

JARVIS, ONT.

Tom. Blott

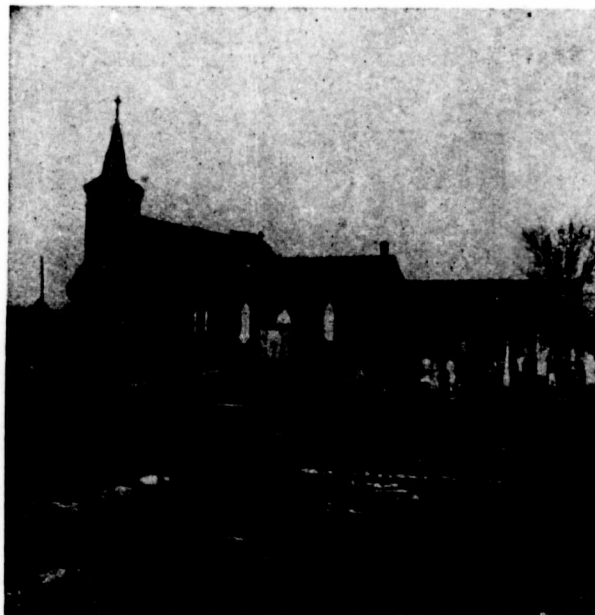
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The Haldimand Deanery

* Magazine. *



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARVIS, ONT.



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THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARVIS.

The illustration given on the front page of the cover of this number should prove extremely interesting. It is a moon-light view of St. Paul's church, Jarvis, taken on a night on which for a short time the acetylene gas was burning in the church and illuminating the stained glass of the windows. The view shows on the left the new church with its completed tower and steeple and adjoining this edifice the old church with its southern chancel. The old, still dear to many of the parishioners, is now used for S. S. and other seemly purposes. The present vestry is a section of the old church, and is situated between the S. S. and the southern wall of the new church. The chancel of the new building is in its proper place, the east end. An interior view may be shown and a description of it given before the close of the present volume of the magazine. On the right appears a part of "God's acre."

The first clergyman who performed the service of the Anglican Church in Jarvis was Rev. Francis Evans, of the parish of St. John's, Woodhouse township. The service in those early days was held in the residence of Mr. John Jones, father of Mr. E. F. Jones, present lay delegate to Synod. Mr. Evans' ministry here began about 1846.

He was followed by Rev. Bold Cudmore Hill, who lived in York and travelled over an immense area in order to hold occasional services for the benefit of Church people in various places. He also utilized Mr. John Jones' private house in Jarvis, until the inhabitants of the village erected a public school and sanctioned the use of it for religious purposes.

Two earnest laymen in the early years of the village did useful religious work. These were Mr. John Mencke and Mr. Wm Wood, of Nanticoke, who acted as lay readers and S. S. teachers.

The next clergyman was Rev. Mr. Stimson, who came periodically from another village. He was succeeded by Rev. Thos. S. Campbell, who resided at Nanticoke, that place being the headquarters of the mission.

The first resident clergyman of Jarvis, was Rev. Solomon Briggs, who began his ministry a short time before the erection of the old church, the date of the opening of the building being Christmas day, 1858, on which occasion boards placed on blocks were used for seats. The cost of finishing and furnishing the interior was borne by a Ladies' Aid Society, which raised the necessary sum by means of a festival held in Feb., 1859. A special service of dedication was held on Easter day of that year. In Oct., 1860, the church and cemetery were consecrated by Right Rev. John Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto, who also on the occasion confirmed no fewer than 45 persons.

In the summer of 1864 the charge of the parish was placed in the hands of Rev. Jas. Morton, who continued incumbent until the spring of 1868. During his period of service the main portion of the substantial brick parsonage was erected. There followed him Rev. John Francis, who enlarged the parsonage, and labored for ten years in the mission of Walpole. His successor was Rev. Gabriel Johnstone, who remained until the beginning of 1889, when Rev. Robinson Gardiner was appointed to the cure. During Mr. Gardiner's incumbency a considerable sum of money was collected for the erection of a new church; but the actual work of building was reserved for his successor, Rev. F. C. Piper, who became incumbent in Aug. 1896. The corner stone of the new church was laid on 27th July, 1897, and the building was opened for Divine worship on Jan. 9th, 1898. Mr. Piper continued in charge until Aug., 1899, when the present incumbent, Rev. P. L. Spencer, was appointed. The church is a commodious and handsome building, the windows being extremely beautiful. Over the altar is a delicately-carved maddalion of the head of our Lord in purest marble. The font was present by Rev. John Francis as a memorial. The debt is about \$700.00. The present church-wardens are Mr. C. E. Bourne and Dr. Thos. Lewis.

Extra copies of the covers of this number of the magazine may be obtained from Rev. P. L. Spencer at 3 cents each.

NANTICOKE.

The work of digging a cellar under the parsonage has at last been accomplished. Although it required more labor than any one had anticipated yet everything was carried out speedily and successfully. The Committee, consisting of Messrs. James Vokes, R. J. Evans and W. H. Evans with the wardens, are to be congratulated on the way in which the congregation turned out en masse to their assistance. Mr. W. H. Evans was chief engineer.

The annual meeting of the W. A. was held on 6th inst., at the parsonage. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mrs. Cotton; Vice-President, Mrs. Davidson; Rec. & Cor. Secretary, Miss Mencke; Treasurer, Mrs. Low; Rector's Nominees, Miss L. Thompson and Miss Carney; Auditors, Mrs. Davidson and Miss Thompson; Delegates, Miss Mencke and Mrs. Hallam, with substitutes, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ward.

One important resolution passed at the meeting was to the effect that this branch should assist in parochial work.

A successful oyster supper was held on the evening of the 7th inst., at the residence of Mr.

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“THE FOLDING OF THE FLOCK.” (See page 45.)

Specially drawn for “The Church Magazine” by A. F. LYDON.

Engraved by C. LYDON.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

BY THE VENERABLE WILLIAM SINCLAIR, D.D., *Archdeacon of London.*



OUR Lord's first Sabbath at Capernaum is the most conspicuous example that I know of unwearied persistence in doing good. It is a momentous day. It is full of events; and the Evangelists have probably chosen it as a specimen of what

He did on other Sabbath days. We get the brief outline of one particular day in our Lord's short earthly ministry, detailed to us, probably not because other days did not have as many events, but because it was the first sabbath He spent at the house of Simon, Andrew, James, John and Phillip after their return from the south. Nothing could better prove the truth of the words which this very Simon, whose mother-in-law was now healed, addressed long afterwards to Cornelius, of his Master, since ascended to the invisible world: "He went about doing good." Patient, unwearied, calm, joying where received, sorrowing where rejected, doing all that the people about Him would allow Him to do, seeking no pleasure or study but the welfare of others; wise, prudent, wasting no force and throwing no beneficent gift away, proportioning the effect exactly and accurately to the faith that made it possible; tender to the true, the humble, the believing, the trustful, the sad, the simple, the childlike; stern to the arrogant, the self-assertive, the prejudiced, the unjust, the suspicious, the impostor, the tyrannous, the hard-hearted; such was our example.

I might argue from that example and urge myself and you to be more diligent in following it than we are. Or I might press upon you on more general grounds the duty of doing all we can for one another. But I prefer that we should try and convince ourselves that doing good like our Saviour is the best and wisest course that we can pursue for our own happiness, especially in great national causes, where a clear call comes for our co-operation.

There is nothing more miserable than the man who lives alone for himself. If he once fancied himself satisfied, there would be nothing all the rest of his life to pursue. He would soon be satiated, and like Alexander would be longing

for fresh worlds to conquer. Far from that, he never once *would* be satisfied, he would always be passing on from one disappointment to another, till he experienced the bitter truth that pleasure and self are phantoms which, the more they are pursued, recede the further from the grasp of their votaries.

And at the same time we must remember how daily and hourly we are tempted. The flesh is always striving against the spirit. If we have set before ourselves a high ideal, daily and hourly are we tempted to give it up and to give way to the impulse of the moment. He who worships self, he who thinks for self alone, has no ground to stand upon in resistance to these temptations. He will be dragged by them away from his better thoughts, and be led captive by them at their will.

The only way to escape the torments of the tyranny of self and to find a strong vantage against those inclinations, which we know would lead us to give up altogether the Christian battle, is by actively doing good in the spirit of faith and prayer. First comes our ordinary business and work. That must be done. Our Lord's business and work was to found His kingdom. But if we would be wise, all our study, all our pleasure, all our plans for the employment of our time which will dovetail into this ground-work must be coloured by the principle of doing good. As a beginning, we can at any rate try and make sure that we will save ourselves the remorse of thinking that what we have chosen to do with our time, beyond our mere necessary duties, has done harm. But beyond that, we ought each of us to have some definite practical line of useful self-chosen voluntary usefulness. There is no greater mistake made than thinking that this kind of thing is the business of the clergyman and of professed philanthropists, and that with everybody else it is corban or a gift, a work of supererogation. It is alike the work of every single individual Christian who is wise for himself and true to his Master. The clergyman may be justified in taking the lead, but his office is more distinctly teaching than anything else; the work of benevolence is the privilege of all. There is first the care for the eternal and temporal interests



THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

From Photo by]

[Russell & Sons.

of household and family; but more than that there are the wants of the parish and neighbourhood, sick to cheer, sorrowing to control, woes and evils to cure, poor to help, destitute to devise plans for, pauperism to eradicate, laws to put in force, ignorant to instruct and inform, sluggards to arouse, prejudices to overcome, party spirit to destroy, tyrannies to abash, hard hearts to rebuke and crush, reforms to promote, impostors to detect, follies to cure; all these things lie daily at the door of each. If Christians would only make trial of the delight of doing good, if they would only try and experience the vast help to their own souls to be derived from having no idle time for vain and disturbing speculations, if they would realise for themselves the delight of ending the day with the thought that during the last twelve hours at least one solid substantial thing has been done for the good of some one and for the spread of Christ's kingdom; if they would, amongst all their comforts and satisfactions, prove to themselves the blessedness even of the cup of cold water given in the name of Christ, then we should

hear less of the vapidness and emptiness of life. We should hear less of idle, useless, meaningless doubt and enervating speculation. He that did the will of God would know of the doctrine. Instead of running the risk of becoming a cumberer of the ground, he would find the never-failing bliss of being a living stone of an eternal and glorious temple.

