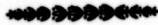


*Jone Blott*

FEBRUARY.



THE CHURCH MONTHLY



AND 

THE

HALDIMAND

DEANERY

MAGAZINE



- - 1900 - -

Subscription Price, 5 Cents Per Copy, 35 Cents Per Year.

---

## Greeting.

**T**HE clergy of the Rural Deanery of Ha'dimaud take pleasure in introducing to their parishioners a monthly magazine of church literature and parochial news. The inside or main portion of the periodical is printed in England, and under the title of **THE CHURCH MONTHLY** is known as one of the best magazines that issue from church press in the world's gigantic metropolis, London the old. The contents of the covers are printed within the Deanery. They are intended to give a brief but correct summary of the doings of clergy and people during each month preceding publication, as well as announce meetings, services, and engagements for the month next following. If preserved for future years, this record will become an important and highly valuable chronicle, and will serve the purpose of a thoroughly reliable parish history. The events in the life of each congregation will be known to the children of those who participated in them. The clergy sincerely hope that their parishioners will be prompt in showing due appreciation of this undertaking, as the price of the magazine is only 35 cents a year, payable in advance. They would draw the attention of their people to the clearness of type, the high standard of literary merit, the excellence of the illustrations, and the regular contribution of high-class sacred music, which are the features of **THE CHURCH MONTHLY**. They firmly believe that **THE HALDIMAND DEANERY MAGAZINE** will, if carefully perused, effect much good in church families and advance the Kingdom of Christ the Lord.

### CAYUGA.

Not anticipating a day to be appointed by authority, and to be observed by the Anglican church throughout the Dominion as a day of Intercession connected with the present unhappy war in South Africa, the 21st of January was specially observed by the Incumbent and congregation of St. John's church for the purpose. Special Psalms, lessons and supplications were used, and the hymns selected were the three "Church Hymns" to be used in time of war, the whole service being preceded by the singing of the hymn "Brief life is here our portion, &c." The Incumbent took as the subject of his sermon "War, considered from the standpoint of the Christian Religion, with special reference to the present war in South Africa." The general day of Intercession was subsequently duly observed, when the Incumbent took for his text "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"

No 960 of the Boston "Parish Choir" just issued contains a tuneful and easy setting of the "Te Deum," adapted for use by any ordinary choir, by the Rev. J. Francis. A specimen copy will be sent to any clergyman in the Deanery on receipt of a cent stamp for postage. They can be supplied at the rate of fifty cents per dozen copies. This is the seventh of Mr. Francis' compositions that have appeared from time to time in the "Parish Choir," among them being three anthems, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" "These are they that came out of great tribulation," and "I saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem."

### PORT MAITLAND AND SOUTH CAYUGA.

#### WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

The Christ church January monthly meeting was held on the 4th at Mrs. John Bradford's. In spite of the cold the attendance was very good. The letter from Mrs. Crisp, city representative, giving an account of the Nov. meeting of the Diocesan Board was read, and other items of business were attended to. The Incumbent distributed among the members present copies of the annual report of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, with the request that they see that "the man of the house" read it carefully. The sewing meeting at Mrs. Breman's on Thursday, 18th, being for the special purpose of "quilting" the material prepared for two quilts drew a larger number than usual. The work was accomplished in less time than was anticipated. The members "stayed to tea," had a good talk, and no doubt enjoyed themselves as well as the work.

The St. John's branch seems to have had "adverse circumstances" to contend with the past two months. Sewing meetings were held on the 3rd and 17th at the Elms. Owing to the intense cold the monthly meeting at Mrs. Crawford's on the 31st was not largely attended. The letter from Mrs. Crisp above referred to was read; and arrangements were made for the annual meeting on the 15th.

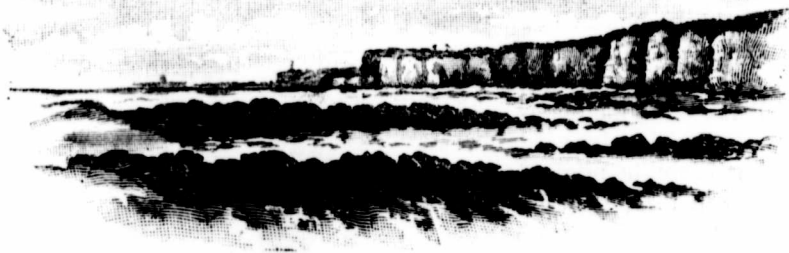
Mr. Henry Bate, Vice-President, presided at the meeting of the Literary Society at Mr. Kohler's on the 8th. A good program was rendered, and several new members joined the society. At the meeting on the 22nd at Mr. W. Bate's the subject of the Church History "Talk" was the reign of King John.

### JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

Septuagesima Sunday, Feb. 11th, was duly observed as the day appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury for special prayer with reference to the war. Through the thoughtful generosity of L. LePan, Esq., of Jarvis, a new hymn was printed for the occasion and used at the services in both churches. The incumbent preached from the text, "Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and among other remarks spoke of the important lessons, military, national and spiritual, that the war has taught.



A WELCOME VISITOR. (See page 28.)  
Specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by A. E. HUITT.



## DEBORAH : A BIBLE STUDY.

BY THE RIGHT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

"And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time."—JUDGES iv. 4.

**B**OOK at Jael's conduct and at Deborah's sentence on it. Both are abhorrent to the moral sense of those who accept the Christian standard of right and wrong. The murder of Sisera was not only an act of basest treachery, but it was also a breach of hospitality such as even the people of that age would have condemned. Yet Deborah the prophetess exults over it, and says: "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be, blessed shall she be above women in the tent" (v. 24); and then she describes in poetic rhapsody all the details of the wicked act, and jeers at the high hopes of the mother of the Canaanite chief, which are doomed to be so terribly shattered. And Deborah is a prophetess, but she is not therefore infallible; and the Bible, being a true book, tells us what she did say, and not what she ought to have said. Israel has been delivered, the enslaver of the people of her adoption has been overthrown, and the general of his armies has been killed. What woman would not rejoice? She does not pause to moralize on the means. Israel is saved from the enemy of the people of God: that is enough for her. Her enthusiasm carries her away; she has a blessing for every one who has helped the good cause, and the human heart goes along with her as we read that most natural outburst of feeling which has been handed down to all generations in Judges v. As for Jael, we know nothing of her motives, nor of the impulse under which she acted. We are bound to condemn her action, but we leave her for judgment in the hands of One who knows all, and Whom we pray to be merciful unto our sin, "*for it is great.*" Each age,

[XII. 2.]

each generation, each people must answer for itself before God.

There are some things that we learn from the story which deserve special attention.

It is striking, so early in the history of the Israelites, to find the full recognition of woman's right (on occasion) to take a leading part in promoting her country's welfare. Deborah, a married woman, was a prophetess and a judge. Her wisdom, her tact, and her disinterestedness led her fellow countrymen to acknowledge her authority and to seek counsel and justice from her. The primitive state of society in Israel at that time is simply, but graphically, set out: "She dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah between Ramah and Beth-el in mount Ephraim: and the children of Israel came up to her for judgment" (iv. 5). They trusted her. She was a true mother in Israel. She settled their disputes, and sent them home with good advice; for there was no king in Israel in those days, no settled government—every man did that which was right in his own eyes. She was also a prophetess. Deborah was recognized as one who spoke under the inspiration of God. She was possessed with the conviction that God was the great Deliverer, the Saviour of His people, and that faithfulness to Him was the secret of national life and prosperity. This was the great inspiration. We have seen that her views as to the method of the accomplishment of that deliverance were imperfect, human, faulty; but the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit is not for the perfect alone—all flesh shares it in a measure. It is the same in kind everywhere and at all times, although differing in degree. It wrought with power in Deborah. She was filled



with the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength; she was overmastered by a noble patriotic enthusiasm, blurred, no doubt, by human infirmity, but noble and instinctively true all the same. Then we note the truly womanly relation in which she stands to Barak. Barak is not wanting in personal bravery; but he needs decision, he needs the wit to strike at the right moment, he needs the motive of enthusiasm. Deborah the prophetess supplies the inspiring motive. Her confidence is catching; she will be at his side, not to fight (that is man's business), but to stimulate, to influence, to encourage, to approve. This is the true and noble office of a woman. Let the women in our Israel realize their high calling; let mothers and sisters feel that they have a vocation, that it is for them to influence men for good, to make them brave and strong and pure and self-controlled, to stir them to action at the proper time, to encourage and to bless them. The true nobility of a race depends on the character of its women. Men shrink from the scorn of noble-minded women; men long for the inspiration of the gentler sex. Let our mothers bring up brave boys, honour high-minded, self-controlled, chivalrous men, spurn and banish the vicious and the false, and show themselves worthy of the prophetic spirit which the daughters of Christ's Church have the right to claim and the privilege to exercise.

Finally, do not look for the ideal and the impossible in the Bible. Read your Old Testament with a view to learn about men and women like yourselves, fighting their way through the difficulties and temptations of the age in which they lived, behind you in many things—for civilized society and the capacity of man to accept a high moral standard are of gradual growth—yet before you in whatever points they were more faithful in their service of the God of righteousness than you have been. And for deliverance from all that is false and unrighteous and degrading turn to the Gospel story—look to the One who alone fulfilled all righteousness, the true Son of God, the perfect Man, the Saviour of man from sin and evil, Jesus Christ our Lord.

**BISMARCK AND PRAYER.**—"On one occasion Bismarck talked to Sir William Richmond on the subject of prayer. 'I remember,' he said, 'at fourteen, thinking prayer needless, for it struck me then that God knew better than I. I think much the same now, except that the usefulness of prayer is in that it implies submission to a stronger Power. I am conscious of that Power, which is neither arbitrary nor capricious. Of a future life I do not doubt. The present is too sad and incomplete to answer to our highest selves. It is evidently a struggle, then only in vain if it is to end here. Ultimate perfection I believe in.'"

**A WELCOME VISITOR.**

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 26.)



