

Tom Blott

JULY



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND 

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



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THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Jarvis and Hagersville.

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On June 21st a very enjoyable garden party was held on the pretty lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Chambers, Jarvis. One of the Indian bands from the reserve was present, the members arriving early in the evening and showing much willingness to please their auditors. The music afforded evidence of considerable skill on the part of the performers and served as a lively proof of the good effects of Christian civilization. The net profits of the festival were \$26, which sum was applied to the S. S. fund. In devoting the proceeds to this object the committee showed a praiseworthy interest in the welfare of the school. This substantial addition to the contents of treasury places the school in an excellent financial condition.

On July 10th the sequel to this festival occurred in the form of the annual S. S. excursion and picnic. As in former years Port Dover was the objective point; but instead of railway cars the school used wagons and carriages, the change being necessitated by an increase in the former railway rates. Owing to the farmers being busy with harvest work not so large a number of persons attended the picnic as last year; but those present enjoyed themselves thoroughly, the cool breeze from Lake Erie being delightfully refreshing and serving to give sharpness to the appetite. The arrangements on the grounds were satisfactory, there being ample room for all at the common table. Port Dover compares very favorably with Port Colborne as a summer resort. General regret has been expressed by S. S. workers regarding the increase in rates formerly charged by the G. T. R. for teachers and scholars. A more liberal policy would be beneficial to both the company and the schools.

This year has been remarkable for appeals to Christian charity. First came before us the claims of the Patriotic Fund. There followed shortly after this appeal a request for aid for the Hull and Ottawa fire sufferers. Thirdly, the India Famine Fund has engaged our attention. These in addition to the ordinary requirements of diocese and parish have received due attention from both St. Paul's church and All Saints'. The appeal from the incumbent for aid for the famine sufferers

has resulted thus far in bringing in \$6.16 at Jarvis and \$5.96 at Hagersville, total \$12.12. Probably one or two intended contributions have not yet been given. We have done rightly in thus showing our practical sympathy with the distressed. Money thus given is put to the best possible use.

BAPTISMS.

On July 1st, at Hagersville, Dorothy Kathleen, infant daughter of Frederick and Laura L. Wilson.

On July 15th, in St. Paul's church, Jarvis, Ralph, infant son of John and Nancy Phibbs.

MARRIAGE.

On July 19th, in Hagersville, Bertha Choate, Spinster, to Robert Wright, Bachelor.

BURIALS.

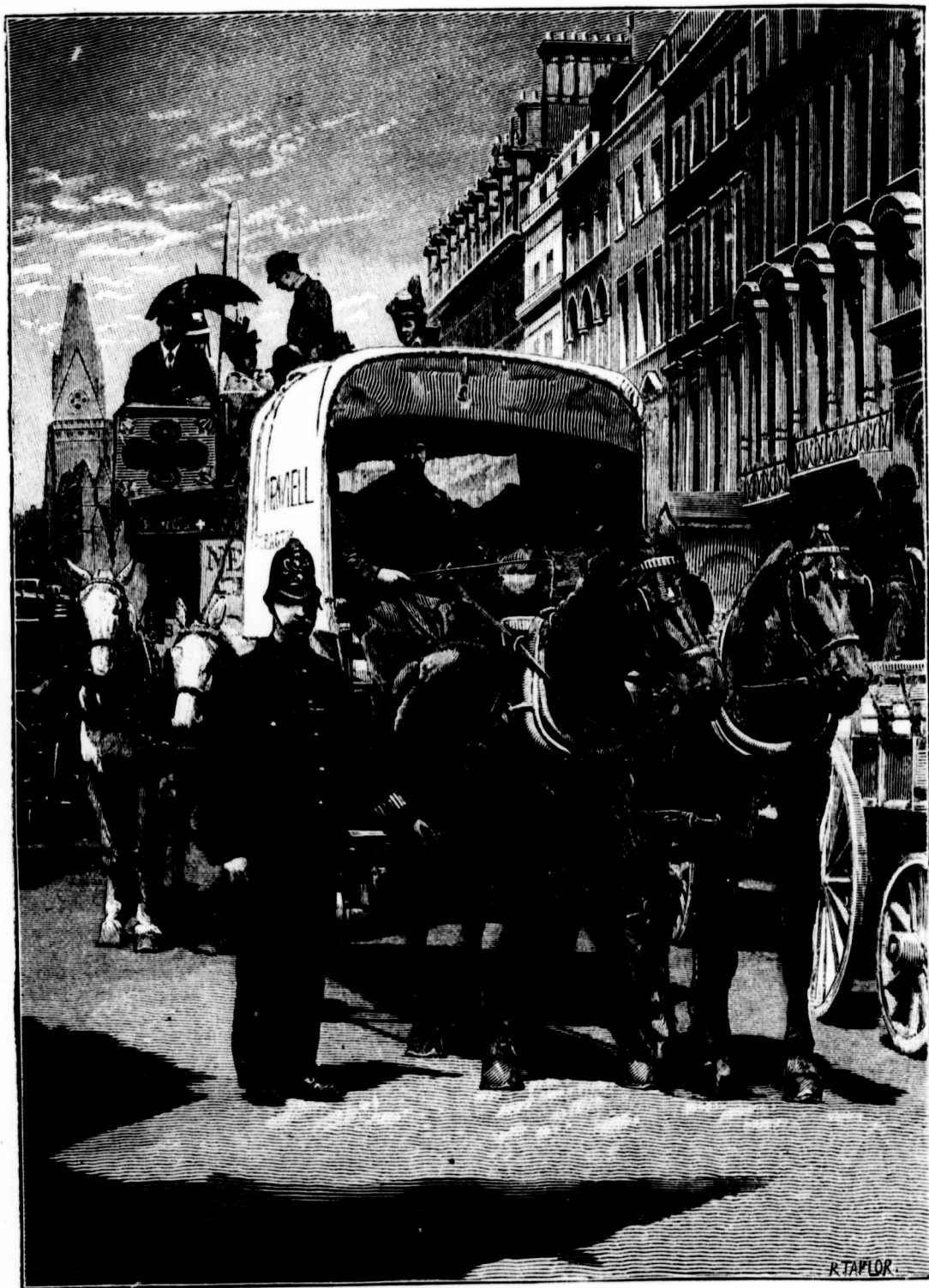
On June 13th, at Vittoria, John Church, aged 81 years and 3 months.

On June 21st, at Hagersville, Margaret Russell, widow, supposed to be in the 103rd year of her age.

The Hagersville parishioners are extremely sorry to learn that Mrs. Wm. J. T. Lee has been obliged to submit to a course of treatment to be received in one of the hospitals in Hamilton, and they fervently hope that she will in due time be restored to her friends and the congregation. May the body's chastening tend to the spirit's sanctification!

The friends of Miss Bertha Choate join in wishing for her a long, useful, and happy life in "the holy estate of matrimony."

The number of subscribers to this magazine in the parish is now 116. All but a very few have paid their subscriptions. The incumbent will be glad to receive 35 cents from each of these few.



"THE ARM OF THE LAW."

Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. TAYLOR & Co., from a Kodak Photograph taken in New Bridge Street, looking towards Ludgate Circus.

AN APPEAL TO MEN: A SERMON PREACHED TO VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—1 CORINTHIANS XVI. 13.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THESE words ring clear and straight to us to-day. It is odd, perhaps, that they should, considering how many things have changed since they were written.

The Corinthian Christians were citizens of a great, luxurious, wicked town: a town proverbial even in the heathen world for its profligacy and corruption. "It was," it has been said, "the Vanity Fair of the Roman Empire: at once the London and the Paris of the first century of our era." In the Gentile world it was famous or infamous for dishonesty, debauchery, and drunkenness. Paul had lived and worked and taught there for a year and a half, and quite a number of people had listened to him, and adopted his belief, and tried to follow what he taught. While he was there, no doubt the Christianity of his converts was pure and loyal and genuine. But he had to go elsewhere, and corruption at once began. It is not in a day, or in a year, that the ingrained habits of a life can be thrown aside.

Four years pass, and these letters of his show what had happened. Selfishness, strife, drunkenness, impurity reasserted themselves among the Christian converts. Their difficulties were immense: they told him of them, and then came this long letter of rebuke, warning, instruction, guidance, encouragement, hope.

They were capable, he tells them, of better things—they knew better. All might yet be well if only they would be true to the principles of their new life. He bids them try. "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

And so, as I have said, the words ring clear and straight for us to-day. The like temptations, the like perils, the like weakness, sometimes the like fall: and for each the like high possibility, the like inspiring hope. "Watch ye": see what your dangers are, and so—because you are not unready, not unwarned, not unarmed—face them the better. And then, "stand fast in the faith." It should surely help you (he would say) to have the high assurance of such a creed as yours. It gives you a principle to go upon, a Leader to follow, a right to believe that success will come. And then, "quit you like men": take a manly, reasonable, robust, courageous view of what life means, of what its possibilities, as God sees them, are, for you. "Quit you like men, be strong."

"Watch ye." This is the warning we perhaps need most of all. Beware of drifting carelessly into what is bad—drifting before you are aware of it. The very merits of our day have a danger all their own. Our great-grandfathers lived in a coarser time than we do. We are more refined; drunkenness, profanity, impurity were in those days more gross, more palpable than now. Read, as an honest picture of the eighteenth century, a novel like Richardson's "Pamela," recommended from the pulpit a hundred years ago, or consider what has lately been vividly told us as to the surroundings of Nelson's boyhood, or look at any graphic account (and there are many) of the messroom and the stage in the days of the French war. Contrast these with our own experience as boys or men, and we are pulled up sharp. Yes, by what? By the blunt, bare coarseness with which things used to be done and said which would now be impossible. But is it the things that are impossible, or only their form and garb? I hope and believe it is in great part the things themselves. But we have ever to be on our guard against the peril of mistaking the appearance of

"bettering" for the reality—the peril of drifting carelessly into evil things which are unobserved or undenounced because they are glossed over, or venerated, while at bottom their badness is still there. If that happens, our greater outside refinement, our avoidance of coarse phrases or rough profanity might become a snare and a deception, like the snow which conceals the rotten ice upon a lake.

