, too, that it does you good to talk to. I'm glad we met him: I'd like to see you just such another man, my son."

## CHAPTER II.

## HOME AGAIN.

MRS. MOREY was anxious that her brother and his family should prolong their visit. "What's the good of spending a sight of money, to come all this way, and then only to stay three days?" she asked.

But the smith was firm. "I've got my work to see to at home, 'Liza," he said, "and I must go and look after it; Mary and the boy can stay if they like, but I must be home by Saturday evening."

"How you do talk about work," said his sister, vexed at his persistence; "what do you want to be always on the drive for? You haven't a big family—only this boy—and this is the first time you've been to see me all these years."

"'Tis the mortgage that has kept me at home," answered her brother. "You know what a blow 'twas when father died and I found the forge was mortgaged till I could scarcely call it my own. I've worked hard to clear it, and Mary's denied herself many a thing she ought to have had, all that we might know we have a right to our own home. I can't rest till I feel it is done, and in a few more years I hope to clear it off. Then I shall be easier in my mind, for I shall know that if anything happens to me, Mary and the boy will at least have a roof to shelter them."

"How you do talk!" cried the sister. "What's going to happen to you, a strong man and young still?"

"Many a man younger than me, and stronger than me, has been taken, 'Liza, and I sha'n't die an hour the sooner because I've settled up all my business matters so as to be ready to go. I shall be thankful to God if He lets me stay here and see the boy grow up, but I should be thankfuller still if I had to go and I was able to feel I'd done my duty by him and his mother before I was taken."

"Well, I don't see the use o' talking as though your grave was just gaping to take you in. It makes me feel a kind of creepy to hear you," said Mrs. Morey. "I hope he don't treat you often to this kind of melancholy talk, Mary; and I hope, too, that *you'll* stay a bit if John must go. I'd be glad to keep you and Martin for another week."

Mrs. Lewis hesitated. She was certainly enjoying her holiday very much, it was the first time for twelve years that she had been away from home; her surroundings had not only the charm of novelty, but of extreme comfort. Mrs. Morey was a well-to-do widow. During the winter and spring months, when invalid visitors made a golden harvest for Ventnor, she would let her three houses, retiring to the obscurity of two rooms in the rear of her property. When summer came no offer was sufficiently tempting to induce her to



VENTNOR, FROM THE SEA.

let Myrtle Cottage, for then she could enjoy her garden, and blossom forth as a woman of property and corresponding importance. Mrs. Lewis, who had far-reaching ambitions after what she termed "gentility," was greatly impressed by the well-furnished rooms, the pretty garden ablaze with flowers, and the capable servant who managed the domestic duties of the house. Still there was a hint of condescension in Mrs. Morey's manner which galled her, she felt that her sister-in-law secretly despised her best dress, which she had almost thought too good to wear for travelling, and she found that the holland apron she had brought with her to protect it was received with disfavour. Then, too, if she stayed behind, how was John to get on alone? Men were but poor, left-handed creatures when it came to housekeeping, she would find the house dirty and disorderly on her return, and this was the plea she brought forward as an excuse for declining the invitation.

"Well, you know best, I suppose, but a house like yours won't take long to clean from end to end, even if you have to do it with your own hands," said Mrs. Morey.

Mary Lewis coloured painfully. "You mustn't think it's the same as 'twas when you lived there," she replied. "Our house isn't like this, of course, but I've got my parlour and a good carpet all over it, in your time 'twas only red bricks showing, but I've changed things a good bit since then."

"'Liza's got big ideas now," interposed the smith; "she forgets she was born and bred in a cottage: but we'll give her a hearty welcome back to the old home if she'll only come and see us."

"I'll come, and be glad to," responded his sister. "I don't forget what the old place was like, or how hard I used to work there. I was glad enough when mother started me off to service, and when I came here with Mrs. Kenyon, and Thomas Morey asked me to take him for better or worse, I wasn't long making up my mind, I can tell you. Though he has left me comfortable, I ain't above my own flesh and blood, and I'll be glad to come and have a look at the old place,

and see all the improvements Mary has made in it; only I wish she'd stay on here a bit longer."

But though Mary was mollified by Mrs. Morey's last words, she was not to be persuaded to alter her decision. If 'Liza was coming on a visit to Firs Cross it behoved her to be preparing to receive her guest: there was an old armchair to be covered with a gay cretonne and sundry matters in pickling and preserving to be attended to; clearly it was better she should go at once. So on Saturday morning "good-bye" was said and the travellers prepared to start on the home journey. It was a sad hour for Martin when he ran back from the beach to breakfast and knew that he had said farewell to the beautiful sea; he was consoled, however, by the thought that the crossing from Ryde to Portsmouth was still before him, and that his father had promised to take him to see the *Victory* before they left the latter place.

"Now you'll see the difference between wooden walls and ironclads, my boy," said the smith, as they reached the deck of the famous old ship. "The 'wooden walls' have got their good points, too, though I suppose it wouldn't do to rely upon them entirely nowadays; but any way they are better to look at than the newersort. Why, this old craft is a picture now, and when you think of what she's been through, and how she fought, well, there isn't an Englishman but would sorrow if anything happened to the old *Victory*."

Martin was very quiet as he inspected the ship, walked through the narrow passages, peeped into the little cabins, and read on the wall of the one in which Nelson died the words which had so animated the whole fleet on the morning of the great battle of Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." How thrilling it was, too, to be shown the very spot on which the hero fell.

"Father," exclaimed the boy, "I shall be a sailor."

"Now what's put that into your head?" asked his mother. "I was afraid it would be turned by all the sights we've seen lately; but please to remember going to sea isn't all smart ships and being dressed out in our best to see the Queen; there's another side to going to sea—at least, so I've often heard."

"It wasn't that, mother," said the boy, his face pale and agitated; "it wasn't what we saw on Wednesday, it was what we saw down there—'England expects every man to do his duty.' I know what Nelson thought about it, I've read it in the book Miss Lina lent me, and I want to do my duty like him and fight for my country."

The boy looked appealingly at his father, he knew that if he was to expect sympathy at all it would be from the parent who had always entered into all his joys and troubles, and whose large heart was filled with a sincere love for his country.

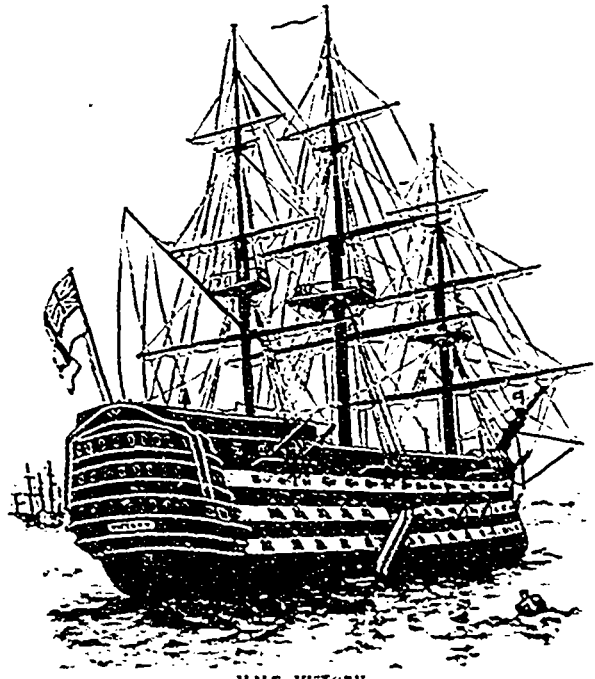
The smith replied to the boy's look and smiled kindly down at him.

"There are different ways of doing our duty, laddie—perhaps some day you'll see that yours lies in a different direction; but if you still stick to the sea, why, I suppose we should have to let you go. It's in the blood, I suppose; you favour your grandfather in more things than your face."

"Don't talk like that to the boy, John, don't," exclaimed the mother; "it's only a whim which will pass away if you don't encourage him by telling him such a fancy is in his blood. I'm sure if it is, the best thing we can do is to get it out. What good did your father ever do by going to sea, I should like to know? He lost a leg, and he never seemed much fit for anything afterwards, if we may judge by the muddle he left in his business—nothing but the hundred pounds for 'Liza, and a forge hampered with a mortgage which 'twill take us a lifetime to pay off. If that's what going to sea does, I hope no boy of mine will ever take to such foolish ways."

"Hush, Mary! don't talk so—it hurts me! Father was an honest man, and you know how the debt on the forge came. Poor Tom was always in trouble, and if father hadn't raised the money as he did, we all know Tom wouldn't have died a free man. At any rate, we were saved from that, and if it pleases God to give me health and strength, I'll soon pay off the rest of the debt."

Martin shrank back in alarm. His mother's angry voice and his father's evident discomfiture aroused



H.M.S. VICTORY.

by her remarks gave him a faint idea of the family skeleton, hitherto carefully concealed from him. He dared not speak again of his desire to go to sea, but sat silent and absorbed during the railway journey and subsequent ride home.

(To be continued.)