"COME in, miss! Come in, miss! How very kind of you to call on a day like this!" And poor old Mrs. Parker looked so pleased as she made way for the Vicar's daughter. It was easily to be seen that the visitor was indeed welcome—nor was this to be wondered at, for "Miss Mary," as she was always called by young and old, carried sunshine wherever she went. She was so bright and cheerful, and had the rare gift of being able to say the right word at the

right time. Even when things were at their darkest, "Miss Mary" somehow or other managed to find just a little bit of sunshine; and then the old people liked her so much because she was never in a hurry. Now her sister, "Miss Rose," was always so very, very busy; she had no time for anything or anybody. "I can give you just two seconds," was a pet saying with her, and people didn't like these "two seconds." "You see," said old Parker to his wife, "she'll get married in just two seconds some day, and then wish she'd taken more time to do it!"

Yes, indeed! In these busy, bustling, rushing days we all need to learn the lesson that it is better to make haste slowly. Our visits to our poorer friends especially are worth giving time to: we shall learn to know them better, and they will come to realize that our interest in them is real and genuine, born of an earnest desire to improve ourselves in trying to improve them.

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

**HOMELY COOKERY.**

BY M. RAE,  
Certificated Teacher of Cookery.

Spanish Stew.		Average Cost.
		s. d.
1 Small Rabbit	. . . . .	1 0
1/2 lb. of Bacon	} . . . . .	3
1 Onion (Large)	} . . . . .	
		1 3

Cut the rabbit into neat pieces, wash in warm water, and dry carefully. Peel the onion, put it in a basin, cover with boiling water, and leave for ten minutes; then take it out, and cut in thin slices; scalding it thus will make the onion more digestible. Put a layer of onion in a deep stone jar, sprinkle with pepper and salt, then some of the rabbit, and thin slices of bacon. Continue in this way till the jar is full, then tie firmly over a piece of greased paper. Stand the jar in a large saucepan half full of boiling water, or put it in the oven. Either way it will take about two hours and a half to cook.



BISHOPSBOURNE CHURCH.

*Specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by J. G. CHARLTON, Canterbury.*

## RICHARD HOOKER.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

*(Continued from page 11.)*

**B**Y his marriage he vacated his Fellowship, and had to bid farewell to the blessed tranquillity of his academic life. He was presented to the living of Drayton Beauchamp, near Aylesbury. Here his two illustrious pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, visited him. They found him in a common field, tending a few poor sheep and reading the Odes of Horace. He had to do this because his wife had summoned his one servant to help her in household duties. When the servant relieved him in the care of the sheep, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer went home with him; but he was almost immediately ordered away from them by his wife, to rock the cradle! They were so uncomfortable that they could not stay in the house, but went to a quieter lodging; and, on parting, Cranmer condoled with him on his sad lot. He only answered, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share of miseries in this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me."

The result of the visit, however, was that Edwin Sandys induced his father, then Archbishop of York, to recommend Hooker for the Mastership of the Temple, vacant by the death of Dr. Alvie. To this high office, with the support of Archbishop Whitgift, he was appointed in the thirty-fourth year of his age, in 1585, much to the vexation of Travers, who was then afternoon reader at the Temple; whom, however, Whitgift would not recommend because he had had experience of his "intolerable stomach." Travers was a passionate Calvinist, who had very slighting

views of episcopal authority. The result was an incessant controversy between Hooker and Travers, so that "the forenoon sermon spake Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva." At last Whitgift had to inhibit Travers from preaching altogether, on the ground of his foreign ordination. The attacks which Travers made on Hooker were often on very frivolous grounds—such as "that he prayed before and not after his sermons, that in his prayers he named Bishops, and that he kneeled both when he prayed and when he received the sacrament"—as well as on high doctrinal questions. Travers was bitter and imperious in tone; Hooker never lost his temper or abated his dignity. "To your railing," he said, "I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." The result of these controversies proved, however, to be a blessing to the Church, for it led Hooker to undertake the main work of his life, the composing of his book on "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." As the silencing of Travers, who as a preacher was more popular than Hooker, did not put an end to the "noise and oppositions" of the Temple, Hooker longed for more study and quietness, and in 1591 was presented to the Rectory of Boscombe, near Salisbury. From this he was removed, in 1595, to Bishopsbourne. He had already published the first four books of his Ecclesiastical Polity, and was at work on the remaining four.

At Bishopsbourne he was only three miles from Canterbury, and enjoyed the constant companionship of one of the prebends, the learned Dr. Hadrian Saravia. Quiet and remote as was his present abode,

many scholars, who had heard of his fame and sanctity, came to Bishopsbourne to see him. He whom they saw has been described as "an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortification; his face full of heat-pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life." He was, we are told, "of so mild and humble a nature that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time"; and this same poor parish clerk bore testimony to him as "a good man and a good scholar."

At Bishopsbourne he seems to have been deeply beloved for his meekness, goodness, and faithful ministrations, although as a preacher he was not very lively, since "where he fixt his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended." But he held that "the life of a pious Clergyman was visible rhetoric, and so convincing that the most godless men . . . did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives."

It is deplorable to learn that even this holy, harmless, and godly scholar did not escape the anguish inflicted by false tongues, from which so many of the saints of God have suffered, as did their Lord and Master. Some wicked woman, incited, it is said, by a dissenting opponent, brought a lying accusation against him, from which, after intense anguish of heart, he was only delivered by the faithfulness of his dear friends and pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, by whom his accusers were brought to open confession of his innocency and to public punishment. To these friends in the day of adversity he wrote a letter of pathetic gratitude, in which he said, "when shame was ready to cover my face, when my nights were restless, when my soul thirsted for a deliverance as the hart panteth after rivers of waters, then Thou, oh Lord, didst pity my condition, and didst not give me over a prey to mine enemies." As his "meek behaviour and dovelike simplicity" were shown in his manner of bearing this deep misfortune, so were his Christian charity and forgiveness when the net was broken and his false witnesses were taken in it.

He died of the effects of a chill at the age of forty-six, in the year 1600. During his sickness his Parsonage was robbed, but happily his books and written papers were not disturbed. As he lay dying, his doctor asked the subject of his thoughts. He answered "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in Heaven, and oh that it might be so on earth!" A little afterwards he added, "I have lived to see that this world is full of perturbations, and I have long been preparing to leave it. I have loved God in my youth, and feared Him in mine age, yet where I have failed, Lord, show mercy

to me. I am at peace with all men, and He with me. I could wish to live to do the Church more service, but cannot hope it, for my days are passed as a shadow that returns not." Soon afterwards he breathed a quiet sigh, and so fell on sleep.

With two or three specimens of his stately eloquence we must now conclude.

*The mystery of God.*—"Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High: Whom, although to know be life, and joy to make mention of His Name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know Him not as indeed He is, neither can know Him; and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence, when we confess without confession that His glory is inexplicable, His greatness above our capacity and reach."—*Ecc. Pol.*, I. ii. 2.

*The glory of law.*—"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in Heaven and earth do her homage, the very least are feeling her care, and the greatest are not exempted from her power, both angels and men and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."—*Ecc. Pol.*, I. xvi. 8.

*The Psalms.*—"The choice and flower of all things profitable in other books, the Psalms do both more briefly contain and more movingly also express; Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terror of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known or done or had this one celestial fountain yieldeth."—*Ecc. Pol.*, V. xxxvii. 2.

*Redemption.*—"Let it be counted folly or frenzy or fury or whatsoever: it is our wisdom and our comfort; we care for no knowledge in the world but this, that man hath sinned and God hath suffered; that God hath made Himself the sin of men, and that men are made the righteousness of God."—*Serm.* ii. 6.

*St. John's Gospel.*—"It is death for me to be ignorant of the unsearchable mystery of the Son of God, which mystery, notwithstanding, I should have been ignorant, but that a poor fisherman, unknown, unlearned, new come from his boat, with his clothes ringing wet, hath opened his mouth and taught me, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.'"—*Serm.* v. 6.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;  
You can't do that way when you're flying words.  
"Careful with fire" is good advice, we know;  
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.  
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;  
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said!

# Homeward Bound.

BY C. LOCKHART-GORDON.  
*Author of "A Bunch of Roses," etc.*

## CHAPTER III. SEED-SOWERS.



"A NEW scholar, Lina!"

"Dearie, I am glad," and a sweet smile stole over the pale face that lifted itself from the sofa cushions. "Mother" (to a white-haired lady who had just entered the room), "Katie has a new scholar."

"Such a darling, too," and Katie, the first speaker, danced across the room, kissed her mother, and drew her gently to a chair by the fire. "Sit down, mother, and I will tell you all about it."

The fire was poked into a blaze, Katie's hat and gloves were laid aside, the cosey was removed from the teapot, tea was handed to mother and Lina, and then the description of little May Winter began.

"Well, she is one of the dearest little girls I have ever taught; shy, but so gentle and bright, and very intelligent too. She reads quite nicely, though she is only eight years old, and the two verses of the hymn which I set her she learnt in no time; but mother dear," and Katie gazed up into the kind face that was listening to her so intently, "May Winter—that is the little girl's name—is a cripple, she has a slight—very slight—hump, and she limps when she walks."

"Poor little girl! then she has already a cross to carry, and it may grow all the heavier if she has one day her own bread to win! Katie, dear, you must teach her Who alone can give her help."

Katie looked down, for this was the very thought that had been uppermost in her mind all the afternoon, and the hymn she had tried to teach little May was, "There's a Friend for little Children."

"She has parents, I suppose?" asked Lina.

"Yes, her father is a fisherman, and they live in a house just above the school—May showed it to me, for I told her I should like to call and see her mother. The father was standing at the door when I passed. He is such a splendid tall man, the very picture of a sailor; and, Lina, do you know, I think he is the same man Alec pointed

out to us one afternoon on the quay. Don't you remember that big sunburnt fisherman whom Alec said his fingers were just tingling to sketch?"

"You have a better memory than I, Katie dear; but is the little girl like her father?"

"No, not a bit—couldn't be more unlike. I fancy she must take after her mother. May is as fair as her father is dark, with eyes as blue as the sky, and beautiful golden hair."

"Our matter-of-fact Katie waxing poetical! Mother, what has occasioned such an outburst?" asked a young man who hobbled into the room.

In an instant Katie was up to hand him a chair, while Mrs. Ross answered, "A new scholar, Alec."

"A new scholar, old girl; I congratulate you!" Then as Alec smiled into his sister's face, he whispered, "A new sphere of usefulness, Katie."

Poor Alec Ross! to spend his life in active service for the Master, Whose he was, and Whom he desired so eagerly to serve—this had been the dearest wish of his heart; but God had ordered it otherwise. Laid low by a deadly attack of rheumatism, just when he was entering college life at nineteen, he found himself with a shattered constitution, crippled limbs, and a heart so weakened, that the lightest work was forbidden.