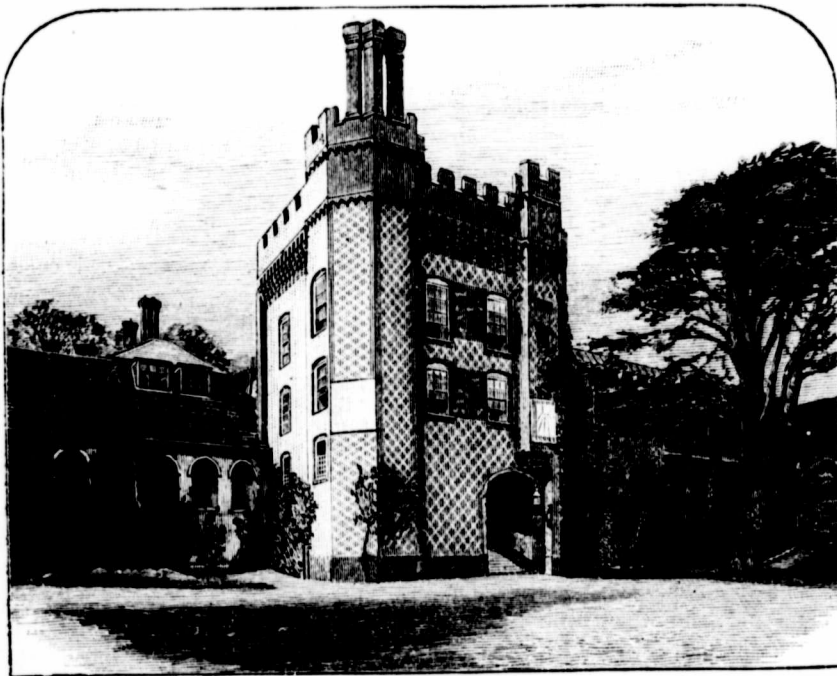
Let the sin, the disloyalty, the cruelty stand out once for all in its true colours, and we should avoid it or denounce it readily enough. Take the test of what we call "martyrdom," the "martyrdoms" of those early days. A Christian man or woman was called upon to deny Christ openly, or to suffer death. There was no doubtfulness about what it meant. Black or white, which you will—no grey. Not thus does the test come nowadays. Nobody bids any of us curse our Saviour's Name or die. If that choice were offered to us scores probably would go unflinchingly to death rather than seek safety by an open denial or abjuring of our faith. But suppose it comes insidiously. Suppose it is a mere matter of being quietly laughed at, or being called sanctimonious or straitlaced or goody-goody. What then? Are we equally staunch? I trow not. "Watch ye." Run over in thought the experience of any week. Has there never been a cowardice which didn't look like the cowardice or treason that it was? It escaped notice for lack of watchfulness, and so the fall came without our meaning it or before we knew.

We are living in an age of keen competition, not for money only but for credit, *kudos*, reputed skill and the like. "Watch ye." The danger comes unawares. The man who would sooner lose his right hand than steal half a sovereign, or tell a downright lie, or secretly read a private letter—that very man may, in the rivalry of business life, slip into ways of word and act which are just as dishonest and dishonourable if only they were seen in their real colour or called by their right name.

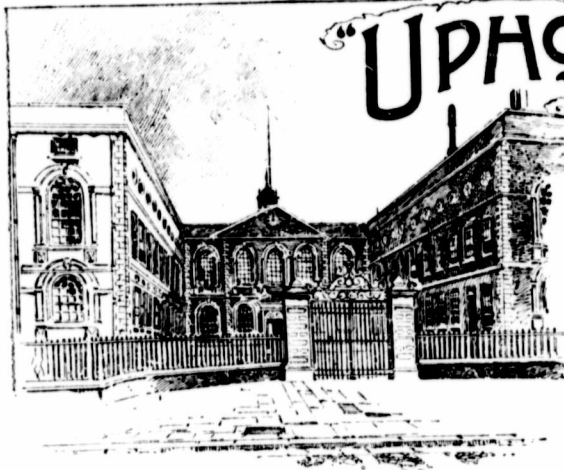
"Watch ye." "Stand fast in the faith." It is very hard, very puzzling oftentimes. But we have something—some touchstone—to fall back upon. It is the very thing, the very touchstone St. Paul had: the Christian faith. Go back to its simplest outline, what your mother taught you long ago: what the Catechism says. You believe in a loving Father Who knows and cares and trusts you. You believe in the Lord Who came from Heaven to show the meaning of that love: to show what a human life could be; Who lived and taught and helped those who needed help, and then died

nailed to a wooden Cross, and rose again, and is alive.

You believe in God's indwelling Spirit, Who has for tens of thousands of people made their life a different thing from what it could possibly have been by itself. Realise then what it means to be a man. A man, not a child; one who has learned by stiff experience what a difficult thing life is, who has fallen, and fallen again, and knows it; who has come to see what are his special dangers and to arm against them, in the armour of God.



FARNHAM CASTLE: THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER'S RESIDENCE.



LIVERPOOL BLUE COAT HOSPITAL.

*Specially photographed for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by
ROBINSON & THOMPSON.*

“UPHOLDEN”

The
Story of 3 Lives.



BY THE

REV. E. NEWENHAM HOARE, M.A.,

*Vicar of Stoneycroft, Liverpool; Author
of “Drift and Duty,” “The
Jessopps,” etc.*

CHAPTER I.

THE DARKENED ROOM.

THE children were huddled together in a little group behind the closely drawn blind. There were three of them—a bonnie, fair-haired girl of it might be nine, and two boys who were older. The boys were very unlike, you would scarcely have supposed them to be brothers. The elder, a bright, well-grown lad of twelve, stood leaning against the window frame, while with one hand he gently stroked his sister's shining hair; the younger boy—black-haired, sallow, hollow-eyed—sat looking straight before him at the opposite wall of the darkened room.

“No, Maggie, you mustn't look out, it isn't right to do that,” and the speaker quietly drew away the impatient little hand that had rebelliously caught the edge of the blind and pushed it back so as to afford a loophole through which the outer world might be reconnoitred.

“I want to see something; it's cold and stupid waiting here, and I'm sure mother wouldn't mind.”

“But it's not right; people always have the blinds down when—when it's like it is with us. Mrs. Hayhurst said we must keep very quiet for a little and be good children.”

“I don't care; mother wouldn't mind, I know,” persisted the child.

“Mother can't see at all now, or draw back a blind or do anything.” It was the younger boy, the one who was sitting down, that spoke: yet nothing but his pale lips moved; his eyes remained fixed on vacancy.

“Mother is in Heaven, Ernest; she can see God, and doesn't want anything else. Father is there, too,

you know; and they are both very happy.” Then there was silence in the little room; the children drew closer together and waited.

They had not to wait much longer. The door was opened and a stout, frowsy, red-faced woman stood contemplating the group by the window.

“The blessed lambs! it makes me heart bleed to look at them. And shure what would they have been doing at all, at all, if meself hadn't been here to see to them? Come now, my purties, and see the poor mother how she's lyin' in her last sleep, dacent and comfortable. Come, Arthur, take your sister by the hand; and you, Ernest, can follow after them.”

Arthur Hopley nodded and then advanced towards the door, leading his sister by the hand as directed; but Ernest did not move.

Together the two children stood in the chamber of death. Mrs. Hayhurst, to do her justice, had discharged her sad office with care and consideration. The poor room had been made to look its best; everything had been tidied up and put in its place. A few flowers had been procured, and a Bible and prayer-book were displayed on a doiley-covered table by the bedside. The bed itself was spotlessly clean, nor was there anything to mar the dignity of the figure that lay there so still and cold.

The two children stood close together, wistful and awestruck. There was a pause; then the woman, dimly striving for some added sanctity, issued a whispered order,—

“Kneel down, dears, and say your prayers; that's good children.”

Side by side they knelt, Arthur hiding his face against the side of the bed, but Maggie with unbowed head gazing about her inquiringly.

“Now come and kiss mother and say good-bye—good-bye till you meet her up Above.”

Mechanically the children rose. Then, as Mrs. Hayhurst drew back the handkerchief that had hitherto shrouded the dead, Arthur Hopley stepped forward and kissed the face on the lips and forehead.



"THERE WERE THREE OF THEM."

Specially drawn by PAUL HARDY.

But Maggie shrank back. "It's not mother at all. I'm afraid; take me away, Arthur."

The boy looked plaintively towards Mrs. Hayhurst, as though craving direction. The woman relaxed from her sense of conventional propriety.

"Yes, lad, you may take her away now. What should a poor lamb like her know about these things?"

Thus dismissed they slipped back on tip-toe to the front parlour where Ernest was still sitting motionless.

"Are you not going to see her, Erny? I think you ought to."

The boy gave a slight shudder, drew himself together, but did not speak.

A few minutes later Mrs. Hayhurst entered with her bonnet and shawl on.

"Now, Arthur, I am going home to see to my own place; but I'll be back in good time, before the man comes with the—that is to say, about the funeral. It's a man you must be takin' yourself for now, with them orphan childer to see to—not but that you are one yourself too, God help ye. I've locked the door of the room behind there and hung the key in the passage. If you are frightened or anything like that you've only to knock on the wall and the lady next door will come to you. Ah, shure, but me heart bleeds for

yees!" And to relieve her pent-up feelings the impulsive creature caught little Maggie in her arms and covered the unresisting child with kisses.

As soon as Mrs. Hayhurst was gone, Arthur put Maggie into a chair and then addressed himself to his brother.

"You've got to wake up and see to Maggie, because I'm going out. I'll be a couple of hours away or more."

"No, no, Arthur, don't go out and leave us! I dursn't stay here alone with Maggie. Where do you want to go to? Why do you want to leave us?"

"If you are afraid you can knock on the wall for Mrs. Richards," replied the elder brother somewhat scornfully.

Ernest Hopley's pale face flushed with just a tinge of colour.

"I don't want old Richards poking in here; and I won't be afraid so long as Maggie and I may sit by the window and have a wee bit of the blind up."

Arthur accepted this compromise, though not without some hesitation. Then he went out into the hall, got down the key, and entered the room where his dead mother lay. After searching for a little time he found what he wanted. Then he relocked the door and returned to the parlour with a bundle of papers in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

PLAYING THE MAN.



