

Sam Blatt

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## THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

### HAGERSVILLE AND JARVIS.

On account of the extremely wet weather that prevailed during the month of May, the attendance at the services was smaller than usual, both village and country people being hindered from coming as frequently as they desired. In other respects the parish has been prospering. The work-day service in each church, with choir practice following, has been appreciated, and hence it will be continued during the summer.

On June 2nd offerings were given for Domestic Missions, Jarvis contributing \$3.70, and Hagersville \$3.81. Probably these sums will be increased.

#### BAPTISM.

On May 12th, in All Saints' Church, Ernest Edward, infant son of William David and Christina Lindsay.

Ascension Day was duly observed, but on account of the day not being a legal holiday, the attendance was not as large as it is on the day opposite in character—Good Friday.

In the province of Quebec, Ascension Day is a bank holiday, and is thus recognized by the Government.

On the third Sunday of May the usual exchange between the incumbent and Mr. John D. Hull of Nanticoke took place, the former administering the Holy Communion to Nanticoke and Cheapside. Mr. Hull is to be succeeded by Rev. Mr. Cotton immediately after the latter's ordination on June 11th.

Mrs. Spencer's singing class, the members of which meet every Wednesday evening in the parsonage, is showing remarkable interest in the theory and practice of vocal music. The attendance has thus far been very encouraging to the teacher, who hopes, through the good effect of the training given to make the choir one of the best in the diocese outside the cities.

### PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

Service was held on the evening of Ascension Day, May 16th, in St. John's church. The congregation numbered 28.

The wet weather on the last two Sundays in May and the first in June, more or less affected both Sunday School and church attendance. The incumbent hopes that on the fine Sundays which will surely follow, all the Sunday School pupils will be on hand. In order that the pupils may be properly graded according to age and advancement, it has been necessary to make some of the classes quite small. It will be readily seen that if there are only half-a-dozen in a class and three or four of these are away, the resultant attendance is very discouraging to the teacher. The parents of pupils

owe it to those who give themselves unselfishly to this work, to see that their children attend regularly.

The scholars are asked to remember the collection in Sunday School on the last Sunday in each month for the Diocesan Century Fund.

The annual collection for Algoma and North West Missions was taken up, in response to the Ascension tide appeal, on Sunday, 19th.

Christ's Church attendance 41, collection \$3.68; St. John's church attendance 10, collection \$2.21; total \$5.89. With the above \$1.27 was forwarded to the Synod Treasurer for "Homes for Indian Children," being offerings last summer from Miss Logan's S. S. class.

Last month we had to chronicle the "falling in" of part of the Christ's church shed. With soldiers to "fall in" is a very every day occurrence; in connection with the shed we thought it a considerable misfortune. We are glad to be able to say this month that the shed has been put up again by willing hands, and only a trifling expense incurred.

Holy Communion—Christ's Church, June 30th; St. John's church, July 7th.

### ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, YORK.

#### BURIAL.

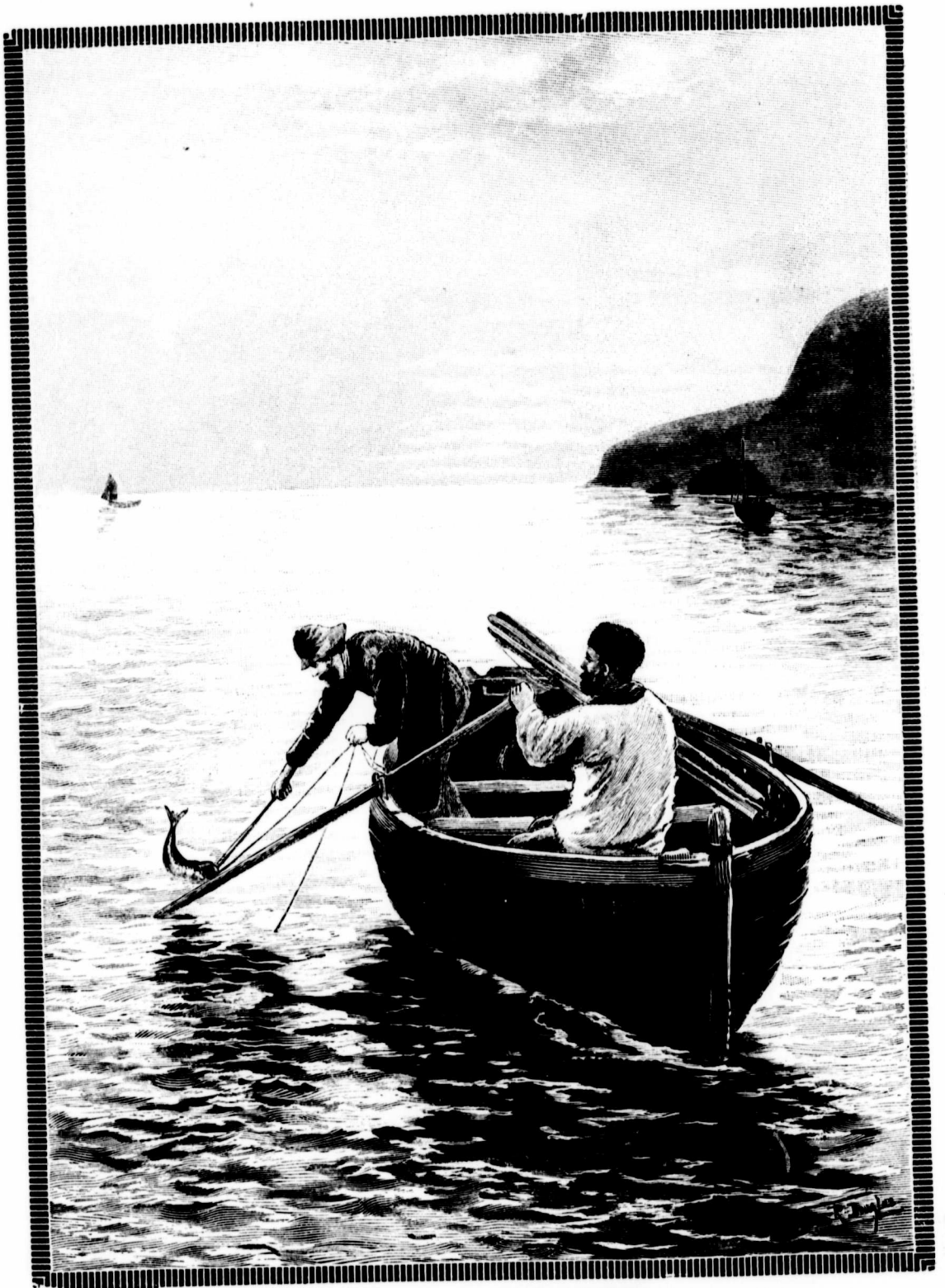
On May 23rd, in St. John's Cemetery, Joseph Quinsey, a native of Wexford, Ireland, aged 74. Mr. Quinsey came at 15 years of age, with his parents from Ireland, and has lived ever since in Seneca Township, near the Stoney Creek Road. He grew up a respected and honest citizen; a consistent member of the Church of England, and a useful member of society. He leaves a large family of sons and daughters, who justly mourn the loss of their widowed father. A large congregation attended the impressive service of the church read by the rector in St. John's Church cemetery. Text—Prov. IV: verse 18.

#### BAPTISMS.

The Holy Sacrament of Baptism was administered in St. John's Church by the rector to the following adults and infants respectively during the last month.

Adults—Sarah Jane Higgins, born Nov. 14, 1882, at Birmingham, Eng. Aerinda Mitchell and William Alfred Young, born in York village, Township of Seneca, daughter and son of Ainslie and Annabella Young of the Village of York.

Infants—Frederick John Allen Mitchell, born in village of York, Feb. 14, 1901; Eva May Mitchell, born in same place, Dec. 6th, 1898, children of Wilford and Aerinda Mitchell. Amy Elizabeth Renshaw, born in York, 1st May, 1901, daughter of Wm. J. and Mary Renshaw.



"HAULING IN THE LINES."

*From a Water Colour specially painted for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by R. DOUGLAS.*



## PRAISE AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE PSALMS AND IN OUR COMMON PRAYER.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. B. CROZIER, D.D.,  
LORD BISHOP OF OSSORY, FERNS, AND LEIGHLIN.

**A** QUAIN T Rabbinical tradition relates that above the bed of King David there hung a golden harp, and that at midnight, when the wind stirred the strings, such sweet music broke forth that the poet king was wont to rise and write words to suit the strain.

The meaning of the tradition, it has well been said, is this—that the Book of the Psalms contains the whole music of the heart of man swept by the Hand of his Creator. In it you find the cry of disaster and defeat, or the song of triumph and trust. In it we listen to the deepest outpourings of the human soul in penitence and prayer, or the exultant cry of assured and final victory. But above all else, praise dominates the mind of the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

If we take the five divisions into which the Book of the Psalms is separated,\* we notice that each one concludes with an ascription of praise to God—while, as we draw near to the close of all, we see that of the last five psalms each begins and ends with the same word, "Hallelujah"—"Praise ye the Lord," and thirteen times over in the last short psalm of six verses the same words are again and again repeated, "Hallelujah"—"Praise ye the Lord," while so rapid is the repetition that the writer seems like one "out of breath with enthusiasm"! All people, all instruments, all the elements, are passionately called upon to join in the great chorus of praise to the Lord of all.

No wonder that in olden times the members of the Bell Ringers' Guild chanted this psalm together as they stood round the furnace fires waiting to pour the molten lead into its mould; the heart of man is stirred at the mention of God's Name—the human breath blows the trumpet, the fingers strike the harp, the feet join in the dance—all the faculties of man seem to unite to hymn the glory of God, and to rival the anthems of the holy ones about the Eternal Throne.

And surely man could have no higher occupation than to set forth the praise of Him Whom all nature serves!