The pilgrim and stranger who through the day
Holds o'er the desert his trackless way,
Where the terrible sands no shade have known,
No sound of life save the camel's moan,
Hears at last through the mercy of Allah to all,
From the tent door at evening the Bedouin's call:
Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of God, the compassionate
And merciful One, for thee I wait!

For gifts, in His name, of food and rest,
The tents of Islam by God are blest.
Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of love?
Oh Christian! open thy heart and door,
Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor:
Whoever thou art, whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the compassionate
And merciful One, for thee I wait!

Hymn for the Feast of S. Matthias.

"LET THE ROUND WORLD WITH SONGS REJOICE."

Words by BISHOP MANT.

Music by RICHARD M. C. SOUPER.

Let the round world with songs re-joice; Let heaven re-turn the joy-ful voice;

All mind-ful of th'Apos-tles' fame, Earth, sky, their Sovereign's praise pro-claim. A-men.

Thou, at whose word they bore the light
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
O still to us that light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.

Thou, at whose will to them was given
The key that shuts and opens heaven,
Our chains unbind, our loss repair,
O grant us grace to enter there.

Thou, at whose will they preach'd the word,
Which cured disease, which health conferred,
To us its healing power prolong,
The weak support, confirm the strong!

That when Thy Son again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest,
And place us in Thy endless rest.

To Thee, O Father; Son to Thee;
To Thee, blest Spirit, glory be!
So was it aye for ages past,
So shall through endless ages last.

THE MISSEL THRUSH: "Turdus viscivorus."

By A. F. LYDON.

HOW brave is the heart, that, amidst the storm and piercing cold of a typical February day, can sing a song of cheerful hope in anticipation of brighter days to come, yet such must be the heart of our feathered friend the Missel Thrush. Perched on the topmost spray of a lofty tree, surrounded by everything cold and cheerless, amidst the pelting sleet that freezes as it falls, and swayed to and fro by the angry breeze that threatens to drive it from its perch, our speckled friend in spite of it all, lustily sings a loud and cheerful roundelay, and is a living

nature and loves the shelter of green woodlands, feeding upon the berries of ivy, holly, mountain ash, etc., intermixed with insects, snails, and worms, when these are to be had. Though naturally of a timid nature the Missel Thrush can be very brave in defence of its young, and the devoted pair may be seen to wage a very determined resistance against the attack of marauding magpie, jay, hawk, or cat, and generally



their united brave efforts are successful in driving off the intruder. Its nest is generally placed in an exposed position easily accessible to man

or beast, and little or no attempt is made to disguise it from the vulgar gaze, on the branch of some bush or tree, often not far removed from the ground, it is of the usual thrush type and is found with eggs in, early in March, long before Nature's curtain of tender leaves has served to screen it from view. At this season of the year, when the natural food of so many of our feathered friends of the garden and field is almost exhausted, or locked up by the iron grip of the frost, I

example to all who are in trouble and adversity not to be overwhelmed by despair. This bird is the first songster of the budding year, and from this habit of singing even when the wind is high, has gained for itself the title of "Storm Cock," but its more familiar name is that of Missel Thrush. This name it is supposed to have obtained from its liking for the berries of the mistletoe, and there is a tradition, but only a tradition, that the bird, by carrying the seed of this interesting parasite from tree to tree, is instrumental in propagating it. The Missel Thrush is the largest member of our family of thrushes, being fully two inches longer than the "Mavis," or common thrush, and is distinguished from the latter favourite not only by its larger size but by its greyer or more faded colour, its bolder spots on the breast and flanks, and by its pure white under wing-coverts and axillaries, which latter in the common thrush are buff. It is found all over our islands, having become more common in the northern parts of late years, and throughout Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa it is widely distributed. Though the Missel Thrush is a brave singer in the most cheerless season of the year, it is rather sensitive to cold and migrates further south during the severest weather, and not infrequently succumbs to the cold. It is of a retiring



am sure no feeling heart will withhold the usual crumbs, but will increase the dole day by day to the poor feathered vagrants that cluster so thickly round the homestead with their mute appeal.

MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

BY EMILY DIBDIN.



ON the east side of the Malvern Hills and nestling under their shadow stands the beautiful old Abbey dedicated to St. Mary and St. Michael.

At the first glance one would imagine that the building dated no further back than the fifteenth century, for windows and porch alike point to the Perpendicular period for

their erection, but a glance inside tells another story.

The massive Norman round arches and heavy pillars of the nave tell us that we must look much further back for the foundation of the Priory, and such, indeed, is the fact.

It is said that in the stormy times when the Danes were struggling to make their foothold secure in England, the notable Abbey of Deerhurst was destroyed, and one of its monks—Werstán—fled to the wild forests of Malvern, and there, led and assisted by a band of angels, built a little chapel on the side of the hill, where St. Ann's Well is now shown. King Edward the Confessor gave a charter to the fugitive monk, but, before his brotherhood

had reached any great dimensions, St. Werstán was beheaded by his old enemies, the Danes, while looking out at the window of his chapel, if we may believe the representation on the old fifteenth century glass window.

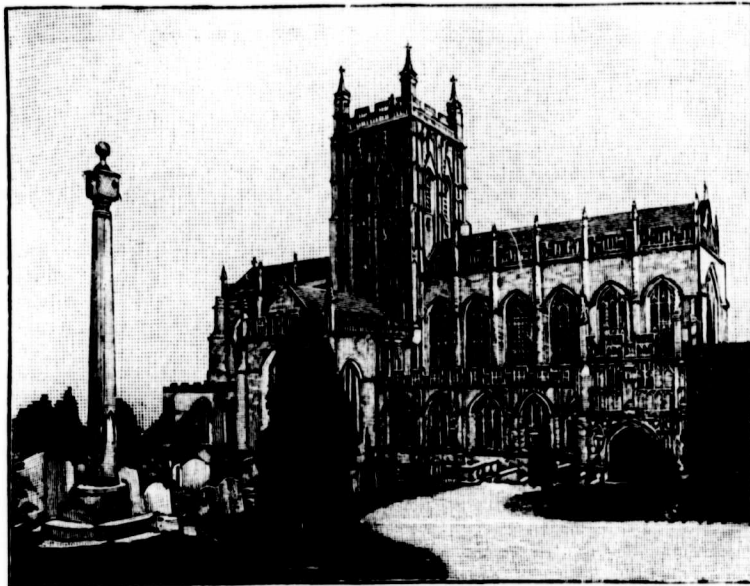
It was after William the Conqueror had established himself on the throne of England, and when good Bishop Wulstán, the last Saxon who filled the See of Worcester, was still alive, that one Aldwin, a monk, lived with a companion named Guido in the forest of Malvern. His companion became convinced that his duty was to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and Aldwin, though feeling a strong desire to accompany him, thought that he would first take advice from his bishop,

"Do not, I pray thee, Aldwin, go anywhere, but remain in thy place. Thou wouldst wonder if thou couldst see, as I do, how much God will do, through thee, at Malvern."

Aldwin obeyed his superior, showing thereby his fitness to rule; and within a very short time no less than thirty brothers joined him, and the Priory was erected on the present site of the Church about the year 1084.

About the middle of the fourteenth century one of the monks of Malvern Priory proved himself a poet, and the "Vision of Piers Ploughman" had an immense influence on the people. It pointed out the grave evils that had sprung up in the Church, and may have done something to prepare the way for the Reformation.

The writer is said to have been one Robert Langlande, born at Cleobury Mortimer, and educated at Oxford before he joined the Benedictine Brothers of Malvern. The following are the opening words of his poem, and are of interest as shewing the quaint words and expressions of our language at this early date, and also instancing that alliteration at that period took to some extent the place that rhyme does at the present day:—



MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

"In a somer season,
When softe was the sonne,
I shoop me into shroudes.
As I a sheep weere,
In habite as an heremite,
Unholy of werkes,
Wenté wide in this world
Wondres to here;
Ac on a May morwenynge
On Malverne Hilles."

That Malvern was not without the relics then so highly prized we learn from a sermon of Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, preached in the middle of the sixteenth century.

"I think ye have heard," he said, "of St. Blesi's

heart, which is at Malvern, and of St. Algar's bones, how long they deluded the people, I am afraid to the loss of many souls. Whereby men may conjecture that all about in this realm there is plenty of such jugglery deccits.*

It was just at this time that King Henry VIII. was suppressing the monasteries, and Bishop Latimer, though quite aware of the superstition obtaining there, made a great effort to save the Malvern Priory from destruction. Among other pleas, he urged that the Prior "ys old, a good howskepere, fedeth many, and that dayly, for the contreth is poore and full of penury."* He even offered to pay from his own pocket 500 marks to the King and 200 to his minister, Cromwell, if the Monastery were spared; but his efforts were in vain, and Malvern Priory ceased to exist, its lands being given to a layman, one John Knotsford (whose monument fills the space on the south of the sacrarium), and much of the building, including the Lady Chapel, and the south transept, pulled down and the materials sold.

The parishioners, though poor, made a great effort and raised £200, with which they bought the remainder of the building to be their Parish Church; and so a great part of the noble pile has come down to the present day. It was, however, allowed to get into a very ruinous state, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1802 tells how the north side of the church was used as a playground for boys, who amused themselves with throwing stones at the windows, in which the beautiful old glass still remained.

"Adjoining the playground was a kennel of hounds, whose hideous yells filled up at intervals (service time or otherwise), the cry of the headstrong juvenile assailants. A large pigeon-house, also belonging to the vicar, was stuck up against the eastern wall of the church, and the interior was a scene of rubbish, holes, pew-lumber, and broken tables; the walls and floor were damp, parts of the church flooded, the ivy being suffered to grow within the building and covering a large part of the east window."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century two successive vicars made some efforts to restore the decaying fabric, but it was left for the Rev. George Fisk, under the advice of Sir Gilbert Scott, to completely restore the church between the years 1859—61.