THE small house in which Mrs. Hopley and her three children had lived for about a year was situated in what was then a suburb of the "good old town" of Liverpool. A flat and somewhat marshy strip of land broke the otherwise continuous descent from Edgehill to the lower level on which the town had been originally built along the estuary of the Mersey. Here the Botanic Gardens had been situated, and when these

were removed further into the country, the newly formed streets on either side of Abercromby Square received those horticultural designations which now sound so inappropriate—Peach Street, Vine Street, Myrtle Street, Grove Street, Mulberry Street, and so forth.

It was in one of these streets—we need not say which—that Mrs. Hopley had established herself in the first days of her widowhood ; and it was thence that her eldest boy, Arthur, was now making his way with firm step and resolute though boyish face towards the town. Walking down the declivity of Mountpleasant he saw below him the octagonal tower of the Parish Church ; that was his guide as to the direction to be taken.

Having passed along a lane at the east end of the Church, Arthur Hopley found himself standing before a massive iron gate ; beyond which gate he saw what seemed to him a huge brick building. It occupied three sides of a hollow square and had three doors at each side with flights of steps leading up to them. The part of the building facing the gate seemed to the boy's excited gaze to stand back at an enormous distance. The roof, which ran up to a point in the centre, had two large figures on it, and right across the wall there ran an inscription in large letters. Vaguely the little fellow wondered if the time would ever come when he should be wise enough to make out the meaning of those words.

Arthur Hopley was startled from his dreaming fit by the click of the gate as it was partially opened in front of him. A boy, whose head was not much higher above the ground than the lock that he had just shot back, stood expectant. He was dressed in a coat of dark blue cloth with standing collar and brass buttons ; round his neck he had a white stock with hanging bands—just like what Arthur had seen on the clergyman whom he had been taken to hear two or three times in the new Church in Abercromby Square.

"Well, what is it?" queried the boy, who held the gate ajar.

"I've come about an application for admission ; it's here the gentlemen takes the papers, isn't it?" explained Arthur timidly. Somehow

there was no spirit left in him when he contemplated those brass buttons and the white bands. This boy must be a superior being and this an enchanted world of which he kept the key.

"Yes, that's right enough. It's the quarterly meeting to-day ; but haven't you got some one to speak for you? It's mostly the mothers or the likes o' that that puts in an appearance before the governors."

"Mother got the papers here awhile ago and filled them up correct ; but she can't come herself because she died last night."

The "gate-boy" was touched. He himself was



"WELL, WHAT IS IT?"

Specially drawn by PAUL HARDY.

fatherless, as were all the inmates of that great brick mansion; but he knew the joy of having a mother to welcome him home for the holidays; and with one quick compassionate throb of his boyish heart he realised what a blank his life would be without that mother, without those tears and smiles and embraces to look forward to.

"Died last night!" he exclaimed in an awestruck voice; "well, that is cruel hard. I think you had best go inside and tell them how it is. Take that door there," and he pointed towards one of the conspicuous flights of steps; "you'll find a gentleman inside who will look at your papers and tell you what you've got to do next."

It was, after all, but a few steps from the gateway to the door that had been indicated, but Arthur Hopley never forgot that walk across the courtyard of the Liverpool Blue Coat Hospital. It might have been half a mile at least, there was time for so many thoughts to enter and circle round and fly away and come again in the boy's excited brain. The first thought was that he had actually passed the gate—that a barrier had yielded before him, that he had been allowed to enter the enchanted land! Surely, now that he was in, they would not turn him out again; they would not have the heart to do it, with his mother lying dead at home. They would send him to fetch Ernest and Maggie, and then mother, looking down from Heaven, would be quite content and happy when she saw how snug they were in this nice place, about which she had so often told him. Then he pictured himself going about in a blue coat and clergyman's bands; in time he would become accustomed to it, and would not feel a bit odd. Then imagination, taking a more daring flight, suggested that he might one day stand in command of that mighty gate: might turn the well-polished key and open the narrow way that led from the outer world. He vowed that if ever any timid orphan boy stood before him he would speak kindly to him, even as he had been spoken kindly to himself that day.

When half-way across the yard, the lad looked up again, and tried to spell out some part of that inscription in the unknown tongue. Of course he could make nothing of it—and yet not altogether nothing. The first two words began with capital C's, and the first word of all was "CHRISTIANÆ." That, he knew, must have something to do with Christ, and it made him feel at once as though this were the fold of the Good Shepherd within which he found himself; all unknowing of how He had said, "I will not leave you orphans," there came to him the assurance that he was not alone. "It will be all right, mother dear, about me and Ern, and Mag; they'll see to us for the sake of Christ; I know they will that": so he actually murmured to himself, as he paused on the topmost step.

The door by which Arthur Hopley stood opened

direct into a small office. The clerk, thinking that the lad was shy, or had lost his way, came forward, and said in a kindly tone:

"Well, my little man, and what can I do for you? Who sent you here?"

"Mother said I was to come to-day, sir. It's about getting me and my brother and my wee sister into the school."

"And why didn't mother come herself? you are too young to send on a business of this sort." The official spoke somewhat sharply, for he was thinking to himself: "This must be a rather worthless sort of woman that doesn't take the trouble to appear in person; the case can scarcely be a deserving one."

The poor boy was quick to detect the change of tone, and there were tears in his eyes as he replied.

"Please, sir, mother couldn't come herself because she died last night. But she was here a month ago and she got all the papers and had them signed and that. I've got them here, if you'll kindly take them and show them to the gentlemen. Mother said I was to come to-day because it was the quarterly meeting."

"What! Your mother died last night and you are here this morning. Have you no friends or relations—no one to see to you or to do anything for you? Why, I never heard of such a thing as this in a Christian land!"

"No, sir; mother wasn't one to make friends, and we don't belong to Liverpool. She wouldn't have come here after father was lost, only for the chance of getting us taken into the Blue Coat. But please, if you will look at the papers I think you will find them all right."

The clerk took the large envelope the boy held out to him and began to examine the contents.

"Ah, Hopley!" he exclaimed, "I remember now; a pale pretty creature that called some weeks ago. She was not fit to be out of her bed, and I told her so."

"Yes, sir, that was the last time she was in Liverpool. She hardly got up at all after that; but she kept praying that the gentlemen might be good to us and take us in, when the time came."

The clerk seemed very much occupied with the papers and did not speak for a minute or so. Then he said briskly:

"Well, this is rather an irregular way of going to work; but you come along with me and I'll see what can be done."

So Arthur Hopley was taken up a flight of stairs and along a couple of passages till he found himself in a small room where several women and children were seated or standing about by the windows.

"Sit down now and wait patiently, like a good boy. When your turn comes you will be called into that room; then you must tell the governors just what you have told me, and I hope you will be successful."

With these words the clerk left him, passing into an inner room for a few minutes, then returning and going away with just a friendly nod to the poor lonely lad.

There was not long to wait. In a very few minutes the door of the inner room opened, a careworn but now happy-looking woman passed out and an elderly gentleman beckoned to the boy and called him by his name. Amid the envious and disappointed glances of those who had been in the room before him, Arthur obeyed the summons and walked through the open door.

He now found himself in what he thought a most

Thus encouraged, Arthur came forward and told his pitiful tale. It was listened to with sympathetic interest, and several of the gentlemen asked him questions, and seemed to be well pleased with the straightforward way in which he gave his answers.

"I understand," said the stout gentleman who had first spoken, "that your father was lost at sea. Have you any recollection of him?"

"Oh yes, I remember him very well. We used to live in Ireland then, and his ship was wrecked at a place they call the Metal Man, near Waterford. It is not much more than a year ago." And the boy's



Specially drawn
by PAUL HARDY.

“LET US HEAR YOUR STORY.”

magnificent place. It was not that the room was large, but it was pervaded by an air of solid comfort and dignity. A bright fire burned in the wide open grate, and in front of it was a large round table, at which some fifteen or twenty gentlemen were seated. They were mostly middle-aged or elderly men, grey-haired and serious, yet withal kindly and gentle of aspect. On the walls hung a number of portraits in massive frames; they might have been the pictures, several of them, of the men who sat below.

“Come here, my boy, and stand beside me, and let us hear your story,” said a stout, genial-looking man who seemed to occupy the most prominent position at the table.

eyes filled up with tears as the memories of the past came flooding in upon him.

“Ah, then it was only afterwards that you came to live in Liverpool. Do you know why your mother came over?” asked one of the governors rather sharply. Several gentlemen now looked up; a good deal seemed likely to turn upon the answer given.

“Because mother wanted to try and get us into this school. Father used to talk a lot about the good upbringing he had got here himself, and what a grand place it was.”

“Oh, then your father had been a Blue Coat boy himself; that’s a new feature in the case, and an interesting one, too. We must hunt up his name and

see what sort of record has been attached to it," exclaimed the chairman.

A whispered conversation followed, and finally the boy was told to go back into the ante-room till his application should have been considered. The old gentleman who had at the first befriended him, went out with him, made him sit down, and then whispered, as he patted him on the back :

"Keep your spirits up, my little man ; I've no doubt we'll be able to do something for you."

Five or ten minutes later Arthur was called back to the board-room and addressed by the genial chairman.

"Well, my boy, I am glad to tell you that the governors have determined to admit both you and your brother. Your case is a very sad one, and I may say that we have been very much pleased by the manly and straightforward way in which you have pleaded for yourself. Go on as you have begun : always speak out bravely, and speak nothing but the truth, and you will find plenty of people ready to help you. From what we have been able to learn, your father was always a credit to the school. I pray that you and your brother may be the same."

"Thank you, kind gentlemen, very much," said the boy simply. Then after a pause he added with some hesitation, "But how is it to be with our wee sister—can she come too?"

"I am afraid not," replied the chairman. "We have no vacancy for a girl ; and indeed, your poor mother did not make any application for her. There are no papers sent in."

"She had thought to keep her with herself ; but now she's gone, and our Maggie will be left," murmured Arthur disconsolately.

The chairman looked from one sympathetic face to another down the table. Then the brisk man who had been so anxious to know why Mrs. Hopley had come to Liverpool in the first instance, broke in :

"Presumably there are uncles or aunts, or somebody who would look after the girl. Have you no relatives in Ireland, my lad?"