## THOUGHTS FOR HOLY DAYS.

GATHERED BY

THE REV. W. H. DRAPER, M.A.,

Vicar of The Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

### Circumcision of Our Lord (Jan. 1st).

**T**HE year anew we now begin,  
And outward gifts received have we;  
Renew us also, Lord, within,  
And make us New Year's gifts for Thee.  
Yea, let us, with the passed year,  
Our old affections cast away;  
That we new creatures may appear,  
And to redeem the time essay.

GEORGE WITHER (1588).

### Epiphany of Our Lord (Jan. 6th).

What's this, my God, the Magi say,  
That they have seen Thy Star to-day?  
Have all men, then, their proper stars,  
On which, in secret characters,  
Discern'd alone by skillful eyes,  
Are writ all humane destinies?  
Was it Thy Spirit, and not their skill,  
That did this Heavenly light instill?  
Thy Spirit was present, Lord, we know,  
But doubt whether Art concurred or no:  
However, if such Arts there be  
That lead their followers unto Thee,  
And of Thy birth and Kingdom show,  
Happy are they that use them so:  
And happy Arts, if such there be,  
That lead their followers unto Thee.

NATHANIEL EATON (1661).

### Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25th).

LISTEN that voice I upon the hill of Mars,  
Rolling in bolder thunders than e'er pealed  
From lips that shook the Macedonian throne;  
Behold his dauntless, out-stretched arm, his face  
Illumed of Heaven:—he knoweth not the fear  
Of man, of principalities, or powers.  
The Stoic's moveless frown; the vacant stare  
Of Epicurus' herd; the scowl malign  
Of Superstition, stopping both her ears,  
—The whole fierce throng dismays him not; he seems  
As if no worldly object could inspire  
A terror in his soul; as if the Vision,  
Which, when he journeyed to Damascus, shone  
From Heaven, still swam before his eyes,  
Out-dazzling all things earthly.

JAMES GRAHAM (1765).

AN AUTHOR'S DYING HOUR.—"I have no thought," said Mrs. Oliphant to a friend of many years, who saw her during the last few days of her illness, "not even of my boys—only of my Saviour waiting to receive me—and the Father."

## SUNDAY QUESTIONS.

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

### QUESTIONS ON THE BIBLE.

1. In which of the Psalms do we find mention of Judah and not of Ephraim?
2. In which, of Ephraim or Joseph and not Judah?
3. In which, of both Judah and Ephraim?
4. In which, of Jacob or Israel?
5. In which, of both Jacob and Israel?
6. In which, of all the tribes, in a sense?

### QUESTIONS ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

1. What kind of likeness to Christ should we always aim at, as baptized persons, and what kind of likeness to Christ may we finally hope for in that case, according to the Collect for Easter Eve?
2. How far are we taught the same truth in the "Epistle" for Easter Day, and in the Services for the Baptism of Infants and Adults?
3. How only can we either desire or do as recommended in the Collect for Easter Eve, according to the Collect for Easter Day and Phil. ii.?
4. Through Whom only is it, according to both the Collects in question, that we can attain the great blessing spoken of in the first of the two?

### BURIED TRUTH.

The same thing which, in a Scripture describing the close of a long-continued oppression, is spoken of as being employed by a woman, is described in another Scripture describing heavy judgment to come, as being used by a man. Elsewhere, the same thing is described as made use of at the same moment by two VERY DIFFERENT men in a visibly similar manner. In all these cases the word used is in the singular number. When spoken of in the plural in Holy Scripture, it will be found always to be in some sort of connection with the House or Worship of God.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

### I.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a dentist like a glazier?
2. When do sixteen ounces weigh more than a pound?
3. When are soldiers like a useful little plant?

### II.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first supports yon stately tower,  
My second lies within the housewife's power,  
Three of my third mark every hour.  
The Initials downwards make a useful case,  
My Finals downwards worn by many a race.

### III.—ENIGMA.

I'm only one, and yet I'm double you;  
I'm first in woe, yet never seen in trouble cue!

\* We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—"Sunday Questions," or "Puzzles," Mr. FREDK. SHERLOCK, "CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 30 & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of age.

## THE WISH OF A FRIEND; OR, HEALTH OF BODY AND HEALTH OF SOUL.

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

*Author of "Boside Readings," etc.*



**B**ODILY health and spiritual health are by no means always found together, many a healthy body is joined to a soul that is diseased, and many an one who is in a happy state as regards his

soul is sick and suffering in body.

A man was once in such good health as to his soul that his friend (who, it appears, had heard of him as ailing in body) could wish nothing better for him than that his body and all his concerns might be in as good a state as his *soul*. This friend was St. John, and the man was Gaius. St. John wrote to him thus: "Beloved, I wish above all things" (or rather, with respect to all things) "that thou mightest prosper and be in health, even as thy *soul* prospereth."

Happy Gaius! And so John thought him. He might desire for him better health of body, yet he thought him happy—this beloved friend—on account of the state of his *soul*. And who knows? Perhaps it was by means of sickness and suffering, as His instrument, that God had brought Gaius to prosper spiritually. It is often so.

But oh, how many there are, with regard to whom we must turn this wish the other way, and desire that their *souls* might be as strong and well as their bodies! How many there are in vigorous bodily health, without an ache or pain, who are woefully ill spiritually, nay, seem to have no spiritual life at all! It need not be so, sickness is not *necessary* to the health of the soul; one blest with a sound body may have spiritual good health also, and may be growing in grace. It *need* not be so; but it often *is* so.

We are not to judge one another. Yet take

some scene where a number of people are gathered together, for business or pleasure, some mixed multitude: with regard to many of them, you are driven to wish that their souls were but in such a state as their bodies seem to be. The gay voices, the loud laugh, the hearty entering into what is going on, the activity and keenness and energy (in none of which perhaps is there the least harm), proclaim health of body, good animal spirits, a sound frame. But is every *soul* there in a sound state? Is every heart at peace with God? Can they "rejoice in *the Lord*"? In their inner life, are they all prospering? Are they all growing in grace?

Suppose for a moment that in some such mixed multitude the health of the body were suddenly made to correspond with that of the soul. Alas, what a change would be seen! A great part of the assembly would appear to be smitten by some terrible disorder. Rosy cheeks would become pale, robust frames would shrink, the strong would suddenly become weak, the sturdy and active would begin to totter, numbers would sink to the ground, and from the lips of many groans of pain would come. There would be a cry for help, all the doctors of the place would be summoned, the hospitals would no longer have an empty bed!

This is but a *fancy*; perhaps an *idle* fancy; but thus would it be, if the health of the body were suddenly brought into agreement with the health of the soul. Is this a state to be content with? If the weak and pale and sickly and suffering would take all possible means for getting health, will the sick in soul take none?

And yet, all the while, the Healer is near; and He calls all the sick to come to Him! And He never fails, and His terms are "without money, and without price."

He can not only cure the sick, but strengthen the weak. If you would take a *tonic* for a weakly state of body, be not satisfied to go on with a weak and sickly *soul*. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?" If you have found healing and life in Christ, seek of Him growth and strength. "He giveth *more* grace." "Abide in Me, and I in you. . . . Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear *much* fruit." "Grow in grace." "Ask, and ye shall receive." "Be strong in the LORD, and in the power of His might."

These are good prescriptions. No physician can prescribe so well for the body as the Great Physician does for the soul. These will not fail.



BISHOP DURNFORD.

*Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY  
by R. TAYLOR & Co.*

## OUR PARISH CHURCHES.

### I. ST. LEONARD, MIDDLETON.

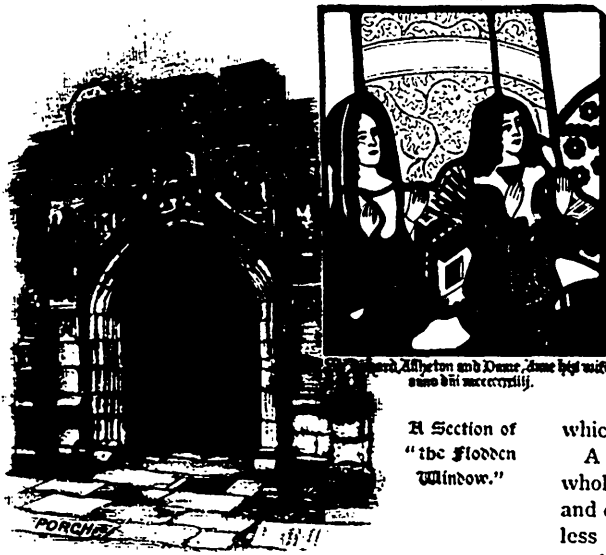
**T**HE Parish Church of Middleton is one of the most ancient structures in the county of Lancashire, and second to none for its historical interest. The western arch is Norman work of about the year 1120, the pillars probably being still in the same condition as they were left by the axes of the masons. The arch, once a semicircle, has been rebuilt in a pointed style to suit architecture of a later date, and the Norman mouldings were put in almost at haphazard. Other remains of similar work are to be seen in the arch over the pulpit, and stones carved with diaper pattern are built into the north wall of the nave. The earliest mention of any rector yet found, is that of "Peter, parson of Middleton" in the year 1250. In an arched recess of the north wall is a sepulchral slab, bearing a great incised cross, but having no inscription. Some antiquaries have supposed that it may have been used as an "Easter sepulchre," for the consecrated elements from Good Friday to the dawn of the Day of Resurrection. The Bishop of Stepney thinks it may be of about the year 1300, but adds "the only thing which seems to me like an earlier date is the base of the Cross being curved instead of with steps. This seems archaic." Bishop Durnford

considered it to be the tomb of some ancient founder. There can be no doubt that it belongs to the de Middletons, the Saxon family who seem to have been left undisturbed at the Conquest, and it is quite possible that it commemorates the builder of the Norman Church. Over the centre of the tomb is a corbel which probably bore the image of a saint previous to the Reformation. Just above the recess, but on one side of it, is the matrix of a brass which evidently represented a lady with hands raised in prayer. Probably this would be the monument of Maud de Middleton, the heiress of Roger, the last male of his line, who died about the year 1322. She married John de Barton, of Rydale, in Yorkshire.