The oldest monument in the church is that on the north side of the Holy Table. Its date is uncertain, but it is not later than the thirteenth century, and some authorities have believed it to be of the eleventh.

The tomb of Walcher, the second Prior of Malvern, has been removed from the outside to a mortuary chapel on the south side of the church.

The windows are very interesting owing to the large quantity of ancient glass they contain. In one of the choir windows Edward the Confessor is represented as giving a charter to the monk Werstan, and, after the manner of those days, the superiority of the King is represented by making him of gigantic size, while the insignificant monk kneels, a mere pigmy, before him. The head of Henry VII. still remains in another window, together with a few fragments of his queen, but the figure of Prince Arthur, his eldest son, whose body lies in Worcester Cathedral, is in perfect preservation.

The tiles mostly bear sacred symbols. One of them has the Pelican, with the inscription in Latin: "As the Pelican is made whole by its mother's blood, so are we healed by the Blood of the Son."

The carvings on the old Monks' stalls in the choir by no means follow the same rule. Some are even ludicrous, as the one that represents three rats engaged in hanging a cat, while an owl stands on each side; and others, as a man with a bear, a man beating acorns off an oak with two pigs watching the transaction, have to do only with mundane matters.

Whether we look at it in the mass or in detail, as an architectural trophy, or an historical memory, there are few parish churches in England that are more worthy of notice than the Priory Church of Great Malvern.



MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH (INTERIOR).

*The tradition of the old Priory is still maintained, for an early comer to Church on Sunday morning may see twelve loaves piled on the old oak chairs by the east door ready for six poor widows who come week by week to carry them away.

ROY'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of South Africa before the War.

BY MRS. WILL C. HAWKSLEY.

*Author of "Out of Darkness," "The Vicar's Vow," "A Silver Token," "Black or White?" etc., etc.**Illustrated by J. LITTLER.*

CHAPTER III. (continued).

ROY went up to him and touched his arm.

"You here, old chap!" was the greeting vouchsafed. "Having a little spree on the sly, eh? Well, I won't tell tales."

"Ina sent me. She's rather in a fright, poor child," Roy said, trying not to notice the glances which the passing crowd were casting at him. Never, probably, would he quite lose a certain horror of the attention which his infirmity was sure to attract. "She declared that the pater was raging in the library and the dear little soul, having heard you make an appointment with him, came to me in a fright."

Ted glanced at him with a laugh.

"So you both thought I'd forgotten all about my engagement? Awfully decent of you to take the trouble to remind me." And Roy was relieved to discover that his brother was not annoyed at having been tracked and overtaken. "But the fact is," Ted went on, "I hadn't forgotten. Only I couldn't stand that library and those law papers to-night. If he wants a

proper legal opinion, why doesn't he get it? He might know, I'm sure I've told him often enough, that mine isn't worth the breath that utters it. And I won't pretend that it is. Yet have it he will!"

"So you'd better perhaps come and give it," slipped in Roy, with adroitness. But his companion shook his head.



"ROY WENT UP TO HIM AND TOUCHED HIS ARM."

you. However, I'm going somewhere, to win the coin to buy a nice little diamond for Zarah."

"Ted, you haven't come to that?"

They had been slowly working their way along the crowded Strand towards Charing Cross as they talked. And at this instant Ted pulled up suddenly at the corner of a side street and stood looking down into his brother's distressed and yearning eyes, with a laugh in which there was exceedingly little mirth.

"Haven't I, dear boy? Well, you know

"Now? When he's been raging for a good three hours? Not if I know it! He'd simply send the roof off—and me with it. By the morning he'll probably be more reasonable. No, having got out of the way I'll keep out of the way, if it's all the same to you. I'm going to the—but never you mind where. We don't tell these secrets to good people like

best, of course. Still, if you've any sort of a desire to see inside a naughty place with a naughtier name, I fancy that I can oblige you. How do you suppose I keep up the supplies else? Besides, where's the harm? Especially as I'm a lucky beggar. It's only wicked to lose, you know, in the eyes of a man of the world."

Which was exactly what Roderick Arnold was not. And Ted's half uttered revelations had raised in him a genuine horror.

"I did not think you went in for that," he exclaimed, realising the weakness of the observation even as he uttered the words. But what else could he say?

"Didn't you indeed?" said Ted, resting a hand upon his brother's shoulder and guiding him further out of the crush and glare of the main thoroughfare into the comparative darkness and quiet of the street behind them, on each side of which tall houses towered. "Well, perhaps I wouldn't, if I could choose exactly my own way. If I had your income, do you suppose that I'd try my luck? I am no gambler for gambling's sake. Though I don't say I mayn't become so, by and by. The fascination certainly grows on one."

It was an unexpected outburst. And Roy listened in surprise. But Ted had not finished yet.

"If I *had* your money, would you like to know what I would do? Why, I'd buy an estate—one which Mary should choose, and I'd ask her to come and live on it with me. Would she do it?" half dreamily. "I'd make her happy. And let her"—he caught his breath in a queer paroxysm of agitation—"ah, let her make me happy too! I—in fact, I'd go straight to Paradise. As it is—"

He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. In the short and passing instant which ensued, Roy found himself wondering whether, after all, his own plans and schemes were God's plans and schemes for him. Did all his great fortune, the disposal of which he had so carefully planned, in justice belong to him? And even if so, had he the right to spend it upon alien flesh and blood whilst his own younger brother was, literally, selling himself to the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the sake of paltry gold?

But then he remembered the fetid courts and stinking alleys. He recollected that each soul has its own value in the sight of the God Who is no respecter of persons. And he quieted his conscience by the reminder that his money was destined to be the price of many souls, not merely of one.

Yet still he made an effort.

"Ted, I've offered it before. Let me offer again to help you. I'll give you a thousand a year, gladly. You should have more, but that the rest is already otherwise appropriated. Still, you and Mary could live on that."

The other laughed. Already the hot fit had almost passed away.

"Live? Exist rather. In the first place Lady Bankton would scoff at the notion of Mary accepting such an income. And in the second, a thousand a year would be grinding poverty to Mary and to me. No! Keep it for your slums, old fellow. It's good of you to suggest it," grasping his hand with a gratitude that somehow Roderick did not feel that he altogether deserved. "Though you might, for the matter of that, just as well join in the howl of everybody else, and ask why I don't try. I can't work, and that's the truth. I was never brought up to it. And I can't keep a wife on a thousand a year. I wasn't brought up to that either."

"Then what is to happen?"

Again Ted shrugged his shoulders.

"Mary must stay where she is, until some other fellow—but I'd like to kill him if he tries! And I shall marry Zarah. She has plenty for us both. And she as good as told me to-night that she'd have me and deliver me out of all my troubles." Then, relapsing into his usual half mocking, half airy tone, "So now to gain the love-token on the strength of which I may hope for my lady's yes."

"And if she hears how you've won it?"

"She'll value it the more. Zarah isn't of the milk and water sort. She don't go in for babes and sucklings."

He gave a peculiar knock at the door of one of the high houses as he spoke. It opened instantly by a spring worked from within. And as Ted entered, Roy followed closely. Something which was scarcely instinct and

certainly not reason, but which may indeed have been the directing Hand of God, impelled him to see all that the moment might have to reveal concerning the life which Ted was leading, concerning the soul of his brother which had to-night, for the first time, been bared to his view.

The great door closed gently behind them, shutting them within a rather dimly lighted, shabbily furnished entrance-hall. Ted looked at Roy, with another laugh.

"Well, if you're bent on coming, don't blame me for corrupting your morals, my embryo parson," he said. "Up the stairs with you."

And that was how it came to pass that, in another moment, Roderick Arnold, within a few short days to become a deacon of the Church, found himself in one of the best frequented, most fashionably popular gambling houses in all London. That Ted said a word or two of explanation and reassurance to the man at the door in order to secure his admission; that a look of astonishment gathered upon the faces of some of those

seated round the tables, men who knew by sight the remarkable figure of Sir Edward Arnold's hunchback son; that in fact his intrusion upon the scene caused a distinct sensation, Roy did not even guess. Nor would he have cared had he guessed. Self-consciousness was lost, at this moment, in the thought of his brother. And simply choosing a corner, remote enough from the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, whence he could take in the entire scene with the eye of a discoverer, he sat down to watch.

It was whilst he watched, surrounded by the hubbub and the din, in, but not of, that dissipated scene, that there came to him more vividly than in any quiet moment of the life

which he had striven to live in close communion with God, a sense of the awful Presence of the great Jehovah. He seemed for a moment to realise something of the All-seeing Eye, of the All-hearing Ear, open to the sights and sounds, cognisant of the sins and wickedness of this great earth. He realised better than he had ever done before how small was the part which he and his money must occupy in the plans of the Almighty Father, and for an instant understood that perhaps the salvation of one soul which he and none else could reach might be the work for which alone he was responsible. For not of Cain alone has been asked the question "Where is thy brother?"

The idea passed quickly. But it left a memory behind it.



PERVADED BY BLUE-COATED OFFICIALS.

That Ted meant business was evident. He made straight for the green covered table at which the highest play always went on, and securing a chair he at once counted out and deposited his stake. Then he looked about him, and nodded, without speaking, to an acquaintance or two. His whole air and manner plainly indicated that this

was not the first visit, by many, to the saloon.

And certainly to-night fortune favoured him. Again, and again, and yet again, the gold which he put down was returned to him multiplied many fold. The pile, just in front of him upon the table, grew steadily, until by-and-by the young man, with a triumphant laugh, filled both hands with coins and notes, and thrust the contents into his pockets. From that time he continued to secure his gains as he made them, leaving only his stake upon the table.

"I'm afraid you'd grow jealous if you saw it all at once," he told Lord Frederick Knaresbrook over his shoulder, with another rather wild burst of mirth.

Lord Frederick clapped him on the shoulder.

"Keep it up, dear boy, keep it up. For my sake!" with a guffaw. "I'm backing you. Don't give in yet, and we'll make our fortunes." And then he called for more champagne, without leaving his position behind Ted, and swallowed the bubbling wine at a draught, though already his voice was thick and his legs gave signs of instability.