Small wonder that for a time Alec Ross had a hard battle to wage with the envious feelings within him when he saw others spending and being spent in the dear service in which he fain would so heartily have joined, and he himself scarce able even to lift a cup of cold water to the lips of a fainting disciple. But God showed him that "to obey is better than sacrifice," and that the absolute surrender of the will is treading in



"KATIE, DEAR, YOU MUST TEACH HER."



the footsteps of Him Who said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." Alec Ross was not the only invalid in the family. Lina, the next sister, was a sufferer from chest disease, and partly on her account, and partly to be near her married daughter (Mrs. Gwyn at the Vicarage), Mrs. Ross had settled at Scard.

Alec Ross possessed considerable talent for music and painting, and truly thankful he was that such sources of interest were still left open to him.

"Mother, ought I not to be grateful that the rheumatism hasn't crippled my fingers?" he would exclaim, as he struck a few deep chords on the American organ, and his voice rang out in a rich tenor. Mrs. Ross would lean back in her chair, and

nets spread out to dry, the coils of rope, the chains and the anchors; or perhaps the rows of fishermen's cottages, with peeps at the "missus" busy over the washtub, with turned-up sleeves, the children playing on the doorstep, and the bright patches of garden; or some such picturesque little bit of fisher-life, such as daily may be seen within a stone's throw of any English harbour.

Busy as was Alec Ross's brush, his thoughts sometimes were still busier—these sailor brothers of his, these broad-shouldered splendid men, who had so often to take their lives in their hands to win the bread that perisheth, what about their never dying souls? Truly, when winds were raging, and waves



"AND WHY DON'T YOU?"

think how grateful she ought to be to have such a son — a young man cut off from most things that young men generally consider go to make up life, and yet gratefully counting the blessings that were left and never murmuring at those that were denied.

To be rowed out on a fine bright morning some distance from shore, and then to sketch the white cliffs and bluff headlands, was Alec Ross's favourite employment; or to curl himself up in some sheltered corner of the pier, and with palette in one hand and brush in the other, to transfer to canvas the picturesque fishing-boats with their coloured sails, the fine Jack-tars with their bronzed faces, the baskets ready piled with their freight for market, the

were tossing, there was often but a step between them and death, and if called upon to take that step, had they sought and found the One Friend Who could alone whisper peace? Alec could not keep these thoughts to himself—love to God and man burned too strongly in his heart.

"Stone, do you ever get to church?" he one day asked the old boatman who generally rowed him out when he sketched.

"Can't say, sir, as I do often," replied Stone.

"And why don't you?"

"Why don't I? Why, sir, I scarce rightly knows. I got out of the way of it, I s'pose, and then the nets need a deal of lookin' after, and being out and about all the week, Sundays 'tis the only day I can spare for them."

"But there is something else that requires looking after, Stone, and that is your never-dying soul. Neglect to feed your body, and it will die; starve your soul, and it will perish too."

Stone rowed away more vigorously than ever; he had never been talked to in this manner before, and he was not sure that he quite liked it.

Alec Ross guessed something of what was passing through the old man's mind. "Perhaps, Stone, you think it is no business of mine, your Sundays are your own, and you can do what you like with them, eh? We gentlefolks don't know what a struggle it is to keep the wolf from the door, the daily bread must be won, or the missis and children will starve."

"That's it, sir, that's just it; you puts things a sight clearer than what I does;" and Stone leant back on his oars, delighted to have his thoughts so readily translated.

"Well, Stone, look here,"—and Alec took out his little Testament and began turning over its pages—"here is a story, an earthly story, with a Heavenly meaning," and he quietly read the Parable of the Sower. "Now, Stone, you see that seed can be choked."

"Aye, aye, sir, 'tain't much about land as I knows, but I does know as much as that."

"Well, just as earthly seed can be choked so can Heavenly. The seed here spoken of is the Word of God, and you see our Blessed Saviour distinctly tells us it can be choked; choked by the cares, choked by the pleasures, or choked by the riches of this world."

"Riches! 'tain't much of them as comes in my way," and Stone gave an amused chuckle.

"No, but perhaps the cares do," and Alec gave a sympathetic smile; "and I can quite understand, Stone, the needs for this life seem so pressing, you think sometimes, 'The next life, why, it must just take care of itself.'"

"That's it, sir, that's just about it. The missis she do sit down and read a chapter sometimes of a Sunday evening, and the young 'uns they go to the school; but we men, bless you, sir, why, to earn our living and pay our way, 'tis that as takes up the best part of our time."

"Not all of you, Stone; some, I am sorry to see, find a good deal of occupation in keeping the doors of the Red Dragon swinging."

Stone laughed. "You're right there, sir; more than half the money as is earned in Scard goes into that till; but not mine, sir. I'll lay my word on 't, not mine: ask the missus—a half-pint or so of home-brewed, perhaps, sometimes, but not more—never a glass more."

"I am gl'd to hear that, Stone, *very* glad. Drunkenness is sapping the strength of England and destroying her happy homes! But setting that question on one side, you said just now that your time, and the

time of most of your mates, was taken up in trying to earn your living and to pay your way."

"That's about it, sir."

"Well now, aren't these the things that begin and end with this life? Food, rent, clothing, in fifty years' time, you, and perhaps none of your family, will require them."

"But we does now, sir; and for sure you wouldn't say as the getting of such things is wrong," and Stone gazed open-mouthed at Alec with astonishment.

"So far from it's being wrong, it would be positively wrong of you not to get them when it lies in your power to do so. Look here, Stone," and once more Alec turned over the leaves of his Testament, "the Bible is to be 'a lamp to our feet.' Now listen to this verse: 'If any man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' There, that doesn't look as if you are to let your wife and children pick up a living as best they can, does it?"

"No, sir, it don't." Stone gave quite a sigh of relief. The gentleman had talked so strangely to him that morning, he didn't know quite what he might say next. "'Twould be easy enough to let the rent go unpaid, and the butcher's and baker's bills run up (though 'tain't much as we trouble the butcher), but I didn't think as you, sir, would hold with goings on of that kind."

"Stone, my man, then don't you see what I am driving at? It is right, and your duty, to provide for your wife and family, it is right and your duty to pay your way honestly as you go; but it is not right that your time and thoughts should be entirely taken up with these things. God's command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.' Six days He has graciously given us to provide for the wants of the body, the seventh He claims for Himself: it is God's Day—a Day He has set apart for His worship and service, and on which we may take thought for the things of the soul. Slowly and surely we are advancing nearer to another life, and another life is advancing nearer to us, Stone." Alec Ross laid an earnest hand on the old man's knee, and looked up in his weather-beaten face as he continued: "Don't answer this question to me, but do answer it to your conscience and to God. What provision have you made for that life? Remember the Bible words, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the *whole* world and lose his own soul?'"

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### "GRANNIE MAY."

EIGHTEEN months had come and gone, eighteen months of storm and sunshine, and outwardly Scard looked much the same as ever. Still at the Harbour the fishing-smacks loaded and unloaded; still around



“THE FISHING-SMACKS LOADED AND UNLOADED.”

still merrily down the hill from school wended the rosy-cheeked children, the frosty air resounding with their happy laughter; still from the quay sailed away the brown-sailed fishing-boats, some—not all; for a terrible storm had swept over the Bay some few months previously, and out of the fifteen boats that had put out gaily to sea one fresh spring morning only twelve returned, and three, with all hands on board, were never heard of more.

So, though outwardly there were few changes at Scard, the inside of cottage homes could have told sad tales—wives left widows, children fatherless; the fight to get the daily bread each day growing fiercer, the table spread still more sparsely; while toil though the weary mother might late and early, little faces grew thin and pale, little limbs shivered for want of proper fuel and clothing.

No one's heart ached more over cases of this kind than Mrs. May's. She knew what it was for the boat to go out and never to come home, and she knew with what a desolate heart the poor widow will sit stitching the threadbare clothing, with her thoughts straying on as to how the rent is to be paid and the food to be provided?

In bygone days Mrs. May had gone through similar sad experiences, and her one refuge had been prayer. The kneeling down and the pouring forth to God of all her troubles, the telling to Him her wants as freely as a child does to its father, the claiming from Him His promise to the fatherless and the widow—this and this alone had kept Mrs. May's heart from fainting in those dark days. But all widows had not

the doors of this consolation; they did not know God as their Father, and, what was worse, they did not seem to care for such knowledge, poor things! Mrs. May would take off her spectacles and wipe her eyes when she thought of them; how they got along she couldn't imagine.

Well, if they didn't pray for themselves, Mrs. May thought she would pray for them; and she not only prayed, she strove by every means that lay in her power to lighten their daily burden. An old widow of between seventy and eighty, partly dependent on her son for support—it was true Mrs. May's help could be but little, but that “little” went farther than some might think, wrapped round as it was by love and watered by prayer.

By Mrs. May's side generally stood a capacious work-basket, and into this work-basket found their way stockings to be re-footed, socks to be re-heeled, old dresses to be made into little petticoats, scraps of cloth and wool to be knitted into warm hearthrugs; so by the time the winter was over the kitchen cupboard was pretty well stored with cosy and useful articles, and at Christmas-time these would warm and gladden many a poor fisher-household. Then by Mrs. May's kitchen fire there generally stood simmering a large black soup-pot, and out of this pot went during the cold weather many an invigorating bowl of soup, while from Sam's creel of fish would be spared goodly haddocks and shining mackerel.

One frosty afternoon, after the mid-day meal had been cleared away and the fireplace tidied, Mrs. May wheeled her chair up to the window and drew her work-basket to her. The days were nearing their shortest, and daylight had to be made the most of; the blood did not course quite as merrily through her veins as of old, and the industrious lined hands looked blue and chilled, even beneath the warm mittens, but the work went on bravely. Mrs. May's heart was not cold, whatever her hands were, and as she pushed up her spectacles and looked out at the thick snow, and then round her cosy kitchen, with its crackling bright fire and the basket of logs, which Sam had placed ready to her hand, her lips moved in happy thankfulness, and softly to herself she murmured, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.”

As the hands of the grandfather clock were on the stroke of two, click went the latch and up went the lock.

“After your work as usual, grannie! Colder than ever, ain't it?”