"Mother's people live in Waterford : but they never took any notice of her after she came back to Liverpool ; they were vexed with her or something like that, I believe."

"They ought to be written to ; the matter ought to be put in the hands of the New Poor Law authorities," said the brisk gentleman.

Arthur began to feel frightened, and for the only time during that trying day he could no longer restrain his tears.

"I think, Mr. Withers, you kindly offered to make some inquiries, and to arrange matters," said the chairman, addressing himself to the elderly gentleman by whom the young applicant for admission had been introduced.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Chairman, I'll undertake that

duty. I'll go home with the lad now, and see that everything is put in train for his admission to-morrow or next day. And I've no doubt we can find some good woman to take charge of the little girl. Now,



"IT STOOD ON HIGH GROUND."

Arthur, my man, come along, and we'll soon get everything shipshape." Thus benevolently eager to terminate a scene that he saw was becoming too much for the boy's overwrought feelings, the good man bustled from the room. Arthur Hopley was nothing loth to follow.

Hand-in-hand Reuben Withers and the boy ascended Mountpleasant. This grey-haired man was young of heart and full of hope, because touched, through every fibre of his being, with the God-quicken'd instinct of sympathy. Consequently, ere the top of the hill was reached, Arthur found himself chatting away as he had never done with any one before ; he had told this stranger of all his boyish hopes and fears ; of his anxieties in regard to his brother and sister ; of all the wise and loving instructions that his dying mother had laid upon him. Incidentally, and all unconsciously, he drew back the curtain from before a scene of pathetic endurance and Christian fortitude ; so that, when the little house with the down-drawn blinds was reached, the appreciative listener had already formed to himself a perfect picture of the sort of life that had been led there by the poor woman who now had won her rest.

But there was one question to be asked before they entered the silent house.

"What about this Mrs. Hayhurst of whom you have spoken ? Is she any relative of your mother's, or only just a friend ?"

The boy could give no satisfactory answer. The

woman had come, off and on, to the house for some time back; but she had not been really much about till after Mrs. Hopley had been taken seriously ill. Then they had been glad to have her, and she certainly had been very kind. She often talked about "the auld counthrey," and Arthur concluded that she used to know some friends of his mother's in Ireland.

Further conversation on this subject was rendered impossible by the sudden appearance of the very lady in question. Mrs. Hayhurst, carrying a large basket half under her shawl, came sharply round a corner, almost running against Arthur. She began to tell him "what she thought of him."

"Well, it's home you are comin', is it, after gallivanting about the streets all these hours? A nice way to show respect for your mother that's lyin' cold and stiff—and them poor childer fit to sob their little hearts out!" Then, perceiving that the boy was not alone, she hastily effected a change of front and of tone. Drawing her shawl more completely over the basket, and pushing back a hank of rebellious grey hair beneath her black bonnet, she saluted Mr. Withers with a deferential curtsy. "I beg your pardon, sir; but I didn't see that the poor lad was along with your honour. Shure it's a sad case this, the mother lyin' there waitin' for her coffin, and not a soul in a Christian land to do a hand's turn for them three poor orphans."

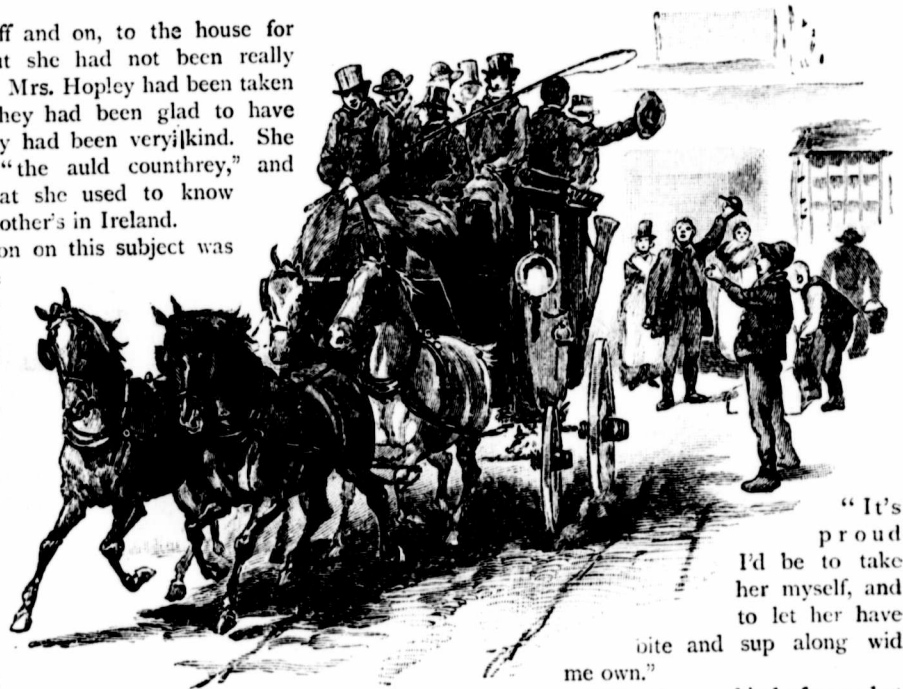
"Well, you will be glad to hear it is not as bad as that," replied Mr. Withers cheerfully. "We have just settled to take the two boys into the Blue Coat School; so now there will be only the little girl to provide for. You are Mrs. Hayhurst, I presume?"

"That's just me name, sir; and shure it's the good angels that has sent yees kind and noble gentlemen to the relief of the desolate. And it's good boys they are, both of them, sir—though it may be Erny is a bit crabbed betimes."

"And what about the little girl,—Maggie they call her, I think?"

"Troth, she's the sweetest little coax you ever set eyes on, and a real lady too—just like her poor mother was."

"I was thinking about what was to become of the child, who was to take charge of her," explained Mr. Withers.



COACHING DAYS.

"It's proud I'd be to take her myself, and to let her have bite and sup along wid me own."

"That is very kind of you; but you could not be expected to do it without remuneration."

"If it's money you mean," replied Mrs. Hayhurst with a fine scorn, "there need be no mention of the like of that between you and me, sir. The sweet lamb is welcome to whatever is goin' in my poor place, just for the love of God and for the sake of her poor mother that's gone." And good Reuben Withers, being an absolutely truthful and simple-minded person, took the woman at her word, concluding that she was one of the most genuinely kind-hearted persons he had ever met. Nor, after all, was he as far wrong as some cynical folk might suppose.

Mrs. Hayhurst explained that she resided a little further in the country at a village quaintly called Old Swan, the name being derived from the sign of the "original" inn that stood there for the refreshment of passengers by the frequent coaches to Manchester and elsewhere that passed that way. From his own coaching experience Reuben Withers was not unfamiliar with the place. It stood on high ground amid pleasant surroundings and seemed a very suitable and convenient neighbourhood in which to bring up a child

(To be continued.)

A WITTY ANSWER.—"I happened to be lunching one day at the house of Charles Leslie, R.A., when George Cruikshank was of the party. Leslie, knowing that his friend had become a staunch teetotaler, said, with a sly look, 'Mr. Cruikshank, may I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?' raising his own and passing the decanter. 'No, my dear Leslie,' said Cruikshank, 'I don't drink wine, you know, but I shall be very happy to take a potato with you.' Whereupon he held one up on the end of his fork, nodded to Leslie, bit a piece off, and wished him a very good health, Leslie laughing and sipping his sherry at the same time." *Sketches from Memory, by G. A. STOREY.*



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH KOBE.



A NURSE IN ST. MICHAEL'S TRAINING HOME

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

VII.—THE BISHOP OF OSAKA, JAPAN.



THE RIGHT REV. HUGH JAMES FOSS, D.D., Bishop of Osaka, was consecrated at

Westminster Abbey on the Feast of the Purification, 1899, in succession to Bishop Awdry, lately translated to the See of Tokyo.

Bishop Foss, born in 1848, is a son of the late Edward Foss, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Dover, and was educated at Marlborough, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. At the University he had a distinguished career, not only gaining the two Porteous Gold Medals, but also taking a double First in the Classical and Theological Triposes. He was ordained in 1872 by Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, to the Curacy of St. Barnabas, Liverpool, afterwards becoming, in 1875, Curate-in-Charge of St. Michael, Bridge Street, Chester. In 1876 he was appointed S.P.G. Missionary to Kobe, the now rapidly growing seaport at the east entrance to the far-famed Inland Sea of Japan, the most prominent seat of the export trade of the Japanese Empire. It is in this neighbourhood that Bishop Foss has now been devotedly at work, in season and out of season,

for over twenty-two years, in a truly Apostolic manner, and the reverence of that native Church which he has been instrumental in building up is equalled by the universal respect in which he is held by the large foreign community who, for many years, were mainly indebted to him for spiritual ministrations.



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN JAPAN



BISHOP FOSS WITH NATIVE CLERGYMAN AND CATECHISTS

One of the great secrets of his success among the Japanese has been his unusual insight into the native character, combined with great sympathy with all that was best in their religious aspirations. His patience and self-denial during long years of often discouraging work have given him an influence, quiet, but very real and deep, which—as the writer has heard it expressed in that part of Japan—has made “Foss San” a “name to conjure with.” He is a very accomplished Japanese scholar, and has served on all the principal Translation Committees for the Bible, Prayer Book, etc., besides having compiled the hymn-book now used by the Nippon Sei Kō Kwai (Holy Catholic Church of Japan), and having translated with much acceptance the well-known work of Thomas à Kempis into Japanese.

The wooden Mission Church of St. Michael, Kobe, built by the untiring efforts of the Bishop, was destroyed by fire, but subsequently was rebuilt in a more suitable locality and of more solid materials, chiefly *kabe* (a kind of plaster much used in Japanese construction). Whilst St. Michael's is the Mother Church of the district, the native Christians of a number of the villages in the outlying regions are working very hard to build churches for themselves. Some who are too poor to give much money bring offerings in “kind,” all doing their best to provide for some share of the needs.

Dr. Foss married, in 1880, Janet, daughter of Dr. McEwen of Chester, who, however, died suddenly when on a visit to England for the sake of her health, in 1894.