We do well to thank God for health and happiness, for power to see and hear and speak, for every beam of light that makes glad the eye, for every beauty of day and night, of hill and valley, for the love and sympathy of our dear ones at home, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory.

Haydn, at the top of every page of his *Creation* wrote the words, "To the sole glory of God." And when the great oratorio was performed, and at the words, "Let there be light," the whole audience rose and cried for the composer, with streaming eyes the great musician answered, "It is not mine—it is not mine, it is the work of God!"

So to the sweet singer of Israel all creation was a living voice to praise a living God; the wild rabbit on the hills and the wild goat upon the rocks joined with him in the song of glad thanks:

\* These divisions are given in the Revised Version as follows:—Psalms i.—xli.; xlii.; xliii.—lxxii.; lxxiii.—lxxxix.; xc.—cvi.; cvii.—cl.



THE BISHOP OF OSSORY.

giving; and as he thought upon it all, he wrote the words, "In His temple everything saith Glory."\*

We should strive to cultivate the same spirit of Praise as the centre round which public worship is meant to revolve, whether we consider public worship from its personal, or its social, or its devotional aspect. First of all public worship is pre-eminently the satisfaction of the deepest need of the human heart—"My soul is athirst for God." With all reverence be it said that God cannot do without man, just as man cannot do without God. God has made us for Himself, and only in God can our rest be found.

This subjective aspect of public worship is often alluded to in the Book of the Psalms. "My soul longeth—yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord." David had rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord than dwell in the tents of ungodly men. His banishment from Jerusalem and the ingratitude of his son were most bitter to him, because he was driven to the east side of Jordan, exiled and alone, from whence he could see the tribes going up to the City of the Lord, while he dare not join them.

Surely his example might well put to shame those amongst ourselves who are so often kept from God's House of Prayer by a passing headache or by a shower of rain!

Then, there is the social aspect of public worship. The opening canticle at morning prayer

\* Psalm xxix. 9 (R.V.)

brings this thought prominently before the mind, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us come before His presence with thanksgiving; let us show ourselves glad in Him with psalms." In the church we worship God in *common* prayer, and *common* language, and with *common* hopes; not as we do at home and in private, where individual confession and personal needs must take a foremost place. In the church there are gathered together scattered families round their Father's throne. Hand in hand we stand before Him, receiving from one another, and passing on to one another, all the influences for good which the Church and the Church's Lord can give.

What a strength the sense of common interests has brought in recent years to the great empire of which we form a part! Our hopes and sorrows are shared in common; and therefore, when the need arises, the sons of the empire have come forward from the burning plains of India, from the frozen farms of Canada, or from the far distant wash of Australasian seas, "comrades all," in the service of our beloved Monarch, for England, home, and duty, while our common sorrow for her whom we had learned to love as the years rolled by—"a little more than yesterday, a little less than to-morrow"—has cemented, as nothing else could do, the peace of Europe.

Ought it not to be so, far more generally than it is, in our religious life?

Ought not the Church Catechism we have learned together—and the prayers we have prayed in common, and the needs of the Church, at whose sacred font we have been baptised—bind us more closely in the service of the King of kings, and make more real to us the awful meaning of our common "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving"?

(To be continued.)

## HOMELY COOKERY.

BY DOROTHY STUART.

(Certificated Teacher of Cookery.)

### XI.—Baked Rice Pudding.

**T**AKE a teacupful of rice, two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, one quart of milk, half an ounce of butter, and a half-teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Wash the rice, put it into a pie-dish with the sugar, milk, and butter; mix well together, and sprinkle the nutmeg over the top. Bake for two hours in a slow oven.

### XII.—Toast and Water.

**T**AKE a slice of stale bread, and toast it nicely on both sides. Pour over in a jug a quart of boiling water, cover it closely, and let it remain until cold. Strain it before serving.

CURIOUS LIZARDS.

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

Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Some Out-of-the-way Pets,"  
"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.

The illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY  
by A. T. ELWES.



THE GECKO.

**E**VEN as a class, Lizards are certainly curious creatures. At one moment — for the most part — they are the very incarnation of bright activity, darting here and there so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. At the next they are as motionless as if they had been turned into stone.

Then they have the singular power of reproducing lost members. If a lizard loses a leg it appears to suffer little or no pain, while the wound rapidly heals over, and a new limb grows in place of the old one. Some of them, too, will snap off their own tails in moments of danger, by a sudden contraction of the muscles; and the severed tail begins to dance up and down in the air, twisting and curling about as though it were endowed with independent vitality, while the mutilated animal creeps unnoticed away to a place of safety. And a few weeks later it is as perfect as ever.

The tongues, too, of many lizards are very remarkable. They are reversed, so to speak, in the mouth, so that the root is just behind the lips, while the tip lies in the throat. At the same time, they are highly elastic, so that they can be darted out from the mouth to a distance of three or four inches, while the tip is as sticky as if it had been smeared with liquid glue. So when one of these lizards catches sight of a fly within its reach, all that it has to do in order to catch it is just to flick out its tongue and touch it with the tip. The result is almost like magic. The fly simply disappears, and you

cannot see how. And the tongue carries it down the lizard's throat by the return movement.

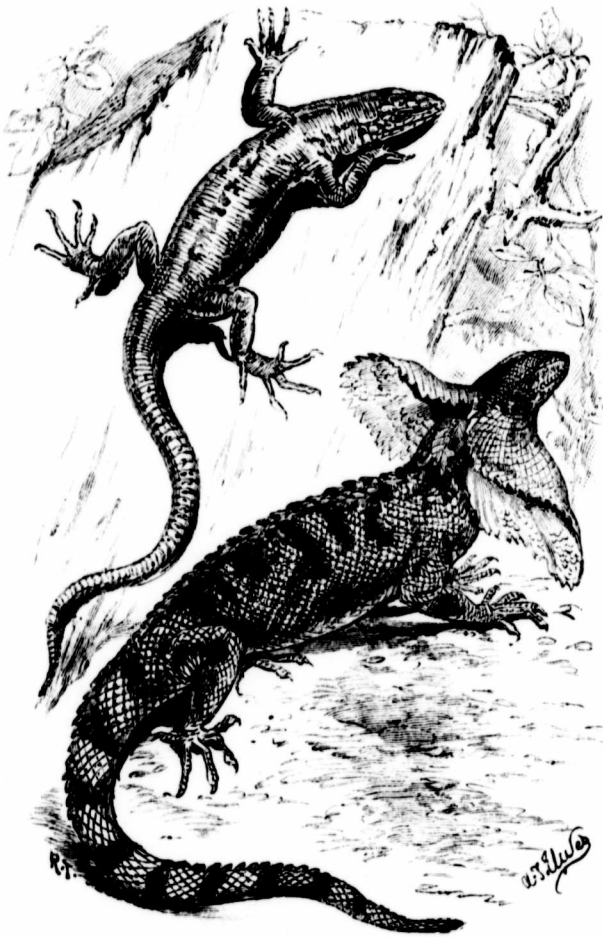
Such peculiarities as these, however, are common to many lizards; and it is not until we examine some of the individual species that we realize how curious these creatures can be.

The Geckos, for example, have every toe swollen out into an almost circular pad, which can be used after the manner of a sucker. The reason is obvious. These are climbing lizards, given to living in houses, where they prey upon the insects which settle on the walls. Therefore they must be able to ascend and descend a smooth and perpendicular surface. If their feet were constructed in the ordinary way they could not do so. But their odd little sucker-like toes give them a firm foothold even on a pane of glass, and in the countries which they inhabit one may see them running up and down the walls, or across the ceiling, just like so many flies.

The Flying Dragon, of Java and Borneo, has a strange wing-like flap on either side of its body, strengthened and supported by six slender bony processes which spring from the false ribs. When not in use these flaps are folded against the sides, after the manner of a closed umbrella. But when the reptile wishes to pass from one tree to another it spreads them out to their fullest extent, leaps from a branch, and skims through the air like an oyster-shell thrown edgewise from the hand. In this way it is able to "fly" to a distance of thirty or forty yards.



FLYING LIZARD. CHAMELEON.



LIZARD. FRILLED LIZARD.

Lizards have curious ways, too, of escaping from their enemies. The Crested Anolis of South America does so by puffing out its pouch-like throat to four or five times its proper size, and thereby assuming so formidable an appearance that no one who did not know it to be perfectly harmless would care to interfere with it. The Basilisk, found in the same part of the world, looks even more forbidding, as it raises a great crest which runs along the back and the tail, and manifests every sign of the most furious rage, although it is perfectly incapable of doing the slightest harm. More singular still is the Frilled Lizard of Australia, whose neck is surrounded by a huge ruff, which lies, as a rule, folded in plaits upon the body. When danger threatens, however, this ruff is widely spread, the mouth is opened to display the teeth, and the animal dashes at its foe as savagely as if it possessed the power of tearing him to pieces.

When this lizard runs, it does so by means of its hinder legs alone, raising the fore part of its body almost erect, and dragging its long tail after

it. Its appearance as it does so is most eccentric, and has been compared to that of a batsman in a cricket match as he runs between the wickets.

The Moloch Lizard is simply one mass of spines and spikes. Head, body, limbs, and tail alike are covered with long thorny projections, each of which is surrounded by a circle of shorter ones. One might well hesitate to touch it. Yet it has no notion of using its natural weapons, and is in reality perfectly harmless.

Most curious of all lizards, however, is the Chameleon, which, as every one knows, has the extraordinary power of changing its colour at will. As a general rule, the whole of the body is green, more especially when the animal is resting among leaves. But from time to time the hue will alter to brown, or yellow, or blue, or grey. Dark spots or streaks may appear upon a lighter ground-colour. One side of the body may even be marked quite differently from the other side. How this change of colouring takes place it is impossible to say. But the chameleon undoubtedly makes use of it in such a way as to enable it to harmonize with its surroundings.