The run of luck was exciting attention by this time. Men from all parts of the long room were crowding round the table, following Ted's lead and betting on his success. Roy, still watching, could see the faces, greedy with the desire for gain, hot with a furious excitement. Yet amidst them all, surrounded by the eager countenances and flushed visages, carelessly busy only when the croupier's call sounded, or when a fresh heap of money was pushed towards him, sat Ted, gay and insouciant as ever. What he had said was true. The gambler's fever did not touch him. He was playing to-night with a clear and definite object. And in business fashion he had set himself to gain it. The curious madness that affected others seemed to pass him by, though, indeed, after a time the colour did begin to deepen even in his cheeks, and the hitherto steady fingers trembled a little as he placed his gold.

And then—

Why the police should have chosen that particular night on which to make their long planned raid, who can tell? Perhaps they had some special reason. More probably they had none. But the result was the same. There was a hoarse call of warning from the man at the door; a sudden extinguishment of the lights; a general stampede in the dark; a crashing of overturned furniture and a jingle of rolling money.

After which all was over. The electric current was switched on again to reveal a room apparently pervaded by blue-coated officials, each trying his best to capture a prisoner. And amidst the general confusion, Roderick Arnold, who, in his ignorance of the locality, had made no effort to escape, found himself secured, together with some dozen other men. All the rest of the crowd which had thronged the place ten minutes earlier had vanished—

somewhere. Amongst them had disappeared Ted and his ill-gotten gains.

CHAPTER IV.

"Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone."



SIR EDGAR ARNOLD and his elder son were standing facing each other in the library of the house in Eaton Square. The one looked white and jaded, each natural defect in his appearance being accentuated by his air of fatigue and the worn lines upon his face. The other seemed almost majestic in his upright pose, with the stern cast of his countenance intensified by the frown which wrinkled his forehead.

"Bolton said you wished to see me directly I returned," Roderick said, quietly.

"Although I scarcely expected that you would be allowed at liberty so quickly. Yes. Will you sit down?"

The young man took the chair to which he was pointed. He felt indeed dispirited and weary in body and soul. All last night had been spent at the police station, spent in a mental review of his unsullied past, and in an anxious forecast of what might be his future. At the worst, he had remembered, there would always be Africa and Jack Lucas. Although he could definitely decide nothing until he knew how Ted would act. If Ted chose to make his brother the scapegoat, and so to shield himself, no word of Roy's should betray the traitor.

And even at this instant, hours after he had arrived at that resolve, the doubt remained. That Ted had not appeared in Court to clear his name publicly and at once, lent some probability to the idea that the young man might intend to hold his tongue altogether. Yet perhaps to his father he might have explained. Roy hoped a little, but feared a good deal. And the fear was rather for Ted than for himself.

"At the magistrate's inquiry several men against whom nothing but their appearance in the club last night could be alleged were discharged. I was one," he said.

Sir Edgar looked at him with an open sneer. "An honourable acquittal!" he exclaimed.

"The person who had devoted his life to the service of God and of the poor relieved from the charge of frequenting a gambling hell because, forsooth, he was not amongst the known ringleaders in its management. Is it still your intention to present yourself for ordination on Sunday week, may I ask?"

Roy did not answer. In truth he did not know what to say. The decision must rest with the Bishop—and with Ted.

"I am at least grateful," his father went on again, "that you have hitherto kept your vices private, and have not induced your brother to become a partaker in your sins."

The lids drooped over Roderick's sad eyes. Then Ted had not spoken. His brother had fallen indeed!

"But," continued Sir Edgar, "this state of things cannot continue. It would be weak in one

who holds my prominent position to permit it. The world might even say that I gave countenance to your evil inclinations. With your brother, not to mention your half-sisters, you may no longer dwell under the same roof. You must choose another home."

Roy looked up then into the hard face before him. His own was very pale, as he pushed back a heavy lock of hair that hung damp and lank upon his forehead.

"As you are aware, after my ordination I

should not in any case have remained here—Now it is possible that I may not be ordained. Do I understand that, in either event, you desire that there shall be no further communication between the rest of the family and myself?" he said, thinking of Ina and of all their mutual plans and hopes. She would be disappointed. For himself he could scarcely, at this moment, feel another pang.

Sir Edgar nodded.

"Exactly so. You have the means of support. You are in no way dependent upon me," his eyes gleaming angrily as his thoughts flew to the old grievance.

"You—"

There was a tap at the door, which at the same instant flew open, and Ina ran in. Without a glance at her father's angry face she went behind Roy's chair and flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, you

dear old fellow. I heard that you were back," she exclaimed. "We are all wanting to hear the truth and how you came to be in that horrid place. Of course it was Ted's fault, somehow. But—"

At which point, however, Sir Edgar, whom indignation and surprise had hitherto kept silent, interposed.

"Ina! I am astonished at you. Do you not see that Roderick is engaged with me? Go out of this room at once."



"ROY A HYPOCRITE!"

The girl looked up, with her happy smile, across the dark head at her father. She was the only one of his children, not excluding Ted, who ever ventured upon any familiarity with him. And this morning she felt particularly daring. The more so since she saw plainly enough that Roy was having no very easy time.

"But let him come too," she said. "Ted only laughed when I asked about Roy, and then went out. And we are all so curious—"

"It is a curiosity which must remain ungratified," with a stiff coldness that, contrasted with his daughter's coaxing manner, would have been funny, had it not foreshadowed trouble. "You will yourself understand, Ina, and can also tell your sister, that from this moment you and Roderick Arnold are strangers. Now that his hidden iniquities have come to light, there will be no further need for him to play the hypocrite. From this day I shall reckon as no son of mine a man who has brought disgrace on my name."

"Oh! How can you talk so, father?" Ina was standing straight now, very slight and pale and girlish, but with a face full of indignation and reproach. "Roy a hypocrite! When you have seen his life all these years! When you know the good he has done! When I've told you already that I myself asked him to go out last night to find Ted! You can't truly and really think this of him. At least ask him for his account of the affair before you condemn him."

Roderick's head was bowed upon his hands. He could not say one word in his own defence. Yet it was sweet to feel that at any rate one person in the wide world trusted him.

As to Sir Edgar, his stern set countenance grew sterner yet while he listened. It may be that at Ina's appeal some inkling of the truth did penetrate his soul. If so, however, he shut his eyes wilfully to the light. He had rather Roy should bear the blame, than that Ted should be incriminated.

"The truth!" he exclaimed. "What, I wonder, would that be in his hands?" with a gesture towards the misshapen, almost abject, figure. "He was found last night and arrested in a place of which I should wish you, my daughter, never to have heard. Was he

decoyed or kidnapped into that position? The mere fact is enough, and more than enough for me."

"Yet if he were trying to save someone else—Ted," urged Ina.

"He had better have tried to save himself," with sarcasm. And if the speaker did not remember, Ina and Roy could not but do so, another saying, as scoffing, uttered long ago of Him whom Roy was feebly and wearily trying to follow. "For him to talk of benefiting the masses! Why, who would accept his assistance in that work now? The worst criminal in London would turn into ridicule the idea of such an imposter offering himself as an adviser and example."

Roy rose from his chair, feeling that he could bear no more. All that his father said was so true. In that, indeed, lay its sting. The whole of his life had been shattered by one act of pure, holy unselfishness. That it was unselfishness, however, who would believe, even if he explained? Whilst to explain was, in itself, impossible.

And yet he could scarcely leave the house thus. He yearned for one word of kindness at parting, if parting there must be. And for a moment, with his hand on the door, he paused. Ina took advantage of the opportunity to go to his side and push her fingers through his arm.

"If you understood you would not treat me thus," he exclaimed. "Have I been such an unworthy son that when I assure you of this you cannot trust me, father?"

But Sir Edgar Arnold was not of the stuff to yield. His lips curled with derision at what he regarded as a sign of feebleness.

"Hypocrite to the last!" he said. "Go!" And then, as Roy turned the handle, "And if you have still left in you any regard for parental authority, leave the house at once. Remember that each word you speak to any of my children is an act of disobedience to me."

Roy grew whiter than ever.

"You will allow me to say good-bye to Ina, and to have half-an-hour's conversation with Ted? I can do neither much harm," with a bitterness in his intonation at last. "If the Bishop permit I sail for Africa to-morrow."

(To be continued.)



Joshua xxiv., 26, 27.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM C. STEWART, LL.B., *Trinity College, Dublin.*



HAT eloquent English writer, John Ruskin, says somewhere in one of his lectures, in his paradoxical way, that everything ought to have some feeling, some passion, in it—even a stone. But Ruskin was not the first person to venture upon such a startling assertion.

The same thing had been said even more impressively many hundred years ago. On a memorable occasion, which is vividly described to us in the last chapter of the book of "Joshua," the inanimate stone was appealed to as a living thing, that could listen and observe and remember, and hereafter speak. It was after the first great victories, which had secured to the children of Israel a vantage ground, and an assurance of a future settlement, in the promised land. Joshua, under whose leadership these victories had been won, comes before the people for the last time, to bid them farewell and give them his parting words of warning and encouragement. We can picture the scene to ourselves, so graphically is the story told by the sacred writer. There stands the aged general, who, years before, as a young adventurer, had made his way into this land of Canaan at the risk of his life, and who, after long waiting and wandering in the wilderness, has brought his often timorous followers across the river, and led them in many a conflict to suc-

cess. Before him are all the people, not the fighters only, but the feeble old men the women and the young children. All look towards him and listen in silence to his words. He speaks very solemnly to them, reminding them of all they and their fathers have gone through since Abraham was first called from the far country beyond the great river. He tells them that it is by God's providence they have been made a nation, rescued from slavery, and brought into a rich country. And he calls upon them to be faithful to this God who has chosen them and blessed them. They can choose, he tells them, to serve the gods of the heathen, or to serve the one true God. "Which shall it be?"—"As for me and my house," says the old warrior, "we will serve the Lord." And the people are moved by his earnestness, and answer eagerly that they are all ready and resolute to serve the Lord. But Joshua knows their waywardness, and checks their eagerness. "Ye cannot serve the Lord," he urges, "for He is a jealous God. He will

not forgive your transgressions nor your sins." Still the multitude protest that their minds are made up; and thousands of voices raise the cry: "The Lord our God we will serve, to His voice we will hearken." Then Joshua, we are told, made a covenant with the people, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak, and said to the people:



GOD'S ACRE.