A stone coffin found beneath the north aisle during the restoration of the Church under Bishop Durnford, no doubt belonged to a member of this family. Nothing further is known of the little Norman Church of which these are the relics, or of any earlier building that may have preceded it.

But we possess a most interesting record of the erection of a new Church by Thomas Langley, Prince Bishop of Durham from 1406 to 1437, who was made a Cardinal by Pope John XXIII., and was Lord Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry IV. Many evidences remain of his goodness and greatness. His tomb stands before the Altar of the Blessed Virgin and St. Cuthbert, in the lovely Galilee Chapel at the west end of Durham Cathedral, hard by the dust of the Venerable Bede. Two of the four pillars in each group supporting the roof of the chapel, and work in other parts of the Cathedral are also his memorials. He was a Middleton boy, and in his exalted position he did not forget his native village. On August 22nd, 1412, the Cardinal Prince Bishop consecrated the Church to St. Leonard, and dedicated two altars in the nave, the one founded by himself, to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Cuthbert, and the other by the Bartons, to St. Chad, our first Bishop, and St. Margaret. The licence issued by John Bourghill, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, tells us that Langley bore the whole cost of rebuilding the Church, and describes the beautiful and well finished stonework which adorned it. He endowed his chantry for the instruction of the youth of Middleton, and here in all likelihood the famous Dean Novell, to whom we owe so large a proportion of our Catechism, received his early education.

Only portions of the Church erected by Langley now remain. The tower, the exquisite porch, whose rare beauty is fast crumbling away, and some parts of the walls and arcading, are all that we can attribute to him. The clerestory and roof, and the greater part of the walls, are of the date 1524, when the Church was considerably enlarged as a thankoffering for the victory of Flodden, in which "the lovely lads of Lancashire" played so great a part. Upon the south parapet there is a stone bearing the inscription "Ric



A Section of  
"the Flodden  
Window."

Assheton and Anna his wife 1524." In the year 1438, the manor of Middleton had been conveyed to Ralph, "the black knight of Ashton," on his marriage with the heiress Margery Barton. It was his grandson Richard who, on September 8th, 1513, at the age of thirty-two, led his archers at Flodden, and so distinguished himself that he was knighted upon the field of battle. He dedicated his banner and armour to St. Leonard, and in the manorial Chapel, a flag, helmet, sword and spurs, supposed to be the same, may still be seen. The fragments of a window, placed in the Church at that time by subscription, form a more valuable memorial of our local connection with the battle so decisive in the history of this realm. Sir Richard and his lady, and other leaders, the archers in jerkins blue, and their chaplain "Henry Taylyer," are represented kneeling in Church before going forth to the war. Each archer has a sheaf of arrows at his back, and a long bow over his shoulder, and above the bow his name clearly inscribed. Our registers date from 1541, and the first name is that of the family of one of the Flodden heroes. Several of them have descendants in Middleton to-day.

On the south side of the Church is another ancient chapel belonging to the Hopwood family, of Hopwood Hall. At present it is boxed in by a high panelled railing, but we hope some day to see it restored to its original condition. Behind the panelling in the south wall is the only piscina in a perfect condition now remaining in the Church.

Within the sacristy are preserved the best series of monumental brasses to be found in Lancashire and Cheshire, all commemorating members of the Assheton family. Before the Altar lies the effigy of Master Edmund Assheton, Rector, who died in 1522. He wears Eucharistic vestments of a very simple character,

and holds in his hand a chalice, and the sacramental wafer bearing the monogram I.H.S. The earliest brass lying on his right has no inscription, but probably represents his grandparents the "Black Knight" and Margery the heiress of Middleton. To the left of the priest lies his sister, Alice, whose three husbands were originally represented with her; but one was stolen some years ago. The latest brass is of remarkable merit for its date, and celebrates another of Middleton's greatest sons, Ralph, commander of the Parliamentary forces in Lancashire during the Civil War, and a member of the Long Parliament. He and his yeomen took part in the defence of Manchester, the siege of Lathom House, and every other fight of the period which fell within their reach.

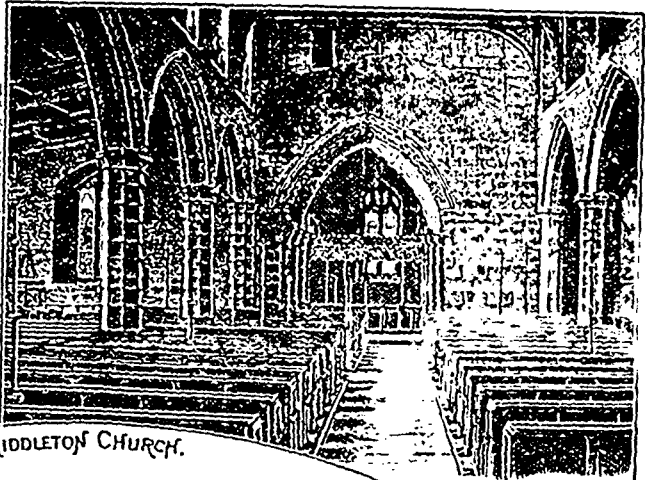
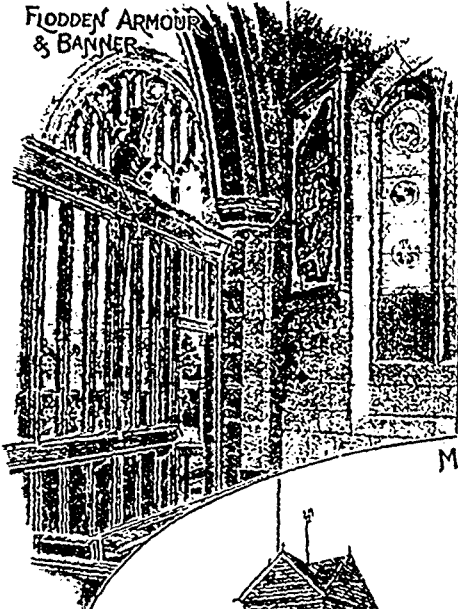
A beautiful oak screen once stretched across the whole width of the Church, separating the chantries and chancel from the nave. It was subjected to ruthless damage from time to time, but considerable portions still remain. The centre part, adorned with the arms of the Assheton alliances, is probably of the early sixteenth century, while Langley's chapel is enclosed by beautiful work of his period.

It is proposed to restore these screens in memory of Dr. Durnford, late Bishop of Chichester, who for thirty-five years (1835 to 1870) was rector of this parish. He found the Church with its western arch bricked up, the walls covered with plaster, and blocked up with huge galleries and unsightly pews. He left it in its present condition, and built schools and churches with such wise forethought, that "the village," now grown to a borough of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, includes six parishes and a majority of Churchpeople. He loved Middleton to his last hour, and proved himself a worthy successor of Langley as a benefactor to this ancient parish. Under the guidance of Messrs. Bodley and Garner we hope to be able to complete the restoration work so well begun. The curious wooden erection which surmounts Langley's tower dates from 1709, when the old bells were hung a storey higher. These were removed by Sir Ralph Assheton and replaced by six bells cast by Rudhall, of Gloucester, in 1714. It is suggested that wood was used because the sandy foundations of the tower would not bear additional weight, or that its object was to give sweetness to the tone of the bells. In any case those who live within sight of its queer gables, quaint in their ugliness, would not willingly exchange them for a stone structure. They are not ashamed of their sobriquet:—

"A stubborn people  
With a wooden-steepie."