It was Susan Winter who spoke, and as she stamped off the snow from her boots on the step, and shook off what had fallen on her dress, she kept the door wide open, seemingly perfectly unmindful of the icy wind that was blowing in.

A shiver stole down the sleek back of the cat, that was dozing comfortably on the hearthrug, and it rose,

stretched itself, crossed the room in a dignified manner to its mistress, laid a paw on her dress, as though protesting against the change of atmosphere and the disturbance of its comfortable nap, and finally found refuge by curling itself up in a ball in the soft folds of Mrs. May's dress.

Character peeps out in small things, and that inconsiderate act of Susan's betrayed both selfishness and thoughtlessness, while the gentle manner in which Mrs. May drew her shawl around her, and the calm smile with which she turned to greet her visitor, told, too, its own tale of self-control and forbearance.

Another little life had been given to Susan Winter to tend, another little soul to train, but the coming of the baby girl seemed to bring her no great pleasure; "another mouth to feed," "another tie upon her liberty"—that seemed the chief aspect in which Susan hailed the advent of the little stranger. But with little May the case was quite different. From the first morning when, spellbound, she stood gazing into the little cradle, realizing slowly the astounding fact that she possessed a baby sister, the child's whole life had become transfigured. Here was something to love, to caress, to fondle; the cravings of the gentle, hungry heart were satisfied.

Susan's boots cleaned to her satisfaction, and her dress wiped dry with her handkerchief, she took the chair Mrs. May offered. "Only for a minute, grannie. I can't sit down for more'n a minute. I'm off to Torchester, and the days be so short."

"To Torchester! 'Tis a long tramp, and the weather so bitter."

"Oh! but 'tis Smith's day" (Smith was the carrier), "and I daresay I'll meet him on the road somewhere. Julia Reed, she sent word for me to come over to tea ;

she wants to show me her new house, and 'tis smart enough, I make small doubt. Julia knows how to make the money go."

"More's the pity, dear, spending overmuch money on ourselves; 'tis wasteful work, and brings no real happiness. Think on the many who on such a night as this have no roof to shelter them, poor souls! Money spent on them, 'tis well spent."

"I don't know about that," and Susan stroked her warm mantle complacently. "Them folks as have no roof to shelter under, 'tis as likely as not 'tis their own faults as they haven't, grannie; ye're too soft-hearted. But I mustn't stop here all the day talkin'. I stepped in to ask if you'd give an eye to the children. Baby's asleep now, and May's mindin' her, but when she wakes I told May she might wrap her up and bring her over to you."

"And Jackie, dear, he'll want some tea after school."

"Oh, Jackie! The boy's that troublesome and headstrong, I've no patience with him. I gave him a fine jacketting this morning, and he's not been home since; sulking somewhere, I suppose, or sliding, or snowballing. I daresay he'll be back by teatime, but May will leave the key in the door, and the loaf and milk's on the shelf."

"Bread and milk, 'tis but cold fare on such a day as this; but

never mind, dear. May and I, we'll be on the outlook, and Jackie—I think I know where he'll come when he finds the house empty."

"Ah! 'tis what I told you, grannie; your heart 'tis too soft. Children, like every one else in Scard, they know to whom to turn for a bit and a sup. Well, can I do anything for you in Torchester? The shops they'll be full of pretty things this Christmas-time."

"No, nothing, dear, thank you, nothing. The dear Lord He supplies me so graciously I haven't a want."



"SHE KEPT THE DOOR WIDE OPEN."



"Then I've a great many, and once I set foot inside the shops I'll have more, I make small doubt; my purse 'twill be light enough 'fore I'm home again," and Susan swung her basket over her arm and gathered up her dress.

"Ah! Susan dear (forgive old grannie, if you think she's meddling), but don't ye spend too much. 'Twas only last week Tom was telling me 'twould be hard work to settle up at Christmas—catches, they'd been so bad."

"Tom! and would ye listen to Tom?" and Susan's lip curled scornfully. "Stay at home, minding the children all day, that's the life he would have you lead, and where's the good of saving money, spending it the way he does at the tap of the Red Dragon? Why, ye might as well put it into a bag with holes! No, Tom enjoys himself in his way, and I'll enjoy myself in mine," and with a flash of her eyes Susan moved off to the door.

"Well, good-bye, dear," and Mrs. May gave a sigh. "Good-bye, I'll look after the chicks."

The door banged, and then "tap! tap!" came to the window. "As likely as not, grannie, Tom will step over to you in a tantrum, when he finds where I'm gone. Mind ye talk him round. I shall blame ye if ye don't; ye can manage him better than what I can," and with a satisfied smile Susan tripped away, leaving poor old grannie to clear up the snow, which had drifted in through the open window among her books and pots of pretty chrysanthemums.

Back again in her chair, Mrs. May's thoughts were sad ones. Would Susan ever grow steadier and more unselfish? What an injurious influence she was exercising over Tom! That evening, for instance, where was she driving him but to the Red Dragon? Could any one expect a man returning home wet and hungry to sit down contentedly in an empty house by a black fireside? And the children: May—gentle, patient little pet—Mrs. May trusted her small feet were already stepping Heavenwards; but Jackie—impetuous, headstrong little Jackie—surely he was not receiving the loving careful training he needed! Ah, well! the dear Lord knew all—and Mrs. May's lips moved gently in prayer.

*(To be continued.)*

**A WORKING EMPEROR.**—"The story of his life and works is his best monument. Most remarkable is the energy of his vitality, the passion which he put into everything he did, work and play, humanity and cruelty. How different from his forefathers, whose lazy round was only broken by prayer and fasting! Up at four, immediate work at state business; at six to the Admiralty or the Senate—the whole day occupied till an early bed. Leisure, if it could be so called, spent in hammering, carpentering, the use of mathematical instruments. Never answer 'Presently' was his order. The road of 'To-morrow,' he knew, leads to the house of 'Never. He might have said, with Napoleon, 'I may lose a battle, but I will never lose a minute.' Everything stuck fast when he was not there to push it."—From "Peter the Great," by Oscar Browning, M.A.



## REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN.

### II. THE BISHOP OF BOMBAY.

**THE RT. REV. JAMES MACARTHUR, D.D.,** Lord Bishop of Bombay, was consecrated on St. Michael and All Angels' Day, last, in succession to Dr. L. G. Mylne resigned.

Bishop MacArthur graduated at Glasgow University in 1868, and was originally trained for the law. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1871, and in 1874 became a member of the Inner Temple. In 1877 he was a student at Cuddesdon, and he was ordained in 1878 by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the curacy of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. In 1880 he was appointed Rector of Lamplugh, Cumberland, and seven years later he became Vicar of St. Mary's, Tothill Fields, Westminster. In 1892 he succeeded the Bishop of Quebec as Vicar of the large parish of All Saints, South Acton. His popularity with all classes of the community was great, and as chairman of the School Board he devoted much time to the educational requirements of the locality. He was appointed Rural Dean of Ealing in 1894, and took an active part in the work of the London Diocesan Conference.

Our portrait has been specially engraved for THE CHURCH MONTHLY from a photograph by J. E. Livernois, Quebec.

### A SCHOLAR'S EPITAPH.

In the cemetery in Mentone you may read on a gravestone: "Here lies John Richard Green, Historian of the English People. Born December 12th, 1837; died March 7th, 1883. He died learning."

## 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 Englishman's Brief," etc.*

### I.—CONCERNING INCOMES OF BISHOPS AND CLERGY.

1. **That** other principal sources of Clerical income, in addition to tithes, are endowments in land, fees, charges upon land, house property, monies in the public funds or otherwise variously invested, pew rents, private voluntary contributions, as well as the offerings of the congregations at the public services and on the occasions of the administration of her various offices.

2. **That** endowments in land consist of ancient portions of land called glebe land and other lands devoted to the uses of the incumbent by the founder of the church, or subsequently given to the incumbent by some other person or persons, or acquired from time to time by successive incumbents of the parish, by purchase, it may have been, or possibly in exchange for services rendered, or in some other lawful manner.

3. **That** modern endowments in land consist chiefly of lands given by landowners, lords of manors, and public, parochial, and other authorities, in lieu of tithes. Such lands generally consisted of tracts of common lands, enclosed from time to time under the various parliamentary Enclosure Acts.

4. **That** such lands were not in any case a gift to the incumbent of any given parish, but were assigned to him by statutable authority in exchange for his parochial tithes, the right to which he henceforth relinquished, and which tithes, by virtue of their exchange for land, subsequently became extinguished.

5. **That** the exchange of tithes for lands took place chiefly in the midland counties, and though such exchange in the first place often appeared advantageous to the parochial incumbents concerned, yet in recent years, through the great depression in agriculture and in consequence of the enormous decrease in the value and in the rent of land, it has in numbers of cases proved to be a great pecuniary loss, amounting to a serious calamity to the incumbents concerned.

6. **That** charges created on lands for the endowment or for the increase of the endowments of certain parishes were not only in addition to, but were altogether different from, tithes, the latter being charges on the produce of the land.

7. **That** fees, as forming a portion of the incomes of the Clergy, were customary payments personally made to the officiating Clergy for services rendered by them in administering to their parishioners certain offices of the Church, such as the solemnization of marriage, the Churching of women, and the burial of the dead.

8. **That** offerings as occasional additions to the incomes of the Clergy were and are purely spontaneous, voluntary gifts made to them by their parishioners frequently as thankofferings for God's mercies or in acknowledgment of special benefits derived from their spiritual ministrations.

9. **That** endowments in house property consist of buildings which have from time to time been given by deed of gift, or previous to the operation of the Mortmain Acts were bequeathed to the incumbents of parishes for the augmentation of their incomes.

10. **That** monies invested in the public funds and in other approved securities for the benefit of parochial incumbents form the most recent and on the whole most convenient form of Church endowment, forasmuch as their dividends regularly accrue to such incumbents and are paid to them with but little trouble.

11. **That** pew rents, as in some cases the sole source of the income of certain incumbents, and in other cases as the partial source of such income, were originated and instituted not as a matter of choice, but of stern necessity, in order to facilitate the work of parochial extension and church building at a time when the offertory was but little understood, and when but few endowments for parishes and churches were forthcoming.

12. **That** the creation of pew rents, therefore, in the early days of church building, chiefly during the first half of the present century, answered a purpose in providing an income for the incumbents of new churches when such income was not forthcoming from any other source.