"Behold this stone shall be a witness to us ; *for it hath heard* all the words of the Lord, which He spake to us."

That was but a rude monument which was thus set up under the tree by the banks of the river. But it would be a real witness to any man then present who had any feeling in him. And if in after years little children should be taken to the place, and told the story of what had been done and said, their hearts too would be touched, and their imaginations kindled. They would fancy they heard Joshua saying to the multitude : "This stone shall be a witness against you." And if in later years one of them should pass that way with an evil purpose in his mind, or guilty of some act of wickedness, and should suddenly come upon the stone, in the dusk, or standing out sharply defined in the moonlight, he would tremble as he approached, for he would remember that that was the stone of witness "which had heard the words of the Lord," against Whom he was transgressing. That certainly would be no impossible, no unnatural occurrence. For that is the way the human mind works. That is the way forgotten things are brought to mind again. At the place where we heard a word spoken, there that word will most readily come back to us. On the spot where a certain deed was done, there will the doer, or the witnesses of his action, be most surely reminded of what then took place. There are many places, as most persons who have reached middle-age know well, which it is impossible to visit again without experiencing a startling revival of old memories, a tremor of delightful recollection, or it may be, a sudden shock of shame. For in those places good words were spoken and listened to, or perhaps wrong things were done. But in either case, every object near stands there as a kind of witness, bringing forgotten incidents back to memory as accurately as if it had heard and seen and could speak, and the more intelligent people are, the more capacity they have for thought and feel-

ing, the more gifted with imagination, so much the more have common things a meaning to them, by reason of the past experiences which they recall. And therefore it is no light matter for our after days, what stones of witness are being set up about us, in other words, what scenes, what sayings, what behaviour we shall be reminded of when we come back from some distant region to the place where we spent our early years. Some memorials are already raised for us : in noble public buildings and works of art, or in the houses in which we live and learn to work. Others we raise for ourselves by the conduct, worthy or unworthy, of which we shall be reminded, happily or to our deep regret, by the sight of some old tree in the garden, some worm-eaten desk in the school-house, or perhaps by the worn stone on the threshold of the little house : which remains as a witness still.



JERUSALEM.

THE WEST AFRICAN MISSION FIELD.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP JAMES JOHNSON, D.D., WESTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

(Continued.)



OW I want my readers to bring home to themselves that the Mahommedans look at this liquor traffic, which follows the advent of the European into their country, as a cause tending to destroy the efforts of Christianity, and thus aiding to advance the power of their own religion; whilst we are claiming to teach the people a true and pure religion, they (the Mahommedans) point to the fact of the troubles and discords that arise, as a result of the introduction of liquor by the traders, who follow in the steps of the missionary. So what we want is to unite all Churches and Christian societies in protest against this growing evil, this terrible destructive influence, but should all efforts to secure the earnest co-operation of other Powers eventually fail, we trust that England may take the lead in this matter, at whatever cost to her-

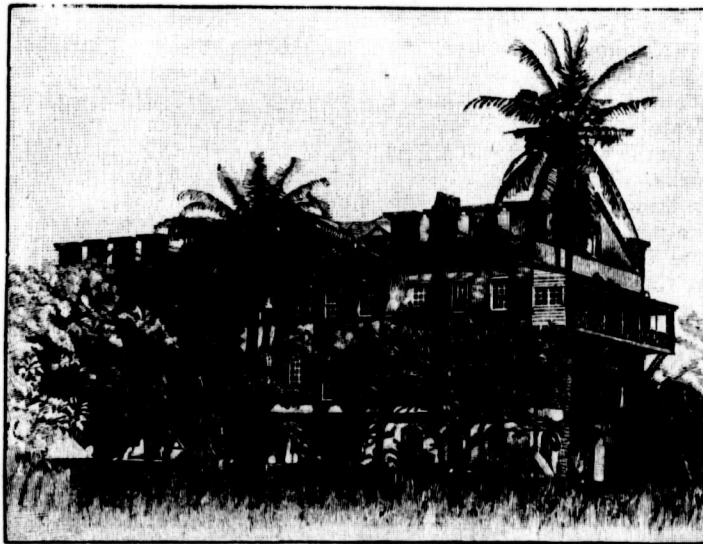
self, and by sheer force of a noble example draw, as in the case of the slave trade, the other Powers after her. Then there should be an abandonment of the practice in the mission field of different missionary societies standing in too close proximity to each other, whereby extension is greatly curtailed, by making it difficult for native Christians, thus cut up into small sections, to maintain and consolidate their respective organisation, while strong efforts should at the same time be made to avoid injurious delay in conferring upon native churches the responsibilities of self-support and self-government, so that they may, as independent daughter churches, under the in-

fluence of the Holy Spirit, soon take their place by the side of the mother Church and contribute each their own share to the work of evangelization. To promote this extension the army of professional missionaries must be largely increased, and it is for this reason that I have been appointed to the Niger Delta, where my work will in the future lie. The native churches all round this part of Africa are desirous of having a bishop of their own, and to instance from my own experience the great interest taken in their churches by the people, I would say that at Lagos, where I was for some years pastor, not only had the people a native church

that supported itself, but actually contributed to the maintenance of our missionaries, whilst about the Bonny and its different stations, the native Christians have at their own cost built seven churches on the coast and twenty-three missionary chapels in the interior.

Progress is being made amongst the working body of our mission,

numbers of candidates having presented themselves for confirmation last year, amongst them a woman nearly 100 years old, and who had at one time been a Juju priestess. On Christmas Day, twelve months ago, notwithstanding that the population is not dense and very scattered, we had no less than six hundred at our special English service at Brass. And it is these natives who exert such an influence among their own people for good, as manifested by their successful endeavours to put down the custom of dancing over the dead with its sure accompaniment of heavy drinking. And one chief is said to have prohibited it among his people altogether.



FOURAH BAY COLLEGE.

The schools are going on very well; the great difficulty has been that the chiefs have the idea that a girl is good for nothing but to fish, cut wood in the bush, and marry. However, by degrees, some scholars were got together and taught washing, ironing, cooking, and sewing, as well as reading and writing. In some of these parts a dispensary and a hospital is to be found, and some of them are of a somewhat primitive character. For instance, you get four mud walls enclosing a space partitioned into three; a roof covering the whole composed partly of corrugated iron, and partly of native matting; two or three pictures on the walls and a clock; in the centre of the middle space a table, upon which are arranged a few bottles, and an old box on one side, on to which have been nailed four pieces of stick to keep it off the ground, the whole being used as a receptacle for dressings; a washstand, consisting of an old packing case, in one end of which a hole has been made to receive the lower half of a very mild and inoffensive-looking enamel basin; twelve wooden erections bearing the complimentary titles of beds, and twelve black figures upon them constitute the patients; a grass mat covers each bed and a 1s. 9d. blanket covers each patient. This represents the stock-in-trade and the workable machinery of these elementary institutions.

Perhaps some of the best work that missionaries have done has been to plant educational institutions like Fourah Bay College, the Grammar School, and the Annie Walsh Institution, all of which, except for the allowances of the masters, are self-supporting. For many years the College has been affiliated with Durham University, and the students now occupy all sorts of positions. Last year two men obtained the degree of B.A., and one of the students, a West Indian, joined the missionary staff. The member takes a parish, and in addition looks after schools. At the commercial school, which is conducted by a native member, there are about two hundred names on the roll, of whom about one half are boarders; the boys

of the school obtained the first five prizes in one of the two Civil Service examinations, and the first and third in the other. One of the lads, too, secured a first class certificate in the examination held by the College of Preceptors, a certificate only once before awarded to any candidate from Sierra Leone. The number of pupils in the Girls' School was one hundred and seventeen, and among other things First Aid lectures are given. The testimony of the teacher is: "Evils which we would crush appear again and again; with the increase of new pupils there is generally an increase of bad habits, and of evils of various kinds which require to be combated. We need much patience, loving-kindness and firmness, in order to check the wrong tendencies, which, though small in themselves, are capable of developing into very serious offences." Toil and care have to be expended in such a way as to create an influence by quietly, perseveringly, doing the same thing day by day. There is an inclination among African children to shirk what is difficult or troublesome, and to leave it for someone else to do. This does not only refer to study, but to things in general. It is found to be good policy always to keep the children employed, either with work or with play, both of which are under supervision. The senior girls exercise a good influence over their younger companions, and the missionary spirit of the children receives an impetus from the re-opening of the mission stations in the inland, for which a collection is made in the schoolroom every week.

(To be continued.)



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

"THE FROZEN BUTTERFLIES."

BY E. M. JAMESON.



1. Peacock. 2. Painted Lady.

FAR away in the blue distance the snow-topped mountains lay, looking to little Maya's eyes like a wonderful land of enchantment.

And the peak that stood nearest was the most beautiful of them all. Its summit rose up in a glittering point that seemed to pierce the clouds like a silver lance, and its sloping sides shone like molten silver.

When the sun struck across little Maya's eyes at dawn she would jump out of bed and patter across the room barefooted to see the mountain cap bathed in a flood of rosy light as the hues of dawn kissed it. The snow took colours of rose and amber, deepening into purple where the shadows lay. In the spring and summer the lower slopes were carpeted with many-coloured flowers, but at the summit the snow lay always, white and cold, unmoved by time and sunshine. Maya used to wonder if a day would ever come when it, too, would blossom into flowers.

She used to weave strange fancies around the Silver Mountain. Old nurse had told her—and she was so old that she *must* know everything—that the mountain was the home of the butterflies, and that when the cold became very intense it chilled the gay little fluttering creatures into silence, freezing them into many-coloured ice-flakes. Old nurse had never seen the wonderful sight herself, but a mighty hunter, who had made his way to the summit, had seen them there.