But this is not all. Chameleons have most curious eyes—very large indeed for the size of the animal, but permanently and entirely covered by the eyelids, save just for a tiny round hole in the middle of each. And these eyes move independently of one another, and can be turned in opposite directions, so that while one looks out in front the other is looking behind. They have ears *inside* the skin instead of outside it. They have tails with prehensile or grasping tips, like those of the spider monkeys. They have the power of puffing themselves out to twice their proper size. And odd, bizarre, extraordinary, wildly extravagant as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless absolutely true that the two sides of a chameleon's body are almost as independent of one another as the two eyes, so that one half of the animal may be wide awake, while the other half is sleeping soundly!

#### A GOLDEN ALPHABET.

BISHOP COWPER calls the 119th Psalm "a Holy Alphabet, so plain that children may understand it; so rich and so instructive that the wisest and most experienced may every day learn something from it." In Germany it is called "the golden alphabet of a Christian man," and children are taught to repeat it in their early years.

# " Jesu, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts! "

Words by RAY PALMER.

Music by the REV. T. HERBERT SPINNEY, M.A., Oxon., F.R.C.O.  
(Vicar of Newborough, Staffs.)

1. *mf* Je - su, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!

*cres.*  
From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - fill'd to Thee a - gain. A - men.

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;  
To them that find Thee All in all.
3. We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4. *p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our grateful lot is cast;  
*cr* Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Best, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
5. *p* O Jesu, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
*cr* Chase the dark night of sin away;  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. Amen.

## Key G.

<i>mf</i>	<b>d</b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>d</b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>r</b>	<b>m</b> : - :	<b>d</b>	<b>s</b> : - : <b>f</b>	<b>m</b> : - : <b>r</b> : <b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>d</b>	<b>r</b> : - : - :
	<b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>f<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - :	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>r</b> : <b>d</b> : <b>r</b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b>
<i>mf</i>	<b>d</b> : <b>d</b> : <b>d</b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : <b>r</b>	<b>m</b>	<b>s</b> : - : <b>s</b>	<b>s</b> : - : <b>s</b>	<b>f</b> : - : <b>m</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : - : - :
	<b>d</b> : <b>r<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>m<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>f<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - :	<b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>m</b>	<b>r</b> : - : <b>d</b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b>

*cres.*

<b>m</b> : <b>r</b> : <b>m</b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>f</b> : - : <b>m</b>	<b>r</b> : <b>m</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>s</b> : - : <b>l</b>	<b>s</b> : <b>f</b> : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>d</b> : <b>r</b>	<b>d</b> : - :	<b>d</b> : - :	<b>d</b> : - :
<b>se<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>d</b>	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : - :	<b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - : <b>de</b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>f<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : - :	<b>f</b> : - :	<b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : - :
<b>m</b> : <b>m</b> : <b>m</b>	<b>m</b> : - : <b>m</b>	<b>r</b> : - : <b>s</b>	<b>s</b> : - :	<b>s</b>	<b>s</b> : - : <b>m</b>	<b>r</b> : - : <b>r</b>	<b>r</b> : <b>d</b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - :	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : - :	<b>d</b> : - :
<b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>ba<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>se<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>l<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>t<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>d</b>	<b>r</b> : <b>r<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>m<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>f<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : <b>s</b>	<b>f</b>	<b>m</b> : - : <b>l<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>r</b> : - : <b>r<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>s<sub>1</sub></b> : - : <b>s<sub>1</sub></b>	<b>d</b> : - :	<b>f</b> : - :	<b>d</b> : - :

## THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

**O**UR readers will like to have the portrait of Dr. Winnington Ingram, which we first published upon his appointment as Bishop of Stepney. Of his Lordship's work in East London it will be sufficient to say that it receives a great endorsement by his preferment to the charge of the Diocese of London in succession to the lamented Bishop Creighton.

The Right Hon. and Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, D.D., is the fourth son of the late Rev. E. Winnington Ingram, Rector of Stamford, and Louisa, daughter of the late Bishop Pepys, of Worcester. He was born on January 26th, 1858, and educated at Marlborough College, passing on to Keble College, Oxford. He was ordained to the Curacy of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, in 1884, and in the following year became Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, an office which he relinquished in 1888 to take the Headship of Oxford House, Bethnal Green. In 1897 he was appointed Bishop of Stepney, in succession to Bishop Browne.



From a photograph by DEBENHAM & CO., Bourne-mouth.





## MARRIAGES IN "CHURCH AND CHAPEL."

BY THE REV. THOMAS MOORE, M.A.

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

**I**T is claimed that nearly one-half of the religious-minded people in England and Wales have left "the Church" and have gone to "Chapel."

In the absence of a personal declaration by way of what is called a "religious census," to which certain assumed leaders of "chapel people" are opposed, it is difficult on general grounds to express an opinion on the subject one way or the other. But fortunately there is one source of information which is almost infallible in its facts and figures, and that is the Registrar-General's Annual Report of the marriages solemnized or contracted in England and Wales.

Well, in his last published Report (1900) for the year 1898, we find that the total number of marriages in England and Wales for that year was **255,379**, and of this number, **174,826**, or **685** per **1,000**, were solemnized in church, and only **80,553**, or **315** per **1,000**, were otherwise solemnized or contracted. Of this last number (**80,553**), **10,164**, or **40** per **1,000**, were solemnized in Roman Catholic places of worship, while only **30,900**, or **121** per **1,000**, were solemnized in the registered buildings of more than **250** Nonconformist denominations, and **37,938**, or **148** per **1,000**, were contracted in district registry offices, without any religious ceremony whatever.

Now, if nearly half the people of England are, as is frequently alleged, alienated from the Church, and are either members or adherents of Nonconformist denominations, it is strange indeed that so very few marriages as **121** per **1,000** were in the year 1898 solemnized in Nonconformist chapels, compared with **685** per **1,000** that were solemnized in the National Church.

These facts in proof of the people's attachment to the National Church in the most solemn moments of their lives are taken from the Registrar-General's Report of marriages in church and chapel. In the face of these facts, the reckless statement to the effect that some half of the people of England and

Wales are alienated from the Church is, it is not too much to say, based upon the exaggerations of imagination.

To enter more fully into particulars. Take Wales and Monmouthshire, which, according to popular opinion, are dominated, not only by Nonconformity, but Nonconformity of the most uncompromising character. We find the facts to be that during the year 1898, while **4,549** marriages were solemnized in Church of England places of worship, only **3,875** were solemnized in Nonconformist chapels.

Where, then, are the proofs of the wholesale alienation from the Church on the part of the people of England and Wales which the statements of Disestablishment and Disendowment advocates would lead us to believe exist throughout the Principality? People in the most interesting moments of their lives do not preferentially seek the ministrations of a Church from which they are, as is alleged, hopelessly alienated.

In every county to which we turn the contrast between the number of marriages in church and the number of marriages in chapel is most striking. In the county of London there were **31,072** marriages in church and only **1,830** in chapel. In Surrey there were in church **3,569** and in chapel **354**. In Kent there were **5,125** in church and **738** in chapel. In Sussex there were **3,247** in church and **321** in chapel. In Hampshire there were in church **3,985** and in chapel **521**. In Berkshire there were in church **1,515** and in chapel **159**. In Cornwall, noted for its Nonconformity, there were **1,156** marriages in church and **626** in chapel. As a sample of the Midland Counties we may take Staffordshire, which had **7,902** in church and only **907** in chapel. Lancashire had **23,303** in church and **5,799** in chapel; while Yorkshire had **21,033** in church and in chapel only **4,245**.

The figures we have given are fair samples of the striking disproportion in the number of marriages in church and chapel which exists throughout the whole of the kingdom.

## KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,  
Dean of Canterbury.

**W**HENEVER our thoughts turn to the subject of strenuous and righteous rulers who were the benefactors, for all time, of the nations whom they governed, the name of King Alfred the Great comes spontaneously into our memory. We may illustrate this fact from the literature of a hundred years ago. The poet Cowper, in his "Table Talk," writes :

"Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,  
Asked, when in Hell, to see the royal jail.  
He saw, approved their plan in other things ;  
'But where, good sir, do you confine your kings ?'  
'There,' said his guide, 'the group stands full in view.'  
'Indeed ?' replied the Don, 'there are but few.'  
His black interpreter the charge disdained.  
'Few, fellow,—there are all that ever reigned.'"

The poet immediately adds :—

"I grant the sarcasm is too severe,  
And we can readily refute it here,  
While Alfred's name, the father of his age,  
And the sixth Edward's grace the historic page."

Indeed, we may safely assert that if all who have any competent knowledge of universal history were asked to name one sovereign who has a claim to be regarded as the best known for beneficent services to his people in the annals of the human race, the monarch who probably would win the greatest number of suffrages would be our English Alfred. It is indeed true that even *he* has been "assailed by slander and the tongue of strife"; but most of the charges against him are entirely devoid of any foundation. He is, for instance, accused of cruelty for having caused forty-four unjust judges to be hung. Even if any valid evidence for the charge could be produced, this severity might have been necessitated by the disastrous disintegration of those troubled times; but, in point of fact, the statement is entirely unproven. There is more authority for the assertion that at a late period of his almost incessant conflicts with the Danes, he hung a number of the captives taken in a conflict with one of their numerous fleets. But these Danes were ruthless and unscrupulous murderers and marauders, who amply deserved condign punishment; and, if the story be true, Alfred may have acted under the conviction that such punishment was justly due to recklessly treacherous robbers, as an example to warn future transgressors.