13. **That**, as the experience of recent years has proved, clerical incomes derived from pew rents, owing to various causes, chiefly change of population and the extension of the free and open church principle, are variable and uncertain, and in most cases have become immensely depreciated; and that for these reasons, as well as on fundamental principles which should regulate the seating of the people in churches seat rents should as soon as possible be abolished and endowments provided in their stead.

14. **That** in the meantime it is important to bear in mind that pew rents are not expressions of voluntary liberality with which those who pay them can be credited, but are simply legal payments made by pew or seat holders for certain rights legally assigned to them in certain seats or pews, and that voluntary liberality begins after such legal payments have been made.

15. **That** the offertory, like pew rents, affords in most cases, for various reasons, a very inadequate and uncertain source of the incomes of the Clergy, and ought, as a rule, to be supplementary to an income derived from endowment. The offertory should always be used as an important auxiliary, and not the principal source from which an incumbent's income is derived.

## SEED-THOUGHTS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

SELECTED BY

THE REV. J. W. HORSLEY, M.A.,  
*Rector of St. Peter's, Watworth.*



*Wisdom*—the art of acquiring all three.

THE question is not whether we have pride or selfishness, but in what form they manifest themselves.

\*\*\*

FIELDING'S definitions:—

*Politics*—the art of getting one.

*Knowledge*—knowledge of the town.

*Love*—a word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of our appetites.

*Virtue and Vice*—subjects of discourse.

*Worth*—power, rank, wealth.

\*\*\*

We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

DU C DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

\*\*\*

SATAN is very clever, for he is an archangel; very learned, for he has lived and observed long; but not wise, for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

\*\*\*

We do not say nowadays, say we, "I fast thrice a week, I give tithes of all I possess." No, for it would be an untruth, and whereas Christ enjoins three duties, Prayer, Almsgiving, Fasting, we listen to the objections of our stomach against the one, and of our pocket against another. What the nineteenth century religionist says is, "I am the publican," thank God. Yet the greatest Pharisee is he that wears the publican's cloak.

\*\*\*

PREACHING is a kind of spiritual diet, upon which people are always feeding, but never full; and how many poor souls (God knows) too, too like Pharaoh's lean kine, much the leaner for their full feed.

SOUTH.

\*\*\*

A TREE—

Sucks kindlier nature from a soil enriched  
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made  
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes  
And things that seem to perish.

\*\*\*

WHEN I look upon a child I see a history of what I have been, an example of what I should be, a prophecy of what I may be.

\*\*\*

RELIGION, to rise, must mount upon two wings—reason and sentiment; and he who attempts to rise on one remains fluttering vainly upon the ground.

BARING-GOULD.

\*\*\*

"You cannot," says an old proverb, "eat your cake and have it too." No, but we may give away our cake and have it too.

## THE WILMINGTON GIANT.

BY THE REV. E. E. CRAKE, M.A., F.R.HIST.SOC.,  
*Rector of Jevington.*

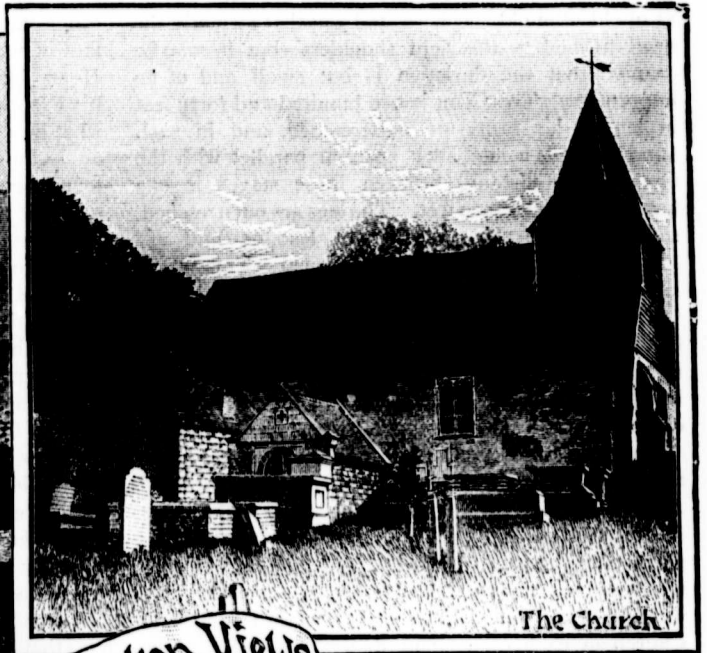
THE breezy Sussex Downs have a peculiar charm of their own. As one mounts their steep slopes and the great Weald begins to expand below, the delicious gorse-scented air gives a sense of exhilaration to the body, while the eye revels in a landscape full of beauty and variety. Down below, the hand of man is plainly visible, the widely extended marshes intersected by numerous dykes—the cultivated fields and the trim hedgerows; but up here the eye may gaze over miles of expanse rising and falling like the waves of a green sea.

The springy turf stretches for miles and miles oft-times without a vestige of human habitation, just as it did fifteen hundred years ago, when the heathen men of the Sud-Seaxe wandered over its surface. Here and there a little Down village—nested in a gentle hollow—diversifies the scene, the grey church tower with its lichen-covered roof reminding us of the days when St. Wilfred came hither and Thor and Woden gave place to Christ. The Downs are full of the relics of bygone ages—the tumuli where the long-forgotten dead lie buried—the ancient British camps down in the hollows, and the Roman camps on the summits. The ploughmen constantly turn up flint and stone implements, and now and then a cist or funeral urn. The old farmhouses have monastic relics—traces of fretted windows and finely carved beams of walnut wood.

Pre-eminent among these reminders of our Sussex ancestry is the "Long Man" at Wilmington, popularly known as the "Wilmington Giant." It lies carved on a bold northern bluff of the Downs, facing the Weald and forming a conspicuous landmark for miles round. The Downs here attain a height of between four and five hundred feet, further on at Firlie Beacon they attain an altitude of nearly seven hundred feet.

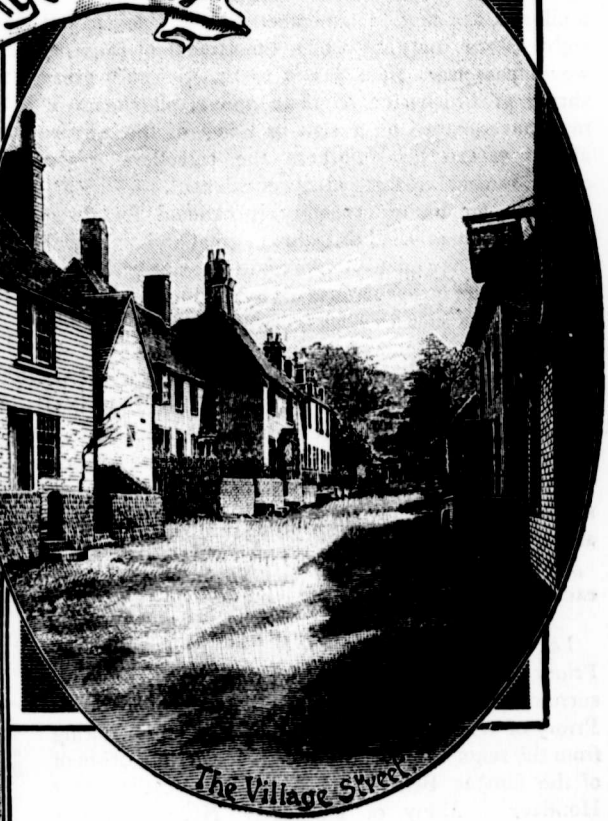
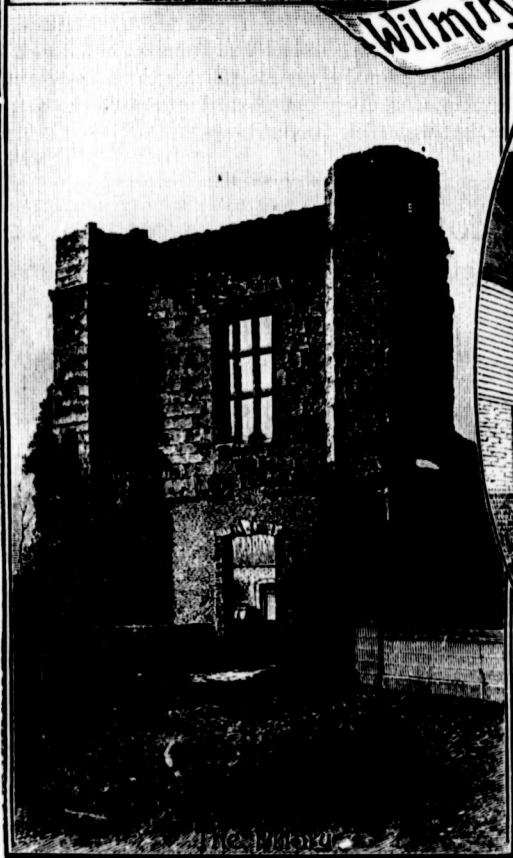
The slope on which the figure is cut bends downward at an angle of about fifty degrees, and the "Giant" was originally marked out by the simple expedient of removing the turf and exposing the gleaming white chalk beneath. In course of time the outlines became grass-grown, and could only be seen at certain seasons. I have heard an old farmer who lived facing it say, that when the sun rose on a summer's morn, and the grass was glistening with dew, "the old man was quite himself again."

A few years ago, at the instance of the Sussex Archæological Society, and with the help of the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the land, the outlines were plainly (perhaps too plainly) marked out with white bricks. As the traveller on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway passes from Berwick to Polegate Station he gets a splendid view of



The Church

Wilmington Views



The Village Street



it. It may be that the figure is not exactly outlined as of old—the old shepherds tell you that formerly the head inclined to the right shoulders—but it may be granted that the deviation is but small and of no importance. The Giant is two hundred and forty feet in length, his arms are outstretched, and in each hand he holds a staff in a position parallel with the figure. The distance between these staves is one hundred and nineteen feet. The legs are outstretched, something like the Colossus of Rhodes and *sui generis* the figure is well proportioned. This is the largest specimen of its kind, a smaller brother at Oerne Abbas in Dorsetshire is one hundred and eighty feet high. Like our own giant, the Dorsetshire figure is cut in the chalk on the slope of a hill; he holds a knotted club in his right hand, and his left hand is extended.