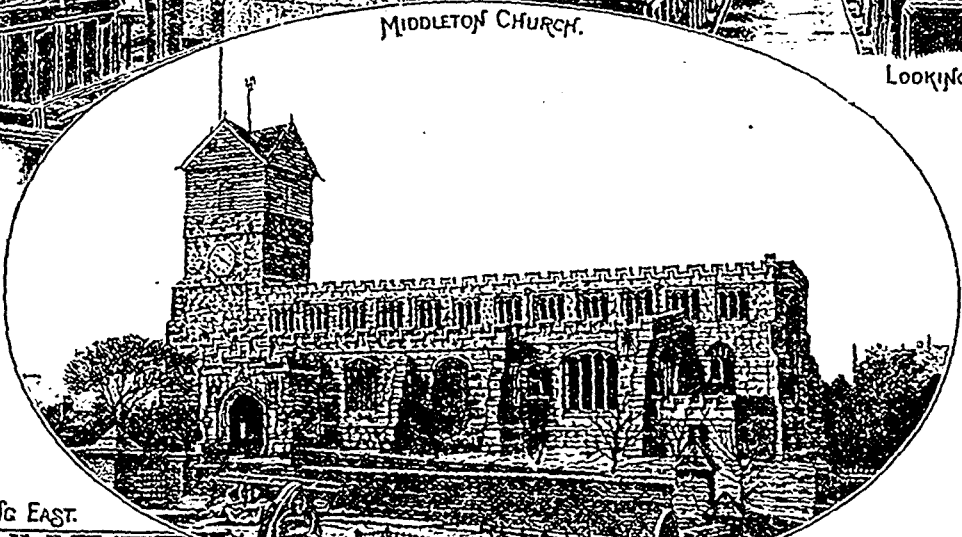
At the beginning of this century the Rector ordered a bell to be rung at ten minutes before ten, as a signal for the closing of shops, and that all who were abroad might hasten home and get to bed. In time this bell

FLODDEN ARMOUR  
& BANNER

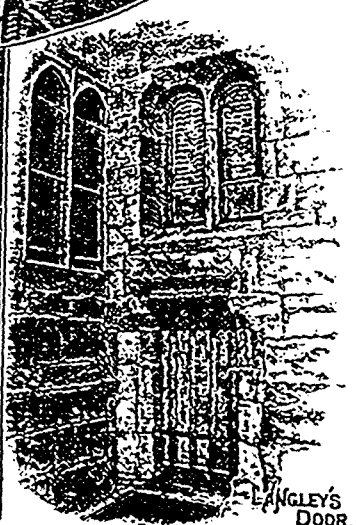


MIDDLETON CHURCH.

LOOKING WEST.



LOOKING EAST.



ANGLEY'S  
DOOR.

MIDDLETON PARISH CHURCH.

*Specially drawn and engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. TAYLOR & Co.*



took the place of the curfew, and old people tell with relish how they fled homewards at the sound of the "nowster," lest they should be locked out by their stern fathers. Silk weaving was then the staple trade. Every cottage had its loom house, and was the workshop of the whole family, over which the father ruled with unflinching hand. In these days of huge factories the precious ties of family life are sadly slackened, and our young people are too apt to forget the fifth commandment. May the "nowster" keep it ever fresh in their memories, and dear to their hearts! The name of this bell is familiar to every Middletonian, and yet none can give a satisfactory explanation of its meaning. It was once the nickname of a man who rang the ten o'clock bell, but whether he conferred it upon the bell, or the bell upon him deponent sayeth not. "Now stir" is the popular rendering, and to this day, when the warning tones ring out, those who have been kept late in our meetings begin instinctively to get ready for departure. Mears & Stainbank, the successors of Rudhall, added two bells to our peal in 1890.

T. E. CLEWORTH, M.A.

THE RECTORY, MIDDLETON.

### OPEN COUNSEL.

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

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

#### Marriage

may be on publication of banns or by licence.

#### Banns

must be published on three Sundays preceding the day intended for the solemnisation of the marriage. Banns must be republished if the marriage does not take place within three months after their publication.

#### Certificate of Publication.

If the parties to the intended marriage live in two different parishes the banns must be published in the churches of both parishes, and the officiating minister of the church in which the marriage is to take place must have produced to him a certificate from the officiating minister of the other parish church that the banns were duly published in it before the marriage can be solemnised.

#### Licence.

Licence for the solemnisation of a marriage can only be obtained after the making of an affidavit that there is no legal obstacle or impediment to its taking place, and that one of the parties to it has been resident for fifteen days last past in the parish in whose church the marriage is to be solemnised.

#### Name.

People are baptised and married in their Christian names and not in their surnames.

#### Churchwarden.

There is no legal foundation whatsoever for the current erroneous opinion that the "parish warden" has more authority and power in Church and parish matters than the "vicar's warden." Both churchwardens are in all things pertaining to their office and duties equal before the law and have equal authority, power and responsibility.

#### Women Churchwardens.

If in other respects qualified, women may and do fill the office and exercise the duties of a churchwarden.

#### Anonymous Letters.

If you are wise you will make it a rule in all your future life never to write one and never to read one.

#### " Clergy Sustentation Fund."

Considering the vast number of members of the Church of England a large proportion of whom are "well to do," and a considerable number of whom are enormously wealthy, there ought to be no difficulty in raising the stipends of the parochial clergy to a figure that would secure for themselves and their families a moderate maintenance. If each member of the Church would on a given day contribute to the fund according to his or her ability, the whole thing would be immediately done.

#### A Wife's Provocations.

We do not understand your domestic trials, but we think it is in your power to lessen them by not adding, by irritating words of your own, fuel to the fire of outbursts of passion. Remember that calm, silent endurance is, in most cases, a wife's greatest power in subduing her husband's uncontrollable temper.

"She who never answers till her husband cools,  
Or, if she rules him never shows she rules,  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most when she obeys."

### WINTER WHITE.

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

*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "The Farmer's Friends and Foes," "Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

It is natural to speak of winter as "white," just as it is to describe spring as "green," summer as "ruddy," and autumn as "golden" or "brown." For winter is not winter without its white raiment of rime, or the denser mantle of snow, covering all things with a sheet of dazzling purity. Travellers talk about "winter" in the tropics; but the term is absurd. How can there be winter when the trees are still green, and the flowers still blooming, and the slightest touch of frost is thousands of miles away? True winter must be white. And this whiteness extends, not merely to the snowy robe which covers the face of the earth, but also to the raiment with which Nature, the wise mother, decks the bodies of so many of her creatures when the frost is long and severe.

Within the Arctic Circle most animals are white all the year round. Take, for example, the Polar Bear, whose fur is never darkened by more than a tinge of creamy yellow. "Winter white" is its unchanging garb, for it dwells in regions where even in summer ice scarcely melts, and where explorers speak of twenty degrees of frost as almost unbearably hot! And this whiteness of the polar bear's fur is not, so to speak, accidental; it is designed, and wisely designed, like everything else in Nature, for the colour serves at least two purposes.



In the first place, it aids the animal greatly in the capture of its prey. The polar bear feeds, for the most part, upon seals, and catches them as they lie resting upon the snow-covered ice. If its coat were brown or black, it would

be seen by them while still at a distance, and every seal would shuffle over the edge of the ice into the sea. But a white animal, creeping over white snow, is almost invisible; and before the victim is aware of its danger it is struggling in the grip of its terrible foe.

In the second place, white clothing is the warmest of all, for it radiates heat instead of conducting it. It is true that in hot weather it is also the coolest; but that is for precisely the same reason. It reflects the heat back instead of allowing it to pass through. We wear white clothing when we engage in athletic contests, and cover the roofs of our greenhouses with a coating of whitewash; that is because the heat from outside

has to be prevented, as far as possible, from getting inside. In the same way, white fur prevents the heat that is inside from getting outside, just as the tea in a white teapot cools much more slowly than in a black one. And the polar bear remains warm and comfortable, in its dress of "winter white," even when swimming for hours in icy

water, or meeting the full force of an Arctic gale when the mercury almost freezes in the thermometer.

But the animal takes advantage of the heat-retaining properties of "winter white" in another way as well. The mother bear, at certain times, spends the greater part of the winter in that curious state which we term "hibernation"; that is to say, she passes into a deep sleep, during which she needs no food, while she almost ceases to breathe, and the blood scarcely flows through her body. While in this condition, her furry coat is not sufficiently warm, for the bodily heat inside it is greatly reduced. So, before she falls into her torpor, she scoops out a hollow in the snow, and then allows herself to be completely covered in by the falling flakes. Thus the snow itself acts as an outer garment, and partly by reason of the air which is entangled between its particles, and partly because of its whiteness, keeps her snug and warm till spring returns.

Then animals which live in somewhat lower latitudes become white in winter, although their fur may be brown, or even black, during the remainder of the year. Thus the Arctic fox, which inhabits Lapland, Iceland, Siberia, and North America, is either brown or slaty grey in summer, but becomes snowy white in winter; while, during spring and autumn, its fur is more or less mottled. The celebrated ermine, so valued for its beautiful white coat, is only the stoat in its winter dress. In this country the change of hue is seldom complete; but in more northern latitudes the ruddy brown of summer gradually pales into the creamy white with which we are so familiar. The same rule holds good with the birds; they, too, don suits of "winter white" in high latitudes. Even the insects, very often, are white; and the farther north that we find them, the more pure and unbroken is their snowy covering.

So, by a wise and wonderful provision of Nature, or rather of Him Who is behind Nature, the change of colour is brought about by the very cold that renders it necessary, and animals whose life depends upon their bodily warmth are protected from the freezing climate in which, very often, almost their entire existence has to be spent.