But when little Maya began to cry, for she loved the butterflies dearly, old nurse comforted her by saying that, if some one took them up very gently and warmed them, they would come back to life and gaiety.

On a sunny day the garden would be radiant with them, and little Maya would sit in their midst looking, with her blue eyes and golden hair, very like a butterfly herself. They would flit about in hundreds, and if she could only persuade one of them to alight on her hand she was happy for an hour or more. There were Painted Ladies, and Red Admirals, and Tortoiseshells, and Peacocks; butterflies mauve, and sulphur colour, and blue. And of them all she loved the "Painted Ladies" best.

Then, as the sun rose later and the air grew chilly, the butterflies came seldom and more seldom until one morning when little Maya visited the garden she found it empty save for one little "Painted Lady," which fluttered on a pink rose so feebly that Maya feared it must be very ill.

"Poor, poor little thing," she said, putting out her dimpled hand to stroke the velvet wings, but the "Painted

Lady" quivered as if in pain, and Maya drew back her hand and flew into the house where old nurse sat knitting and nodding in a sunny window.

"Come quick," she cried, "*quick*, or the "Painted Lady" will be dead."

But when old nurse hobbled down the garden the rose lay scattered in a mass of pink petals over the flower bed, and the butterfly was gone!

So the last of the pretty butterflies had vanished, and though little Maya watched for them day after day at the window not one came back, for as old nurse said, they had gone to their long winter sleep in the snows of the Silver Mountain.

The winter passed by; the lower slopes of the mountain began to flush a delicate pink as the sun's rays melted the snow, and little Maya sat at the window and wished she could go and warm the frozen butterflies into life. It was dreadful to think that perhaps no one would go, and the garden would be empty of these living flowers all the summer.

Every day little Maya curled herself up in the wide window-seat and looked wistfully towards the Silver Mountain which seemed so near, and which yet was so many miles away, and tried to picture all the tiny frozen butterflies, which must be aching and *aching* to be set free.

One day as she sat there a ray of sunlight sent a quivering jewel of light flashing across her eyes, and something soft like a snow-flake fluttered against the pane as if asking for admission. Little Maya gave a cry of joy—it was a "Painted Lady"!

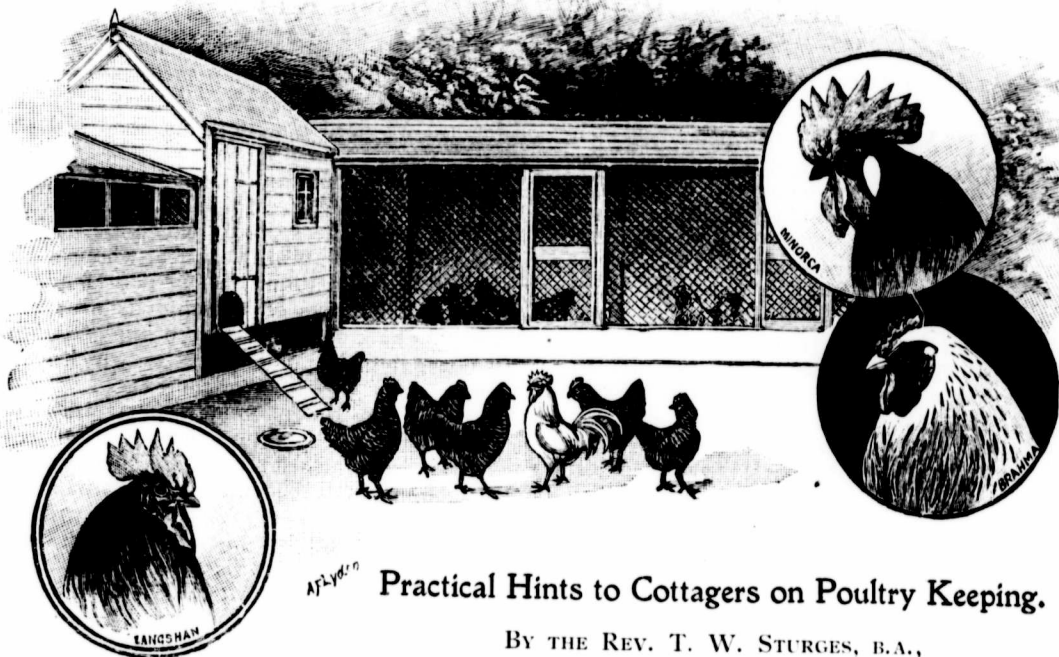
Old nurse was nodding beside the hearth where the wood fire burnt dimly, and her frilled cap threw her face into shadow. Little Maya stood on tiptoe on the window-seat and unfastened the latch, and as the window opened the butterfly flew in straight to her and nestled its soft wings under her dimpled chin.

Little Maya sighed with delight and just touched the velvety wings with a finger tip. On one of them was a morsel of ice like a dewdrop, and it melted beneath the warmth; and, as if glad to shake itself free of the snow, the "Painted Lady" flew back to the window. Then, by degrees, Maya saw it grow bigger and bigger, and the colours on its wings grew so bright and dazzling that she had to shut her eyes for a moment; but each time she opened them again the butterfly was larger and more dazzling, until she felt quite dizzy, and was glad to feel the air from the open window blowing in upon her.

(To be continued.)



1. Red Admiral. 2. Tortoiseshell.



Practical Hints to Cottagers on Poultry Keeping.

BY THE REV. T. W. STURGES, B.A.,

Vicar of Marston, Northwich, Cheshire.

IF the cottager has made up his mind to keep poultry, and intends to try and make the utmost profit out of them, he should now mate his birds for breeding, so as to get as many chickens as possible early in March. For this purpose he should select the best layers from the flock, and mate four or five of them with a strong vigorous cockerel. If pullets are selected they should be fully matured, *i.e.*, at least eight or ten months old, and have already laid their first batch of eggs; or it is better still to choose hens in their second year. It is better to breed from a few of the best than to breed indiscriminately. If the birds have to be kept in a confined space the houses and runs of the breeding stock should be divided from those kept merely for laying till the breeding season is over, and if only one lot at a time can be allowed liberty the preference should be given to the birds kept for breeding, as it is necessary that they should have exercise if strong stock are to be obtained. The most active birds are the best layers. They are the first to leave the house in the morning, and the last to roost at night. It will be noticed that they have the smallest and neatest heads with large bright eyes. A bird with a thick head and neck, and a sleepy, dull eye is usually a bad layer.

If the cottager has already a pen of cross-bred fowls he should purchase a pure bred cockerel of a breed quite distinct from the blood already in his flock. If the hens are of the large, heavy type, with the blood of the Cochin, Brahma, Langshan, Rock, Orpington, or any of the *sitting* breeds, he should obtain a male bird of the

non-sitting varieties, such as Leghorn, Minorca, or Andalusian, or Houdan. This will increase the vigour and the laying qualities at the same time.

Among the best possible layers and utility fowl are the following *first* crosses, that is the progeny of two pure bred kinds, Minorca-Langshan, Leghorn-Plymouth Rock, Hamburgh-Cochin, Leghorn-Brahma. In each of the above the cockerel is first-named. Personally I much prefer breeding pure bred fowls as they look better, are smaller eaters, and the spare cockerels and pullets sell for better prices. The best layers are certainly the Leghorns, closely followed by the Andalusian and the Minorca. The Hamburgh and the Ancona are good, but they are very wild birds, and the eggs are small. Among the best all-round fowl, that is table birds and good layers combined, are the Buff Orpington, Buff and Barred Plymouth Rock, and the Langshan; while the table birds *par excellence* are the Indian Game and old English Game, or a cross between these and the Grey Dorking.

The mating time is the most important time of all, and too much care cannot be exercised in the choice of the breeding pen. To be successful the birds must be in sound health and themselves bred from healthy stock. They should be in good flesh condition, but not by any means over fat. A little attention devoted to the selection of the best layers from among the flock will be amply repaid by the increased laying propensity of the offspring. By so doing, the foundation of a "good laying strain" may be laid, and this has much to do with the balance being on the right side at the end of the season.

HYGIENE, NURSING AND SANITATION.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH,

Assoc. Royal Brit. Inst. Public Health Diplomee, San. Inst., Lond. and South Kensington, with Honours, and Lecturer, Hants County Council.



EVERYWHERE our medical men are asking the women of the country to help them in fighting disease and death. For everywhere it is being more and more realised that the germs of much bodily and mental suffering are sown in the nursery or in the domestic circle. When I tell you that those who know best assure us that some 75,000 out of the 500,000 annual deaths in this country are due to preventable causes you will understand something of the matter. Neither is death the sole evil resulting from ignorance of Nature's God-given Laws—there is also life-long suffering as well, and those many forms of weakness and debility which bring poverty within our homes and alas! intensify the strength of temptation towards crime and degradation.

It is to the women—wives and mothers more especially—that the doctors are calling for aid in their warfare for the well-being of our loved ones, yet how can the women respond to this call unless they understand something of the matter?

This is the reason why these health notes are started in *The Church Magazine*. They will contain not only simple instruction in hygiene, but also simple hints for ordinary ailments, such as fall within the use of untrained persons, and last, though not least, the care of the little ones will be a speciality.

May those who see the face of Christ in that of every suffering brother and sister pray for God's blessing on this column!

Healthy Dietary.

In the January issue of this Magazine is a recipe for Lentil Soup in "Cottage Cookery." Let me begin these articles by explaining why lentils, peas, and beans should be far more extensively employed than they now are where the income is small.

Our bodies consist of flesh (muscle), fat, blood, bones, etc., each portion of which is daily wasting, and unless supplied with its proper nourishment will eventually become feeble and diseased. To repair our flesh (muscle) we need flesh-forming food, to repair

our bones we need bone-forming food and so on.

Now it so happens that foods in which flesh-formers are plentiful are expensive. Thus meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese, etc., which are rich in flesh-forming elements are very dear where every penny is a consideration. So in poor families only small quantities of these foods are purchased, the bulk of the dietary being made up with flour, bread, potatoes, etc., which are cheap.