We now come to the questions, "What do these figures represent—who made them, and when?" Learned men differ hopelessly on these points, but the balance of opinion lies in favour of their being of mediæval origin and the handicraft of monks. Curiously enough both figures are in the immediate vicinity of a Benedictine Priory—the Priory and Church in each case being dedicated to St. Mary and St. Peter. Our Sussex figure is said to represent a pilgrim, and if it be remembered that it lay in full sight of the route by which the stream of pilgrims would pass from East Sussex to St. Richard's great shrine at Chichester on their annual pilgrimage it may have served as a sign or token of the whereabouts of the Priory, where the travellers might obtain spiritual and corporeal refreshment.

But a far higher antiquity is claimed for these figures by others—and those too of great archaeological learning. They quote Strabo and Cæsar as giving us information of huge figures made by the ancient Celts, to which human sacrifices were offered. Dorset legends give their giant a name—it was a memorial, say they, to Cendric, son of Cuthbert, King of the West Saxons, who was slain in battle.\* There is nothing improbable in these views—we have all heard of famous figures cut on hillsides to commemorate Saxon victories, and Mr. Tom Hughes, in his "Scouring of the White Horse," has made us very familiar with that at Uffington, near Wantage.

So the matter lies buried in mystery and we may each one hold to our own pet theory.

Let us now pass down the hill to the ruins of the Priory which we see peeping out of a belt of trees and surrounded by farm buildings at its base. This Priory of Wilmington is an ancient foundation dating from the reign of William Rufus. It was an offshoot of the famous Benedictine Abbey of Grestien, near Honfleur. Many of our early Norman Kings

\* A gain another account tells us that the figure was made in A.D. 600 and represents the Saxon God Heil.

enriched it, some despoiled it—Edward I. to wit—but in the reign of Henry V. (A.D. 1413) it shared the fate of many an "Alien House" and was dissolved. Henry looked upon such religious houses as allied to his French foes, and he confiscated their revenues to what he considered more patriotic uses. Here was an example of "Dissolution" which a later Henry found very instructive and suggestive! A beautiful gateway and towers yet remain, and inside the old farmhouse the visitors may be shown a parlour with noble groined arches said to have been the original entrance hall. But the crypt, which remains in its entirety, is the finest relic of the old Priory. It is twenty-three feet square and is divided into four equal compartments by semi-circular arches springing at right angles to each other from a low hexagonal pillar in the centre and terminating with the walls.

A few words about the adjoining Parish Church and we have done. It is cruciform, though the transepts are not of equal size, nor are they opposite to each other. As old as the Priory, it contains work of many periods and well repays close investigation. Embedded on the outside of the northern wall of the chancel is a curious female figure—local tradition says that it is a Saxon idol, but this is doubtful. In the churchyard is a yew tree of vast dimensions—said by the natives to have been planted by William the Conqueror—more probably in the reign of Edward III. when a royal order went forth that such trees should be planted in every churchyard to provide the English archers with their famous bows.

## CONFIRMATION: A WORD TO PARENTS.

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

Vicar of Holy Cross, Shrewsbury, and Rural Dean; Author of "Hymns for Holy Week," "A Harvest of Myrrh and Spices," etc.



ARE your sons and daughters confirmed? If not, will you not see that they are, so soon as they are old enough? Sometimes at confirmations one sees a number of adults coming forward, and while, of course, glad to welcome them, no matter how old,—on the principle of "better late than never,"—one cannot but regret that by somebody's neglect they have lost so many privileges of attending the

Holy Communion, and missed so many precious opportunities of receiving the Bread of Life. But

some one may ask, "Why do you make so much of it?" To which the answer is—"Because Christ makes so much of it." But why insist so earnestly on confirmation of the young? Let me give you the answer in the words of one who has been the guide and helper of many a soul—the writer of that most beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." He says, "You who have the care of young people, see to it that you bring them to be confirmed; let not the time slip by; let them not get too old. Why? because then you cannot bring them; the time of constraint is passed; they are their own masters. When persons are young, before their minds are formed, ere they have sullied their baptismal robe, and contracted bad habits, this is the time for confirmation, which conveys to them grace whereby they may perform that 'good work' which baptism has begun in them. Beware, then, all who have the care of the young, lest you let slip the time of bringing them for God's grace, when you can bring them, for it will not return. Bring them while their hearts are tender: they may escape from you, and you may not be able to reclaim them. They who are of an age to be confirmed should come to be confirmed at once, lest they get too old to be confirmed,—I mean lest they be first confirmed another way, a way which will keep them from this holy confirmation, lest they receive that miserable confirmation, which those have who rush into sin,—the touch of this infectious world, and the imposition of the devil's hand upon them."

That is the solemn and touching appeal of one who knew well the hearts of men, and I am sure any parents whose eyes chance to fall on his words will recognise their truth and their "sweet reasonableness." The important thing is to be vigilant and wide awake for the sake of your children's spiritual life. Don't always wait for the curate or vicar to call. If you hear a notice given out in Church or read in the Magazine that confirmation classes are about to be held in your parish, then send in your child's name at once. When you want them to get into the Post Office, or on to the railway, you don't wait for the post master or station master to call, but you seize the first chance of sending in their names yourself. Why should you be more keen about their prospects in worldly things than you are about their prospects in spiritual things? Look back over your own past life. What would you not give to be able to stand once more as you stood at the age of twelve or fourteen years and receive the wise and kind counsel of some friend who knew all that life contains of temptation and opportunity, and who is only too anxious to keep his young charge from falling? You are not certain of success even then; but if you do not make use of the Church's opportunities you reduce their prospect of growth in grace to a very low point—you leave your boy or girl exposed to their own ignorance, you cut them off from the fellowship of just the best and

truest companions in the place, and you go far to lead them to associate only with those who are weak and worldly, and who know not how to grow strong and steadfast in God's good way of life.

There was once a young man of no more than thirty years old, who lay dying of disease and shattered constitution; and when the clergyman of the parish was told about him, he called to see him, and in the few weeks of lingering pain which were all the time that was left, he learned from that young man such a tale of sin and suffering as made him grieve to think that such things should be. But what was saddest of all was that the man himself could trace it back to his own parents' neglect. "They just let me do as I liked"; and doing as he liked instead of as he ought brought him to that miserable wreck of manhood which was so dreadful to see. Will you not do all in your power to prevent any one of your children ever having to attribute his downfall to your neglect? And next to the influence of your own religious example is there anything in your power more likely to help them at the most critical age of their life than taking good care to bring them to be confirmed and to receive the laying on of the hands of the Bishop, which is the very sign and pledge of the gift of the Holy Ghost Himself?



**THE WELL OF ISHREE PERSHAD, MAHARAJA OF BENARES, STOKE ROW.**

BY CONSTANCE ISHERWOOD.

**N**OW, the reader will perhaps wonder where on earth Stoke Row, which owns a Well bearing such a dignified, Oriental name, is? It is no use looking at an ordinary map for Stoke Row, for you will certainly not find it, as it is a pretty, breezy village, situated on a spur of the Oxfordshire Chilterns, seven miles from Reading, and six from Henley, of regatta renown, and is three parts surrounded by beech-woods—"just the place for a sanatorium!" one visitor exclaimed. Stoke Row is between six and seven hundred feet above the level

of the sea, and there are no springs here, like there are in the Thames Valley. The inhabitants, about five hundred in number, were formerly dependent on surface-ponds and clay-pits for their precarious supply of water, before the late Ishree Pershad, Maharaja of Benares, gave to this ideally pretty village the munificent gift of a Well. But why should Stoke Row be dependent on an Indian Prince, a Hindoo, speaking a strange language and dwelling thousands of miles away, for a Well? It would not enter into any one's thoughts that two places so far distant and in such violent contrast as Benares and Stoke Row should have a bond of connection between them; but they have, and it came about in this way.

Mr. Edward Anderdon Reade was born in the parish of Ipsden, out of which Stoke Row is taken. He entered into the service of the East India Company, and after serving with distinction, was appointed in 1848 to be Commissioner of the Benares Division. Naturally he came in close contact with the Maharaja, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. On Mr. Reade's leaving India in 1860, the Raja wished to give him a lasting souvenir, by which he would be remembered in Mr. Reade's English home. But, like the good, generous man Edward Reade was, nothing would he accept for his own private enjoyment, but, knowing how his poor neighbours suffered from want of water, he mentioned the fact to his friend, the Maharaja, who knew well enough what scarcity of water means in India, and no flight of imagination was required for him to thoroughly comprehend the wants of the Chilterns. So the Maharaja decided to give a Well to the inhabitants of Stoke Row, which was sunk at the cost of seven thousand rupees, and was opened for use in 1863. It is three hundred and sixty-eight feet deep. Externally it is very picturesque to look upon, and it would attract the attention of the most casual observer by its Oriental dome, surmounted by a gilded spire, which glitters when the sun shines. Round the outside of the dome this simple inscription is written: "His Highness the Maharaja of Benares gave this well, 1864." Over the machinery used for drawing up the bucket, which by the way contains water enough to fill two ordinary pails and takes ten minutes to draw up, is a small model of an elephant. The dome is painted pale blue inside and a rich brown without. Before any one can get water, a key must be obtained at the warden's cottage near by, to unlock the rails by which the Well is surrounded. Very likely the warden's wife may be at home. If she is, she will show visitors around and explain all about this "centre of attraction" with pleasure, and will go so far as to offer you a glass of the well water, which is splendidly clear and pellucid; and maybe she will go further and show you the adjoining cherry-orchard with which the thoughtful Raja endowed his gift, and also the pond, shaped like a fish, called Muchlee

Pokhra. The fish is the armorial bearing of the Benares family. This cherry-orchard is called Ishree Bagh or Ishree's garden, a very appropriate name for it, especially in the springtime, when the cherry-trees are in full bloom, their mass of white blossom forming a perfect vista of loveliness. The well is in a neatly laid out enclosure, the gravel path leading up to the structure being bordered by rows of cypress-trees which further enhance its Oriental appearance.

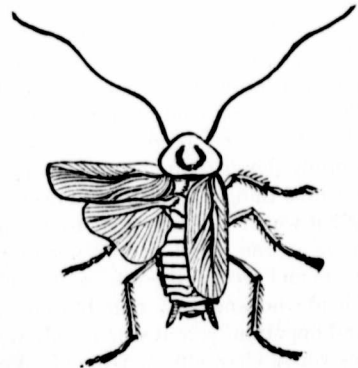
The medal seen in the illustration was struck as a souvenir, and can be obtained from the warden at the modest sum of sixpence. The obverse is a picture of the well as seen from the road, the inverse a likeness of the Maharaja and his adopted son.