## OUR DUTY TO THE CLERGY: A WORD WITH THE LAITY.

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK,

*Author of "Among the Queen's Enemies," etc.*

### I.—AS TO SERMONS.

**M**ANY of us have formed some very definite opinions as to the duty of the Clergy towards the Laity. We cheerfully recognise that the Parson is the servant of the public. We are quite certain that we have a right to a Clergyman's time and polite consideration, at any and every hour of the night and day. Some of us, are not above hinting to the Clergy, that we do not feel under any special obligation to them, for the services which they render to us; and, there are amongst us others, who, upon the slightest provocation, are rude enough to blurt out, "The Parsons are paid for it, and well paid too!" Moreover, not a few who believe very much in an eight hours movement for themselves, apparently without any qualms of conscience, calmly extort a twelve or fourteen hours day from the Parson! In a word, too many of us Laity seem to have failed to learn, that if the Parsons have duties towards us, we have corresponding duties towards them.

One great source of the misunderstandings which disturb parish work, is to be found in the fact, that we have somehow got into the habit of speaking of the Clergy as if they alone constituted the Church. There are only some thirty thousand Clergy all told, while the Lay Church folk may be put down as not far short of twenty millions. These figures should enable us to realize that the Laity form an important part of the Church. It should be our aim, as intelligent Laymen,

to cheerfully and cordially take our places as partners in the concern;—active, working, industrious, zealous, partners, as seriously anxious about the progress and fair reputation of the Church in the parish in which we live, as is the Archbishop of Canterbury about the state of the Church as a whole.

If the Laity once take in this great fact, what a change will be effected! No longer will the Laity "spend laborious nights and days" in cruelly criticising everything which the Parsons do! As partners in the concern, the Laity will be loyally determined to pull with the Parsons, rather than against them. As partners in the concern, they will take care to put the very best construction on what has been done, and even if a mistake has been made, will promptly and earnestly endeavour to set the blunder right, rather than to aggravate and intensify the error by the cheap and spiteful criticism in which so many are inclined to indulge. Mistakes will be made, and the sensible man is prepared to make due allowance for them. The illustrious John Bright once sagely remarked, "A man who never made a mistake never made anything!" It is certainly much better to have a hardworking, energetic Parson in a parish, making an occasional mistake from his over-anxious desire to save souls, than to have everything at a dead level, under the sluggish, easy-going direction of a Parson not half awake to the greatness of his opportunities.

Now, in what way can the Laity best do their duty towards the Clergy? Well, we may resolutely determine to break off that bad habit of criticising Sermons. It may seem to some a very easy thing to mount the pulpit steps and preach a twenty minutes Sermon. All that I can say is, "Try it." Try it once, as I have had to do, in a Mission church filled with hard-headed working people, and you will probably ever after have a very different idea as to preaching being such a nice, easy, pleasant kind of a job!

Think what it must be to face the same congregation twice or thrice a week for a year—for five years—for ten years—for twenty years! and then you will come to marvel how it is that the preaching is as good as it is! Anyhow, however poor the Sermon may be, the text is always God's Word, and if we prayerfully carry that away with us we shall indeed obtain a blessing by coming to church. We all get out of a Sermon just as much as we take to it. If we are on the look-out for something helpful, we shall assuredly find it. For my own part, I can truly say that I have never yet listened to a Sermon without learning something. George Herbert has some wise counsels on this matter of sermon-hearing:—

"Do not grudge

To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speak something good: if all want sense,  
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

Not long ago, Mr. W. E. Gladstone favoured a correspondent with the following expression of opinion with regard to Sermons:—

"One thing I have against the Clergy, both of the country and in the town; I think they are not severe enough on their congregations. They do not sufficiently lay upon the souls and consciences of their hearers their moral obligations, and probe their hearts and bring up their whole lives and action to the bar of conscience. The class of Sermons which I think are most needed are of the class which offended Lord Melbourne long ago. Lord Melbourne was seen one day coming from a church in the country in a mighty fume. Finding a friend he exclaimed, 'It's too bad! I have always been a supporter of the Church, and I have always upheld the Clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a Sermon like that we have had this morning. Why the preacher actually insisted upon applying religion to a man's private life!'"

Mr. Gladstone's practical comment on this is: "But that is the kind of preaching which I like best, the kind of preaching which men need most; but it is also the kind which they get the least."

When a Sermon has been specially helpful to us, let us remember to inform the preacher of the fact. It is said that a Clergyman on his death-bed lamented that, though he had been preaching for forty years, he had never had the joy of hearing of any result. On the day of his funeral a stranger stood by the open grave, overcome with grief. He was asked, "Was the dead Clergyman a great friend of yours?" "No," was the reply; "I never really knew him. I never spoke to him. But a Sermon of his was the means of leading me to become a reformed man." Oh what delight such news as this would have been to the deceased Clergyman! How it would have heartened him up for fresh efforts, if he had known, that one man, at least, had been "brought from darkness to light" by his faithful ministrations!

Let us not forget that there is a good deal of human nature even in a Parson, and as the best of the Laity are not above liking a little praise now and then, so, too, a Clergyman may be helped on his way if he be told that his labours are appreciated by those for whom he is willing to "spend and be spent."

(To be continued.)

### HOMELY COOKERY.

BY M. RAE, *Certificated Teacher of Cookery*



ONE pint of split peas, *ad.*; one egg, *id.*; one tablespoonful of dripping, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, one dessertspoonful of mint, *ad.* Total, *ad.*

Soak the peas over night in cold water, tie in a cloth, put into a saucepan covered with cold water, let it boil, and then simmer for an hour and a half. Turn into a basin, stir in the egg, pepper, salt, and dried powdered mint; also the melted fat. Put into a well-greased basin, cover with a floured cloth, tie up, plunge into boiling water, and boil for one hour. The egg may be left out if wished, and a chopped onion added. This pudding is good for eating with fat meat, pork, bacon, etc.



"Helping Mother!"

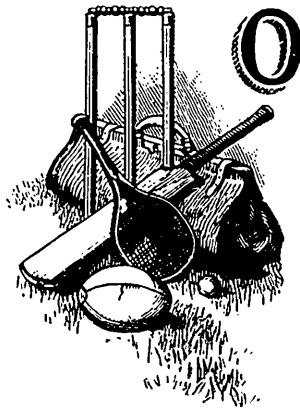
GEORGE PARSONS is almost as proud of his mother as she is of him. He thinks there is no mother equal to his mother, and she feels that there is no boy equal to her boy. "So handy and useful like," she says. "He can clean knives and polish boots with any lad in the parish, and he is just as clever with his books. Schoolmaster says he's bound to be at the top of his class before long." Truly George is beginning well. The boy who loves his mother, and helps his mother, has the making of a good man within him. Our mothers are our best friends, and we do well to help them while we can. By-and-bye they will be taken from us, and then it will sweeten our lives to be able to look back upon the happy days when we helped them all we could. Boys (and girls too), make up your minds to begin the New Year well, by "helping mother." One of the surest and quickest ways to secure a happy life is to begin at once by "helping mother!"

AN AUTHOR'S WISH.—The following lines, written by R. L. Stevenson, the author of "Treasure Island" are inscribed on a fountain erected to his memory at San Francisco. "To earn a little; to spend a little less; to be honest; to be kind; to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation."

## ENGLAND'S PLAYTHINGS.

## HOW CRICKET BATS, FOOTBALLS, AND TENNIS RACKETS ARE MADE.

BY F. M. HOLMES,

*Author of "Jack Marston's Anchor," etc.*

ON the large flat roof of a certain busy house, near the city of London, stand great piles of cleft timber. You would never guess what they were intended for, unless you were told. They look more like rent logs to be cut up for burning than for manufacturing purposes; but as a matter of fact they are for making the chief of England's

playthings—the beloved cricket bats.

Now a proper-minded cricket bat could not live, I suppose, if it were less than four and a half inches wide, and Dr. Grace thinks that a well-brought-up bat ought to stand about twenty-two inches high to the shoulders; so that you see these clefts are not very large. The roof on which they are stacked, shelters Mr. F. H. Ayres's large manufactory in Aldersgate Street, probably the largest cricket bat and tennis racket factory in the kingdom. Myriads of the passers-by never guess that up there, high above the noise and dust and bustle of the busy streets rise these piles of partly made bats, quietly preparing for the Englishman's noble game. They remain up here for about a year, or even more, and are kept from falling off the high roof to the streets below by tall iron railings raised round the sides.

The wood for making the best bats is, of course, willow, which is both light and tough; and the best willow comes from Norfolk and Suffolk. Our American cousins and our Australian fellow subjects cannot grow willows like the English, and they buy their best bats in the old country. Willow trees are often purchased while growing, the leaf and the bark guiding the expert in his choice, and the price averaging three

or four pounds for each tree. Cheaper and commoner bats are made of poplar.