Since leaving Cambridge in 1872, the Bishop, who is a good all-round athlete and an experienced oarsman, has been a staunch abstainer. On one occasion, in 1891, he took part in an interesting four-oared race at the Annual Regatta of the Kobe Rowing Club, which is worth recording. The club consists of nearly three hundred young Europeans and Americans, chiefly clerks, etc., in the Banks and houses of business, amongst whom the pursuit of athletics of every kind is ardently followed. On this particular occasion the five total abstainers in the club challenged the rest of their fellow-members to a contest over the mile-and-a-quarter course in the beautiful bay of Kobe. The club therefore selected its most powerful crew of non-abstainers, and the race finally came off, under the title of “Whiskey *v.* Water,” on June 12th, 1891. The stroke of the “Water” men's crew was the Rev. S. Swann, the once-famous Cambridge “blue,” Mr. Marshall rowed “Three,” the Rev. Walter Weston, British Chaplain at Kobe, was “Two,” and the Rev. H. J. Foss “bow.” The contest excited a great amount of interest, and was won, contrary to general expectation, with the greatest ease by the abstainers, and helped considerably to create a more respectful attitude towards the cause of Temperance on the part of many who had been too often apt to class “teetotaler” and “milk-sop” as synonymous terms

Bishop Foss enjoys to an unusual extent the confidence and esteem of both the C.M.S. Missionaries and many Nonconformists, as well as of those belonging to his own society (the S.P.G.); and the Church of Christ in the Land of the Rising Sun is a great gainer in the increased power and position thus granted to the true successor of the Missionaries of Apostolic times. His house at Kobe (some eighteen miles by rail from Osaka) has long been a centre of true Christian hospitality to many, both of the foreign missionaries and native Christians. One of the most important of the recent developments of the work has been the opening of a training home for native nurses.

WALTER WESTON, M.A.,

Author of “Mountaineering and Exploration in the Japanese Alps.”

A HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHANCEL.*

ALMIGHTY God, Who dwellest not
In temples made with hands,
To Whom unceasingly ascend
The hymns of angel bands—

Yet from Thy Throne in Heaven above,
Look on us as we pray,
And with Thy mercy and Thy love
Encompass us to-day.

We come to consecrate to Thee
The work our hands have raised;
Here, may our Choirs make melody,
And Thou alone be praised.
Here, Saviour! may each lowly heart,
Obedient to Thy Word,
With saints in earth and Heaven take part,
“Remembering” Thee—their Lord,

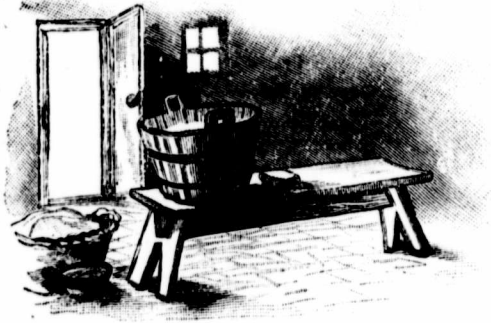
O Holy Spirit, Lord of Life,
Thy gracious unction pour!
And sanctify with holy Peace
This Chancel evermore.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The solemn “Gloria!” raise;
And with “Thrice Holy” on our lips,
Let all our lives be Praise!

M. F. MAUDE,

Author of “Thine for ever, God of love.”

* This hymn was written specially for the opening of the Chancel of Christ Church, Crewe, January 25th, 1899.

THE PRAYER BOOK.—A pitman in Durham Diocese was asked why he loved the Prayer Book. He answered: “One sentence in the Litany, if there were none other, would of itself be sufficient to save the world. It is this: ‘O Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, Three Persons and One God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.’ I have felt in these words the sweet drawings of a Father's love, the cleansing power of a Saviour's blood, and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit; and I have felt my soul entwined, as it were, in the Sacred Three.”—CANON A. R. FAUSSET, D.D.



HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BY MRS. EDWARD WELCH.

(Continued from page 113.)

WE pass now to another branch of our subject. We have seen that it is a nurse's duty to see that a typhoid patient (1) secures rest, (2) takes the food and medicine ordered, (3) is duly washed, and (4) has his bed well and comfortably made. Leaving for the present the consideration of what ought to be done, we go on to consider

WHAT TO AVOID.

Two dangers especially must be guarded against.

1. The Spread of Infection.

It is impossible to speak too strongly of the imperative necessity of taking every precaution to guard against spreading disease of any kind. But though it is criminal to be careless, it is a consolation to remember that, if due care is exercised, typhoid, at any rate, with which we are at present more immediately concerned, need never spread beyond the patient first attacked by it. The infection of this fever is conveyed in one way, and one way only: viz., through the discharges from the patient's body. The most scrupulous carefulness and cleanliness must therefore be observed. A bed-pan must always be used; and if the nurse is not familiar with the use of it, she must get instructions from the doctor. After it has been used, it must be sprinkled with carbolic powder, covered, removed from the sick-room, and emptied immediately. The nurse should be careful not to breathe over it as she removes it; and she should wash her own hands, and especially the nails, with great care each time she handles it.* When it has been thoroughly cleansed, some carbolic powder should be placed in it, and it should be returned clean to the sick-room, to be ready when wanted again. It is also very desirable to use disinfectants for the W.C. each time it is used during the continuance of typhoid in the house. And here it may not be out of place to explain that a disinfectant is an agent

used in order to kill poison in the air; it is also useful in removing bad smells. And there is a possible danger of applying disinfectants in such a way as only to destroy smells; where this is the sole effect, the gain is a very doubtful one. In order to produce both effects, care must be taken to use freely Nature's own disinfectant—fresh air—a continual supply of which must be allowed to enter the sick-room at all times, day and night. If fresh air is kept out of a room, and it is allowed to become hot and close-smelling, the introduction of a disinfectant will simply mean that a weaker smell is covered by one which is more powerful: it will not mean that the poison in the air is destroyed. Care must also be used in the selection of disinfectants. The doctor is the person to give instructions about the choice of them, and here, as always, he must be strictly obeyed. It is enough to say that Condy's fluid, carbolic acid, and chloride of lime, are the principal and most commonly used disinfectants.

A further and very necessary precaution is the removal of soiled linen from the sick-room. A pail of cold water containing about a wineglassful of carbolic acid should be brought into the room; the soiled linen should be placed in it the moment it is removed from the person or bed of the patient, and it should then be carried out of doors and washed as soon as possible with carbolic soap. It is a great help towards easily and thoroughly disinfecting a room to take away all draperies—e.g. bed valances, bed-curtains, window-curtains (if of thick material), and carpets—in place of which may be used strips of carpet that can be readily taken up and shaken daily.

One further hint on this point may be given. After the daily sweeping of the room it should be sprinkled with a mixture of carbolic acid and water, the proportions of which must be ascertained from the doctor. In view of many distressing accidents which have occurred through want of care, it is not superfluous to add that the bottle containing carbolic acid ought to be labelled very distinctly with its name and the word POISON; that it ought to be kept carefully out of the reach of children; and that it ought never to be used as a disinfectant in saucers on the floor. Condy's fluid may be used with great benefit in this way: one saucer being kept under the bed, another under the chest of drawers, and a third under the washstand, care being taken to change the contents every day.

When the doctor allows the floor of the sick-room to be scrubbed, which he may do, perhaps once or twice a week, carbolic soap should be used for the purpose. It is necessary to have a bright fire burning in the grate, and to see that the patient is well covered with an extra wrap.

(To be continued.)

* Typhoid infection has frequently been conveyed by soiled bands into milk.

A Hymn for very Young Children.

Words by the REV. S. J. STONE, M.A.
(Rector of All-Hallows-on-the-Wall.)

Music by SIR GEORGE MARTIN.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

2. So deep, so high,—like air and sky,
Beyond us, yet around,—
He Whom our mind can never find
Can in our heart be found.
3. Lord God, so far, past sun and star,
Yet close to all our ways !
In love so near, be pleased to hear
Thy little children's praise !

4. Oh, may that sign that we are Thine—
Our Father, Saviour, Friend—
Which sealed our brow, be on us now,
And with us to the end.
5. Through all our way, and every day
Believed, beloved, adored,
Be this our grace to see Thy Face
In Jesus Christ our Lord.

A FLOWER SERVICE HYMN.

BY THE REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Uxbridge Road, W. ; Author of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" 333, 336, etc.

HE dwells among the lilies,
His blessed gardens grow,
Where evermore soft odours
From beds of spices blow ;
Where trees, with leaves of healing
And fruits of sweetness, stand
On either side the river
That gladdens His fair Land.
I fain would see the lilies,
White lilies of that Land,
And pluck the flowers He gathers,
And bear them in my hand.

What are those beds of spices
Whose fragrance does not cease ?
They are the calms of glory,
Heaven's infinite, sweet peace.
And what those spotless lilies,
Whose blossoms aye endure,
But joys that are immortal
And altogether pure ?

That crystal flowing fountain
Springs up beneath the Throne,

And all the plants eternal
Are fed by it alone ;
Without its living water
Their beauty would not be,
But they would fade and wither,
Like those on earth we see.

I'll seek Him in the garden
Where summer never fails,
Himself the fairest Lily
Of those celestial vales ;
The beautiful Rose of Sharon,
Encrimsoned all for this,
That I, in lily raiment,
Might walk with Him in bliss.

Each one who loves Him truly
Shall hear Him say at last,
"Come, O ye blessed children !
Lo ! winter-time is past."
Then glad shall be the desert,
The wilderness disclose
The excellence of Sharon,
And blossom as the rose.

BURIED TRUTH.

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

WHAT much lamented servant, of whom we know little beside, bore the same name as an eminent ruler of whom we know a good deal beside—amongst other things, that that "ruler" lived about five hundred years after the death of that "servant"?

OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

37. **W**HO by his violence undid the good he wished to do?
38. What ruler in his old age made way for a younger man to take his place?
39. To what does a minor prophet compare the coming of our Lord?
40. What portion of a Jew's dress was meant to remind him of the commandments of his God?
41. Who was saved from a violent death by those for whom he was responsible?
42. To whom did zeal appear as madness?