### ABOUT THE COCKROACH.

BY THE REV. THEODORE WOOD, F.E.S.,  
*Author of "Our Bird Allies," "Out-of-the-Way Pets,"*  
*"Life of the Rev. J. G. Wood," etc., etc.*

**H**IS familiar household insect is not by any means a general favourite, and I am very far indeed from suggesting that its unpopularity is undeserved. It is, to most people, a very repulsive creature, and there can be no doubt at all that it is an exceedingly mischievous one. Yet it has its good points. It is, for instance, in its small way, a scavenger. It is a member of the vast army of what I like to call Nature's Dustmen—animals of all sorts and sizes, whose duty it is to clear away the rubbish and refuse of the earth. And alike in its structure and in its habits, it has an undeniable claim upon our interest.

Of course we are wrong in calling it a "black-beetle"; for it is not black, but rich chestnut brown, and it is not a beetle, but a sort of first cousin to the crickets and grasshoppers. Its wings and wing-cases are differently formed from those of the true beetles, and its chrysalis, or pupa, is active, and runs about. And this is one of the reasons why we seem to find so many distinct kinds of these insects in our kitchens. Some are large and some are small; some are yellow and some are brown; some have long feelers and some have short ones; some have wings and some have none. Yet they are all cockroaches. There is no real distinction





between them. And the apparent differences are due partly to sex and partly to the fact that the insects are in different stages of their development.

Cockroaches have caterpillars, or grubs, just as butterflies and moths and bees have; but these grubs are shaped almost exactly like the perfect insects. They have the same slender feelers, the same flat bodies, and the same long legs; only they never have any trace of wings at all. And of course they are found in all sorts of different sizes. There are the little tiny atoms, which a day or two since were still in the eggshell; and there are the great fat creatures, quite as large as the perfect insects, which are just going to turn into pupæ; and there are others of every intermediate size between the two. They do not really differ from one another. Some are older than the rest; that is all. Then we have the pupæ, which have altered but little in outward form, but sometimes show signs of their coming wings. And we also have the perfect male, in which the wings are well developed and cover the whole of the body; and the perfect female, in which those organs are very small, and are perfectly useless for flight. So that the variety in form and size among these insects is fully accounted for.

And here I may remark, in passing, that the adult males and females do not grow. Perfect insects never do grow. All their growth takes place while still they are grubs; and though when they cease to be grubs they may still take food, and plenty of it, they never increase any further in size. So that gnats do not grow into daddy-long-legs, nor flies into blue-bottles.

But besides cockroaches of varying sizes, we also find cockroaches of varying colours. Some are yellow, some light brown, and some dark brown; while every now and then we catch sight of one so pale in hue that we call it a "white blackbeetle," and look on it as a great curiosity. But the fact is that every cockroach is white for two or three days, as often as it changes its skin. Its colour is developed by the action of light; and cockroaches live in dark places, and seldom come out in the daytime, so that the development takes place slowly. And just as one finds white cockroaches, so one may find white blackbeetles (insects, I mean, which really are black when fully mature, and really are beetles), and white earwigs, and even white grasshoppers and crickets. Their colour comes to them all by degrees.

Cockroaches swallow their food in lumps, without any sort of prior mastication. If we did the same, indigestion in an aggravated form would be the certain result. How is it, then, that cockroaches are not dyspeptic?

The answer to this question is a curious one. These insects possess what is generally known as a "gizzard"; a bag-like organ, that is, armed with something like six thousand sharp and flinty teeth,

which work upon a flat horny plate at the entrance. Into this all the food passes immediately upon being swallowed; and before it passes out again into the true digestive organs it is reduced to pulp or powder by the action of the teeth upon the horny plate.

Then the way in which cockroaches lay their eggs is very remarkable. The eggs of insects, as a rule, are laid either singly or in large quantities; sometimes fastened together with a kind of natural glue, and sometimes covered over with silk, or with down plucked from the body of the mother. But cockroaches always lay their eggs in batches of sixteen. More than this, each batch of eggs is enclosed in a little reddish-brown horny case, three-eighths of an inch long by one-sixth of an inch broad, in which they lie side by side in a double row, like peas inside a pod. This case is shaped like a tiny purse, and has a clasplike projection upon the upper side, with notched edges. Through this projection the little insects make their way out into the world when the time comes for them to leave the eggshell; and as soon as they have left it the clasp again closes, so that it is quite impossible to tell by its outward appearance if the case be empty or full.

This case, when first deposited, the mother cockroach carries about with her for some little time, and then hides away in some secure situation—in a crack or cranny of the floor, behind the woodwork at the bottom of the wall, or in the thick folds of a window curtain. And this is one reason why it is so very difficult to get rid of these insects when once they find their way into a house. One may kill them in hundreds; but the egg-cases cannot be found, and in a few days' time a new generation is hatched out to take the place of the dead.

---

#### THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

"The great natural philosopher, Faraday, who was the son of a blacksmith, wrote, when a young man, to Sir H. Davy, asking for employment at the Royal Institution. Sir H. Davy consulted a friend on the matter. 'Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution. What can I do?' 'Do? Put him to wash bottles. If he is good for anything, he will do it directly; if he refuses, he is good for nothing.' Faraday washing bottles would be quite as successful a man as Professor Faraday lecturing at the Royal Institution, if both kinds of work were equally well done."—The Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., from "Manners Makyth Man."

#### "CHARITY BOYS!"

"A story is told of three Blues who were walking in a stately manner through the city, when some mischievous youths behind called after them, 'Charity boys!' Pretending not to hear, the Blues went on as stately as before, when they heard again a shout behind them, 'Charity boys!' One of the Blues, at this repeated insult, turned sharply round, and knocking one of the offenders down, at the same time remarked, 'There now. Charity never faileth.'—From "Christ's Hospital," by R. C. B. WYNNE.



## ASH-WEDNESDAY MUSINGS.

BY GERALD BURNET,

*Author of "Quiet Thoughts for Church Workers," etc.*

**"By Thy Fasting, and Temptation, Good Lord,  
deliver us."**

**T**HE return of another Lenten season will surely remind us of the many times God has called us to true repentance and the forsaking of our sins. The Collect for to-day breathes a prayer which should be continually in our thoughts: "Create and make in us new and contrite hearts." The one great want of man in all ages has been heart-cleansing. On the first day of Lent we may well remember for our encouragement the Divine promise: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). Self-examination in the quiet stillness of our own chambers will quickly convince us that this present world, with its round of pleasures and excitements, has far too large a place in our hearts. We are so very busy, so much occupied, so full of cares and anxieties, that, to use a common saying, "We are too busy for anything." This excuse will fail us in that awful day when we pass from time into Eternity. Oh! well will it be with us if, while the "day of mercy" is still ours, we seek to make our peace with God and get our hearts washed in that "Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness" (Zech. xiii. 1).

"A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love Divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

Repentance, Self-Denial, Almsgiving, these are the three plain, practical duties which Lent imposes. Without godly sorrow for sin there can be no true repentance. There is a general kind of acknowledgment of sin made by us all every time we join in the confession: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done." But in the holy, solemn season of Lent, we may well search our hearts and fix our thoughts on that special sin which doth so easily beset us, and valiantly do battle with it until we have obtained the mastery. True repentance knows nothing of half measures; there must be a complete giving up, an absolute

turning of our backs upon the old walk of life, and a strenuous, earnest, pressing forward to the "mark for the prize of the high-calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil. iii. 14).

Self-Denial is a wholesome discipline which wonderfully helps poor sinners to tread the narrow way. The things which we have hitherto done to please ourselves we must now cheerfully give up, yea, eagerly forsake, in order that "we may please Him Who hath chosen us to be soldiers" (2 Tim. ii. 4). Too many people amiably flatter themselves that they are practising Self Denial when they have really only given up something which they did not care very much about. Here again we must look deep into our hearts. We must remember that He Whom we serve seeth not as man seeth, but "searcheth the reins and hearts" (Rev. ii. 23).

If our Self-Denial be thorough, it will speedily place within our reach the means of exercising the Christian duty of Almsgiving. One of the most astonishing aspects of present-day religion is the manner in which so many people utterly neglect the support of God's work. The expenditure on amusements, on dress, on holidays, is positively princely when compared with the sum devoted to the maintenance of our most holy faith. "God's tenth" is in too many cases represented by a fraction so small that the thoughtless givers would feel very much ashamed if they were asked to put down the amount in figures. Would we keep these forty days of Lent with true devotion? then we must esteem it a privilege to spend liberally in the promotion "of Christ's Church militant here in earth." "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate" (1 Tim. vi. 17, 18).

"Oh! might we all our lineage prove,  
Give and forgive, do good and love,  
By soft endearments in kind strife  
Lightening the load of daily life!  
There is much need: for not as ye'  
Are we in shelter or repose;  
The holy house is still beset  
With leaguer of stern foes;  
Wild thoughts within, bad men without,  
All evil spirits round about,  
Are banded in unblest device,  
To spoil Love's earthly paradise."



## “At Last!”

Words by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Music by the REV. L. J. T. DARWALL, B.D.  
(Vicar of Walton, Warrington.)

1. When on my day of life the night is fall - ing, And, in the winds from un-sunn'd spa - ces blown,  
2. Thou who hast made my home of life so plea - sant, Leave not its ten - ant when its walls de - cay;

I hear far voi - ces out of dark-ness call - ing My feet to paths un - known, A - men.  
O Love Di - vine, O Help-er ev - er pre - sent, Be Thou my strength and stay!

3.

I have but Thee, my Father! let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

4.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiv'n through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place:

5.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
Where flows for ever thro' Heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

6.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long. Amen.

## "IT IS AND IT ISN'T!"

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 47.)

MARY.

EMILY.

IT'S very, very like;  
I'm sure it's meant for Fido!  
It's very, very like  
The dearest dog that I know!

Look at his noble head,  
See his brave, bright, searching eyes!  
If he were put on show,  
Why, I'm sure he'd win first prize!

Not a bit like Fido!  
Your talk is quite absurd, dear!  
That smudge-blotch for Fido:  
Don't say another word, dear!