Well, up here on the roof, perhaps a hundred feet above the mighty city, the bat clefts are piled. But before this long seasoning process begins, they are roughed out by the axe into the shape of a bat-blade without a handle, and then they are suitably stacked and left to season at leisure, natural seasoned wood being much the best. In due time the "clefts" as the roughed out bat blades are called, are taken to the "drawing out" room. Here they are fixed in a vice and shaped, or "drawn out," by a drawing out knife—*i.e.*, a sharp blade with a handle at each end. This knife is so sharp and strong that in the hands of an expert it will hollow out and shape the shoulders of the bat in no time. There is great art in drawing out a bat properly, for, like a good man, a good bat should be well proportioned and properly balanced; and as you watch the shavings fly, you gradually see the bat assume its well-known form. It is then planed and pressed hard in a screw press to harden it and squeeze the fibres tighter together.

Now by a band-saw the triangular space is cut out between the shoulders for the handle; and so true is the fitting that a well-spliced handle will sometimes lift a bat even without glue. The handles are made of pieces of West India cane glued together into a square stick, sometimes as many as sixteen pieces to one handle. They are then glued into the blade, the finest glue being used and assisting in giving great "springiness" and elasticity to the bat. In one of Mr. Ayres's patents, indiarubber plugs are also glued into the handle to add to the spring of the bat. The handles, moreover, are glued in square and afterwards turned



SHAPING BATS.

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY.*



BENDING TENNIS RACKETS.

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY*

on a lathe, the object of turning, after gluing into the blade, being to obtain a perfectly true centre throughout the bat. Now comes the stringing of the handles, and then the sandpapering of the blades to make them quite smooth, and finally the oiling.

The stringing of the bat handle is easily accomplished. It is fixed between spindles and revolved quickly as in a turning-lathe, while the workman pays out the twine, which winds rapidly on the handle as it revolves. The twine is made of Dutch flax and is boiled in a mixture of oil, resin, and pitch. Some bat handles are covered by chamois leather, and some by indiarubber, but most players prefer the covering of black twine. Commoner bats, often made of poplar, with handles of the same wood as the blade, are shaped in the same manner as the others, but the handle is first cut out square by a saw and then turned, as are the square cane spliced handles.

From bats to balls is not a far cry, and here in a room close by you may see the red balls a-making that are to fly over many a well-fought field. The regulation weight of a cricket ball is, as I suppose most folks know, five-and-a-half ounces: but perhaps even many cricketers are not aware that the core or inside of the ball is composed of worsted and cork. The worsted is wound wet round a small square of hard cork and hammered tight after each winding, so that when dry it is quite hard and firm. The outer covering is of thick cowhide, which is first cut into quarters; then two of the quarters are sewn together and pressed with a mould into the shape of a half-sphere. The core is forced in and the other half put on and sewn to the first half, the ball when completed being again pressed hard in the screw press and greased. The hide is stained

red before being cut into caps for the cover, red being the best colour to notice easily in the green grass.

From cricket balls we go to footballs, passing from summer to winter at a bound. Some footballs are simply bladders with a leather casing, but the best are made of indiarubber, covered with leather. The hide is first cut into sections, like the quarters, or eighths, of a gigantic orange, and these sections are then sewn together by hand, something as cobblers used to sew boots before the introduction of so much machinery into the boot trade. The sections are kept in position by large springs, or clippers held between the knees of the men, who then work away with awl and thread.

But perhaps one of the most curious points about these playthings is the catgut for stringing tennis rackets. Catgut is never made from cats. It is generally made from the intestines of sheep, even for violins, guitars, clock-cords and so on, though sometimes perhaps from the horse or the ass. The part used for the cords of rackets is the external membrane, which is first loosened by steeping the intestines in water for several days, when it can be scraped off with a blunt knife and twisted. The cord is generally fumigated above burning sulphur, the sulphurous acid stopping decomposition, and acting as an antiseptic. As for the racket frames, they are cut in thin strips from ash logs, and are then steamed for half an hour—an operation which renders them quite pliable; the steam is injected into a long and strong box containing the ash rods, at a pressure of about one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, and the wood, which is naturally tough and light, can be bent into shape round an iron frame quite easily after its bath of hot steam. These bent shapes are hung for months in airy out-houses, high up aloft, to become thoroughly seasoned, after which the handles are finished off with cedar, or other ornamental woods.

The yearly output must be enormous. Something like 20,000 racket frames are often hanging together in one yard to be seasoned, the seasoning process occupying nine or ten months at a stretch; 50,000 bat clefts are often stored at the same time on the roof; while the annual bill for wood alone is over £15,000. And this is but one house among many for the production of England's playthings. What glorious games they suggest, what keen combats of strength and skill! May the best side always win and the vanquished reap a rich reward in healthy hours of happy recreation!

## OUR SCARLET-FEVER ATTACK.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.,  
Rector of Lew Trenchard, Author of "John Herring," etc.

I.



THE story of an attack of scarlet fever in a house and parish, and its arrest by the adoption of precautions, may be interesting and must be useful. I will therefore tell the whole story from beginning to end. One unsatisfactory element in it is that we never were able to determine exactly how it originated in the house, though the origin in the parish was traceable enough.

As to dates and all particulars I shall be very exact, as in such cases it is of the

highest importance to note every point.

On July 4th the governess, with four little children, went to a certain watering place about twenty-four miles distant, which we will call Sands. On July 17th, another child, Violet, went there also; on July 26th, two boys from school, day boys, the eldest we will call Julius. With Violet was put in the same bed a little brother of five years, called Hal.

Every week we sent butter and vegetables to the party at Sands; the butter from a farm I had in hand in which lived a family, the wife being my dairywoman.

On August 8th the governess and the four little children returned from the seaside, leaving Violet and the two elder boys there. My wife went to be with them in the place of Miss Jones, the governess.

On August 11th I went to Sands intending to spend a fortnight there, when, on arriving, my wife told me that Violet was in bed very unwell, had had a shivering fit the previous evening (Sunday), and was now feverish. I at once sent for the doctor, who shook his head and said he could not be certain; he would call next morning early and tell me what he thought.

Next morning, August 12th, at 9 a.m., the doctor came and pronounced that the girl had scarlet fever and ordered us to leave at once. I telegraphed immediately home for Miss Jones to come with the carriage half way to the town of X. I hired a waggone and drove to X., but Miss Jones did not arrive till 6 p.m., as that day there was a flower show at the neighbouring town of Welltown, and coachman, butler, gardeners—all who could—had gone to the flower show.

We were therefore obliged to remain the night at X. and send on Miss Jones to Sands to nurse Violet.

With our returning party, which consisted of the two boys and baby of four months old, myself and wife, was

the under-nurse, in a deadly condition of panic, her name Jessie.

There happened to be close to my house a tower, completely isolated, with bedroom in it and fireplace. I wired that a bath, hot water in abundance, and complete changes of raiment were to be in readiness on our arrival. At X. I provided myself with a supply of carbolic soap and sulphur, and various disinfectants.

On reaching home we drove at once to the tower, where a fire was lighted and all was prepared. Then each of those returning from Sands passed one by one into the tower and bathed and washed completely with carbolic soap and put on entirely fresh clothing, and threw all that was taken off into one corner. The fresh clothing was handed in by the housemaid as required. In the meantime, no contact was allowed between those returning from Sands with those in the house.

At last all the returning party in renovated condition entered the house to enjoy a hearty lunch. Naturally the first to undergo the operation was baby, who rather enjoyed it than otherwise—he dearly loves his tub.

In the meantime I had summoned the village surgeon, and had ordered the heating of the coppers in the wash-house, distant a couple of hundred yards from the house. The surgeon and I proceeded to convey in baskets all the washable articles of clothing taken off to the coppers, and threw them all in, where they were boiled for two or three hours. Being both of us novices in washing we unhappily threw in children's scarlet flannel petticoats along with the white linen and white flannel cricketing suits of the boys. The result was that the colour came off the former and on to the latter. Moreover, in with the rest went my wife's purse, which she had forgotten to remove from her pocket, and that was boiled with the garments, aye, and boiled to shreds; moreover, it iron-moulded somewhat the linen it touched.

Then the village doctor arranged clothes-horses in the tower, and a couple of bricks were heated red-hot in the kitchen stove. When ready all the clothing (not boiling in the copper) was hung by the surgeon on the clothes-horses, and he proceeded to put sulphur on the red-hot bricks—one pound sufficed. The door was fastened hermetically, and the room was soon so dense with brimstone vapour that not a fly could live in it. There the garments were left for twenty-four hours.

We flattered ourselves that by this means we had completely stopped infection; and so we would have done, but, alas! whilst locking the front door, we had left open the back.

(To be continued.)

A FACT FOR TEMPERANCE WORKERS.—"I have often mentioned, and I do not know that I can do better than mention it again, a most remarkable instance of the connection between offences of violence and excessive drinking. On one occasion, in a northern county, I sat to try a calendar of sixty-three prisoners, out of which thirty-six were charged with offences of violence, from murder downwards, there being no less than six murderers for trial among those thirty-six. In every single case, not indirectly, but directly, these offences were attributed to excessive drinking."  
—JUSTICE DENMAN.



ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

## THE EPIPHANY OFFERINGS

BY THE REV. EDGAR SHEPPARD, M.A.,  
*Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapels Royal.*

**T**HE offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh takes place annually in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on the Festival of the Epiphany, and is made either by the Sovereign in person or by the Sovereign's representative. It is a function in imitation and commemoration of the visit of the Magi who came to Bethlehem to present their gifts to the Infant Saviour. Balch tells us, in his "Ready Reference," that according to tradition these Magi or wise men were three kings—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—who, later in life, were baptized by St. Thomas, and spent their days in preaching the Gospel.

The Epiphany function is both curious and interesting, chiefly by reason of its great antiquity, and also from the fact that it is one which has been observed by the Sovereigns of England for the space of nearly eight hundred years; and as recently as the time of George III. was conducted by the King in person. In 1758, however, His Majesty was unable to be present, owing to a heavy domestic affliction, the death of the Princess Caroline, who was buried on the eve of the Epiphany. His Majesty, therefore, deputed his Lord High Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, to make the usual offerings on His Majesty's behalf. This seems to be almost the first occasion on which the services of a deputy were in requisition; for we read in the old annals that year after year the Sovereign religiously performed this duty himself.

There is an account, in the old Chapel Royal cheque book, of this very presentation on this Festival of the Epiphany, by the Duke of Devonshire, by which we learn that His Grace came into the Royal Closet a little after twelve o'clock. The carpet and the stool, and the velvet carpet on the altar rails, were placed in front

of the altar, though without the cloth of tissue. After the Nicene Creed was ended the Duke came down and proceeded directly to the altar, attended by his secretary with the box and purses in hand. His Grace then took the purses, and, while kneeling, put them into the gold basin, which was held by the Sub-Dean, who then gave it to the Dean, who presented it upon the altar. The Duke afterwards returned to the Royal Closet, and the service was continued. The Yeomen of the Guard on this occasion stood on each side of the passage to the altar, instead of the Heralds as heretofore.

When the Sovereign, as was his custom, attended in person, the sword of state was always carried before His Majesty, who was preceded by heralds and pursuivants, knights of the Order of the Garter, knights of the Order of the Thistle, and knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in the collars of their respective orders. The offerings now are made by two gentlemen Ushers of the Household on the Sovereign's behalf. These are the daily waiter and the senior quarterly waiter for the month.

At the time appointed for the offertory in the Service of Holy Communion, after the Nicene Creed, an anthem, appropriate to the occasion, is sung by the full choir, during which the Serjeant of the Vestry, with silver wand in hand, proceeds to the Royal Closet, and conducts the Sovereign or the Sovereign's representative to the altar rails. Here the Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapels Royal, receives the offering in one of the large gilt alms dishes, and presents it on the altar. This done, the Sovereign, or the Sovereign's representative, returns to the Royal Closet, and the Communion Service is continued.

Up to the year 1859 the Royal Epiphany offerings were contained in three purses, or silk bags, in one of which were a few grains of incense, in another a few leaves of myrrh, supplied by the apothecary to the Household, while in the third was a small roll of beaten gold in the leaf, such as is used by gilders.

These purses or bags were placed inside a small round box about six inches in diameter, which was covered with crimson silk. Towards the end of the last century we find it stated that this box was made of red pasteboard, in the centre of which was embroidered an Epiphany star in gold beads "to complete the symbol of the day."

The spice of the Epiphany offering is still supplied by the Court "apothecary"; but in the year 1860, at the suggestion of the Prince Consort, the beaten gold was replaced by twenty-five new sovereigns. This offering is now made in one bag of crimson silk, bordered on the outside with plaited gold tissue, to which long strings of the same gold braid are attached. Within the bag are placed three white paper packets, sealed with red wax, two containing small quantities of frankincense and myrrh respectively, the other twenty-five new sovereigns.

This money is duly distributed among certain deserving poor of neighbouring parishes.



# When Spring unlocks the Flowers.

Words by BISHOP HEBER.

Music by SIR JOHN STAINER, Mus.D.

*Rather quickly.*

*cres.*

1. When Spring un - locks the flow - ers to paint the laugh - ing soil ;..... When Sum - mer's balm - y  
2. The birds that wake the morn - ing, and those that love the shade ;..... The winds that sweep the

show - ers re - fresh the mow - er's toil ; When Win - ter binds in fros - ty chains the  
moun - tain, or lull the drow - sy glade ; The sun that from his am - ber bow'r re -

fal - low and the flood, In God the earth re - joic - eth still, and owns its Ma - ker good.  
- joic - eth on his way, The moon and stars their Ma - ker's name in si - lent pomp dis - play.

3. Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—  
Shall man alone unthankful, (*rall.*) his little praise deny?

No! (*pause, and sing slow to end*) let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,

*Voices in unison*—Thee, Master, must we always love ; and Saviour, honour Thee.

## THE SHEPHERD'S NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

Rector of St. John's, *Limerick*: Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 23.)

**T**HE turf-fire burns brightly and well,  
Low purring and gleaming ;  
The storm on the riotous Fell  
Is moaning and screaming.

Oh, pleasant to rest one awhile  
By the neighbourly embers ;  
To drift to old times, and to smile,  
As one dreams and remembers.

But hark! on the scurrying gale  
What voices are stealing?  
They carry the shepherd a tale  
Forlorn and appealing.

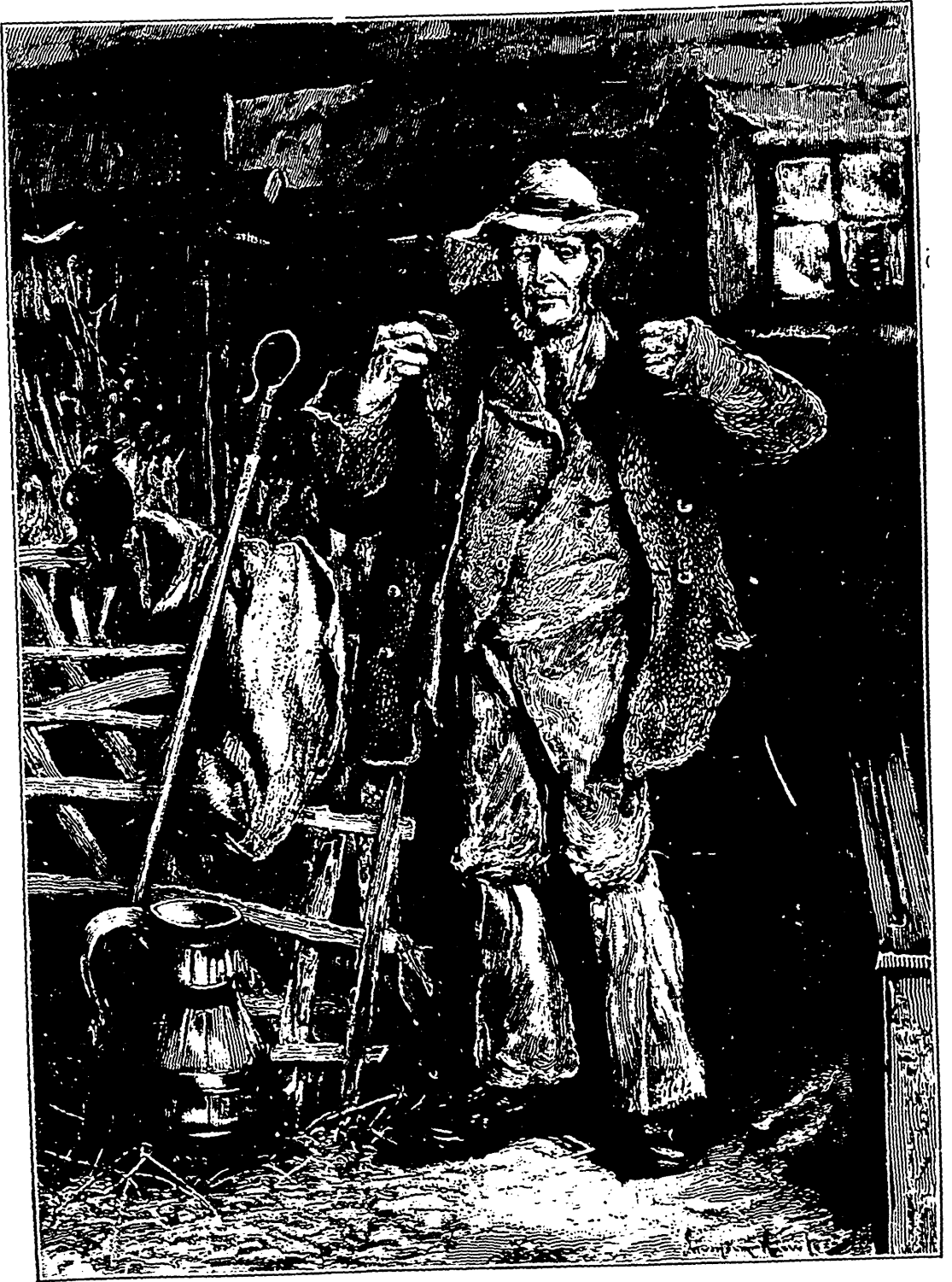
He drags on his coat with a shake,  
And he knocks out the ashes,  
And onward by boulder and brake  
He staggers and crashes.