Such a dietary is weakening if long continued because the muscular power wastes from deficiency of flesh (muscle) food, and further, the energy of the body becomes less so that not only the power to work, but also the will to work, passes away. For instance persons who live wholly on potatoes or rice get into this condition, the mind itself growing apathetic as well as the body and liable to convulsive hysterical emotion. These facts can be proved scientifically.

But it has been discovered that certain parts of certain vegetables are rich in flesh-formers, and can take the place of meat, etc., where the digestion is good. These vegetables go by the botanical name of leguminosæ, and amongst them are lentils, peas, beans, the pulse mentioned in the Bible, the dahl of India, and others. Such foods are rich in flesh-forming elements and provide nourishment for the muscles as well as that energy which makes men and women desire work.

Therefore if your husband's wages do not permit of you purchasing much meat, eggs, etc., see that you supplement the potatoes and flour puddings with goodly quantities of peas, beans or lentils. For in this way you are not only helping to keep him and the children strong, but you are also fighting the battle of temperance. For many men, under the weakening effects of an improper dietary, rush to the public house for that delusive and false energy born of the temporary action of alcohol. No real strength is gained this way—quite the opposite, but temptation comes with potent power to men whose ill-fed muscles are crying for the strength born of proper food but which ignorance prevents them obtaining.

About the Little Ones.

The habit some mothers have of tossing babies up and down after a meal is highly injurious. It disturbs the food in the stomach, and by



preventing its digestion causes fermentation, vomiting and dribbling. Just think how you would like to be treated this way yourself after a meal! You remember the old adage "After dinner rest a while," yet you seem to forget it about the babies! You toss him up and down and give him a ride on your knee because he looks so smiling and happy after his food, and then when he vomits you are surprised and cannot understand it at all!



The Care of the Sick.

Even in such a simple matter as sweeping and dusting a sick room there is a right way and a wrong. Neither is it a trifling matter to be ignorant of this, but at times of simply vital importance to the patient. You should not carry broom and duster into the sick room and proceed energetically to clean the place as you

would an ordinary room. For, unless your carpet is quite new or recently beaten, you are sure to raise dust by ordinary sweeping, and this dust will render the air of the room less life-giving.

Of course if you could open the window widely for an hour or so this might not matter, but it is seldom possible to open the window widely for so long a period when a sick person is in the room for fear of a chill.

The best way to prevent raising dust is to use a box broom, but unfortunately these are very expensive. So if you cannot purchase one you must proceed as follows: pick up all the odds and ends on the floor, then take a duster and dip it in water, wring as dry as possible and with this gather up the dust as well as you can. If your room was clean when the sick person was put into it there will seldom need more efficient sweeping for weeks. A few grains of permanganate of potash (price 2d. per oz.) dissolved in the water in which the duster is dipped adds to the purifying effect, but it is apt to stain the colours of the carpet and also white enamel or paint.

THE FOLDING OF THE FLOCK.

(See frontispiece page 26).



UCH is the picture given by the artist in our frontispiece for this month, and to many of our readers how familiar must the scene be. Throughout the short winter's day the sheep have been out in the snow-covered fields, where they have been endeavouring to procure the food so necessary to their existence, and very hard has been their day's work.

As night approaches, how bleak and cold and cheerless must nature appear to these tired and weary sheep, yet before the winter's sun has sunk the shepherd comes to them, gathers them together, and brings them into the fold for shelter and for rest. Even as they enter, that little friend of ours, the robin, emblem of Hope and Happiness, appears as if to cheer them before the night's rest.

Surely this picture, a common one in country life, should fill us all with hope and trustfulness; let us, therefore, think of the Robin of Hope when we are tired and weary, after the toil and labour of the day in getting our daily bread to support ourselves and those entrusted to our care, and when all looks most bleak and dreary may this hope remind us that the Good Shepherd will come to us all before night falls and bring us into His fold.

COTTAGE COOKERY.

BY K. C. JONES, M.C.A. (Staff Lecturer Surrey Cty. Coll.)

Stuffed Haddock.



AN economical and at the same time tasty way of cooking fresh haddock is to stuff it with veal forcemeat.

Choose a fish about 1½ lbs. in

weight; to ensure freshness see that the gills are red and the eyes bright; wash and clean it; remove the eyes, gills and inside.

Take for the forcemeat

- | | | | |
|---------|---|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| Chopped | } | Bread Crumbs, 2 ozs. | Salt, ½ saltspoonful |
| | | Suet, 1½ ozs. | Pepper, a pinch [flavour. |
| | | Parsley, ½ tablespoonful. | Lemon rind or nutmeg to |
| | | Thyme ¼ " " | Milk, to bind. |

Mix all the ingredients with enough milk to make into a stiff paste, fill the inside of the fish with the mixture, sew up, skewer the tail through the mouth, brush over with milk, and sprinkle with raspings or bread crumbs which have been browned on a tin in the oven, put on a greased tin with about an ounce of dripping round, bake for half-an-hour in a moderate oven, baste frequently, before serving remove the cotton with which the fish was sewn up.

Pieces of stale bread can be used in place of bread crumbs by breaking them into small pieces, soaking in cold water until soft, and then pressing out the water and mashing with a fork.

THE CHILDREN'S GUILD OF GOODWILL

(FOR LITTLE CHURCH FOLK.)



Y dear young readers,
I am glad that already many of you, who have read the first number of *The Church Magazine* are interested in our Guild of Goodwill, but I want to have a great many more young folk enrol themselves as members during next month. We are going to be a very useful band of workers—useful to ourselves, and to others, I hope—and I am sure that the interest will grow month by month, as we get to know one another better.

As you will see below, the rules of membership are extremely simple, so that everyone of you children can write to me at once and become an M.G.G.; after which you can enter for our competitions and write to me about all sorts of things. I want you all to understand that it will give me much pleasure to have letters from you, and to know that you really consider me a friend although we cannot meet each other.

Of course, as yet, it is quite impossible to tell you anything about the competitions, but you will see the results in due course. Every month I shall have something fresh to talk to you about in these Chats, and I hope you will take a copy of this paper with you, when you go to see your little friends, so that they may join us. As I said last month, our aim is to cultivate real kindness, and I hope that sometimes when we are about to do an act of unkindness we shall think of the Guild of Goodwill; and thus, with God's blessing, it may become a real help to us in these moments of temptation.

The Competition which I am setting this month is one, I fancy, which a great many of my members will be very pleased to enter for. I do not suppose that there are many of you who do not possess a pet of some kind, about which you would like to write. As I explained last month we are going to give a beautiful silver watch to the boy and girl each, who gains the greatest number of marks for competitions during the six months, from January to June inclusive. Therefore it is best for you to enter for all of them, but if you missed last month's, there is all the more reason that you should be very particular about this competition, in order to gain as many marks as possible. At the end of the six months the marks will all be reckoned up and then the names of the happy winners will be announced.

Just in the same way we are going to give

six handsome books to the members who send in the greatest number of correct answers to the puzzles set every month till June. Against the answers you must plainly put the number of each puzzle, and on the back of the paper write your name, age, and address.

Then, as well as the ordinary competition, we are offering two special prizes. The one is a delightful paint box, which will be given to the boy or girl (M.G.G.) who sends me the prettiest design in water-colour for an Easter card. These cards will all be sent to a hospital after they have been carefully judged, so that those of you who are not lucky enough to win the prize need not feel that your work has been wasted. For the silver watch prize I am hoping a great many of my members will enter very enthusiastically. All you have to do is to send me the names of your friends who wish to join us, enclosing with each name a penny stamp to cover the postage of membership card, etc. I hope you will all hang your membership card in a prominent place in your bedroom, so that you will be reminded frequently of the Guild and its objects.

Hoping to hear from many of you before another month has gone past.

Your loving friend,

Cousin Joan.

COMPETITIONS.

(Open only to members of the Guild.)

To be sent in on or before February 28th, 1901.

"The best description of your pet animal."
(Not to exceed two hundred words.)

SPECIAL PRIZES.

To be sent in on or before March 30th, 1901.

I.—A lovely paint box will be given for the prettiest design in water-colour for an Easter card.

II.—A Silver Watch will be given to the boy or girl who introduces the largest number of members between now and September inclusive.

For Puzzles see page 47.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GUILD.

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

All letters, competitions, etc., to be addressed to
COUSIN JOAN,

"The Church Magazine" Offices,
77, Temple Chambers Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

THE BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIER.

BY MRS. EDWIN NOYES.



BRAVE little soldier went back to school Determined to work, and not "play the fool." "Father and mother," said

he, "will be glad,
 "If I work very hard, and am a good lad,
 "So when I'm at play I will do my best
 "To take my place in the games with the rest;
 "And when I'm in school I'll try to pass
 "Each boy, and get to the top of the class."
 So this brave little soldier fought his way
 In the schoolroom and playground every day.
 It's not always easy to do the right,
 Sometimes it requires a very stiff fight.
 But my little soldier knelt down each day,
 Before work began, for help to pray;
 And when we do this we are sure to win,
 For God gives us strength to overcome sin.
 Fight under Christ's flag and lay it not down;
 If we carry the Cross we shall gain the Crown.

BIBLICAL PUZZLES.

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

VI.

Fill in the missing words in these texts. The initials will give a universal duty concerning them.

- (1) "By thy _____ shalt thou be justified."
- (2) "By him _____ are weighed."
- (3) "Try me and know my _____."
- (4) "Note that man and have no _____ with him."
- (5) "Keep thy _____ with all diligence."

VII.

What *three* places beginning with the letter G did our Saviour visit in His last hours?

VIII.

Take one word from each of these texts, and they form another well-known text.

- (1) "In My Father's house are many mansions."

- (2) "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."
- (3) "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
- (4) "Forgive me this wrong."
- (5) "All that I have is thine."
- (6) "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

IX.

Arrange these letters so as to give the names of three kings.

- (1) Harahop.
- (2) Hotjam.
- (3) Isurda.

X.

These combined give the man who slew a famous king in the book of Samuel.

- (1) A little article.
- (2) The stronger sex.
- (3) A bird of prey.

For particulars of Prizes see page 46.