I shall be quite angry,  
And soon lose my temper too,  
Come here, good dog, at once;  
It is not a bit like you!

FIDO.

It's not a bit like me;  
It cannot bark or run, dears,  
Or wag its tail! You see,  
It is not a bit like me!

## BURIED TRUTH.

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

**W**HOM can it be shown in the Bible—and in almost the same chapter of the Bible, in fact—that he spake to one man in one language, and to many men in another? Also, that he was supposed at that time to belong to yet a third nation, and did (in a sense) belong to a fourth?

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

IV.—SQUARE WORD.

1. Only one coin suits me.
2. No house can do without me.
3. Two brothers quarrelled over me.
4. No camp can be without me.

V.—ENIGMA.

When I am alive I am gathered, for I please the eye.  
When I am dead I am thrown away, and my namesake gets rid of me.  
When I change my form, but not my sound, I carry those who can afford to keep me.

BURIED PROVERBS.

1. kemu hsi hhhsu seni laaeteny
2. ydaresuslad era geneo.
3. lpresin ttevremen hanio lture.

## OUR BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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

7. **W**HOSE heart failed him after a great victory?
8. Who laboured to hide his produce from the enemy, and was called by an angel to be the deliverer of his country?
9. What quality is better than a precious stone?
10. What is the beginning of the same quality?
11. Where does a prophet describe the loneliness of the Passion?
12. Who first was thought a murderer, then a god?

\* \* We repeat our offer of Twelve Volumes, each published at Half-a-Guinea, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Questions inserted in January to June inclusive, and Twelve Volumes, published at Five Shillings, for the twelve competitors who send the best answers to the Puzzles. Competitors must be under sixteen years of age, and all replies must be sent in on or before the first day of the month following publication. The answers must be attested by a Clergyman or Sunday-School Teacher. Competitors will please address their replies thus:—  
"Sunday Questions," or "Puzzles," MR. FREDK. SHERLOCK,  
"CHURCH MONTHLY" OFFICE, 20, & 31, NEW BRIDGE STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

For the "Buried Truths" a special Prize of a Half-Guinea Volume is offered, but these papers need not be attested, and the Competition is open to all our Readers, irrespective of sex.



"IT IS AND IT ISN'T!"

*Specialy drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY by KATE STREET.*



## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

## "A Sad Superstition."

**B**ISHOP YOUNG, of Athabasca, North-West Canada, recently had an interview with an Indian who, during the previous winter, had slain his own son with an axe. The son had gone out of his mind, and was regarded by the Indians as a *wetigoo*—a sort of demoniacal possession. They have a great terror of such. Inspired by it, husbands have killed their wives, and sons assisted in killing their parents. He was an amiable looking, elderly Indian, whose broad, pleasant face it was difficult to associate with the cruel deed. Being requested to do so, the old man gave a plain, unvarnished account of the affair, constantly saying that he did not want to do it, but was urged to it by his own and the fears of those about him. The Bishop told him Christian people considered those out of their minds as objects of compassion and kind treatment, rather than fit subjects for the axe. This cleared the way for a talk about better things.—*C.M.S. Gleaner*.

Rev. F. T. Cole reminds us that he would overlook a district in which there are forty churches belonging to the Santal Native Church Council alone, besides others in the Bhagaya and Godda C.M.S. districts. Eighty or ninety years ago, in the time of the original Little Henry, there were no Christians; now there are over three thousand in these very hills and dales belonging to the Native Church Council alone.

## "Open Doors."

**N**OW strangely people are blinding themselves to a plain fact, which requires no study, research, nor thought for easy recognition! It is plain in every newspaper and in almost every new book that they take up. The world is conscious of itself. Every part of it is known to us. Communications are established with all regions. Neither barbarism nor antique civilisation closes any country. Africa, till so recently showing large blanks in its maps, is now divided



ROOM IN ST. ANNE'S RECTORY, BLACKFRIARS, IN WHICH SOME OF THE FIRST COMMITTEE MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY WERE HELD.

## Little Henry and his Bearer.

**A** GENERATION or two ago most children were supposed to read Mrs. Sherwood's well-known tale, "Little Henry and his Bearer." The story is so faithful a reflex of truth that at least one scene in it can be identified. The following is the passage:—

"Once in particular—it was in one of those lovely places in the Rajmahal Hills that Henry and his bearer went out to walk. The sun was just setting, and a cool breeze blew over the water, which so refreshed Henry that he climbed without difficulty to the top of a hill, where was a tomb. There they sat down and viewed the prospect. Henry sat silent for a long time. At last he said, 'Boosey, this is a good country—that is, it would be a very good country if the people were Christians. Then they would not be so idle as they are now, and they would agree together and clear the jungles, and build churches to worship God in. It will be pleasant to see the people, when they are Christian, all going on a Sunday morning to some fair church built among these hills, and to see them in an evening sitting at the door of their houses reading the Shastras. I do not mean *your* Shastras, but our Shastras—God's Book.'"

The "places in the Rajmahal Hills" are better known to readers of C.M.S. periodicals as Santalia, and the particular spot is in the Tikrugunj Pastorate.

What a change from "Little Henry's" day! Were another "Little Henry" to be taken up to the same hill to-day, the

among European powers, and is traversed in all directions. Japan, so long jealous of foreigners, has come to be treated as practically part of Europe, while the fear for the hermit empire of China is no longer that it will resist our entrance, but that it may be opened with an unsafe quickness. This crisis in the world's history—to which the past offers no sort of parallel—is one which demands from the Church no half-hearted action. No effort can be too great, no endeavour too strenuous for such a sublime occasion.—*The Mission Field*.

## "Judged by their Fruits."

**T**HE fact that such a fine race as the Jāts have been left by Hinduism with all the higher part of their nature undeveloped, while races as naturally animal and less robust have been uplifted by our faith, and set face to face with their true destiny, is to me far more conclusive than any decrees of a 'Parliament of Religions' could be, or even (though here I am treading on dangerous ground) than the patient and life-long studies of those who investigate the teaching of the sacred books of Hinduism. As far as I have been able to observe, the religions of India, whether Islam, Brahminism, or Jainism (to name those with which I have been brought into contact), are hopelessly wanting in the *pastoral* spirit, however grand may be their proselytizing zeal or power of religious and philosophic speculation; and all founders of religion are indeed, in comparison with our Lord, but 'thieves and robbers.'—The Rev. F. C. F. THONGER, B.A.

BY TI



men in at  
to belong  
to a fourth

When I a  
When I  
gets rid of n  
When I c  
who can affe

## JARVIS AND HAGERSVILLE.

On Feb. 14th, the Jarvis congregation met in Mr. Chamber's hall and enjoyed a parish tea and entertainment. On account of the extremely rough nature of the frozen roads not many of the country people were able to be present, but the villagers attended in strong force. No charge for admission was made, all members being invited and made welcome. Refreshments were sent to the hall early in the day and a committee of the members of the Guild and of the Association of Willing Workers arranged everything in connection with the setting of the tables, &c, in good time, so that the large company were able to take their places at the festive board by 6.30 p. m. After tea an informal programme of speeches, songs, recitations, &c, was carried out, the incumbent, churchwardens, and others participating. All present apparently enjoyed themselves, and many were the expressions of satisfaction felt. This experiment proved highly successful in bringing pastor and flock together in social intercourse, and allowed opportunity for general hand shaking and mutual greeting. As one result several new names have been added to the membership of the two societies previously mentioned, the monthly fee of 10 cents helping to reduce the church debt.

On the 18th the incumbent exchanged places with Rev. Arthur Francis for the purpose of preaching the annual missionary sermons in South Cayuga, Port Maitland and Dunnville, according to the Deanery plan. He found interested and earnest congregations, and in response to his appeal received liberal offerings for the Diocesan Mission Fund.

Owing to the death of the late Dr. J. G. Elmore, of Springvale, having taken place on the 16th and the earnest desire of his children and grandchildren that he should be buried on Sunday the 18th, Rev. Arthur Francis held only one service in Hagersville and one in Jarvis, going to Springvale in the afternoon and there conducting the funeral. Dr. Elmore was a remarkable man, having attained the great age of 91 years and 2 months, and having enjoyed excellent health for a long time previous to his last comparatively short sickness. He was one of the pioneers of this part of Ontario. Even Toronto was a very small place when he first saw it. He continued a member of the Anglican church, notwithstanding the fact that services of another communion have long been held in his immediately vicinity. A few days previous to his entering into rest he received from Rev. P. L. Spencer the tokens of the Lord's dying love, and expressed a hope of the life everlasting.

On Tuesday, the 27th, Mr. William David Lindsay and Miss Christina Kelly were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. The service was performed by Rev. P. L. Spencer in St. Paul's church, Jarvis.

"Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life."

On Ash Wednesday, the 28th, service was held in both churches; but the stormy nature of the weather necessarily made the attendance small.

## THE FRUITS OF WAR.

My brethren! it is true, perhaps, that we are passing through the greatest crisis of this century; it is true, perhaps, that the fate of the Empire is trembling in the balance. Perhaps we needed the crisis. Most certainly we shall be the better for it. Most certainly it is true that there are many homes desolate, and many lives blighted.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,  
Old places left unfilled;  
And young lives quenched before the old,  
And the love of old hearts chilled,  
Dear voices and dear faces missed,  
Sweet households overthrown;  
And what is left more sad to see  
Than the sight of what is gone.

We have learned, perhaps, that honor comes before peace, and responsibility must be attended to before prosperity. We have learned, it may be, that war has its blessings, as well as its curses, and that the growth of patriotism, which overthrows selfishness, and the seriousness which casts aside frivolity, are blessings born out of the gloom and sadness of a great public anxiety. While, above all, if we have learned to pray, we have learned thus to find God. He thus becomes our glory, He our fear. With Him we can go forward to greater and ever greater progress. When our soldiers lay dying of cold and privation, during the cruel winter of the Sebastopol campaign, the Czar Nicholas I. said, in his bitterness, "January and February are my best generals." So our enemies now would find their greatest help in a nation, godless, indifferent, unpatriotic and frivolous. But let the great heart of the Empire be roused as it is now; let it feel its sense of mission, its determination to uphold justice and truth; let it be true to God and religion, love good and hate evil; then, whatever else may happen, whatever of affliction may still be in store for us at the good hand of God, we shall go forward in the confident cry, "God defend the right." We shall be able to say, with triumphant thankfulness, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