Black, black is the desolate Star  
The sleet-gusts are stinging:—  
What sound from the city afar?  
A murmur, a ringing.

The gully is past, and his flock  
Are bleating around him,  
And lo! on the boom of a clock  
The New Year has found him.  
Bare-headed he bows, with his hands  
Press'd humbly together,  
And a prayer, as he hearkens and stands,  
Goes out on the weather.

O the fire had an intimate cheep,  
And the heart of a brother:  
Yet better be there with the sheep—  
The lamb and the mother.

Going out from the comfort within,  
To the grief, and the shame, and the sin,  
Our hearts with our suffering kin,  
Relieving and tending,—  
So on us may the New Year begin,  
And so have its ending.



THE SHEPHERD'S NEW YEAR.

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by DAVIDSON KNOWLES.*

## THE MISSIONARY CALL.

BY THE HON. AND RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP  
OF PETERBOROUGH.

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."  
ST. MATT. x. 36.



**I**N our work of the Foreign Mission Field we are reaping the truth, "it is more blessed to give than to receive," so that if it were only to secure a greater blessing for ourselves we ought to multiply our zeal in sending out to foreign lands the truth of Jesus Christ. One instance of this fact lies in the lesson of our text; for the important truth relating to the character of the Christianity we are expected to possess is

expressed in the text, and is more plainly seen in our Church life abroad than here at home. The words are quoted by Christ from the Old Testament. Micah had spoken them hundreds of years before, in Hezekiah's time, and by them had described the corrupted state of Israel in his day, when all society seemed out of joint, all confidence extinct, and all the dearest human ties strained beyond the limits of tenacity. And now, when our Lord is furnishing the first Missionary effort of the Church—when He is sending forth the twelve to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and giving them their commission for the work—He quotes the prophet's words in order to describe the characteristics of the faith they were to sow. In them He sets before the Church for every age, the fact that Christianity must be a warfare: that though He came to be the Prince of Peace, His advent would not at first bring peace; that there would be a thousand ties that must be sundered, and connections that must be given up, in the spiritual development of the kingdom He had come to found; that the sword was to do its work (that is to say, in spiritual phraseology, ties must be snapped, unions broken, and bands cut in two) before the victory of perfect peace, such as He gives, can steal into the soul or fall upon the world.

It is the character of Christianity as a great fighting force that He insists on here, and that the Missionary efforts of His Church both then and now must always clearly emphasize. The Christianity which can prevail must—though it be the leaven working its silent growth—be also a sword dividing life from life, and heart from heart, and right from wrong. It will be a disturbing force, not a mere path of ease, and not a comfortable inheritance of pleasant privilege, that never raises obstacles or wakes up enemies, but a real effort of vital, active, energetic life, in which obstacles will soon be found that we must meet and overcome, and enemies will spring to light in even closest and most dear relationships. Such, so Christ tells us, must ever be individually and collectively the experience of His discipleship, for the soul life, when it is touched by Christ, as it will rise into those higher planes than those on which the lives of other men are led, has to wrench off so many roots, to lacerate so many cords, and overcome so many obstacles before it frees itself. Of such a life Christ, as the Truth, can only say, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth—but a sword," and, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

It is perhaps this aspect of Christianity that we are readiest to overlook. Here in our happy lot, with our peculiar heritage of easy Christianity—our own inheritances of luxury and wealth, and more than this, by the fashion of the Christianity that we profess, by the character of the religious life now most in vogue, we are encouraged to overlook the meaning of Christ's words; and possibly the aspect of that Christianity that we send forth to other men, the necessity of the fulfilment of this characteristic of the Christian life when we transmit it to far heathen lands, may help us better to realize the general and universal experience that true religious life must in itself raise obstacles, that true Christianity can only have the impress of reality when it verifies these words, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

(To be continued.)

**KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.**—If a pet horse or dog, or any other animal, fails to respond to a kind effort to teach it, or to induce it to do its usual work, something is physically wrong with it. "I talk to my horses," said Count Tolstoi, when somebody expressed surprise at seeing no whip by his side, "I do not beat them."

THE motto deeply cut upon Eddystone Lighthouse would be a good one for every Church worker to take to heart. The words are these: "To give light and to save life."

## ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

### MADRAS SCHOOL CLOSING.

"The closing exercises of the Madras school taught by Miss Underhill took place on Thursday Dec 16th, and, as usual, the parents and friends of the pupils and patrons of this most excellent church school were present in large numbers. The pupils are an exceptionally bright lot of little ladies, and the exercises were carried out in a manner that delighted those present, and greatly gratified their painstaking teacher.

Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, rector of St. Paul's, presided, and G. Sidney Smith and Ald. T. Barclay Robinson, members of the board of the school, were also present officially. There were also present Rev. Canon DeVeber, Rev. Mr. Withycombe of St. Jude's church, and Rev. Mr. Shipper of St. Martins. Rev. D. J. Fraser of St. Stephen's church was also an interested visitor.

The recitations were all excellent and the carols were sung sweetly. A very nice feature was the "plea of the small birds," recited by fifteen girls, each one representing one of our favorite feathered songsters. They pleaded eloquently not to be killed because their feathers are beautiful.

Rev. Mr. Dicker then catechised the pupils and their ready answers delighted everyone. The presentation of prizes next took place, the awards being made in turn by Mr. Dicker, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Smith, each of whom had a kindly word of encouragement for the pupils as they proudly stepped up to receive the rewards of their diligence. The fortunate ones were:

5th class—Gladys Hegan and Alice Starkie.

4th class—Alice Nichols and Muriel Gandy.

2nd 4th classes—Marjorie Lee and Elsie Jardine.

3rd class—Annie Roden and Rhita Barber tied for first, Bessie Foster second.

2nd class—Hazel Babcock.

1st class—Muriel Gandy and Gladys Hegan.

Special Prayer book prize—Gladys Hegan.

Prize for Bible knowledge—Iona Kerr and Alice Schofield.

The roll of honor for this term contains the following names: Alice Starkie, Louise Rowe, Alice Schofield, Gladys Hegan, Sadie Moran, Iona Kerr, Wenonah Brennan, Muriel Gandy, Alice Nichols, Grace Fleming, Annie Roden, Rhita Barber and Bertha Dixon.

After the presentation of prizes the members of the board complimented Miss Underhill on the excellent showing of her school. The pupils were, after singing the doxology, dismissed with the benediction.—St. John Sun.

The new choir room and chapel adjoining St. Paul's church has been completed; but to carry out the original plan it now remains to move the organ from the north to the south side, in order that the space at present taken up by the organ, may become

a vestry for the clergy, opening into the new building. The estimated cost of moving the organ, together with the necessary repairs, is about \$350; the ladies of the congregation had raised about \$240. Mrs. Dicker proposed therefore to organize a Christmas tree Entertainment in which members of the congregation were asked to assist us, either making or buying three things, one of the value of 5 cents, another of 10 cents and a third of 20 cents, or by subscribing 35 cents, the value of the articles asked for. The plan was to have a 5 cent tree, a 10 cent tree, and a 20 cent tree, on the evening, every article having its own number, there being also corresponding numbers in a box from which those paying 5 cents, 10 cents, or 20 cents, were allowed to draw once for their money. The date was Tuesday, January 4th, the admission to St. Paul's School-house being 10 cents.

We are glad to be able to report that the scheme proved a great success. On going to press we are informed that the proceeds amounted to \$87, making a total in hand of \$327.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of \$1 from Mrs. J. C. Schofield towards the Madras School organ and \$2.50 from Mrs. John Peacock towards the furnishing of the choir room and chapel.

There will be a meeting of the Needlework Society on Monday Jan. 10th, at Mrs. DeVeber's.

Miss Seely's class (III, girls) won the Banner of Honour in the morning Sunday School: those in the class are:—Helen Evans, Louise Pedersen, Fanny Triftz, Josephine McKay, Annie Taylor, May Drew and Alice Wetmore. Miss Seely is to be congratulated upon the fact that her whole class obtained perfect marks during the month, a result very rarely attained!

In the afternoon school the banner was won by Miss Scovil's class. The following are in the class: Bertha Dixon, Agnes Drew, Hazel Seely, Lottie Hornbrook, Gertrude Sturdee, Constance Sturdee, Hazel Hodges, Eliza Grover, Alice Nichols, Annie Nuttall, Gladys Hegan and Muriel Gandy.

Mrs. Dicker begs to acknowledge the following subscriptions for the Magazine for 1897:—Mrs. J. Jack, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. B. C. B. Boyd, Mr. A. C. Blair, Mr. H. C. Tilley, and Mr. J. D. Hazen. Also the following subscriptions for 1898:—Mr. J. T. Hartt, Mrs. Short, Mrs. Turner, Mr. P. Lee, Mrs. Miles Dixon, Mrs. Pennelegan and Mr. J. D. Hazen.

You will notice that our Magazine has (as we should all be wise to do) literally "turned over a new leaf." We have been emboldened by the hearty support given to us in the past year to enlarge it and adorn the cover with a picture of our beautiful church, executed by our friend Mr. Pickett of the well known firm of Wesley & Co.

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