But while we must be careful to reject the severe and unfair judgments which some writers have passed on Alfred, we are also compelled to relegate into the realm of legend some of the delightful stories about the king with which we have been familiar from our

childhood. We shall soon celebrate the millenary of King Alfred's death, and long before so vast a space of years has passed, legends gather round famous and beloved names, just as the fantastic shapes of splendid mist gather round the setting sun. We can only regard as a pretty but unauthentic story the anecdote of the disguised king having been bidden by the neatherd's wife to watch her cakes, and in the absorption of his thoughts allowing them to burn, and incurring the severe and sarcastic reproof of his angry hostess. We must also set aside the legend of the visits or visions of St. Neotts and St. Cuthbert, although these stories may have had some shadowy basis. The main facts of Alfred's life which we may accept as entirely authentic are those recorded by his friend and teacher, Asser; but even the contemporary biography of Alfred by Asser has been considerably interpolated, and so learned an authority as Dr. Wright rejects its authority. In this view, however, I believe that Dr. Wright stands nearly alone. The title of Asser's book is *Ælfredi Regis Res Gestæ*, and it was published by the learned Archbishop Parker in 1574. Asser was a learned English monk, who spent a great part of every year with the king, who elevated him to the Bishopric of Sherborne, and treated him as an intimate friend.

The life of King Alfred, in brief outline, was as follows: His intelligence, his personal beauty, his intellectual gifts, seem to have made him the favourite son of his parents, though he was the youngest of five brothers. While he was still a mere child of not more than five years old (A.D. 853) he was sent to Rome, and there attracted the notice of Pope Leo the Fourth, who not only confirmed, and in some sense adopted him as a "bishopson," but also is said, in a highly irregular manner, to have anointed him a king, although his three elder brothers Æthelbald,



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Æthelbert, and Æthelred were still living. His father, Æthelwulf, visited Rome in 855, and on his return journey through France married Judith, the daughter of the King of France, Charles the Bald, although Osburgha, the mother of his five sons, must have been still living. Either this wrong done to his mother, or a suspicion that Æthelwulf was intriguing to secure the succession to the throne for Alfred, his favourite son, caused his eldest surviving son Æthelbald to revolt against his father, who, to save his kingdom from the perils and disasters of war, agreed to share his kingdom with Æthelbald, to whom he resigned the western and wealthier portion of Wessex. He may have been the more ready to do this if, as some infer, he had behaved selfishly and unworthily in repudiating his wife Osburgha for Judith, who was a very young girl. This seems to be possible, for the story of Osburgha showing the beautiful illuminated manuscript to her sons and promising to give it to the one who should first learn to read it is probably authentic, and if so it can only refer to a time subsequent to the return of Alfred from Rome. These details are, however, much disputed. Æthelwulf may also have been the more ready to yield to the rebellion of his second son because his eldest son Æthelstan, who had ruled a part of his dominions, was now dead. He did not survive his return long, but died in 857, leaving his throne to Æthelbald, but bequeathing to Alfred a share in his personal possessions, which seems to have been fraudulently withheld from him.

(To be continued.)

## A NORTHERN TOWN.

BY GERTRUDE BACON.

Illustrated with photographs specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY  
by the Author.

**I**N the northern shores of Europe, beyond the North Cape, and many miles within the Arctic circle, lies the little town of Vadso, the capital of Finmark, at the entrance of the large creek of the sea known as the Varanger Fjord. No tourists seek this remote spot; no strangers visit it. It is far beyond the range of summer excursions; and there is no romantic scenery or object of special interest to tempt travellers so far into the Arctic Ocean. Once, and only once, has Vadso been roused from the even tenor of its quiet existence, and that was a few years ago, when a large party of English and foreign astronomers went thither to observe a recent eclipse of the sun; and then the astonished inhabitants witnessed, for the first time, the unusual spectacle of pleasure steamers, yachts, and men-of-war riding at anchor in the tranquil harbour, and eager visitors with strange faces, speaking an unknown tongue, walking among the quaint streets and exploring the tiny shops and houses.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

But if the simple folk at Vadso were somewhat astonished and diverted by their unaccustomed visitors, the astronomers and their friends were equally interested in the inhabitants and customs of this very out-of-the-way nook. To them it seemed strange indeed to think of living in a place where summer is one long day and winter one long night: since so far north is Vadso that at midsummer for many days the sun never sets at all, and it is only by looking at the clock that you may learn when to go to bed and when to rise, for there is no night: while in the dreary winter for long weeks the sun's bright face is never seen at all, and dark night envelops the country entirely, save for the northern lights and the brilliant moon, and a few minutes pale twilight at mid-day. On Christmas Day at Vadso, if you sit at the window, you may see sufficiently to read a book for perhaps twenty minutes or so; but at any other hour of the twenty-four, reading or work, except by artificial light, is out of the question.

The people of this little town are of a mixed race. The better class are Norwegians, intelligent, hospitable, industrious, and clean, as all these Norsemen are, with fair hair and fresh faces and stalwart forms. Vadso is close upon the borders of Russia, and Russian fishermen and peasants are to be met with, tall, massive men, with fierce eyes and bearded chins. But the real natives are the Lapps and Finns, a queer, degraded people, very different in every way from any other European nation, and seeming not at all to belong to that civilized continent.

Their looks are certainly not in their favour. They are a very stunted race, the Lapps especially; they appear ill-nourished, and their legs in particular are

miserably thin and bent. Their hair and complexion are dark, and they have high cheek-bones and unintelligent features. Certainly, whatever merits they possess, cleanliness is not one. Their clothes, which are peculiar to them, do not fasten with buttons or hooks and eyes, like those of ordinary mortals, but are stitched on their bodies, and are said never to be removed, but to *wear off* in layers! so that a Lapp is always best regarded from a distance. They have a fancy for gay colours, and are clad chiefly in brilliant red and blue thick-lined tunics tied round the waist, or else in heavy reindeer and bearskin coats with the fur outwards. The difference in sex is sometimes difficult to determine. The men generally wear flat woollen caps, while the ladies patronize bright handkerchiefs to wind round their heads; but both swathe their legs in tight, thick bandages, which end in most marvellous reindeer-skin bundles, which are their apology for boots.

These curious people live in low wooden huts, whose roofs are ornamented with reindeer horns. All Vadso is built of wood—even the neat church, standing high in the centre of the tiny town. The better-class houses are carefully built and painted bright colours; and since the streets are broad, as a protection against the spreading of fire, the outside aspect of the place is cheerful and neat.

But there is more at Vadso than appeals to the eye. The town is redolent of a certain "ancient and fishlike smell," as pungent as it is penetrating, and due to the dried fish trade, of which this place is the centre. All along the beach for miles stand a succession of open sheds, from the beams of which hang long rows of split cod and other fish, left to the mercy of the wind and sun till they become dry and hard as so many chips of wood, in which form they are packed in huge casks and shipped off for home or foreign consumption. The Italians are said to be very partial to the strange delicacy; but in Finland even the cattle are sometimes fed upon this fishy diet.

The religion of Vadso is, like the rest of Norway, Lutheran, and the ministers wear the long Geneva gown and stiff white ruff that we so often see in pictures of divines at the time of the Reformation. The townsfolk are a simple, pious people, and set great store by their church, the spire of which was being restored at the time our photographs were taken.

Lonely and dull as the life of these northern folk must seem to us, they are scarcely to be pitied. Contented and industrious, their time is spent



WOMEN WORKERS.



SOME OF THE INHABITANTS.

in the prosecution of their fishing and fish-drying labours, and in the care of the herds of reindeer that often form their chief wealth. And even during their dreary night of winter, when all the country is swathed in snow, they can yet contrive to make the most of a state of things that to us would appear well-nigh unbearable; and with tobogganing, sledging, and the use of the long "ski," or snow-shoes, by which they can journey amazing distances over the white-spread country, they can extract amusement and exercise sufficient to tide them over the dark weeks, till the wished-for sun lifts his life-giving rays above the horizon once again.



VADSO.

### OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY GERALD BLUNT,

*Author of "Thoughts for Church Workers."*

31. **W**HAT is the first confession of sin named in the Scriptures? 32. By whom was Jesus spoken to as God? 33. Which two prophets speak of God as "slow to anger"? 34. Where do we read of joy at the Creation? 35. What is the last mention of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, in the Bible? 36. How many times do the names "Jesus Christ" appear together in the Gospels?

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

BY EGBERT WILKINSON, M.A.

#### XVI.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. **W**HO is the leanest king in the world, and who is the thirstiest? 2. Why should cats be good readers? 3. Which game is often to be found in the kitchen? 4. What is it which contains a good crust although it has never been baked in an oven?

#### XVII.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downwards name a favourite flower, and my finals read downwards give the month in which it blooms.

For my first take an Indian word meaning to reign;  
For my second two vowels not found in again;  
And my third when he shines is too strong for my last,  
And oft makes our eyelids close up quite fast.

#### XVIII.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Put two one's together and multiply them by four four times over so as to produce considerably over a thousand. How is it done?

**A TEMPERANCE TESTIMONY.**—In the Arctic Expedition of 1875-76, Adam Ayles, a total abstainer, escaped the scurvy, did a hundred and ten days of sledging, was out of his vessel toiling over ice in the most rigorous cold for eighty-four days, and went farther north than any other explorer has been able to penetrate.

### A SHORT ACCOUNT OF OUR GREAT CHURCH MUSICIANS (1540-1876).

*SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR CHORISTERS.*

BY AGNES E. DONE.

IV.—ORLANDO GIBBONS.

**W**E have taken our places early, and are enjoying the calm peacefulness of our beautiful church before the service begins, when two youthful faces appear, and two youthful persons in white begin quietly to prepare the books and find the places for the singers; for it is the custom in more than one cathedral for two boys to be specially appointed to that office. This is an excellent arrangement, as it avoids both irreverence and confusion, and also preserves the books, which are carried in a basket to and from their home in a cupboard near the organ. And, to those who care to look, what a number of interesting volumes may be seen in that cupboard! First there are the fine modern editions with separate parts for the different voices, and a good clear score with organ accompaniment for the organist; then farther on are the older yellow-leaved books printed in score with a single line of notes, and only figured basses for the organist to play from.