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.**XIX.—DECAPITATION.**

Whole I am a Midland town. Curtail me, and I was once a royal refuge. Behead me, and I am salt yet savoury.

XX.—ACROSTIC.

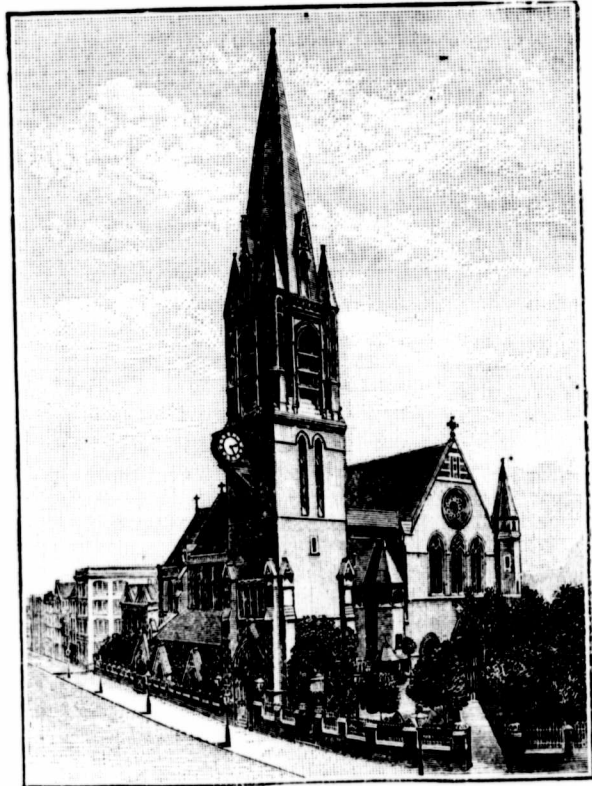
Take my initials and they will show
 What taught you and trained you in all you know.
 My finals reveal a schoolboy's delight
 When he puts my initials out of his sight.

1. What you will do when you see this. 2. A summer draught. 3. A gardener's foe. 4. A mountain in Bible history. 5. Without a fellow. 6. A famous waterfall. 7. What you will be if this puzzle defeats you.

XXI.—RIDDLE.

- a. I am made every day; and though you are often loth to leave me, you do not wish to keep me.
- b. Something that you often look for, but never wish to find.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Mme. Albani says: "I think my 'favourite' song is 'Home, Sweet Home,' although I have many others of which I am very fond. I have sung it in almost every country—in England, Canada, Australia, America, South Africa, and even in Holland, Germany, Russia, etc. One can imagine that in the colonies a song relating to 'Home' must be particularly touching, but also in those countries where the public cannot understand the English words, 'Home, Sweet Home' has always been received with the same enthusiasm; the simple melody of this lovely song seems to go straight to all hearts. I can recall two occasions when it had an especial effect, both on the public and on myself. One was at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, when the ceremony was performed, by the Queen at the Albert Hall, and I sang 'Home, Sweet Home.' The song—seeing that the immense hall was filled with something like ten thousand Colonists, with their Queen in their midst—created an overpowering sensation and tremendous applause, which her Majesty graciously led. The other occasion was when a grand concert was given—again at the Albert Hall—to commemorate the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and in aid of the Home for Incurables, in which institution her Royal Highness takes a great interest. At this concert, among other music, I sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' and I cannot say how delighted I was to hear, later in the day, that a lady was so touched by the old song that she sent a cheque for £1,000 to the charity 'in remembrance of that beautiful melody.' This lady would not allow her name to be mentioned, and I have not heard to this day who she was. The donation was announced by the Duke of Cambridge at the dinner which took place the same evening."—*The Lady*.



ST. MARY'S, WHITECHAPEL.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

NO one has done more to promote open-air preaching on Church lines than the well-known Rector of Birmingham, the Rev. Arthur J. Robinson, M.A. His predecessor at Whitechapel, Prebendary Kitto, had erected an open-air pulpit in memory of

Dean Champneys, and Mr. Robinson made excellent use of this pulpit during his eleven years' energetic service in the East End. Upon his removal to Holy Trinity, Marylebone, he speedily collected funds for the erection of a Memorial Pulpit to Canon Cadman, and the West End was thus made familiar with an agency which had been such an admirable help in



OPEN-AIR PULPIT.

the work of the Church in East London.

In 1897 Mr. Robinson was called to succeed Dr. Wilkinson as Rector of Birmingham, and he had not been long at work in this important sphere before a friend made an anonymous gift of £120 to defray the cost of an Open-air Pulpit in memory of Canon Miller. The pulpit was dedicated on May 26th, 1898, by the Bishop of Coventry, and its use of course depends upon the weather, but as a rule, from May until September, mid-day and evening addresses are given several times during the week. The Rector, in his Annual Report, makes the following reference to this evangelistic effort :—

“The masses” is a vague term, but certainly there are masses of men, women, and children in the Bull Ring every day and until late at night. We endeavour to get the Gospel home to them, especially from the Open-air Pulpit. We have ample evidence that much good is being done. Clergy, Laity, Church Army Officers have alike, and at all times, proclaimed the Good News. Hundreds of men stand and listen to the

preaching. The singing is led by a cornet player, and a devoted band of men and women help us in the singing. We hope as time goes by to organize Christian Evidence, Missionary, and Scientific Lectures, and to enlist every sort of talent, and to touch upon all questions affecting the well-being of our people. This work can be done in a truly reverent fashion, using the Prayers of the Church as well as extempore Prayer. There is no difficulty in getting a congregation of men (often the women can scarcely be seen). Some find it difficult to keep them; all depends, humanly speaking, on the preacher; and many a clergyman who imagines he is a good preacher, and many a layman who can so ably criticise all the clergy, comes down from that pulpit a sadder, wiser, humbler man.

Our portrait of Mr. Robinson has been specially engraved from a photograph by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, of 11, New Street, Birmingham.



ST. MARTIN'S, BIRMINGHAM.

VAIN REPETITIONS.

BY THE REV. E. A. SEYMOUR SCOTT, M.A.,
Incumbent of Carnforth, Author of "Unconscious Teaching."
[Outside the Church Door Sunday Night. Two Farmers:
TOM WILKINS and GEORGE STOKES.]



TOM: Well, George, out of Chapel? I wish you had been with us to-night.

GEORGE: No, I don't like Church ways. I don't hold with praying out of a book. I always say that prayer should come from the heart. Now, look at Mr. T r u e m a n, o u r Minister; just hear him pray, he quite seems to take hold of Heaven like.

TOM: Well, he's a good man, I know; but don't you remember, George, that you told me that when he lost his child he was so broken down that he could neither preach nor pray at all? I felt quite sorry when you described it. Now you see we are not dependent upon our Vicar's feelings; whatever trouble he's in, or whatever his state of mind is, the prayers are always the same. Ah! here comes our Vicar out of the Vestry. He's sure to come and speak to us.

THE VICAR: Well, Tom, how's your little girl? I'm so glad we prayed for her in Church to-night.

TOM: Aye, sir, I'm afraid she's dying. Yes, it was a real comfort to hear her name spoke out; I knew that many would be praying for her. I wish you'd say a word to my friend here, sir: he says that he don't like praying out of a book.

THE VICAR: Well, Stokes, what is it that you don't like about our prayers? Although they are in a book I hope that they are none the less real?

GEORGE: In the first place, sir, I say it isn't Scriptural. The Bible says that we are not to use "vain repetitions," and I hear that you say the same things every Sunday. You don't read of the Disciples praying out of a book.

THE VICAR: That's not quite the case, my friend. In the first place, with regard to that verse you-speak of, it's real translation means, that when we pray, we are not to "babble" and to think that we shall be heard because we talk a good deal, as

some do. The Bible never says that we are not to repeat the same words twice over. Then, with regard to what you say about the Disciples, it's true they didn't pray out of a book; for, in the first place, there were no printed books in those days, and in the second place, we read in the Acts that some of them were "unlearned and ignorant men": and so, perhaps, because of both these reasons, our Lord Jesus actually taught them a form of prayer, which I understand you repeat every Sunday in your Chapel.

GEORGE: Yes, sir, that's true. I suppose you mean the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard of any other.

THE VICAR: I have, George. I'm afraid you have not read your Bible very carefully. Don't you remember that the Disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray, because John the Baptist had already taught his disciples (St. Luke xi. 1), and then He also told them when they prayed to use the form that He gave them? Clearly those good men in those early days used a form of prayer.

GEORGE: But, sir, Jesus Christ Himself never did.

THE VICAR: There I'm afraid I must differ from you again. It says in the Bible that it was His custom to always go to the Synagogue on the Sabbath Day. Now we know that in those Synagogues there was always a form of prayer used, and I feel quite sure that our Lord joined in with it, or He would not have gone, and we never hear of His objecting to such forms. Then in that sad prayer, which Jesus said in the Garden of Gethsemane, spoken of in the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew, "If this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done," we read that He went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words. This was clearly a repetition, but I am quite sure that it was not a vain one.

GEORGE: Well, sir, look at those prayer meetings of the Apostles we read of in the Acts. Those must have been grand.

THE VICAR: Yes, George, they were truly. But we also read in Acts iii. 1 that they also continued to go to the Synagogue. Then in Acts iv. 24 it says that they all "lifted up their voices with one accord, and said," a certain form which is quoted, and which must have been very familiar to them, or they would not have burst forth with it without having been first instructed. Some good men who lived soon after the Apostles had died, tell us in their writings (which we still

have) that forms of prayer were used in their time, —in fact, they themselves composed many of the prayers that I have offered up to-day in Church. Thus you see that these forms are very old, and must have been in use in the very early days of the Church. Many of the prayers are composed in almost the exact words of Scripture ; for you know that the Church is very particular about the Word of God, and has far more of the Bible read in her Services than some of our Nonconformist brethren do in their Chapels.

Our Liturgy has been altered from time to time, but thousands and thousands who have passed away, and who for hundreds of years have worshipped in our old parish Church, have used the same words that are on our lips Sunday by Sunday ; and, George, I am quite sure that I do not say these beautiful prayers any the less from my heart because good men have used the same words for so many generations.

(To be continued.)

BUILDING AN ORGAN.