THE HOLY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

Arranged by Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.

FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY
THE VIRGIN. Feb. 2.

"Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years." —MAL. iii., 4.

"She offered her gift of pure love,
A dove with a fair fellow-dove.
She offered her Innocent Child,
The Essence and Author of Love;
The Lamb that indwelt by the Dove
Was spotless and holy and mild;
More pure than all other,
More pure than His Mother,
Her God and Redeemer and Child."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ASH WEDNESDAY. Feb. 20.

"Turn ye even to Me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God." —JOEL ii., 12.

"Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
O make thyself with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Oh wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath
this might,
That being red, it dyes red soules to white."

DR. JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, 1631.

FEAST OF SAINT MATTHIAS, Ap. M.
Feb. 24.

"That ye may knowe what is the hope of His calling, and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe." —EPHES. i., 18, 19.

"All praise to Thee, Who didst assume
Matthias in the traitor's room,
An envoy after God's own mind,
Whose preference God Himself design'd.
May I, Lord, like Matthias strive,
From Thee my copy to derive;
O may the world me never sway,
My God, like Judas, to betray.
All praise to Thee, Who didst extract
Good from the traitor's foulest act,
His kiss Thy Passion introduced,
And all the joys of Heaven unsluiced."

THOMAS KEN, Bishop of Bath and Wells,
c. 1700.

GARDENING FOR FEBRUARY.

Kitchen Garden.

ALL rubbish should now be burned. Every foot of ground which has nothing planted in it must now be turned up, manured and prepared, so that no favourable opportunity to sow the general crop may be lost. Sowings may now be made of early peas, broad beans, Windsor long pods, parsnips, radishes, early ashleaf potatoes, and, in warm borders, early horn carrots, onions and artichokes.

Flower Garden.

Go over the hardy plants and press down the loosened soil closely to the stems. In warm districts finish pruning shrubs, roses, etc. At the end of the month sow in the positions in which the flowers are to remain. Sweet peas, larkspur, candytuft, and other hardy annuals. Carnations, picotees, auriculas, must have plenty of air and watering. They may be transplanted to positions for flowering. Polyanthus, primroses, violets, sweet Williams, London pride, Canterbury bells, may be planted. Carefully manure the wallflower beds.

Fruit Garden.

All trees should now be examined, and the necessary pruning performed. The unfruitful trees should be get ready for grafting, which must be done in March. The ground above the roots should be slightly covered with slacked lime, bone meal, or old mortar, mixed with some good soil or decayed vegetable refuse; this will materially affect the fruitfulness. Apple, cherry, pear, and plum trees should be trained.



Those who care for *Church History* should read
Archdeacon Cheetham's *Sketch of Medieval Church History*.
Published at 1s. 6d. by the S.P.C.K.
Dr. R. V. French's little sixpenny book on *British Christianity during the Roman Occupation*. (S.P.C.K.)
A Soldier in Christ's Army (Bell, 2s. 6d.) by A. C. Champneys is an explanation of the meaning of Confirmation by one who formerly was Master at a Public School.
Among the "Oxford Church Text Books" published by Messrs. Rivington at 1s. each:
The Outlines of Old Testament Theology, by the Rev. C. F. Burney, may be profitably studied by the younger clergy and teachers in our Sunday Schools.
Two books may be noted, which though promising the impossible, yet do give satisfaction:
Happiness. By the Rev. W. J. Kelly. 3s. 6d., published by John Long, and
The Way of Happiness. Translated from the French by Catherine Welby. 1s. (Rivington).
Pleasant profitable reading may be expected in
Every Day Life in South Africa. 1s. 6d. net. By E. K. Lowndes.
Noble Work by Noble Women. By Jennie Chappell. 1s. 6d.
Deeds of Daring. By C. D. Michael. 1s. 6d., published by S. W. Partridge & Co.
Any of these books can be had for their published price (post paid) from The Manager, "Church Magazine" Offices, 77, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE.

R. J. Evans. The proceeds will be applied to repairs on the parsonage. The receipts at the door amounted to about \$36.00

The pulpit here will be taken on the 16th inst., by the Rev. C. Scudamore, Rural Dean, who will administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the morning service. The same day the Rev. Mr Cotton preaches in behalf of Diocesan Missions in York and Seneca. Mr. Cotton expects to exchange with the Rev. Wm. Bevan on the 23rd, for the same purpose.

BAPTISM — Katie Bell, infant daughter of Francis and Alice Smith.

HAGERSVILLE

It is with deep regret that we have to record the deaths of three communicants of this parish who have passed away to their reward within the past month. Their relatives and friends have the deep sympathy of the community, and the congregation feels that it has indeed sustained a loss during the past month.

On Sunday, Jan. 12, word reached us that Mr. Alexander McDonald had passed away in Bay City, Michigan, where he had gone some weeks previously to reside with his sister. On the following Wednesday his body was laid away after the Burial Office had been said in the church. When the final prayers of the church had been offered at the grave his brother Masons paid their last respects to his memory with their impressive and solemn ceremonies.

Again a deep gloom of sadness was cast over the village, when on Tuesday evening, Jan. 28, it became known that Mrs. D. J. Almas, wife of one of our church wardens, had breathed her last. All hearts at once felt a thrill of deep sympathy for those who had lost a loving wife, daughter and sister. The following Thursday afternoon found business in the village suspended and the church crowded to its utmost capacity for the funeral service as a testimony of sympathy for the bereaved and loving respect for the memory of the departed.

Once more our hearts were touched on Tuesday, Feb. 4th. William Utton, an old respected inhabitant of the village and worthy communicant of the church, was called away after a comparatively brief illness. With the accustomed solemn rites of the church he was buried on Thursday.

On Tuesday, Jan. 28th, a social was held at the home of Mrs. Aiken. Owing to the sad death of Mrs. D. J. Almas few of those living in the village felt in the mood for a social evening, and so the attendance was not as large as was expected. However, many of our friends did turn out from the neighborhood. Our best thanks are due to Mrs. Aiken and family for all their kindness and trouble.

On Wednesday, Jan. 22nd, the quarterly service of the Deanery of Haldimand was held in All Saints' Church, Hagersville. On account of the inclement weather the attendance of the clergy was interfered with. The Rev. J. S. Broughall, of St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, was the preacher. The day following meetings were to have been held, but nearly all the clergy were prevented from attending by the state of the roads.

JARVIS.

During January the incumbent exchanged duties with his son, Rev. E. P. S. Spencer, celebrating Holy Communion at Fonthill and Port Robinson, and also with Rev. Wm. Bevan, who preached anniversary Sermons in St. Paul's church on the Sunday succeeding St. Paul's day, when offerings to the amount of \$10.00 were given for the reduction of the church debt. The response to the annual appeal for Foreign Missions was \$4.00. The cold and stormy weather which has characterized several Sundays since the beginning of the year has appreciably lessened both the attendance and the average offertory collection. All should try to make the season of Lent a time for much zeal and liberality, so that the final results of the parochial year may not be disappointing.

"Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown."

The pastor and parishioners have been very sorry to miss the face and voice of the senior church warden, Mr. C. E. Bourne, for several Sundays, sickness having confined him to the house; and all hope that he will soon be restored to his place in the parish and in the community.

The death of Georgina Wells Eaid, familiarly known as Ena, made many hearts sad besides those of her near relatives. She was a bright and active girl in health, while during her sickness she showed remarkable patience and contentment. "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Though absent from her accustomed place, she is, we may believe, more truly "at home" than before her decease.

BURIAL.—On Jan. 27th, in St. Paul's Church cemetery, Georgina Wells Eaid, who departed this life on Jan. 25th, aged 13 years, 11 months and 12 days.

On Jan. 29th, at the request of Rev. G. F. Davidson, rector, the Rev. P. L. Spencer gave in the S. S. room of St. George's Church, Guelph, an illustrated lecture on "The Parishes and Missions of the Diocese of Niagara."

PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH
CAYUGA.

There was a good turn-out at the meeting of the G. P. S. at J. Taylor's on Jan. 14th, when a number signed the roll as members. Officers were elected for the first half-year as follows:—Vice-President, Miss M. Taylor; Secretary, Miss Eilun Hornibrook; Treasurer, Mrs. W. R. Docker. A programme Committee was also appointed. This committee, however, has not yet had a chance to show its skill in getting up a programme, as there was not a quorum present on the 28th.

The Literary Society's annual entertainment in the Marshall S. H. on the 27th was not so well attended as usual owing to the cold weather and the prevalence of measles; but although the chairman found on the programme a great many names of persons not present, the Dialogues were all gone through with in a manner to please and delight the audience. The proceeds amounted to \$10.55, the whole of which, as there are no expenses, has been added to the Society's growing Parsonage Fund account.

Last year the Rev. Mr. Bevan had unpleasant weather and small congregations when he came to deliver the annual missionary address. This year—Sunday Feb. 2nd., the conditions were even worse. Much sickness prevailed; and, snow beginning to fall early in the morning,

there were only 22 faithful ones at St. John's. The storm increased, and at Port Maitland Rev. Mr. Broughall addressed a congregation of 8 persons. The collection—for Diocesan Missions—amounted to \$4.44 at St. John's and \$1.15 at Christ Church.

BAPTISM—Jan. 26th., At Christ Church., Port Maitland, Sarah, daughter of George and Sarah Liddell, of Moulton, born 18th Nov., 1900.

The Third annual meeting of the Christ Church W. A. was held at the home of the Secretary, Miss D Splat, on Thursday Feb. 6th. Nine members were present. Sickness prevented some, and probably the depth of the snow on some of the roads, others, from attending. Admirably clear, concise, and business-like reports were presented by the Secretary and Treasurer. The latter's statement showed a balance on hand of over \$17.00. It was decided to wait until after the Diocesan annual meeting before appropriating any part of this to any of the objects for which the Society works. The former officers were re-elected or re-appointed, and Miss Splattt and Miss M. Taylor were chosen as delegates to the Diocesan annual meeting. It was decided to try the plan of holding the meetings from house to house in alphabetical order. The next meeting will therefore be at Mrs. Armour's, on Feb. 20th.