As we examine these ancient copies of anthems and services, we realize what a thorough knowledge of harmony and counterpoint the masters of days gone by must have possessed to enable them to accompany with ease their choirs from such editions. Lastly, and more ancient still, are the manuscript copies, which must have taken so many hours of

patient work to produce, for use in our churches. In some of the cathedrals in Spain one very large music-book is placed on a desk in the centre of the chancel, and the choir-boys stand round and sing from it. There are two very beautiful illuminated specimens of these service books in the British Museum, which were in use in old times in a church in Segovia. The story goes that the senior boy was made to stand in the middle of the choir supporting this huge volume on his back whilst the others sang from it, but for the truth of this we cannot vouch.

Amongst the most valuable works of the old masters in our cathedral libraries, and on which our eyes linger with pride, are those of Orlando Gibbons, and on looking through our own books we find an elegant edition of his additional anthems and services by Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, with an interesting little account of the composer's life as preface. How the name of Orlando Gibbons to us older folks recalls the time of our youth and happy days gone by, when we were so familiar with the fine service in F of the "English Palestrina," as he was called!

But to the young, who have still the privilege of serving in the temple, that and other well-known works are associated in their minds with somewhat long and tedious rehearsals, when they felt a strong desire for a change of style and more dramatic music. That desire, perhaps, is natural. At the same time, the young should learn to prize the works of these our *fathers* in art, who have given to us compositions both pure and reverent in construction. Also let them look with pride on our English school of church music, which is so peculiarly our own, and remember that it is *not* indebted to any outside influence, as some have said, for its growth, but has been formed by the talent of such minds as that of White, Tallis, and Gibbons.\* For during the sixteenth century the science of music was as much in advance in England as in any country in Europe. Do not let us, therefore, be too willing to underrate the abilities of our compatriots, for, as Archbishop Laud wisely

\* Burney's "History."

remarked: "This has been the common error, as I conceive, of the English nation, to entertain and value strangers in all professions of learning beyond their deserts, and to the contempt or passing by, at the least, of men of equal worth of their own nation, which I have observed ever since I was of ability to judge of these things." †

Orlando Gibbons, just alluded to, was one of a very musical family; his father, if not an artist himself, was probably in some way connected with music. He had one brother organist of Bristol, and another organist of Salisbury Cathedral—both men of undoubted ability—but Orlando, the youngest, outshone them all.

He was born at Cambridge in 1583, and was educated there, most likely passing his youth as a singing-boy. He took the degree of Bachelor of Music in 1606, and as there is a picture of him in full doctor's robes at the Music School at Oxford, that degree must have been conferred upon him later on—at least, such is the opinion of the learned on the subject. Besides his memorable services in D and F, Orlando Gibbons wrote many full and verse anthems, also several hymn-tunes, some of which are familiar to us all. He also contributed to a work called "Parthenia," or the first music printed for the virginals. Queen Elizabeth was a great lover of music, and was evidently an accomplished player on this

instrument, for many difficult pieces were written for her virginal-book by Tallis, Dr. Bull, and others. Examples of these works may be seen in Burney's "History," some of the left-hand passages of which would perhaps puzzle the cleverest executants of our day to perform.

The following little anecdote is also related by him. It is given in Sir James Melville's "Memoirs," which contains an account of his embassy from Mary of Scotland to the English Queen.

"After Elizabeth had asked him many questions about his beautiful rival—such as, how was the Queen dressed, etc., . . . if she played well on the virginals, I said: 'Reasonably for a woman.' The same day after dinner my Lord of Hunsden drew me up to a quiet

† "Troubles and Trials," page 120.



ORLANDO GIBBONS.

Photographed from a painting in the New Schools, Oxford, by permission of the Vice-Chancellor.

gallery, that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not avow it) where I might hear the Queen play upon the virginals. After I had harkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back towards it I entered within her chamber and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging, she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered: 'As I was walking with Lord Hunsden, as he passed by the chamber door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how,' excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the Court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment Her Majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I on my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee. . . . She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself compelled to give her the praise."

During the reign of this great queen, and also at

the beginning of the seventeenth century, that most elegant form of vocal composition, the madrigal, was much in fashion. It had its origin, we believe, in Italy, and was afterwards much cultivated in England, and at all social gatherings the madrigal books were placed on the table, and no one was thought well-bred who could not take part in them—indeed, it was considered quite boorish to refuse to do so. Orlando Gibbons, we are told, was one of the last of these madrigal writers, and some of the choicest specimens of these works come from his pen, amongst the most renowned of which is the charming one entitled "The Silver Swan."

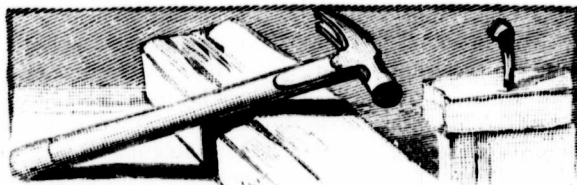
Before concluding this little account of Orlando Gibbons, let it be said that had he been spared longer to his country his genius would have had a world-wide reputation, but death overtook him at the early age of forty-two; he had been invited to preside musically at the wedding of Charles I. and Henrietta of France when he was attacked with smallpox, from which he never recovered. He was buried in the north aisle of Canterbury Cathedral in 1625, where there is a Latin inscription to his memory.

We must mention that Gibbons's musical contemporaries were Dr. John Bull, Adrian Batten, and Ravenscroft, all writers of sacred music.

### THREE MERRY TINKERS.



**T**HREE merry, merry tinkers we,  
 Joe, and Phil, and Bob (that's me!);  
 We can grind an adze like winking,  
 Mend a kettle, pan for drinking,  
 Put your water-can in order  
 Ready for the garden border,  
 Turn our hands to any job,—  
 So give a chance to Phil and Bob!  
 Joe will take your ready cash:  
 When we're paid we'll cut a dash.  
 We three merry tinkers be  
 Joe, and Phil, and Bob (that's me!).





"THREE MERRY TINKERS."

*Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by C. H. FINMORE*



## For Queen and Country.

THE STORY OF HORACE SEYMOUR, C.I.V.

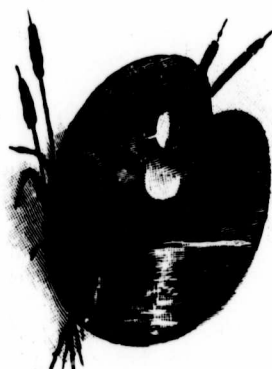
BY F. M. HOLMES,

Author of "The Gold Ship," etc.

The Illustrations have been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY  
by PAUL HARDY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NURSE'S "STATE VISIT."



IN a darkened room upstairs Mrs. Seymour was lying between life and death. She had been stricken down on that dreadful day when, hearing the newsboy's cry, she had purchased a paper, and had suddenly seen there, traced as in letters of fire, her son's name in the casualty lists, with the terrible words attached, "Dangerously wounded."

She uttered but one piercing cry, and then fell senseless at the feet of her old friend and faithful servant. It was then that the finest qualities of that somewhat grim and rugged woman presented themselves. Nurse Johnson knew exactly what to do and how to do it, and she did it with the utmost promptitude, yet with infinite tenderness and care. She uttered no word—except to give a needed direction to Alice Maynard; there was no fuss and no flurry, but everything was done that could be done with wonderful dexterity and speed.

Alice felt the inspiring influence in a moment. Her sudden feeling of panic vanished. Here was some one upon whom she could rely, and she herself became quiet and helpful.

Restoratives were quickly applied, and every means taken to revive the apparently inanimate form. "Nurse acted like a doctor," said Alice afterwards. "She did everything for the patient's benefit as though she had done it often before and knew it all by heart."

Alice was soon able to hurry away to the house of the nearest medical man. Nurse knew exactly where he lived, and gave her the most minute instructions for reaching it quickly, and with his aid Mrs. Seymour was borne upstairs to her own room.

"Be it a stroke?" asked Nurse calmly of the doctor; and that was her only question.

The doctor was a comparatively young man, not long from the hospitals, and full of a restrained enthusiasm for his profession, which he loved like a human being; but he had not yet fully realized that

many good folk do not understand scientific medical terms, and he began talking of paraplegia and hemiplegia until Nurse stopped him.

"Be it a stroke?" she repeated sternly; and with determined emphasis: "Yes or no?"

"You mean paralysis?" replied the doctor. "No, I am glad to think it is not. It seems more like an entire collapse of the nervous system through shock——"

"I call it heart-break," interrupted Nurse grimly. She turned abruptly to fetch pen and ink for the doctor to write a prescription, and saw Alice's white and agonized face and shrunken figure; and the old woman muttered to herself as she stepped downstairs, "There's another with a heart-break, too, unless I'm much mistook. Oh, law! what fools these wimmin be, to 'ave hearts and let 'em get broke. Thank the Lord, I've nary a one."

When the doctor was leaving, after seeing his patient comfortably bestowed, he remarked that he would come again soon, and that Mrs. Seymour would require constant watching.

"Watching?" replied Nurse sharply. "What d'ye take me for, doctor! Haven't I watched her for fifty year, and d'ye think I'm goin' to give up now?"

"Well, well," he returned blandly, "I am glad to hear it; but we must give our instructions, you know. I fear," he added more seriously, as he left the room, "she may be some weeks before she recovers. She is in a critical state."

"Ah!" replied Nurse, "you've got no medicine to bind up a broken heart, have you, doctor? That is what she wants!" And she told him what Mrs. Seymour had seen in the paper.

"Yes, we must do something to divert her mind and strengthen her constitution," he answered, as he departed. "She is in good hands, I see."