GLIMPSES OF WONDERFUL PIPES AT A FAMOUS FACTORY.

BY F. M. HOLMES, *Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.*



LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

off Tottenham Court Road, you may see any number

AN odd mistake is made by many people about an organ. They think it only contains a few pipes.

Few pipes ! Why, there are hundreds of them, and some organs contain thousands. These good folk seem to think that the tall tubes in front of the instrument represent the whole number. Evidently to them, as Tennyson says,—

“ Things seen are greater than things heard.”

The pipes form, of course, the most important parts of an organ. No amount of good playing can produce grand music from poorly made pipes. Here, at Messrs. J. W. Walker's celebrated factory

of them, of all sorts, sizes, and shapes ; and you will probably be very surprised at some of the curious forms. Perhaps, too, some of the sizes will interest you. You may find a pipe thirty-two feet high by two feet square, and you may find one like a tiny straw. You may see many like curious trumpets inserted into straight pipes, and you may see numbers of little brass tubes with slots cut in them and covered with vibrating tongues. Broadly speaking, all these numbers of pipes can be divided into two classes. One class can be popularly described as glorified whistle-pipes—that is, they are made on the same principle as a whistle-pipe without the fingering holes ; while others are adaptations of well-known wind instruments, such as trumpets, clarionets, and oboes—the last word, by the bye, being a version of the old French hautboy.

The sounds produced are most diverse. At any organ factory you will hear all kinds of squawks and screams, as the pipes are being harmonized and voiced. But, by-and-by, when the builder has finished his wonderful work, these same pipes will produce the grandest music at the touch of a master-hand.

It must be remembered that each pipe can have but one fixed sound. Numbers of pipes therefore are needed in order to obtain the variety and harmony necessary for the efficient rendering of complicated pieces of music. The thirty-two foot pipe, such as Messrs. Walker & Sons built for their superb organ at St. Margaret's, Westminster, thunders forth the deepest note distinguishable by a human ear ; anything deeper is but a massive roar, not a note. Others, again, heard alone, yield but a tiny squeak ; but all, blended and harmonized and tuned, produce the stately and impressive organ music.

The pipes are ranged together according to their particular character or quality of sound, such as the trumpet-pipes, the dulciana, etc., and are called “ stops,” because the set is cut off, or brought into possible use by means of handles known also as stops. Now as each “ stop ” or set of pipes must as a rule contain a sufficient number to answer to every note on the keyboard, we get an average of 58 pipes to each stop for a compass of $4\frac{3}{4}$ octaves, while for a mixture stop there are 174 and sometimes 208 pipes.

Yet again the stops or sets of pipes are grouped according to power. Thus the group called the Great Organ—some of which appear outside in front of the case—constitute the main force of the instrument ; the pipes of the Choir-Organ are less powerful and more fitted to accompany the voice ; those of the Swell-Organ are enclosed in a box with a front like a Venetian blind, to open and shut and produce crescendo and diminuendo effects. Further, there is the Pedal-Organ, played by pedals, and also the Solo-Organ. Every instrument, however, does not contain all of these five departments. But the immense



The Casting Bench

importance of the correct manufacture and harmonizing of all these pipes must be manifest. The pipes are made of metal and wood. The sizes and proportions used in such an

old-established firm as Messrs. Walkers (which dates back to 1740, has won prize-medals, and holds a Royal appointment), are all well tested and marked out to scale.

Down below in the basement the metal is first cast into sheets in an old-fashioned, we might almost say mediæval, manner, which eminently answers the purpose required.

Imagine a large flat piece of stone, covered with fustian and fitted with a narrow bottomless box sliding across it, but leaving a small space between it and the fustian. The cauldron of molten metal, which consists of a mixture of lead and tin, is taken to the head of the stone and poured into the box. The box is then pushed along the fustian, and leaves a film of metal behind it to grow cold. The desired thickness is obtained by varying the space between box and fustian. To roll the metal into sheets, as many metals are now reduced between steel cylinders would render it far too hard and probably spoil the sounds entirely.

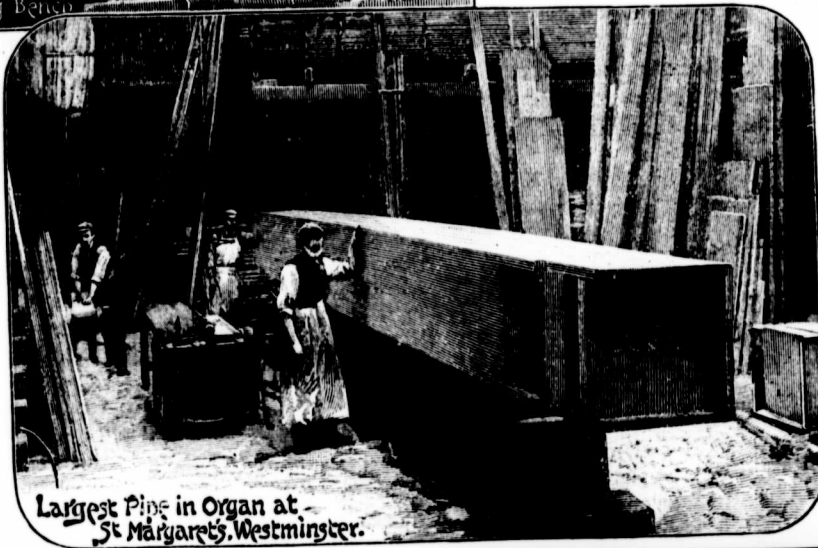
Upstairs, the sheets of metal are cut according to the sizes of the well-tested patterns for the various pipes, and then are bent round wooden mandrels and smoothed and soldered. Even the brass reeds are made in the same manner. They all form fine examples of handicraftsmen's work in this age of whirling machinery. Some of the great bass pipes are made of zinc; others are of wood, beautifully made to scale, out of Swiss pine, sequoia, or other suitable timber, their sides as smooth as glass, and the joints perfectly finished.

A glance at the accompanying illustrations (which have been specially engraved for

THE CHURCH MONTHLY from photographs expressly taken for the purpose) will enable the reader to form a fair idea of the technical processes so far described. The pictures of Organs in position do not call for any comment.

Now how are the pipes placed?

They stand on



Largest Pipe in Organ at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



Rolling Organ Pipe

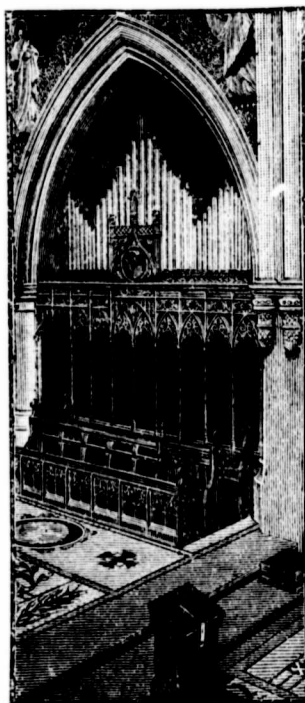
a wind-chest in the organ. The wind-chest is a complicated apparatus of wood and white sheepskin, containing slightly compressed air forced in from the

bellows. All the pipes of the same note stand behind one another at the top of the chest, and a small length of wood working on a hinge and called a pallet, opens or shuts the air from them. The pallet is moved by the touch of the organist at the keyboard. Above the pallet is the slide moved by the handle called the stop, and if the stops for all the pipes are drawn, the pallet admits the air to all of the notes struck at the keyboard. Thus the air in the wind-chest has to pass through the opened pallet, and then through the holes in the draw-slide before it reaches the pipe.

The movements of the pallet are sometimes operated by electric wires, and sometimes by sending a pulse of air through shining tubes. This system is called pneumatic. It often happens that the wind-chests with their sets of pipes are in different parts of the same church. In that case a volume of air is sent



PORTSEA.



JESMOND.

through a large zinc tube, called a trunk, to the wind-chest, and long sheaves of tubing (or electric wires, are conducted from the keyboard to operate the pallets. Sometimes neither system is used, the keys moving the pallets by a clever mechanical arrangement of wires called tracers. This method is the plan adopted in the action of the organs built by the firm and presented, one by Her Majesty the Queen to West

Newton Church, Norfolk, and the other by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Sandringham Church.

To an accomplished artist organ-building is a fascinating pursuit. Even men occasionally employed in it feel its power. Sometimes young carpenters engaged to assist the regular staff when erecting organs in the country, take a liking to the work, and ultimately find employment with the firm. No one instrument is exactly like another, yet the principles governing all are the same. The difficulties connected with each only add stimulus to a spirited designer. Thus at Barton Church, Ipswich, the problem was to place a thoroughly good instrument in such a position that it should not interfere with the east window and should not encroach on the chancel. The task was solved by placing the bellows in the vestry and connecting them with the pipes by a wind-trunk passing through a window in the chancel wall. At the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where Messrs. Walker & Sons are erecting an organ, pits have been dug eight feet deep on each side of the chancel, to contain the whole of the organ, except the keyboard and the front pipes.

But the details about an organ are endless. Yet when once set up in its place an organ will, with proper care and tuning, last for years, if not for centuries. And it is in this spirit of building for aye that the first-class organ artist does his fine work.



ST. MILDRED'S, LONDON.

THE OLD DOLL AND THE NEW.

BY THE REV. H. D. MADGE, LL.M.

"SLEEP, little dolly, the daylight is o'er;
The dieky-bird's tired, he's singing no more.
See, granny is dozing, her fingers are still,
And the sun says good-night from the back of
the hill."

'Twas thus, as I listened, I thought Daisy said,
As she tucked up her own little dolly in bed;
She soothed it to sleep, and disposed it with care,
That no dangerous draught might find entrance
there.

How loosely we hold to the things we think dear!
For the very next day did a stranger appear;
Her cheeks were adorned with a roseate hue,
Her hair it was real, and her eyes they were blue.

Now the old doll was ugly, and dirty, and worn,
Its few scanty garments were ragged and torn;
So new dolly became Daisy's treasure and pride,
And the old one reposed on the dustbin outside.

But is Daisy sure that her choice was the best?
For when evening comes on from its home in
the west,

She'll lift up dolly gently and put her away,
But never a word of endearment will say.