"You must allow me to help you," said Alice to Nurse, when Dr. Wortham had gone. "I can look in every afternoon if you like, and indeed more frequently still if you should wish."

"Thank'ee, my dear, p'raps it would be as well," said Nurse. "It might be a change for Mrs. Seymour to see you, and would do you no harm. You'd get in the way of nursing."

"Oh, but it would enable you to rest," said Alice.

"I'm all right," exclaimed Nurse somewhat brusquely. "Bless me, I can do forty winks any time; and, poor dear"—here her voice became quite tender—"she ain't never a tiresome patient."

Nevertheless, as days went on, Nurse found she was not so strong as once she was, though she would not own it, and she was forced to see that the remarks of the doctor and of Alice were not unjustified. Gradually she was glad to avail herself more and more of Alice's presence.

Mrs. Seymour did not make rapid progress; indeed,

Alice could not see that she made any improvement, though the doctor said now and again that she slightly improved. She seemed completely languid and listless, but suffered no pain. She spoke little, and took scarcely any interest in anything, except to see the casualty lists in the papers to know if the worst had come, or to thank her two constant attendants for any little service they rendered. "Complete nervous debility," the doctor called it now. "Collapse," said Alice, fastening on the doctor's very suggestive first word; while Nurse grimly adhered to her version of "heart-break." And perhaps Nurse was as much right as the others.

One afternoon, when the patient was quietly dozing, and Alice was watching, Nurse put her head in the slightly open doorway, and said softly: "My dear, I'm jest goin' out a leetle way, and I shall on'y be gone a very leetle time, that you'll scarce know it. Good-bye."

And she nodded her head so vigorously that all the bugles and bunches of artificial black flowers and black currants—or were they black grapes?—on her old-fashioned bonnet shook and danced to such a degree that Alice feared they would drop to the ground. The aspect of Nurse's head in that wonderful bonnet was so comical that, appearing as it did very suddenly, it made Alice smile for the first time for many weary days.

Then her face grew grave again as her eyes fell on Mrs. Seymour's worn, white features, and she found herself wondering where Nurse was going.

"A state visit somewhere," said Alice, "yet surely not to the doctor: he was here but an hour or two ago." Speculating further, she found her curiosity increase. "I have not heard her speak of any friend whom she would want to impress with that bonnet," she murmured. "I do wonder where she has gone."

Had Alice been able to follow the shaking black flowers and quivering black bugles she would have been still more surprised.

Nurse found her way to a tram-car, and in her most commanding voice said to the conductor, when she paid her penny fare with as much care and solemnity as if it were a sovereign: "Young man, put me down at Privett Street."

Privett Street was a wide, ill-kept thoroughfare of shabby-genteel houses, which were once occupied by respectable, well-to-do families, but were now let out into suites of rooms as tenements. It led, however, to streets much worse than itself—squalid, frowsy, and dirty lanes—instances of those inner suburban slums which unfortunately may be found in certain parts of larger London.

Nurse's face became puckered up in huge disgust as she gathered her skirts about her, and carefully picked her way through the muddy garbage and the dirty children of the slum. The youngsters stared

and giggled and shouted at the strange apparition, and scurried to hear what she had to say when they saw her pause before an open door, look at it with her disgusted face, and then speak to a slatternly little girl standing near.

"Missus 'Ankey?" exclaimed the girl with a grin. "Yus, she 'bides here. Second floor back. Oh, yus, she's in there now. Oh my, wot a funny bonnet you've got!"

In wrath Nurse Johnson raised her umbrella, and shook it menacingly, but more as a warning than with a determination to strike.

Away bounded the girl, and then paused and scowled out of reach, and yelled: "Yah, I'll set my mother on to you."

And the crowd of youngsters around yelled and laughed, and cat-called and whistled, while several women's faces, much requiring soap and water, and roofed with unkempt hair, appeared at various windows.

With undaunted mien Nurse and her umbrella marched in at the open door, past the dirty and broken wall, and up the dirty and broken stairs. She paused before the grimy door, which stood slightly open, and was without a handle, and then, raising her umbrella, she rapped the ferrule twice authoritatively on the dirty panel with a sharp rat-tat, like a post-man's knock.

Hearing no reply but a thick, unintelligible gurgle,



"BE IT A STROKE?"

Nurse pushed open the door with her umbrella and stood within.

She saw Mrs. Hankey lying on the wretched bed in her torn and slatternly dress, her features bloated and livid, her hair wretchedly dishevelled, and her battered bonnet pushed round to the side of her head. The woman was half asleep, and she opened her two bleared and drunken eyes upon her visitor. But she recognized Nurse, and, struggling to a sitting posture, gurgled forth a string of bitter and almost unintelligible words.

Nurse glared at her for a moment in anger and loathing. Then she strode to a broken pitcher that stood near, and deliberately threw some of the water it contained straight at the woman's face.

I neither commend nor condemn Nurse's conduct: I simply relate what she did. For the moment she was overcome with wrath and disgust; and, moreover, she had heard that cold water has a sobering effect on the drink-muddled brain, and she desired Mrs. Hankey to speak intelligibly as quickly as possible.

Spluttering with rage, and wiping the water from her face, Mrs. Hankey staggered to her feet, and advanced threateningly towards her visitor with one arm raised. Nurse contemptuously struck the arm aside with her umbrella, and pouring the remainder of the water into a basin that, like everything else here, was broken and dirty, she stood aside to allow Mrs.

Hankey to lurch past her, and then, stepping behind her, she forced the woman's face and head into the cold water in the basin. Allowing her for a moment to raise her face to breathe, Nurse again plunged it in the water, and continued to repeat the process for some minutes.

"It will do you good," said Nurse sternly. "It is the best thing I can do for you."

When finally she allowed the woman to dry her face on a bit of old sheeting, she rose, as it were, above her, so grim and determined that Mrs. Hankey cowered in fear, and felt completely at her mercy. It was not simply the douches of cold water, though they had had a sobering effect, but it was the character of Nurse, which for the moment completely dominated that of the other, and Mrs. Hankey felt that no trick or subterfuge or cunning would be of the least avail.



"NURSE JOHNSON RAISED HER UMBRELLA."

"She's a sharp 'un, she is," was her verdict afterwards of Nurse.

Her bluster died on her lips, and she sank on the side of the bed, weeping piteously.

"You were at Mrs. Dan Jones's as an extry help at that party?" began Nurse sternly.

"Yus; I bin there severial times," stutered Mrs. Hankey.

"Ah, but you mind the pertikler 'casion I mean?" said Nurse, still very sternly—"just afore the C.I.V.'s was called out."

"Yus, I mind it," said Mrs. Hankey thickly and sullenly.

"What was it that Miss Mabel said, or did, that made Mist' 'Orace go and 'list?"

A cunning leer came into the woman's face as she replied: "That's wuth payin' for."

Nurse took but one step toward the water in the

basin, when the wretched Mrs. Hankey threw up her hands before her face, and exclaimed in horror: "Mercy, mercy! I'll tell you. But it ain't much I know."

"I thought not," exclaimed Nurse grimly. "But out with it!" Her hand was now resting on the basin,

"Well, I was a-goin' up to the parlour from the kitchen with a jug o' limonade—and you can't think how nice I looked in a clean white apron and tidy black dress, and now to think that through not gettin' my rights I've come to this——"

"Through gettin' too much whiskey, you mean," interrupted Nurse. "But go on: what did you hear?" And her fingers tapped the basin significantly.

"I was a-takin' a jug o' limonade up to the parlour," repeated the woman, "and I see Miss Mabel and Mr. 'Orace standin' on the stairs by the garden door. They didn't see me, 'cos I stood by a curtain that was hangin' there——"

"Which means that you hid and listened," said Nurse grimly.

"You are a hard 'un," returned Mrs. Hankey ruefully. "I ses I stood by a curtain 'cos I thought they was a-comin' downstairs."

"And when they didn't come, you still stood there? I see," replied Nurse. "Well, go on. What did you hear? Did Miss Mabel say any thing?"

"Ah, didn't she! She's a stinger, she is. She was a jorin' of him proper; she was a-layin' it on thick about bein' a coward if he didn't go to the war, an' about somebody called Alice, who was keepin' comp'ny with another feller while at the same time she was foolin' him."

"Oh, that was it?" said Nurse coldly. "What else?"

"Nothin' much," replied Mrs. Hankey, "'ceptin' she jored him that neither Alice nor any other lidy would look at him if he was sich a coward—nor more would I."

"Such a coward as not to go to the war?"

"Yus, cos he could shoot so well."

"And that was all?"

"Yus, that was about the size of it. They started goin' into the drorin'-room then, and I went on with the limonade when they was out o' sight."

At this time Nurse was aware that some of the active urchins from the street were pushing the door open and were peeping slyly into the room; and as it was clear from what Mrs. Hankey had said that she had nothing else of any importance to tell, Nurse determined to take her leave.

"If I was you," she said slowly and impressively, "I should go into a 'ome for 'nebriates."

The woman's cheek flushed, and an angry light shot into her dull, bleared eyes. "Wot bizness is

it o' yourn?" she began; but Nurse again raised the basin, and the woman shuddered and held up her hands entreatingly. "If you knew what it was to want a drop o' comfort," she moaned, "you wouldn't be such a hard 'un."

"That comfort won't do ye no good," said Nurse. "No more nice white aprons or nice black dresses if ye takes that," and she moved toward the door.

"Gi' me the price of a loaf," cried the woman, who had seen her movement. "I ain't 'ad a bit to eat all day."

"You've 'ad some ink to drink, though," said Nurse. "Now look here," and she drew a step nearer and raised her umbrella as an orator would his hand. "If I was to give you a shillin', you'd tumble downstairs with your bonnet all awry, and you'd stagger up the street with these children—that wants a good whippin', every one of 'em, to teach 'em manners—a-yellin' after ye and a-throwin' mud at ye, and ye'd go to that public 'ouse at the corner, and you'd stay there till you was turned out worse than you was this mornin'. And instead o' doin' you a kindness, I should ha' druv another nail in your coffin. No, if you'll go into a 'nebriates 'ome, come to Mrs. Seymour and we'll see what we can do; if not, I'm thinkin' should I put the perlice on yer track to get the magistrate to send yer there."

Nurse had the vaguest idea of the legal process necessary for sending her to an inebriates' home, but she was honest enough in her intention; and with that remark she departed, the urchins, who had by virtue of what they had seen developed a wholesome respect for the owner of the nodding black flowers, scurrying before her like so many rats.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.



"**M**ERCY on us, Miss, how white you look! Anything wrong with Mrs. Seymour?"

"No—that is—do I really look white, Nurse?" And Alice forced a little hysterical laugh, and sank on a seat in

the narrow hall. "Read that," she said impulsively, as she held out an open letter to Nurse.

"What! Mist' 'Orace's writin'?" cried Nurse, taking the paper and reading it hurriedly. "What's this he says?—'My darling Alice, when you receive this you

will have heard that I am dead.' Good gracious, Miss! don't take on so."

Alice had leaned her head in her hands and was moaning and sobbing most piteously.

Yet even as Nurse spoke the grim old woman herself reeled back as though she had received a heavy blow; and for the first time in her life since we have known her she turned deathly pale, and a look of fear and horror came into her eyes, and her hands trembled as they held the paper.

But she quickly strove to recover herself. "He ses, 'you will have heard that I am dead'; but we ain't heard. He was badly wounded and thought he would die, and so he wrote this. That's the reason of it. But I shall 'ope he's recoverin'. He's that 'ealthy and strong, and never played no tricks with his constitooshun in drinkin' and bad ways, that depend on it he's recoverin', Miss, you mark my words. 'Ope on, 'ope ever, I say."

So she spoke to encourage the grief-shaken girl before her; but her own white face and trembling limbs belied her words.

"Was this letter all?" asked Nurse.

"No, there is one for Mrs. Seymour in the same handwriting," sobbed Alice. "But she is asleep, and I did not wake her. She does not know it has come."

"Then don't tell her," said Nurse promptly. "If it's like this one, it will kill her on the spot. But how came he to write to you here?"

"He says lower down that he thought perhaps we had moved: we were talking of it—and—and—he also says, that perhaps I should prefer my family not to know. It was so kind and thoughtful of him."

"Oh, he says that, does he?" replied Nurse, turning again to the letter, and beginning again to read it. "You will have heard that I am dead," she repeated, "and I want you to understand that I did not play fast and loose with you. I loved you very much, but I was by no means sure of your feelings to me, and I thought you were very fond of some one else. Indeed, I heard that you were. And I could not bear to be thought a coward, so I became a C.I.V. But then I began to fear I had made a mistake. Your face when you came with mother to see us off was one sign. I was a fool not to have asked you before, plump and plain; and I want to tell you, Alice dear, how sorry I am, and to ask your pardon if I have engaged your affection for nothing. I did not mean to do so—indeed I did not, and I want to tell you so. It will be best for you quite to forget me and marry that other fellow, and you will be very happy. And if in my foolish conceit I am even now mistaken, and you never did care for me so as to marry me, I hope you will forgive me. I have written this letter to be posted to you when I am dead. You will never see it otherwise. And I send it to you in care of my

mother, because you may have changed your address, and perhaps you may not care for any of your people to know that I have written. That you will think kindly of me sometimes, but never with pain or regret, is the fervent desire of your true friend, HORACE SEYMOUR."

"Umph," said Nurse, looking at Alice, who was crying piteously, her head on her hands, and her slight frame shaken by her sobs.

"It is all my fault," moaned Alice—"it is all my fault; I did flirt too much. And I have sent him away to his death."

"Oh, tut, tut, my dear! It's that Miss Melbury, who told him false—that's the real truth."

"Then it was her doing?" cried Alice in anger, as she rose to her feet, her eyes flashing through her tears. "I knew it was so. I noticed a difference in him one evening after she had been talking to him. May Heaven's curse—"

"Hush, hush! don't say such things. I have bin to see that wretched creature, Mrs. Hankey, who heard Miss Melbury 'jawing' Mist' 'Orace, as she called it, about bein' a coward if he didn't go to the war; and so he would ha' bin in my opinion; but she exaggerated—that's the true word—she exaggerated, I reckon, what you call your flirtin'. But, bless me, if you did flirt a bit, you are not the first pretty girl that has done so; and after all, you were not engaged to him. If he had wanted you, he ought to have sparkled up and asked you plain out and honest. But then, to be sure," she added more thoughtfully, and almost in a whisper, "his mother was dead agin it, and I know he would ha' found it hard to go agin his mother. Hush! Hark! there's Mrs. Seymour a-callin'. You mustn't see her now. I'll go, and you slip out quiet by the front door. Hark! she's a-callin' again."

Once more the faint voice echoed down the stairs.

"Good-bye, Miss, dear. Comin' mum. Don't give up 'ope, Miss, dear. I shan't believe he's dead till I see his death in the papers—and you can't believe them always."

And as she went upstairs, she cried aloud again: "Comin', mum; just a-goin' to change my dress and get your tea. Shan't be a minute!"

Then to herself she muttered,—"I'm readin' the riddle now; can see it plain as day: a shy youth, with his mother agin his marryin' where he wants to; a pretty gal what flirts a bit and seems to say, 'I've got other strings to my bow as well as you, Mist' 'Orace Seymour'; and a spiteful, designin', tell-talin' minx who wants him for herself 'cos she thinks Mrs. Seymour's got a little bit o' money, and fancies he'd be a husbin' she could keep under her thumb. There's a pretty kettle o' fish! Thank the Lord I ain't got no heart, and I ain't had no followers."

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE BROWN ENVELOPE.

**A** CAB at the door and a lady alighting in a nurse's dress! Who can it be? Is Mrs. Seymour worse?"

Alice quickened her pace as she uttered these words. A whole day had passed since her former visit: she felt she could not see Mrs. Seymour without betraying her secret, and she now forced herself to go only by a great effort, lest her unusual absence should cause remark.

But as she approached the house she saw, to her surprise, a cab, and a lady in the costume of a hospital nurse, and she hurried forward. The lady entered, however, before she could reach her, and Alice had to give her usual summons.

A moment more and Nurse Johnson opened the door, and Alice found herself face to face with Mabel Melbury.

"You didn't expect to see me, did you?" said Mabel, in that sharp, brisk tone of hers. It was sarcastic too, and as much as to say, "You did not want to see me, but I have come."

"I thought you were in South Africa," gasped Alice.

"So I was, but you see I have returned. I had a bad attack of enteric, and was invalidated."

"I am afraid you have had a hard time."

"Hard? Don't mention it. But I met with some good friends. What do you think! I met Mr. Seymour——"

"Yes, we heard of that," said Nurse.

"I suppose he told Mrs. Seymour," replied Mabel carelessly, without looking at Nurse.

"He did mention it; but some one else told us more. I dare say you know who it was?"

"I do not understand you," replied Mabel, in her haughtiest tone. "I came to see Mrs. Seymour. Where is she?"

"In bed, very ill," said Nurse shortly.

"Ill?"

"Yes, she's bin nigh to death ever since she heard that Mist' Orace was wounded so badly."

"Wounded badly? I had not heard of it," and Mabel's eyes opened wide in fear.

"Yes. We can tell you news, you see."

"But where was he wounded? Is he not getting better?" And Mabel looked beseechingly from one to the other, while Alice gazed at her steadfastly, as though she would read her inmost soul.

"He was wounded at the battle of Diamond Hill, or thereabouts," said Alice, in as calm and firm a voice as she could assume.

"Diamond Hill? That was in June!"



"'OPE ON, 'OPE EVER,' I SAY."

"Yes, June 11th and 12th, I think."

"Then there ought to be some definite news by this time as to whether the wound is healing and the patient progressing!"

"I have had a letter," said Alice boldly, and gazing full into Mabel's eyes—"I have had a letter which he says was to be posted to me when he was dead."

"Oh, good gracious, how romantic!" exclaimed Mabel, with forced lightness of tone.

"And in which," continued Alice sternly, "he told me why he went, and what you said to him."

"I told him he would be a coward if he did not go," retorted Mabel with icy haughtiness, though her cheek paled considerably.

"And you told him something more," continued Alice in desperation. "You magnified my little flirtation; you lied to him about me. But he is mine and not yours—mine even in death!" And her

violent and suppressed excitement gave way to a flood of tears, mingled with hollow laughter.

"Umph! hysteria!" said Mabel, still in that forced artificial voice, while her ghostly pale cheeks and fear-struck eyes showed how hardly she was hit. "See to her, Johnson, while I go upstairs to Mrs. Seymour."

"One moment, Miss," said Nurse, placing herself squarely before Mabel. "I s'pose we've also got you to thank for that lyin' letter about Mist' 'Orace and you in South Africa. But I knew it was a fraud."

"An officer was writing a few letters from busy soldiers," said Mabel coldly, "and certainly I did suggest he should write to Mrs. Seymour. I had seen her son as an old friend."

But at that moment the double rat-tat of a telegraph messenger startled them all as they stood there. Nurse Johnson promptly opened the door, and the boy handed in the well-known light brown envelope.

"There's no one as I knows of would telegraph, 'cept about Mist' 'Orace!" exclaimed Nurse; and the three paused, fearing to open the message lest it should confirm their worst fears.

Then in the profound silence a feeble voice sounded from the room upstairs: "What is that telegram?" and a minute later Mrs. Seymour herself, arrayed in her dressing-gown, and roused to exertion by the same fear that possessed the others, appeared on the landing at the top of the stairs.