Why, Daisy, my child,
you're no wiser than I;
I too from old dollies to
new ones would fly:
And yet, if I knew it,
when old ones depart,
They take away with them
a bit of my heart.

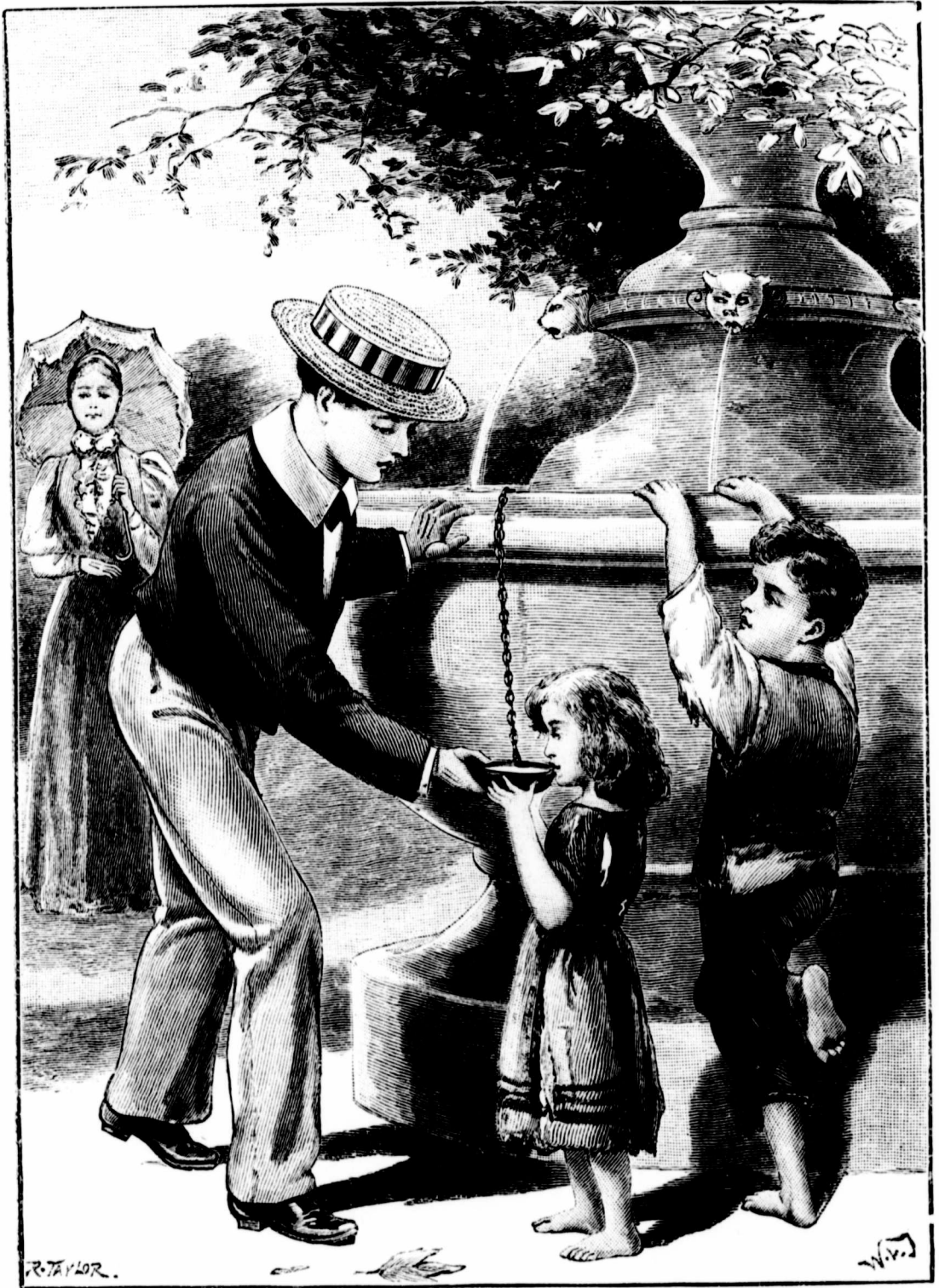


"EARNING HIS REWARD."

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 167.)

PASSING through a London park the other day, I saw an act of true politeness on the part of a youth who left his mother's side to run and help two little children to a drink of refreshing water. The poor waifs of the street were too small to help themselves, and, if looks go for anything, were truly grateful to their new found friend for his Christian courtesy. To him no doubt it was a trifling matter, and yet our Saviour Himself said: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, Verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." The habit of politeness is an unfailing mark of the true gentleman. When the great Sir Philip Sidney was a boy at Shrewsbury School, his father sent him a letter in which he urged him to "be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost." Young Philip took this excellent advice so thoroughly to heart that throughout his illustrious life he was distinguished for his chivalrous courtesy. Even when he had received his death wound at the Battle of Zutphen, he was still thoughtful for others. Overcome with thirst, he called for something to drink. A bottle of water was brought, and he hastily put it to his lips. At that moment a foot-soldier was being carried past, and the dying man set greedy, ghastly eyes upon the flask; whereupon Sir Philip Sidney handed it to him, saying as he did so, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

FREDK. SHERLOCK.



"EARNING HIS REWARD."

Specially drawn for The Church Monthly by W. L. JONES.

WHAT EVERY CHURCHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

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

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

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

Meaning of "Presbyterianism."

That *Presbyterianism* indicates a religious body ruled by Presbyters as opposed to *Episcopal* government.

Meaning of "Congregationalism."

That the two names *Congregationalist* and *Independent*, are not expressive of doctrinal differences from the Church of England, but of the right and practice of the self-government of every separate congregation or religious society, however few may be its members.

To what Forms of Church Government "Congregationalism" is opposed.

That the words *Congregationalism* and *Independency* are expressive of principles of the self-government of each separate religious community, which are not only asserted against the principles of Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, and all forms of Connexional Church government, but against individual religious communities interfering with the self-government of others.

Meaning of "Baptist."

That the title *Baptist* implies that only the "members" of the religious body who are called by that name are really baptized.

Meaning of "Wesleyan."

That the word *Wesleyan* assumes that the religious body which bears that name adheres to the principles of John Wesley. But this it certainly does not do, so far as its separation from the Church of England is concerned.

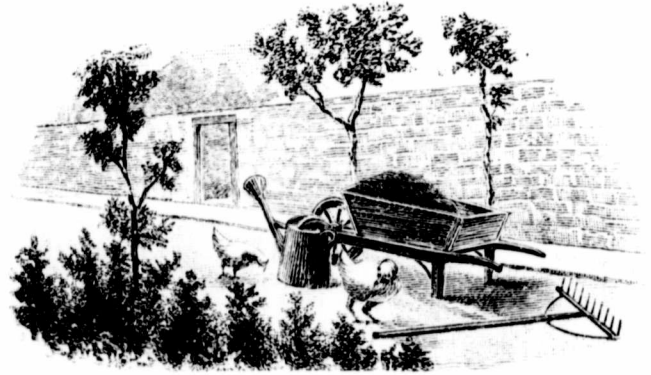
According to the Principles of Congregationalism there is no Central "Congregational Body," and no "Baptist Body."

That the titles "Congregational body" and "Baptist body," which are frequently used in speech and writing, are popularly expressive and descriptive of bodies that do not exist denominationally or legally. Viewed from the standpoints of the "Congregationalists" and "Baptists" themselves, and according to their principles, there is *no one* "Congregational body," and there is *no one* "Baptist body." Both the Congregationalists and the Baptists consist of some thousands of congregations, each of which is different from, and independent of, all other religious bodies adopting the same principles and bearing the same name.

Misleading Character of the Modern Designation "Free Churches."

That the title "Free Churches," as recently and somewhat persistently adopted by religious bodies in preference to their distinctive and characteristic denominational names, is somewhat misleading; for the assumption of such a new name, as compared with the assumed bondage of the Church of England, naturally leads to the inquiry, Wherein are they free? and with the following results:—

In the cases of places of worship already put in Trust, religious bodies are *not free to draw up their own denominational principles, doctrines, and rules of Church government.* These they have inherited in their Trust Deeds, which were drawn up and imposed upon them by persons long since dead. They have, in fact, inherited their doctrines and principles under the Trust Deed, as they have inherited their chapel property; and, they are *not free* to finally interpret the meaning of their own principles and doctrines, in case of such meaning being disputed. The right and authority of such interpretation is vested solely and absolutely by Act of Parliament in Her Majesty's Civil Courts.



THE HEPATICA.

HIS choice little plant belongs to the order Ranunculaceae. The flowers are single and double, blue, pink, and white. It is not so much cultivated as it should be. Planted singly, the hepatica fails to give much effect; but when arranged in clumps, then it is that its beauty can be seen and its value appreciated, at the season when so few flowers are in bloom. It is easily grown in a good loamy soil. The clumps should be lifted every six or seven years, in the autumn, when they have grown too large; divide them, and replant in a well-dug, manured soil. The hepatica may also be grown from seed.

M. BUCHANAN.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY

Port Maitland and South Cayuga.

The last meeting for the summer of the Christ church W. A., was held on Thursday, 7th, at Mrs. W. Logan's. The attendance was small. Two dollars was voted to the Lytton Hospital, B. C., and it was decided to buy matting for the church porch.

The entertainment in aid of the India Famine Fund (in the preparation of which so many reverses were met with) was held at last on the evening of June 25th in the Marshall S. H. The proceeds \$14.45 were sent Tuesday by cheque to Miss Macklem, Rosedale, Toronto, who acknowledging the receipt of same by post card to the incumbent on the following day, 27th, says, "Thank you so much for the very generous contribution sent by your parish to the India Famine Fund, it will indeed be a

great help, and I am so grateful to all the kind contributors." All contributions sent to Miss Macklem are forwarded by her through the proper channels to Church of England Missionaries in India.

On the 29th the seats in Port Maitland church were given a coat of "something" by a professional from Cayuga. It is hoped that this may prove a successful remedy for the stickiness which heretofore has been so annoying in hot weather.

The Rev. Wm. Loucks, M. A., of Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa, who was spending a few days with friends at the Elms, was the preacher at evensong in St. John's church on Sunday, July 1st.