The message could not be kept from her now. The blow must fall, and Nurse Johnson, with the air of one prepared for the worst, advanced to her with the envelope. Alice stood in the hall, striving to hide her sobs, and Mabel followed Nurse on to the stairs; but she looked dazed and terror-stricken.

Mrs. Seymour took the envelope with an almost supernatural calmness and opened it, glanced at it but one moment, and then, with a fervent ejaculation, "Thank God!" sank on her knees.

Nurse caught at the brown message, and read aloud: "Your son out of danger, and slowly recovering."

Last scene of all in the Story of the C.I.V. A grey day at the end of October 1900; dense crowds thronging London streets, and the khaki-clad regiment forcing its way through the shouting multitude!

In a window on the line of route sit three friends whom we know—three friends who together saw Horace depart, and who together watch for his return.

"My love," says Mrs. Seymour, in a more tender voice than we have ever heard her speak to Alice before, "if you should see him first—though I don't think you will—point him out to me at once. Oh, why don't they come! How long it seems! Has anything happened?"

Alice and Nurse strove to reassure her; but the good lady was in a pitiful state of nervous

apprehension. She dreaded lest at the last moment something would happen to take Horace from her. She had suffered much from the disappointment, which indeed all London experienced more or less, when the C.I.V. did not return, as was expected, on the preceding Saturday. They were to have come on October 27th. But at the last moment it was learned that the vessel was delayed, and the men would not enter London until Monday, the 29th.

So Mrs. Seymour was still apprehensive. At last Nurse could hear her fears no longer. "La! sakes alive, mum!" she exclaimed, "don't let's 'ave no more weak heyes now; let's 'ave bright heyes and 'appy words. Ye'll see Mist' 'Orace in a minute, and lookin' as brisk as a bee; and I'll be bound they've made him a gallyant young hossifer, and——"

"Yes, yes, I know I ought to be thankful, and I am. But what if anything should happen! And do you see that poor lady over there? Look, she is in black, and weeping quietly, and the two young ladies on either side are in black and crying too. They have lost some one in the war. Oh, I would like to go to her and try to comfort her. Oh, cruel, cruel war!"

Alice silently grasped Mrs. Seymour's hand and pressed it sympathetically; and Nurse said in a softened voice: "We are very thankful it is not us." Then she added, to divert her thoughts: "Oh, Mrs. Seymour had a letter this mornin' from that Miss Melbury: she's gone out nussin' agin; good riddance to her!"

Alice's face grew stony for a moment, and then softened, as much as to say she could forgive now.

And then a louder roar of voices arose, and the cry sounded along the street, "They're coming!" Heads were stretched forward, handkerchiefs and hats were ready to wave a welcome. Then came that thin khaki-clad line, and the roars of greeting grew louder.

"Where is he? Do you see him?" asked Mrs. Seymour anxiously. Man after man passed, but Alice was silent, for as yet she had not seen the one her heart ached to see. Mrs. Seymour grew more and more anxious, and her questions were asked with more painful eagerness and frequent iteration: "Is he there? You must have missed him! Is that Horace? Oh, is there some accident?" Then suddenly burst the cheery ejaculation from the three anxious watchers, "There he is!" for all had seen him at once. And they waved their handkerchiefs and even called to him aloud. And he saw them and waved his hand, and sent back an answering shout of loving recognition.

What an exciting and joyous reunion that was which took place later at Mrs. Seymour's house! How radiant and happy was the mother, bubbling over with affection, constantly wiping tears of joy from her eyes, and overwhelming her son with every care and attention she could possibly imagine! How shy and tender was Alice, hiding herself, as it

were, behind Mrs. Seymour and looking at her lover with beautiful eyes glistening and soft! How quietly jubilant was Nurse, our old friend, her grimness gone for to-night, and looking upon all with benignity and fondness as she waited upon them! How grateful and content was Horace, with traces of pallor still showing through the brown of the African sun on his face, brave and kind and fully appreciative, yet not unmindful of the letters he had written, as it were, from the dead—the letter in which he had taken farewell of his mother and told her all that he had told to Alice! Ah, how happy and joyous they were! And in imagination they could see an even happier day approaching—a day of bridal wreaths and wedding bells.

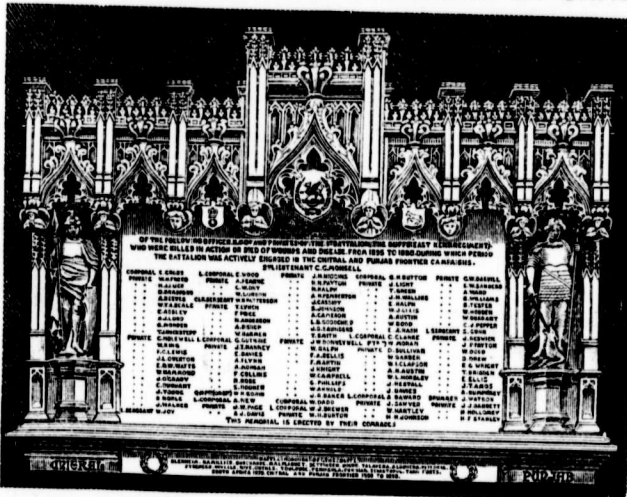
And when Mrs. Seymour makes a kindly remark to that effect, bringing the blushes to Alice's cheeks, Nurse promptly remarks: "But I don't know as how it would ha' come about, mum, if Mist' Orace had not been a C.I.V."

THE END.



"THERE HE IS."

THE BUFFS' MEMORIAL IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



WE give an illustration of the monument unveiled in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral by H.R.H. Princess Louise. The monument is erected to commemorate the loss of some one hundred and twelve officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the 1st Battalion of the Buffs, East Kent Regiment, who were killed in action or died of wounds and disease in the Chitral and Punjab Frontier Campaigns from 1895 to 1898.

The memorial, which is a beautiful specimen of the sculptor's art, was the work of Mr. Thomas Rudge, of Clapham Common. The dedicatory inscription and names appear upon a fine slab of white marble, overhung by seven elaborately carved canopies, and having on either side a statue—those of St. George and St. Michael

respectively. The centre shield in the canopy bears the "Dragon" badge and motto of the old East Kent territorial regiment. Upon a smaller shield to the left is a representation of the Rose and Crown of the regiment (a united red and white rose): to the right on yet another shield is the White Horse of Kent. After the unveiling Mr. Rudge was presented to Her Royal Highness, who complimented him on the work "It is very charming," she declared, "and in good keeping with the Cathedral. I like it very much."



**GENERAL GORDON'S BIRTHPLACE.**



THE house stands overlooking Woolwich Common on its eastern boundary, and is almost midway between the Royal Artillery Barracks and the Royal Military Academy. Over the door is placed a marble tablet bearing the following inscription:—

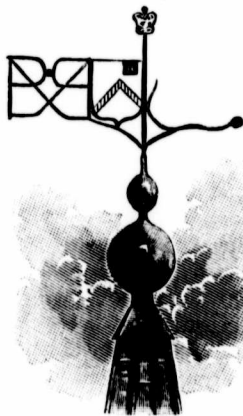
Birthplace of  
 CHARLES G. GORDON, C.B.,  
 Major-General Royal Engineers.  
 Born January 28, 1833,  
 Died at Khartoum January 26,  
 1885.  
 This memorial was erected  
 by the Woolwich Antiquarian  
 Society, January 28, 1900.

Our illustration is from a photograph specially taken for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. A. E. Huitt.

**OLD WALLASEY CHURCH.**

ONE of the memories of old residents of Liverpool is the destruction by fire of Wallasey Parish Church, which was situated on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. The tower of the old church is left standing in the churchyard, a little distance from the commodious and handsome new structure which has taken the place of the burnt edifice. The present

Rector of Wallasey is the Rev. Dr. Cogswell.

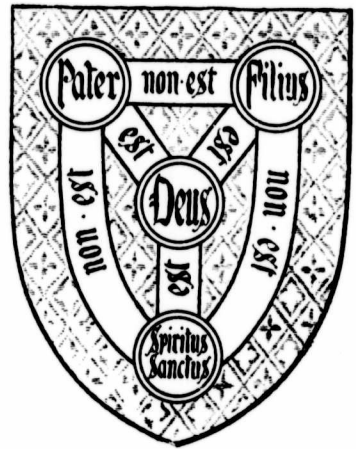


**AN ARTISTIC VANE.**

THE spire of the ancient church of St. Mildred in Bread Street, London, is adorned with the artistic vane of which we give an illustration. It will be noticed that it combines a coat-of-arms with a monogram.

**AN ANCIENT DESIGN ILLUSTRATING THE HOLY TRINITY.**

THE design is taken from a small shield forming part of the ornamentation of the font in the ancient church of Abbots Langley, Hertfordshire. The font itself is very beautiful, and dates from about the year 1400. It is large and octagonal in shape, and is ornamented with carvings representing the emblems of the Evangelists, placed alternately with small shields, whereon are painted designs typical of Holy Baptism. The Trinity design is very rich in appearance, being painted in several colours on a background of gold. Our illustration is from a drawing specially made for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by Mr. A. E. Huitt.



PRAYER-BOOK KALENDAR.—June 1, *Procora, Martyr, Ember Day*; 2, *Trinity Sunday*; 5, *Boniface, Bishop*; 9, *1st Sunday after Trinity*; 11, *St. Barnabas, Apostle and Martyr*; 16, *2nd Sunday after Trinity*; 17, *St. Alban, Martyr*; 20, *Translation of King Edward*; 23, *3rd Sunday after Trinity*; 24, *St. John Baptist*; 29, *St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr*; 30, *4th Sunday after Trinity*.

**Jesus said: "In your patience possess ye your souls."**

ST. LUKE xxi. 19.

ME 1007

"THE CHURCH MONTHLY," Office, 30 & 31, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.